

FALLING UP

I tripped on my shoelace
And I fell up—
Up to the roof tops,
Up over the town,
Up past the tree tops,
Up over the mountains,
Up where the colors
Blend into the sounds.
But it got me so dizzy
When I looked around,
I got sick to my stomach
And I threw down.



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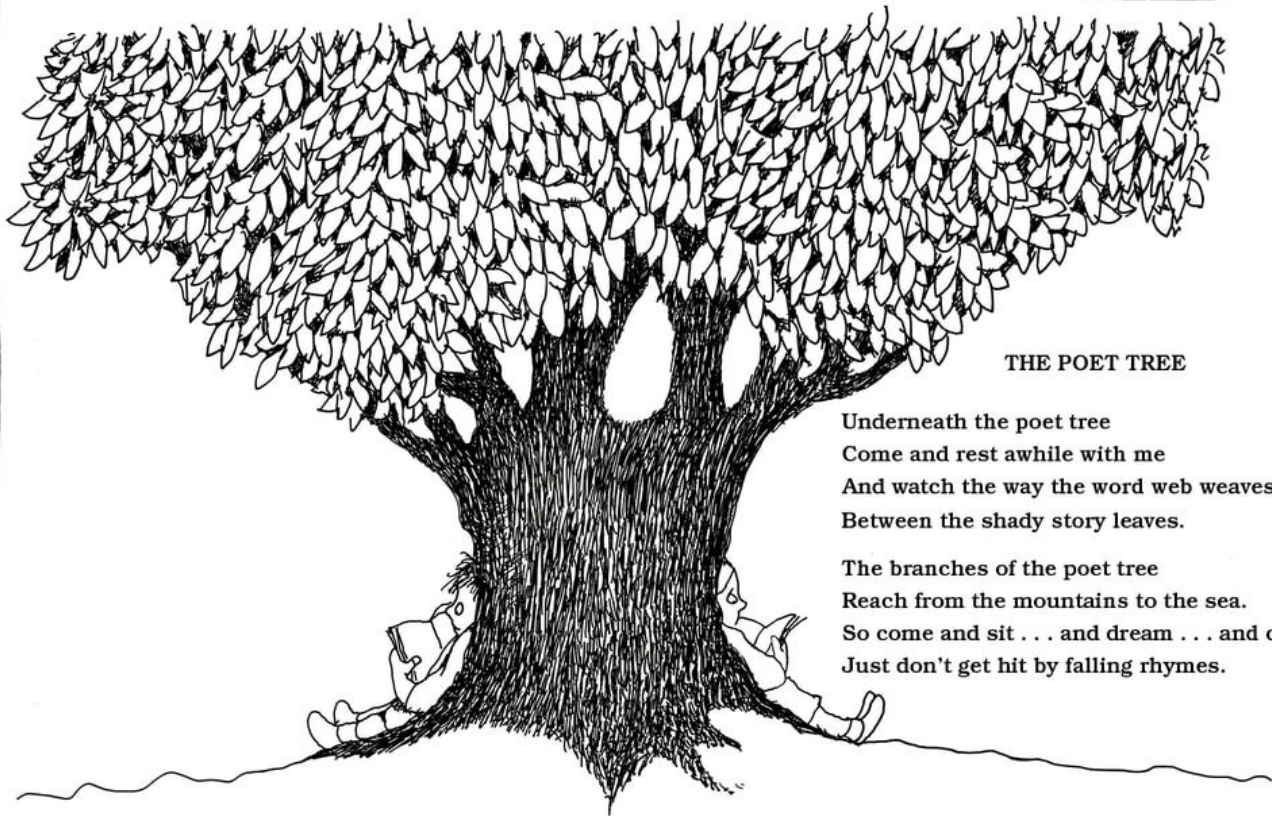


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SOMEBODY HAS TO

Somebody has to go polish the stars,
They're looking a little bit dull.
Somebody has to go polish the stars,
For the eagles and starlings and gulls
Have all been complaining they're tarnished and worn,
They say they want new ones we cannot afford.
So please get your rags
And your polishing jars,
Somebody has to go polish the stars.





