



Fall Into Poetry

Use the following questions to guide your readers to consider each poem more fully:

1. How does the poem relate to the fall season?
2. When reading or listening to the poem a second time, what do you notice that you didn't notice during the first read?
3. What do you picture when you hear this poem?
4. What is your favorite line or image? Why?
5. Does the poem have any rhyming? Do you notice any other fun sound effects in the poem (such as repeated starting letters, repeated lines, etc)?

Five Little Pumpkins

Five little pumpkins sitting on a gate,
The first one said, "Oh my it's getting late!"
The second one said, "There's a chill in the air."
The third one said, "But we don't care!"
The fourth one said, "Let's run and run and run."
The fifth one said, "I'm ready for some fun."
Ooooo-ooo went the wind.
And out went the lights!
And the five little pumpkins rolled out of sight!



First Fall

by Maggie Smith

I'm your guide here. In the evening-dark
morning streets, I point and name.
Look, the sycamores, their mottled,
paint-by-number bark. Look, the leaves
rusting and crisping at the edges.
I walk through Schiller Park with you
on my chest. Stars smolder well
into daylight. Look, the pond, the ducks,
the dogs paddling after their prized sticks.
Fall is when the only things you know
because I've named them
begin to end. Soon I'll have another
season to offer you: frost soft
on the window and a porthole
sighed there, ice sleeving the bare
gray branches. The first time you see
something die, you won't know it might
come back. I'm desperate for you
to love the world because I brought you here.

Leaves

by Elsie N. Brady

How silently they tumble down
And come to rest upon the ground
To lay a carpet, rich and rare,
Beneath the trees without a care,
Content to sleep, their work well done,
Colors gleaming in the sun.

At other times, they wildly fly
Until they nearly reach the sky.
Twisting, turning through the air
Till all the trees stand stark and bare.
Exhausted, drop to earth below
To wait, like children, for the snow.

Theme in Yellow

by Carl Sandburg

I spot the hills
With yellow balls in autumn.
I light the prairie cornfields
Orange and tawny gold clusters
And I am called pumpkins.
On the last of October
When dusk is fallen
Children join hands
And circle round me
Singing ghost songs
And love to the harvest moon;
I am a jack-o'-lantern
With terrible teeth
And the children know
I am fooling.

Autumn

by Alexander Posey

In the dreamy silence
Of the afternoon, a
Cloth of gold is woven
Over wood and prairie;
And the jaybird, newly
Fallen from the heaven,
Scatters cordial greetings,
And the air is filled with
Scarlet leaves, that, dropping,
Rise again, as ever,
With a useless sigh for
Rest – and it is Autumn.

Raking Leaves

by Barbara Vance

I raked the leaves on our front lawn;
It took all afternoon.
I started at 'round half past one
and said, "I'll be done soon."

But once I saw how more leaves fell
Each time I made a pile,
I quickly saw this outdoor chore
Was going to take a while.

And so I did what my dad said
A winner does to win;
I studied that great pile of leaves,
And then I jumped right in.



