

Brand New Shoes.

I bought a brand new pair of shoes.
You simply have to see.
They're purple, pink, and pretty.
They're as lovely as can be.

They're topped with silver sparkles,
so they shimmer in the sun.
They're awesome when I'm walking
and they're stunning when I run.

The laces look like rainbows
and the backs have flashing lights.
The sides are lined with lightning bolts.
They're such amazing sights.

But now my friends avoid me
when they see me on the street.
Indeed, my shoes are pretty
but they smell like stinky feet.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Only Like People Exactly Like Me

I only like people exactly like me.
I never like people like you.
I'm not fond of people like him or like her.
I dislike all those people too.

The people I like are like me to a tee.
They look and they sound like me too.
They talk like I talk, and they dress like I
dress,
and, clearly, they do what I do.

You probably think that I'm picky and rude.
You may think I'm sad and alone.
And normally you would be perfectly right,
but, lucky for me, I'm a clone.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Pete the Pirate Wannabe

He's Pete, the pirate wannabe.
He'll sail the seas someday.
But, first, he needs a little cash
to help him on his way.

He can't afford a parrot.
He can't afford a plank.
A peg leg's much too pricey,
and ship would break the bank.

He cannot buy an eye patch.
He hasn't got a hat.
He'll never own a blunderbuss;
he's much too broke for that.

A dagger's too expensive.
He couldn't swing a sword.
In fact, there's only one thing
he's been able to afford.

His shopping list is lengthy,
with loads of pirate gear,
but all he has are earrings
since they're just a buck an ear.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Named My Dog the Strangest Names

I named my dogs the strangest names,
not simply "Spot" or "Rover."
Instead I named them "Fetch" and "Stay"
and "Here Boy" and "Roll Over."

Not "Lassie," "Patch," or "Fido."
No, instead they're "Shake" and "Crawl"
and "Turn Around" and "Take a Bow"
and "Come" and "Wave" and "Ball!"

I gave them these abnormal names
to see what they would do.
I thought it would be fun but,
sad to say, that isn't true.

And now I'm sort of sorry for the
crazy names I used.
My dogs cannot do any tricks;
they're all just too confused.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Teacher Took My iPod

My teacher took my iPod.
She said they had a rule;
I couldn't bring it into class
or even to the school.

She said she would return it;
I'd have it back today.
But then she tried my headphones on
and gave a click on Play.

She looked a little startled,
but after just a while
she made sure we were occupied
and cracked a wicked smile.

Her body started swaying.
Her toes began to tap.
She soon was grooving in her seat
and rocking to the rap.

My teacher changed her mind.
She said it's now okay
to bring my iPod into class.
She takes it every day.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Puppy Punched Me in the Eye

My puppy punched me in the eye.
My rabbit whacked my ear.
My ferret gave a frightful cry
and roundhouse kicked my rear.

My lizard flipped me upside down.
My kitten kicked my head.
My hamster slammed me to the
ground
and left me nearly dead.

So my advice? Avoid regrets;
no matter what you do,
don't ever let your family pets
take lessons in kung fu.

By Kenn Nesbitt

All My Great Excuses

I started on my homework
but my pen ran out of ink.
My hamster ate my homework.
My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it
in the soup my mom was cooking.
My brother flushed it down the toilet
when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework
through the washer and the dryer.
An airplane crashed into our house.
My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.
Volcanoes struck our town.
My notes were taken hostage
by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.
I had a shark attack.
A pirate swiped my homework
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses
so darned long my teacher said,
"I think you'll find it's easier
to do the work instead."

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Taught My Cat to Clean My Room

I taught my cat to clean my room,
to use a bucket, brush and broom,
to dust my books and picture frames,
and pick up all my toys and games.

He puts my pants and shirts away,
and makes my bed, and I should
say

it seems to me it's only fair
he puts away my underwear.

In fact, I think he's got it made.
I'm not too happy with our trade.
He may pick up my shoes and socks,
but I clean out his litterbox.

By Kenn Nesbitt

April Fool's Day

Mackenzie put a whoopie cushion
on the teacher's chair.
Makayla told the teacher
that a bug was in her hair.

Alyssa brought an apple
with a purple gummy worm
and gave it to the teacher
just to see if she would squirm.

