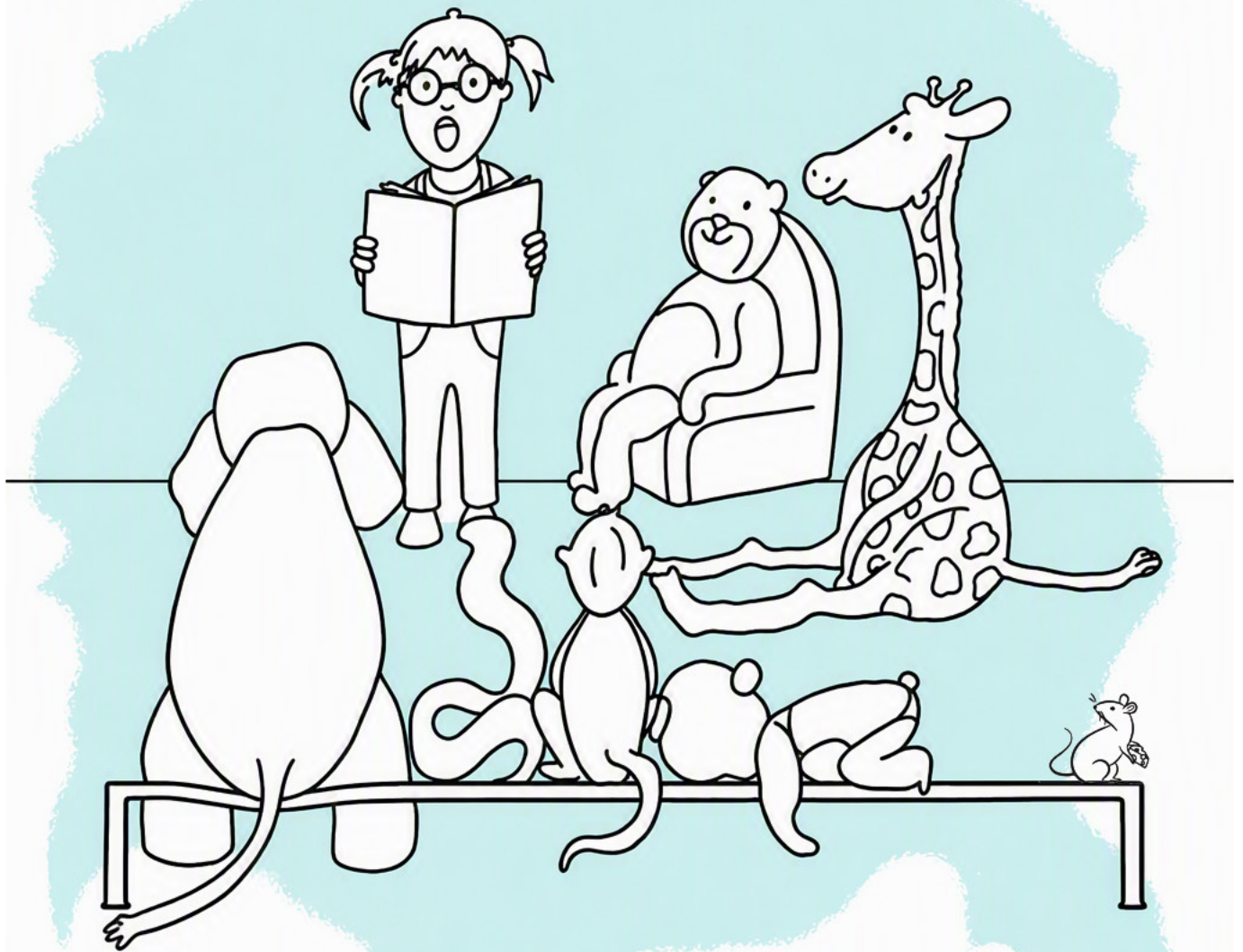


A Little Sackful of Poems



Written and illustrated by
Lora Rozler

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Written and illustrated by Lora Rozler

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Author's Note

Thank you for purchasing **A Sackful of Poems**.