THE POET TREE

Underneath the poet tree
Come and rest awhile with me
And watch the way the word web weaves
Between the shady story leaves.

The branches of the poet tree
Reach from the mountains to the sea.
So come and sit . . . and dream . . . and climb—
Just don't get hit by falling rhymes.

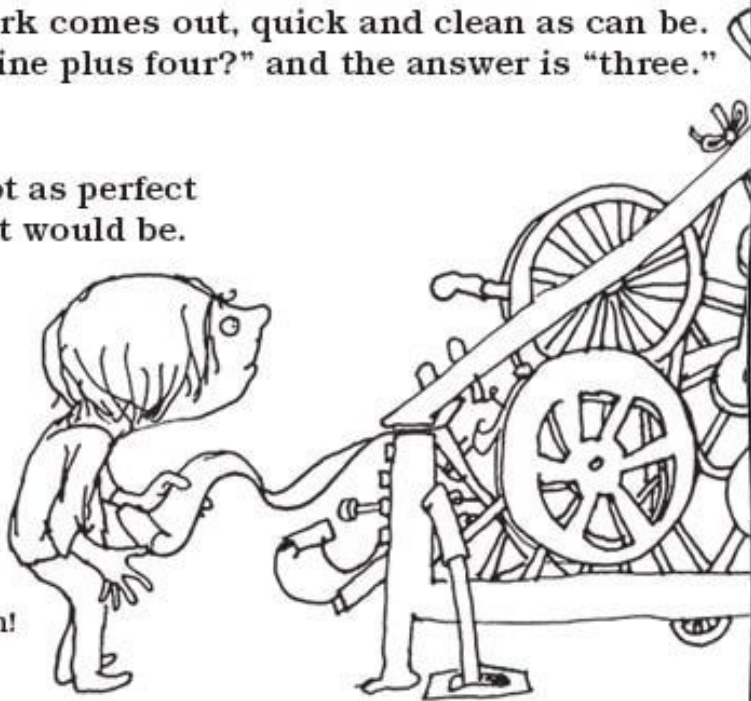
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HOMWORK MACHINE

The Homework Machine, oh the Homework Machine,
Most perfect contraption that's ever been seen.
Just put in your homework, then drop in a dime,
Snap on the switch, and in ten seconds' time,
Your homework comes out, quick and clean as can be.
Here it is—"nine plus four?" and the answer is "three."
Three?
Oh me . . .
I guess it's not as perfect
As I thought it would be.

