

**ASTRONAUTS, MUSICIANS, AND TEACHERS**

(and other important jobs in poem form)

Written by John D. Puglisi, Ph.D.

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To kids everywhere,

I wrote these poems so that you might laugh, learn, and come to love one of the jobs or occupations that I think are special. I have done a few of the jobs I wrote about and have loved something about each of them. Remember, if you always try your best in everything you do, you can be just about anything you want to be, even an **astronaut, musician or teacher**.

GOOD LUCK !

John D. Puglisi, Ph.D.

(principal, teacher, writer, musician, artist, garbage man, janitor, landscaper, poet, etc..)

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Astronauts
2. The Barber
3. The Brakeman
4. A Caddy
5. Chemists
6. Coal Miners
7. Your Dentist
8. Doctors
9. Dogs
10. Exterminators
11. The Fat Man in the Circus
12. Firemen
13. Garbage men
14. Geologists
15. A Hair Stylist
16. Janitors
17. Landscapers
18. Lawyers
19. Shhhhh.....Its the Librarian
20. A Lion Tamer
21. Lumberjacks
22. The Mail Carrier
23. Mathematicians
24. Call the Mechanic
25. Musicians
26. The Opera Singer
27. The Optometrist
28. The Photographer
29. The Pickers
30. A Plumber
31. A Poet's Life
32. Police
33. A Politician
34. Principals
35. Psychologists
36. Publishers
37. Pugilists, Boxers, Fighters
38. Rock "n" Roll Stars
39. Sewer Worker
40. A Short-Order Cook
41. Skyscraper Window Washer
42. Snake Handlers
43. Speech Pathologists
44. Stunt People
45. A Superintendent
46. Teachers
47. The Trapeze Artist
48. A Waiter
49. The Warden
50. A Watchmaker

ASTRONAUTS

- 10 to the moon
- 9 to the stars
- 8 to the heavens
- 7 to Mars
- 6 to the universe
- 5 to the sky
- 4 to the atmosphere
- 3 to so high
- 2 to the planets
- 1 to the sun

BLAST-OFF!, BLAST-OFF!, BLAST-OFF! WHAT FUN !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## THE BARBER

Climb up in the chair.

And ask for it long.

He pulls out the clippers.

Your hair is all gone.

## THE BRAKEMAN

The steam whistle blows,  
Slowly she rolls,  
Down the rail,  
Down the rail,  
Down the line.

The doors they all close,  
On time she must go,  
Down the rail,  
Down the rail,  
Down the track.

The brakes in his hand,  
To stop he'll command,  
Halt the cars,  
Halt the cars,  
Halt the train.

The brakeman must stop,  
The trains they all hop,  
Slowing down,  
Slowing down,  
Slow to stop.

The engineer saw,  
In the rails a flaw,  
Brakeman please,  
Brakeman please,  
Brakeman please brake.

The brakeman he broke,  
Derailment's no joke,  
Down the rail,  
Down the rail,  
Down the line.

## A CADDY

A caddy carries your bag,  
And helps you choose your club,  
Advises you on wind and lie,  
So your shot you won't flub.

The golf course is their office,  
The tees and fairways too,  
The yardage they must measure,  
The pin they'll tend for you.

A caddy wakes up early,  
And rises with the sun,  
They watch for pars and bogeys,  
Till golfers all are done.



## CHEMISTS

Inside of test-tubes,  
On hot Bunsen burners,  
Experiments boil and bubble.

The chemist pours liquids,  
And stirs up the contents,  
Avoiding some chemical trouble.

In their white jackets,  
And wearing their goggles,  
They mix up a chemical brew.

To make a new plastic,  
Or some new detergent,  
That cleans up some mess made by you.

## COAL MINERS

Coal miners live  
In an unknown state.  
Their lives are dirty and short.  
Each day in the hole  
They all must tempt fate,  
Down in their underground fort.

In cold, hard, black earth  
The coal miner searches,  
For black coal to burn  
While the silence it lurches.

Fuel for the cities, the towns and the nations.  
Coal miners kids get a coal education.

Their creeks running red from the run-off of mines,  
Their sweat runs off too in red streams.  
They live back in places that no one can find,  
With days that are dark like their dreams.

