

Thanksgiving Poems For Her

1. "Valleys lay in sunny vapor,
And a radiance mild was shed
From each tree that like a taper
At a feast stood. Then we said,
"Our feast, too, shall soon be spread,
Of good Thanksgiving turkey."
And already still November
Drapes her snowy table here.
Fetch a log, then; coax the ember;
Fill your hearts with old-time cheer;
Heaven be thanked for one more year,
And our Thanksgiving turkey!
Welcome, brothers—all our party
Gathered in the homestead old!
Shake the snow off and with hearty
Hand-shakes drive away the cold;
Else your plate you'll hardly hold
Of good Thanksgiving turkey.
When the skies are sad and murky,

'Tis a cheerful thing to meet
Round this homely roast of turkey—
Pilgrims, pausing just to greet,
Then, with earnest grace, to eat
A new Thanksgiving turkey.
And the merry feast is freighted
With its meanings true and deep.
Those we've loved and those we've hated,
All, to-day, the rite will keep,
All, to-day, their dishes heap
With plump Thanksgiving turkey.
But how many hearts must tingle
Now with mournful memories!
In the festal wine shall mingle
Unseen tears, perhaps from eyes
That look beyond the board where lies
Our plain Thanksgiving turkey.
See around us, drawing nearer,
Those faint yearning shapes of air—
Friends than whom earth holds none dearer

No—alas! they are not there:
Have they, then, forgot to share
Our good Thanksgiving turkey?
Some have gone away and tarried
Strangely long by some strange wave;
Some have turned to foes; we carried
Some unto the pine-girt grave:
They'll come no more so joyous-brave
To take Thanksgiving turkey.
Nay, repine not. Let our laughter
Leap like firelight up again.
Soon we touch the wide Hereafter,
Snow-field yet untrod of men:
Shall we meet once more—and when?—
To eat Thanksgiving turkey.”

2. “America, I sing back. Sing back what sung you in.
Sing back the moment you cherished breath.
Sing you home into yourself and back to reason.
Oh, before America began to sing, I sung her to sleep,

held her cradleboard, wept her into day.

My song gave her creation, prepared her delivery,

held her severed cord beautifully beaded.

My song helped her stand, held her hand for first steps,

nourished her very being, fed her, placed her three sisters strong.

My song comforted her as she battled my reason

broke my long held footing sure, as any child might do.

Lo, as she pushed herself away, forced me to remove myself,

as I cried this country, my song grew roses in each tear's fall.

My blood veined rivers, painted pipestone quarries

circled canyons, while she made herself maiden fine.

Oh, but here I am, here I am, here, I remain high on each and every peak,

carefully rumbling her great underbelly, prepared to pour forth singing—

and sing again I will, as I have always done.

Never silenced unless in the company of strangers, singing

the stoic face, polite repose, polite, while dancing deep inside, polite

Mother of her world. Sister of myself.

When my song sings aloud again. When I call her back to cradle.

Call her to peer into waters, to behold herself in dark and light,

day and night, call her to sing along, call her to mature, to envision—

Then, she will make herself over. My song will make it so
When she grows far past her self-considered purpose,
I will sing her back, sing her back. I will sing. Oh, I will—I do.
America, I sing back. Sing back what sung you in.”

3. “Over the river, and through the wood,

To grandfather’s house we go;

The horse knows the way

To carry the sleigh

Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood—

Oh, how the wind does blow!

It stings the toes

And bites the nose

As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood,

To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring

“Ting-a-ling-ding”,

Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river, and through the wood

Trot fast, my dapple-gray!

Spring over the ground,

Like a hunting-hound!

For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood,

And straight through the barn-yard gate.

We seem to go

Extremely slow,—

It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—

Now grandmother's cap I spy!

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!"

Thanksgiving Poems To God

1. "Be thankful that you don't already have everything you desire.

If you did, what would there be to look forward to?

Be thankful when you don't know something,

for it gives you the opportunity to learn.

Be thankful for the difficult times.

During those times you grow.

Be thankful for your limitations,

because they give you opportunities for improvement.

Be thankful for each new challenge,

because it will build your strength and character.

Be thankful for your mistakes.

They will teach you valuable lessons.

Be thankful when you're tired and weary,

because it means you've made a difference.

It's easy to be thankful for the good things.

A life of rich fulfillment comes to those who

are also thankful for the setbacks.

Gratitude can turn a negative into a positive.

Find a way to be thankful for your troubles,

and they can become your blessings.”

