

THE POETS CORNER

Ode on the Death of a Grasshopper

The Grass is green, the earth is brown,  
The sun comes up, the sun goes down.

The birds chirp tweet, tweet, tweet,  
Don't you think that's awfully sweet?

No more of the nectar of the flowers,  
Gone is the thrill of hopping in spring  
showers:

No more to see the sun, a golden ball  
rise,  
No more to snap at tasty morsels-  
delicious flies.

The nights with its refreshing coolness  
is gone,  
Also the beauty of Miss Katy-did's song.

From ashes to ashes and dust to dust,  
If old age doesn't get you, some big  
stupid human foot must - - -SQOOOOOSH.

by D. Bryce Shelly Walker  
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THE GREEN GRASS GROWS

A green little chemist  
On a green little day  
Mixed some green little chemicals  
In a green little way.

Now the green little grasses  
So tenderly wave  
O'er the green little chemist's  
Green little grave.

by Joann Kenvin  
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For several days a teacher worked with  
his students on three degrees of  
adjectives and adverbs. After patiently  
emphasizing that the comparative degree  
was stronger and that the superlative  
was strongest, he dictated a list of

words to compare which included the  
adjective 'high'. One one of the papers  
he found "Positive degree - Hi, Compar-  
ative - Hello, Superlative- How do you  
do.....A teacher punished a  
little boy for using 'have went' by  
making him stay after school to write 'have  
gone' five hundred times. The boy  
stayed, and when he had finished, he  
wrote the teacher a note, "I have written  
have gone five hundred times, and I  
have went home.".....  
Conversation between two co-eds -  
"Certainly was a cute fellow you were  
with. Where did he hail from?"  
"From a 1956 convertable."

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