No one works harder with picks or with axes,  
To pay for their food and their rent and their taxes.  
Their faces are darkened by soot from the coal,  
Our houses are lit by the light in their souls.

## YOUR DENTIST

Your dentist knows your mouth,  
Bicuspid and molars too.  
Baby teeth and broken teeth,  
And why your gums turn blue.  
Sugar is their nemesis,  
Their scourge,  
Their mortal foe.  
They drill and brush,  
And fill the holes,  
So sugar you should know.  
Can make your dentist very mad.  
Steam from their ears and oh so sad,  
To see a young and tender mouth,  
With cavities that lay about.  
So many fillings you hardly see,  
A speck of white when you smile with glee.  
Your dentist knows your mouth.

## DOCTORS

Doctors wear white coats.

Doctors give you shots.

They tell you what is healthy to do,

And warn you against what's not.

Doctors take your temperature.

Doctors hear your cough.

You wait for them in little rooms,

With most of your clothes off.

Doctors look in your ears.

Doctors look in your eyes.

They help you with a runny nose,

Your bruises, bumps, and styes.

Doctors give you medicine.

Doctors make boo-boos stop.

And when you leave their office,

They give you lollipops.

## DOGS

What's your dog do for a living?

Do they bite or scratch for fleas?

What's your pet dog's occupation?

Do they get paid just to sneeze?

Perhaps they're a dog farmer,

Growing all the good dog crops,

Or maybe they're a doggy salesman,

Selling doggy soda pop.

But maybe they're a dog-catcher,

And have to catch their friends.

They chase them in a big white truck,

And put a leash on them.

Does your dog have to have a job?

To eat and play and sleep.

Or can they waste the day away,

And dream of counting sheep.

What's your dog do for a living?

Maybe they are just a dog,

For that you get no money,

Just like falling off a log.

## EXTERMINATORS

Kill kill kill

Spray spray spray

Bugs and rats better go away

Termites termites

All go hide

Exterminators are waiting outside

Spray walls

Spray floors

Spray ceilings

Spray rugs

Poor little bugs, little poor dead bugs

Poor little squashed little legs in the air

Had no business living in there

Mom called their number

They came to the door

They killed them all

And there isn't anymore

Spray spray spray

Dead bugs make their day

## THE FATMAN IN THE CIRCUS

Every eye in the tent has gaped at him.

Has stared,

His incredible fat.

His body seems never ending,

How did he get like that?

How much food can one man eat?

How bad does he feel deep inside?

Maybe he's fat from some dreaded disease,

Maybe he eats just to hide.

His job,

It's not an easy one.

His job,

No one should do.

All of those people who look at him,

Should try wearing,

The fat man's shoes.

## FIREFIGHTERS

Firefighters wear helmets,  
Swoosh down fire poles,  
Hang on hook “n” ladders,  
They dig fire holes.  
They rescue crying babies,  
And get cats down from trees,  
They even put a band-aid,  
On a boo-boo on my knee.  
Firefighter’s friend is water,  
They hate the smell of smoke,  
“Hey! Don’t play with matches kid.”  
To them it’s not a joke.  
Firefighters fight with fires,  
They don’t want things to burn.  
They go to fire college,  
To learn what they must learn.  
They learn to carry hoses,  
And climb ladders with speed,  
They learn to do the fire things,  
And, yes, they learn to read.  
Firefighters they are valiant.  
Firefighters they are brave.  
Firefighters they are women and men,  
Someday perhaps they’ll save,  
Your house,



Your car,

Or dog or cat,

Your brand new bike,

Your this your that,

Your grandpa and your grandma too,

A firefighter,

Might even save you.

## GARBAGEMEN

Garbagemen wake early,  
They rise up with the sun.  
They jump aboard their giant trucks,  
For a day that's filled with fun.  
One man drives the steering wheel,  
The other hangs on back.  
They stop the truck outside your house,  
And fill their garbage sacks.  
They pick up trash and rubble too,  
Bones and paper, gums that chewed.  
Empty bottles, empty cans,  
Broken toys and pots and pans.  
Slimy, stinking, rotten things,  
All the junk that living brings.  
Used up hankies and old meat loaves,  
Things that burned up in the stove.  
All the stuff that stinks in cans,  
Gets on their clothes and on their hands.  
In their hair and in their eyes,  
They come home with a great big sigh.  
Their spouses won't hug them,  
And their kids won't kiss.  
The whole darn family  
Will act like this.  
Till after a shower,

For over an hour,  
They enter and smell squeaky clean.  
Their family loves them,  
Kisses and hugs them,  
And forget how they acted so mean.  
Garbagemen do an honest job.  
They clean up our unwanted blobs,  
They do what nobody wants to do,  
They haul away all your garbage for you.

