

Mr. Kartoffel

By James Reeves

Mr. Kartoffel's a whimsical man;
He drinks his beer from a watering can,
And for no good reason that I can see
He fills his pockets with china tea.
He parts his hair with a knife and fork
And takes his ducks on a Sunday walk.

Says he, "If my wife and I should choose
To wear our stockings outside our shoes,
Plant tulip bulbs in the baby's pram
And eat tobacco instead of jam
And fill the bath with cauliflowers,
That's nobody's business at all but ours."

Says Mrs. K., "I may choose to travel
With a sack of grass or a sack of gravel,
Or paint my toes, one black, one white,
Or sit on a bird's nest half the night -
But whatever I do that is rum or rare,
I rather think that is my affair.
So fill up your pockets with stamps and
string,
And let us be ready for anything!"

Says Mr. K. to his whimsical wife,
"How can we face the storms of life,
Unless we are ready for anything?
So if you've provided the stamps and the string,
Let us pump up the saddle and harness the horse
And fill him with carrots and custard and sauce,
Let us leap on him lightly and give him a shove
And it's over the sea and away, my love!"



The Pianist

By Charles K. Moss



When life waxes dark,
Causing all within me to frown,
Your music enters there,
Healing and uplifting the soul.

When mundane existence
Proves too much to bear,
Music pours from your hands:
A magic touch, reviving the heart.



When tears flow in my unfair times,
Your music reaches out to me,
Beckoning toward beauty and truth,
As only a kindred spirit knows.

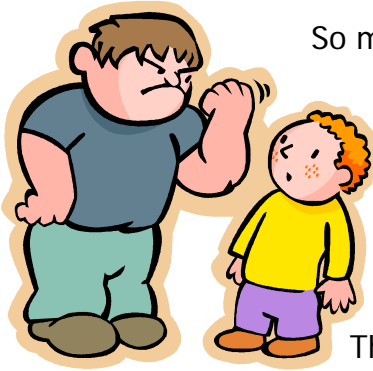
When I doubt myself the most,
You are my guiding light,
Toward music that calms all strife,
My soul caressed with soothing balms of art.



A Smile Again n Again...

By Prankul Agarwal

A smile again n again...

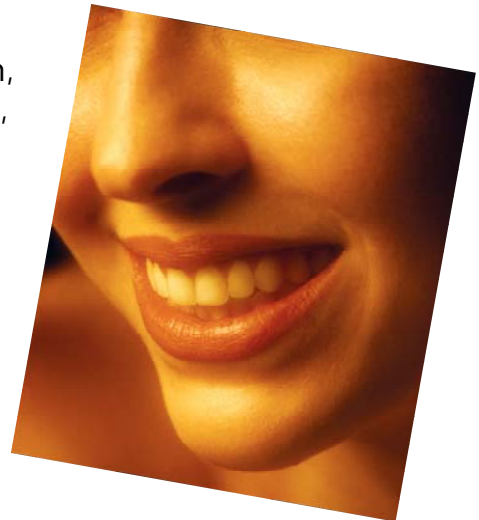


So many things happen in life,
n u smile,
People ignore u,
u smile,
they dont like u,
but u smile,
u feel bad,
still u smile,
They do it again n again,
but u keep up ur smile.



u aren't great as them,
u aren't wished like them,
u aren't talked like them,
still u love them,
n welcome them,
with a smile.

Time keep movin',
n u need them,
they laugh at you,
they put u aside,
n u have it all,
with a smile.



U feel alone,
u feel exhausted,
tears keep flowing,
but u hide them,
n instead, show your lips,
carrying a smile.

Sweetest Roll

By Charles R. Smith Jr.

Drive draw and dish.
can turn nothing
into swish
as I resist temptation
to let one pop
from the top
of the key.

Could be worth three,
but only if I make it.
Fake it
then take it strong
to the hole
with soul
looking to finish
with a finger roll.

To the left
To the right
earthbound legs take flight
ready to excite the crowd
into a frenzy
Victory-
Could be-
if my finger roll
can clear the tree.

As I rise high
to the sky
I Let fly
my All
with the Ball
as the buzzer sounds
and the swish

falls.



One Inch Tall

By Shel Silverstein

If you were only one inch tall you'd ride a worm to school.
The teardrop of a crying ant would be your swimming pool.
A crumb of cake would be a feast
And last you seven days at least,
A flea would be a frightening beast
If you were one inch tall.

If you were only one inch tall, you'd walk beneath the door,
And it would take about a month to get down to the store.
A bit of fluff would be your bed,
You'd swing upon a spider's thread,
And wear a thimble on your head
If you were one inch tall.

