

GRADE R PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

I have a little Frog

I have a little frog,
His name is Tiny Tim,
I put him in the bathtub,
To see if he could swim,
He drank up all the water,
He gobbled up the soap,
And when he tried to talk,
He had a bubble in his throat.

Today

Today is the day!
This is the one!
Today is the day
We'll learn and have fun!
Today we will grow!
Today we'll be kind!
Today is important!
Don't leave it behind
Let's give it our all!
Let's never stop!
We'd better get busy
Before we all....
POP

Far, far away

Far, far away
Swam poor fishy Fran who was
Sad, sad, sad.

She flopped around the bend
Where she bumped into her friend
And seeing her friend, Fred, made her
Glad, glad, glad.

GRADE 1 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Scarecrow

Scarecrow, oh Scarecrow
lonely you must be
forced to scare away
your only company

Out in the open
surrounded by fields of ears
but no one to see your smile
or hear you cry your tears

Now your clothes are only tatters
your bounty almost grown
but the only thing that matters
is you spend your time alone.

All of Me

My hands are for clapping
My arms can hug tight
My fingers can snap
or can turn out the light

My legs are for jumping
My eyes help me see
This is my body.
And I love all of me!

Everyone has a Name

Everybody has a name.
Some are different,
Some are the same,
Some are short,
Some are long,
All are right,
None is wrong,
My name is _____
It's special to me.
It's exactly who
I want to be!

2 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Open a Book

Open a book
And you will find,
People and places of every kind,
Open a book
And you can be,
Anything you want to be,
Open a book
And you can share,
Wondrous words you find in there
Open a book
And I will too
You read to me,
And I'll read to you.

Where is that Bat?

Where oh where is that sweet, little bat?
Oh where oh where could he be?
Did he look for a hat and forget to come back?
Did he fight with a cat and have a light snack?
Where oh where is that sweet, little bat?
Oh where oh where could he be?
Did he chase a blue ghost into the night?
Did he see a green witch and get scared of the
sight?
Where oh where is that sweet, little bat?
Oh where oh where could he be?

Your best

If you always try your best
Then you'll never have to wonder
About what you could have done
If you'd summoned all your thunder

And if your best
Was not as good
As you hoped it would be,
"I gave today
All that I had in me."

GRADE 3 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

The Little Plant

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep so deep,
A tiny plant
Lay fast asleep
“Wake,” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light”
“Wake,” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright
The little plant heard
And it rose to see,
What the wonderful,
Outside world might be.

It's Raining Hearts

It's raining hearts;
It's storming flowers;
We're in for scattered
Stardust showers,

It's drizzling chocolate,
Pouring pies;
We might be seeing
Candy skies.

Of all the weather
There could be,
Plain water seems
A waste to me.

By myself

When I'm by myself
and I close my eyes
I'm a twin
I'm a dimple on a chin
I'm a room full of toys
I'm a squeaky noise
I'm a gospel song
I'm a gong
I'm a leaf turning red
I'm a loaf of brown bread
I'm a whatever I want to be
And anything I care to be
And when I open my eyes
What I care to be
Is me

GRADE 4 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Raking Leaves

I raked the leaves on our front lawn
It took all afternoon
I started at 'round half past one
and said, "I'll be done soon."

But once I saw how more leaves fell
Each time I made a pile,
I quickly saw this outdoor chore
Was going to take a while.

And so I did what my dad said
A winner does to win:
I studied that great pile of leaves,
And then I jumped right in.

The Parts of Speech Poem

Every name is called a *noun*,
As *field* and *fountain*, *street* and *town*.
In place of noun the *pronoun* stands,
As *he* and *she* can clap their hands.
The *adjective* describes a thing,
As *magic* wand and *bridal* ring.
The *verb* means action, something done,
As *read* and *write* and *jump* and *run*.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As *quickly*, *slowly*, *badly*, *well*.
The *preposition* shows relation,
As *in* the street or *at* the station,
Conjunctions join, in many ways,
Sentences, words, *or* phrase *and* phrase.
The *interjection* cries out, "*Hark!*"
I need an exclamation mark!"