## GEOLOGISTS

Geologists love rocks,  
Volcanic rocks and coal,  
Sediment and lava rocks,  
Any rock that's old.  
They love to study crystals,  
Fossils, mud and sand,  
You can tell a geologist,  
By the dirt that's on their hands.  
They keep their rocks at home.  
They keep them in their car.  
They've got rocks in bags,  
And they've got rocks in jars.  
Rocks are on their table.  
Rocks are on their bed.  
Some of them,  
Might even have,  
Rocks inside their head.

## A HAIR STYLIST

Mousse, spray, blowers, combs,

Scissors, aprons, styles,

Razors, wigs, and styling gel,

Cut and always smile.

“Oh you look so wonderful !”

“Oh you look so chic !”

“You would turn their heads for sure !”

“With all those fab blue streaks.”

Curls, tints, dyes and splashes,

Shampoos, perms and frosts,

Coffees, teas, French magazines,

Inflate the stylist’s cost.

Color, length, part and wave,

Braids, duck-tails, hair dos,

Cut and clip the day away,

So your hair looks good on you.

## JANITORS

Dirt, grime, muck, funk,

Paper, trash, garbage, junk,

Messes, spills, spoils, splats,

Food, gum, ants, rats,

Polish, spray, vacuum, shine,

Dust, clean, cleanse, find,

Janitors do all that,

and more.....

## LANDSCAPERS

Landscapers cut grass,  
They throw mulch on beds,  
They dig holes for trees,  
While they scratch their heads.  
They rake up dead leaves,  
And stuff them in bags,  
They tie up tomatoes,  
With little white rags.  
They edge all your sidewalks,  
And sprinkle your lawn.  
They make it look beautiful,  
And then they are gone.  
Their boots are all green,  
And their faces are tan.  
They work in the sun,  
And blister their hands.  
They're so good with shovels,  
And mowers and hoes,  
They mow your green yard into luscious, long rows.  
They wake with the sun,  
They work till it sets,  
They spend the whole evening,  
To try to forget,  
Their sore, aching muscles,  
And all their stiff bones,

That gives them their pains,

And their stains,

And their groans.



## LAWYERS

Lawyers sue people,  
They help those who are sued.  
For clients they seek their rewards.  
Lawyers plead cases,  
And search out the truth,  
Hoping the judge will award.

They try to win cases,  
No matter the crime,  
Protecting defendants,  
From doing their time.

Lawyers for unions,  
And car crashes too,  
Argumentative skills must be sly,  
Divorces and felonies, tickets and suits,  
To try to do justice they try

SHHHHH..... IT'S THE LIBRARIAN

Deep in the books,

Fly dirty looks.

Some quiets, some shushes,

Some stares and some hushes.

Shhhhh..... it's the librarian.

Adventures make me yell,

Mysteries make me scream,

Science makes me wonder,

And fantasies make me dream.

Shhhhh..... it's the librarian.

But I misplaced my card,

Though I looked so hard,

I just love the books,

But not dirty looks.

Shhhhh..... it's the librarian.

I know what I'll do,

I'll carry some tape,

So when I read a book,

No sounds will escape.

Shhhhh..... it's the librarian.

A LION TAMER

With a whip

With a chair

A snap in the air

A growl and a roar

Lion tamer no more.

Burp!

## LUMBERJACKS

Lumberjacks chop trees,  
With saws and axes too,  
Chain saws, rip saws, two-man saws,  
What it takes they'll use.

A harness used for climbing,  
And boots with long sharp spikes,  
Makes it so much easier,  
So up the tree they hike.

Chopping off the branches,  
The tree is set to go,  
The jacks down under yell,  
“Timberrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! Look out below !”

A lumberjack's a climber,  
A chopper and roller too,  
There's just about no job in the woods,  
A lumberjack can't do.

