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# Inference Poetry

eee

Read the poems and use your background knowledge and the text clues to determine what the poem is about.

# *A Taste of the Good Life*

**My most admirable quality is  
I have fantastic taste.**

**That is, until some little kid,  
decides to dine on paste.**

**When I'm quiet people always ask  
if a cat's got ahold of me.  
But that's silly - most cat's have their own...  
they don't need two or three.**

**Selling seashells by the seashore  
often makes me rather twisted.  
But give me a pickled pepper  
and I simply can't resist it.**

**When I take a trip to the candy store  
life's at its very best.  
But when I go to the doctor,  
I always get depressed.**

**WHAT AM I?**

# **THE COLD HARD FACTS**

**Sometimes I'm very square  
And sometimes I'm very hard.  
But heat me up and soon  
I've melted like a tub of lard.**

**I look excellent in glasses,  
I look lovely in a tray.  
And with me inside your cooler  
You can picnic all darn day.**

**When kids fall down in football  
I make sure their wounds don't swell  
And when someone has a bloody lip  
I comfort them as well.**

**You can eat me when I'm solid.  
You can drink me when I'm not.  
And although I suffer freezer burn,  
I'm not what you'd call hot.**

**WHAT AM I?**

# Presto Change!

I'm a powerful stick,  
I'm a masterful thing.  
I go "poof" and a flower  
turns into a ring.

I go "zap" and a bunny's  
a small, yellow bird.  
I can change anything  
with just one magic word.

Being magic is grand  
and the crowd loves my work.  
They say "ooooh" and sigh "aaaaah"  
and the kids go beserk!

It's a wonderful gig  
and I'll never regret it,  
but that silly magician  
takes all of the credit!

**WHAT AM I?**

# feeling tied down

When I was born,  
I was little  
and perfectly flat.  
Now I'm  
big, round and puffy;  
(or some might say fat.)

When I was born,  
I was free;  
Not a thing  
held me down.  
Now I'm bound  
to a string  
which is bound  
to a clown.

When I was born,  
I was sure  
that I'd float  
through the air.  
But that dream  
has deflated,  
and it's just not fair!

When I was born,  
I was brave.  
Nothing hurt me  
at first.  
Now I'm so scared  
of pins, I'm afraid I  
might burst!

WHAT AM I?

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