



AMERICA
SCORES
Bay Area

POETRY

ANTHOLOGY

Dear America SCORES Friends,

Welcome to America SCORES Bay Area! This is a chance to meet new friends from schools all over the Bay Area, friends who speak the same language as you do – soccer. You will have a chance to listen to what other students and schools have to say and share something about yourself and your team. This book will help you present your story in the most creative, fun and powerful way possible – poetry! Think of the things you want to share about yourself and your school and use these pages to do so as you choose. Consider the America SCORES season a celebration of all that your team has to say and all the soccer you can play...

With that, I invite you to:

Dribble your pen across these pages,
Transform fields to green grass stages
With rhyme and laughter that's contagious.
Strive to do more than
Beat "them" and play strong defense.
Please meet them,
And make new friends.
Have fun whether you win or lose
'Cause the Cup is where Pelé
Meets Langston Hughes.

Write on,

Marty Mannion
Education Director

It's a Wonderful World, But They Made a Few Mistakes

by Judith Viorst

Sad Underwear and Other Complications, page 18

It's a wonderful world, but they made a few mistakes.

Like leaving out unicorns and putting in snakes.

Like no magic carpets , no wishing wells, no genies.

Like good guys getting picked on by the meanies.

Like arithmetic, especially multiplication.

Like expecting a person to stay at home for one whole week with a sitter while that person's mother and father take a vacation.

Like needing to finish the green beans to get the dessert.

Like everyone caring way too much about dirt.

Like letting there be a cavity in a tooth.

Like calling it a lie when all that this person has done is not mention part of the truth.

Like raining on soccer games, and liver for supper.

Like bunk beds where the younger person always gets stuck with the lower and the older person always gets the upper.

Like leaving out mermaids and putting in splinters and bee stings and wars and tornadoes and stomach aches.

It's a wonderful world, but they made a few mistakes.

It's a Wonderful World, But They Made a Few Mistakes

by _____

It's a wonderful world, but they made a few mistakes.

Like leaving out _____

and putting in _____

Like no _____, no _____,

no _____,

Like _____, especially _____,

Like needing to _____.

Like everyone caring way too much about _____

_____.

It's a wonderful world, but they made a few mistakes.

Life Doesn't Frighten Me

by Maya Angelou

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all
Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all
Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys in a fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.
Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.
That new classroom where
Boys pull all my hair
(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams. I've got a
Magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve,
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

I Seem to Be But I Am a...

by José Lopez

Wishes, Lies and Dreams; Teaching Children to Write Poetry, by Kenneth Koch, page 247

I seem to be a man in the flying trapeze. But I am a man in the garbage can.

I seem to be an eagle taking a path of clouds. But I am a devil taking baths of fire.

I seem to be a crocodile. But I'm a fish being stretched in a whale.

I seem to be a man diving in the water. But I'm a gorilla swinging from a tree.

I seem to be a pretty color. But I am a word that means gone, that word is: The End.

Really

by Gloria Peters

Wishes, Lies and Dreams; Teaching Children to Write Poetry, by Kenneth Koch, page 254

I seem to be so dumb to my teacher, it seems.

But he really doesn't know me, really.

To my mother I seem to be a brat, it seems to be.

But I really am kind and good, really.

I seem to be shy to some friends I know, I seem to be.

But really, I'm not shy, really.

To my cousins, I seem to be a baby, I seem to be,

But really, they don't know me too well, really.

To the students of the class I seem to be kind of dumb, I seem to be

But really, I'm kind of smart, really.

To other people I seem to be a stranger

But really, I'm their sister, really.

I Seem to Be, But Really...

by _____

I seem to be _____

But really I'm _____

I seem to be _____

But really I'm _____

I seem to be _____

But really I'm _____

I seem to be _____

But really I'm _____

I seem to be _____

But really I'm _____

Remember Me?

by Judith Viorst

If I Were In Charge of the World and Other Worries, page 53

What will they say

When I've gone away:

He was handsome? He was fun?

He shared his gum? He wasn't

Too dumb or too smart? He

Played a good game of volley ball?

Or will they only say

He stepped in the dog doo

At Jimmy Altman's party?

Prewrite! Write a list of nice things people might say about you.

Write something funny, embarrassing or sad that happened to you.

Now, write your own "Remember Me" poem!

Remember Me?

What will they say

When I've gone away:

Or will they only say

I Used to Be

by Mercedes Meseñ

Wishes, Lies and Dreams; Teaching Children to Write Poetry, by Kenneth Koch, page 160

I used to be a desk but now I'm a pencil

I used to be hair but now I'm a head

I used to be a fish but now I'm a girl

I used to be a person but now I'm a dope

I used to be the sky but now I'm the ground

I used to dance but now I'm a statue

I was a square but now I'm a circle

I used to be a rose but now I'm a leaf

I used to be a boy but now I'm a woman

I used to have a baby but now he's a dog

I used to be a rope but now I jump

Yesterday Mr. Koch was a man and today he's a boy

I used to be a cow but now I'm a horse

I used to be a paper but today I'm made of wood

I used to be big but now I'm large

I Used to Be

by _____

I used to _____

But now _____

I used to _____

But now _____

I used to _____

But now _____

I used to _____

But now _____

I used to _____

But now _____

I used to _____

But now _____

Fifteen, Maybe Sixteen, Things to Worry About

by Judith Viorst

If I Were In Charge of the World and Other Worries, page 6

My pants could maybe fall down when I dive off the diving board.