I'm delighted to share **A Little Sackful of Poems**, a special collection of additional poems created for teachers, parents, and young readers who would like even more playful poetry to enjoy together.

Poetry is one of the most powerful tools for a child's literacy development. Through rhythm, rhyme, repetition, and imagination, poems help children build vocabulary, strengthen reading skills, improve listening comprehension, and develop confidence with language. A good poem invites children to read, laugh, think, and discover.

The poems in this collection explore many topics children encounter in their everyday lives. Some celebrate friendship, kindness, sharing, and social interactions. Others help children understand simple math concepts, cope with worries, manage emotions, care for others, and find humour in the funny moments that make childhood so memorable.

For teachers, these poems can spark classroom discussions, inspire creative writing activities, and bring joy to literacy lessons. For parents and caregivers, they offer opportunities to read together, share a laugh, and create lasting memories. Most importantly, I hope these poems remind children that words can be fun, meaningful, and full of wonder.

So open this little sack, pull out a poem, and enjoy the adventure one verse at a time.

Happy reading!

LORA
Rozler

LoraRozler.com

A Little Sackful of Poems

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Things in Common

I have a story,
And so do you.
We're one of a kind,
Yet share things too.

We may like soccer,
Books, or art.
We may love music,
Right from the start.



Some things are different,
Some are the same.
Every new friend
Has a story and a name.

As we learn together,
We'll laugh and grow.
The more we discover,
The more we'll know.



So let's look around
With smiles that shine.
Find things in common—
Your story next to mine!



Different, But Like Me

Two eyes, two ears
To hear, to see
Your skin, your voice
Different, but like me.

Two hands, two legs
They move with glee
Your gifts, your talents
Different, but like me.

All sorts of thoughts
That roam so free
Your joys, your fears
Different, but like me.

One heart, one life
To love and be
Your dreams, your wishes
Different, but like me.



Tired Teacher

I left my coffee somewhere.
I can't remember where.

I looked in the kitchen.
It wasn't over there.

I looked in the living room.
It wasn't over there.

I looked in the dining room,
It wasn't over there.

I looked in the bathroom,
And, my-oh-my, yuck!

I went back to the kitchen
And made a fresh cup.



Peace Starts In My Heart

Peace starts in my heart
And it spills out.
Spills out when I speak,
Spills out when I act.

Peace starts in my heart
And it splashes out.
Splashes when I paint,
Splashes when I write.