Elijah left a piece of plastic
dog doo on the floor,
and Vincent put some plastic vomit
in the teacher's drawer.

Amanda put a goldfish
in the teacher's drinking glass.
These April Fool's Day pranks
are ones that you could use in class.

Before you go and try them, though,
there's something I should mention:
The teacher wasn't fooling
when she put us in detention.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Please Don't Read This Poem

Please don't read this poem.
It's only meant for me.
That's it. Just move along now.
There's nothing here to see.

Besides, I'm sure you'd rather
just go outside and play.
So put the poem down now
and slowly back away.

Hey, why are you still reading?
That isn't very nice.
I've asked you once politely.
Don't make me ask you twice.

I'm telling you, it's private.
Do not read one more line.
Hey! That's one more. Now stop it.
This isn't yours; it's mine.

You're not allowed to read this.
You really have to stop.

If you don't quit this instant,
I swear I'll call a cop.

He'll drag you off in handcuffs.
He'll lock you up in jail,
and leave you there forever
until you're old and frail.

Your friends will all forget you.
You won't be even missed.
Your family, too, will likely
forget that you exist.

And all because you read this
instead of having fun.
It's too late now, amigo;
the poem's nearly done.

There's only one solution.
Here's what you'll have to do:
Tell all your friends and family
they shouldn't read it too.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Teacher Ate My Homework

My teacher ate my homework,
Which I thought was rather odd.
He sniffed at it and smiled
with an approving sort of nod.

He took a little nibble --
it's unusual, but true --
then had a somewhat larger bite
and gave a thoughtful chew.

I think he must have liked it,
for he really went to town.
He gobbled it with gusto
and he wolfed the whole thing down.

He licked off all his fingers,
gave a burp and said, "You pass."
I guess that's how they grade you
when you're in a cooking class.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I'm Staying Home From School Today

I'm staying home from school today.
I'd rather be in bed
pretending that I have a pain
that's pounding in my head.

I'll say I have a stomach ache.
I'll claim I've got the flu.
I'll shiver like I'm cold
and hold my breath until I'm blue.

I'll fake a cough. I'll fake a sneeze.
I'll say my throat is sore.
If necessary I can throw
a tantrum on the floor.

I'm sure I'll get away with it.
Of that, there's little doubt.
But, even so, I really hope
my students don't find out.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Brother's Not a Werewolf

My brother's not a werewolf
though it often looks that way.
He has to shave his whiskers
almost every single day.

His feet are getting furry
and his hands are sprouting hair.
His voice is deep and growling
like a grumpy grizzly bear.

He often sleeps throughout the day
and stays up half the night.
And if you saw the way he eats
you'd surely scream in fright.

His clothes are ripped and dirty
like the stuff a werewolf wears.
His socks and shirts are shredded
and his pants have countless tears.

If you should ever meet him
you'll discover what I mean.
My brother's not a werewolf;
he's just turning seventeen.

By Kenn Nesbitt

That Explains It!

I went to the doctor. He x-rayed my head.
He stared for a moment and here's what
he said.

"It looks like you've got a banana in there,
an apple, an orange, a peach, and a pear.
I also see something that looks like a
shoe,

a plate of spaghetti, some fake doggy doo,
an airplane, an arrow, a barrel, a chair,
a salmon, a camera, some old underwear,
a penny, a pickle, a pencil, a pen,
a hairy canary, a hammer, a hen,
a whistle, a thistle, a missile, a duck,
an icicle, bicycle, tricycle, truck.

With all of the junk that you have in your
head

it's kind of amazing you got out of bed.
The good news, at least, is you shouldn't
feel pain.

From what I can see here you don't have
a brain."

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Think My Dad is Dracula

I think my dad is Dracula.
I know that sounds insane,
but listen for a moment and
allow me to explain.

We don't live in a castle,
and we never sleep in caves.
But, still, there's something weird
about the way my dad behaves.

I never see him go out
in the daytime when it's light.
He sleeps all day till evening,
then he leaves the house at night.

He comes home in the morning
saying, "Man, I'm really dead!"
He kisses us goodnight, and then
by sunrise he's in bed.

My mum heard my suspicion
and she said, "You're not too swift.
Your father's not a vampire.
He just works the night shift."

