Taking Care of Ourselves

Second Grade Unit 6

**Poetry**

**Poems (Read Aloud)**

**Turtle Soup**

Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,  
Waiting in a hot tureen!  
Who for such dainties would not stoop?  
Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup!  
Soup of the evening, beaufiful Soup!  
Beau--ootiful Soo--oop!  
Beau--ootiful Soo--oop!  
Soo--oop of the e--e--evening,  
Beautiful, beautiful Soup!

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,  
Game, or any other dish?  
Who would not give all else for two  
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?  
Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup?  
Beau--ootiful Soo--oop!  
Beau--ootiful Soo--oop!  
Soo--oop of the e--e--evening,  
Beautiful, beauti--FUL--SOUP!

* Lewis Carroll

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| **Boa Constrictor**  Oh, I'm being eaten  By a boa constrictor,  A boa constrictor,  A boa constrictor,  I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor,  And I don't like it--one bit.  Well, what do you know?  It's nibblin' my toe.  Oh, gee,  It's up to my knee.  Oh my,  It's up to my thigh.  Oh, fiddle,  It's up to my middle.  Oh, heck,  It's up to my neck.  Oh, dread,  It's upmmmmmmmmmmffffffffff...   * Shel Silverstein |

**Poems**

**Sick**

“I cannot go to school today,”

Said little Peggy Ann McKay.

I have the measles and the mumps,

A gash, a rash and purple bumps.

My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,

I’m going blind in my right eye.

My tonsils are as big as rocks,

I’ve counted sixteen chicken pox.

And there’s one more—that’s seventeen,

And don’t you think my face looks green?

My leg is cut, my eyes are blue—

It might be instamatic flue.

I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,

I’m sure that my left leg is broken—

My hips hurt when I move my chin,

My belly button’s caving in,

My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,

My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.

My nose is cold, my toes are numb,

I have a silver in my thumb.

My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,

I hardly whisper when I speak.

My tongue is filling up my mouth,

I think my hair is falling out.

My elbow’s bent, my spine ain’t straight,

My temperature is one-o-eight.

My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,

There is a hole inside my ear.

I have a hangnail, and my hart is—what?

What’s that? What’s that you say?

You say today is… Saturday?

G’bye, I’m going out to play!”

* Shel Silverstein

**The Pizza**

Look at itsy-bitsy Mitzi!

She her figure slim and ritzy!

She eats a

Pizza!

Greedy Mitzi!

She no longer itsy-bitsy!

-Ogden Nash

**Bananas and Cream**

Bananas and cream,

Bananas and cream,

All we could say was

Bananas and cream.

We couldn’t say fruit,

We couldn’t say cow,

We didn’t say sugar-

We don’t say it now.

Bananas and cream,

Bananas and cream,

All we could shout was

Bananas and cream.

We didn’t say why,

We didn’t say how;

We forgot it was fruit,

We forgot the old cow;

We never said sugar,

We only said WOW!

Bananas and cream,

Bananas and cream;

All that we want is

Bananas and cream!

We didn’t say dish,

We didn’t say spoon;

We said not tomorrow,

But NOW and HOW SOON

Bananas and cream,

Bananas and cream?

We yelled for bananas,

Bananas and scream!

* David McCord