

## Level 1 Speaking Verse and Prose:

# Grade 2 – Verse

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### Titles in Level 1 Speaking Verse and Prose:

#### Grade 2 – Verse

The Sloth

Baby Ate a Microchip

A Teacher's Lament

Up-Hill

Jaguar

A Marvel

The Letter A

Little Trotty Wagtail

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### The Sloth

In moving-slow he has no Peer.

You ask him something in his Ear,

He thinks about it for a Year;

And, then, before he says a Word

There, upside down (unlike a Bird),

He will assume that you have Heard –

A most Ex-as-per-at-ing Lug.

But should you call his manner Smug,

He'll sigh and give his Branch a Hug;

Then off again to Sleep he goes,

Still swaying gently by his Toes,

And you just *know* he knows he knows.

*By Theodore Roethke*

## **Baby Ate a Microchip**

Baby ate a microchip,  
Then grabbed a bottle, took a sip.  
He swallowed it and made a beep,  
And now he's thinking pretty deep.

He's downloading his ABCs  
And calculating 1-2-3s.  
He's memorizing useless facts  
While doing Daddy's income tax.

He's processing, and now he thrives  
On feeding his internal drives.  
He's throwing fits, and now he fights  
With ruthless bits and toothless bytes.

He must be feeling very smug.  
But hold on, Baby caught a bug.  
Attempting to reboot in haste,  
He accidentally got erased!

*By Neal Levin*

## **A Teacher's Lament**

Don't tell me the cat ate your math sheet,  
And your spelling words went down the drain,  
And you couldn't decipher your homework,  
Because it was soaked in the rain.

Don't tell me you slaved for hours  
On the project that's due today,  
And you would have had it finished  
If your snake hadn't run away.

Don't tell me you lost your eraser,  
And your worksheets and pencils, too,  
And your papers are stuck together  
With a great big glob of glue.

I'm tired of all your excuses;  
They are really a terrible bore.  
Besides, I forgot my own work,  
At home in my study drawer.

*By Kalli Dakos*

## Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.

*Christina Rossetti*

## Jaguar

some say  
I'm now almost  
extinct in this park

but the people  
who say this  
don't know

that by smelling  
the orchids  
in the trees

they're sensing  
the fragrance  
of my chops

that by hearing  
the rumbling  
of the waterfalls

they're listening  
to my ancestors'  
great roar

that by observing  
the constellations  
of the night sky

they're gazing  
at the star spots  
on my fur

that I am and  
always will be  
the wild

untamed  
living spirit  
of this jungle

*By Francisco X. Alarcón*

## **A Marvel**

An old astronomer there was  
Who lived up in a tower,  
Named Ptolemy Copernicus  
Flammarion McGower.  
He said: 'I can prognosticate  
With estimates correct;  
And when the skies I contemplate,  
I know what to expect.  
When dark'ning clouds obscure my sight,  
I think perhaps 'twill rain;  
And when the stars are shining bright,  
I know 'tis clear again.'  
And then abstractedly he scanned  
The heavens, hour by hour,  
Old Ptolemy Copernicus  
Flammarion McGower.

*By Carolyn Wells*

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## The Letter A

The letter A is awesome!  
It simply is the best.  
Without an A, you could not get  
an A+ on a test.  
You'd never see an acrobat  
or eat an apple pie.  
You couldn't be an astronaut  
or kiss your aunt goodbye.  
An antelope would not exist.  
An ape would be unknown.  
You'd never hear a person  
say 'Afraid' or 'All Alone'.  
The A's in avocado  
would completely disappear  
and certain words would be forgot  
like 'ankle', 'arm', and 'ear'.

Without the A, you couldn't aim  
an arrow in the air.  
You wouldn't ask for apricots  
or almonds at a fair.  
Aruba and Australia  
would be missing from a map.  
You'd never use an ATM,  
an apron, or an app.  
The arctic fox and aardvark  
would be absent from the zoo,

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and vowels, as you know them,  
would be E, I, O, and U.

There wouldn't be an A chord  
on the instruments you play.  
Let's appreciate, admire,  
and applaud the letter A!

*By Darren Sardelli*

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## Little Trotty Wagtail

Little trotty wagtail he went in the rain  
And tittering tottering sideways he near got straight again  
He stooped to get a worm and look'd up to catch a fly  
And then he flew away e're his feathers they were dry

Little trotty wagtail he waddled in the mud  
And left his little foot marks trample where he would  
He waddled in the water pudge and waggle went his tail  
And chirrupt up his wings to dry upon the garden rail

Little trotty wagtail you nimble all about  
And in the dimpling water pudge you waddle in and out  
Your home is nigh at hand and in the warm pigsty  
So little Master Wagtail I'll bid you a 'Good bye'

*By John Clare*