By Kenn Nesbitt

Today I Had a Rotten Day

Today I had a rotten day.
As I was coming in from play
I accidentally stubbed my toes
and tripped and fell and whacked my
nose.

I chipped a tooth. I cut my lip.
I scraped my knee. I hurt my hip.
I pulled my shoulder, tweaked my ear,
and got a bruise upon my rear.
I banged my elbow, barked my shin.
A welt is forming on my chin.
My pencil poked me in the thigh.
I got an eyelash in my eye.
I sprained my back. I wrenches my neck.
I'm feeling like a total wreck.
So that's the last time I refuse
when teacher says to tie my shoes.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Nicknames

My aunt calls me "Elizabeth."

My grandma calls me "Liz."

My sister calls me "Lisa,"
and the baby calls me "Wiz."

My uncle calls me "Betty,"
while my grandpa calls me "Beth."

My brother calls me "Dizzy Liz"
or sometimes "Lizard Breath."

My teacher calls me "Betsy"
and my friends all call me "Bess."
I find these nicknames more annoying
than you'd ever guess.

I wish that they would call me
by my real name instead.

I simply HATE those nicknames,
see, my real name is Fred.

By Kenn Nesbitt

At History I'm Hopeless

At history I'm hopeless.

At spelling I stink.

In music I'm useless.

From science I shrink.

At art I'm atrocious.

In sports I'm a klutz.

At reading I'm rotten.

And math makes me nuts.

At language I'm lousy.

Computers? I'm cursed.

In drama I'm dreadful.

My writing's the worst.

There's only one subject

I'm sure I would pass,
but they don't teach
video games in my class.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Bought a Maserati

I bought a Maserati
and a new Mercedes-Benz,
plus a brand new Lamborghini
I could show off to my friends.

I purchased a Ferrari
and an Aston Martin too,
and a Porsche and a Jaguar
and a BMW.

I had them all delivered
to my mansion in the hills.
I like to sit and look at them,
imagining the thrills.

For though it's fun to be
the richest nine-year-old alive,
I'm sure I'll like it better
when I'm old enough to drive.

By Kenn Nesbitt

The Aliens Have Landed!

The aliens have landed!
It's distressing, but they're here.
They piloted their flying saucer
through our atmosphere.

They landed like a meteor
engulfed in smoke and flame.
Then out they climbed immersed in slime
and burbled as they came.

Their hands are greasy tentacles.
Their heads are weird machines.
Their bodies look like cauliflower
and smell like dead sardines.

Their blood is liquid helium.
Their eyes are made of granite.
Their breath exudes the stench of foods
from some unearthly planet.

And if you want to see these
sickly, unattractive creatures,
you'll find them working in your school;
they all got jobs as teachers!

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Do Not Want to Go to Bed

I do not want to go to bed.
I like to stay up late.
I'm bouncing off the bedroom walls
and, frankly, feeling great!

I'm dancing like a maniac
instead of counting sheep.
My mom says, "Time for bed."
My dad yells, "Get your butt to
sleep!"

I'm not sure what my bottom
has to do with anything,
but that's okay because I'd rather
jump around and sing.

I don't know what it was
that made me feel so wide awake.
Could it have been the Red Bull
and the double-chocolate cake?

I wonder if the seven cups
of coffee plus dessert
of Snickers bars and Skittles
are what left me this alert?

Whatever it turns out to be
that made me feel this right,
I hope I track it down
so I can stay up every... ZZZzzzzz

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Personal Slave

I'm making my brother my personal slave,
so now when I greet you my brother will wave.
He'll do all my homework; he'll take all my tests.
He'll clean up my messes and wait on my guests.

He'll hold out my hanky whenever I sneeze.
He'll say that he did it if I "cut the cheese."
He'll go take a bath if I play in the dirt.
He'll eat all my spinach, then feed me dessert.

He'll empty the garbage and vacuum the floors
and finish my other unsavoury chores,
like washing the dishes and mowing the yard
or anything else even modestly hard.

I really enjoy all the effort I save
by making my brother my personal slave.
And though I'll admit how exciting it is,
I'm not sure it's worth it, 'cause next week I'm
his.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Pig Won't Let Me Watch TV

My pig won't let me watch TV.
It's totally unfair.
He watches anything he wants
but doesn't ever share.

