

Writing Poetry with Grade 3J



January, 2020

Backward Buttercup

Backward Buttercup from Backward town,
Her house is built upside down.
And when it's time to go to sleep,
She puts her pillow by her feet.

Backward Buttercup walks with her hands,
She also likes to swim in the sand.
She writes with her toes,
And walks barefooted in the snow.

Backward Buttercup eats pizza with a spoon
And one day wants to fly to the moon.
She walked along Backward Street
To find something yummy to eat
And finally bought something sweet.

Ysabel Lee Sing

Backward Bellma

Backward Bellma
from Backward Street
walks backward
on tiptoe feet.

Dances with her hands
writes with her feet,
and she falls more
than she can eat.

She writes with an eraser
erases with a pencil
instead of drawing free-hand
she draws with a stencil.

Backward Bellma
how silly you read,
you don't even say
the alphabet properly.

Start with an A,
and end with a C,
and mix up letters
all in between.

Backward Bellma
how weird you can be.
One day I think
You may walk on the sea.

Adriana Singh

Homework

Homework all day, homework all night,
I'd rather get bullied in a fight,
I'd go on stage and sing a song,
Than deal with my homework all day long!

Fridays are so much torture,
It's always such an adventure!
There's more and more homework every Friday,
I wish there was an easier way.

I want to throw my head about
And play and run and ride.
But I don't want to get a clout,
So I'll do my homework inside.

Liam Hosein

Backward Brenda

Backward Brenda
Lives in Backwardville
Instead of on a plain,
On top of a hill!

She wears diamond earrings
On her toes,
And beautiful chains
On her nose!

With socks on her hands,
And hats on her feet,
Exercising doesn't make her strong,
It makes her weak!

She wears her watch
Around her neck,
And rides her scooter
On a sea deck!

With pants on her torso,
And a shirt on her legs,
The weirdest thing is
Underwear being worn on her head!

When the day is done,
She returns to Backwardville,
But she doesn't live in a house,
She lives in a windmill!

She eats her fruits
With a straw,
And drinks her juice,
With a fork!

Her glasses are there
At the back of her head,
She writes with a pencil
That has no lead!

Zion Jean-Baptiste

My Wifi

My wi-fi is so very slow
While it loads
I can go
Walking
To San Fernando.

The router came
In the mail.
The first time
I powered it on
It went
As slow as a snail.

My wi-fi is so very slow
While it loads
I can go
To the other side
of the world
just for
fro yo.

Alex Sharma

This Poem

This poem is so very hard
as hard as it can be
as hard as a rock
deep under the sea
I cannot even breathe

My head is clicking
click clock
as if I'm stuck in time
I cannot even find a word
that rhymes with 'dime'
my teacher says to try
I try, I try, I try,
But it is so difficult to rhyme

Poem oh poem
can you give me a break
I can't create again
I am such a mess
I'm thinking, I'm thinking
But nothing is rhyming
Poem oh poem
You are making me stress!

Myra Joseph

Pizza

The pizza on my plate
That I used to hate
Having a scent
I bought this pizza with a cent

I took a little nibble
Right in the middle
I realized I had been missing out
On everything pizza is all about

The stretchy, stretchy cheese
I could not bite with ease
So many layers of it
This was a real gift

Such a tasty food
Puts me in a great mood
It's also a great sight
I can't wait to take another bite!

Ronan Panchorie

Backward Bill

Backward Bill
lives in Backwardville.
He walks on his hands
As he goes up a hill.

He listens with his mouth
And talks with his ears
Do you think this is normal?
I wonder how he can hear.

He drives on the wrong side
Of the street
Other drivers hit their horns
Beep! Beep!

He crashes into
A garbage can
He must have a great
Insurance plan.

Blake Hosam

Internet

Could the internet be
any slower?

I mean,
this is torture!

Searching YouTube
for hair tutorials,
before I reach there
I could walk to China.

This internet moves so slow!

Slower than the earth,
a tortoise, a snail,
and even molasses!

Oh internet, oh internet
we miss you,
please work faster.

Christiane Chandler

Internet

Oh internet, oh internet,
Why are you so slow?
Slower than a snail
or than a turtle can go.

Oh internet, oh internet,
You're making me turn old
When I turn a hundred
You're still not going to load.

Oh internet, oh internet,
While I wait for you to load,
I can cook three meals
And jog down the road.

Diana Duan

The Beautiful Cheetah

A cheetah runs
Faster than a car
Or a jet
I bet!

Faster than a rocket,
Faster than a train,
Faster than anything
That can accelerate.