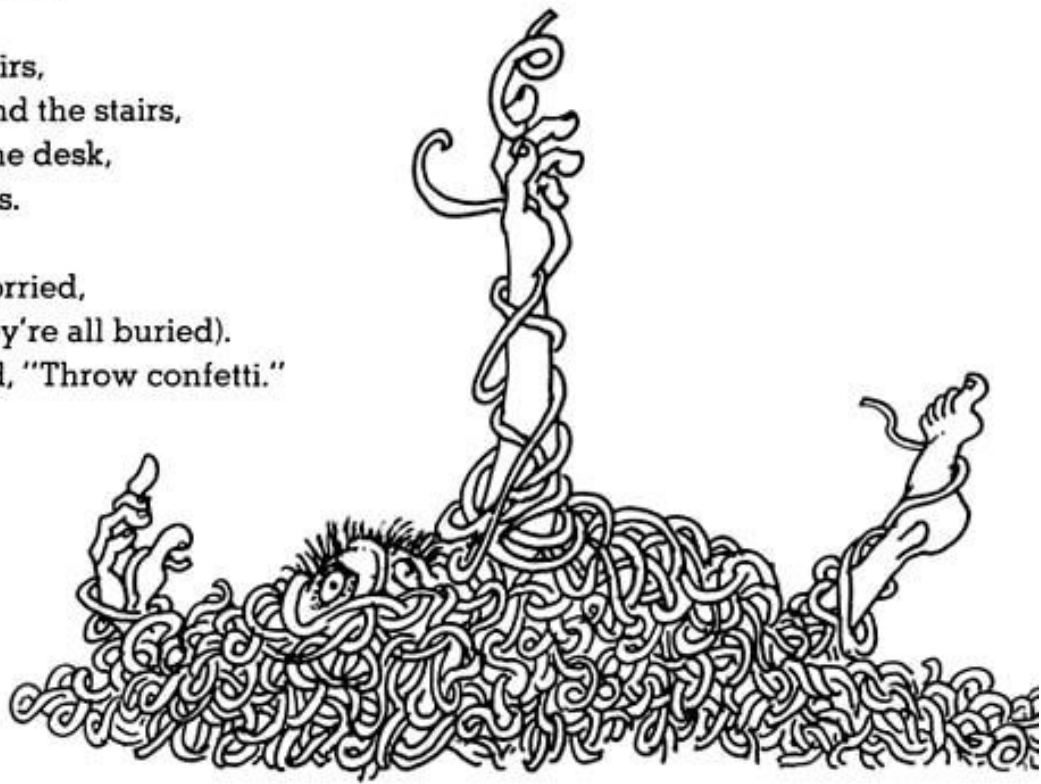
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SPAGHETTI

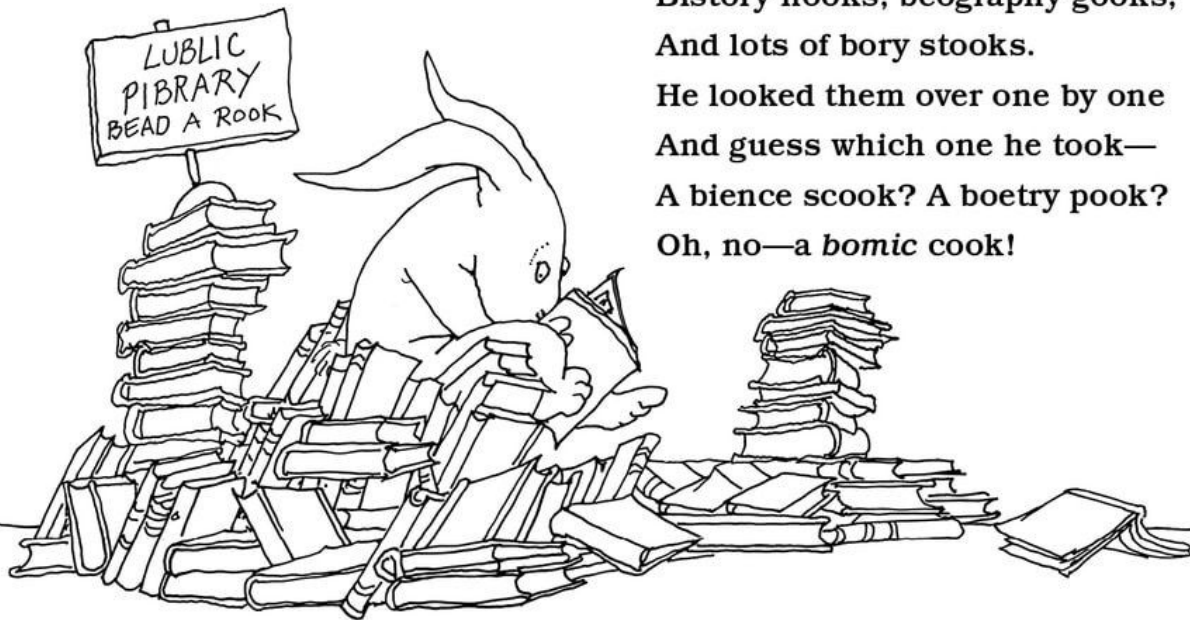
Spaghetti, spaghetti, all over the place,
Up to my elbows—up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all buried).
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw confetti."
I guess they heard wrong
'Cause they all threw spaghetti!