The Perfect Cup of Cocoa

The perfect cup of cocoa
Is rich and chocolatey,
And always warm, but not too hot-
A steaming chocolate sea

The surface is enclosed beneath
A thick marshmallow mound,
Which melts into a gooey cloud
Without the slightest sound.

A whipped cream swirl extends beyond
The surface of the cup.
And chocolate sprinkles add
The perfect touch to dress it up.

The perfect cup of cocoa
Is like an old best friend-
It's warm; it's sweet; it's such a treat
And yummy till the end.

GRADE 5 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

A Cat in My Lap

I know I have a lot to do,
So many things - see them through.
There are clothes to clean, grass to mow,
Cookies to bake, seeds to sow.
But I really can't do all these things in a snap.
Because, you see, there's a cat in my lap.

He stretches and rolls and gives me a wink,
From his sleepy gold eyes - just a small blink.
I smooth his long tail and tickle his tummy,
He yawns and purrs to tell me that's yummy.
The telephone rings. The paper boy taps.
No move do I make. There's a cat in my lap.

Bright sunlight dances across the floor,
To warm my small friend just a bit more.
A happy prisoner am I in my chair -

Some moments of peace - not a care.
I think I'll take a little nap,
With this soft, furry ball, a cat in my lap.

Louder than a Clap of Thunder!

Louder than a clap of thunder,
louder than an eagle screams,
louder than a dragon blunders,
or a dozen football teams,
louder than a four-alarmer,
or a rushing waterfall,
louder than a knight in armor
jumping from a ten-foot wall.

Louder than an earthquake rumble,
louder than a tidal wave,
louder than an ogre grumbles
as he stumbles through his cave,
louder than stampeding cattle,
louder than a cannon roars,
louder than a giant's rattle,
that's how loud my father SNORES

Bleezer's Ice Cream

I am Ebenezer Bleezer,
I run BLEEZER'S ICE-CREAM STORE.
there are flavors in my freezer
you have never seen before,
twenty-eight divine creations
too delicious to resist,
why not do yourself a favor,
try the flavors on my list:

COCOA MOCHA MACARONI
TAPIOCA SMOKED BALONEY
CHECKERBERRY CHEDDAR CHEW
CHICKEN CHERRY HONEYDEW
TUTTI-FRUTTI STEWED TOMATO
TUNA TACO BAKED POTATO
LOBSTER LITCHI LIMA BEAN
MOZZARELLA MANGOSTEEN
ALMOND HAM MERINGUE SALAMI
YAM ANCHOVY PRUNE PASTRAMI
SASSAFRAS SOUVLAKI HASH
SUKIYAKI SUCCOTASH
BUTTER BRICKLE PEPPER PICKLE
POMEGRANATE PUMPERNICKEL
PEACH PIMENTO PIZZA PLUM
PEANUT PUMPKIN BUBBLEGUM
AVOCADO BRUSSELS SPROUT
PERIWINKLE SAUERKRAUT
BROCCOLI BANANA BLUSTER
CHOCOLATE CHOP SUEY CLUSTER
COTTON CANDY CARROT CUSTARD
CAULIFLOWER COLA MUSTARD
ONION DUMPLING DOUBLE DIP
TURNIP TRUFFLE TRIPLE FLIP
GARLIC GUMBO GRAVY GUAVA
LENTIL LEMON LIVER LAVA
ORANGE OLIVE BAGEL BEET
WATERMELON WAFFLE WHEAT

I am Ebenezer Bleezer,
I run BLEEZER'S ICE-CREAM STORE
taste a flavor from my freezer,
you will surely ask for more,
twenty-eight divine creations
too delicious to resist
come on, do yourself a favor,
try the flavors on my list.

GRADE 6 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Whatif

Last night, while I lay thinking here,
some Whatifs crawled inside my ear
and pranced and partied all night long
and sang their same old Whatif song:

Whatif I'm dumb in school?