My nose could make keep growing and never quit.

Miss Brearly could ask me to spell words like stomach and special.

(Stumick and speshul?)

I could play tag all day and always be "it."

Jay Spievack, who's fourteen feet tall, could want to fight me.

My mom and my dad- like Ted's- could want a divorce.

Miss Brearly could ask me about Afghanistan.

(Who's Afghanistan?)

Somebody maybe could make me ride a horse.

My mother could maybe decide that I needed more liver.

My dad could decide that I needed less TV.

Miss Brearly could say that I have to write script and stop printing.

(I'm better at printing)

Chris could decide to stop being friends with me.

The world could maybe come to an end on next Tuesday.

The ceiling could maybe come crashing on my head.

I maybe could run out of things for me to worry about.

And then I'd have to do my homework instead.

Prewrite! Write a list of things to worry about.

Now, pick some of your words to put into different worries.

_____, **Maybe** _____, **Things to Worry About**

by _____

_____ could _____

_____ could _____

_____ could _____

_____ could _____

_____ could _____

The Betsy Street Booters

by Allan Ahlberg

She's All That! Poems About Girls, pages 38-39

*We are the Betsy Street Booters
We are the girls you can't beat
The sharpest and straightest of shooters
On twenty-two talented feet.*

The boys in our school think we're clueless
Which just shows how little they know
We played them last week in the playground
And beat them five times in a row.

The boys say our tactics are rubbish
Soccer skills nought out of ten
We played them once more on a real pitch
And beat them all over again.

The boys in our school blame the weather
The bounce and a bad referee
We played them in glorious sunshine
And hammered them 17-3

The boys now appear quite disheartened
And wonder just what they should do
They're talking of taking up netball...
But we're pretty good at that too.

*We are the Betsy Street Booters
We are the girls you can't beat
The sharpest and straightest of shooters
On twenty-two talented feet.*

Ode to My Socks

by Pablo Neruda

Mara Mori brought me
a pair of socks
which she knitted herself
with her shepherd's hands,
two socks as soft as rabbits.
I slipped my feet into them
as if they were two cases
knitted with threads of twilight
and goatskin,
Violent socks,
my feet were two fish made of
wool,
two long sharks
sea blue, shot through
by one golden thread,
two immense blackbirds,
two cannons,
my feet were honored in this way
by these heavenly socks.
They were so handsome for the
first time
my feet seemed to me unac-
ceptable
like two decrepit firemen,
firemen unworthy of that woven
fire,
of those glowing socks.

Nevertheless, I resisted the sharp
temptation
to save them somewhere as
schoolboys
keep fireflies,
as learned men collect
sacred texts,
I resisted the mad impulse to put
them
in a golden cage and each day
give them
birdseed and pieces of pink mel-
on.
Like explorers in the jungle
who hand over the very rare
green deer
to the spit and eat it with remorse,
I stretched out my feet and pulled
on
the magnificent socks and then
my shoes.

The moral of my ode is this:
beauty is twice beauty
and what is good is doubly good
when it is a matter of two socks
made of wool in winter.

Prewrite! Make a short list of some of your favorite things, places, friends, ideas, activities, foods, animals, or words:

Now, write an ode to one or some of your favorites.

Ode to My _____

by _____

Finished? Now try writing an ode to something you hate!

Rules

by Karla Kuskin

20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury, page 20

Do not jump on ancient uncles.

*

Do not yell at average mice.

*

Do not wear a broom to breakfast.

*

Do not ask a snake's advice

*

Do not bathe in chocolate pudding.

*

Do not talk to bearded bears.

*

Do not smoke cigars on sofas

*

Do not dance on velvet chairs

*

Do not take a whale to visit Russell's mother's cousin's yacht.

*

And whatever else you do do

It is better you

Do not.

Rules

by _____

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Poem for Two Voices

by Carol Diggory Shields

She's All That! Poems About Girls, pages 58-59

Speaker One

Did you ever have a friend,
a very best friend,
Who knows exactly how

(that don't make any sense to
other folks)

"What's so funny, you guys?"

Did you ever have a friend -
you just give her a look,

You say to her, "Remember...?"

I do.

Speaker Two

Your sentences will end?

And the two of you share
some goofy, silly jokes

But both of you start laughing
so hard you almost cry,
While other people say,
"What's so funny, you guys?"