RUNNY'S HEADING RABITS

Runny lent to the wibrary
And there were bundreds of hooks—
Bistory hooks, beography gooks,
And lots of bory stooks.
He looked them over one by one
And guess which one he took—
A bience scook? A boetry pook?
Oh, no—a *bomic* cook!



Read more poems in *Runny Babbit: A Billy Sook* by Shel Silverstein!

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-ight

Kites

Up where wild breezes rage,
Kites dance upon a cloud-high stage.

Dipping left and soaring right,
They twist and twirl in bright sunlight.

With strings pulled tight as can be,
Sky dancers leap delightfully.

And when the night begins to fall,
They bow for one last curtain call.





-old

Leftovers

Way back in the fridge,
Hides a mushy, old pear,
Mold covered cheese,
And bread with green hair.

There's cold-spotted fruit,
And folded up meat,
Even sticky, gold goo...

But there's nothing to eat!





-oil

Planting

Dig in the soil,
Plant the seeds,
Sprinkle with water,
Toil with the weeds.

Give shade and sun,
Don't let them broil.
Wait for green sprouts...
Watch leaves uncoil!





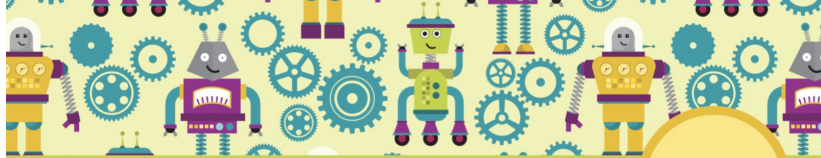
-are

Beware

Stay aware, little hare,
As you dart through the grass.
Be careful and quick
The fox stares as you pass!

Prepare to step lightly--
Make barely a sound.
Don't be scared, dare to run,
And you'll never be found!



