



The School Day Begins

It's Monday morning at 7:01.
You're still half asleep; your homework's half done.

Your shower is cold; your oatmeal's dry.
Your mother forgets to kiss you good-bye.

You're walking to school; it's thirty degrees.
Your fingers won't work; your toes and ears freeze.

Your zipper is stuck; your left sneaker squeaks.
Your backpack strap snaps; your soup thermos leaks.

You slip on school steps; you trip in the hall.
The toilet floods in the bathroom stall.

The gym door is locked; library's the same.
The principal greets you by the wrong name.

Your classroom is hot; the coat rack is packed.
Your bean sprout is dead; your clay pot is cracked.

Your pencils are dull; the sharpener jams.
Your fingers get crunched when your desktop slams.

Your math partner's gone; your neighbor is rude.
Your teacher's again in a crabby mood.

The morning bell rings; it is 8:01.
Come cozy up to the whiteboard,
Another school day's begun.



Cold Hands

**"My hands are sooooo cold.
My hands are sooooo cold."
The first-grader cried.
Teacher said, "Find your pockets,
And stick your hands inside."**

**"I juuust can't!
I juuust can't!"
We heard the boy declare.
"My two pockets have no room.
My mittens are in there."**



Cuts

I gave cuts to Marsha, and she gave cuts to Jim.
Jim gave cuts to Cory; Sue cut in front of him.
Mac gave cuts to Talia, and she gave cuts to Lee.
Dan took cuts before Sam, and he gave cuts to me.
And when we left for recess, out the classroom door,
Every kid in our line, stood where they were before.

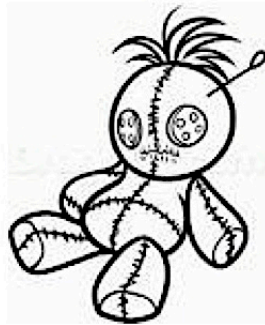


Gone High Tech

You may have noticed, teacher,
I am not in school today,
But the Bluetooth mic on my desk,
Will record each word you say.

Switch on my laptop's Web cam,
When you have something to show,
And if you pass out homework,
Find my fax number below.

I've a pager and smart phone,
So I won't be hard to reach.
Since I don't need to be in class,
I'll do lessons at the beach.



Substitutes

**They all have teacher voodoo dolls,
And into them pins they stick,
For when they want to get some work,
They can make a teacher sick.**



Teachers' Pets

For lunch we ate the hot dogs,
That chased the copy cats,
That caught the computer mouse,
That worried the spelling bee,
That stung the early birds,
That gobbled the book worms,
That they stuffed into the hot dogs,
That we ate for lunch.
Ick!



Writer's Workshop

Our writer's workshop follows math.
We write and work nonstop.
But writer's workshop does not mean,
We ever get to shop.



Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver
She dreams of singing on the stage,
But for now she drives our bus.
And each day on the way to school,
She sings her arias for us.

"La-la-la-la-la~~aaaa~~!" she warms up,
Folding open the school bus door.
"Me-me-me~~eeee~~!" she sings harmony,
With the bass of the engine roar.

Riding along, she'll belt out a song,
Jaw wobbling as she grips the wheel.
Hitting the brakes, she hits high notes.
A prima donna duet squeal.

Once she wore a helmet with horns,
And warbled "Ho-jo-to-ho!"
She clutched the gear shift like a spear,
And the kids cheered, "Bravo! Bravo!"

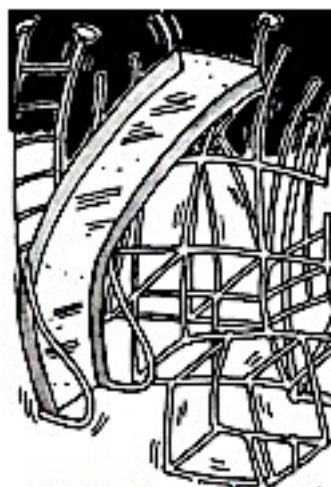
The morning she sang Madame Butterfly,
She gave us an excellent ride,
Especially when at the end,
She gripped her kimono and died.

Some day we'll meet her at the Met,
Now librettos lie beside her.
Riding to class is classy because,
Oprah is our diva driver.



U

No matter how much thinking I do,
There is no word that ends with U.
U starts scores of words we use.
And always trails after Q's.
Side by side makes a W.
And that letter ends quite a few.
Who knows a word that ends in U?
Do you?



Upside-Down Playground

**They built the playground upside-down.
The jungle gym looks like a crown.
The tetherball still goes around,
But now it rolls along the ground.**

**The slide spirals into the air.
The climbing pole takes you nowhere.
The monkey bars are like train tracks.
To use them we must bend our backs.**

**The swings won't swing; the rings are dead.
We get drinks standing on our head.
The ball wall did an odd flip-flop.
The play fort floor is on the top.**

**Basketball dunk shots are a breeze.
We start bar twirls from our knees.
It's topsy-turvy recess play.
We're glad parents built it this way.**



Boy With His Head Down

**Miles had his head down.
He was the meanest brute.
His head was down on his desk so much,
It began taking root.
Slender shoots grew down from his ear,
Sank into the desk top.
Tiny buds sprouted from his hair,
To form a flower crop.
We all like Miles a lot better now,
But he can't come to play.
His head was down on his desk so much,
We must water him each day.**



Irene, Tetherball Queen

Like a ballerina, she'll rise on her toes,
She swats the yellow ball better than the pros.
Around and around the pole it goes.
Shorter and shorter the tether string grows.

Chorus:

She's Irene, Tetherball Queen.
The best our playground has ever seen.
It goes up and round and round and round.
It goes whirling, whirling, swirling, twirling.
Everyone cheers as the tetherball spins.
The string's curling, curling, curling, curling. Stop!
And she wins.

She's not strong or long; timing must be her skill.
She knows every hit and trick to make a kill.
Won't matter a lick, when she becomes a teen,
But today may she rein as our Tetherball Queen.



Math Rashes

It's snowy outside; the playground beckons you.
But you're stuck at your desk with tons of math to do.
Then just when you're about to fall asleep,
Your hair starts to tingle and your skin begin to creep.

Your arms are covered with plus and minus signs,
And numerous numbers ones to ninety-nines.
Circles and rectangles are all over your hand.
And algebra problems you don't understand.

Chorus:

You got Math Rashes, from working so hard.
You got Math Rashes, so go out to the yard.
You broke out with math symbols from working all day.
Get outside now, children, and do nothing but play
...right away.

Decimals and fractions cover your face,
And one long number to the trillionth place.
On your neck are itchy figures and equations for pi.
On your belly are the tables to help multiply.

Chorus:

The new teacher cried, "What have I done?"
I've assigned too much work and not enough fun.
In college while getting my teacher's degree.
I never learned about this schoolwork allergy.



The Pledge

We pledge allegiance to the flag
Above the whiteboard every day.
So why must we repeat ourselves?
Don't teachers believe what we say?