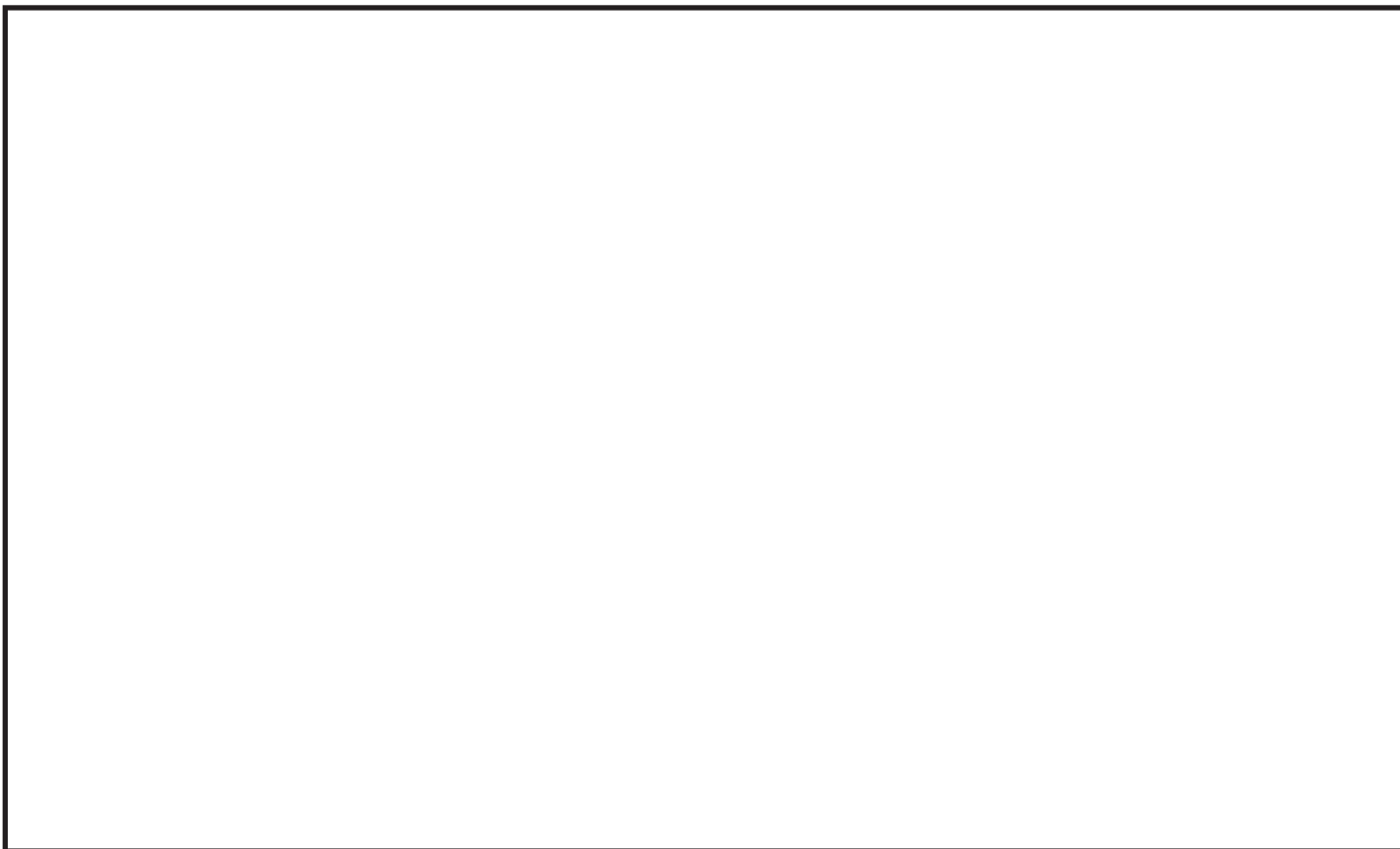
And she knows what you are
thinking like it's written in
a book.

And she says, "I totally do."

Did you ever have a friend like that?

Me too.

My Favorite Memory from America SCORES



The BEST THING

about _____

your name

is....

Nine Gold Medals

by David Roth

The athletes had come from all over the country
To run for the gold, for the silver and bronze
Many the weeks and the months of their training
And all coming down to these games

The spectators gathered around the old field
For cheering on all the young women and men
The final event of the day was approaching
Excitement grew high to begin

The blocks were all lined up for those who would use them
The hundred yard dash was the race to be run
There were nine resolved athletes in back of the starting line
Poised for the sound of the gun

The signal was given, the pistol exploded
And so did the runners all charging ahead
But the smallest among them, he stumbled and staggered
And fell to the asphalt instead

He gave out a cry in frustration and anguish
His dreams and his efforts all dashed in the dirt
But as sure as I'm standing here telling this story
The same goes for what next occurred

The eight other runners pulled up on their heels
The ones who had trained for so long to compete
One by one they all turned round and went back to help him
And brought the young boy to his feet

Then all the nine athletes joined hands and continued
The hundred yard dash now reduced to a walk
And the banner above that said "Special Olympics"
Could not have been more on the mark

That's how the race ended, with nine gold medals
For they came to the finish line holding hands still
And the standing ovation and nine beaming faces
Said more than these words ever will

That's how the race ended, with nine gold medals
For they came to the finish line holding hands still
And the banner above that said "Special Olympics"
Said more than these words ever will

Team Cheer

by the Boys' and Girls' Teams, Chletenham
Elementary School, America SCORES Denver

We are the Cheltenham Scorpions!

¡Somos los Escorpiones de Cheltenham!

We are here to play fair!

¡Estamos aquí para jugar limpio!

No matter if we win or lose!

¡No importa si perdemos o ganamos!

We will walk away like champions!

¡Caminaremos como campeones!

Go Cheltenham Scorpions!

¡Arriba los Escorpiones de Cheltenham!

Magic Potion for All Kinds of Uses

by Irene Vasco, Columbia

Toss into a large pot

Two tomatoes, either whole or chopped,

Two pieces of junk, three kilos of salt

And one glass,

A dash of fog and a sprinkle of pepper,

Two cups of ivy and a kilo of stone.

Beat all the ingredients, add another tomato,

If it needs more salt, wait till the end,

If it tastes bad, add thunder

And if it's okay, add a twisting pinch.