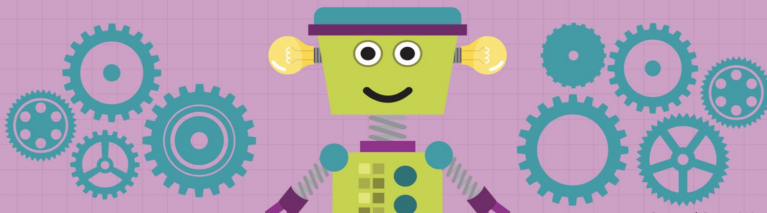


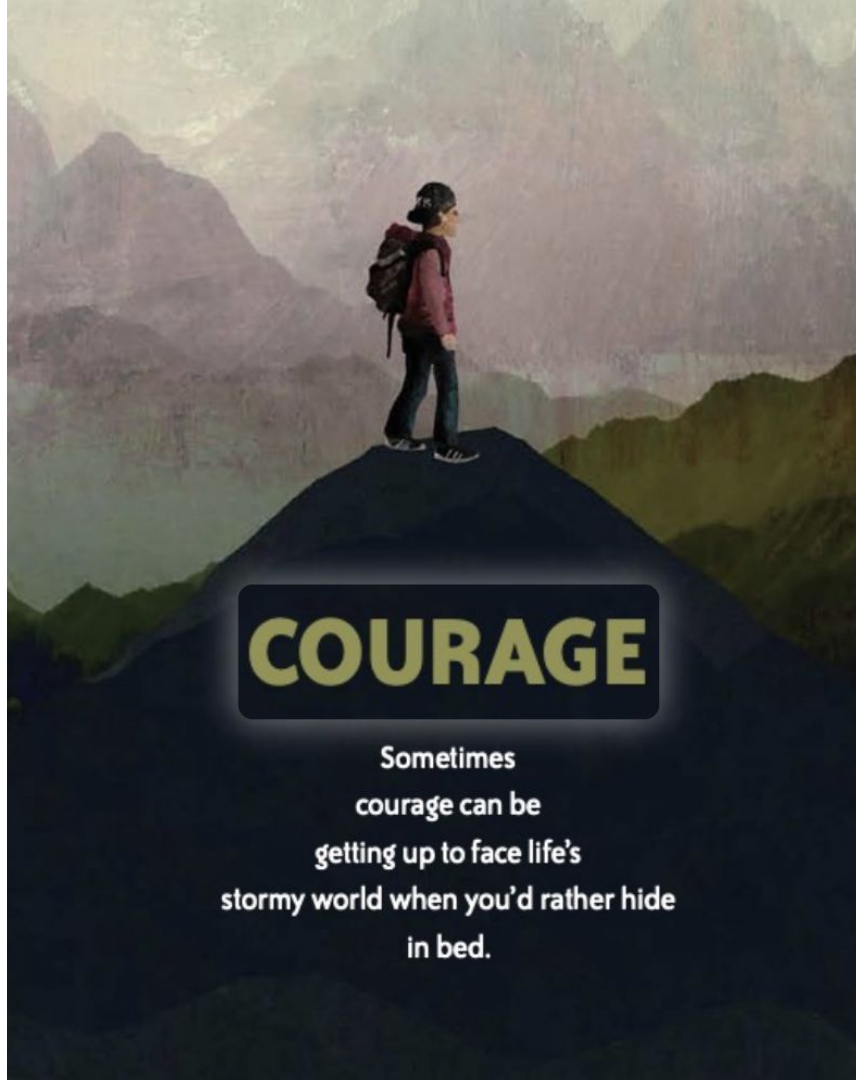
-ear

Glitch

Last year, I made a robot
From gears and bits of tin.
With light bulbs for his ears,
And a wide robotic grin.

I dearly hoped he'd help me,
But clearly there's a glitch.
He can't move near or far since
I forgot the power switch.



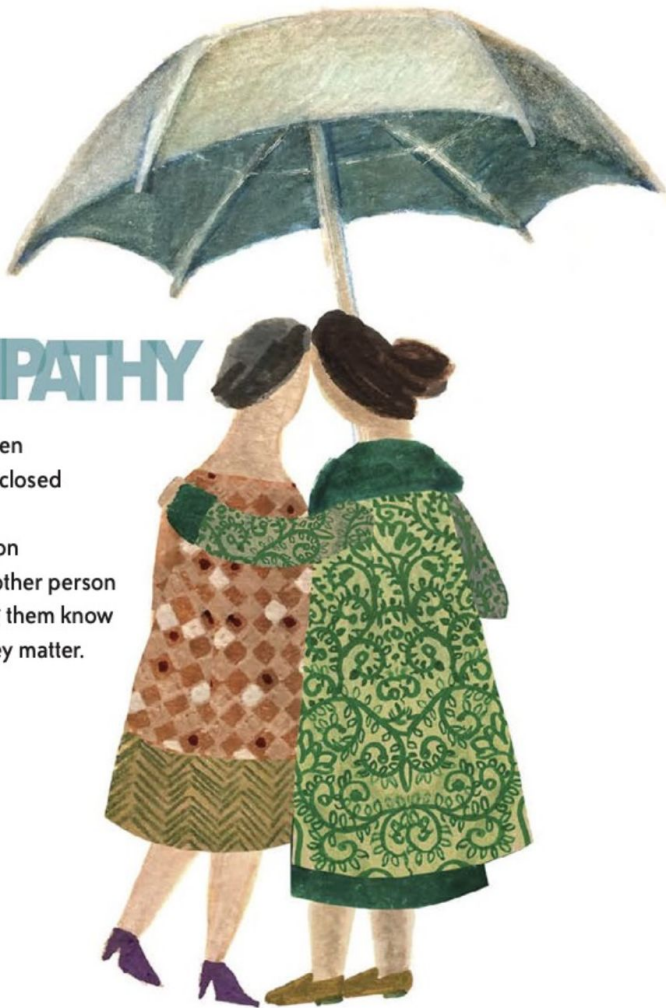


COURAGE

Sometimes
courage can be
getting up to face life's
stormy world when you'd rather hide
in bed.

