

## Poems by Shel Silverstein

1. Thing
2. Thing
3. Person
4. Thing
5. Thing
6. Thing
7. Thing
8. Thing
9. Thing
10. Thing
11. Thing
12. Thing
13. Place
14. Thing
15. Place
16. Place
17. Thing
18. Thing

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What a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing

Oh what a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing

My baby \_\_\_\_\_  
Person ran away.

I'm eight years old

And turning \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing, Oh what a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing, Oh what a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing.

I've done it, I've done it!

Guess what I've done!

Invented a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing that plugs into the \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing.

The \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing is bright enough,

The \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing is strong enough,

But, oh, there's only one thing wrong...

The \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing ain't long enough.

A \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing was sitting quietly

Outside his rectangular \_\_\_\_\_  
Place

When a \_\_\_\_\_  
Thing came down -- Kerplunk! --

And stuck him in the \_\_\_\_\_  
Place

"I

must go to the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Place</sup>,"

Cried the wounded \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Thing</sup>,

So a passing rolling \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Thing</sup>

Picked him up and took him there.