Don't cook or bake it.

At any time, at any place,

Drink just a drop

And the rest...

Simply throw the slop away.

Busssssss

by April Halprin Wayland

Brakesssss hisssssss
Wheelsssssssss squeal
busssssssssssssssssss
Sssssssssssssto-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

Brakesssss hisssssss
Wheelsssssssss squeal
busssssssssssssssssss
ssssssssssssto-ops.

Step down!
Step off!
Bus breathes.
Busssssssssssssssss
leaves.

Listen to the Mystery

by Jamel Johnson

Listen to

The voice of water when

The water splashes

to put out a fire

Listen

to a loud roar of water putting out fire

Listen to the mystery

that hasn't been solved yet

Listen

to the voice of the river crying

because it is in the palm of my right hand

Listen to the voice of water

crying because it is hot and on fire

Listen to the voice of a

pencil when it is losing its head for you

to write on

When

the point of your pencil breaks

It tells you,

"Use another pencil,

I'm tired."

Unititled

by Irma H., age 11, America SCORES Seattle

Believe me,
Quack went the tiger
after the party.
I hate that cat,
but I love my pig.
Especially when he screams, "leave!"

The Blazing Weather

by Theresa P., America SCORES Bay Area

With the sunbeams gazing down
Perishing the Dying Plants on the green terrain you observe
The once-fascinating geyser turns to sizzling flames
As things dissolve, and bubbling is heard
Then all of a sudden, "Do you smell something burning?" is heard.

Fatigue grows as sweat appears, one imagines ice cream but miles
away, draught shall appear
It feels as if, the ground is a huge pan
Cooking you to a crisp for an imaginary creature

After the evaporation ends, condensation shall start
So the rain would finally grant, the wish of the heat disappearing.
For Now.

Poem

by Anonymous

Birds call
Clouds hover over the horizon
Darkness creeps away.
Each sunray reaches into the sky.
A new day has begun.

Poem

by Anonymous

Make me some coffee.
Nice and strong.
Offer some biscuits -n- tea.
Please let`s sit and talk
All day long.

Poem

by Anonymous

Afraid
Because I
Cannot see
Down the hall -
What could that noise
Be?

My Name Speaks

by Anonymous

Today my name is sleepy
I feel good vibes
I pretend winter won't come again

Yesterday my name was sunshine
I heard explosions
I found a rainbow of ideas

Tomorrow my name will be hurricane
I will forget empty words
I will remember the direction of the wind

Mi Nombre Habla

por Anónimo

Hoy mi nombre está con sueño
Siento buenas vibraciones
Finjo que el invierno no vendrá otra vez

Ayer mi nombre era un rayo de sol
Oí explosiones
Encontré con un arco iris de ideas

Mañana mi nombre será huracán
Olvidaré palabras vacías
Recordaré la dirección del viento

Today My Name is _____

by _____

Today my name is _____

I feel _____

I pretend _____

Yesterday my name was _____

I heard _____

I found _____

Tomorrow my name will be _____

I will forget _____

I will remember _____

Hoy Mi Nombre es _____

por _____

Hoy mi nombre es _____

Siento _____

Finjo _____

Ayer mi nombre era _____

Oí _____

Encontré _____

Mañana mi nombre será _____

Olividaré _____

Recordaré _____

Won't You Celebrate With Me?

by Lucille Clifton

won't you celebrate with me
what i have shaped into a kind of life?
i had no model.
born in babylon
both nonwhite and woman
what did i see to be except myself?
i made it up
here on this bridge between
starshine and clay,
my one hand holding tight
my other hand; come celebrate
with me that everyday
something has tried to kill me
and has failed.

My Hands: A Self-Portrait

by Luis, Grade 7

Bright as the rays of the sun
scars telling my yesterday
wrinkles telling my tomorrow
My hands are a mouthful of words
expressing me.
My hands are hard
when I work and hate
and soft when I rest and love.
Forever they shall shine
until my soul is gone.

Excerpt from I Hear America Singing

by Walt Whitman

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be
blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves
off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter sing-
ing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the
morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at
work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of
young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

The Music of My Heart

by an anonymous elementary school student

Inside of me, I hear music--
drums and clarinets.

I hear creative tunes inside,
tapping for freedom.

One day I will set them free.

I hear carnival songs
dancing around.

I hear my paint brushes painting,
singers singing.

When I am sad,

I hear slow songs like

"I Believe I Can Fly." Sometimes

I hear a tune
go out of beat.

I hear the crying
of old beauty queens
and then I cry.

Recipe for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

by David Ramirez

I. Ingredients for Dream Man Cake

7 gallons of love
10 cups of courage
10 cups of caring
1 quart of determination
500,000 tablespoons of heart
1 pinch of anger
40 tablespoons of peace
5 quarts of dreams
15 pinches of patience
20 pints of joy
40 dashes of honor
500 gallons of faith
10 quarts of hope
50 gallons of freedom
5 pints of responsibility
20 tablespoons of sadness
30 tablespoons of desegregation

II. Directions

Stir in love, mixed with courage, caring, and determination. Add heart by tablespoons with a pinch of anger. Peace and dreams are added slowly. Oh, don't forget the patience, joy, and honor added to hope to give freedom to the growth of the cake. The responsibility gives taste to the sadness and desegregation of the delicious cake. Then pop into the Holy Heaven Oven for one hour and presto!

