Poetry by Shel Silverstein

Jimmy Jet And His TV Set

I'll tell you the story of
Jimmy Jet -- And you
know what I tell you is true.

He loved to watch his TV
set: Almost as much as
you.

He watched all day, he
watched all night till he
grew pale and lean.

From "The Early Show" to "The Late Late Show" and all
the shows between.

He watched 'til his eyes were frozen wide, and his
bottom grew into his chair.

True Story

This morning I jumped on my horse
And went out for a ride,
And some wild outlaws chased me
And they shot me in the side.
So I crawled into a wildcat's cave
To find a place to hide,
But some pirates found me sleeping there,
And soon they had me tied
To a pole and built a fire
Under me--I almost cried
Till a mermaid came and cut me loose
And begged to be my bride,
So I said I'd come back Wednesday
But I must admit I lied.
Then I ran into a jungle swamp
But I forgot my guide
And I stepped into some quicksand,
And no matter how I tried
I couldn't get out, until I met
A water snake named Clyde,
Who pulled me to some cannibals
Who planned to have me fried.
But an eagle came and swooped me up
And through the air we flew,
But he dropped me in a boiling lake
A thousand miles wide.
And you'll never guess what I did then--
I DIED.
Me and My Giant

I have a friend who
is a giant,
And he lives where
the tall weeds grow.
He’s high as a
mountain and wide
as a barn,
And I only come up
to his toe, you know,
I only come
up to his toe.

When the daylight grows dim I talk with him
Way down in the marshy sands,
And his ear is too far way to hear
But still he understands, he ‘stands,
I know he understands

For we have a code called the “scratch:” tap code,”
And here is what we do
I scratch his toe ... once means, “Hello”
And twice means, “How are you?”
Three means, “Does it look like rain?”

Four times means, “Don’t cry.”
Five times means, “I’ll scratch you a joke.”
And six times means, "Goodbye," “Goodbye,”
Six times means, "Goodbye."

And he answers me by tapping his toe
Once means, “Hello, friend.”
Two taps means, “It’s very nice to feel your scratch
again.”
Three taps means, “It’s lonely here
With my head in the top of the sky.”
Four taps means, “Today an eagle smiled as she flew
by.”
Five taps means, “Oops, I just bumped my head
against the moon.”
Six means, “Sigh” and seven means, “Bye”
And eight means, “Come back soon, soon, soon."
Eight means, “Come back soon.”

And then I scratch a thousand times,
And he taps with a bappiness: bimm,
And he laughs so hard he shakes the sky
That means I’m tickling him!

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 and blocked the door
With bacon rinds and chicken bones,
Drippy ends of ice cream cones,
Prune pits, peach pits, orange peel,
Gloppy gloops of cold oatmeal,
Pizza crusts and withered greens,
Soggy beans and tangerines,
Crusts of black burned buttered toast,
Gristly bits of beefy roasts... .
The garbage rolled on 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 fried and rancid meat,
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat,
At last the garbage reached so high

That it finally touched the sky.
And all the neighbors moved away,
And none of her friends would come 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 now relate
Because the hour is much too late.
But children, remember Sarah Stout
And always take the garbage out!