

RHYMING POEM

I have an eel,
His name is Neil.
He likes to shock,
It bounces a rock.

Yes he is an electric eel,
And don't you think his skin can peel.
His skin is green,
And it is not clean!

Neil sure does have a lot of friends,
And his friend don't look like cactus wrens.
I've told you about my pet eel,
He sure is not about to keel.

Skog is a uruk he likes to wander
But a uruk does not like to go yander
For if he travels to the black gate
He will very soon meet his fate

When skog goes running
He usually comes back limping
Because of a caragor
That was looking for a uruk for eating

When he encounters a groug
He sometimes screams very loud
Until he throws his spear
He claims his trophy
For uruk to hear

Rhyming poem

The mouse ran through the house
It was wearing a pink blouse
It ran up the clock
Then it went tic toc tic toc

The mouse fell off the clock
He fell on a rock
Then he went to a boat dock
Then he saw a bird go caw caw

The bird swooped down and grabbed him
Then he hit a cars rim
Then he got his hair trimmed
Then the hawk grabbed him

Rhyming poem

Food

Food is filling.
Food is grilling.
Food is fulfilling.
Food is refueling.

Food is at thanksgiving.
You get food from fishing.
Food sometimes has grease and is dripping.
Some food is so gross it is unforgiving.

Some food is so good you're eating it so fast that it is
disappearing.
Some food is being eaten that it is missing.
Sometimes your so hungry you are wanting snacks so you
are wishing.
Food is refreshing.

Rhyming Poem

The skies are gray
And so is May
Her dog is gone
So she sings her song

The skies are gray
She still goes out to play
She feels a little better
So does the weather

May is still blue
When she goes A-choo!
She sees her dog
And thinks it's a mirage

She sees her dog
And calls hey Mog
The dog jumped
And she was no longer bummed

Did you hear the kid in the wreck's story.
Yeah she said that it was not her fault.
She said her name was Lori.
She said that the other guy didn't come to a halt.

She looks so mad.
Doc says she'll be fine.
The other guy was hurt real bad.
She said she spun into a pine.

The guy is fine.
He is very sad to hear what happened.
He should have been the one who ran into the pine.
They say he can't remember what happened.

RHYMING

The Fall.

The skies are blue.
The wind blew.
The wind spins the leaves.
Off many trees.

The leaves fly free.
All around you see.
The colors of red, orange, and yellow.
On the dancing leaves.

Building a pile of leaves.
The kids pull up their sleeves.
They want a big pile,
They jump in and smile.

horses

Oh horses horses
I wish i knew
They are fast and pretty
But sometimes they don't have a clue

Oh horses horses
Fast and wild
Time to be rode
but don't be a child

Oh horses horses
Soral and black
Please be nice
and come back

Rhyming


I like the outdoors.
It's quite an adventure.
It is how I get out of chores.
I get to stand out in the center of the forest.

If there is good weather,
go out and play.
Who knows what you could find. Maybe a feather.

You can do whatever you want.
You can make a fairy house
or maybe even hunt.

Wherever you are
You can find the outdoors.
No matter if it rains or if there is cars,
No matter if there is a great seashore.
Who knows you might have fun.

Rhyme:

Night Time 

*The dark night sky show the moon,
And the night sky glistens on the tree bark,
The day may be filled with blue,
While the night sky is so dark.*

*You may be in bed,
With you teddy named Fred,
Your bed sheets may be red,
While an alien on the moon is dead.*

*Underground the worms wear a frown,
While the dirt won't make a sound,
No wonder we can hear the ground make a sound,
At least there rocks can't frown.*

Rhyming

The bug,
had To tug,
On the rug,
But then gave it a hug,

Then the bug saw a mouse,
Doing bounds,
*a*round ,
The house,

Then *the* mouse was walking,
Then started talking,
The bug suddenly saw a bee,
He couldn't believe was he could see

RHYME POEM

Once there was a book,
I caught it with a hook.
It was about a hog,
And its friend dog.

The hog's name was Mog,
Mog was a hog.
The dog's name was Casey,
Casey was every crazy.

Mog saw another hog,
His name was Sogg.
Casey saw a frog,
His name was bob.

Rhyming poem

My name is Bob,
I like to farm,
People call me Cob,
I do not harm.

I am weird,
I can't hear,
But I don't have a beard,
So I tear.

I have a mother,
And a brother,
But not a other,
But a cover.

Rhyming poems

People

Jeff has a beard
It's so big he can barely hear
Do to his beard, he is quite weird
Since he is weird he will tear

Bob has a mother
He also has a brother
Who has a magnificent other
Which made a music cover

Tim was rather thin
He was also kind of grim
His mind was quiet dim
Because he lost a limb

Rhyming poem ~~ballerina~~

I like to read
A very good book
On a sea
While i bait my hook

I have a friend Bob
He is very slow
He likes his job
So he likes to mow

There is a mouse named Jerry
He lives in a hole
He is very hairy
So he hides in a bowl

Rhyming poem

The mouse

It eats cheese

He runs through the house

Eats with ease,

There are multiple mice

Some are round

They aren't nice

They don't bound

Some eat rice

They have four legs

Some are nice

If they don't have four legs they beg

Football

The game is fun
You drive down the field
Then the offense is done
The defense is a shield

Time to kick the ball
Runs it to the thirty
He went and had a fall
And now he's all dirty

The team just now won
The other team lost
Now they are done
They just payed the cost

Rhyme poem

Bobs Life

Bob is a giant
Bob started a lot of rites
He needs anger management classes
He needs glasses

He runs into people he does not like
He even runs into people on his bike
Sometimes he runs into people on hikes
His least favorite person is Mike

He has one friend
He is ben
Bob sleeps in a giant hen house
His pet is a mouse

Ryming

Fat cat
Sat on bat
Bat sat on rat
Rat sat on cat

Cat sat on rat
Rat sat on bat
Bat sat on
Fat cat

Bat sat on rat
Fat cat sat on
Bat cat
Sat on rat