Sleepy Oyster

The storm is raging up above,  
And waves are dashing high,  
The sea birds, screaming, fly to land,  
As thunder rocks the sky.

But down below in waters calm  
The oyster sleeps away;  
Quite heedless of the wind and waves,  
He snoozes, night and day.

He does not shout and rant and rave,  
Nor bolts of lightning hurl,  
He's dozing in the oyster bed,  
And dreaming up a pearl!

Frances Gorman Risser

A Pelican

A pelican uses its steam-shovel bill  
to gather more fish than can possibly fill  
its pelican belly.  
It's not out of greed . . .  
that bill is a trough where young pelicans feed.

Jack Prelutsky, from A Pizza the Size of the Sun

Fish

The little fish are silent  
As they swim round and round.  
Their mouths are ever talking  
A speech without a sound.

Now aren't the fishes funny  
To swim in water clear  
And talk with words so silent  
That nobody can hear?

Arthur S. Bourinot

Desert  
  
   
D is for desert,  
D is for dry,  
No waitin' for rain,  
To drop from the sky…  
D is for desert,  
D is for dry,  
A few types of plants,  
A lot are cacti!  
   
D is for desert,  
D is for dry,  
Not too much life,  
Or water nearby…  
D is for desert,  
D is for dry,  
Cold or hot,  
But arid, oh my….  
Deserts are dry,  
Like sand in the sun,  
If you go without drinks,  
It won't be much fun…

Tropical Rainforest

We like to live here,  
Yes we do,  
Rainforest home,  
Wouldn’t you?  
Dark and damp,  
On forest floor,  
Fungi grows,  
  
Wait, there’s more,  
Bugs and bugs,  
Of every kind,  
I'll go on,  
If you don’t mind…  
Jaguars, tapirs, amphibians,  
  
The forest floor,  
Where it begins...  
We like to live here,  
Yes we do,  
Rainforest home,  
Wouldn’t you?  
Next level up?  
The understory,  
There’s a huge inventory,  
Birds, and bats, and butterflies,  
  
Bananas, tarsiers, meet our eyes,  
Capuchin monkeys, boas, skinks,  
The chocolate used in chocolate drinks!  
We like to live here,  
Yes we do,  
Rainforest home,  
Wouldn’t you?  
Next level comes,   
You will see,  
Is the great green canopy,  
Not a place for cans of peas,  
  
Just the tops of tall, green trees,  
Two-toed sloths, and maybe three,  
Move so slow, you’ll agree,  
Epiphytes, orangutans,   
The colored beaks of cool toucans,  
And all those wise old, graceful trees,  
Produce the oxygen,   
Which we breathe...  
We like to live here,  
Yes we do,  
Rainforest home,  
Wouldn’t you?  
Emergent layer,  
Tops it all,  
Sit up there,  
And see it all,  
The amazing forest,  
Stuns and awes,  
But people cut it,  
With chainsaws,  
  
We hope it doesn’t all get wrecked,  
It’s a place we should protect...  
We like to live here,  
Yes we do,  
Rainforests need,  
Help from you…

Tundra  
(Arctic)

I wonder, wonder,  
'Bout the Tundra,  
What’s there for us to see?  
Asked my Great Aunt,   
Sally Sue,  
The one with one left knee...  
She went to find out for herself,  
To Arctic Tundra land,  
It was dry,   
It was cold,  
The wind whipped by her hand!  
No tall trees,   
But moss and shrubs,  
Few things that roamed the ground,  
Permafrost and chilling cold,  
Not much that sticks around...  
Polar bears, an arctic fox,  
  
Some seals enjoy the freeze,  
Whales swimming,   
Eating krill,  
In the cold dark seas...  
An arctic hare,  
  
An arctic tern,  
A bright white snowy owl,  
  
Living there in the tundra,  
Where winds and wolves might howl...  
My Aunt Sue loved the tundra,  
She thought it was real nice,  
Now she lives there all year round,  
In a block of ice!