

Group Names: _____

Date: _____

Dashing Poems

Directions: Select a poem with your group. Underline two lines that contain vivid kinesthetic imagery. These will be the two lines your group will communicate through programming.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high over 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 Visitor

by Jack Prelutsky

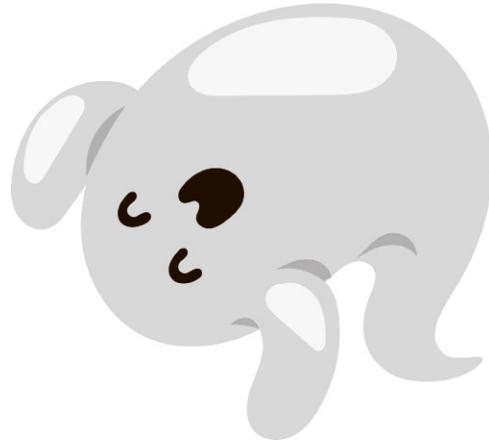
It came today to visit
and moved into the house
it was smaller than an elephant
but larger than a mouse.

First it slapped my sister
then it kicked my dad
then it pushed my mother
Oh! that really made me mad.

It went and tickled rover
and terrified the cat
it sliced apart my necktie
and rudely crushed my hat.

It smeared my head with honey
and filled the tub with rocks
and when i yelled in anger
it stole my shoes and socks.

That's just the way it happened
it happened all today
before it bowed politely
and softly went away.



Every Lunchtime

by Shel Silverstein

I open my lunch box
Hopin' to find
A sandwich, an apple,
Some cookies or cake.
But there, coiled and hissinn',
And set to unwind,
Is another big venomous,
Poisonous snake,
Slitherin' and squirmin'
And hissinn' away,
Leavin' me hungry as can be.
It happens every single day. . .
You think my mother's mad at me?



The Toy Eater

by Shel Silverstein

You don't have to pick up your toys, okay?
You can leave 'em right there on the floor,
So tonight when the Terrible Toy-Eatin' Toodle
Comes tiptoeing' in through the crack in the door,
He'll crunch all your soldiers, he'll munch on your trucks,
He'll chew your poor puppets to shreds,
He'll swallow your Big Wheel and slurp up your paints
And bite off your dear dollies' heads.
Then he'll wipe off his lips with the sails of your ship,
And making a burpity noise,
He'll slither away—but hey, that's okay,
You don't have to pick up your toys.

When Tillie Ate the Chili

by Jack Prelutsky

When Tillie ate the chili,
She erupted from her seat,
She gulped a quart of water,
And fled screaming down the street,
She coughed, she wheezed, she sputtered,
She ran totally amok,
She set a new world record
As she raced around the block.
Tillie's mouth was full of fire,
Tillie's eyes were red with tears,
She was smoking from her nostrils,
She was steaming from her ears,
She cooled off an hour later,
Showing perfect self-control
As she said, "What tasty chili,
I should like another bowl."



I Should Have Stayed in Bed Today

by Jack Prelutsky

I should have stayed in bed today.
in bed's where I belong,
as soon as I got up today,
things started to go wrong,
I got a splinter in my foot,
my puppy made me fall,
I squirted toothpaste in me ear,
I crashed into the wall.
I knocked my homework off the desk,
it landed on my toes,
I spilled a glass of chocolate milk,
it's soaking through my clothes,
I accidentally bit my tongue,
that really made me moan,
and it was far from funny
when I banged my funny bone.
I scraped my knees, I bumped my nose,
I sat on a pin,
I leapt up with alacrity,
and sharply barked my shin,
I stuck a finger in my eye,
the pain is quite severe,
I'd better get right back to bed
and stay there for a year.



Fog

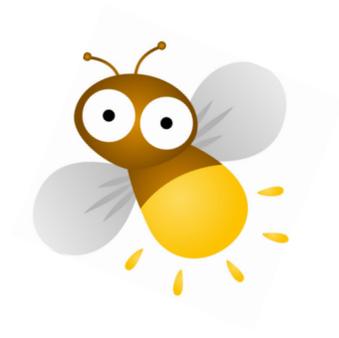
by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Fireflies

by Evaleen Steen

'Look! Look down in the garden how
The firefly lights are flitting now!
A million tiny sparks I know
Flash through the pinks and golden-glow,
And I am very sure that all
Have come to light a fairy dancing ball,
And if I could stay up I'd see
How light the fairy folks can be!'



Tweedledum and Tweedledee

by Lewis Carroll

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle!
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel!
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.