Mummy Slept Late and Daddy Fixed Breakfast

By: John Ciardi

Daddy fixed the breakfast.

He made us each a waffle.

It looked like gravel pudding.

It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said, “I’ll try again.

This time I’ll get it right.”

But what I got was in between

Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,

I’ll have to start all over.”

That time what landed on my plate

Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork.

The fork gave off a spark.

I tried a knife and twisted it

Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.

I tried it with a torch.

It didn’t even make a dent.

It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast

When Mommy’s sleeping late,

I think I’ll skip the waffles.

I’d sooner eat the plate!

We Moved About a Week Ago

By: Jack Prelutsky

We moved about a week ago,

It’s nice, here, I suppose,

The trouble is, I miss my friends,

Like Beth who bopped my nose,

And Jess, who liked to wrestle

And dump me in the dirt,

And Liz who found a garter snake

And put it down my shirt.

I miss my friend Fernando,

He sometimes pulled my hair,

I miss his sister Sarah,

She shoved my teddy bear,

I miss the Trumble triplets

Who dyed my sneakers blue,

And Gus, who broke my glider,

I guess I miss him too.

I really miss Melissa

Who chased me up a tree,

I even miss “Gorilla” Brown

Who used to sit on me.

The more I think about them,

The more it makes me sad.

I hope I make some friends here

As great as those I had.