Penguins Out of Water
Kraft thought she was noodles, so the penguin said toodles. Kraft said she’d be good with aioli, but she is just named macaroni.
With her chinstrap always ready, she was bound to be a running back. But waddles only moves so steadily, so she practiced on her local track. And overcame her setback.
The little blue penguin took no delight ... in being a fairy without flight. But then one day she found a magic rock and in a moment she took off with a seagull flock.
The brush-tailed penguin is a real Picasso. Her color palette is fantastic. Her brush strokes are magnifico! Her work is simply bellissimo.
There goes that snare
penguin, never getting her
hats in.
Kicks, tons, and cymbals
never land, good thing
she is in a marching band.
There's an emperor penguin in the Empire State perhaps she's eating pizza on a plate, or chilling in Central Park, or cheering at the Yankee ballpark.
Penguins out of water is a short poetry collection to be enjoyed by people of all ages.