

ALLITERATION

Tammy the Tourist by Zoila, America SCORES Milwaukee

Tammy tourist travels to Tokyo to play the trumpet.
She plays a typical tune that truly takes time.
She takes a terrific train tour and listens to two
trumpet tunes on her telephone.
For a treat to eat, she tries tuna tacos,
and then she takes the taco tray to the trash.

Tongue Twisters

- A big bug bit a beetle but the beetle bit back.
- Six snakes sipped sweet soda by the sea.
- Four fat frogs feasted on five furry flies.
- Muskrats munch mini-marshmallows at midnight.
- Lazy lions love licking lemon lollipops.
- Can koalas carry coins for carrots?
- Nice neat newts never need napkins.
- Tiny tigers try treats at the table.

DESCRIPTIVE

All the Colours of the Earth by Sheila Hamanaka

Children come in all the colours of the earth—
The roaring browns of bears and soaring eagles,
The whispering golds of late summer grasses
And crackling russets of fallen leaves,
The tinkling pinks of tiny seashells by the rumbling sea
Children come with hair like bouncy baby lambs,
Or hair that flows like water,
Or hair that curls like cats in snoozy cat colors.
Children come in all the colours of love,
In endless shades of you and me.
For love comes in cinnamon, walnut and wheat,
Love is amber and ivory and ginger and sweet
Like caramel, and chocolate, and the honey of bees.
Dark as leopard spots, light as sand,
Children buzz with laughter that kisses our land,
With sunlight like butterflies happy and free.
Children come in all the colours of the earth and sky and sea.

It's Alive by Princess, America SCORES Chicago

You may think I'm crazy
But I know my school's alive
I've seen things you wouldn't believe
With these two beautiful brown eyes
The halls are lined with alligators
Chomping at the bit
To chew me up and spit me out
Sometimes tardiness is legit
The desk ate all my homework
My locker ate my books
All the clocks count backwards
And give me dirty looks
Oh- and that smiling teacher, she's really a creature
She'd eat me but I won't digest

Unfortunately for her and for me I have lactose intolerance
So I ran into the bathroom
Straight into stall one
But find out that it's haunted
By the ghosts of tests and no fun
I hid behind a bookshelf
I thought no one can see
But then it grew long, hairy arms
And grabbed right onto me
When I get in line for lunch
The food is NOT what it seems
The meat is green and blue
Served with a side of purple beans

Recess comes and goes
Without an incident
Unless you count the playground cracks
Oozing lava from the cement
Just 2 classes left until the final bell will ring
Then we'll make our great escape like
The goddess Persephone
You may think I'm crazy
But I know my school's alive
I've seen things you wouldn't believe
With these two beautiful brown eyes.

LINES AND STANZAS

This Is Just To Say by William Carlos Williams

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox
and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast
Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

Jack and the Beanstalk by Roald Dahl

At ten p.m. or thereabout,
The little bean began to sprout.
By morning it had grown so tall
You couldn't see the top at all.
Young Jack cried, 'Mum, admit it now!
'It's better than a rotten cow!'
The mother said, 'You lunatic!
'Where are the beans that I can pick?
'There's not one bean! It's bare as bare!'
'No no!' cried Jack. 'You look up there!
'Look very high and you'll behold
'Each single leaf is solid gold!'

SIMILE

My Dog is as Smelly as Dirty Socks by Hanoch Piven

My daddy is as jumpy as a spring
and as playful as a spinning top.
He is as fun as a party favor.
But sometimes he's as stubborn as a knot in a rope.
My baby brother is as sweet as candy (this is true),
But he never stops crying!
He's as loud as a whistle,
or maybe a horn,
or even an alarm clock.
No, louder!
He's as loud as a fire truck.

METAPHOR

What Is... The Sun? by Wes Magee

The sun is an orange dinghy
sailing across a calm sea.
It is a gold coin
dropped down a drain in heaven.
It is a yellow beach ball
kicked high into the summer sky.
It is a red thumb-print
on a sheet of pale blue paper.
It is the gold top from a milk bottle
floating on a puddle.

