

Grandma's Sunday Dinner

(A poem for two or more voices) by Mark Weakland

If you're in the mood for really good food

Try Grandma's Sunday dinner.

My sister squeals and turns cartwheels

For Grandma's Sunday dinner.

Stuffed pork chops piled high on plates

Smell heavenly. We just can't wait.

Show up early and don't be late

To Grandma's Sunday dinner.

Mashed potatoes in serving bowls,

Soup and salads and fresh baked rolls,

Sit side by side with casseroles

At Grandma's Sunday dinner.

You never lose. You always win.

It's Grandma's Sunday dinner.

Start out slow when you first begin

At Grandma's Sunday dinner.

We bow our heads in gratitude

For racks of ribs just barbequed

The table sags from all the food,

At Grandma's Sunday dinner.

Here comes dessert. It's chocolate cake,

And enough ice cream for a stomachache.

Eat a peppermint, for goodness sake,

After Grandma's Sunday dinner.

Had enough?

More Grandma's Sunday dinner!

I'm stuffed

Full of Grandma's Sunday dinner!

Run, Run, Run

By Mark Weakland

Run, run, run like an antelope.

Wind and twirl like a lasso rope.

Waddle like a penguin, buzz like a bee,

Itch like a monkey, spring like a flea.

Sniff, sniff, sniff like a hunting beagle.

Soar and glide like a golden eagle.

Slither like a snake, burrow like a shrew,

Strut like a rooster, “cock-a-doodle-doo!”

Bounce, bounce, bounce like a basketball.

Stand and stare like a red brick wall.

Dive like a dolphin, peck like a hen,

Flop like a rag doll.... Do it again!

What Should I Do?

By Mark Weakland

What should I do when I'm bored, bored, bored?

Should I hang out and twiddle my thumbs?

Play with my goldfish, jump on the bed?

Should I stare at the wall and look dumb?

For excitement I could pull a fire alarm

Or shove marshmallow chunks up my nose.

Eat a strange berry, rename myself Gary,

Or slather whipped cream on my toes.

My family, I know, disapproves of these plans,

So I'll do something else just to show 'em.

An outrageous act bound to stun and amaze...

I'll sit down and write a weird poem.

Don't Ever Say

By Mark Weakland

Illustration by Mike Owens

Don't ever say *fart* in the presence of your folks.
If you say the word *fart*, they'll have a stroke and croak.
Instead say gas or flatulence,
Break wind or tooters or "I shall stand by the fence."
If you must say *fart*, don't smile or smirk cause
If you make a face, they will think you're a jerk.
But take my advice, play it safe and smart
And refrain from saying *fart*.

Don't ever say *pee* in the presence of grownups.
If you say the word *pee* there might be a blow up.
Instead say urine or number one,
"Relieve myself" or "I've got to run."
If you must say *pee*, say it with a straight face
So they think you're upstanding and not a disgrace.
But if I were you (and if you were me),
I'd refrain from saying *pee*.

Don't ever say *poop* in the presence of adults.
If you say the word *poop*, they will find you at fault.
Instead say stool or number two,
BM or kaka or "I've got to make doo."
If you must say *poop*, say it seriously
So they'll think you're polite and not a pain in the knee.
But here's a tip, it's an inside scoop,
I'd refrain from saying *poop*,

