**No Difference**

Small as a peanut,

Big as a giant,

We're all the same size

 When we turn out the light.

Rich as a sultan,

Poor as a mite,

We're all worth the same

When we turn out the light.

**SICK**

'I cannot go to school today, '
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
'I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more-that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut-my eyes are blue-
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke-
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is-what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is...Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play! '

**Messy Room**

Whosever room this is should be ashamed!
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.
His workbook is wedged in the window,
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.
His books are all jammed in the closet,
His vest has been left in the hall.
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall.
Whosever room this is should be ashamed!
Donald or Robert or Willie or--
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,
I knew it looked familiar!

[**Screamin' Millie**](http://poemsbyshelsilverstein.blogspot.com/2009/01/poem-by-shel-silverstein-pg-44.html)

Millie McDeevit screamed a scream
So loud it made her eyebrows steam.
She screamed so loud her jawbone broke,
Her tongue caught fire, her nostrils smoked,
Her eyeballs boiled and then popped out,
Her ears flew north, her nose went south,
Her teeth flew out, her voice was wrecked,
Her head went sailing off her neck– –
Over the hillside, ‘cross the stream,
Into the skies it chased the scream.
And that’s what happened to Millie McDeevit
(At least I hope all you screamers believe it).

[**Clean Gene**](http://poemsbyshelsilverstein.blogspot.com/2009/01/poem-by-shel-silverstein-pg-152-153.html)

Clean Gene is really clean--
He is a bath fanatic.
He has six washstands in his room
And twelve tubs in his attic.
He’ll wash before he goes school,
He’ll rinse when he gets there.
At recess you can find him
Rubbin’ shampoo in his hair.
He buys each new deodorant
To keep him smelling sweet,
He hires a manicurist
For each toenail on his feet.
He only will play baseball
With a Q-tip in each hand,
In case his ears get gritty
From the winds and blowin’ sand.
He wears a plastic bubble
So no germs can touch his shirt.
He will not eat potatoes
‘Cause potatoes grow in dirt.
He carries toothpaste, and he’ll brush
And floss with zest and zeal
Before--and after--and (I’m sorry)
During every meal.
He has a shower above his bed
To spray a soapy stream
(Just in case he ever should
Get dirty in his dream).
He’s hired a man named Henry Grunge,
And when he goes to play,
Grunge runs beside him with a sponge
To wipe his sweat away.
He’s built a special music tub
That he can sit right in
‘Longside his music teacher
While he plays the violin.
So when you go to visit Gene
Just make sure your jeans are clean,
Just make sure your nails are scrubbed,
Make sure you bring along your tub,
And leave your shoes out in the hall--
If you visit Gene at all.

**Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out**

Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout

Would not take the garbage out!

She’d scour the pots and scrape the pans,

Candy the yams and spice the hams,

And though her daddy would scream and shout,

She simply would not take the garbage out.

And so it piled up to the ceilings:

Coffee grounds, potato peelings,

Brown bananas, rotten peas,

Chunks of sour cottage cheese.

It filled the can, it covered the floor,

It cracked the window, it blocked the door

With bacon rinds and chicken bones,

Drippy ends of ice cream cones,

Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,

Gloppy glumps of cold oatmeal,

Pizza crests and withered greens,

Soggy beans and tangerines,

Crusts of black burned buttered toast,

Gristly bits of beefy roasts. . .

The garbage rolled down the hall,

It raised the roof, it broke the wall. . .

Greasy napkins, cookie crumbs,

Globs of gooey bubble gum,

Cellophane from green baloney,

Rubbery blubbery macaroni,

Peanut butter, caked and dry,

Curdled milk and crusts of pie,

Moldy melons, dried up mustard,

Eggshells mixed with lemon custard,

Cold french fries and rancid meat,

Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.

At last the garbage reached so high

That finally it touched the sky.

And all the neighbors moved away,

And none of her friends would come out to play.

And finally Sarah Cynthia Stout said,

“OK, I’ll take the garbage out!”

But then, of course, it was too late. . .

The garbage reached across the state,

From New York to the Golden Gate.

And there, in the garbage she did hate,

Poor Sarah met an awful fate,

That I cannot right now relate

Because the hour is much too late.

But children, remember Sarah Stout

And always take the garbage out!