RHYMING

A Pizza the Size of the Sun by Jack Prelutsky

I'm making a pizza the size of the sun,
a pizza that's sure to weigh more than a ton,
a pizza too massive to pick up and toss,
a pizza resplendent with oceans of sauce.
I'm topping my pizza with mountains of cheese,
with acres of peppers, pimentos, and peas,
with mushrooms, tomatoes, and sausage galore,
with every last olive they had at the store.
My pizza is sure to be one of a kind,
my pizza will leave other pizzas behind,
my pizza will be a delectable treat
that all who love pizza are welcome to eat.
The oven is hot, I believe it will take
a year and a half for my pizza to bake.
I hardly can wait till my pizza is done,
my wonderful pizza the size of the sun.

RHYTHM

Sick by Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more—that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue—
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke—

My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my spine is weak,
hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is—what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is... Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

Homerun Daydream by Bobby, America SCORES Chicago

I'm standing on deck
Warming up my swing
Trying not to daydream
while the birds chirp and sing
Batter up is the call
so I step to the plate
Gotta focus on the ball
so I don't swing too late
Don't be scared of the ball
swing and aim for the gap
Remember to exhale
then I hear the bat crack
Now I'm racing around first
with my eyes on second base
the ball is up and out
It's going crazy in this place
Get the go ahead to third
I already know my fate
No one can stop me now
I'm heading for home plate
Snapping back into the present
Warming up my swing
It was all just a daydream
while the birds chirp and sing

ONOMATOPOEIA

Sounds Like It! by Arden Davidson

Tick Tock. Tick Tock.
Funny how it rhymes with clock.
Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub, dub
Funny how it rhymes with tub.
Plip, plop. Down the drain.
Funny how it rhymes with rain.
Splish, splash. Slip, slop.
Funny how it rhymes with mop.
Yummy, yummy. Slurp, slurp, slurp.
Funny how it rhymes with burp.
If words sound just like what they do,
What words, ya think, would rhyme with you?

Bussssssssssssssss by April Halprin Wayland

Brakesssshissssss
wheelssssssssqeal
bussssssssssssssss
ssssssssssto-ops.
Step in! Step up!
the doors shut
the coins clink
the driver gives a friendly wink
She presses down the fat gas pedal
a creepy sound of scraping metal
the bus roars
an old man snores
Brakesssshissssss
wheelssssssssqeal
bussssssssssssssss
ssssssssssto-ops.
Step down! Step off!
Bus breathes.
Bussssssssssssssss
Leaves.

ALPHABET POETRY

A Long, Forgotten Time Ago author unknown

A long, forgotten time ago,
Before the dawn of man,
Came along an animal
Describe it if you can!
Elephants have been around
For sixty million years; Gathering in families,
Herds made of loving pairs.
I dreamt there was an elephant
Just standing in my room
Keeping one would be a treat
'Least I so assume.

Many people think they are
Not as smart as chimpanzees,
Often times they are surprised
P'haps all is not as it seems.
Quite impressive is their mind
Remarkable, I'd say.
So is their long memory
That's nearly a cliché.
Understanding elephants,
Virtues, faults and all,
We would be much better off
Xenophobia would fall.
Yes, I'd love an elephant,
Zanzibarian friend;
I've used up all the letters now
So this must be the end.

COLOUR POETRY

My Personality by Princess Yamah David, America SCORES Chicago

People don't understand I like me for me.

You can't change me into who you want me to be.

If you try to change me, that's not going to be easy.

I love all the colours of my personality.

Red is how I feel when I feel really ill.

When my friend is getting picked on, that is how I feel.

Blue is how I feel when I'm cool at school

and I make my mom happy when I follow all the rules.

Gold is how I feel when I'm a star.

I wear a fancy gown and I drive a fast car.

People don't understand I like me for me.

You can't change me into who you want me to be.

If you try to change me, that's not going to be easy.

I love all the colours of my personality.

EPISTLE POETRY

Dear Bully by Brianna, America SCORES Chicago

I saw what you did.
Why were you picking on my friend?
Why do you bully kids in school?
Is it because you've been hurt?
Just because you have been hurt
Doesn't mean that you have to hurt others.
Fighting
Is never an option.
I really hope you stop bullying others and feel better.
This may surprise you
But you have all my trust.
I know that you can stop
Because I have been there too
Feeling like no one is on my side.
But now I'm not a bully.
Doesn't bullying make you feel worse?
Would you like it if people bullied you?
I don't think so!
I hope that you can find a solution to your problems
That has nothing to do with bullying.