Recipe For Me

by Abby A., America SCORES

A dash of spice

30 pinches of sugar

70 cups of cuteness

100 bowls of love

10 cups of softness

9 pinches of curiosity

2 dashes of anger

50 billion bowls of heart

1 cup of meanness

70 cups of silliness

Put it altogether and you've got ME!

Recipe For Me

by Jacky C., America SCORES

A sprinkle of love

A bottle of courage

A quart of caring

500,000 teaspoons of heart

3 pinches of anger

30 tablespoons of peace

3 pinches of attitude

Put it in a bowl, stir in madness

and out comes me!

Selected Haiku

by Etheridge Knight

1

Eastern guard tower
glints in sunset; convicts rest
like lizards on rocks.

5

A bare pecan tree
slips a pencil shadow down
a moonlit snow slope.

6

The falling snow flakes
Can not blunt the hard aches nor
Match the steel stillness.

8

In the August grass
Struck by the last rays of the sun
The cracked teacup screams.

9

Making jazz swing in
Seventeen syllables AIN'T
No square poet's job.

Poem Written While Listening to Music

by Unknown, Grade 5, *from Wishes, Lies and Dreams*

The end of a sad story
Someone who was lost at sea and just lost
His chance to be rescued
Someone tiptoeing on the sidewalk
Someone who has lost his best friend
Someone who is gloomy
Someone running away on a horse
Like a Mexican woman dancing
Ballerina dancing.

Writing to Music

by Kyle S., America SCORES Denver

African drums and bells
Bombs going off
A tank with rockets
And a volcano with a bazooka

Introduction to Poetry

by Billy Collins

I ask them to take a poem
and hold it up to the light
like a color slide

or press an ear against its hive.

I say drop a mouse into a poem
and watch him probe his way out,

or walk inside the poem's room
and feel the walls for a light switch.

I want them to waterski
across the surface of a poem
waving at the author's name on the shore.

But all they want to do
is tie the poem to a chair with rope
and torture a confession out of it.

They begin beating it with a hose
to find out what it really means.

Fireworks

As the crowd oohs and aahs, my heart feels like it mirrors the explosions happening above me. A reflection of the bursts of color, the loud booms, and then the darkness that divides time. Spectacular man-made exploding rockets defy gravity. The pieces seem to float in the sky, little colorful stars that refuse to go out. They jump and play in my imagination. It's a thrilling show and everyone is held in a trance as we gasp and watch and wait for the next one.

Tongue Twisters

Bobby Baxter burst a bubble Bobby's brother Boris blew. Bobby's brother started balling Boris cried, boo hoo, boo hoo.

Peter Piper picked some peppers Put them in a pewter pot. Added pickle potion to it. Pickled peppers never rot.

Spanish Tongue Twister

Pancho pancho con Cuatro planchas Con cuantas planchas Pancho pancho?

Randy

by Rachel Y., age 10, America SCORES New England

Randy is respectful, but ridiculous. He lives in Rhode Island and loves red. Randy listens to the radio, records songs and loves rhythm. He reads about racecars. Randy eats rice with ravioli. But his snack is Ruffles with romano cheese. And he loves to run and race. Randy loves riding in the racecar while racing. He thinks rabbits are soft.

My Hate

by Marvin Bell

My hate is like ripe fruit
from an orchard, which is mine.

I sink my teeth into it.
I nurse on its odd shapes.

I have grafted every new variety,
walked in my bare feet,

rotting and detached,
on the fallen ones.

Vicious circle. Unfriendly act.
I am eating the whole world.

In the caves of my ill will
I must be stopped.

Self Portrait Poem

by Isata S., age 11, America SCORES New England

My hair as thick as the ocean.

My eyes as wide and bright as the moon at night.

My ears as shapely as a square.

My nose as soft as a pillow.

My smile as mean as an ogre.

My neck as long as a giraffe's.

My shoulders as hard as a rock.

My stomach as big as a giant container.

My hips as still as an owl.

My legs as long as a yardstick.

My feet as big and wide as a giant cookie

Apartment House

by Gerald Raftery

A filing-cabinet of human lives

Where people swarm like bees in tunneled hives,

Each to his own cell in the towered comb,

Identical and cramped – we call it home.

Smile and Metaphor Poem Guide

My _____ is like _____
(feeling)

It _____ and _____
(verb) (verb)

and it reminds me of the time when _____.

It makes me feel like _____.

I want to _____.

Mi _____ es como _____
(sentimiento)

_____ y _____
(verbo) (verbo)

Y me hace recordar del tiempo cuando _____.

Me hace sentir como _____.

Yo quiero _____.

Life Doesn't Frighten Me

by Maya Angelou

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all
Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all
Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys in a fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.
Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where
Boys pull all my hair
(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes And
listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all It's only in my dreams.
I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve,
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

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?

Soccer Power

by Michael Lawrence-Riddell

When I am on the soccer field
I feel all powerful, my team is my shield
There's the goalie who protects the goal
Plays her role with her whole heart and soul
There's the players at every position who love to pass
Some players are slow and some players are fast,
But we all hustle and try until we're out of gas
Whether we win or lose soccer's always a blast
We have fun and we play the game exceptionally
With respect for the other team and the referee
I can clearly hear Jamilla as she calls for the ball
She's one on one and it looks like the fun just begun
She runs towards the goal into the shining sun
She pulls back her leg, she shoots, she scores,
She jumps up and down, pumps her fist and her heart soars
The whistle blows, the game is over and the crowd lets out roars!