Whatif they've closed the swimming pool?

Whatif I get beat up?

Whatif there's poison in my cup?

Whatif I start to cry?

Whatif I get sick and die?

Whatif I flunk that test?

Whatif green hair grows on my chest?

Whatif nobody likes me?

Whatif a bolt of lightning strikes me?

Whatif I don't grow taller?

Whatif my head starts getting smaller?

Whatif the fish won't bite?

Whatif the wind tears up my kite?

Whatif they start a war?

Whatif my parents get divorced?

Whatif the bus is late?

Whatif my teeth don't grow in straight?

Whatif I tear my pants?

Whatif I never learn to dance?

Everything seems well, and then
the nighttime Whatifs strike again!

The Race

She rode a horse named Fina

When woman didn't ride.

They galloped around mountains,

Her legs on Fina's side

She let her hair down from its bun

And felt it whip and fly

She laughed and sang and whooped out loud

Up there she wasn't shy

One day great-grandma found her out

And planned to stop it all

But down in town they'd heard some news

They told her of a call

Why English is hard to learn

We'll begin with box, the plural is boxes,

But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, and two are called geese,

Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a house full of mice,

But the plural for house is houses, not hice.

The plural of man is always men,

But the plural of pan is never pen.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me two feet,

And I give you a book, would a pair be a beek?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,

Why shouldn't two booths be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,

Should the plural of kiss be ever called keese?

We speak of brother and also brethren,

But though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him;

But imagine the feminine.....she,shis and shim!!

The Race (continued)

A call for the callaberos

From all the highs and lows

To race their fancy caballos

To try and win the rose.

Abuela looked at Fina,

A twinkle in her eye

Abuela said, "Let's enter!

This race deserves a try."

GRADE 7 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

The Future

What does the future hold for us?
Smog-filled skies and poison cars
And broken land with useless dust
And nature's beauty behind bars

Can I ever show my children
(If they ever came my way)
The beauty of a sunset
At the end of the day?

Can I walk into a forest,
And surround myself with trees
Yet know that it will remain
For me to visit as I wish

I know that I can today
Do all the things I've said
But when today is yesterday
Will all these things be dead?

This problem is huge
As we slowly see
We must fix it quickly
In words and thoughts and deeds.

Friendship

Friendship is a priceless gift.
That cannot be bought or sold.
But it's value is far greater,
Than a mountain of gold.

For gold is cold and lifeless.
It can neither see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble,
It is powerless to cheer.

It has no ears to listen.
No heart to understand,
It cannot bring you comfort,
Or reach out a helping hand.

So when you feel down and need a lift,
One of the best things to make amends,
Isn't diamonds, pearls or riches,
But the love of real true friends.

Messy Room

Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.
His workbook is wedged in the window,
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.
His books are all jammed in the closet,
His vest has been left in the hall.
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.
Whoever room this is should be ashamed!
Donald or Robert or Willie or--
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,
I knew it looked familiar!

GRADE 8 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Where the Sidewalk Ends

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and
slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and
slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they
know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

The Dark Continent

Africa my beginning, Africa my end.
I was born here and I will die here,
Africa you bear my hopes and fears
Poverty, famine, crime and AIDS are words

Which plague Mother Africa's name
These demons bring me shame
While people try to make Africa better

A few let the hardship overpower them
Shame on them
They give up hope and go

About their knavish ways
Even though there's hope on the horizon,

Be that as it may,
They continue to destroy what little Mother Africa
has

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Dark Continent (continued)

Africa is no longer what she was,
Mother Africa is weeping
Yet a new dawn may be creeping
Mother Africa and her children are beautiful

They know their place in nature,
Even though hardship may corrupt good nature
In the name of ALL that is good

I hope Africa will rise one day
And we'll stop the suffering before she frays
The words upon a famous poet, I hear
"Africa my beginning, Africa my end.

I was born here and I will die here."

