**Dr. Seuss Poems**

**Use Excerpts for your Poem in Your Pocket**

**Happy Birthday to Dr. Seuss**
If we didn’t have birthdays, you wouldn’t be you. If you’d never been born, well then what would you do? If you’d never been born, well then what would you be? You might be a fish! Or a toad in a tree! You might be a doorknob! Or three baked potatoes! You might be a bag full of hard green tomatoes.

Or worse than all that…Why, you might be a WASN’T! A Wasn’t has no fun at all. No, he doesn’t. A Wasn’t just isn’t. He just isn’t present. But you…You ARE YOU! And, now isn’t that pleasant!

**Happy Birthday to Dr. Seuss**

Today you are you! That is truer than true! There is no one alive...

...who is you-er than you! Shout loud, “I am lucky to be what I am! Thank goodness I’m not just a clam or a ham Or a dusty old jar of sour gooseberry jam! I am what I am! That’s a great thing to be! If I say so myself, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME!

**Oh the Places You Will Go!**

Congratulations!

Today is your day.

You're off to Great Places!

You're off and away!

You have brains in your head.

You have feet in your shoes.

You can steer yourself any direction you choose.

You're on your own. And you know what you know.

And YOU are the guy who'll decide where to go.

You'll look up and down streets. Look 'em over with care.

About some you will say, "I don't choose to go there."

With your head full of brains and your shoes full of feet, you're too smart to go down any not-so-good street.

And you may not find any you'll want to go down.

In that case, of course, you'll head straight out of town.

It's opener there in the wide open air.
Oh the Places You Will Go!

Out there things can happen
and frequently do
to people as brainy
and footsy as you.

And then things start to happen,
don't worry. Don't stew.
Just go right along.
You'll start happening too.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

OH!
THE PLACES YOU’LL GO!

You'll be on your way up!
You'll be seeing great sights!
You'll join the high fliers
who soar to high heights.

You won't lag behind, because you'll have
the speed.
You'll pass the whole gang and you'll soon
take the lead.
Wherever you fly, you'll be best of the
best.
Wherever you go, you will top all the rest.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

Waiting for the fish to bite
or waiting for the wind to fly a kite
or waiting around for Friday night
or waiting, perhaps, for their Uncle Jake
or a pot to boil, or a Better Break
or a string of pearls, or a pair of pants
or a wig with curls, or Another Chance.
Everyone is just waiting.

NO!
That's not for you!

Somehow you'll escape
all that waiting and staying
You'll find the bright places
where Boom Bands are playing.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

With banner flip-flapping,
once more you'll ride high!
Ready for anything under the sky.
Ready because you're that kind of a guy!

Oh the places you'll go! There is fun to be
done!
There are points to be scored. There are
games to be won.
And the magical things you can do with
that ball
will make you the winning-est winner of
all.
Fame! You'll be as famous as famous can
be,
with the whole wide world watching you
win on TV.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

But on you will go
though the weather be foul.
On you will go
though your enemies prowl.
On you will go
though the Hakken-Kraks howl.
Onward up many
a frightening creek,
though your arms may get sore
and your sneakers may leak.

On and on you will hike,
And I know you'll hike far
and face up to your problems
whatever they are.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

You'll get mixed up, of course,
as you already know.
You'll get mixed up
with many strange birds as you go.
So be sure when you step.
Step with care and great tact
and remember that Life's
a Great Balancing Act.
Just never forget to be dexterous and deft.
And never mix up your right foot with your left.

Oh the Places You Will Go!

And will you succeed?
Yes! You will, indeed!
(98 and 3/4 percent guaranteed.)

KID, YOU'LL MOVE MOUNTAINS!

So...
be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or Bray
or Mordecai Ali Van Allen O'Shea,
You're off the Great Places!
Today is your day!
Your mountain is waiting.
So...get on your way!

Unnamed

Butterfly,
don't you perceive,
you are the most beautiful thing,
these eyes have seen.
You soar and flutter,
with your rainbow wings.
A miracle of life,
you are to me.

Horton Hatches the Egg

I meant what I said
And I said what I meant….
An elephant’s faithful
One hundred per cent!

And it should be,
it should be, it SHOULD be
like that!
Because Horton was faithful!
He sat and he sat!

“My goodness! My gracious!”
they shouted. “MY WORD!
It’s something brand new!
IT’S AN ELEPHANT-BIRD!!”

Did I Ever Tell You How Lucky You Are? (Excerpt)

“When you think things are bad,
when you feel sour and blue,
when you start to get mad...
you should do what I do!
Just tell yourself, Duckie,
you're really quite lucky!
Some people are much more...
oh, ever so much more...
oh, muchly much-much more unlucky than you!”

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

I've always lived in Dinkerville,  
My friends all live there too.  
We go to Diffendoofer School-  
We're happy that we do.

