Each grading period students will choose one poem from those provided. Students are required to memorize and recite their poems in front of the class on an assigned day. Parents are invited to attend their child’s poetry recitation.

Poems will be graded according to the following criteria:
- Posture
- Eye Contact
- Accuracy
- Volume
- Voice

There are eight poems to choose from. Please read through them and write down the two your child would like to do. The choices are due Friday, August 26th. Students will be given their poem assignments on Friday, August 26th so that they can start memorizing.

Poems need to be memorized by September 26th. Students will present them that week: September 26th – 30th.

Happy Memorizing!

Hobble Creek 5th Grade Teachers

(Keep the poems at home and return this slip!)

My signature indicates I have reviewed the information about the Poem Recitation with my child.

Student name: .................................................................................................................

Parent signature: ...........................................................................................................

Choice 1: .................................................................................................................................

Choice 2: .................................................................................................................................

Please return this by Friday, August 26th. 😊
"Adventures of a Frisbee"
Shel Silverstein

The Frisbee, he got tired of sailing
To and fro and to;
And thought about the other things
That he might like to do.

So the next time that they threw him,
He turned there in the sky,
And sailed away to try and find
Some new things he could try.

He tried to be an eyeglass,
But no one could see through him.
He tried to be a UFO,
But everyone knew him.

He tried to be a dinner plate,
But he got cracked and quit.
He tried to be a pizza,
But got tossed and baked and bit.

He tried to be a hubcap,
But the cars all moved too quick.
He tried to be a record,
But the spinnin’ made him sick.

He tried to be a quarter,
But he was too big to spend.
So he rolled home, quite glad to be
A Frisbee once again.
"Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face"
Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze,
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place--
be glad your nose is on your face!
Deep in our refrigerator,
there's a special place
for food that's been around awhile...
we keep it, just in case.
'It's probably too old to eat,'
my mother likes to say.
'But I don't think it's old enough
for me to throw away.'

It stays there for a month or more
to ripen in the cold,
and soon we notice fuzzy clumps
of multicolored mold.
The clumps are larger every day,
we notice this as well,
but mostly what we notice
is a certain special smell.

When finally it all becomes
a nasty mass of slime,
my mother takes it out, and says,
'Apparently, it's time.'
She dumps it in the garbage can,
though not without regret,
then fills the space with other food
that's not so ancient yet.

"Deep In Our Refrigerator"
Jack Prelutsky
"Face Life with A Smile"

There's a lot of joy in living,
If we face life with a smile;
Take time to do some kindness,
And go the second mile.

For the greatest joy is giving,
And it all comes back to you
When you add a little sunshine
To all you say and do.

Before the day has ended
Try to do some worthwhile thing,
Help to ease another's burden
And make a sad heart sing.

You will find each new tomorrow
Will be happy from the start
If you only will remember,
Keep a smile within your heart!
“I’d Never Need A Haircut”
Jack Prelutsky

I’d never need a haircut if I didn’t have a head, and probably could manage with no pillows on my bed.

I’d toss away the woolen cap that shields me from the snow, and soon dispense with tissues, for I’d have no nose to blow.

I wouldn’t need a toothpick, for I’d have no teeth to pick. I’d have no tongue to talk with, and I’d have no lips to lick.

I could slice a million onions without shedding any tears, and never have to wash behind my nonexistent ears.

I’d have a new perspective if my head should disappear, and find it quite a challenge showing anger, joy, or fear.

My parents would be puzzled, they’d be baffled, they would stare, when they made the observation that my noodle wasn’t there.

There might be minor drawbacks if the space above my neck should become the site of nothing more substantial than a speck.

I’d have to make adjustments when I wanted to be fed— I’d have a different outlook if I didn’t have a head.
Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But, he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle it in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "couldn't be done," and you'll do it.
"Smart"

_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 -- I guess he didn'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 then 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!
'Where the Sidewalk Ends'

Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon—bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk—white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk—white arrows go,
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.