

4th Grade May Poem

Name: _____

Homework Stew

by Kenn Nesbitt

I cooked my math book in a broth
and stirred it to a steaming froth.
I threw in papers—pencils, too—
to make a pot of homework stew.

I turned the flame up nice and hot
and tossed my binder in the pot.
I sprinkled in my book report
with colored markers by the quart.

Despite its putrid, noxious gas,
I proudly took my stew to class.
And though the smell was so grotesque,
I set it on my teacher's desk.

My teacher said, "You're quite a chef.
But still you're going to get an F.
I didn't ask for 'homework stew,'
I said, 'Tomorrow, homework's due.'"

Text © Kenn Nesbitt, reprinted from [When the Teacher Isn't Looking](#) published by Meadowbrook Press.

Illustration © Mike Gordon.