Primary Poems

by Sara Holbrook and Michael Salinger

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Trampoline

by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)

Flip, flop.
Sock hop.
Can’t stop.
Step. Skip.
Forward roll.
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by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)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by Sara Holbrook (unpublished)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 and enjoyance.
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.
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

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
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?