

A pizza the size of the Sun By Jack Prelutsky

I'm making a pizza the size of the sun,
a pizza that's sure to weigh more than a ton,
a pizza too massive to pick up and toss,
a pizza resplendent with oceans of sauce.

I'm topping my pizza with mountains of cheese,
with acres of peppers, pimentos, and peas,
with mushrooms, tomatoes, and sausage galore,
with every last olive they had at the store.

My pizza is sure to be one of a kind,
my pizza will leave other pizzas behind,
my pizza will be a delectable treat
that all who love pizza are welcome to eat.

The oven is hot, I believe it will take
a year and a half for my pizza to bake.
I hardly can wait till my pizza is done,
my wonderful pizza the size of the sun.

Nine Mice By Jack Prelutsky

Nine Mice on tiny tricycles
went riding on the ice,
they rode in spite of warning signs,
they rode despite advice

The signs were right, the ice was thin,
in half a trice, the mice fell in,
and from their chin down to their toes
those mice entirely froze.

Nine mindless mice, who paid the price,
are thawing slowly by the ice
still sitting on their tricycles
...nine white and shiny micicles

Time to Dust the Daffodils by Irene Rawnsley

My gran's too old

To go out

In the cold garden

Planting bulbs

But she likes

Spring flowers.

She has a box

Of plastic daffodils

On sticks

That she hides away

In the winter.

When she notices

That spring is coming

She takes them out,

Dusts each one

Carefully

Then plants them

Underneath her window.

Passers by pause

To admire them.

“How lovely, Mrs Maradine!

Why do your daffodils

Always bloom earlier

Than mine?”