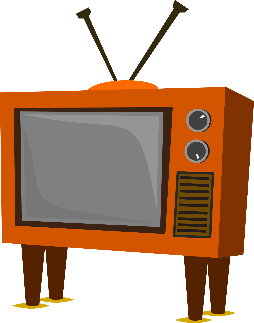
 **4th Term Poems – Due: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Snowflakes**

*By David McCord*

Sometime this winter if you go

To walk in soft new falling snow

When flakes are big and come down slow

To settle on your sleeve as bright

As stars that couldn't wait for night,

You won't know what you have in sight -

Another world - unless you bring

A magnifying glass. This thing

We call a snowflake is the king

Of crystals. Do you like surprise?

Examine him three times his size:

At first you won't believe your eyes.

Stars look alike, but flakes do not:

No two the same in all the lot

That you will get in any spot

You chance to be, for every one

Come spinning through the sky has none

But his own window-wings of sun:

Joints, points, and crosses. What could make

Such lacework with no crack or break?

In billions, billions, no mistake?

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**Tired**

*By Shel Silverstein*

I've been working so hard you just wouldn't believe,

And I'm tired!

There's so little time and so much to achieve,

And I'm tired!

I've been lying here holding the grass in its place,

Pressing a leaf with the side of my face.

Tasting the apples to see if they're sweet,

Counting the toes on a centipede's feet.

I've been memorizing the shape of that cloud,

Warning the robins to not chirp so loud,

Shooing the butterflies off the tomatoes,

Keeping an eye out for floods and tornadoes.

I've been supervising the work of the ants

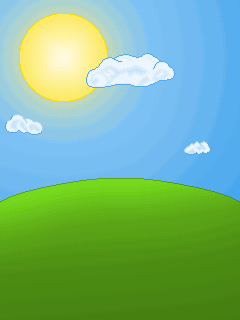
And thinking of pruning the cantaloupe plants,

Timing the sun to see what time it sets,

Calling the fish to swim into my nets,

And I've taken twelve thousand and forty-one breaths,

And I'm TIRED!

**Jimmy Jet and His TV Set**

*By Shel Silverstein*

I’ll tell you the story of Jimmy Jet –

And you know what I tell you is true.

He loved to watch his TV set

Almost as much as you.

He watched all day, he watched all night

‘Till he grew pale and lean,

From “The Early Show” to “The Late Late Show”

And all the shows between.

He watched till his eyes were frozen wide,

And his bottom grew into his chair.

And his chin turned into a tuning dial,

And antennae grew out of his hair.

And his brains turned into TV tubes,

And his face to a TV screen.

And two knobs saying “VERT.” and “HORIZ.”

Grew where his ears had been.

And he grew a plug that looked like a tail

So we plugged in little Jim.

And now instead of him watching TV

We all sit around and watch him.

**Smart**

*By Shel Silverstein*

My dad gave me one dollar bill

‘Cause I’m his smartest son,

And I swapped it for two shiny quarters

‘Cause two is more than one!

And then I took the quarters

And traded them to Lou

For three dimes – guess he don’t know

That three is more than two!

Just then, along came old blind Bates

And just ‘cause he can’t see

He gave me four nickels for my three dimes,

And four is more than three!

And I took the nickels to Hiram Coombs

Down at the seed-feed store,

And the fool gave me five pennies for them,

And five is more than four!

And then I went and showed my dad,

And he got red in the cheeks,

And closed his eyes and shook his head –

Too proud of me to speak!