They eat green forest breakfasts,  
And some say they eat trees,  
When at some forest restaurant,  
They'll ask for pine cones please.

## THE MAIL CARRIER

Sometimes dogs might bite them.

Sometimes snow might slow them down.

Sometimes the mail might burden their back.

All those letters,

That fill up their sack,

But mail carriers always deliver.

Sometimes the rain pours down on them.

Sometimes the wind blows hard on them.

Sometimes their route seems ever so long.

Many mail days,

Go nothing but wrong,

But mail carriers always deliver.

Sometimes the junk mail weighs on them.

Sometimes the packages weigh on them.

Sometimes the mail might weigh them down.

All those miles,

Round your town,

But mail carriers always deliver

## MATHEMATICIANS

Do you blunder with numbers?  
Is your two and two eight?  
Well, call Mrs. Math,  
She will help you feel great,  
She's got numbers on slide rules,  
And numbers on lines.  
Some on calculators,  
And some that are prime,  
Numbers in problems,  
That perplex your head,  
Numbers in answers,  
And errors instead.  
Numbers in money,  
And numbers in banks,  
Numbers are funny,  
They even drive tanks.  
Mathematicians love numbers,  
They see them as art.  
They sleep with their numbers,  
They're never apart.  
They'll marry one person,  
And then have ten kids,  
Just because they are,  
A kid-counting whiz.

## CALL THE MECHANIC

Engines cough,  
Tires pop,  
Turn it off,  
Make it stop,  
Call the mechanic.

Grease and grime,  
Gas and tools,  
Oil leaking,  
Into pools,  
Call the mechanic.

Carburetors,  
Clutches, gears,  
Steering wheels,  
That cannot steer,  
Call the mechanic.

Squeaks and noise,  
Grown up toys,  
Go real fast,  
So your car lasts,  
Call the mechanic.

## MUSICIANS

Musicians swing

Musicians tap

Musicians strum

Musicians clap

Musicians rock

Musicians roll

Musicians jam

Out of control

Musicians drum

Musicians blow

Musicians sing

Musicians go

Musicians dance

Musicians smile

Musicians play

The latest style

Musicians trumpet

Musicians bow

Musicians whistle

Musicians flow

Musicians jump

Musicians slide

Musicians take

You on a ride



## THE OPERA SINGER

My voice is a tool,  
And so as a rule,  
I pamper and soothe it with ice.  
My instrument you see,  
Is always with me,  
In my throat it fits rather nice.  
Exercise it with care,  
And take in fresh air,  
And warm it when it's cold at night.  
My voice can reach high,  
To notes that can fly,  
Each sound, every tone,  
Must be right.

## THE OPTOMETRIST

They almost always wear glasses.

They wear white lab coats too.

They strap you into their machines,

Your eyes they check for you.

They tell you're 20/20.

Near sighted or something like that.

Sometimes they go so far to say,

That you're blind as a bat.

They almost always wear glasses.

## THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Click, click,

The shutter is quick.

What you see,

Is what you get.

Or is it?

Developers, enlargers,

Baths of all types,

Develop your picture,

To make it just right.

## THE PICKERS

The sun beats down,  
The vegetables grow,  
The sprinklers water,  
The pickers sow,  
The seeds that grow to sit on your table.

The pesticides fly,  
The boxes in rows,  
The sun wakes early,  
The pickers all go.  
To their home, to their town, to their waiting families.

The tomatoes are ripe,  
The carrots in ground,  
The planes they are swooping,  
And the choppers hover down,  
Spraying the field's bugs in their clouds.

The pickers stoop,  
The pickers all know,  
The pickers work hard,  
The pickers work so,  
They can feed, they can care, they can clothe.

## A PLUMBER

A plumber fixes pipes,  
Your moans and groans and gripes,  
Your plugged up sink,  
Your clogged up drain,  
A leaky sewer plugged by rain.  
A plumber uses wrenches,  
To clean up stinks and stenches.  
Opens sinks and old bathtubs,  
Washers, showers, fireplugs.  
A plumber drives their truck,  
To pick your pipe that's stuck.  
You rammed it full of lots of things,  
Garbage bags and tacks and rings,  
Banana peels and lots of hair,  
All the stuff that would go down there.  
They ask you why you shoved that muck,  
Until your pipe was very stuck.  
And you just say with a sheepish grin,  
That you wanted to watch them fix it again.