Infinite Potential (excerpt)

by Michael Lawrence-Riddell and Akrobatik

Promise me, promise me on this day
That your ability to love will never go away
Even when you're down and the sky is grey
My deep belief in peace will always stay
In the center of my heart
Use your word it's an art
Each time I write a rhyme it has a lesson
I try to find an answer to the questions
That I'm asking myself
And if knowledge is money then I am basking in wealth

Letter to the President (excerpt)

by Jerianny P., Andrew D., and Zobier O., America SCORES New England

Why don't you help the people who are poor?
Why don't you open up the door?
Give them some money to go to the store,
Instead of spending money on going to war
We need to keep drugs out of our city
When people use drugs it's such a pity
Every single day, lots of people die,
Just because they wanted to go and get high

Summer in Texas

by Nathan Z., age 11, America SCORES Denver

Summer in Texas cannot be beat

It's fun when we're out in the blazing heat

We always have fun

We're never bored

It's such a great place

Oh thank you Lord!

Summer in Texas is like no other time

When we're there, it is truly sublime.

A Song for Soweto

by June Jordan

At the throat of Soweto
a devil language falls
slashing
claw syllables to shred and leave
raw
the tongue of the young
girl
learning to sing
her own name

Where she would say

water

They would teach her to cry

blood

Where she would save

grass

They would teach her to crave

*crawling into the
grave*

Where she would praise

father

They would teach her to pray

*somebody please
do not take him
away*

Where she would kiss with her mouth

my homeland

They would teach her to swallow

this dust

But words live in the spirit of her face and that
sound will no longer yield to imperial erase

Where they would draw

blood

She will drink

water

Where they would deepen

the grave

She will conjure up

grass

Where they would take

father and family away

She will stand

under the sun/she will stay

Where they would teach her to swallow

this dust

She will kiss with her mouth

my homeland

and stay

with the song of Soweto

stay

with the song of Soweto

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: Lightning 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 look like a rat if you get caught in a trap.

Small: Face it, small is better!

Tall: Short people have no reason to live.

Small: Oh yeah?

Tall: Oh yeah.

The Duel by Eugene Field

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
"Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,

While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Never mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! What shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,

Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw-
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate-
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!

But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock it told me so
And that is how I came to know.)

I Picked A Dream Out of My Head

by John Ciardi

I picked a dream out of my head
When I was fast asleep.
It was about a fish that said,
“I am too small to keep!”

I threw it back and tried again.
That time I dreamed a yak
That said to me, “It looks like rain:
I`d best be starting back!”

I picked another one about
A tiger in a top hat.
It snarled so that I had to shout,
“This is my dream: you stop that!”

There was one more though I forgot
Just what it was and said,
But all the same that is a lot
To find in just one head.

a song in the front yard

by Gwendolyn Brooks

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.
I want a peek at the back
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.
A girl gets sick of a rose.

I want to go in the back yard now
And maybe down the alley,
To where the charity children play.
I want a good time today.

They do some wonderful things.
They have some wonderful fun.
My mother sneers, but I say it's fine
How they don't have to go in at quarter to nine.
My mother, she tells me that Johnnie Mae
Will grow up to be a bad woman.
That George'll be taken to Jail soon or late
(On account of last winter he sold our back gate).

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.
And I'd like to be a bad woman, too,
And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace
And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

We Real Cool

by Gwendolyn Brooks

The Pool Players.

Seven at the Golden Shovel.

We real cool. We

Left school. We

Lurk late. We

Strike straight. We

Sing sin. We

Thin gin. We

Jazz June. We

Die soon.

City Poem

by Miles L., age 8, America SCORES

I hear the subway the rail road the bus
the car the people the birds the bugs
the wind the rain the locks
the toys the dogs the cats the rumbles
the talking
the walking the door the fish
the lobsters

My poem of sounds in my house

by Jasmin O., age 9, America SCORES

I hear my baby brother going
 Wa wa wa
 My mother goes
 Don't touch that
I hear a door slam shut
I hear Charlene's
 Pencil going
 And a piano
 Playing
My goldfish bowl
Fell over
 And my puppy
 Barking
 And I hear at
 Night the thunder

Chicago

by Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, Husky, Brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

Ode to Tomato

by Pablo Neruda, translated by Margaret Sayers

The street
filled with tomatoes
midday,
summer,
light is
halved
like
a
tomato,
its juice
runs
through the streets.
In December,
unabated,
the tomato
invades
the kitchen,
it enters at
lunchtime,
takes
its ease
on countertops, among
glasses,
butter dishes,
blue saltcellars.
It sheds
its own light,
benign majesty.
Unfortunately, we
must
murder it:
the knife

sinks
into living flesh,
red
viscera,
a cool
sun,
profound,
inexhaustible,
populates the
salads
of Chile,
happily, it is wed
to the clear onion,
and to celebrate
the union
we
pour
oil,
essential
child of the olive,
onto its halved
hemispheres,
pepper
adds
its fragrance,
salt, its magnetism;
it is the wedding
of the day,
parsley
hoists
its flag,
potatoes

bubble vigorously,
the aroma
of the roast
knocks
at the door,
it's time!
come on!
and, on
the table, at the
midpoint
of summer,
the tomato,
star of earth,
recurrent
and fertile
star,
displays
its convolutions,
its canals,
its remarkable
amplitude
and abundance,
no pit,
no husk,
no leaves or thorns,
the tomato offers
its gift
of fiery color
and cool completeness.