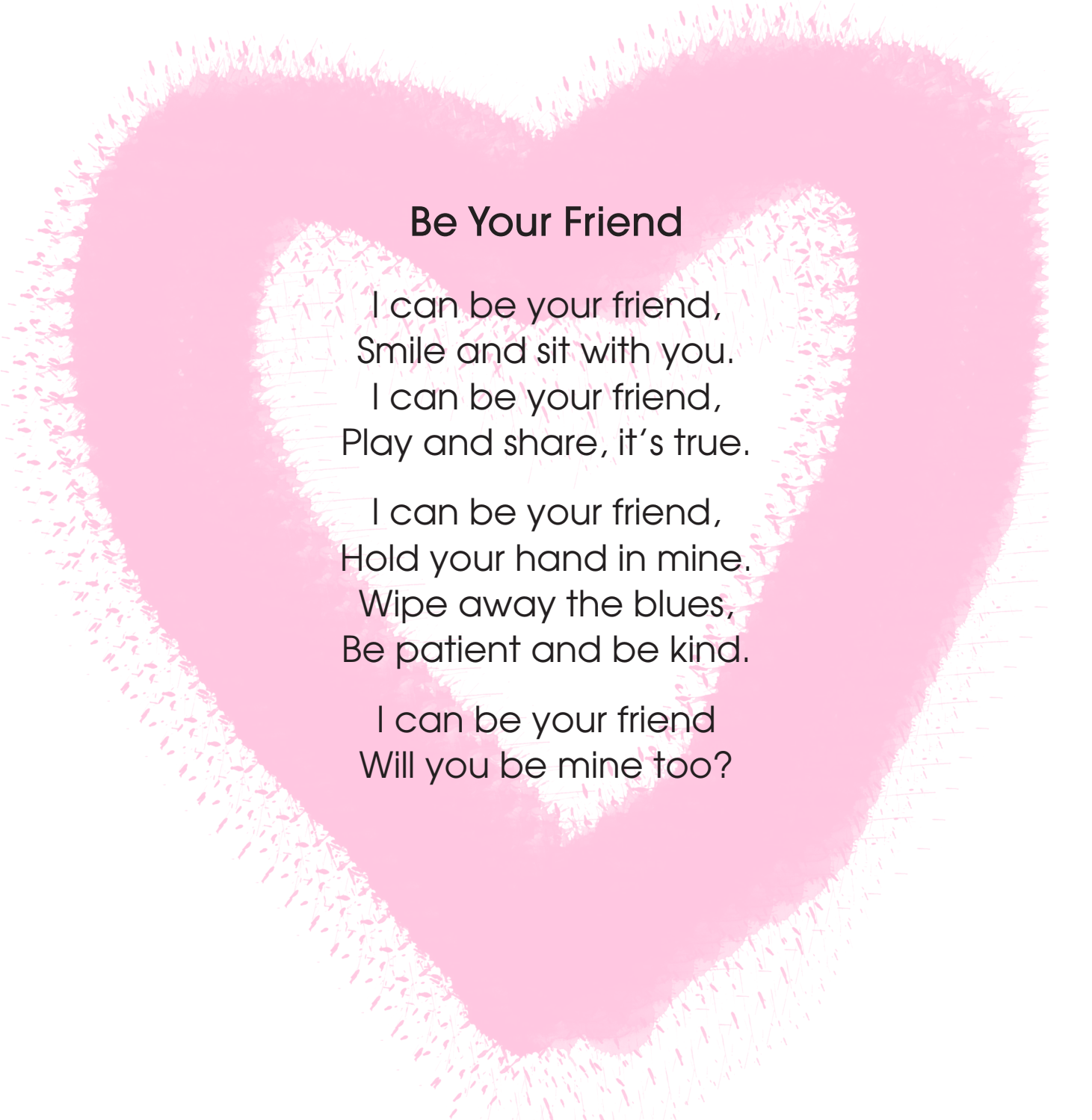
Peace starts in my heart
And it dashes out.
Dashes when I listen,
Dashes when I hold your hand.



The Sack

I have a little sack
That bounces on my back.
It's filled with tiny, bossy thoughts,
That like to shout and stack.
Some say, "You're not ready,"
Some say, "You're too slow,"
They make my steps feel heavy,
Wherever I might go.
One day I stopped and opened it,
Let every thought fly free.
The sack grew light,
My heart felt bright,
And so much more like me.





Be Your Friend

I can be your friend,
Smile and sit with you.
I can be your friend,
Play and share, it's true.

I can be your friend,
Hold your hand in mine.
Wipe away the blues,
Be patient and be kind.

I can be your friend
Will you be mine too?

Pull and Tug

There was a pull and a tug,
A squabble and scuffle,
One wanted to stay,
The other wanted it gone.

They bickered and wrestled,
Argued and clashed.
And alas when it was over,
Spring had won.



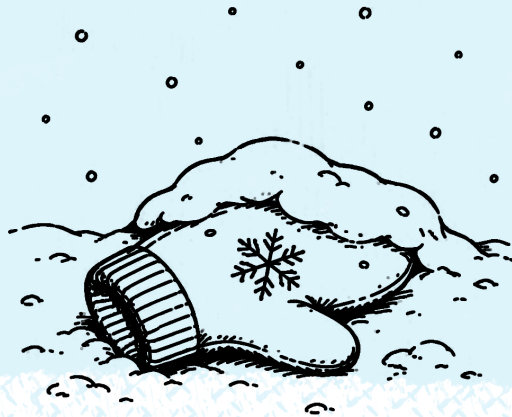
Mitten Mystery

It's a mystery!
My mitten is missing.
Where can it be?