Dear Bully,

I saw what you did. Why were you picking on my friend? Why do you bully kids in school? Is it because you've been hurt? Just because you have been hurt doesn't mean that you have to hurt others. Fighting is never an option. I really hope you stop bullying others and feel better. This may surprise you but you have all my trust. I know that you can stop because I have been there too feeling like no one is on my side. But now I'm not a bully. Doesn't bullying make you feel worse? Would you like it if people bullied you? I don't think so! I hope that you can find a solution to your problems that has nothing to do with bullying.

Sincerely, Brianna

RIDDLES

What's My Name?

Riddle #1

I'm unique of all fruits 'cause I don't grow from trees
I'm from large plants, giant herbs that grow in the breeze
A great source of instant energy and Vitamin C
I help muscles contract properly—potassium's in me
I'm rich in Vitamin B6, you can bake me with bread
You don't want to eat my skin—try inside instead
I taste great on intake. Substitute me for sweets
Somebody say my name on the count of three! 1, 2, 3...

Riddle #2

I'm green. Boil me quick or some people steam me up.
I'm rich in nutrients and help fight anemia.
Eat me raw with salad dressing or cook me with cheeses.
I lower the risk of stroke and heart diseases.
Mix me up with some pasta—I'm good in a salad batch.
See, I help reduce the risk of cataracts.
A lot of kids don't like me. It's so hard to be me.
Somebody say my name on the count of three. 1, 2, 3...

Riddle #3

I have antioxidants. I am a cleansing food.
I help soothe joint problems. My fibers help you poo.
I'm best when eaten fresh. Rinse me off if you're paranoid.
Red, green or yellow, my skin contains flavonoids.
Some people bake me in pies or squeeze me to juice.
Large quantities encourage decay of the tooth.
I can reduce blood cholesterol levels for free.
Somebody say my name on the count of three. 1, 2, 3...

Riddle #4

I guard against food poisoning—no nonsense!
I've got extremely high beta-carotene content.
I've got many health benefits and protect against

Coronary heart disease. I'm a lung cancer defense.
Bugs Bunny loves me. Yeah! What's up Doc?
I've got dry orange skin and a green Mohawk.
Some say I'm good for eyes, and some say your teeth.
Somebody say my name on the count of three! 1, 2, 3...

Riddle #5

I weigh 130 grams whole—Don't be mad at me.
I taste so good, but I'm 240 calories.
I was born around my seed with a hard outer shell.
See me in the supermarket? Gently squeeze and smell.
My insides are creamy. You can spread me on bread,
Or you can puree—Hooray, guacamole!—instead.
A dab of mayo, dash of salt, black pepper's the key.
Somebody say my name on the count of three. 1, 2, 3...

Riddle #6

I'm a great source of potassium and Vitamin C.
My effects are anti-inflammatory.
I am so healthy and should be eaten often.
I aid in digestion and reduce blood-clotting.
I've got the enzyme bromelain in me.
One thick slice weighs about 80 g's.
Handle with care though I'm tough as can be.
Somebody say my name on the count of three. 1, 2, 3...

HAIKU

Haiku #1

by Brandy, DC SCORES

Cherry blossoms bloom

They come in many colors

They look beautiful

Haiku #2

by Kyoshi Takahama

The winds that blow—

Ask them, which leaf on the tree

Will be the next to go

Haiku #3

author unknown

Swimming at the beach

Waves splash, children shout in joy

Waiting for ice cream

Haiku #4

by Basho

This snowy morning

That black crow I hate so much

But he's beautiful

POEMS FOR 2

Poem of Tall and Small by Matthew B., Grade 5

Tall: I'm tall

Small: I'm small

Tall: I can squash you

Small: But I can duck under a table

Tall: I'm as tall as a redwood tree

Small: I'm as small as a Pepsi bottle

Small: If there was no small there could be no tall

Tall: If there was no tall there would be no small

Tall: If you're tall you get the rain first

Small: Lightening would strike tall first

Small: The bigger you are the harder you fall

Tall: I can dunk in basketball

Tall: I will be seen by an oncoming truck

Small: A lumber jack could mistake you for a tree

Tall: You'll look like a rat if you get caught in a trap

Small: Face it, small is better!