What's My Name?

by Dwayne Simmons, America SCORES New England for J Soulai Publishing (ASCAP)

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... **My name is** _____

I'm green, boil me quick 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...**My name is** _____

I have antioxidants, I'm a cleansing food
Help soothe joint problems my fibers help you pooh
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 encourages decay of the tooth
I can reduce blood cholesterol levels for free
Somebody say my name on the count of three
1, 2, 3... **My name is** _____

I guard against food poisoning no nonsense
I got extremely high beta-carotene content
Got many health benefits and protect against
Coronary heart disease, lung cancer defense
Bugs Bunny loves me, yeah what's up doc!?
I got dry orange skin and a green mohawk
Some say I'm good for your eyes some say your teeth
Somebody say my name on the count of three
1, 2, 3... **My name is** _____

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... **My name is** _____

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

EAT THOSE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
EAT THOSE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Brussel Sprouts

by Anonymous

I'm like a tightened fist. Holding back all my anger. Trying to stay closed and trying not to open and explode with anger. I can't hold my leaves closed any longer. I'm exploding. My leaves are opening. I feel like a rocketship that just took off for Mars. My outside leaves are green but my innerself is yellow with fur. Now that I have been rid of my anger, I can now return to the field and start all over again.

Cabbage

by Karen H., Grade 6

my mind is as complicated as
a cabbage
each new layer a new thought
struggling to make its
way out;
no one can quite understand
for I am the one who actually
knows each layer.

Onion

by Tirzah N., Grade 7

clear
colorless
circle
a ring
of smell
my
skin
tanned
and
lined
my
hair
straight
and
light
my inner
body
filled
with
thoughts
and then
my inner
core
my heart
my heart
my tear

If We Didn't Have to Eat

by Nixon Waterman

Life would be an easy matter
If we didn't have to eat.
If we never had to utter,
"Won't you pass the bread and butter,
Likewise push along that platter
Full of meat?"

Yes, if food were obsolete
Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't - shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour-
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat-
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

Sunflakes

by Frank Asch

If sunlight fell like snowflakes,
Gleaming yellow and so bright,
We could build a sunman,
We could have a sunball fight,
We could watch the sunflakes
Drifting in the sky.
We could go sleighing In the middle of July
Through sundrifts and sunbanks,
We could ride a sunmobile,
And we could touch sunflakes-
vl wonder how they'd feel.

The Aliens Have Landed!

by Kenn Nesbitt

The aliens have landed!
It's distressing, but they're here.
They piloted their flying saucer
through our atmosphere.

They landed like a meteor
engulfed in smoke and flame.
Then out they climbed immersed in slime
and burbled as they came.

Their hands are greasy tentacles.
Their heads are weird machines.
Their bodies look like cauliflower
and smell like dead sardines.

Their blood is liquid helium.
Their eyes are made of granite.
Their breath exudes the stench of foods
from some unearthly planet.

And if you want to see these sickly,
unattractive creatures,
you'll find them working in your school;
they all got jobs as teachers.

Block City

by Robert Louis Stevenson

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks?
Rain may keep raining and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels live safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Solar System Countdown

by the Scranton Boys Team, America SCORES Cleveland

Countdown 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
BOOM!

A star exploding
I think it's overloading
Sky full of planets,
Space full of gravity
Sun bursting in the sky
with a song
Earth full of life
More peace in the air
Fireball of light
Shattering my eyes
A bright star shining
Like a dime in the light

Countdown 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
BOOM!

Moon pushing away the sun
It's as cold as it can get
Rockets in space
Pencils in flight
Comets racing down
Balls of ice from space
A black hole stretching
Asteroids like noodles
Milky Way flashing like
Big city lights
Satellites flying fast
Do you think they'll crash?

Countdown 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,
BOOM!

Taking My Pen for a Walk

by Julie O'Callaghan

Tonight I took the leash off my pen.

At first it was frightened,

looked up at me with confused eyes, tongue panting.

Then I said, "Go on, run away,"

and pushed its head.

Still it wasn't sure what I wanted;

feelings.

It whimpered with its tail between its legs.

So I yelled, "You're free, why don't you run-

you stupid pen, you should be glad,

now get out of my sight."

It took a few steps.

I stamped my foot and threw a stone.

Suddenly, it realized what I was saying

and began to run furiously away from me.

The Mountain

by Donna Brock

The mountain frames the sky (a)

As a shadow of an eagle flies by. (a)

With clouds hanging at its edge (b)

A climber proves his courage on its rocky ledge. (b)

Toot! Toot!

by Anonymous

A peanut sat on a railroad track, (a)

His heart was all a-flutter, (b)

The five-fifteen came rushing by— (c)

Toot! Toot! Peanut butter! (b)

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

Between Walls

by William Carlos Williams

the back wings
of the

hospital where
nothing

will grow lie
cinders

in which shine
the broken

pieces of a green
bottle

Things

by Eloise Greenfield

from <http://mskimgrade5.wordpress.com/writing-workshop/poetry/things-by-eloise-greenfield/>

Went to the corner
Walked in the store
Bought me some candy
Ain't got it no more
Ain't got it no more
Went to the beach
Played on the shore
Built me a sandhouse
Ain't got it no more
Ain't got it no more
Went to the kitchen
Lay down on the floor
Made me a poem
Still got it
Still got it

If I Were In Charge of the World

by Unknown

If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel oatmeal,
Monday mornings,
Allergy shots, and also
Sara Steinberg.

