

Primary Poems

by Sara Holbrook and Michael Salinger

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Trampoline

by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)

Flip, flop.
Sock hop.
Jump-a. Jump-a.
Can't stop.
Step. Skip.
Forward roll.
Bounce-a. Bounce-a.
Outta control!
Arms reach.
Back flip.
Spring. Squeak.
Giggle. Scream.
Tramp-o. Tramp-o.
Trampoline!

Here Comes the Parade!

by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)

Stop the traffic!

Look one way.

Jump the curb.

Unafraid.

No buses,

cars, bikes

or trucks.

Where is that parade?

Wait!

Do you hear

that tat-tat drum?

Clowns on stilts!

Here they come.

Run in circles,

cartwheel twirls.

Marching bands and

dancing girls.

Whoop-whoop sirens,

flags, trombones,

batons, balloons and

xylophones.

Motorcycles,

a ten-foot mouse.

Unicycles,

a rolling house.

Candy! Candy!

In the street.

Dash and grab.

Sa-weet!

As the music

starts to fade

I stand and wish for

more parade.

Needy Cat

by Sara Holbrook (originally published in *Am I Naturally this Crazy*, Boyds Mills Press 1998)

She nuzzles up,
head begging
for a loving pat,
then turns away,
soft purring,
without looking back.
Pretending independence,
that needy little cat.

A love
is what she wants.
Aloof
is what you see.
I'd probably ignore her
if she weren't
a lot like me.

No Jump

by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)

Humans
can't always
bark in the face
of strangers
or howl when
they're strung out.
They chase their tails
inside
and have a pretty useless
snout.
With no tail to
wag or drag,
you have to sniff
'em out for grumpy.
They're too uptight
to lick or scratch,
no wonder
they're so jumpy.

My Brother

by Sara Holbrook (originally in *Nothing's the End of the World*, Boyds Mills Press 1996)

My brother is
 a redwood,
wedged between my toes.

My brother is
 a basketball,
jammed up in my nose.

My brother is
 a scratchy coat
cut too small to fit.

My brother's
 a mosquito
just begging to be hit.

My brother is
 a chain saw,
that once started whines and roars.

My brother is
 the chicken pox.
He cannot be ignored.

(Note from sara: I am regretting that I never wrote a poem about how annoying sisters can be. Perhaps some writers could help us out?)

Someday

by Sara Holbrook (originally in *Nothing's the End of the World*, Boyds Mills Press 1996)

Brothers and sisters
are like heat rash and blisters,
get me twitchin= till I start to burn.

It=s a natural reaction,
it gets worse when I=m scratchin=.

Someday,
they all say
I will learn.

And this awful annoyance
will become an enjoyment.

That THE PAIN will no longer be hot.

That the itching will end.

That we=ll grow up best friends.

Emphatically,

I answer,

ANot.@

The Library

by Sara Holbrook (*The Poetry Friday Anthology, 2012*)

Take the walk
to the open door,
this is where you
find out more
about the stars,
oceans, quakes,
dragons, cars,
cheetahs, snakes,
unicorns, and
jumping beans,
horses, bugs,
and time machines.
From killer whales,
and free tail bats,
to hammer heads
and kitty cats,
the library has got a book.
Come on in,
take a look.
Learn how to cook
or write a poem.
Read it here
or take it home.
What do you want to learn about?
It's free!
It's here!
Check it out!

Run

by Sara Holbrook (*Practical Poetry*, Heinemann 2005)

Run
is a way to go
that travels lightning fast.
When the handheld starts to run
you know the batteries won't last
forever.
You better catch what starts to run
before the opportunity is past
because
run is a way to go
that travels lightning fast.

My Way is Better

by Sara Holbrook (originally in *Nothing's the End of the World* Boyds Mills Press 1996)

Your way's
okay,
I guess you could say.
Okay.
But my way is better.

I won't whine or complain
and you won't get blamed
when we fail,
'cause my way is better.

I'm too old to say, "NO!"
in a loud stomping show,
'course a small "told you so,"
might escape from me though,
so okay.

But my way is better.

Self Esteem?

by Sara Holbrook (originally in *Am I Naturally the Crazy?* Boyds Mills Press 1998)

I tell my dog he's bad.