I never get to watch cartoons
or anything like that.
He's busy watching farming shows.
I should have got a cat.

I should have got a goldfish
or a guinea pig or goat.
Instead, I've got this pig
who's always hogging the remote.

By Kenn Nesbitt

You Can Never Be Too Careful

You can never be too careful,
that's what I always say,
and so I wear a hat, or two,
in case my hair turns grey.

I've thirteen tires on my car,
in case I get a flat.

I wear my pants size fifty-three,
in case I grow too fat.

You can never be too careful,
I'm sure you'll find it's true.

I see the doctor every day,
in case I catch the flu.

I carry twenty handkerchiefs,
in case I have to sneeze,
and forty seven bandages,
in case I skin my knees.

You can never be too careful,
so if I take a walk,

I tiptoe everywhere I go
and whisper when I talk.
I hide my money in a box,
and lock it up inside Fort Knox.
My house is made of bricks and
rocks.
The front door has a hundred locks.

But now I have a problem, see,
I'm locked inside without the key.
I've lost it and I can't get free.
I hid it much too carefully!

By Kenn Nesbitt

The Teachers Jumped Out of the Windows

The teachers jumped out of the windows.
The principal ran for the door.
The nurse and librarian bolted.
They're not coming back anymore.

The assistant, hollering madly,
escaped out the door of the gym.
The coach and janitor shouted
and ran out the door after him.

The lunch ladies threw up their ladles,
then fled from the kitchen in haste,
while all of the pupils looked puzzled
as staff members scurried and raced.

We'd never seen anything like it.
But, still, it was pretty darned cool
to see all the staff so excited
to leave on the last day of school.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I'm Absolutely Full Tonight

I'm absolutely full tonight.
I couldn't eat another bite.
I couldn't eat a half a bean,
or even taste a tangerine.
I couldn't lick a lettuce leaf
or bite the slightest bit of beef.
I couldn't polish off a pea
or sip a single drop of tea
or nibble on a nanogram
of pickled ham or candied yam
or lamb or clam or jam or Spam.
Yes, that's how full I truly am.
To even think of eating more
would leave me lying on the floor
and surely make my stomach hurt
unless, of course, you've got dessert.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Mr Brown the Circus Clown

Mr Brown, the circus clown
puts his clothes on upside down.
He wears his hat upon his toes
and socks and shoes upon his nose.

He ties his ties around his thighs
and wraps his belt around his eyes.
He hangs his earrings from his hips
and stockings from his fingertips.

He puts his glasses on his feet
and shirt and coat around his seat.
And when he's dressed, at last he
stands
and walks around upon his hands.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Perfect

Today I managed something
that I've never done before.
I turned in this week's spelling
quiz
and got a perfect score.

Although my score was perfect
it appears I'm not too bright.
I got a perfect zero;
not a single answer right.

By Kenn Nesbitt

A Fish in a Spaceship

A fish in a spaceship is flying through school.

A dinosaur's dancing on top of a stool.
The library's loaded with orange baboons,
in purple tuxedos with bows and balloons.

The pigs on the playground are having a race

while pencils parade in their linens and lace.

As camels do cartwheels and elephants fly,
bananas are baking a broccoli pie.

A hundred gorillas are painting the walls,
while robots on rockets careen through the halls.

Tomatoes are teaching in all of the classes.

Or maybe, just maybe, I need some new glasses.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Parents Are Making Me Crazy

My parents are making me crazy.
They're driving me utterly mad.
I'm mental because of my mother.
I'm losing it thanks to my dad.

My mum tells me, "Go do your homework,"
and dad's yelling, "Vacuum the floors!"
Then mum says, "Turn off the TV now,"
and dad hollers, "Finish your chores!"

With all of their grousing and griping,
my brain is beginning to hurt.

My dad's shouting, "Clean up the kitchen!"
My mum's saying, "Tuck in your shirt!"

I feel like I'm losing my marbles.
If I go bananas today,
then please give this note to my parents
when the funny farm takes me away.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Don't Know What to Do Today

I don't know what to do today.
Perhaps I'll go outside and play,
or stay indoors and watch TV,
or take a bath, or climb a tree.

