

Five Batty Bats

Five batty bats
Were hanging 'neath the moon.

"Quiet!" said the first.
"The witch is coming soon."

"She's green," said the second,
"With a purple pointy nose."

"Black boots," said the third,
"Cover up her ugly toes."

"Her broom," said the fourth,
"Can scratch you – that I know!"

"I'm scared," said the fifth.
"I think we'd better go."

Five batty bats
Escaped into the night.

"Dear me," said the witch.
"That's a scary sight!"

Binky Barnes

-Mark Brown

When recess starts, I feel afraid.
There's this kid in second grade...
I hear he sat on Tom O'Connor.
If he sits on me, then I'm a goner!

He looks for kids to squish and crunch.
He said he'd find me after lunch!
They say he likes to pulverize.
Wish he'd pick on kids his size.

Of course, there are no kids that big.
I'll bet he snaps me like a twig.
Oh no! He's coming over here!
I think I'm sick!

I think I'm sick!
He sees me now, he's almost here.
I'm going to die!
I'm going to die!

Uh-oh, he's standing next to me.
Should I even try to flee?
I'd better pray.
What did you say?

You want to play?!
Well, gee, okay!
I think he wants to be my friend.
Too bad recess has to end.

IRONY POEMS

Casey At The Bat

by Ernest L. Thayer

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that --
We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake.
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat.
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped --
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, bleak with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a worn and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone in the stands,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered fraud;
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville -- mighty Casey has struck out.

Annabel Lee

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought 5
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—
 I and my Annabel Lee— 10
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling 15
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her highborn kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea. 20

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night, 25
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in Heaven above 30
 Nor the demons down under the sea
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee; 35
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In her sepulcher there by the sea— 40
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Particle man

By John Linnell (TMBG)

Particle man, particle man
 Doing the things a particle can
 What's he like? It's not important
 Particle man

Is he a dot, or is he a speck? 5
 When he's underwater does he get wet?
 Or does the water get him instead?
 Nobody knows, Particle man

Triangle man, Triangle man
 Triangle man hates particle man 10
 They have a fight, Triangle wins
 Triangle man

Universe man, Universe man
 Size of the entire universe man
 Usually kind to smaller man 15
 Universe man
 He's got a watch with a minute hand,
 Millenium hand and an eon hand
 When they meet it's a happy land
 Powerful man, universe man 20

Person man, person man
 Hit on the head with a frying pan
 Lives his life in a garbage can
 Person man

Is he depressed or is he a mess? 25
 Does he feel totally worthless?
 Who came up with person man?
 Degraded man, person man

Triangle man, triangle man
 Triangle man hates person man 30
 They have a fight, triangle wins
 Triangle man

The Porcupine

Any hound a porcupine nudges
 Can't be blamed for harboring grudges,
 I know one hound that laughed all winter
 At a porcupine that sat on a splinter.