

PUNNY POEMS

Table of Contents

My Sister Ate a Book for Breakfast Today
When Nanay Combs My Hair
Nanay Origins
The Truth About Parenting
Feeding Time
Rain
My Dog and I Have a Secret
Telling Time
Bubble Blues
Butter Flies
Garbage Can
Hot Sundae
Butiki
Bed Rest
Hot Dog

MY BABY SISTER ATE A BOOK FOR BREAKFAST TODAY

My baby sister ate a book for breakfast today.

It was a long one and if she will have her way,

She'd prefer to prolong it for a day.

She peeled off its cover

Of a bear and a beaver,

And licked the first page.

Perhaps wondering if it would taste better

With pancake mix and sausage.

She savored every letter

And relished every word.

She liked the big words best,

And even managed to jest;

“This is yummy with lemon zest.”

With every chew and every gobble,

The capital letters, although tall and proud,

Began to wobble.

It wasn't their greatest day

When after feasted on,

Their half-chewed curves and lines,

Were slowly fading away.
Some tried to hide between the sentences.
But the sentences even with all their might,
Without a backward glance,
Seized their chance and took flight.

And so, after swallowing the very last page,
My sister took a bow like an actor on a stage.
She looked at me and cried.
“I feel like having last year’s calendar for dinner,
Coated in breadcrumbs and deep fried.”

WHEN NANAY COMBS MY HAIR

When Nanay combs my hair,

She tells me to sit still

And wait for the plane to arrive.

She'll part my hair for the runway,

Her hand guides the plane on its way.

She'll adjust its wings

With colored clips and strings.

And when the plane has finally landed,

None of my hair is left stranded.

NANAY ORIGINS

From where do nanays come?

Do they fall from trees?

Were carried by bees?

Carved from stone?

Called from a phone?

Plucked from a stem?

Mirrored from a gem?

Brought by a breeze?

Shaped from a sneeze?

From where do nanays come?

From where, I do not know.

I don't know about the others,

But I bet that my Nanay

Came from all these

And more,

Like when flowers are in bloom

After the storm.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PARENTING

Let me tell you a secret.

Parenting is not what you think.

It's the other way around.

Parenting is taking care of parents.

When Nanay and Tatay need to exercise,

I'll let go from their grip

And run super fast.

They will come running

So I wouldn't trip.

When they need to learn lines and shapes,

I show them my latest drawing.

When they need to rest,

I'll just sing loudly

until they bury themselves in pillows.

When they are sad,

I'll just show them my crossed eyes

And wiggle my nose.

When Nanay and Tatay feel lost,

I'll just hug them tight and give them a big kiss.

FEEDING TIME

My baby brother

barks like a dog when he sees me.

Hisses like a snake when angry.

Whistles like a bird while reading.

Roars like a lion while watching TV.

But come feeding time,

He can't seem to work out

Whether to gnaw like a dog,

Swallow like a snake,

Peck like a bird,

Or devour like a lion,

When spaghetti is served on the table.

RAIN

If what they say is true about me multiplying

When I get wet from the rain,

Then I would be able to do more things.

I would go to places near and far,

Eat whatever and however I may please,

And most of all,

Create an army of Me

Ready to battle against the forces

From the next galaxy.

And the best part?

I can give more hugs for Nanay and Tatay.

MY DOG AND I HAVE A SECRET

My dog can do almost anything.

With a single beat, he will sing.

He can count up to thirty

And multiply by twenty.

He can bark in falsetto

Even in alto.

Just tell him “Go!”

He will start his own show.

He would have done more

Even buy our food at the store.

If Tatay only knew,

He would not have bought one, too.

TELLING TIME

The clock tells time with its arms

Going around from North to West.

But my tummy tells me otherwise.

When it rumbles like a volcano,

it's all the same to me: LUNCH.

BUBBLE BLUES

Bubbles bounce

Like balls in the air.

They sometimes bump into one another

But don't seem to care.

They'll start a race

As if on a dare

Hover in between trees

Perhaps talking about

How life's a breeze.

BUTTER FLIES

A butter one day decided to be a bird.

He went down from the cupboard,

Flew out from the window

But at the last minute,

Forgot to spread his wings.

He landed on the road

And slowly melted like cheese.

GARBAGE CAN

The garbage can

Eat a lot

Especially things with dots

It can swallow every bit and still stay fit.

The garbage can

Hear the trash talking

And feel the worms dancing.

The garbage can

Roll over,

Jump around,

And dance the groove

Only garbage can.

HOT SUNDAE

On a hot Sundae,

Pigs are in their blankets

And dogs are chillin'.

The corn pops,

Potatoes do the mash,

Spaghetti curls,

While the bacon are a- smokin'.

BUTIKI

Butiki was talking to a fellow

Who asked: “What time is it?”

Upon checking his watch,

Butiki lost his balance,

And started to fall.

When he reached the floor

Butiki said, “ My friend, it’s already six in the evening.”

BED REST

My bed has the flu.

He feels hot,

He feels sore,

And he can barely move.

His stomach feels queasy

So the doctor told him to take it easy.

When the doctor left,

My bed told me:

“I’d be much stronger

if I were a double bed.”

HOT DOG

He is a hot dog

With a cool attitude.

He wears shades like a star,

Dresses like a pro,

Barks with finesse

And everyone says “hello.”

He is **THE** hot dog in the streets

Until a **COOL BUKO** shakes the town .