You'd surf across the kitchen sink upon a stick of gum.
You couldn't hug your mama, you'd just have to hug her thumb.
You'd run from people's feet in fright,
To move a pen would take all night,
(This poem took fourteen years to write--
'Cause I'm just one inch tall).



Free Verse Poetry

By Sameer Bansal

The Art of Basketball

You hear erasers rubbing the floor,
screeching like mad birds.

Back...and forth,
steady like a swing.

A shout here, a shout there,
like a coded conversation that we do not understand.

The big orange jumps from hand to hand
as if it were the best in gymnastics.

Turning into a swimmer,
it takes dive with a huge ark..

It burns itself
rolling around a ring of fire.

It falls in to a cyclone fence of string.
Then the overgrown orange comes out

Fresh and Free,

All of the spectators jump up and down
as if they were the ball itself.

They shout out only praise,

until

the erasers screech back across the floor.





Laughing out Loud Limericks

By Sameer Bansal



Toothpaste for Sale



There was a young man at the store
Who saw cheap toothpaste and bought more.
But in his new car,
The toothpastes squirted far.
So he got real mad and he swore.



By Sameer Bansal

The woman o'er there was real mad.
Suddenly she got very sad.
She kept changing moods.
And some thought that was rude.
They yelled but her mood still stayed



The Man With No Fork

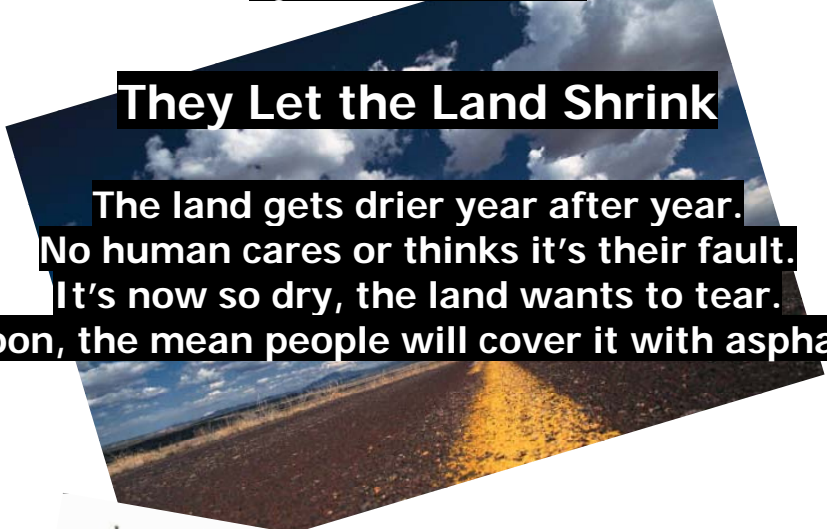
There was an old man in New York
Who ate all his food with no fork.
He bought some new meat.
And he wanted to eat,
But he could not eat any pork.



