

Grd RRR – R

RED

By: Unknown

Red is an apple

Red is a rose

Red is the color of,

My frozen, icy nose!

Grd 1

FERRARI

By: Unknown

Ferraris are cool, so it's said

They're real hot and fast and they're red

Don't think that I'm funny

But if I had money

I'd buy a Toyota instead!

Grd RRR – R

1 RED UMBRELLA

By: Michelle Moore

1 red umbrella, 1 yellow hat.

1 shiny raincoat, look at that!

2 yellow rain boots, 1 big smile,

I think I'll go and walk for a while.

1 wet puddle just down the lane,

1 big SPLASH –

I love the rain!

Grd 1

I AM A STRAWBERRY

By: Unknown

A little red apple
Hung high up in the tree.

I looked up at it,
And it looked down at me.

“Come down please!”
What do you suppose?

That little red apple
Fell right on my nose!

Grd 1

CLOWNS

By: Unknown

I see a little clown with a big tall hat.
I see a clown who is short and really fat.
I see a little clown with a funny nose.
I see a clown with pointy toes.

I like the little clown who's big and strong
I like the clown who giggles all day long.
I like the little clown who is happy as can be.
I like the clown who dances for me!

Grd 2

I ATE A CHILI PEPPER

By: Barbara Vance

I ate a chili pepper
One a lunch-time dare;
Sandy said I'd burn my mouth,
But I didn't care.

I ate that chili pepper—
Left not a seed to waste—
And won that truly silly bet,
But lost my sense of taste.

Grd 2

UNDERNEATH AN APPLE TREE

By: Kenn Nesbitt

Underneath an apple tree
One lovely day in autumn
a friend walked up to talk with me,
and then an apple got him.

It dropped and bonked him on the head,
Which would have made me bawl.
But he just laughed and winked and said,
"That apple likes the fall."

Grd 3

RED BOOTS

By: Amy Ludwig

I like red boots
on a mudbrown day.

I like red boots
in a puddleblue.

I like red boots
in hushwhite snow.

I like red boots
I do.

I like red boots
pushing pedalsblack.

I like red boots
under sungold light.

I like red boots
on a greenmoss bed.

I like red boots
in the navylight.

Grd 3

MR. BROWN THE CIRCUS CLOWN

By: Ken Nesbitt

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,

Grd 4

SANTA'S WATCHING

By: Unknown

Christmas time is coming
It's time we must be good.
For Santa's watching every day,
And we forgot we should

Clean our room and wash the car,
Help mum with every chore.
For presents we are after,
And a good one we must score

No time to chat, no time to play
There's dishes to be done
There will be time later,
For us to have some fun

Grd 4

RED DWARF STARS

By: Unknown

In the sky, oh so bright,
Red dwarf stars shine at night.
Tiny and warm, they glow with glee,
Smallest stars, as small as can be.

They burn their fuel, oh so slow,
Living longer than we know.
With colours red, they twinkle bright,
Guiding travellers with their light.

In galaxies far, they love to play,
Red dwarf stars light up our way!

Grd 5

TWO FUNNY, LITTLE RED APPLES

By: Unknown

Two funny, little red apples
Fell from a tree one day.
Both small apples rolled and rolled
Till they got far away.

They rolled into a big, green yard,
Right past three white dogs.
They rolled right past a cold, blue lake,
And over four brown logs.

They didn't stop. They kept on going,
Fast as a speeding train.
Until they felt some small, wet drops
Fall from the dark sky as rain.

They rolled into a pretty, new house,
Where a kind lady made them dry.
Then she put the two clean, red apples
Into her apple pie!

Grd 5

LOBSTER BERRIES

By: John Keefe

It's the funniest thing
you've ever seen,
when Lobsters are fresh
they're always green, .
But when they are cooked
all juicy and dead
they change from green
to a very bright red
Now raspberries aren't lobsters
if you know what I mean...
in case you've wondered-
they are red when they are green.
Think about it...

Grd 6

HIP - HOP CHRISTMAS

By: Kenn Nesbitt

The North Pole has a DJ.

His name is M.C. Kringle.

He loves to spin a record or
to sing a Christmas jingle.

He'll b-boy on the dance floor
to disco, rap, and rock.

He'll beatbox on the microphone,
then stop and pop and lock.

He likes to do the Robot.

He loves to rap a rhyme.

The elves and reindeer always watch
and stomp their feet in time.

They'll wiggle to the rhythm.

You'll sometimes see them clapping.

You see, his helpers make the gifts
but Santa does the rapping.

Grd 6

LITTLE RED

By: Jessica McDonald

Once there was a little girl,
And her name was Little Red.
She set off to her grandma's house,
For Gram was sick in bed.

She wondered through the forest,
With her basket full of bread,
She ran into the Big Bad Wolf,
"Where are you going?" he said.

I'm headed to my grandma's house,
"Can't stop to talk," said Red.
The sneaky wolf, he made a plan,
And then away he sped.

When Red got to her grandma's house,
She saw her there in bed,
"Oh what big eyes, and ears, and teeth,
You have upon your head!"

