Once upon a time
I caught a little rhyme

I set it on the floor
but it ran right out the door

I chased it on my bicycle
but it melted to an icicle

I scooped it up in my hat
but it turned into a cat

I caught it by the tail
but it stretched into a whale

I followed it in a boat
but it changed into a goat

When I fed it tin and paper
it became a tall skyscraper

Then it grew into a kite
and flew far out of sight ...
One Out of Sixteen
by Shel Silverstein

I’m no good at History,
Science makes no sense to me,
Music is a mystery,
English is no friend to me,
Math is my worst enemy,
Economics tortures me,
Gym takes too much energy,
Reading is a chore to me,
Geography just loses me,
I hate Sociology,
Chemistry confuses me,
I barf in Biology,
Astronomy’s just stars to me,
Botany’s just flowers smelling,
Even Art's too hard for me.
Well, at least I’m good at Speling!
Afternoon on a Hill
by Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

I will be the gladdest thing
    Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
    And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
    With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
    And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
    Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
    And then start down!