I had it in the morning,
I wore it when I played.
I put it in my pocket,
It must have walked away.

It wasn't in my cubby,
It wasn't on the chair.
It must have grown wings,
And fluttered in the air.

Oh wait, what's this on the ground?
My mitten is so tricky,
Playing lost-and-found.



Pancakes, Please!

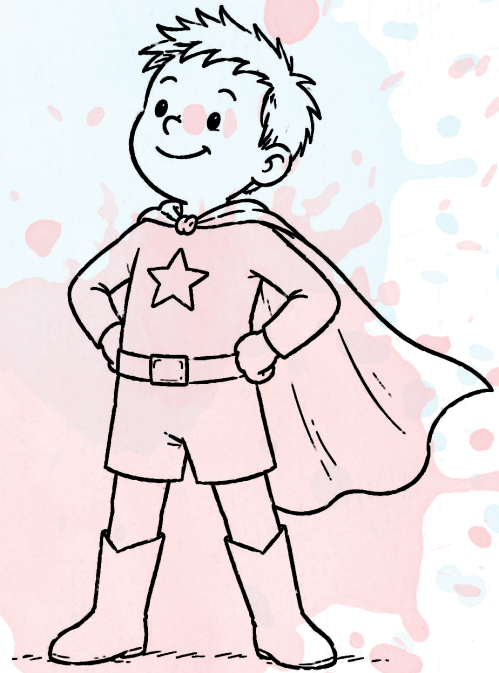
I wanna lotta pancakes,
Very many, lotta pancakes.
Not one or two - no, no, siree,
A mountain full of pancakes!
Small pancakes,
Even medium,
Ginormous ones are great.
Whatever kind,
Whatever you find,
You simply can't go wrong
When you've got
Pancakes on your mind.
Pancakes, please!!



I'm a Super Kid!

I can sit criss-cross,
I can raise my hand,
Heigh-oh, the derry-o,
I can wait my turn.

I can share with others,
I can help clean up,
Heigh-oh, the derry-o,
I'm a Super Kid!



Lollipop

Sticky and sweet,
Like cherry pie.
Round and firm,
Like an eyeglass of a spy.

Lollipop yellow,
Lollipop blue.
The best treat ever,
Believe me, it's true!



This is Me

This is me
From head to toes,
Two eyes, two ears,
One wiggly nose.

Hands to clap with
Feet to stomp,
Teeth to chew with,
Chomp, chomp, chomp.

This is me,
From left to right,
I'm simply perfect,
Oh, what a sight!



Just Right For You

Mom and Dad,
One or two,
Families can be many
Or simply a few.



Brothers and sisters,
Grannies or none,
Families are different
For everyone.



Uncles and aunts,
Maybe cousins too,
Your family is special -
Just right for you.

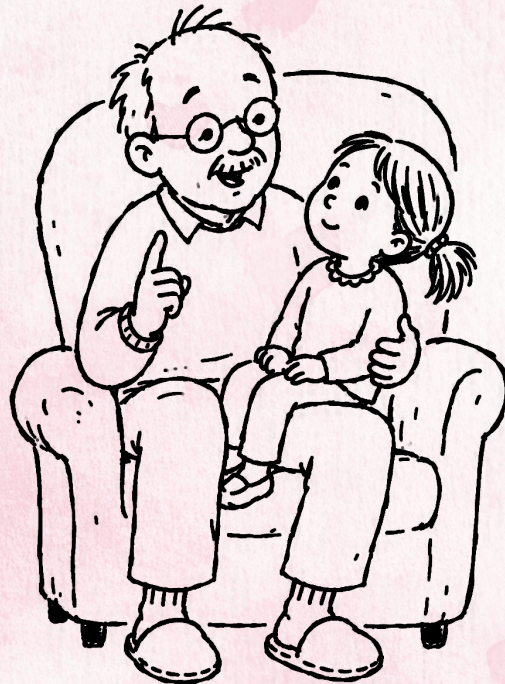


Seven Grandfather Gifts

Seven special gifts we share,
To live with love
And show we care.

