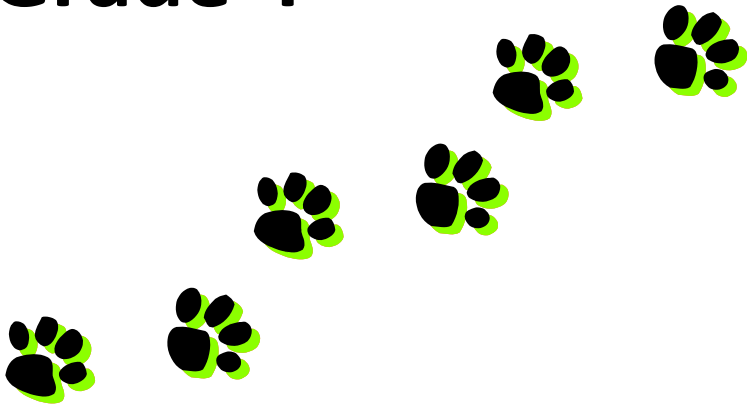
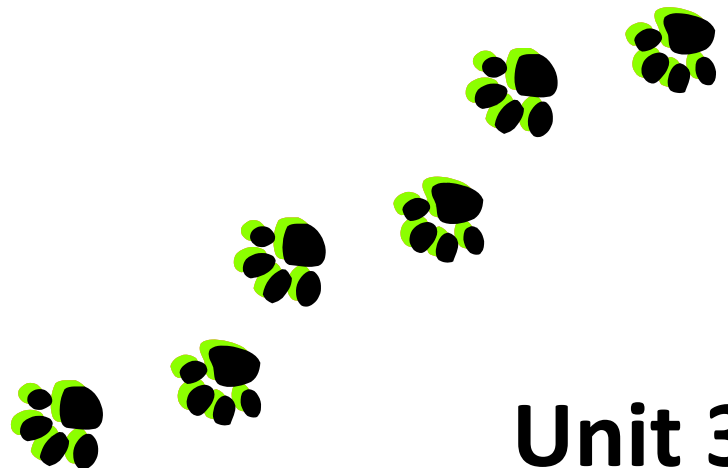


Grade 4



# Poetry Packet



Unit 3

# *A Bird Came Down The Walk*

By: Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angle-worm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all abroad,--  
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;  
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,  
I offered him a crumb,  
And he unrolled his feathers  
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,  
Too silver for a seam,  
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,  
Leap, plashless, as they swim.



# The Rhinoceros

The rhino is a homely beast,  
For human eyes he's not a feast.  
Farwell, farewell, you old rhinoceros,  
I'll stare at something less prepoceros.

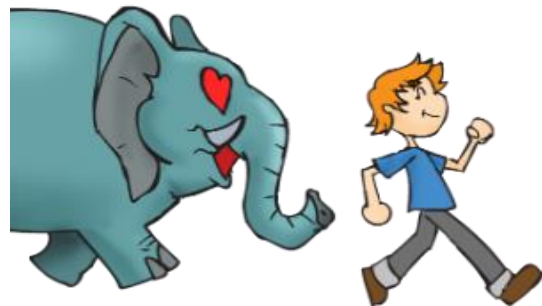


Ogden Nash

# My Elephant Thinks I'm Wonderful

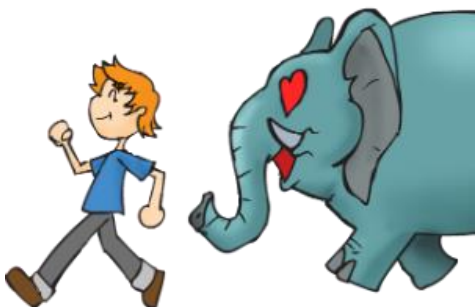
My elephant thinks I'm wonderful.  
My elephant thinks I'm cool.  
My elephant hangs around with me  
and follows me into school.

My elephant likes the way I look.  
He thinks that I'm fun and smart.  
He thinks that I'm kind and generous  
and have a terrific heart.



My elephant thinks I'm brave and bold.  
He's proud of my strength and guts.  
But mostly he likes the way I smell.  
My elephant thinks I'm nuts.

--Kenn Nesbitt



# The Erratic Rat

There was a ridiculous Rat  
Who was awfully puffy and fat.  
'I'll carry,' he said,  
'This plate on my head,  
'Twill answer in place of a hat.'



And then he remarked with a frown,  
'I suppose that I must have a gown;  
I'll make me a kilt  
Of this old crazy-quilt,  
To wear when I'm going to town.

'And of course, though the weather is warm,  
It may be there'll come up a storm;  
An umbrella I'll make  
Of a caraway cake,  
It'll match with my whole uniform.

And I'll carry a bottle of ink  
In case I should wish for a drink;  
And this flat-iron so sweet  
I'll take with me to eat,  
And now I am ready, I think.'

