*Ocean Poems for Unit 2 Common Core:* [*http://www.k12.hi.us/~shasincl/poems\_ocean.html#dooysters*](http://www.k12.hi.us/~shasincl/poems_ocean.html#dooysters)

Do Oysters Sneeze?

Do oysters sneeze beneath the seas,  
or wiggle to and fro,  
or sulk, or smile, or dance awhile  
…how can we ever know?

Do oysters yawn when roused at dawn,  
and do they ever weep,  
and can we tell, when, in its shell,  
an oyster is asleep?

by Jack Prelutsky

Sleepy Pearl

The storm is raging up above,  
   And waves are dashing high,  
The sea birds, screaming, fly to land,  
   As thunder rocks the sky.

But down below in waters calm  
   The oyster sleeps away;  
Quite heedless of the wind and waves,  
   He snoozes, night and day.

He does not shout and rant and rave,  
   Nor bolts of lightning hurl,  
He's dozing in the oyster bed,  
   And dreaming up a pearl!

Frances Gorman Risser

# At the Sea-Side

# [At the Sea-Side](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/poem/171947#poem)

|  |
| --- |
| **When I was down beside the sea  A wooden spade they gave to me            To dig the sandy shore.   My holes were empty like a cup.  In every hole the sea came up,            Till it could come no more.** |

At the Sea-side  
**by Robert Louis Stevenson**

*When I was down beside the sea*

*A wooden spade they gave to me*

*To dig the sandy shore.*

*My holes were empty like a cup.*

*In every hole the sea came up*

*Till it could come no more.*

*When I was down beside the sea*

*A wooden spade they gave to me*

*To dig the sandy shore.*

*My holes were empty like a cup.*

*In every hole the sea came up*

*Till it could come no more*

**Undersea**

Beneath the waters  
Green and cool  
The mermaids keep  
A swimming school.  
  
The oysters trot;  
The lobsters prance;  
The dolphins come  
To join the dance.  
  
But the jellyfish  
Who are rather small  
Can't seem to learn  
The steps at all

Marchette Chute

Beach Stones

by Lillian Moore

When these small  
stones  
were  
in  
clear pools and  
nets of weed

tide-tumbled  
teased by spray

they glowed  
moonsilver,  
glinted sunsparks on  
their speckled  
skins.

Spilled on the  
shelf  
they were  
wet-sand jewels  
wave-green  
still flecked with  
foam.

Now  
gray stones  
lie  
dry and dim.

Why did we bring them home?

The Waves

Gertrude M. Jones

The little waves ran up the sand,  
  All rippling, bright and gay.  
But they were little robbers,  
  For they stole the sand away,  
And when they'd tossed it all about,  
  They piled it in the bay.

One day, there came a clever man;  
  He walked along the shore,  
And when he saw the crested waves  
  Creep higher than before,  
Said he, "I'll build a harbor wall,  
  And you'll come here no more."

So then he started working;  
  Stone after stone he brought.  
The little waves beat at the wall;  
  By day and night they fought,  
Their white hair streaming in the wind,  
  Their manner quite distraught.

But when the wall was finished,  
  Like other of their ilk,  
They tiptoed round the harbor  
  As sleek and smooth as silk,  
And purred around the fishing boats,  
  Like kittens lapping milk.

A Sand Witch for a Sandwich

Emily Sweeney

I walked the beach on a sunny day  
And soon found a shell with which to play.  
I made a castle, I made a moat,  
I poured in water to sail my boat.

I made a farm and a racetrack, too,  
And then a figure that sort of grew  
Taller and taller as I piled more sand.  
Then I shaped a face with one wet hand.

Oh, what a face—with an ugly beak  
And a tall, tall hat that came to a peak!  
I looked with pride at my ugly witch,  
While all around I dug a ditch.

To keep her safe from the incoming tide,  
I dug it deep on every side.  
The waves rolled in and then slid back.  
I waited for their we attack.

One little wave crept up the beach,  
But my sand witch it could not reach.  
One, two, three waves filled the ditch.  
Another wave took a nip at the witch.

A whitecap pushed with all his might  
And ate that witch in one big bite!  
I laughed as the water swished round my feet,  
For *sandwiches* are made to eat!

A Wave

Gussie Osborne

I sat on the beach and a beautiful wave  
  Came tumbling right up to me.  
It threw some pink shells on the sand at my feet,  
  Then hurried straight back out to sea.

It ran away swiftly and leaped up in foam;  
  It bumped other waves in its glee.  
I think it was hurrying to gather more shells,  
  To bring as a present for me.

Seal Lullaby

By Rudyard Kipling

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,  
And black are the waters that sparkle so green.  
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us  
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.  
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;  
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!  
The storm shall not wake thee, nor sharks overtake thee,  
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

Song of a Shell

Violet L. Cuslidge

I held a sea shell to my ear,  
  And listened to its tale  
Of vessels bounding o'er the main  
  And all the ships that sail.  
It sang of brilliant water flowers—  
  The bright anemones  
That bloom beneath the ocean waves—  
  Tossed in from seven seas.

