

# Some Things Go Together

By: Chalotte Zolotow

Peace with dove  
Home with love  
Gardens with flowers  
Clocks with hours  
Moths with screen  
Grass with green  
Leaves with tree  
And you with me.



# Chocolate

Cindi Nolen Allen, P.h.D.

(Acrostic)

**C**hocolate is too yummy to eat.  
**H**aving it is a special treat.  
**O**ne little bite of Hershey's Kiss  
**C**an put me in a state of bliss.  
**O**r  
**L**icking a frozen chocolate bar  
**A**s I take a summer ride in a car.  
**T**otal pleasure is a chocolate treat.  
**E**agerly I wait for chocolate to eat!



# Decisions

Cindi Nolen Allen, P.h.D.  
(Sonnet)

I watch the turkey turning brown  
As guest begin arriving  
When I see many pies around  
That make me start deciding

Which one will fill my dinner plate  
On this Thanksgiving Day?  
Which one will I say I ate?  
Will it matter anyway?

I might just sample every one  
Instead of picking from the bunch  
Or wait until most everyone  
Has eaten all their lunch

And there is one last pie to test  
Oh, how I hope it is the best!



Halloween is Nearly Here

Kenn Nesbitt

Halloween is nearly here.  
I've got my costume planned.  
It's sure to be the most horrific  
outfit in the land.

If you should see me coming  
you may scream and hide your head.  
My get-up will, I guarantee,  
fill every heart with dread.

My costume may cause nightmares.  
Yes, my mask may stop your heart.  
You might just shriek and wet yourself,  
then squeamishly depart.

And yet, I won't be dressing as  
you might expect me to.  
I will not be a vampire  
or ghost that hollers "boo!"

I won't look like a werewolf  
or a goblin or a ghoul,  
or even like a slimy blob  
of deadly, dripping drool.

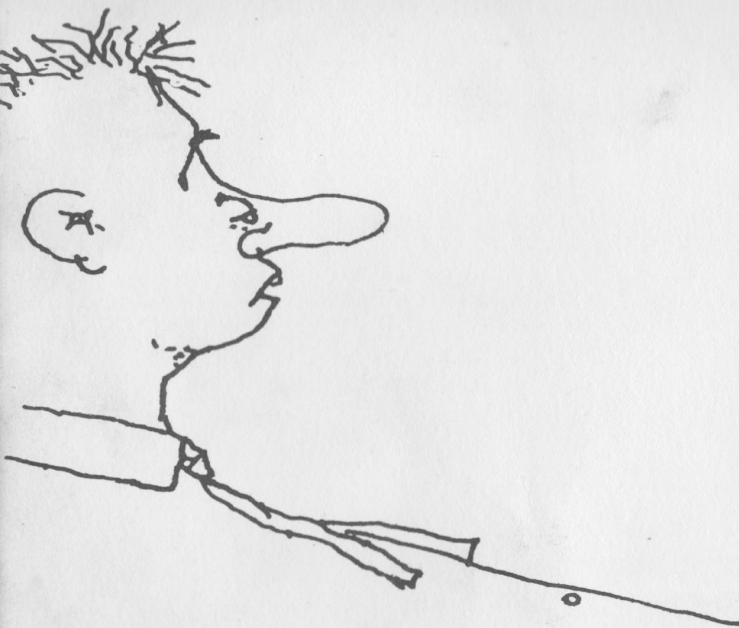
I will not be a zombie  
or some other horrid creature.  
No, this year I'll be much, much worse...  
I'm dressing as a teacher.