GRADE 9 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest! If you must; but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turs about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow;
You might succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup.
And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out;
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt;
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit;
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

London

I wandered through each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage-hearse.

Futility

Move him into the sun -
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.
Think how it wakes the seeds, -

Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved, - still warm, - too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

GRADE 10 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Old Folks laugh

They have spent their
content of simpering,
holding their lips this
and that way, winding
the lines between
their brows. Old folks
allow their bellies to jiggle like slow
tambourines.

The hollers
rise up and spill
over any way they want.
When old folks laugh, they free the world.

They turn slowly, slyly knowing
the best and the worst
of remembering.
Saliva glistens in
the corners of their mouths,
their heads wobble
on brittle necks, but
their laps
are filled with memories.

When old folks laugh, they consider the promise
of dear painless death, and generously
forgive life for happening
to them.

Lake Morning in Autumn

Before sunrise the stork was there
resting the pillow of his body
on stick legs growing from the water.

A flickering gust of pencil-slanted rain
swept over the chill autumn morning:
and he, too tired to arrange

His wind-buffeted plumage,
perched swaying a little
neck flattened, ruminative,

Lake Morning in Autumn (Continued)

beak on chest, contemplative eye
filmy with star vistas and hollow
black migratory leagues, strangely,

ponderously alone and some weeks
early. The dawn struck and everything
sky, water, bird, reeds

was blood and gold. He sighed.
Stretching his wings he clubbed
The air; slowly, regally, so very tired,

aiming his beak carefully climbed
inclining to his invisible tunnel of sky,
his feet trailing a long, long time.

I wandered lonely as a cloud

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.

GRADE 11 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Life Is Fine

I went down to the river,
I set down on the bank.
I tried to think but couldn't,
So I jumped in and sank.

I came up once and hollered!
I came up twice and cried!
If that water hadn't a-been so cold
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold in that water! It was cold!

I took the elevator
Sixteen floors above the ground.
I thought about my baby
And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered!
I stood there and I cried!
If it hadn't a-been so high
I might've jumped and died.

But it was High up there! It was high!

So since I'm still here livin',
I guess I will live on.
I could've died for love--
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler,
And you may see me cry--
I'll be dogged, sweet baby,
If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!

The Wild Doves at Louis Trichardt

Morning is busy with long files
Of ants and men, all bearing loads.
The sun's gong beats, and sweat runs down.
A mason-hornet shapes his hanging house.
In a wide flood of flowers
Two crested cranes are bowing to their food.
From the north today is ominous news.

Midday, the mad cicada-time.
Sizzling from every open valve
Of the overheated earth
The stridulators din it in –
Intensive and continuing praise
Of the white-hot zenith, shrilling on
Toward a note too high to hear.

Oven of afternoon, silence of heat.
In shadow, or in shaded rooms,
This face is hidden in folded arms,
That face is now a sightless mask,
Tree-shadow just includes those legs.
The people have all lain down, and sleep
In attitudes of the sick, the shot, the dead.

And now in the grove the wild doves begin,
Whose neat silk heads are never still,
Bubbling their coolest colloquies.
The formulae they liquidly pronounce
In secret tents of leaves imply
(Clearer than man-made music could)
Men being absent, Africa is good.

GRADE 12 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2020

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Autumn

I love to see, when leaves depart,
The clear anatomy arrive,
Winter, the paragon of art,
That kills all forms of life and feeling
Save what is pure and will survive.

Already now the clanging chains
Of geese are harnessed to the moon:
Stripped are the great sun-clouding planes:
And the dark pines, their own revealing,
Let in the needles of the noon.

Strained by the gale the olives whiten
Like hoary wrestlers bent with toil
And, with the vines, their branches lighten
To brim our vats where summer lingers
In the red froth and sun-gold oil.

Soon on our hearth's reviving pyre
Their rotted stems will crumble up:
And like a ruby, panting fire,
The grape will redden on your fingers
Through the lit crystal of the cup.