Each time I harken to this song,  
  I hear the breakers moan,  
And fancy that a warning bell  
  Rings from a lighthouse lone.  
No longer need I wish to go  
  Where foam-capped billows swell,  
For I've an ocean of my own  
  Withing this pearly shell.

The Barracuda

by John Gardner

Slowly, slowly, he cruises  
And slowly, slowly, he chooses  
Which kind of fish he prefers to take this morning;  
Then without warning  
The Barracuda opens his jaws, teeth flashing,  
And with a horrible, horrible grinding and gnashing,  
Devours a hundred poor creatures and feels no remorse.  
It's no wonder, of course,  
That no little fish much likes the thing,  
And indeed, it occasionally strikes the thing,  
That he really ought, perhaps, to change his ways.  
"But," (as he says  
With an evil grin)  
"It's actually not my fault, you see:  
I've nothing to do with the tragedy;  
I open my mouth for a yawn and —ah me!—  
They all  
      swim  
           in."

|  |
| --- |
| **The Jumblies** |
|  |
| Edward Lear (1812–88) |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| |  | | --- | |  | | THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did; |  | | In a sieve they went to sea; |  | | In spite of all their friends could say, |  | | On a winter’s morn, on a stormy day, |  | | In a sieve they went to sea. | *5* | | And when the sieve turn’d round and round, |  | | And every one cried, “You ’ll be drown’d!” |  | | They call’d aloud, “Our sieve ain’t big: |  | | But we don’t care a button; we don’t care a fig: |  | | In a sieve we ’ll go to sea!” | *10* | | Far and few, far and few, |  | | Are the lands where the Jumblies live: |  | | Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; |  | | And they went to sea in a sieve. |  | |  |  | | They sail’d away in a sieve, they did, | *15* | | In a sieve they sail’d so fast, |  | | With only a beautiful pea-green veil |  | | Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail, |  | | To a small tobacco-pipe mast. |  | | And every one said who saw them go, | *20* | | “Oh! won’t they be soon upset, you know: |  | | For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long; |  | | And, happen what may, it ’s extremely wrong |  | | In a sieve to sail so fast.” |  | |  |  | | The water it soon came in, it did; | *25* | | The water it soon came in: |  | | So, to keep them dry, they wrapp’d their feet |  | | In a pinky paper all folded neat: |  | | And they fasten’d it down with a pin. |  | | And they pass’d the night in a crockery-jar; | *30* | | And each of them said, “How wise we are! |  | | Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long, |  | | Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong, |  | | While round in our sieve we spin.” |  | |  |  | | And all night long they sail’d away; | *35* | | And, when the sun went down, |  | | They whistled and warbled a moony song |  | | To the echoing sound of a coppery gong, |  | | In the shade of the mountains brown, |  | | “O Timballoo! how happy we are | *40* | | When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar! |  | | And all night long, in the moonlight pale, |  | | We sail away with a pea-green sail |  | | In the shade of the mountains brown.” |  | |  |  | | They sail’d to the Western Sea, they did,— | *45* | | To a land all cover’d with trees: |  | | And they bought an owl, and a useful cart, |  | | And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart, |  | | And a hive of silvery bees; |  | | And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws, | *50* | | And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws, |  | | And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree, |  | | And no end of Stilton cheese: |  | |  |  | | And in twenty years they all came back,— |  | | In twenty years or more; | *55* | | And every one said, “How tall they’ve grown! |  | | For they’ve been to the Lakes, and the Torrible Zone, |  | | And the hills of the Chankly Bore.” |  | | And they drank their health, and gave them a feast |  | | Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast; | *60* | | And every one said, “If we only live, |  | | We, too, will go to sea in a sieve, |  | | To the hills of the Chankly Bore.” |  | | Far and few, far and few, |  | | Are the lands where the Jumblies live: | *65* | | Their heads are green, and their hands are blue; |  | | And they went to sea in a sieve |  | |

### FROM THE SHORE

Carl Sandburg

A LONE gray bird,  
Dim-dipping, far-flying,  
Alone in the shadows and grandeurs and tumults  
Of night and the sea  
And the stars and storms.

Out over the darkness it wavers and hovers,  
Out into the gloom it swings and batters,  
Out into the wind and the rain and the vast,  
Out into the pit of a great black world,  
Where fogs are at battle, sky-driven, sea-blown,  
Love of mist and rapture of flight,  
Glories of chance and hazards of death  
On its eager and palpitant wings.

Out into the deep of the great dark world,  
Beyond the long borders where foam and drift  
Of the sundering waves are lost and gone  
On the tides that plunge and rear and crumble.