

Poetry Series

Philip Doolittle
- poems -

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Philip Doolittle(August 3,1996)

Philip Doolittle is the son of a missionary to Brazil. He enjoys writing poetry and does so as often as he can. He is also working on two books.

A Heroic Couplet (Iambic Pentameter)

A couplet is a very little thing,
Yet give it the right words and it takes wing.

Philip Doolittle

A Snowy Day (Haiku)

Snow falling gently;
Children slide and coast and run,
Having lots of fun.

Philip Doolittle

A Young Man From Japan (Limerick)

There was a young man from Japan
Who only knew how to make flan.
He said, "I just wish
That I had some fish
To cook in my new frying pan."

Philip Doolittle

America

America is my favorite land.
It's the best place to be:
From East to West, from North to South,
From sea to shining sea.

I love this land, its rolling plains,
And all its mountains high.
I love its prairies and its swamps.
I'm proud to call it mine.

It's fun to travel far away,
To Scotland or Japan;
But I still know where it is best.
America is my land.

So, ask where I want to go,
Or where I want to be.
It would be my America,
The land of liberty.

Philip Doolittle

Birds In A Forest (Haiku)

A cool, green forest:
Birds are chirping cheerfully,
Singing melodies.

Philip Doolittle

Happiness-Sadness Diamante

Happiness

Glad, cheerful

Laughing, playing, frolicking

Victories, holidays, funerals, losses

Crying, weeping, mourning

Depressed, moody

Sadness

Philip Doolittle

Mary's Unusual Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was not too white.
It was a vicious animal:
It loved to kick and bite.

It followed her to school one day;
It made the teacher sick.
The lamb became afraid, so it
Began to bleat and kick.

The children didn't laugh and play.
They ran and screamed with fear.
The teacher wasn't quick enough,
And soon she disappeared.

One child called the firemen,
The police department, too.
When both of these groups had arrived
The lamb grew wings and flew.

It flew out of the school playground.
It soared above the sky.
It made the children laugh and play
To see the lamb could fly.

It swooped across the countryside
And saw all that it saw.
But what? The lamb's wings disappeared,
And it began to fall!

"Oh, I am surely doomed! " he cried.
"Now it's too late for me! "
So said the lamb as he fell down
And crashed into a tree.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you've returned! "
Poor little Mary cried.
"When you had lost your wings, I thought
That you had surely died! "

So...

Mary had a little lamb;
And he soon learned to be
A much, much nicer animal
To those like you and me.

Philip Doolittle

Pets

I had some money; I wanted some pets: but which one should I buy?
I came to a store with animals galore, so I asked the pet shop guy.
"Oh, buy a monkey, " said the man in the store. "They are cunning, and playful,
too."
So I bought a nice chimp and I took him home; but Mom sent him to the zoo.
So with my monkey donated (was I irritated!) , I went back to the store.
I made a bet that a hamster's the pet, and the place had them by the score.
So I bought a pair feeling light as the air, and I thought, "I'll show these to
Mom."
But one ran through the house; Mom thought it a mouse: so I sold them at .
I bought many pets, with wings and with fins; but Mom made them leave in a
swish.
So now all I have (it really is sad) a cat and a pair of goldfish.

Philip Doolittle

Rain On A Summer Day

One summer day I went for a swim.
The sunlight glistened off the lake.
My mind told me, "For goodness sake,
Go ahead and just jump in! "
It seemed for me the thing to do;
The sun so bright, the water blue,
The trees that by the lake's edge grew
They seemed to beckon and to call.
So, without another thought at all,
I jumped in, then began to fall,
And fell into the lake.
The water was extremely cool
Inside that lovely blue-green pool;
And I was also very full
Of joy, and having so much fun,
That I did not see that the sun
Had hidden behind a screen of black.
The storm clouds held the sunlight back.
And I, oblivious to the fact,
Continued with my swim.
The mass of black clouds grew and grew;
And they kept on 'til I was through
Of swimming in that mirror of blue.
Did I say blue? Now it was gray.
I realized that the storm was near
And I had best be on my way.
But then I realized, with certain fear,
That I would not get home in time
To beat the storm that blocked the sun.
So I began to run.
The thunderclouds began to grow,
And soon strong winds started to blow,
As I leaped over row and row
Of bushes. Lightning lit the sky.
Then I REALLY began to fly.
It seemed that I was given wings
Like those of birds and flying things.
At least I was going pretty fast.
I ran so hard; I gave my best.

