

## JINGLES, LIMERICKS AND OTHER SHORT VERSE

### Criteria

#### DIAMOND:

1. Seven lines in length  
First line consists of a noun  
Second line consists of two adjectives describing the noun  
Third line consists of three words ending in "-ed" or "-ing" that relate to the noun in line one  
Fourth line consists of four nouns related to subject  
Fifth line consists of three words ending in "-ed", "-off", or "-ing" that show a change or development relating to noun in line one  
Sixth line consists of two adjectives relating to noun in line one and furthering the change or development  
Seventh line consists of a noun that has a meaning opposite from the noun in line one
2. The words within each line are separated by commas, and each line begins with a capital letter. Other punctuation may vary.

*Wheat  
Short, green,  
Starting, sprouting, growing,  
Farmer, Thresher, Buyer, Shipper.  
Harvested, Purchased, Miller,  
Sifted, Baked  
Bread.*

#### LIMERICKS:

Rhyme scheme: Line 1,2,5  
3,4

*A diner while dining at Crew  
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout  
Or waive it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one too."*

*by Ogden Nash*

**HAIKU:**

Has 3 lines with the following syllables:

1st - 5

2nd - 7

3rd - 5

*Hunger in a face  
Crying at desperation  
Food makes a child smile.*

**RHYME:**

Every two lines rhyme. Two examples follow.

**Sleeping Sardines**

*by Shel Silverstein*

*"I'm tired of eating just beans," says I,  
So I open a can of sardines.  
But they started to squeak,  
"Hey, we're trying to sleep.  
We were smuggled up tight  
Till you let in the light.  
You big silly sap, let us finish our nap.  
Now close up the lid!"  
So that's what I did . . .  
Will somebody please pass the beans?*

## Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out

by Shel Silverstein

*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 glumps 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 fries and rancid meat,  
Yellow lumps of Cream of Wheat.  
At last the garbage reached so high  
That finally it 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 right now relate  
Because the hour is much too late.  
But children, remember Sarah Stout  
And always take the garbage out!*