Faster than
The blink of an eye
Faster than the sun
Rising in the sky

Cheetah, cheetah,
Faster than the speed of light
We wonder if you ever
Sleep at night.

Karissa Pinder

Star

Speeding star
Running, racing star
Faster than light
Zooming by day
And by night.

Twinkling, shining
Beautiful star
Glittering, glowing
Pretty far, that star.

Greeting people
Walking on the street
Giving them light
For every beat
Wondering when they'll
Go to sleep.

Zarah Mohammed

Ospreys

They soar through the sky,
They fly so high,
They fly above the
wondrous tide.

Some are big,
Some are small,
Some of them
don't know where
to go at all.

They dive down for fish
in the rough, rough sea.
They eat them greedily
When no one is there to see.

Osprey, Osprey,
You are the wonderful bird
I see,
Osprey, Osprey,
You are who I want
To be.

Kourtney Warner

My Chef Life

My life as a chef,
I have a lot on my plate,
After all
I am in a constant state,
Of flour and salt,
Butter and oil,
Oh, I forgot,
The potatoes have to boil!

Now to clean up
The mess I have made,
Cleaning the kitchen
Oh! What a day!
I have a lot of fun
Even though it is tough,
Balancing life
And all of this cooking stuff.

Leah Busby

This Poem

This is so difficult
I don't know what to do
Mrs. Zakour has given us
an unreasonable poem to do.

The poem that Mrs. Zakour
is making us do
is quite impossible – wow
almost like trying to milk a cow.

What shall I do next?
It's all so tricky,
Like the first time I went
To New York City.

The poem is making me 'nuts'
It's as hard as a rock in the sea
I don't what words can rhyme
This is making me CRAZY!

Luke Ferreira

Turtle Tim

A funny thing Turtle Tim does
is how he runs at
the speed of light
when you give him
a fright.

You probably think this weird
but he gets scared
when you don't feed him
in the morning.

Turtle Tim screams
when I leave every day
I hate to see him like that
so I give him
a hat
and just like that
he shouted
"THANKS FOR THE HAT!"
and then
he trip-danced away.

Nathaniel Israel

Riding My Bike

Riding my bike
Oh how much fun it can be
Nothing gives me more happiness
Than my favourite hobby.

Training wheels
When I first started to ride
I don't need them now
But they used to help me every time.

Lady Chancellor,
Wow! That was a task!
Even though it was hard uphill
It was still a blast!

The Savannah,
How that never gets old.
I ride it almost every weekend,
Even when it is cold.

Some people do not have a bike,
I'm so grateful for mine.
This is why I ride so much,
Riding really makes me shine.

Ella-Marie Young

Cray My Crayfish

Oh my crayfish, Cray my crayfish
Makes so much mischief.
He's so blue, electric blue,
Has black eyes, and is maybe two.

Jumped out of his aquarium once,
Oh! Such a dunce!
Chased me all around my room
I begged him to stop
But I knew I was doomed.

Finally, I caught him with tongs,
And I put him in a mug.
Somehow he managed to escape,
It was quite a jailbreak.

I caught him once again,
When he was at a dead end.
Put him in his aquarium,
He fought like he was in a stadium.

Peter Cronberger

Backwards Ville

Living in Backwards Ville is so hard to do
People there wear their hands in their shoes.

Eat dinner in the morning light
And have their breakfast in the moonlight.

Living in Backwards Ville is so hard to do
The sky is blue while it is raining too.
They always write from right to left,
For five o'clock their timers are set.
Oh, why is Backwards Ville so hard?

Zoe Morris

Ramen Soup

Yummy Ramen soup
So spicy and hot,
Your flaming flavor
Is cooked in a pot.
I take really small sips
So I would not burn my lips,
I wish to have this
Every day.

Jolie Mitchell

Backwards Ville

Backward Bob

Lives in Backwards Ville

You'll see his house

On top of a hill.

He wears his clothes

Inside out

And talks like an alien

Without a doubt.

Shoes on his hands

He walks backwards in a handstand.

Wears his pants on his head,

And his shirt on his legs.

He awakes in the night,

He sleeps during the day,

Just like a bat,

Don't you wonder about him every day?

Giada De Freitas

Broccoli

Broccoli, oh broccoli,
Sitting on my dish.
Why do your leaves
Smell like rotten fish?
You are a green tree
How are you edible?
I just can't eat you,
You are terrible.
I would not eat you
Even if
You were the only thing left
In the world.

Analeah Hackshaw