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?”