If I were in charge of the world
There'd be brighter night lights,
Healthier hamsters, and
Basketball baskets forty-eight inches lower.

If I were in charge of the world
You wouldn't have lonely.
You wouldn't have clean.
You wouldn't have bedtimes.
Or "Don't punch your sister."
You wouldn't even have sisters.

If I were in charge of the world
A chocolate sundae with whipped cream and nuts
would be a vegetable.
All 007 movies would be G.
And a person who sometimes forgot to brush,
and sometimes forgot to flush,
Would still be allowed to be
In charge of the world.

Elelelephony

by Laura E. Richards

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant--
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone--
(Dear Me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk'
The more he tried to get it free,
the louder buzzed the telephee--
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!

A Word

by Emily Dickinson

A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.

I say it just
Begins to live
That day.

What is an Orange?

by Mary O'Neill

Orange is a tiger lily,
A Carrot,
A feather from
A parrot,
A flame,
The wildest color
You can name.
Orange is a happy day
Saying good-by
In a susnset that
Shocks the sky
Orange is brave
Orange is bold
It's bittersweet
And marigold
Orange is zip
Orange is dash
The brightest stripe
In a Roman sash.
Orange is an orange
Also a mango
Orange is music
Of the tango.
Orange is the fur
Of the fiery fox,
The brightest crayon
In the box.
And in the fall
When the leaves are turning
Orange is the smell
Of a bonfire burning...

Bugs

by Margaret Wise Brown

I like bugs.

Black bugs,

Green bugs,

Bad bugs,

Mean bugs,

Any kind of bug.

A bug in a rug,

A bug in the grass,

A bug on the side-walk,

A bug in a glass --

I like bugs.

Round bugs,

Shiny bugs,

Fat bugs,

Buggy bugs,

Big bugs,

Lady bugs,

I like bugs.

Funky Snowman

by Calef Brown

Funky Snowman loves to dance.

You'd think he wouldn't

have much chance

without two legs

or even pants

Does that stop

Funky Snowman?

No!!

Turn up the music

with the disco beat,

when you're in the groove,

you don't need feet.

Crowds come out

and fill the street.

Sick

by Shel Silverstein

Form How To Eat a Poem, page 41-42

"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 voice is weak,
I 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?
I'm going out to play!"

Ears Hear

by Lucia M. and James L. Hymes Jr.

from The 20th Century Children's Poetry Treasury, Page 5

Flies buzz,

Motors roar.

Kettles hiss,

People snore.

Dogs bark,

Birds cheep.

Autos honk: Beep! Beep!

Winds sigh,

Shoes squeak.

Trucks honk,

Floors creak.

Whistles toot,

Bells clang.

Doors slam: Bang! Bang!

Kids shout,

Clocks ding.

Babies cry,

Phones ring.

Balls bounce,

Spoons drop.

People scream: Stop! Stop!

What Are Little Girls...

by Adrian Henri

from She's All That! Poems About Girls, Page 12

I'm not a
sugar and spice
girl
an all-things-nice
girl
a do-as-told
good-as-gold
pretty frock
never shock
girl

I'm
a slugs and snails
girl
a puppy-dogs'-tails
girl
a climbing trees
dirty knees
hole-in-sock
love-to-shock
girl

cricket bats
and big white rats
crested newts
and football boots

that's what
this little girl's

...Made of.

Today

by Jean Little

from She's All That! Poems About Girls, Page 21

Today I will not live up to my potential.

Today I will not relate well to my peer group.

Today I will not contribute in class.

I will not volunteer one thing.

Today I will not

strive to do better.

Today I will not achieve or adjust or grow enriched

or get involved.

I will not put up my hand even if the teacher is wrong

and I can prove it.

Today I might eat the eraser off my pencil.

I'll look at the clouds.

I'll be late.

I don't think I'll wash.

I need a rest.

El Pingüino

by Marina Colasanti

from Poemas con Sol y Son, page 14

Si viera pingüinos
usando blue jeans
quedaría asombrado.
Parece gracioso
y un poco pomposo
que sólo usen frac.
Pero allá esta ropa
tiene su valor:
con frío riguroso
es muy apropiado
trajearse a rigor.

Es así- no es así

by María de la Luz Uribe

from Poemas con Sol y Son, page 22

Anoche me comí
entero un jabalí
-No es así.

Lo que en verdad comí
fue un pancito de anís.
-Es así.

En la mañana fui
a pasear por París.
-No es así.

Donde de veras fui
fue a vagar por ahí.
-Es así.

Volé en un colibrí
por un cielo sin fin.
-No es así.

Después vine aquí
porque te quiero a ti.
-Es así. Es así. ¡Es así!

Buenos Días

by Homero Aridjis

from La Luciérnaga; Antología Para Niños de la Poesía Mexicana Contemporánea, page 131

Buenos días a los seres
que son como un país
y ya verlos
es viajar a otra parte

buenos días a los ojos
que al abrirse han leído
el poema visible

buenos días a los labios
que desde el comienzo han dicho
los hombres infinitos

buenos días a las manos
que han tocado las cosas
de la tierra bellísimas