**Dynamic Dialogue Poems**

Whosever room this is should be ashamed!  
His underwear is hanging on the lamp.  
His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair,  
And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp.

His workbook is wedged in the window,  
His sweater's been thrown on the floor.  
His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV,  
And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door.

His books are all jammed in the closet,  
His vest has been left in the hall.  
A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed,  
And his smelly old sock has been stuck to he wall.

Whosever room this is should be ashamed!  
Donald or Robert or Willie or--  
Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear,  
I knew it looked familiar!

**Shel Silverstein**

**Bear In There by Shel Silverstein**

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire--  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.

With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,

He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.

And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there--  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.



**Be Glad Your Nose is on Your Face by Jack Prelutsky**

Be glad your nose is on your face,  
not pasted on some other place,  
for if it were where it is not,  
you might dislike your nose a lot.  
  
Imagine if your precious nose  
were sandwiched in between your toes,  
that clearly would not be a treat,  
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.  
  
Your nose would be a source of dread  
were it attached atop your head,  
it soon would drive you to despair,  
forever tickled by your hair.  
  
Within your ear, your nose would be  
an absolute catastrophe,  
for when you were obliged to sneeze,  
your brain would rattle from the breeze.  
  
Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,  
remains between your eyes and chin,  
not pasted on some other place--  
be glad your nose is on your face!

  
**Last Night I Dreamed of Chickens by Jack Prelutsky**

Last night I dreamed of chickens,  
there were chickens everywhere,  
they were standing on my stomach,  
they were nesting in my hair,

they were pecking at my pillow,  
they were hopping on my head,  
they were ruffling up their feathers  
as they raced about my bed.  
  
They were on the chairs and tables,  
they were on the chandeliers,  
they were roosting in the corners,  
they were clucking in my ears,

there were chickens, chickens, chickens  
for as far as I could see...  
when I woke today, I noticed  
there were eggs on top of me.

I overslept. I woke up late.  
I had to rush. I couldn’t wait.  
I grabbed my clothes. I threw them on.  
And, in an instant, I was gone.  
I ran to school. When I got there,  
my friends and classmates stopped to stare.

I looked a mess, without a doubt.  
I had my coat on inside out.  
It seems I wore my sister’s shirt.  
My trouser legs were caked with dirt.  
One shoe was green. The other, red,  
and underwear was on my head.

I thought that everyone would frown  
and call me names and put me down.  
But then, instead of what I feared,  
my friends applauded, whooped, and cheered.  
It turns out people think it’s cool  
when you’re the worst-dressed kid in school.

**Kenn Nesbitt**