Be kind, be brave, be honest too,
Be wise and gentle
In all you do.

With truth and respect,
We find our way,
These gifts will guide us every day.





Not a Keeper

I hope to meet an elephant one day
And keep him as a pet.
I'd climb his back and ride away
And play and play all day.

But Mommy says he'd be too big
Too heavy, not a keeper.
He'd break my bed and favourite chair
And drink up all my tea.

So maybe I'll find a spider.
Small and light, just right for me.
But wait a minute, wait, wait, wait.
Wouldn't he be hard to see?



Recipe for Friendship

Kind words,
Gentle hands,
Caring actions -
That's the recipe for friendship.

Smiling faces,
Jokes and laughter,
Hugs when we need them most -
That's the recipe for friendship.





At First A Dot

It started bare,
And grew bigger from there.

At first a dot,
Then a squiggle and a square.

I added two eyes,
Sharp teeth and a nose.
And low and behold -
A creature I named Rose.

The Scoop On Me

Here's the scoop - come take a look,
Learn about me like a book!
My favourite colour, food, and game,
My hobbies, dreams, and even name.

A swirl of giggles, a dash of fun,
A sprinkle of ME - there's only one!
Silly or sporty, bold or bright,
I shine in my own special light.

Take a peek and you will see
All the things that make me ME!



A Mouse in the House

There was a mouse
In the house
That made Mommy scream,
“AAAAAAH!”

There was a mouse
In the house
That made Daddy shriek,
“YIKES!”

There was a mouse
In the house
That made me say,
“AWWW, SO CUTE!”



The Magic in You

Inside your mind, there's a secret place,
Where ideas can run at any pace.
Where dragons can fly and elephants dance,
And anything's possible with just one chance!



You can build a castle out of air,
Put a moon in your bedroom chair.
Turn a box into a rocket ship,
Or sail the seas on a pirate trip.

Your mind can paint without a brush,
Make music from a gentle hush.
It can dream up stories, new and bright,
And make the impossible feel just right.

Some minds imagine with words and rhyme,
Some with numbers, shapes, or design.
Some build, some dance, some sing a song—
There's no wrong way to imagine along!

So open the door inside your mind,
And see what wonderful things you find.

Dream something silly.
Imagine something new.
There's a little bit of magic in you!

Thankful Me

Thankful me
For all I have,
Friends, school, family.

Thankful me
For all I see,
Blue skies, sunshine, rivers, trees.

Thankful me
For all I smell,
Flowers, popcorn, bakeries.

Thankful me
For all I hear,
Music, raindrops, buzzing bees.

Thankful me
For all I taste,
Ice-cream, pizza, soothing tea.

Thankful me
For all I feel,
Ocean breeze, furry friends,
A full heart in great company.

My Summer Shoes

My summer shoes and I
had quite the adventures.
My sneakers went, "thump, thump, thump"
across the basketball court.
My sandals went, "pat, pat, pat"
along the boardwalk.
My flip-flops went, "slap, slap, slap"
by the poolside.
My rain boots went, "splash, splash, splash"
through the puddles.
My slippers went, "flop, flop, flop"
across the kitchen floor.
My bare feet went, "ahhhhh"
buried in the warm sand.
My summer shoes and I
had quite the adventures.



I Made a Mistake Today

I made a mistake today,
As rotten as can be.
I shrank into my desk:
“How could this happen to me?”

I showed it to my teacher,
Expecting a frown or sigh,
But she just gave a smile
And looked me in the eye.



She told me, “Take a breath.
Reset, try again.
Mistakes are how we learn
The *how* and *where* and *when*.”

Now if I stumble on my path,
I won’t be scared to fall—
‘Cause when I make a slip,
I’m learning through it all!