Tall: Small people have no reason to live

Small: Oh yeah?

Tall: Oh yeah.

I WISH POEMS

The Magic Pencil by Tanya Graham, America SCORES Staff Member

Imagine a pencil
One like none other
One that is truly a prize
Because when I write with it
No matter the subject
The answers are clear to my eyes
There'd be fortune and fame
I'd be praised near and far
All would listen in awe when I spoke
But it'd come crashing down
All my genius denied
If ever my pencil point broke

Chocolate World by Eric, America SCORES Milwaukee

I wish the world was chocolate
because
I LOVE CHOCOLATE!!
I would eat it all up.
I would eat my pillows
and my baby brother's bed.
I would chew my homework
and even my chocolate pencil.
I would nibble on the car
and my dad would say,
"OH, NO!! Where's the car?"
I would bite all the charts
and books in school
and then I would gobble
all the tables and chairs
and we would have no place to work!
I wish everything was chocolate,
but I don't know how to do that.
So I will just have
some chocolate milk.

I Wish I Had a Dragon by Jack Prelutsky

I wish I had a dragon
With diamond-studded scales,
With claws like silver sabers,
And fangs like silver nails
A dragon fierce and faithful,
Always ready by my side,
A dragon to defend me
Or take me for a ride.

I wish I had a dragon
With eyes of shining gold,
Who breathed a plume of fire
Whenever it was told,
A dragon so ferocious
It might frighten Frankenstein,
But not a lazy dragon
Who sleeps all day... like mine!

OTHER POEMS

Better Things to Do by Sebastian, America SCORES Chicago

Video games are overrated.
They have limits which are so outdated.
In reality you can go wherever you choose,
But you can't just hit new game if you lose.
So step away from the game console,
Or you'll end up with a brain hole.
Play life right! Don't sleep in school,
While your brain drowns in its own pool of drool.
Throw it a lifesaver, read a book
Ask good questions or give your homework a second look.
I realize these ideas may come as a shock
And they might get me beat up on my block.
But I don't care because it's all truth,
I have better things than video games to do with my youth!
Persona Poetry

My Love by The Pilsen Girls Team, America SCORES Chicago

My Love is as strong as an army
It beats and is a never ending rain
It jumps around my head and jogs around galaxies
It pops out of nowhere and smiles
My Love is crazy
It manipulates everyone and plays with my mind
It makes me feel like I'm in a room full of secrets
It screams and hits the wall
My Love is a broken heart in the fire without an owner
It makes me feel like I want to run away
It never stops and crushes my soul
My Love is a delicious chocolate fountain at the park
It's juicy! Like glimmering, glistening, glowing stars
It makes me feel like singing and dancing
My Love is flowers that have billions and billions of petals
It makes me feel like soft blue clothing
Covering me when I'm cold

My Love is strong!
It wishes there was no violence
only dancing
It wishes for peace in the world.

Silver Blades

by Bobby Vanco

Almost all day I sit in a cup
with my friends the pens,
and nail clippers you forgot about.
You only grab me when you wanna use me,
to cut some innocent paper,
with my sharp silver blades
or savagely behead the top of a cherry flavor ice.
The things i do for you go thankless
all I get are your grimy fingers
inside my eyes, forcing my jaw
to open uncomfortably.
Do you have any idea what that feels like?
Have you ever cleaned my teeth?
My once shiny, silver blades.
Unappreciated and abused
enslaved and overworked.
How do you think i feel?
You tell me.

RECIPE POEMS

Recipe for Friendship

author unknown

2 heaping cups of patience
1 heartfelt of love
2 handfuls of generosity
1 headful of understanding
A dash of humor
Sprinkle generously with kindness
Mix well
Spread over a period of a lifetime
Serve to everyone you meet.

A Recipe for a Grandma

author unknown

Begin with 2 cups of kindness
Add 5 gallons of love
Pour in a teaspoon of old age
And toss in a handful of wisdom
Mix it all in a blender for 10 minutes
Or until it turns wrinkly
Put the mix into a pan and
Bake it for 60 years in a nice warm oven
When it is done,
Sprinkle with beautiful perfume.
Serve with laughs and kisses

