



Poetry-By-Heart

Kindergarten Poetry Selections

Kindergarten poetry selections

Be

Michelle Heidenrich Barnes

Be Brave like the lion,
Gentle as sheep.
Be kind to all creatures
Who swim, soar, or creep.
Be patient, tread lightly,
Make friends on the way.
Be thankful and notice
Each wonder-full day.

Caterpillar

Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

Egret in Flight

Jane Yolen

She's an arrow
From a bow.
We watch in wonder
From below.
Origami
Neck is folded.
All that we can do?
Behold it.
Angel Wings
Of purest white.
Perfect flyer.
Perfect flight.

How to Love Your little Corner of the World

Eileen Spinelli

Help a neighbor.
Plant a tree.
Hug your friends
And family.
Be kind to pets.
Feed the birds.
Use your please and thank you words.
Share a book.
Take a walk.
Someone's lonely?
Stop and talk.

Hug O' War

By Shel Silverstein

I will not play at tug o' war
I'd rather play at hug o' war,
Where everyone hugs
Instead of tugs,
Where everyone giggles
And rolls on the rug,
Where everyone kisses,
And everyone grins,
And everyone cuddles,
And everyone wins.

If You Were a Rhinoceros

Jack Prelutsky

If you were a rhinoceros
I still would be your friend
And if you were a platypus
Our friendship would not end
I'd like you as a walrus,
camel, cat, or kangaroo
It doesn't matter what you are
I'll still be friends with you.

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I'm Glad I'm Me

By Jack Prelutsky

No one looks
The way I do.
I have noticed
That it's true.
No one walks the way I walk.
No one talks the way I talk.
No one plays the way I play.
No one says the things I say.
I am special.
I am me.
There's no one else
I'd rather be!

It's Raining Hearts

Barbara Vance

It's raining hearts;
It's storming flowers;
We're in for scattered
Stardust showers.
It's drizzling chocolate,
Pouring pies;
We might be seeing
Candy skies.
Of all the weather
There could be,
Plain water seems
A waste to me.

Kind Hearts are the Gardens

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers.
Kind deeds are the fruits.
Take care of your garden
And keep out the weeds,
Fill it with sunshine,
Kind words and Kind deeds.

Mice

Rose Fyleman

I think mice
are rather nice.
Their tails are long
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.
But I think mice
Are nice

Mrs. Peck Pigeon

Eleanor Farjeon

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon
Is picking for bread
Bob-bob-bob
Goes her little round head.
Tame as a pussy-cat
In the street,
Step-step step
Go her little red feet.
With her little red feet
And her little round head,
Mrs. Peck-Pigeon
Goes picking for bread.

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Now We Are Six

A.A. Milne

When I was One,
I had just begun.
When I was Two,
I was nearly new.
When I was Three
I was hardly me.
When I was Four,
I was not much more.
When I was Five,
I was just alive.
But now I am Six,
I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

On Martin Luther King Day

Sharon Siegelman

Treat people kindly
Do what is fair
Work for all people
Show that you care.

Changing what is wrong
But, please, do not fight
Think of new ways
To change wrong into right

These are the ways
If we work as a team,
To remember the man
Who said, I have a dream.

Snowball

By Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first, it wet the bed.

Tommy

Gwendolyn Brooks

I put my seed into the ground
And said, 'I'll watch it grow.'
I watered it and cared for it
As well as I could know.

One day I walked in my back yard,
And oh, what did I see!
My seed had popped itself right out
Without consulting me.

Tree House

Shel Silverstein

A tree house, a tree house,
A secret you and me house,
A high up in the leafy branches
Cozy as can be house.
A street house, a neat house,
Be sure and wipe your feet house
Is not my kind of house at all—
Let's go live in a tree house.