EMPATHY

Ears open
Mouth closed
Paying
Attention
To the other person
Helping them know
Yes, they matter.



WATERMELON

Once my watermelon
Was nothing but a seed.
I put it in the ground
And pulled up all the weeds.

Watermelon, watermelon, on the vine.
Watermelon, watermelon, looks so fine.

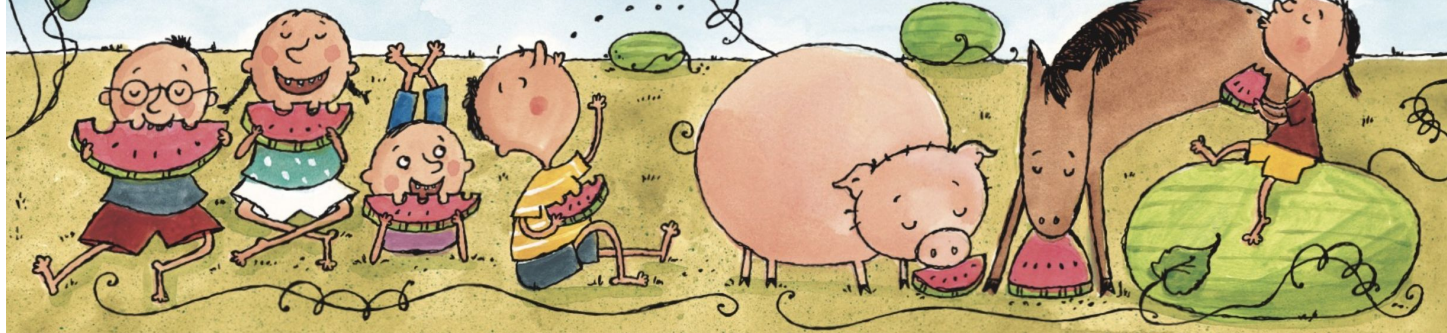
First came a sprout,
Then came a vine,
Then came a flower,
And all of it was mine.

Watermelon, watermelon, on the vine.
Watermelon, watermelon, looks so fine.

I took you to the kitchen,
Put you where it's cold,
Cut you into pieces
So you could be sold.

Watermelon, watermelon, on the vine.
Watermelon, watermelon, looks so fine.

One piece for the pony,
One piece for the pig,
Plenty for the family
Because you grew so big.
Watermelon, watermelon, on the vine.
Watermelon, watermelon, looks so fine.



MY CAT WON'T FETCH

My cat won't fetch
a ball or stick.
He hasn't learned
a single trick.

If I command
that he should
"Stay!"
he gives a yawn
and walks away.

