

# Fifth & Sixth Grade Poems

## Be Glad Your Nose is on Your Face

By Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,  
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place--

## 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.

## All Things Bright and Beautiful

by Cecil Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;—

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty?  
Who has made all things well.

## The American Flag

By Louise Adney

There's a flag that floats above us,  
Wrought in red and white and blue—  
A spangled flag of stars and stripes  
Protecting me and you!

Sacrifices helped to make it  
As men fought the long months through,  
Nights of marching—days of fighting—  
For the red and white and blue!

There is beauty in that emblem,  
There is courage in it, too;  
There is loyalty—there's valor—  
In the red and white and blue!

In that flag which floats, unconquered  
Over land and sea,  
There's equality and freedom—  
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,  
Wrought in red and white and blue.  
It's the stars and stripes forever

# Fifth & Sixth Grade Poems

## The World We Make

By Alfred Grant Walton

We make the world in which we live  
By what we gather and what we give  
By our daily deeds and the things we say,  
By what we keep or cast away.

We make our world by the beauty we see  
In a skylark's song or a lilac tree,  
In a butterfly's wing, in the pale moon's rise,  
And the wonder that lingers in midnight skies.

We make our world by the life we lead,  
By the friends we have, by the books we read,  
By the pity we show in the hour of care,  
By the loads we lift and the love we share.

We make our world by the goals we pursue,  
By the heights we seek and the higher view,  
By hopes and dreams that reach the sun,  
And a will to fight till the heights are won.

What is the place in which we dwell?  
A hut or palace, a heaven or hell  
We gather and scatter, we take and we give,  
We make our world – and there we live.

## Every Scar Has a Story

By Kristina M. DeCarlo

Every scar has a story.  
What will mine tell?  
What will come of this  
when I'm better, when I'm well?

I want my scar to tell  
of how I've overcome,  
of how I made it through,  
of where I have come from.

I want my scar to whisper  
about the pain I faced,  
about this very hard time,  
about the marathon I raced.

But mostly I want my scar  
to speak of something greater  
I want it to shout  
about my living Creator.

Let my scar be evidence  
that there is a loving Lord  
who fought my scary battles  
and on whose wings I soared.

Let my scar proclaim  
that all things work for good,  
that by myself I couldn't  
but with my God ....I could.

## A Sea of We...

By Leo Thomas

Humanity, a sea of disparity,  
Left versus right,  
Peace versus fight,  
Rich versus poor,  
Compromise versus war,  
Freedom versus control,  
Part versus whole,  
Love versus hate,  
Right now versus wait,  
To me, there seems to be so few in-betweens.  
Are we destined to injure and kill,  
To justify our hate of the other extremes?

Careful, my sisters, my brothers,  
From another father and mother,  
Know you not, Humanity is an interwoven tapestry?  
Pull one thread and you unravel  
The lives of countless others.

There is no "them" or "they" in humanity.  
Only a sea of "us" and "we".  
How does one lone poet help people see  
How our perceptions perpetuate this insanity?  
Are we to be forever-embroiled  
In war and social turmoil for all eternity?  
Is this all we were born to be?