Yet drops of rain began to fall
Before I'd gotten far at all.
The drops turned into balls of rain.
I ran as if I was insane.
The thunder crashed all around
As sheets of rain poured on the ground.
The storm and thunder had the sound
Of stampeding elephants. And still
The rain fell as I passed the mill.
I mile or two left to go.
Would I make it? I did not know.
By that time I was soaking wet.
But rain still fell like a thick net,
A curtain, a veil, a sheet, a wall
Of water that continued to fall.
But do not think that that was all.
The darkness grew worse; and I
Just felt like I wanted to cry.
But I continued to fly;
And out of the corner of my eye
I saw an oak branch fall.
It seemed as if the rain had fallen
For forty days and forty nights.
And, since the clouds had blocked the lights,
In darkness I continued running.
Then I heard the sound of trees crashing,
While the lightning kept flashing.
A new fear sprang up in me,
And faster I began to flee
From the storm which round we raged
With a force incredible.
The wind, also, whipped through the trees,
Sounding like a million bees.
The cold rain drenched me thoroughly,
But finally I got home safely.
And, once dried, I got in bed,
And woke up with a pain in my head,
A bad cold, a runny nose,
And water dripping from my clothes.
But, in the end I learned something:
I learned that day that it's insane
To run five miles in the rain.

Philip Doolittle

Summer Days (Haiku)

Long, hot summer days;
It's time for a vacation
Until autumn comes.

Philip Doolittle

The Bible

The Bible is the perfect Book for me.
Its truths have lasted through eternity.

The pages of this Book hold wealth untold:
A treasure that's worth more than jewels or gold.

Philip Doolittle

The Good Shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd.
He leads me each day.
His staff, it corrects me
If ever I stray.

While I abide near him,
I'm safe, and no harm
Will ever dismay me
If I'm in His arm.

I know that my Shepherd
Will lead me to rest.
I'll trust Him forever,
For He knows what's best.

Philip Doolittle

The Oyster And The Starfish

The oyster and the starfish were walking hand in hand;
They were strolling by the seaside in tons and tons of sand.
The starfish said to the oyster, "My friend, I need to go.
My cousin, who is a clownfish, is putting on a show."
The oyster said, "Don't go, my friend, for let us take a walk;
Then when we tire and want to rest, we'll sit so we can talk."
Well, they started to argue and dispute; it was not a pretty sight,
For they bickered and squabbled and quarreled and fought with all their force
and might.
But suddenly they stopped and then they stared, for they saw a tiny fairy.
She had come to punish them, they knew, for she did not seem too merry.
"Oh, you must stop this now! " she cried. "You two are friends, not foes.
And if this foolishness doesn't stop right now, you both will lose your nose."
"I have no fear, O little lady, " said the starfish with much glee.
But the fairy said, "You'll meet your doom; just wait and you will see."
The oyster said, "The lady's right, for we will soon find
That being nice will always pay, and that we must be kind."

Philip Doolittle

The Oysters

Before oysters lived in the sea
They lived in Camelot.
They were born and raised there,
And they ran and played and fought.
But as you, and others, already know,
Camelot is no more.
So, when Camelot disappeared,
The oysters thought for a score.
"Flee to the sea! " the eldest said.
"There we shall multiply."
Some oysters thought his idea was good,
The others began to cry.
So the oysters sat and thought some more,
They thought hard and clear.
Some boys were walking by. One said,
"Look at these funny things here! "
The boys bent down and picked some up.
The others fled to the sea.
Another lad said, "Let's take these to town
And give them to Mrs. Lee."
The lady said, "Hand me those things.
I'll make them look like new."
Later she took them off the shelf
And put them in the stew.
And now you know the whole story.
Believe me, it is true.
And that's why some oysters are in the sea,
And others are in your stew.

Philip Doolittle

The Return Of Those Who Never Went

Now, I can still recall that day:
The sun was blue, the moon was gray,
And frozen lakes had all been burned
When those who never went returned.

The thunder gleamed and lightning flashed
While pitch-black skies lit up and flashed;
It was so dark: for light we yearned
When those who never left returned.

The frogs began to howl and cry,
And dogs and rabbits filled the sky,
And things received were never sent
On the return of those who never went.

The cleanest shelves were filled with dust,
And brand-new cars began to rust.
The moon was square; the sun was bent
On the return of those who never went!

Philip Doolittle

The Scare

I woke up; I sat upright; for I had heard a noise that night.
Slowly looking round, I saw a shadow creeping through the hall.
While quietly following, I thought I heard a sound like a rapid shot.
So I rushed to the kitchen, but I saw not a single soul at all.
But wait! There was a glass cup on the floor, all broken up.
So, obviously, the noisy sound came from the cup. And then I frowned.
Who on earth could be doing this all? Wait, someone's coming down the hall!
So I hid. The culprit turned on the light, and what I saw was a surprising sight.
To my surprise, it was my dad! But before I became exceedingly glad,
He said, "I need to wake the others up. I wonder if I broke our best cup? "

Philip Doolittle

Winter Nights (Haiku)

Winter nights indoors:
Sitting by the fireplace,
Watching snowflakes fall.

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