## A POET'S LIFE

A poet's life is often sad,  
Alone writing sonnet or rhyme.  
Some say a poet is often quite mad,  
When pondering rhythmical line.  
A poet's word must come from their life,  
It symbolizes their soul.  
A poet's life may be filled with strife,  
The words must come from a hole.  
A cavity where emotions hid,  
A place where poetry hides.  
A cave of words and things that they did,  
These places keep poets alive.

## POLICE

The people in blue,  
Are there for you.  
With gun and badge,  
They must be true.  
The people in blue,  
Are loyal too,  
With nightstick in hand,  
They must protect you.  
The people in blue,  
Are brave people who,  
With smarts and care,  
Do what we don't dare.  
The people in blue,  
Are there for you,  
And with a kind word,  
They will try to help you.

## A POLITICIAN

“Vote for me,”

“And I’ll do what you say.”

Said the shrewd politician in their speech on that day.

Your vote provides money,

To help run the land,

To satisfy interests,

And grease a few hands.

It’s a job that’s not easy,

You must please all sides,

Though that seems impossible,

A politician must try.

They work in the government,

So the nation can grow.

To write down our laws,

And pave our new roads.

Congressman, presidents, representatives too,

Councilman, judges, they all work for you.

Your vote puts them in,

Where power they hold,

To make our decisions,

To protect our gold.

The good and the honest and loyal we need,

The bad and deceptive just do it for greed.

Like all other people,

Some good and some bad,



Just look at our history,  
At all we have had.  
Some heroes, some crooks,  
Most just average men,  
That take on the job,  
We elected for them.  
What this country needs,  
Is some people to say,  
I can be honest and fair everyday,  
And if you are honest and ethical too,  
Plenty of people just might vote for you.

## PRINCIPALS

Principals

Can be

Your friends

Can be

Bad news

It all

Depends.

## PSYCHOLOGISTS

Psychologists try to explain,  
What's going on inside your brain.  
They'd like to know the reasons for,  
The things we do and so much more.  
By staring into their ink blots,  
Psychologists tell quite a lot.  
About our fears and worries too.  
The reasons for the things we do.  
Psychologists try to repair,  
The boo-boos hiding deep in there.  
They prod and poke our childhood,  
Until they find what's bad and good.  
To see if you are mad or sane,  
So when you're done you won't complain,  
About their fee that's madly high,  
Money spent to laugh and cry.

## PUBLISHERS

A publisher's job deals with books,  
Their style, their content, their looks.  
They sell them, they print them,  
They buy them, they mint them.  
Money to them comes from books.  
A publisher must know their words.  
Words about countries and birds,  
Words about money,  
And words that are funny,  
Because words are the bricks of a book.  
A publisher publishes books.  
Written by authors and cooks,  
Written by artists and ghostwriters too,  
Written by writers and people like you.  
It's people who read and write books.

## PUGILISTS, BOXERS, OR FIGHTERS

Roadwork    running miles a day

Speed work    make the speed bag sway

Power work    slug the heavy bag

Roadwork    go till your butt drags

Running, punching, jumping rope.

Training, paining, straining, hope

Shadow box

Punch at thin air

Pretend the opponent

Is really there

Sweat and grime

It flies and drips

Gatorade

Your fluids sip

Fight night arrives

The fans alive

Tensions high

You meet their eye

Cold and empty

Dangerous

Wrap your hands

Wrap your wrists

Ding, ding, ding

The fight bell rings

The boxer's art

It sometimes stings

The pugilist performs their art

The fight is over

Soon after its start

Round 4

Box no more

KO in thirty

They're out on the floor

## ROCK "N" ROLL STARS

Leather pants

Girls dance

Rock "n" roll stars

Wild crowds

Music's loud

Rock "n" roll stars

Screeching guitars

Limousine cars

Rock "n" roll stars

Laser beam lights

Leotard tights

Rock "n" roll stars

Flash in the pans

Where are the fans?

