

Grade 3

# Poetry



Unit 5

# Eating While Reading

By: Gary Soto



What is better  
Than this book  
And the churn of candy  
In your mouth,  
Or the balloon of bubble gum,  
Or the crack of sunflower seeds,  
Or the swig of soda,  
Or the twist of beef jerky,  
Or the slow slither  
Of snow cone syrup  
Running down your arms?  
What is better than this sweet dance  
On the tongue,  
And this book  
That pulls you in?  
It yells, "Over here!"  
And you hurry along with a red, sticky face.



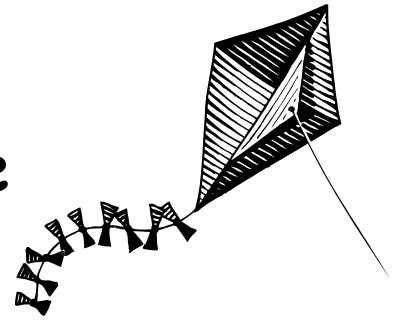
# Picnic Table

by:James Stevenson

**T**he hot dogs, the mustard,  
The paper plates, the ketchup,  
The napkins, potato chips,  
The lemonade,  
The chocolate cake and ice cream-  
All gone.  
But under the apple tree  
The table waits  
For next time.



# Catch A Little Rhyme



Once upon a time  
I caught a little rhyme

I set it on the floor  
but it ran right out the door

I chased it on my bicycle  
but it melted to an icicle

I scooped it up in my hat  
but it turned into a cat

I caught it by the tail  
but it stretched into a whale

I followed it in a boat  
but it changed into a goat

When I fed it tin and paper  
it became a tall skyscraper

Then it grew into a kite  
and flew far out of sight...

# Barefoot Days

By: Rachel Field

In the morning, very early,  
That's the time I love to go  
Barefoot where the fern grows curly  
And grass is cool between each toe,  
On a summer morning-O!  
On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by  
Up the sunny slopes of air,  
And each rose has a butterfly  
Or a golden bee to wear;  
And I am glad in every toe  
Such a summer morning-O!  
Such a summer morning!



# City

By: Langston Hughes

In the morning the city  
Spreads its wings  
Making a song  
In stone that sings.

In the evening the city  
Goes to bed  
Hanging lights  
About its head.

## CITY LIGHTS

Rachel Lyman Field

Into the endless dark  
The lights of the buildings shine,  
Row upon row,  
Line upon glistening line.  
Up and up they mount  
Till the tallest seems to be  
The topmost taper set  
On a towering Christmas tree.



# Skyscrapers

By: Rachel Field

Do skyscrapers ever grow tired  
Of holding themselves up high?  
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights  
With their tops against the sky?  
Do they feel lonely sometimes  
Because they have grown so tall?  
Do they ever wish they could lie right down  
And never get up at all?



# I Wandered Lonely As A Child

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.





# The Grass

By: Emily Dickinson



The Grass so little has to do –  
A Sphere of simple Green –  
With only Butterflies to brood  
And Bees to entertain –  
And stir all day to pretty Tunes  
The Breezes fetch along –  
And hold the Sunshine in its lap  
And bow to everything –

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls –  
And make itself so fine  
A Duchess were too common  
For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass  
In Odors so divine –  
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep –  
Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell –  
And dream the Days away,  
The Grass so little has to do  
I wish I were a Hay –



# SPRING GRASS

Carl Sandburg

Spring grass, there is a dance to be danced for you.  
Come up, spring grass, if only for young feet.  
Come up, spring grass, young feet ask you.

Smell of the young spring grass,  
You're a mascot riding on the wind horses.  
You came to my nose and spiffed me.  
This is your lucky year.

Young spring grass just after the winter,  
Shoots of the big green whisper of the year,  
Come up, if only for young feet.  
Come up, young feet ask you.



# The Grass On The Mountain

Paiute American Indian  
Transcribed by: Mary Austin

Oh, a long time  
The snow has possessed the mountains.

The deer have come down, and the big horn,  
They have followed the sun to the south  
To feed on the mesquite pods and the bunch grass.  
Loud are the thunder drums  
In the tents of the mountains.

Oh, a long time now  
Have we eaten chia seeds  
And dried deer's flesh of the summer killing.  
We are wearied of our huts,  
And the smoky smell of our garments.

We are sick with desire of the sun  
And the grass on the mountain.