Thanksgiving Poems Or Sayings

1. "I didn't know I was grateful

for such late-autumn

bent-up cornfields

yellow in the after-harvest

sun before the

cold plow turns it all over

into never.

I didn't know

I would enter this music

that translates the world

back into dirt fields

that have always called to me

as if I were a thing

come from the dirt,

like a tuber,

or like a needful boy. End

lonely days, I believe. End the exiled

and unraveling strangeness."

2. "That I could be this human at this time

breathing, looking, seeing, smelling

That I could be this moment at this time

resting, calmly moving, feeling

That I could be this excellence at this time

sudden, changed, peaceful, & woke

To all my friends who have been with me in weakness

when water falls rush down my two sides

To all my friends who have felt me in anguish

when this earthen back breaks between the crack of two blades

To all my friends who have held me in rage

when fire tears through swallows behind tight grins

I know you

I see you

I hear you

Although the world is silent around you

I know you

I see you

I hear you”

Funny Thanksgiving Poems

1. "Turkey, Turkey,

full and fat.

November's near.

You'll soon go splat!

They'll roast you up

and slice you thin.

Oh, what a mess

you're surely in.

Mixed with stuffing

and some sauce.

It's plain to see

the cook is boss.

But what would truly

give you joy. . .

would be a turkey

made of soy!"

2. "Thanksgiving is my favorite feast.

The table's set, the napkins creased.

We always have a great big crowd
With uncles, aunts and children loud.

The grownups shoo us to our chairs
With pushing hands and parent stares.
We wait to eat — but this part's quirky.
Our main dish is never, ever turkey!

Our grandpa will not eat this bird.
On this he gave his solemn word.
Years ago when he was young,
He vowed it not to pass his tongue.

As a boy, he lived beside
The rolling Polish countryside.
The turkeys (this is so unkind)
Would chase and bite his small behind.

So even though it's quite the norm,
He shuns the bird in every form.

I understand how grandpa feels
And how it's changed his life-long meals.

But me, I'd rather take attack.
Once a year, I'd bite them back!"

3. "My father hates Thanksgiving.

It's all about the stuffing.
He says it smells like day-old socks.
So on his plate goes nothing.

He grits his teeth and goes to bed.

It gives my mother grief.

I think next year, this holiday,
instead we'll eat roast beef!"

4. "We have two turkeys at our house

'cause Mom and Gramma fight.

Neither one of them believes
the other roasts it right.

There's also two of stuffing,

two of home-made berry sauce.

Let's face it, there are two of each,

'cause both of them are boss.

We eat it all , some food from both,

in order to be nice.

We also make quite sure that when

we burp — that we burp twice!”

Thanksgiving Poems For Kids

1. "Five little turkeys

standing at the door,

One waddled off, and then there were four.

Four little turkeys sitting near a tree,

One waddled off, and then there were three.

Three little turkeys with nothing to do,

One waddled off, and then there were two.

Two little turkeys in the morning sun,

One waddled off, and then there was one.

One little turkey better run away,

For soon it will be Thanksgiving Day."

Christian Thanksgiving Poems

1. "Lord, so oftentimes, as any other day

When we sit down to our meal and pray

We hurry along and make fast the blessing

Thanks, amen. Now please pass the dressing

We're slaves to the olfactory overload

We must rush our prayer before the food gets cold

But Lord, I'd like to take a few minutes more

To really give thanks to what I'm thankful for

For my family, my health, a nice soft bed

My friends, my freedom, a roof over my head

I'm thankful right now to be surrounded by those

Whose lives touch me more than they'll ever possibly know

Thankful Lord, that You've blessed me beyond measure

Thankful that in my heart lives life's greatest treasure

That You, dear Jesus, reside in that place

And I'm ever so grateful for Your unending grace

So please, heavenly Father, bless this food You've provided

And bless each and every person invited"

2. "We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing ;

He chastens and hastens his will to make known;
The wicked oppressing now cease from distressing,
Sing praises to his name: He forgets not his own.
Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, All glory be thine!
We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,
And pray that thou still our defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation;
Thy name be ever praised! O Lord, make us free!"

Short Thanksgiving Poems

1. "For each new morning with its light,

For rest and shelter of the night,

For health and food,

For love and friends,

For everything Thy goodness sends."

2. "Dear Mr. Turkey,

I love the way you gobble

and all those colored feathers,

but the part of you

that's truly sweet

is the part I get to eat!"

"It's time for turkey

gobble, gobble.

It's time for pumpkins

orange and fat.

It's time for family

brothers, sisters.

It's time for thank you

for this and that.

It's time for turkey

Gobble gobble it all up!"