

KENN NESBITT

THE ELEPHANT REPAIRMAN

Funny Poems for Kids



Illustrations by Rafael Domingos

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Kenn Nesbitt

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Rafael Domingos

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For Leslie and John

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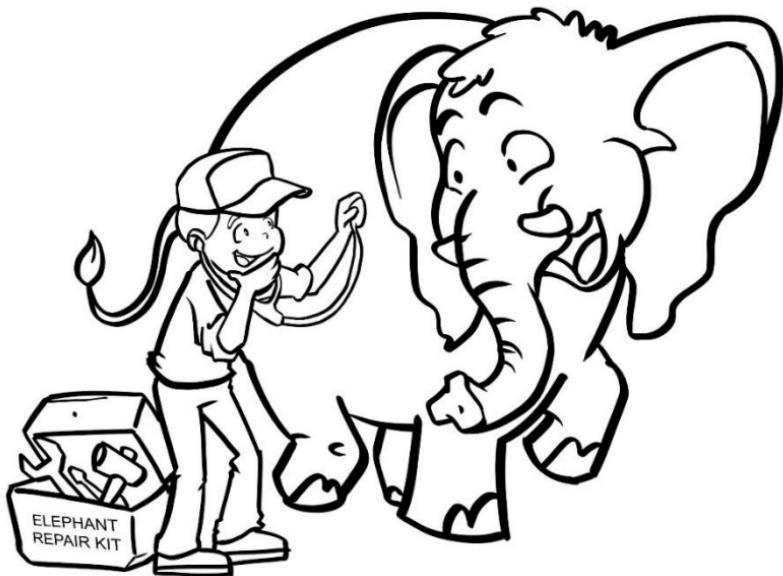
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The Elephant Repairman



If your elephant is broken
and she needs a quick repair,
call the elephant repairman
and he'll instantly be there.

If her trunk can't play the trumpet
or her toes can't tap a beat,
then the elephant repairman will
inspect her nose and feet.

If her tail won't hold a kite string,
if her ears won't make her fly,
then the elephant repairman
will explain the reason why.

When he figures out the problem
then he'll start on the repair
with his elephant repair kit,
which he carries everywhere.

And it's guaranteed your elephant
will soon be good as new
since repairing broken elephants
is what he likes to do.

But he cannot fix your dinosaur,
your dragon, or your duck.
So, if one of them is broken,
I'm afraid you're out of luck.

Computer Cat



Some cats like growling,
and some like to purr,
and others like napping
or licking their fur.
But my cat is different
and she would prefer
to use the computer all day.

She's somewhat surprising,
not like other cats.
She blogs about dogs
and she reads about rats.
She loves online shopping
and video chats,
and searching for games she can play.

As long as the Internet's
working just fine,
my cat's on my laptop
and surfing online.
She likes it so much that
this kitty of mine
will never go out of the house.

She learned how to code
to control the machine
by clicking the keyboard
and swiping the screen.
But, why does she do it?
From what I have seen,
it's mostly to play with the mouse.

Our Magic Toilet



We have a magic toilet.
It makes things disappear.
Just toss them in and flip the switch
and—Presto!—they're not here.

We love our magic toilet.
It's super fun to use.
My brother flushed his baseball bat.
My sister flushed her shoes.

The baby flushed her bottle.
I flushed my radio.
It's crazy how things vanish
but we don't know where they go.

Our mother flushed the sofa.
She flushed our camping tent.
That's when I looked around and said,
“I wonder where dad went?”

Astrocow



Hello, my name is AstroCow.
I'm deep in outer space right now.
I'm off to visit distant stars.
I've seen the moon. I've been to Mars.

I've done the most amazing things.
I soared through Saturn's massive rings.
I checked out Neptune. Pluto too.
Then out among the stars I flew.

I built this awesome rocket ship
to take an interstellar trip,
and travel through the galaxy
to find a home for cows like me.

You see, I used to live on Earth.
It was my home, my place of birth.
But now I search for somewhere new;
somewhere they don't serve barbecue.

The Noisy Boys from Boise

The Noisy Boys from Boise
are the noisiest of boys.
They're boisterous annoyances.
They're great at making noise.

They wake up every morning
with a COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
And then they start to BARK! and HONK!
and OINK! and CLUCK! and MOO!

At breakfast time they throw their bowls
to hear the way they SMASH!
They fill the room with BAM! and BOOM!
and BASH! and CRACK! and CRASH!

They STOMP and TROMP around the house
until it's time for lunch,
then POUND their plates with hammers
for the CLATTER and the CRUNCH!

They CLANG on cans and pots and pans,
then BANG the dinner bell,
which means it's time to SLURP! and BURP!
and run around and YELL!

And when they go to bed
they're even louder than before.
The Noisy Boys from Boise sleep...
and SNORE, and SNORE, and SNORE!

Crash! Bang! Boom!



I close my eyes, turn off the light.

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

Oh, what's that noise so late at night?

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

It seems that something isn't right.

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

It's giving me an awful fright.

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

Is it some fiend I'll have to fight?

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

Or could it be a bat in flight?

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

I shine my flashlight, nice and bright.

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

My brother's playing drums tonight!

CRASH! BANG! BOOM!

Our Classroom Is Covered in Sparkles

Our classroom is covered in sparkles
and tinsel that twinkles and shines.

The kids are all caked with confetti that glows
with glistening rainbow designs.

Our teacher is spattered with spangles.
She's shimmering, shiny, and bright.
She looks like a disco ball burst overhead
and splashed her with speckles of light.

Our desks are all glimmering brightly.
The chairs and the carpets are gleaming.
There isn't a surface inside of our room
that isn't bedazzling and beaming.

Our janitor's grumpy and grumbling.
To him it's just that much more litter.
But, still, we love sharing our Valentine's cards
in envelopes loaded with glitter.

I Tried to Find a Dinosaur

I tried to find a dinosaur.

I started in my yard.

I dug and dug for days and days.

The work was long and hard.

I dug through dirt and mud and muck.

I dug through rocks and soil.

My arms grew sore. My legs grew weak
from all the sweat and toil.

I shoveled tons of gravel out.

I moved a bunch of stones,
until, at last, to my surprise,
I found some fossil bones.

I put the bones together in
my bedroom on the floor.

When I was done, those bones had formed
a half a dinosaur.

My parents weren't too happy when

I told them of my goal.

I found a half a dinosaur,
but then they found the hole.

I Hypnotized the Teacher



I hypnotized the teacher
in our classroom yesterday.
I think it worked! He's started
doing everything I say.

I said he was a chicken.
He began to crow and cluck.
And then he started quacking
when I said he was a duck.

It made my classmates laugh
to see the teacher act so funny.
He hopped and nibbled carrots
when I said he was a bunny.

I said he was a fierce,
ferocious, giant dinosaur.
It worked, but now he won't do
what I tell him anymore.

Our class is now directed by
this stomping, roaring creature.
I recommend that you don't ever
hypnotize your teacher.

Continue Reading

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