Horizon Elementary School
Poetry Masters

Be prepared to recite your Poem by 2/27/13. Remember: select only one (1) poem to memorize.

Level A – Grades 1 – 2

The Quarrel
Said a lightning bug to a firefly, “Look at the lightning bugs fly by!”
“Silly dunce!” said the fly. “What bug ever flew? Those are fireflies. And so are you.”

“I’m a worm,” squirmed the worm. “I glimmer all night. You are worms, both of you. I know that I’m right.”

Back and forth through the dark each shouted his word Till their quarrel awakened the early bird.
“You three noisy things, you are all related,” She said to the worm, and promptly ate it.
With a snap of her bill she finished the fly, And the lightning bug was the last to die.
All glowers and glimmerers, there’s a MORAL: Shine if you must, but do not quarrel.
- Maxine Kumin

Level C – Grades 3 – 5

Some Rivers
Some rivers rush to the sea. They push and tumble and fall. But the Everglades is a river with no hurry in her at all.
Soaking the cypress that grows so tall; nursing a frog, so quiet and small; she flows but a mile in the course of a day, with plenty of time to think on the way. But how can she cope with the acres of corn and sorrowful cities that drain her? With hunters and tourists and levees that chain and strain and pain her? Does the half of her that’s left think only of the past? Or does she think of her future and how long it will last? Some rivers rush to the sea. They push and tumble and fall. But the Everglades is a river with no hurry in her at all.
- Frank Asch

Level B – Grades 1-2

My Dragon Wasn’t Feeling Good
My dragon wasn’t feeling good, He had a nasty chill And couldn’t keep from shivering, I saw that he was ill. His eyes were red and watery, His nose was running too, His Flame was but a fizzle, And his cheeks were pallid blue.

I took him to a doctor Just as quickly as I could, A specialist in dragons, And she’s in our neighborhood. She took his pulse and temperature, Then fed him turpentine And phosphorus and gasoline – My dragon’s doing fine.
- Jack Prelutsky

Level D – Grades 3 – 5

When we read this poem we learn that since his childhood Poe had believed he was different from other people. This belief made him feel lonely, and his loneliness was like a “demon” that he saw everywhere he turned.

ALONE
From childhood’s hour I have not been As others were – I have not seen As others saw – I could not bring My passions from a common spring – From the same source I have not taken My sorrow – I could not awaken My heart to joy at the same tone – And all I lov’d – I lov’d alone – Then – in my childhood – in the dawn Of a most stormy life – was drawn From every depth of good and ill The mystery which binds me still – From the torrent, or the fountain – From the red cliff of the mountain – From the sun that ’round me roll’d In its autumn tint of gold – From the lightning in the sky As it pass’d me flying by – From the thunder, and the storm – And the cloud that took the form (When the rest of Heaven was blue) Of a demon in my view –
- Edgar Allan Poe