Or maybe I'll go ride my bike,
or pick my nose, or take a hike,
or jump a rope, or scratch my head,
or play a game, or stay in bed,
or dance a jig, or pet the cat,
or drink some milk, or buy a hat,
or sing a song, or read a book,
or change my socks, or learn to cook,
or dig a hole, or eat a pear,
or call my friends, or brush my hair,
or hold my breath, or have a race,
or stand around and slap my face.

I'm so confused, and bored, and blue,
to not know what I ought to do.
I guess that I should just ask you.
So, what do you think I should do?

By Kenn Nesbitt

On the Thirty Third of Januaugust

On the thirty third of Januaugust,
right before Octember,
a strange thing didn't happen
that I always won't remember.

At eleven in the afternoon,
while making midnight brunch,
I poured a glass of sandwiches
and baked a plate of punch.

Then I climbed up on my head to see
the silver sky of green,
and danced around my feet because
I'd turned eleventeen.

A parade began to end
and music started not to play,
as rain came out and snowed all night
that warm and sunny day.

That was how it didn't happen
as I keenly don't remember,
on the thirty third of Januaugust,
right before Octember.

By Kenn Nesbitt

When Frankenstein Was Just a Kid

When Frankenstein was just a kid,
he ate his greens. It's true. He did!
He ate his spinach, salads, peas,
asparagus, and foods like these,
and with each leaf and lima bean
his skin became a bit more green.

On chives and chard he loved to chew,
and Brussels sprouts and peppers too,
until he ate that fateful bean
that turned his skin completely green.
He turned all green, and stayed that way,
and now he frightens folks away.

Poor Frankenstein, his tale is sad,
but things need not have been so bad.

It's fair to say, if only he had eaten much less celery,
avoided cabbage, ate no kale,
why, then, we'd have a different tale.

So, mom and dad, I'm here to say
please take these vegetables away
or my fate could be just as grim.
Yes, I could end up green like him.
So, mom and dad, before we dine,
please give a thought to Frankenstein.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Robot's Misbehaving

My robot's misbehaving.
It won't do as I say.
It will not dust the furniture
or put my toys away.

My robot never helps me
with homework or my chores.
It doesn't do my laundry
and neglects to clean my floors.

It claims it can't cook dinner.
It never makes my bed.
No matter what I ask of it,
it simply shakes its head.

My robot must be broken.
I'll need to get another.
Until that day, I have to say,
I'm glad I have my mother.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I Bought a Pet Banana

I bought a pet banana
and I tried to teach him tricks,
but he wasn't any good at
catching balls or fetching sticks.

He could never catch a Frisbee,
and he wouldn't sit or speak,
though we practiced every afternoon
and evening for a week.

He refused to shake or wave or crawl
or beg or take a bow,
and I tried, but couldn't make him bark
or get him to meow.

He was terrible at playing dead.
He couldn't jump a rope.
When he wouldn't do a single trick
I simply gave up hope.

Though I liked my pet banana,
I returned him with regret.
Boy, I sure do hope this watermelon
makes a better pet.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Elephant Thinks I'm Wonderful

My elephant thinks I'm wonderful.
My elephant thinks I'm cool.
My elephant hangs around with me
and follows me into school.

My elephant likes the way I look.
He thinks that I'm fun and smart.
He thinks that I'm kind and generous
and have a terrific heart.

My elephant thinks I'm brave and
bold.
He's proud of my strength and guts.
But mostly he likes the way I smell.
My elephant thinks I'm nuts.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Sister's Name is Seven

My sister's name is "Seven"
and my brother's name is "Eight."
My parents gave them freaky names
I'm sure they thought were great.

They could have named him "Michael"
and they could have named her "Sue."
Instead they both decided that
no normal names would do.

My brother could be "Brandon."
Maybe "Benjamin" or "Bill."
They could have named him "William"
and then simply called him "Will."

My sister could be "Sarah."
Maybe "Kimberly" or "Kelsey."
They could have named her "Caroline"
or "Katherine" or "Chelsea."

My brother could be "Steven"
or they could have named him "Todd."
But instead, his name is even
and my sister's name is odd.

By Kenn Nesbitt