Over The Fence

Up on the First hill,
The Ones liked to huddle,
They lived comfortably, zero to nine.
Then more wanted to join,
But Boss shook his head:
“Don’t you see? Don’t you see?
There’s only room for one digit.
Bundle, regroup, all at once!”

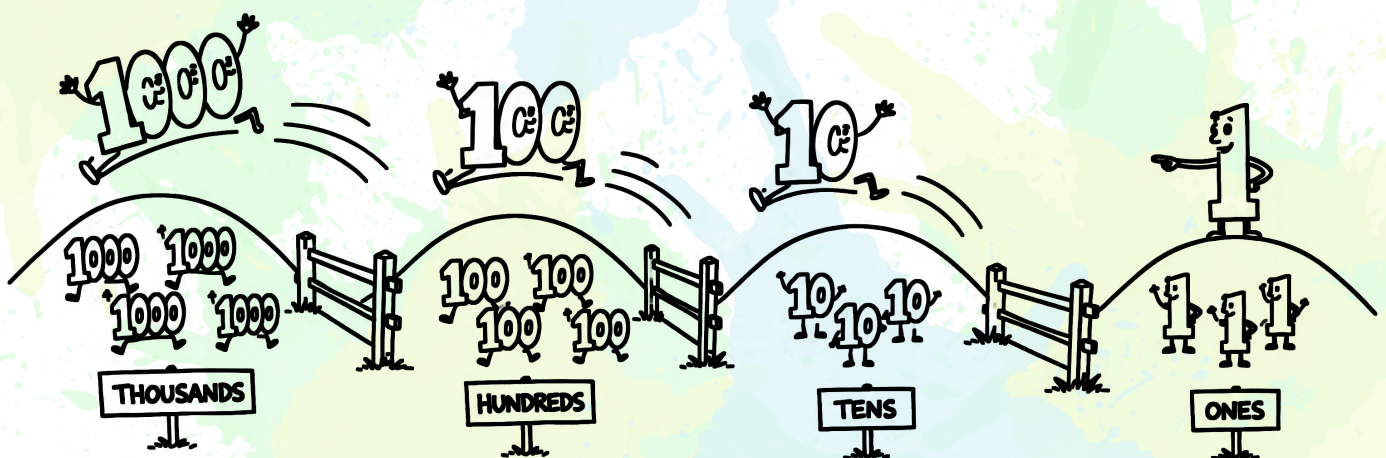
Quick as can be,
The ones bundled to tens,
Then regrouped and jumped
Right over the fence!

Up on the Second hill,
The Tens liked to huddle,
They kept getting wider
As more wanted to join.
Boss shook his head:
“Don’t you see? Don’t you see?
There’s only room for one digit.
Bundle, regroup, all at once!”

Quick as can be,
The tens bundled to hundreds,
Then regrouped and jumped
Right over the fence!

Up on the Third hill,
The Hundreds liked to huddle,
They grew bigger and bigger
As more wanted to join.
Boss shook his head:
“Don’t you see? Don’t you see?
There’s only room for one digit.
Bundle, regroup, all at once!”

Quick as can be,
The Hundreds bundled to thousands,
Then regrouped and jumped
Right over the fence!



I'm Thankful

I'm thankful for the trees,
For the apples I can pick.
I'm thankful for the band-aids,
I plaster when I nick.
I'm thankful for the pizza,
The oozy gooey cheese.
For friends I get to play with,
For dogs and cows and bees.



About the Author



Lora Rozler wears many hats: author, teacher, artist, and mom. Every day, her kindergarten classroom is filled with curious questions, imaginative stories, silly jokes, and unforgettable moments, all of which find their way into her writing.

Her passion for words began in childhood and grew into a love of creating poems and stories that children can see themselves in. Whether writing about friendship, family, holidays, school days, or life's funny surprises, Lora strives to create work that encourages young readers to laugh, wonder, learn, and connect.

Living and teaching in Toronto, Canada, Lora continues to find inspiration in the children she teaches and the adventures she shares with her family.

Visit **lorarozler.com** to learn more and access additional resources for parents and educators.