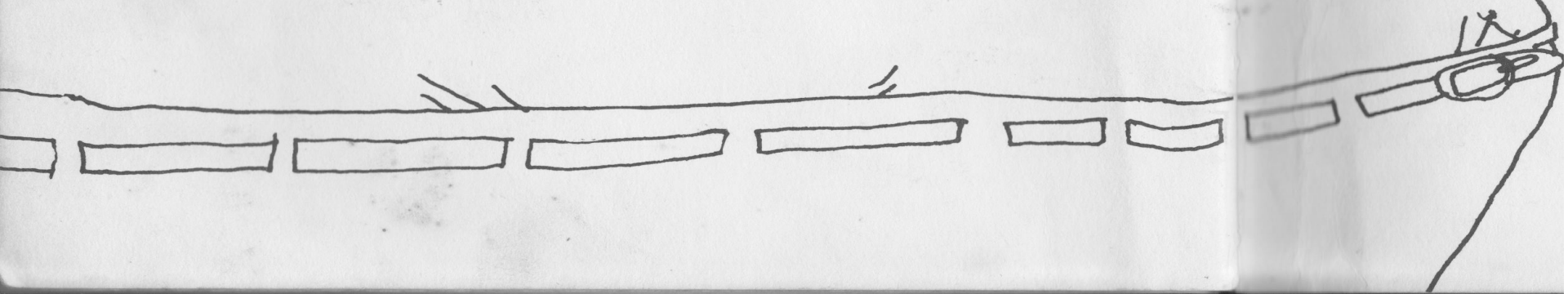
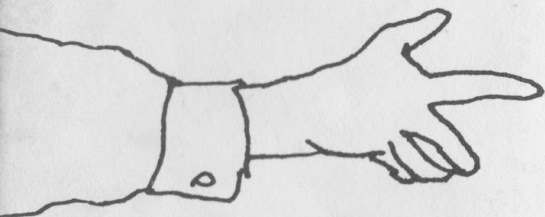


# I Must Remember

Shel Silverstein



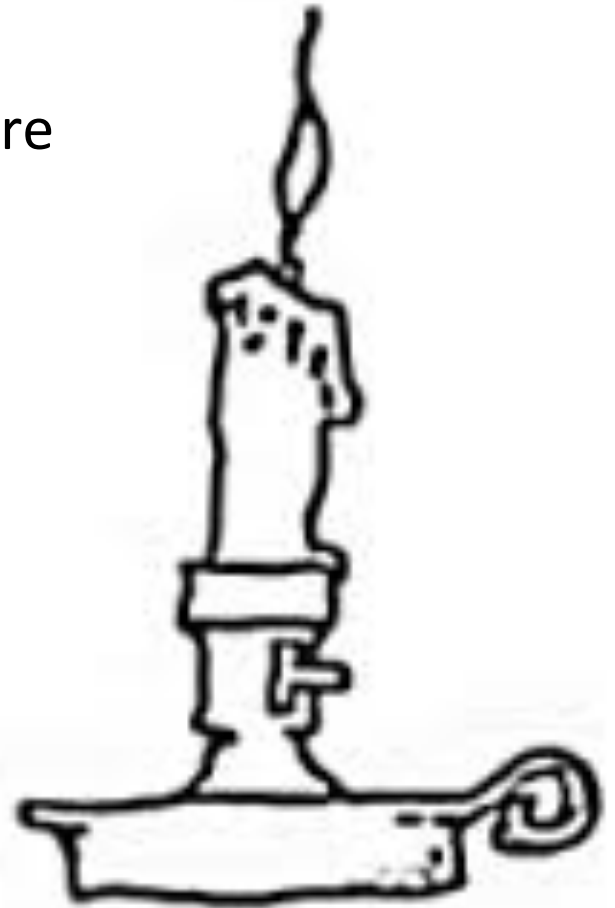
I must remember...  
Turkey on Thanksgiving,  
Pudding on Christmas,  
Eggs on Easter,  
Chicken on Sunday,  
Fish on Friday,  
Leftovers, Monday.  
But ah, me-I'm such a dunce.  
I went and ate them all at once.



# Invitation

Shel Silverstein

If you are a dreamer, come in,  
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,  
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean  
buyer...  
If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire  
For we have some flax-golden tales to  
spin.  
Come in!  
Come in!



# It's Dark in Here

Shel Silverstein

I am writing these poems  
From inside a lion,  
And it's rather dark in here.  
So please excuse the handwriting  
Which may not be too clear.  
But this afternoon by the lion's ca  
I'm afraid I got too near.  
And I'm writing these lines  
From inside a lion,  
And it's rather dark in here.



# Flag

Shel Silverstein

One star is for Alaska...  
One star is for Nebraska...  
One star is North Dakota...  
One star is Minnesota...  
There are lots of other stars,  
But I forgot which ones they are.