Carolyn Wells

# My Dog Likes Disco

By: Kenn Nesbitt

My doggy likes to disco dance.  
He boogies every night.  
He dances in his doghouse  
till the early morning light.

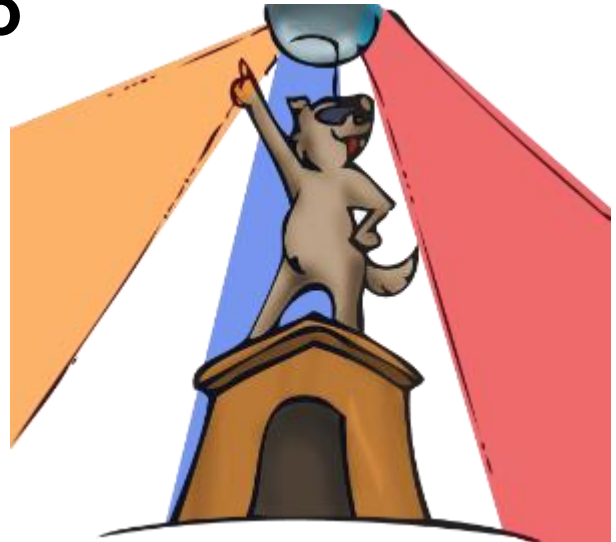
The other dogs come running  
when they hear my doggy swing.  
A few will play their instruments.  
The others dance and sing.

They pair off with their partners  
as their tails begin to wag.  
They love to do the bunny hop,  
the fox trot and the shag.

You'll see the doghouse rockin'  
as a hundred dogs or more  
all trip the light fantastic  
on the doghouse disco floor.

At last, at dawn, they exit  
in the early morning breeze,  
and stop to sniff the fire hydrants,  
bushes, lawns and trees.

I just don't understand it  
for although it looks like fun.  
I can't see how they fit inside  
that doghouse built for one.



# A Fish in a Spaceship

A fish in a spaceship is flying through school.  
A dinosaur's dancing on top of a stool.  
The library's loaded with orange baboons,  
in purple tuxedos with bows and balloons.

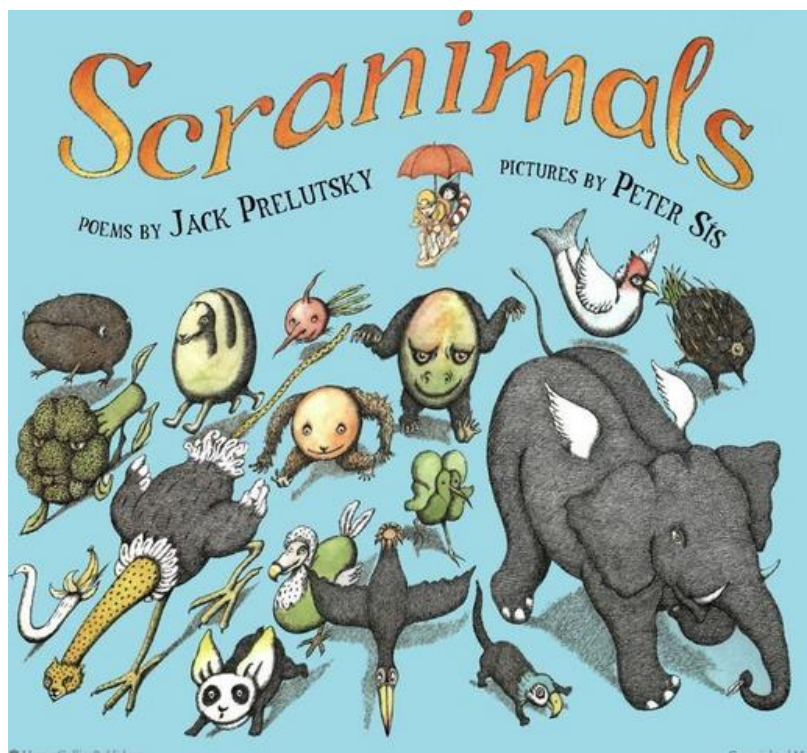
The pigs on the playground are having a race  
while pencils parade in their linens and lace.  
As camels do cartwheels and elephants fly,  
bananas are baking a broccoli pie.

A hundred gorillas are painting the walls,  
while robots on rockets careen through the halls.  
Tomatoes are teaching in all of the classes.  
Or maybe, just maybe, I need some new glasses.

--Kenn Nesbitt







We're sailing to Scranimal Island,  
It doesn't appear on most maps.  
The PARROTTERS float on the tide there,  
The STORMY PETRELEPHANT flaps.  
We may find a rare OSTRICHEETAH,  
There's never been one in a zoo.  
We're sailing to Scranimal Island—  
You're welcome to come along too.