I laugh when he jumps and misses.

I gag when he drinks from the toilet
and then tries to give me kisses.

I mock the way he twitches his nose
and sometimes he makes me scream.

His nicknames are "Stinky" and "Hairball."

Can dogs get low self-esteem?

Tubby Bubbles

by Sara Holbrook (*Poetry Friday Anthology, 2012*)

Tubby hands
meet
tubby feet.
Plop!
I take a
bubbly seat.
Water dribbles.
Tubby splash.
Soapy scribbles.
Tubby bath.
Tickly bubbles.
Tubby laugh.
Tubby swim.
Tubby grin.
Tubby pour.
Tubby. Scrubby.
Tubby.
More!

My Noisy Family

by Michael Salinger (The Poetry Friday Anthology, 2012)

When my family gets together
It can be very loud
Even when he's not mad
My grandpa shouts
The TV's always going in the next room
I can never be heard in this crowd
Nobody laughs bigger than dad
And the dog is barking 'cause he wants out
My big brother stomps his feet boom boom boom
And my baby sister cries louder than thunder
My grandma and I - we just wonder
Who's going to do the dishes?

I Sit on my Bottom

by Michael Salinger (The Poetry Friday Anthology, 2012)

I sit on my bottom
I stand on my feet
My belly gets
The food that I eat
My eyes see the world
My hands reach and grab
My knees bend and jump
I use my mouth when I gab
My heart pumps my blood
My lungs breathe in air
My brain keeps things running
I have a liver somewhere
All these bits and pieces
Even some you can't see
All linked up together
Are what makes up me.

What's Up?

by Michael Salinger (*High Impact Writing Clinics*, Corwin 2013)

Where does the sky begin?

I mean

What do you call the air a half inch above a blade of grass?

What is the force which creates wind?

Which kind of clouds hold rain?

How can air be thin?

How far up does oxygen exist?

Where does all that blue come from?

And why is it colder higher up

When you're actually closer to the sun?

Hungry

by Michael Salinger (*High Impact Writing Clinics*, Corwin 2013)

I am
Belly grumbling
Lip licking
Refrigerator looking
Tummy aching
Food sniffing
Crumb gathering
Grumpy feeling
Cookie begging
Cake wanting
Donut craving
Ice cream wishing
Candy dishing
Hungry

And can't you see
I don't think it's great
That there is nothing but vegetables
On my plate!

Two Wheels That Go Around

by Michael Salinger (*High Impact Writing Clinics*, Corwin 2013)

Two wheels that go around

Two pedals for my feet

Two handles on a bar

One chain

One seat

One bell to let you know

I am coming up fast

Ring ring ring ring ring

Watch out

While I pass!

Gears

by Michael Salinger, (*The Poetry Friday Anthology of STEM Poems*, 2014)

A gear is a simple machine
because it only needs two parts.
Like wheels with teeth
when one spins the other starts
to turn in what is called a ratio.
Gears come in all different shapes and sizes
mostly doing their work inside of stuff.
Where may we use some gears today?
What spins or turns?
What rotates or grinds?
What lifts or what lowers?
How many gears can you find?

Levers

by Michael Salinger, (*The Poetry Friday Anthology of STEM Poems, 2014*)

A screwdriver opening a big can of house paint

is a machine that is simple and clever

Just a beam and a fulcrum distributing force

and you've made yourself a lever.

The Hardware Store

by Michael Salinger, (*The Arrow Finds Its Mark*, Roaring Book Press, 2011)

Hammer hammer hammer hammer

Hammer hammer

Drill

All purpose

Heavy duty

Wood filler, roto tiller, screws

Saw blades, wing nuts, steel toed shoes

Half off

Items on this shelf

Do it

Do it

Do it

Do it

Do it yourself.

Squiggles

by Michael Salinger (unpublished)

I caught some squiggles in the pond

And put them in a big jar

I gave them bits of lettuce to eat

'Cause they looked kinda starved

They began to grow real fat

And as their bodies spread

Legs popped out of their sides

And eyes bulged from their heads

Their squiggle tails disappeared

They were no longer polliwogs

My squiggles they are all gone

Now what am I gonna do with these noisy frogs?