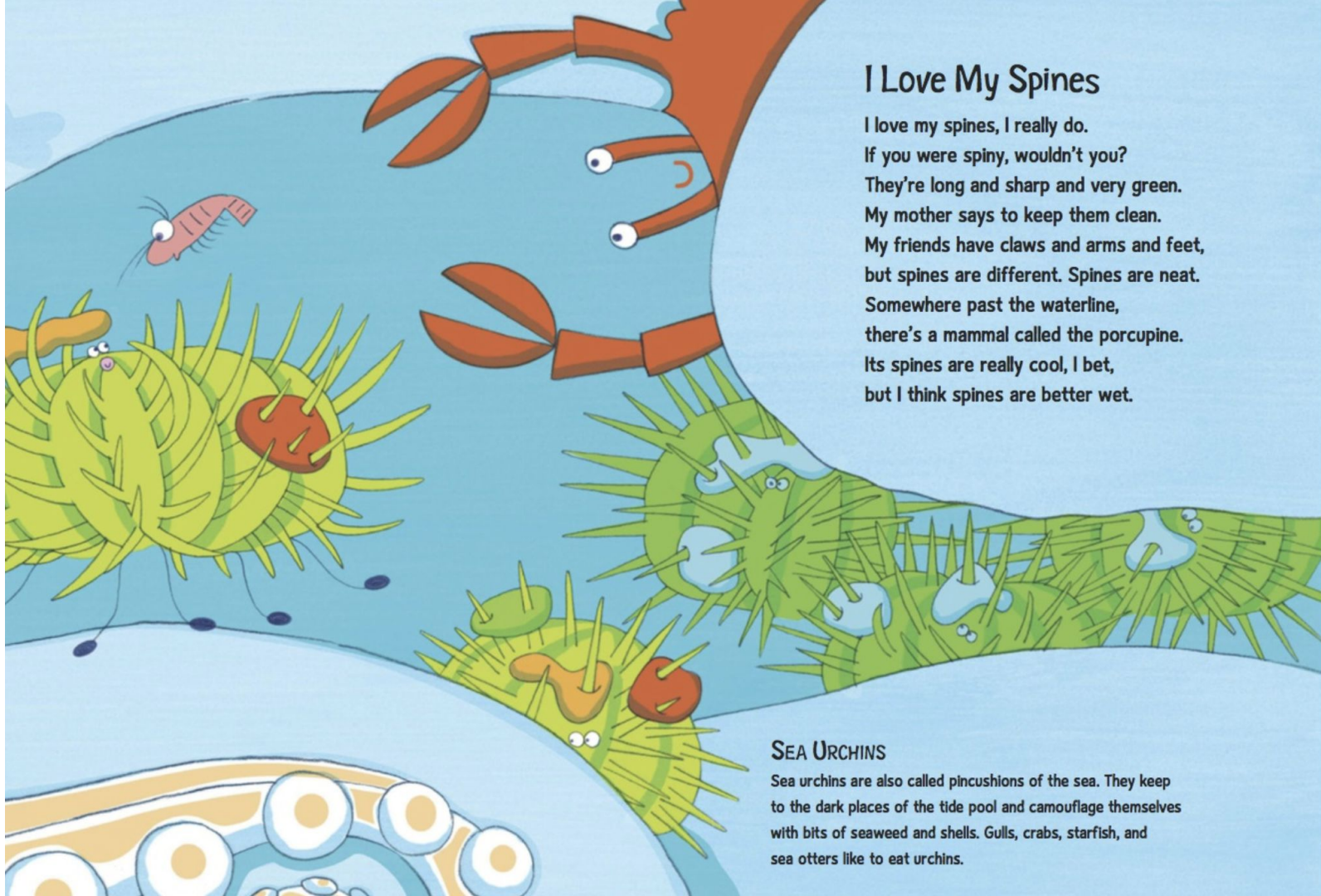
When I say "Sit!"
he rolls around.
When I say "Come!"
he can't be found.

He knows I'll feed
him anyway,
and play the games
he wants to play.

I guess it's not
too hard to tell:

my cat has trained
me very well!





I Love My Spines

I love my spines, I really do.
If you were spiny, wouldn't you?
They're long and sharp and very green.
My mother says to keep them clean.
My friends have claws and arms and feet,
but spines are different. Spines are neat.
Somewhere past the waterline,
there's a mammal called the porcupine.
Its spines are really cool, I bet,
but I think spines are better wet.

SEA URCHINS

Sea urchins are also called pincushions of the sea. They keep to the dark places of the tide pool and camouflage themselves with bits of seaweed and shells. Gulls, crabs, starfish, and sea otters like to eat urchins.