13 stars, 1777-95



50 stars, 1960



# Colors

Shel Silverstein



My skin is kind of sort of brownish  
Pinkish yellowish white.

My eyes are greyish blueish green,  
But I'm told they look orange in the night.

My hair is reddish blondish brown,  
But it's silver when it's wet.

And all the colors I am inside  
Have not be invented yet.

Us

Shel Silverstein

Me and him  
Him and me,  
We're always together  
As you can see.  
I wish he'd leave  
So I'd be free  
I'm getting a little bit  
Tired of he,  
And he may be a bit  
Bored with me.  
On movies and ladies  
We cannot agree.

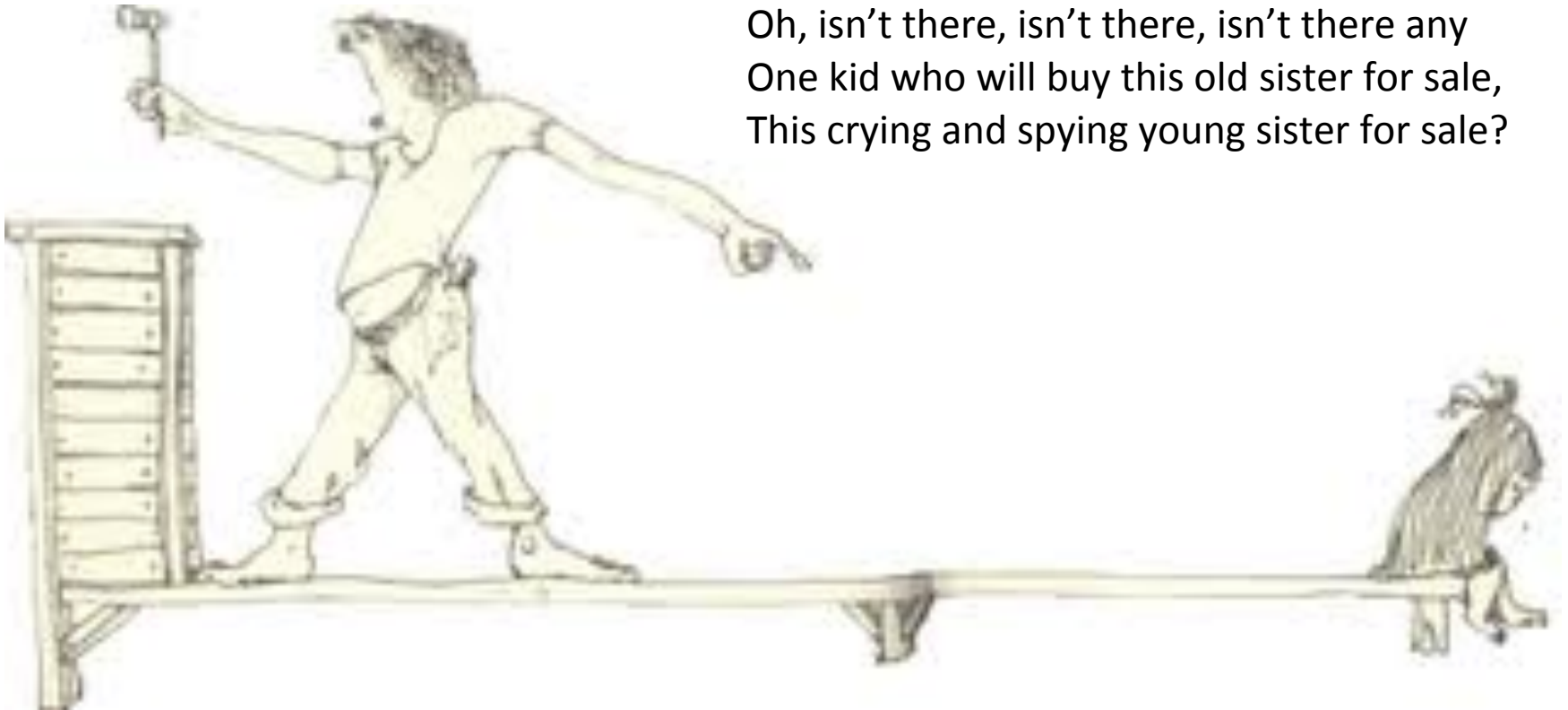


I like to dance  
He loves to ski.  
He likes the mountains  
I love the sea.  
I like hot chocolate  
He wants his tea.  
I want to sleep  
He has to pee.  
He's meaner and duller  
And fatter than me.  
But I guess there's worse  
things  
We could be—  
Instead of two we could be  
three  
Me and him  
Him and me.

