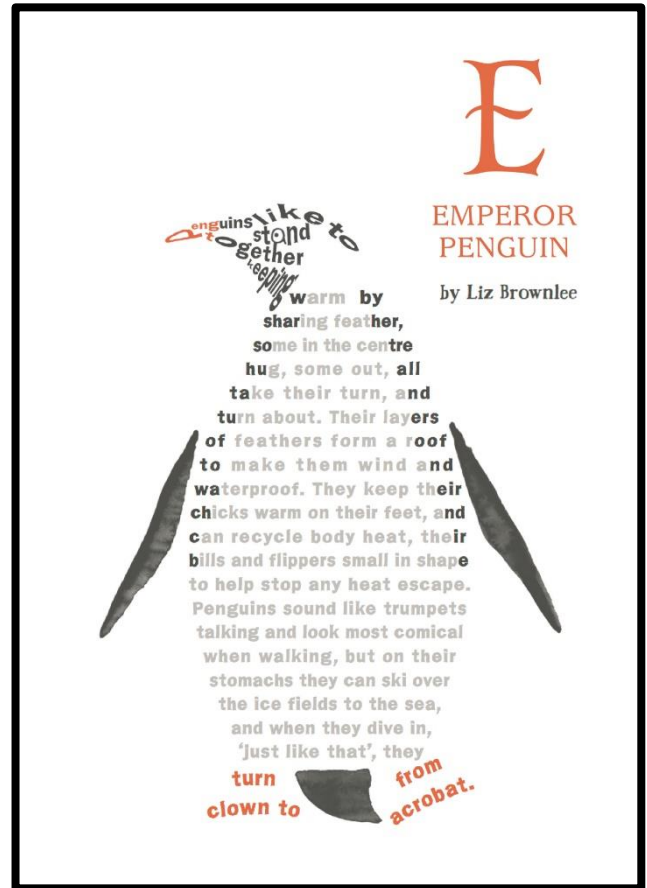
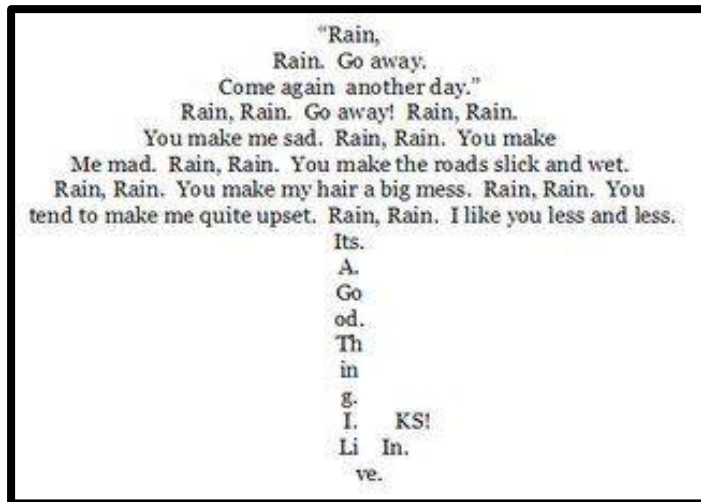
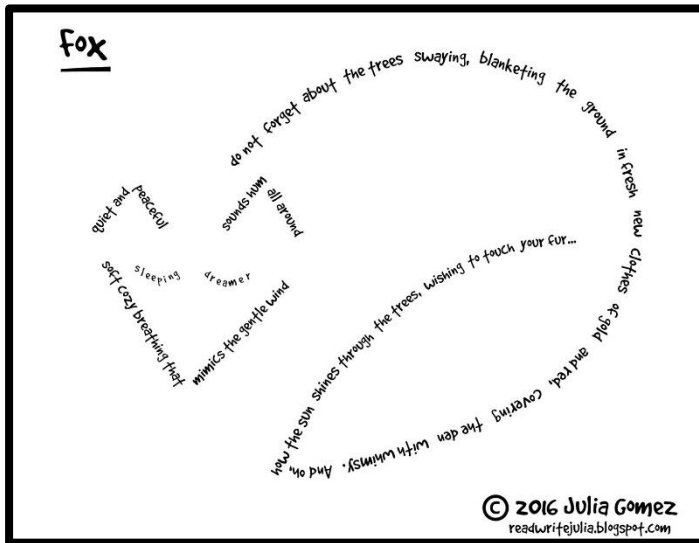


Shape poems



Haiku

An old silent pond...
A frog jumps into the pond,
splash! Silence again.