Quarreling Quatrains

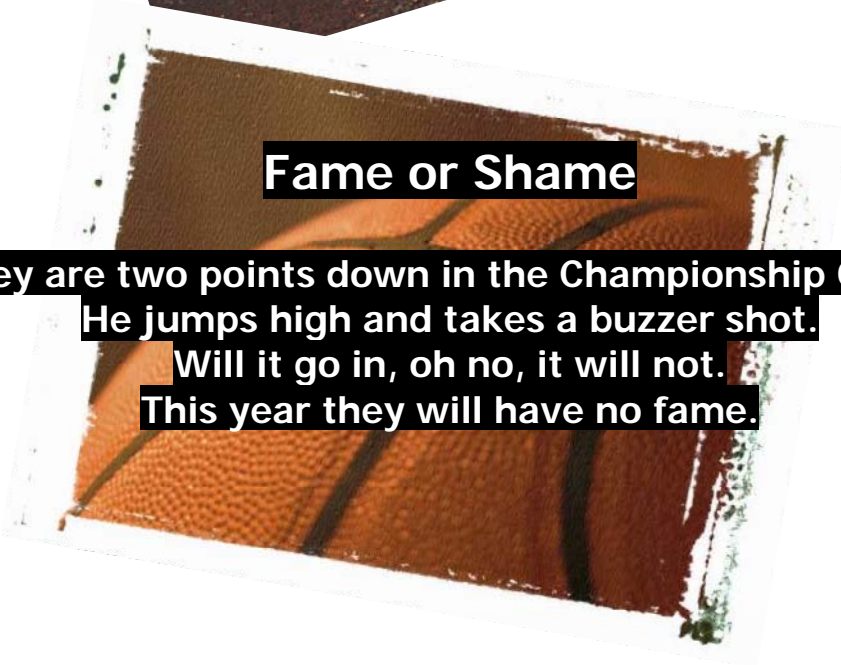
By Sameer Bansal

They Let the Land Shrink



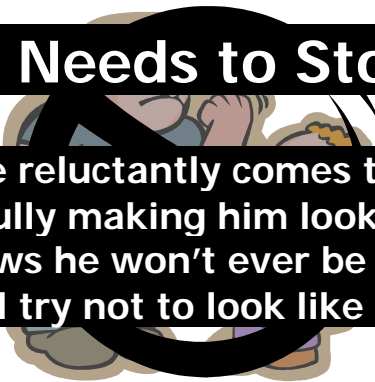
The land gets drier year after year.
No human cares or thinks it's their fault.
It's now so dry, the land wants to tear.
Soon, the mean people will cover it with asphalt.

Fame or Shame



They are two points down in the Championship Game.
He jumps high and takes a buzzer shot.
Will it go in, oh no, it will not.
This year they will have no fame.

It Needs to Stop



Again he reluctantly comes to school
To find a bully making him look like a fool.
He knows he won't ever be a pimp,
But he'll try not to look like a wimp.

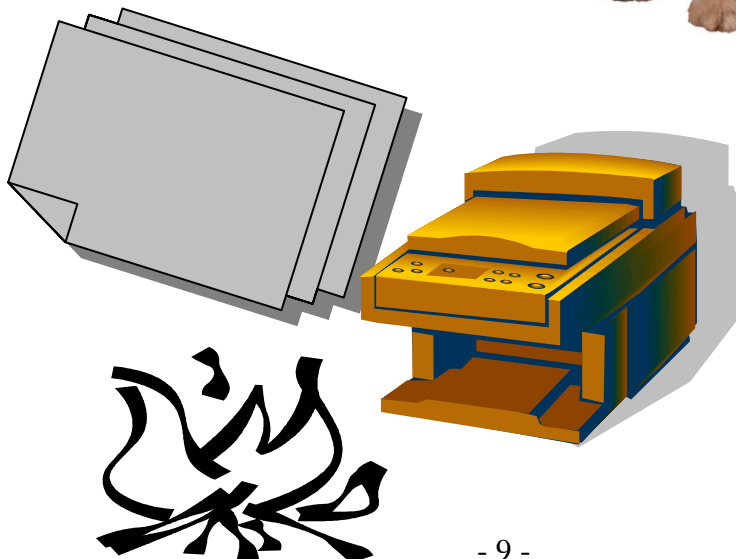
I Like That Stuff

By Sameer Bansal



Candy

Kids pray for it
Adults stay away from it
Candy
I like that Stuff.



Paper

Printers eat it
Fires heat it
Paper
I like that stuff.

Rhyming Poems

By Sameer Bansal

Be Brave When it Comes to Fear

Goosebumps conquered my arm like an army of minuscule hills,
I constantly attempted to impede the furious shivering
because there was no chill.

My heart drummed in a marching band,
As sweat moistened my hand.

My head sagged heavily from my neck,
I'll inform you know, I resulted as a panicky wreck.

I constantly reminded myself of the worst,
Like all the bad things that would commence if I was cursed.

Chills sped up and down my back.
To make that worse, the lights went out and all was black.

Please, I hope that is not foot steps I hear.
They seem to be coming near.

I couldn't distinguish them clearly because I was drenched
by the beating sound of my heart ringing in the air,
But I was brave and did not cry, I swear.

My Basketball Lives His Life Happy

He wakes up late like he does everyday.
He's so happy, you can not wipe his smile away.

Because of the black lines, we can never see his expressions,
But I assure you that he will never have a depression.

Oops, he stretched too far that he fell off the rack,
And landed on the ground with a hard smack.

My basketball jumps back up and finds it fun.
He loves to bounce now so he will not run.



He gets tired and has to stop.
He quietly dozes off into a nap under a mop.

Later, awoken by a noise,
My basketball looks up without making a noise.

He sees the garage door opening high up like the basketball
player Steve Kerr.
He tries to escape but gets stopped by me, his owner.

I pick him up as if I were an elevator,
And throw him down as if he were a hungry alligator.

He uses his skills to jump back up,
But I pushed him back down as if giving him a command.

We repeated this process again and again.
It worked well for us two men.

I stopped and grabbed him with a strong hold.
Then I launched him into the air toward the hoop that was
pretty old.

He extended his arms and took hold of the rim,
And threw himself through the net, man, you should have
seen him.

He made friends with my good old hoop.
We now had a little basketball friend group

As dark took over the daylight up high,
We had to leave the hoop with a big sigh.

He talked with basketballs, young and old.
They were not as strong and big as before, but my, what
stories they told.

He wiped away a drip of sweat,
And went to sleep with the best dream yet.

