

Mr Brown the Circus Clown

Mr Brown, the circus clown
puts his clothes on upside down.
He wears his hat upon his toes
and socks and shoes upon his nose.

He ties his ties around his thighs
and wraps his belt around his eyes.
He hangs his earrings from his hips
and stockings from his fingertips.

He puts his glasses on his feet
and shirt and coat around his seat.
And when he's dressed, at last he
stands
and walks around upon his hands.

By Kenn Nesbitt

A Fish in a Spaceship

A fish in a spaceship is flying through
school.

A dinosaur's dancing on top of a stool.
The library's loaded with orange baboons,
in purple tuxedos with bows and balloons.

The pigs on the playground are having a
race
while pencils parade in their linens and
lace.

As camels do cartwheels and elephants fly,
bananas are baking a broccoli pie.

A hundred gorillas are painting the walls,
while robots on rockets careen through the
halls.

Tomatoes are teaching in all of the classes.
Or maybe, just maybe, I need some new
glasses.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Bought a Pet Banana

I bought a pet banana
and I tried to teach him tricks,
but he wasn't any good at
catching balls or fetching sticks.

He could never catch a Frisbee,
and he wouldn't sit or speak,
though we practiced every
afternoon
and evening for a week.

He refused to shake or wave or
crawl
or beg or take a bow,
and I tried, but couldn't make
him bark
or get him to meow.

He was terrible at playing dead.
He couldn't jump a rope.
When he wouldn't do a single
trick
I simply gave up hope.

Though I liked my pet banana,
I returned him with regret.
Boy, I sure do hope this
watermelon
makes a better pet.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Nostril Smells Awesome

My nostril smells awesome inside of my nose,
a bit like the bloom of a newly-picked rose.

It started this morning, I couldn't say why...
and all day it's smelled like banana cream pie.

It has the aroma of freshly-baked bread
with hot melted butter and blackberry spread,
and maybe the breeze of a warm afternoon,
that follows a thunderstorm early in June.

It smells like a pine forest, right by a lake,
and chocolate chip cookies my mum likes to bake,
like kettle corn pop-popping over a fire,
and laundry, the moment it's out of the dryer.

My nostril smells awesome, so I have a plan
to sit and enjoy it as long as I can.
Don't ask how it happened; I really can't say.
Perhaps it's my finger that's smelling this way.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Elephant Thinks I'm Wonderful

My elephant thinks I'm wonderful.
My elephant thinks I'm cool.
My elephant hangs around with me
and follows me into school.

My elephant likes the way I look.
He thinks that I'm fun and smart.
He thinks that I'm kind and generous
and have a terrific heart.

My elephant thinks I'm brave and
bold.
He's proud of my strength and guts.
But mostly he likes the way I smell.
My elephant thinks I'm nuts.

By Kenn Nesbitt

The One Thing I Won't Eat

I don't care how nice you ask me
there is one thing I won't eat.
I don't care how much you add to it
to try to make it sweet.

Not a giant pot of honey.
Not a dozen jars of jelly.
Not a sixteen-pack of soda pop
will get one in my belly.

Use a tank of maple syrup
or a truckload full of fudge.
Bring a hundred cans of frosting
but you will not make me budge.

Try a thousand pounds of chocolate
or a million tons of sugar.
I don't care how much you sweeten it,
I will not eat a booger.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Bought Our Cat a Jetpack

I bought our cat a jetpack
which I think she liked a lot.
She strapped it on and instantly
she took off like a shot.

She zoomed around my bedroom
then she blasted down the hall.
She ricocheted off every piece
of furniture and wall.

Our dog freaked out and ran away.
Our hamster squeaked and fled.
I even saw my sister hiding
underneath her bed.

Our cat is so fired up
I almost hate to break the news:
She'll never catch our mouse;
I bought him rocket powered shoes.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror, by the sink,
tell me what you truly think.
Am I fat or am I thin?
Will I lose or should I win?

Am I short? Perhaps too tall?
Are my ears a bit too small?
Is my nose exactly right?
Do I have an overbite?

Am I weak or super strong?
Is my hair too short or long?
Am I smart or rather dumb?
Can you say what I'll become?

Am I nerdy? Am I cool?
Am I awful? Do I rule?
Am I great or do I stink?
Mirror, mirror by the sink.

By Linda Knaus and Kenn Nesbitt

Brand New Shoes

I bought a brand new pair of shoes.
You simply have to see.
They're purple, pink, and pretty.
They're as lovely as can be.

They're topped with silver sparkles,
so they shimmer in the sun.
They're awesome when I'm walking
and they're stunning when I run.

The laces look like rainbows
and the backs have flashing lights.
The sides are lined with lightning bolts.
They're such amazing sights.

But now my friends avoid me
when they see me on the street.
Indeed, my shoes are pretty
but they smell like stinky feet.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Creepy Pizza

I'd like a pizza topped with cheese
then sprinkled with some gnats and fleas,
some centipedes and slimy slugs,
and other creepy, crawly bugs.

I want to add some fingernails
and oyster ooze and crunchy snails
and chicken bones and spoiled meat
and smelly socks from dirty feet.

I want it topped with lots of mold
and gooey boogers (not too old),
a lot of snot, a little spit,
and guts with grimy, grainy grit.

I want the most disgusting crust
with spider webs and day-old dust
and dirt and mud and blood and gore
delivered to my sister's door.

By Neal Levin

I Thought I Saw a Ghost Last Night

I thought I saw a ghost last night—
a goblin or a ghoul,
an ugly little creature
oozing salivary drool.

It had an eerie figure
and a huge gigantic nose.
It wasn't wearing sneakers
and was minus all its clothes.

It hovered through my bedroom
as I tried to catch some z's.
It appeared to have a lesion
or a facial skin disease.

I rubbed the sleep from both my eyes
and loomed a little nearer.
I knew what I had seen
was just my image in the mirror.

By Paul R. Orshoski

The Creature

In the middle of the night,
in the part that's known as "dead,"
I wake and hear the breathing
of the creature 'neath my bed.

Sometimes he growls and threatens me,
sometimes he only stares.
He's big and mean and ugly,
and I shiver when he glares.

His B. O. fills the bedroom,
and his breath is awful, too.
His teeth are caked with ick and grime;
he should be in a zoo.

Instead, he lives beneath me—
it's like rooming with a skunk.
The creature's my big brother,
and he has the lower bunk.

By Bill Dodds

Science Homework

I hope that you believe me,
for I wouldn't tell a lie.

I cannot turn my science homework
in
and this is why:

I messed up the assignment
that you gave us yesterday.
It burbled from its test tube
and went slithering away.

It wriggled off the table,
and it landed with a splat,
convulsed across my bedroom floor
and terrorized the cat.

It shambled down the staircase
with a horrid glorping noise.
It wobbled to the family room

and gobbled all my toys.

It tumbled to the kitchen
and digested every plate.
That slimy blob enlarged
with every item that it ate.

It writhed around the living room,
digesting lamps and chairs,
then snuck up on our napping dog
and caught him unawares.

I came to school upset today.
My head's in such a fog.
But this is my excuse:
You see, my homework ate my dog.

By Kenn Nesbitt