# For Sale

Shel Silverstein

One sister for sale!  
One sister for sale!  
One crying and spying young sister for sale!  
I'm really not kidding.  
So who'll start the bidding?  
Do I hear a dollar?  
A nickel?  
A penny?  
Oh, isn't there, isn't there, isn't there any  
One kid who will buy this old sister for sale,  
This crying and spying young sister for sale?



# Enter This Deserted House

Shel Silverstein

But please walk softly as you do.  
Frogs dwell here and crickets too.

Ain't to ceiling, only blue  
Jays dwell here and sunbeams too.

Floors are flowers—take a few.  
Ferns grow here and daisies too.

Whoosh, swoosh—too-whit, to-woo  
Bats dwell here and hoot owls too.

Ha-ha-ha, hee-hee, hoo-hoooo,  
Gnomes dwell here and goblins too.

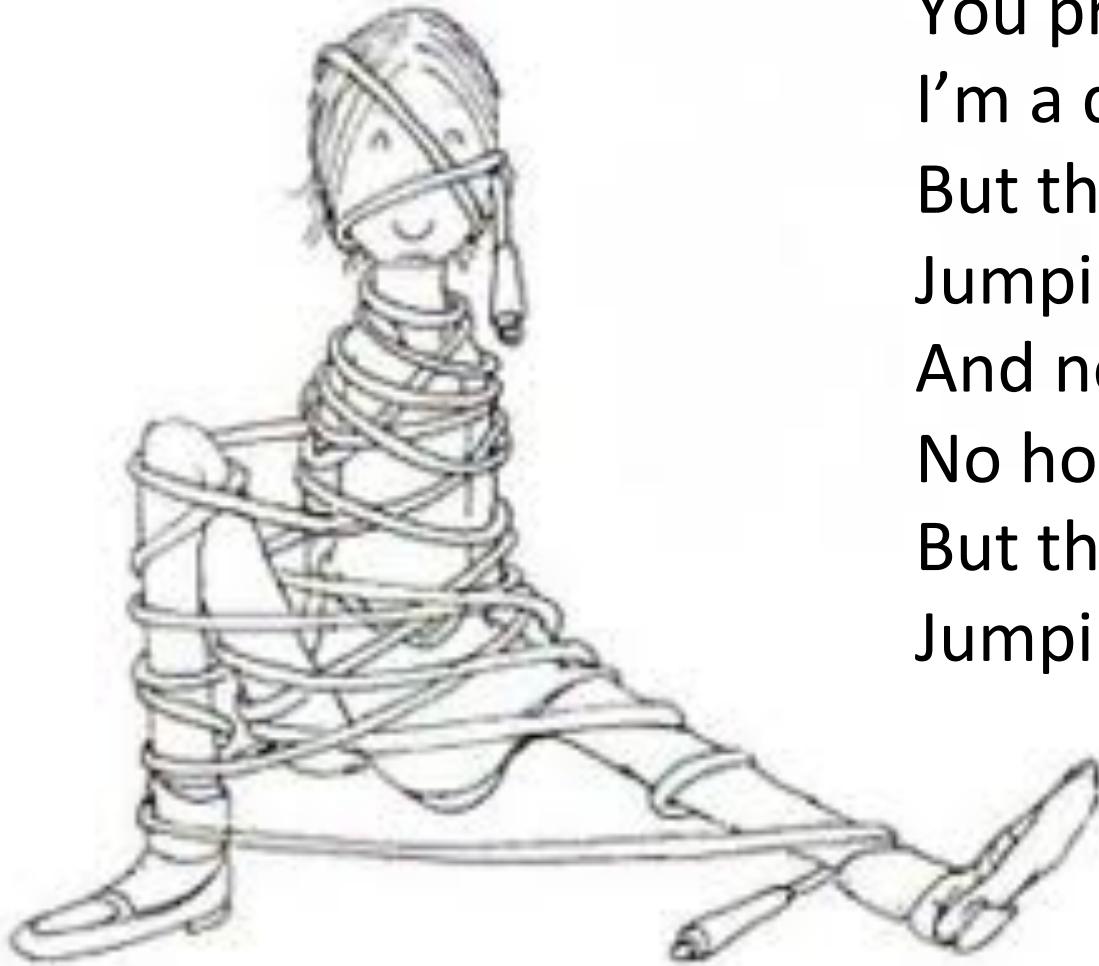
Any my child, I though you knew  
I dwell here... and so do you.