Our school is at the corner of Dinkzoober and Dinkzott.  
It looks like any other school, but we suspect it's not.  
I think we're learning lots of things not taught at other schools.  
Our teachers are remarkable, they make up their own rules.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

Miss Bobble teaches listening,  
Miss Wobble teaches smelling,  
Miss Fribble teaches laughing,  
And Miss Quibble teaches yelling.

Miss Twining teaches tying knots in neckerchiefs and noodles,  
And how to tell chrysanthemums from miniature poodles.

Miss Vining teaches all the ways a pigeon may be peppered,  
And how to put a saddle on a lizard or a leopard.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

My teacher is Miss Bonkers,  
She's as bouncy as a flea.

I'm not certaine what she teaches,  
But I'm glad she teaches me.

"Look! Look!" she chirps. "I'll show you how to tell a cactus from a cow,  
And then I shall instruct you why a hippo cannot hope to fly."

She even teaches frogs to dance,  
And pigs to put on underpants.  
One day she taught a duck to sing-  
Miss Bonkers teaches EVERYTHING!

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

Of all the teachers in our school,  
I like Miss Bonkers best.  
Our teachers are all different,  
But she's different-er than the rest.

We also have a principal, his name is Mr. Lowe.  
He is the very saddest man that any of us know.  
He mumbles, "Are they learning this and that and such and such?  
His face is wrinkled as a prune from worrying so much.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

He breaks a lot of pencil points from pushing down too hard,  
and many dogs start barking as he mopes around the yard.  
We think he wears false eyebrows.In fact, we're sure it's so.  
We've heard he takes them off at night...I guess we'll never know.
But we know he like Miss Bonkers, he treats her like a queen. He's always there to watch her when she's on her trampoline.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

There are many other people who make Diffendoofer run. They are utterly amazing—I love every single one.

Our nurse, Miss Clotte, knows what to do when we've got sniffles or the flu. One day I had a splinter, so she bandaged me from head to toe. Mr. Plunger, our custodian, has fashioned a machine—a super-zooper-flooper-do-it keeps the whole school clean.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

Our music teacher, Mrs. Fox, makes bagpipes out of straws and socks. Our art instructor, Mr. Beeze, paints pictures hanging by his knees.

In science class with Mr. Katz, we learn to build robotic rats. In gym we watch as Mr. Bear hoists elephants into the air.

Miss Loon is our librarian, she hides behind the shelves, and often cries out, "LOUDER!" when we're reading to ourselves.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

We have three cooks, all named McMunch who merrily prepare our lunch. They make us hot dogs, beans and fries, plus things we do not recognized. And as they cook, they sing their song, not too short and not too long. "Roast and toast and slice and dice, cooking lunch is oh so nice."

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

It's miserable in Flobbertown, they dress in just one style. They sing one song, they never dance, they march in single file. They do not have a playground. And they do not have a park. Their lunches have no taste at all, their dogs are scared to bark.

We sat in shock and disbelief. "Oh no!" we moaned. "Oh no!" We were even more unhappy than unhappy Mr. Lowe. But then the test was handed out. "Yahoo!" we yelled. "Yahoo!" For it was filled with all the things that we all knew we knew.

**Hooray for Diffendoofer Day**

There were questions about noodles, and poodles and frogs and yelling, about listening and laughing, and chrysanthemums and smelling. There were questions about other things we'd never seen or heard, and yet we somehow answered them, enjoying every word.
One week later, after recess, Mr. Lower meandered in.
We'd never seen him smile before, but now he wore a grin.
He soon began to giggle, then his giggle grew by half,
and then it really happened- Mr. Lowe began to laugh.

"You've saved our school! You've saved our school!" He jubilantly roared.
"we got the very highest score!" He wrote it on the board.

Hooray for Diffendoofer Day

Miss Bonkers did some cartwheels till her face turned cherry red.
She bounded up to Mr. Lowe and kissed him on the head.
"Hooray! Hooray!" she shouted. "I'm so proud I cannot speak."
So she did another cartwheel, and she peck him on the cheek.

"Ahem! Ahem!" coughed Mr. Lowe.
"You all deserve a bow. I thus declare a holiday-it starts exactly now.

Hooray for Diffendoofer Day

Because you've done so splendidly in every sort of way,
This day forever shall be known as Diffendoofer Day.
And furthermore, I promise I won't every wear a frown.
For now I know we'll never go to dready Flobbertown."

Then we held a celebration, there was pizza, milk and cake.
Like everyone, I ate too much and got a bellyache.
We laughed and whooped and hollered the entire school day long, then we all sang, triumphantly, "The Diffendoofer Song."

Hooray for Diffendoofer Day

We love you, Diffendoofer School, We definitely do.
There surely is no other school that's anything like you.
You're gribbulous, you're grobbulous, each day we love you more.
You are the school we treasure and unceasingly adore.

Oh, finest school in Dinkerville-the only one as well-
We love you, Diffendoofer School, much more than we can tell.
You are so diffendooferouse It gives us joy to say,
Three cheers for Diffendoofer School- Hooray, Hooray, Hooray!!!
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