**Poem in Your Pocket Day**

April is National Poetry Month, and April 24 is Poem in Your Pocket Day! Invite children to choose a favorite poem and carry it with them throughout the day.

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**At the Sea-side**  
*by Robert Louis Stevenson*

When I was down beside the sea  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.  
My holes were empty like a cup.  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could come no more.

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**There Was an Old Man with a Flute**  
*by Edward Lear*

There was an Old Man with a flute,  
A serpent ran into his boot;  
But he played day and night,  
Till the serpent took flight,  
And avoided that man with a flute.

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**Little Things**  
*by Ebenezer Cobham Brewer*

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.  
Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

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**Pippa**  
*by Robert Browning*

The year’s at the spring,  
The day’s at the morn;  
Morning’s at seven;  
The hillside’s dew pearled;  
The lark’s on the wing;  
The snail’s on the thorn;  
God’s in His heaven—  
All’s right with the world!

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**The Moon’s the North Wind’s Cooky**  
*by Vachel Lindsey*

The Moon’s the North Wind's cooky,  
He bites it, day by day,  
Until there's but a rim of scraps  
That crumble all away.  
The South Wind is a baker.  
He kneads clouds in his den,  
And bakes a crisp new moon that . . . greedy  
North . . . Wind . . . eats . . . again!

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**I Meant to Do My Work Today**  
*by Richard LeGallienne*

I meant to do my work today,  
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
And all the leaves were calling me.  
And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,  
So what could I do but laugh and go?
All Things Bright and Beautiful  
by Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

Caterpillar  
by Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry,  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk,  
Or what not,  
Which may be the chosen spot.  
No toad spy you,  
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

The Oak & The Reeds  
by Walter Crane

Giant Oak, in his strength & his scorn  
Of the winds, by the roots was up torn:  
But slim Reeds at his side,  
The fierce gale did out ride,  
Since, by bending the burden was borne.

Poem in My Pocket  
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