



Al Ansar International School

Poetry Competition

Poems For Grade 3

Academic Year: 2018 – 2019

Wind On The Hill

By A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.

Sick

By Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more--that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke--
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,

I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is. . .Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

My Brother Just Eats Candy

My brother just eats candy
and my sister just eats cakes.
The only thing my mother likes
are double-chocolate shakes.
My dad devours danishes
and donuts by the dozen.
My aunt and uncle live on pie
exactly like my cousin.
My grandpa and my grandma
just drink soda pop and punch.
My nephew and my niece
eat cookies every day for lunch.
And me, I'll dine on any kind
of sugar-covered treat.
My family isn't healthy, but
we sure are awfully sweet.

--Kenn Nesbitt

My Brother Ate My Smartphone

My brother ate my smartphone.
Although it might sound strange,
he swallowed it and, bit by bit,
his brains began to change.
He started getting smarter.
He grew so shrewd and wise.
And I could see that, suddenly,
a light was in his eyes.
He knew as much as Google.
His IQ was off the charts.
I'd never seen someone so keen,
with such astounding smarts.
He solved the toughest problems
with simplicity and ease,
and calculated answers
with unrivaled expertise.
It seems he's now a genius,
a perfect brainiac.
But I don't care, or think it's fair.
I want my smartphone back.

--Kenn Nesbitt

My Hamster Has a Skateboard

My hamster has a skateboard.
When he rides it, though, he falls.
He takes off like a maniac
and crashes into walls.
He screams, "Geronimo!"
and then goes crashing down the stairs.
He's good at knocking tables down
and slamming into chairs.
He'll slalom through the living room
and then you'll hear a, "Splat!"
which means that he's collided with
my mother or the cat.
He plows right into cabinets,
and smashes into doors,
I think he's wrecked on every bed
and every chest of drawers.
It's fun to watch him ride
because you're sure to hear a smash.
He doesn't skate so well but, boy,
he sure knows how to crash.

--Kenn Nesbitt

Catch a little rhyme

Once upon a time
I caught a little rhyme
I set it on the floor
But it ran right out of the door
I chased it on my bicycle
But it melted to an icicle
I scooped it up in my hat
But it turned into a cat
I caught it by the tail
But it stretched into whale
I followed it in a boat
But it changed into a goat
When I fed it tin and paper
It became a tall skyscraper
Then it grew into a kite
And flew far out of sight....

By Eve Merriam

There isn't time

There isn't time, there isn't time
To do the things that I want to do
With all the mountain tops to climb
And all the woods to wander through.

And all the seas to sail upon,
And everywhere there is to go,
And all the people, everyone,
Who live upon the Earth to know.

There's only time, there's only time,
To know a few, and do a few
And then sit down and make a rhyme
About the rest I want to do.

By Eleanor Farjeon

Springtime

Springtime is garden time,
Garden time, garden time,
Get your spades and come outdoors,
Spring time is here!

Springtime is planting time,
Planting time, planting time
Get your seeds and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!

Springtime is jumping time,
Jumping time, jumping time,
Get your ropes and come outdoors
Springtime is here!

Springtime is singing time,
Singing time, singing time,
Children sing a happy song,
Springtime is here!

Planting

I took a little seed one day
About a month ago.
I put it in a pot of soil
And hoped that it would grow.

I poured a little water
To make the soil right.
I put the pot upon the sill,
Where the sun would give it light.

I checked the plant most every day,
And turned it once or twice.
With a little care and water
I helped it grow so nice.

What you can do

When you see litter in the streets
And the air smells of pollution
When you feel like it's all piling up
Remember there is a solution

There's something each of us can do
To keep the rivers clean
To keep fresh the air we breathe
And keep the forests green

Help clean a beach
Or recycle bottles and cans
Learn about the problems we face
And help others understand

It doesn't have to be a lot
If we each just do our share
So take time out on Earth Day
To show the Earth you care

Learning Together in Third Grade

By Barbara and Sue gruber

Third grade is a special place.
See the big smile on my face.

Our class is a great team.
We make our teachers beam.
We work hard each busy day.
Then out to the yard to play.

Multiplication is fun.
Nine times nine is eighty one.
Learn the math facts one through ten.
Practice - again and again.

Play a game. Sing a song.
Lots of fun all year long.
Books to read. Poems to say.
Learning new things everyday.

Reading. Writing. Spelling too.
So much to learn. Much to do.
History, geography, science, too.
We even learn about the ocean blue.

Working hard till the year ends.
We are classmates and good friends.
We are proud of the progress we have made.
We are getting ready for fourth grade.

Third grade is special place.
See the big smile on my face.