# Jumping Rope

Shel Silverstein



This started out as a  
Jumping rope  
You prob'ly think that  
I'm a dope  
But this started out as a  
Jumping rope  
And now I fear there is  
No hope  
But this started out as a  
Jumping rope.

Who

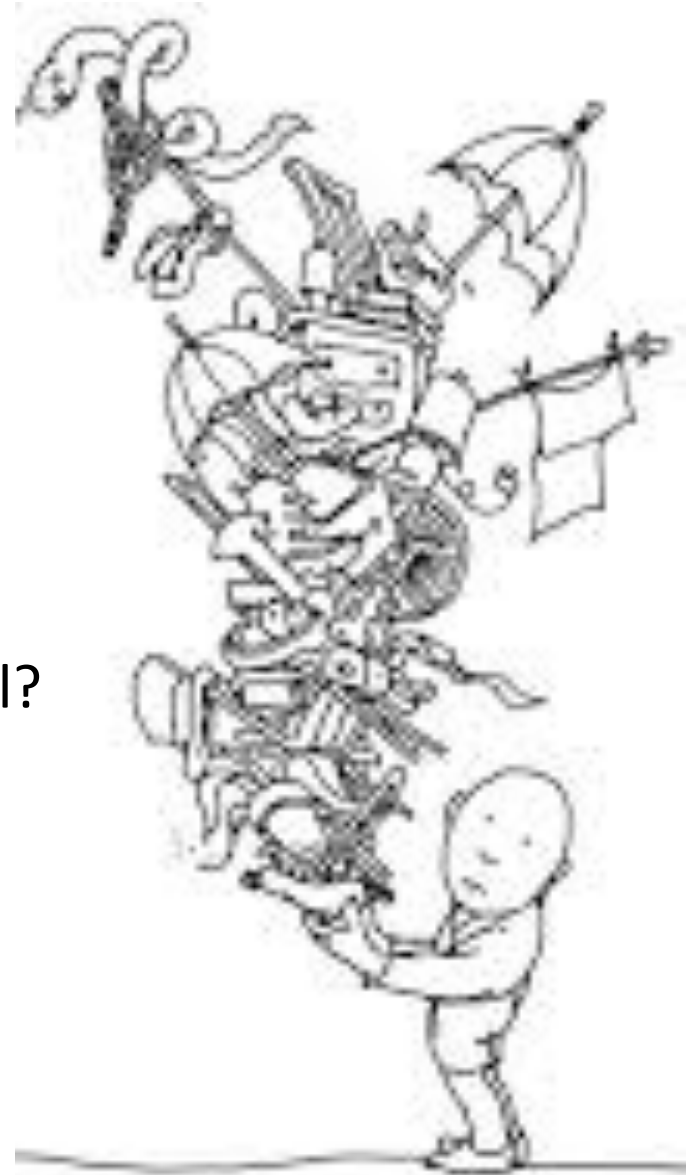
Shel Silverstein

Who can kick a football  
From here out to Afghanistan?  
I can!

Who fought tigers in the street  
While all the policemen ran and hid?  
I can!

Who will fly and have x-ray eyes—  
And be known as the man no bullet can kill?  
I will!

Who can sit and tell lies all night?  
I might!



# My Rules

Shel Silverstein

If you want to marry me, here's what you'll have to do:  
You must learn how to make a perfect chicken-dumpling stew.  
And you must sew my holey socks,  
And soothe my troubled mind,  
And develop the knack for scratching my back,  
And keep my shoes spotlessly shined.  
And while I rest you must rake up the leaves,  
And when it is hailing and snowing  
You must shovel the walk... and be still when I talk,  
And—hey—where are you going?