"The better to eat you with my dear",
The hungry wolf just said.
"Please don't eat me" said Little Red,
"Just eat my bread instead"

Grd 7

MILLY-ROSE

By: Margaret Savage

Milly-Rose has a long hairy nose
that would consistently wiggle and twitch.
The kids would giggle every time it wiggled
and believed she was a silly old witch.

Milly-Rose is a teacher, and her very best feature
is the hair upon her head.

Since a wee girly, her hair grew curly
and was a bright flaming colour of red.

Milly-Rose wore dresses to match her tresses
with spots or sparkles that glowed.
She had matching shoes in various hues,
and her long skinny legs were bowed.

Now, poor ol' Milly-Rose, with her long hairy nose,
didn't think that she looked weird.
All day long she would sing a happy song
and was proud of her red curly beard.

Then one day Milly-Rose got sick
and stayed home in her warm fluffy bed.
The school was quiet without the red riot,
and this is what the children said.

"We love you, Milly-Rose, with your long hairy nose.
Please come back to school.
We promise not to giggle when your nose starts to wiggle,
and your red curly beard is COOL.

Grd 7

WHEN TILLIE ATE THE CHILI

By: Jack

When Tillie ate the chili,
she erupted from her seat,
she gulped a quart of water,
and fled screaming down the street,
she coughed, she wheezed, she sputtered,
she ran totally amok,
she set a new world record
as she raced around the block.

Tillie's mouth was full of fire,
Tillie's eyes were red with tears,
she was smoking from her nostrils,
she was steaming from her ears,
she cooled off an hour later,
showing perfect self-control
as she said, "What tasty chili,
I should like another bowl."

Grd 8 – 9

HELP WANTED

By: Timothy Tocher

Santa needs new reindeer.
The first bunch has grown old.
Dasher has arthritis;
Comet hates the cold.
Prancer's sick of staring
at Dancer's big behind.
Cupid married Blitzen
and Donner lost his mind.
Dancer's mad at Vixen
for stepping on his toes.
Vixen's being thrown out-
she laughed at Rudolph's nose.
If you are a reindeer
we hope you will apply.
There is just one tricky part:
You must know how to fly.

Grd 8 - 9

THE RED AND WHITE STRIPED LIGHTHOUSE

By: Unknown

The red and white striped lighthouse,
Standing by the sea,
As quiet as a mouse,
Telling boats where it be.

Against the rocks a wave crashes.
The lighthouse just stares on.
Suddenly some lightning flashes,
But he's gonna stare till dawn.

The red and white striped lighthouse,
Standing by the sea,
As quiet as a mouse,
Telling boats where it be.

He shines his light through the thick fog,
As rain darkens the sands.
He shines his light through all the smog.
On the rocks he proudly stands.

The red and white striped lighthouse,
Standing by the sea,
As quiet as a mouse,
Telling boats where it be.

The rising sun makes the ocean glisten bright.
A couple comes out to see the astonishing sight.
There is no need to shine, for it's no longer night,
And the lighthouse slowly fades out its light.

Gr 10-12

THE SMALL RED HOUSE

By: Amy Ludwig

The small red house
loves winter best
when summer colors
fade and rest

when flowers close
their painted eyes
when butterflies
seek warmer skies

when every yellow
leaf has dropped
just when you think
all color stopped –

the small red house
smiles from her hill
snuggled in snow
soft and still

as red as a cardinal
or warm red wool
the small red house
feels beautiful.

Grd 10-12

A VISIT BY SANTA

By: Mike Dahlmeier

'Twas the week before Christmas and without fail
we still did not have our cards in the mail.
Our Christmas letter was blank, not even a line.
The address book lost (as it was most of the time).

I had just finished "Leno" and was headed to bed
when my wife threw a box of cards at my head.
"They're your friends, too," she shouted at me.
"The least you could do is finish the tree!"

I knew right then there was no place to hide.
Grabbed the tinsel and lights and headed outside.
Now where was this tree she went on about?
I had not seen it. Was it inside the house?

When all of a sudden from above came a noise.
I looked up to the sky and down fell a toy.
And then fell another, toys all over the ground.
I dropped all the tinsel and turned right around.

There on my roof was a herd of reindeer
and a jolly fat man dressed up in red gear.
Now I was no slouch and guessed right away
this must be Santa and that was his sleigh.

His arms gripped my chimney, his head down the flue.
By the sounds, I would guess that he just had a few.
I shouted "Hey, Santa! Why the sleigh and reindeer?
You're a week early and you shouldn't be here."

His head rose up slowly and he looked all around
until finally he noticed me there on the ground.
"Where am I?" he whispered and then held his head.
"The last thing I remember was going to bed.

"The elves had a party since their job was done.
They spiked the eggnog and I had more than one."
"Let me help you," I said. "Get these toys back in place.
Come on in for some coffee and to clean up your face."

I thought for a moment, "Should I tell my wife?"
But Santa and I needed no more lectures that night.
While he had his coffee I found his lost sack,
untangled the reindeer and put the toys back.

He thanked me profusely and I pointed his way,
and as I walked back inside I heard my wife say,
"The problem with you is no Christmas spirit!"
With a smile I looked up and said, "Whatever you say, Dearest."