The greenery crowds
The grey has disappeared
It will stay that way

Tree branch sways slowly
As a child sings a sweet song
Gracefully it goes

Flowers are blooming
Spring festivity in air
Sorrows must leave now

The water flowing
The rocks trips the falling stream
The trees grasp the edge

Free Verse

Peace and Quiet by Nadya Phillips

Peace is...

When you are outside on a nice warm day

With a cold glass of yellow lemonade.

Slurp, slurp, slurp.

Feeling the warm sun on my back,

Rubbing my hands through the wet green grass,

Listening to the birds singing a distance away.

Quiet...

Now that's PEACE!

What Are We Going To Do With You? By

Jenna

Sometimes you drive us all crazy.

Sometimes me more than others.

But sometimes you yell

and kick at nothing for no reason.

Tell me, little sis, what are we going to do with you?!

I keep on telling myself,

"I wanted a sister, not an alien!"

Only to have mother tell me you are human.

I laugh as you walk in with underwear on your head!

Now it's mother's turn to say,

"Oh, what are we going to do with you?"

But sometimes, when it's bedtime,

you can be the sweetest thing.

I find it adorable when you snuggle

with your small teddy bear.

And I can't help but say,

"Taitum, what are we going to do with you?"

Jellyfish by Michael Rosen

The jellyfish

dances through the water

waving its frilly underwear.

We found one on the beach.

It had become a polythene bag

full of water.

Its frills lay on top

like party ribbons

after the dance is over.

Acrostic

PUMPKIN

by Kaitlyn Guenther

Piles of candy

Under the bed

Make for a delicious snack

People

Know

It's been Halloween because

No one is without candy

Our Love! By John Peter Read

L is for 'laughter' we had along the way.

O is for 'optimism' you gave me every day.

V is for 'value' of being my best friend.

E is for 'eternity', a love that has no end.

Acrostic Poetry

An acrostic poem

Can be about anything.

Really.

Of course, some people like to

Start each line as a sentence,

Though

I prefer weaving words into a

Creation that is more freeform.

Limerick

A fellow jumped off a high wall,
And had a most terrible fall.
He went back to bed,
With a bump on his head,
That's why you don't jump off a wall.

There once was a man named Brice,
Who had a nasty head full lice.
He said, If I eat them,
Then I'll have beat them!
And besides they taste very nice.

I'd rather have Fingers than Toes,
I'd rather have Ears than a Nose.
And as for my Hair,
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully said, when it goes

My dog is quite hip,
Except when he takes a dip.
He looks like a fool,
when he jumps in the pool,
and reminds me of a sinking ship.

Riddles

I have streets but no pavement,
I have cities but no buildings,
I have forests but no trees,
I have rivers yet no water.
What am I?

You may enter, but you may not come in,
I have space, but no room,
I have keys, but open no lock.
What am I?

He who builds me doesn't want me,
he who buys me doesn't use me,
he that uses me doesn't know he's got me.
What am I?

I am a green ball that doesn't bounce
After I've been popped from my green house.
I'm good to eat, but not with a fork;
I'd help teach the alphabet if I could talk.
What am I?

Tanka

Kids in the summer,
Running, jumping, and playing.
Biking in the neighbourhood,
Yelling Loudly down the streets,
Not ready for school to start....

The bucket's water
Poured out and gone,
Drop by drop
dew drips like pearls
from the autumn flowers.

Snow-covered pine trees
Line the frozen pathway home,
But as we turn away
The world is a lake of ice,
And we have one hand each.

Sonnet

How Do I Love Thee? By Elizabeth Barrett
Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love with a passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, I love thee with the
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Sonnet 18 by William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a
date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course,
untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.