

Spring Poetry Walk

A call for poems and readers!

In addition to the poems below about spring, I would love to include your original poems about the following subjects:

Birch Trees

Cherry Blossoms

Coots

Secret Garden

Logs

Playground

Rocks

Pond

Pigeons

Cleavers

Grass

Clouds/Sky

Robin

Eggs/Nest

In the Time of Silver Rain

By Langston Hughes

Read by: _____ Age _____

In time of silver rain
The earth puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads

Of Life,
Of Life,
Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth new leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,

In time of silver rain When spring
And life
Are new.

“The Old Pond”

A Haiku by Matsuo Bashō

Read by: _____ Age: _____

An old silent pond

A frog jumps into the pond—

Splash! Silence again.

Today

BY BILLY COLLINS

READ BY: _____ AGE: _____

If ever there were a spring day so perfect,
so uplifted by a warm intermittent breeze

that it made you want to throw
open all the windows in the house

and unlatch the door to the canary's cage,
indeed, rip the little door from its jamb,

a day when the cool brick paths
and the garden bursting with peonies

seemed so etched in sunlight
that you felt like taking

a hammer to the glass paperweight
on the living room end table,

releasing the inhabitants
from their snow-covered cottage

so they could walk out,
holding hands and squinting

into this larger dome of blue and white,
well, today is just that kind of day.

Think of it

By Zoro Weil

Read by: _____, Age _____

think of it

the first shudder of damp

somehow signaled

all was ready

then in the deep inside of earth

in the muted underneath of winter

spring began

not with a sudden trumpet of green

or a sky of confetti blossoms

but with a seed

small pale and barely breathing

it lay quietly

waiting for the lavender clouds

that carry the first warm rains

till for some reason as ancient and

everyday as the sun itself

the seed cracked

split and softly burst into

a faint tendril

a root a sprout

a thin wisp of a growing thing

and with no thought of stopping

it pushed through the

dark soil with the force of

a billion winter winds

until it

pierced the crust of the outside and

split the frozen armour of earth

which has held spring safe

since time began

A Spike of Green
By Barbara Baker

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

When I went out
The sun was hot
It shone upon
My flower pot.

And there I saw
A spike of green
That no one else
Had ever seen!

On other days
The things I see
Are mostly old
Except for me.

But this green spike
So new and small
Had never yet
Been seen at all!

The Duck

By Ogden Nash

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

Behold the duck.

It does not cluck.

A cluck it lacks.

It quacks.

It is specially fond

Of a puddle or pond.

When it dines or sups,

It bottoms ups.

Silent Song

By Roger Stevens

Read by: _____, Age _____

I find

A small, white egg

Under the conker tree

In the corner of the school field

I hold

The small, white egg

In the palm of my hand

And look up into the tangled branches

The tree is empty and the

Small, white egg

Is cold

I think

There is a song inside

The small, white egg

That we will never hear

Black Dot

By Libby Houston

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

A black dot

A jelly tot

A water-wiggler

A tail-jiggler

A leg-kicker

A sitting slicker

A panting puffer

A fly-snuffer

A high-hopper

A belly-flopper

A catalogue

To make me

FROG

Daffodils

By William Wordsworth

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

First Primrose

By Leonard Clark

Read by: _____, Age _____

I saw it in the lane
One morning going to school
After a soaking night of rain, the year's first primrose,
Lying there familiar and cool
In its private place
Where little else grows
Beneath dripping hedgerows,
Stalk still wet, face
Pale as Inca gold,
Spring glistening in every delicate fold.
I knelt down by the roadside there,
Caught the faint whiff of its shy scent
On the cold and public air,
Then got up and went
On my slow way,
Glad and grateful I'd seen
The first primrose that day,
Half yellow, half green.

The Woodpecker

By Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.

One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,

And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

New Day

By Ian McMillan

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

The new day is so new
You can hear it yawning,
Listen:

The new day
Is yawning
And stretching

And waiting to start.

In the clear blue sky
I hear the new day's heart.

The Rainbow

by Christina Rossetti

Read by: _____, Age _____

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

Nettles

By Vernon Scannell

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

My son aged three fell in the nettle bed.
'Bed' seemed a curious name for those green spears,
That regiment of spite behind the shed:
It was no place for rest. With sobs and tears
The boy came seeking comfort and I saw
White blisters beaded on his tender skin.
We soothed him till his pain was not so raw.
At last he offered us a watery grin,
And then I took my billhook, honed the blade
And went outside and slashed in fury with it
Till not a nettle in that fierce parade
Stood upright any more. And then I lit
A funeral pyre to burn the fallen dead,
But in two weeks the busy sun and rain
Had called up tall recruits behind the shed:
My son would often feel sharp wounds again.

The Yellow Tulip

By George Swede

Read by: _____, Age _____

For weeks
it struggled
through the hard crust
of the spring earth
and a foot
of air

Just to be
scorched
by the sun
jolted
by raindrops
blasted
by the wind

But on this gentle
May morning
as it opens
yellow petals
to the sky
Nothing else matters

Yellow Weed

By Lilian Moore

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

How did you get here,
weed?

Did it lift on the wind and
sail
and drift
from a far and yellow field?

Was your seed a
burr,
a sticky burr that
clung to a
fox's
furry tail?

Did it fly with a
bird
who liked to feed
on the tasty
seed
of the yellow
weed?
How did you come?

Finding Magic
By Eric Finney

Read by: _____, Age _____

Are you looking for magic?
It's everywhere.
See how a kestrel
Hovers in air;
Watch a cat move:
What elegant grace!
See how a conker
Fits its case.
Watch a butterfly come
From a chrysalis,
Or a chick from an egg-
There's magic in this;
Then think of the
Marvelous mystery
Of an acorn becoming
A huge oak tree.
There's magic in sunsets
And patterned skies:
There's magic in moonlight-
Just use your eyes!
If you're looking for magic
It's easily found:
It's everywhere,
It's all around.

Busy Bugs

By James Carter

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

*Out in the garden
look down low
see all the busy bugs
come and go*

Wiggly bugs
that can't keep still

Tiny bugs
that build a hill

Shiny bugs
that feed on leaves

Spotty bugs
that climb up trees

Out in the garden...

Noisy bugs
that live in grass

Bouncy bugs
that move so fast

Crawly bugs
that hide in sand

Tickly bugs
that like your hand!

Out in the garden...

The Snail

By James Reeves

Read by: _____, **Age** _____

At sunset, when the night-dews fall,
Out of the ivy on the wall
With horns outstretched and pointed tail
Comes the grey and noiseless snail.
On ivy stems she clambers down,
Carrying her house of brown.
Safe in the dark, no greedy eye
Can her tender body spy,
While she herself, a hungry thief,
Searches out the freshest leaf.
She travels on as best she can
Like a toppling caravan.

We have a Little Garden

By Beatrix Potter

Read by: _____, Age ____

We have a little garden,
A garden of our own,
And every day we water there
The seeds that we have sown.

We love our little garden,
And tend it with such care,
You will not find a faded leaf
Or blighted blossom there.

Who has seen the wind?

By Christina Rossetti

Read by: _____, Age _____

Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

Playthings

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

READ BY: _____, AGE _____

Child, how happy you are sitting in the dust, playing with a broken twig all the morning.

I smile at your play with that little bit of a broken twig.

I am busy with my accounts, adding up figures by the hour.

Perhaps you glance at me and think, "What a stupid game to spoil your morning with!"

Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly playthings, and gather lumps of gold and silver.

With whatever you find you create your glad games, I spend both my time and my strength over things I never can obtain.

In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a game.