Rock "n" roll stars

Deadened deaf ears

Doesn't hear clear

Rock "n" roll stars

Long live rock "n" roll

Reunion bands

Can come back though

Rock "n" roll stars

## SEWER WORKER

Down in the sludge,  
Where they barely can budge,  
Their boots in the slop,  
They come to a stop.  
To inspect a drain,  
That's clogged up by rain,  
By sewage and gunk,  
And all kinds of funk.  
His nose in a pin,  
He opens again,  
So down flows the muck,  
That once had been stuck.



## A SHORT-ORDER COOK

A short-order cook,  
Can flip you a burger,  
Fry you some fries,  
Or charcoal a steak.  
They'll toss you a salad,  
Or serve you some oatmeal,  
Saute some onions,  
Or flip a pancake.  
But a short-order cook  
Is not chef or gourmet,  
They don't deal with pastry,  
Or bake a souffle.  
They cook what is simple,  
And easy to make.  
A burger and fries,  
Or maybe a steak.

SKYSCRAPER

WINDOW

WASHERS

High

High

High

High

High

High

High

In the

Air

The Win-

dow-

Wash-

er

Is

Wash-

ing

Up

There.

## SNAKE HANDLERS

Snake handlers

Handle snakes

Snakes that spit

Spitting snakes

Snakes that squeeze

Squeezing snakes

Snakes that rattle

Rattle snakes

Snakes that quiver

Quivering snakes

Snakes that bite

Biting snakes

Snakes that are poison

Venomous snakes

Snake handlers

Handle snakes

## SPEECH PATHOLOGISTS

Your lisp,

Your slur,

They cure.

Studder

Or shy,

They'll try.

They can tell,

How to speak well.

Form lips,

Tongue tips,

No slips.

## STUNT PEOPLE

Stunt people crash!

Stunt people slam!!

Stunt people punch!

Stunt people wham!!

Stunt people crunch!

Stunt people slide!!

Stunt people hunch!

Stunt people ride!!

Stunt people swoosh!

Stunt people glide!!

Stunt people break!

Stunt people bust!!

Stunt people fake!

Stunt people must!!

Be careful.

## A SUPERINTENDENT

A superintendent

Intends

To do

Super things.

They're the boss

To teachers and principals too,

To bus drivers, janitors,

And students like you.

What super things

Does a super do ?

They organize people

Who organize you.

They manage the money

And people at school.

That's what's super

About what supers do.



## THE TRAPEZE ARTIST

High above the arena,  
At the apex of the tent,  
Soars a flying Walenda,  
Body straight then bent.

Performing a double half axle,  
And then a triple Boroni,  
This Walenda's an artist for sure,  
He's surely not a phoney.

The mouths are all wide open,  
As he tries a brand new double,  
The clowns begin to run around,  
Provoking all kinds of mad trouble.

The crowd moans a gasp,  
As Walenda he misses,  
And falls to the net,  
Among whispers and hisses.

He's the star of the circus,  
The big top's dare devil.  
Flying so carefree,  
So straight and so level.



He'll startle and scare us,

He'll make us all smile.

We feel so free when,

We aloft for a while.

## A WAITER

They take your order

They smile

They bring you water

They smile

They bring you your salad or soup

They smile

They bring you your entree

They smile

They ask if everything's alright

They smile

They clear your plate

They smile

They tell you what's for dessert

They smile sweetly

They pour you coffee

They smile

They bring the check

They smile harder

They say goodbye

They smile

They clear your table and take your tip

They smile.

## THE WARDEN

“ Let me out Warden,  
I didn't do it.”

“ Let me out Warden,  
I didn't mean it.”

“ Let me out Warden,  
I'll never do it again.”

Said the prisoner then.

“ No, nope, no way, no how,  
You did the crime and,  
You'll pay for it now.”

“I'll try to be fair,  
I'll see to what's right,

But in this here jail,  
You'd better not fight,

You'd better not lie,

Not steal,

Not try,

To climb the big fence,

And hide like a spy,

For you'll never make it,

No, never escape.”

Said the confident Warden,

To the prison inmate.

## A WATCHMAKER

A watchmaker always knows the time.

A watchmaker is very precise.

A watchmaker's time is never behind.

A watchmaker is very concise.

A watchmaker arranges the gears.

A watchmaker prepares the watch face.

A watchmaker has but seconds to fear,

A watchmaker and time always race.