Poetry Book 1

Annie Can Whistle and Other Poems



Annie Can Whistle

Written by Mary Dodson Wade Illustrated by Guy Francis

Annie can whistle. Make her lips round, blow right through, make that sound that I couldn't do.

I tried.

No luck.

That worrisome whistle just stayed stuck.





I tried again, and soft and thin, the whistle got free, wonderful whistle from inside of me.

Whirl around! Make that sound. Sparkling, sunny note, shrill and high. Annie can whistle, and so can I.



Down by the bogs, where it's wet and gray, Many creatures come to play. Something is waiting, strong and green. Where could it be? Can it be seen? Its leaves have teeth! They look like knives! The small white flowers look like eyes! Beetles, bugs, flies, and more— Venus's flytrap is an insectivore! The leaves, they sparkle, wet and sweet. Fly buzzes by and says, "What a treat!" Fly lands on one leaf, smooth and thick. Fly bows its head and takes a lick. Cool, sweet juice on a summer day Tastes so good . . . Fly wants to stay. "Just a few more licks," it says with glee. Venus's flytrap is pleased as can be. Little leaf-hairs tickle Fly— It's too busy to ask why. The leaf snaps shut. Its pointed spines Trap silly Fly—it's dinnertime! Little White Pony

Adapted and translated by Karen Sharp Foster Illustrated by Hala Day

Little white pony, take me far away. Take me to my hometown. That's where I will stay.

I have, I have, I have— I have a little farm. I have three sheep waiting in a little barn.

One sheep gives me milk, another gives me wool, another gives me butter, and for the week, I'm full.



Caballito blanco

Caballito blanco, llévame de aquí. Llévame a mi pueblo donde yo nací.

Tengo, tengo, tengo tengo una granja. Tengo tres ovejas en una cabaña.

Una me da leche, otra me da lana, otra mantequilla para la semana.

I See Green Written by Nyman Brooks Illustrated by Margaret Willis

When I lie on my stomach and look at the grass, I see green.
But then I look closer.
I see each grass blade.
Some point crisply green. Some are blue.
Some wilt yellow and flat.
Then I look closer.
I see tan moths.
They fold their wings like closed umbrellas.
They fly up when I brush my hand over the lawn.
Then I look closer.

I see a leaf hopper, hard as a seed, stiff as a spring. Suddenly he disappears.

Then I look closer.

I see a root-beer colored ant.

I see a sow bug, like a tiny armadillo.

I see a mite, a pin-prick of red.

Then I look closer.

I see a whole world,

A tiny forest appearing and disappearing,

Full of living things, coming and going.

I push my finger down and feel the cool, moist earth.

Then I roll on my back and look up into the sky.

Clowns in the Car

Written by Mary Dodson Wade Illustrated by Brenden Taylor

Here come the clowns In a funny, old car. You can't guess How many there are.

One comes out, Then two, then four. You think they're through, And then come more.

It's a mystery to me, The biggest by far, How they get so many In that little, old car.





Sparkles

Written by Mary Dodson Wade Illustrated by Bruce Martin

Light has colors it's strange to say, but I know it's true. I saw them today. A halo of colors, red and blue, from a glass of water the sun shone through.

My mother's ring can make light dance, an explosion of color quite by

chance.



The sky isn't blue it just looks that way. My sweater is red during the day. But when night smothers light, my sweater in the chair becomes a black cat puddled there.

Light has colors it's strange to say. And who keeps colors safe at night, waiting to sparkle in bright sunlight?



Reading

Read-along books are designed to be enjoyed together and to foster a love of reading. These books help children build comprehension skills and learn new vocabulary. It is helpful to develop these skills in any language!

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