

We Do Activity

8th Grade Inference-Poetry

"Almost Perfect" by Shel Silverstein

"Almost perfect...but not quite."

Those were the words of Mary Hume

At her seventh birthday party,

Looking 'round the ribboned room.

"This tablecloth is *pink*, not *white*-

Almost perfect...but not quite."

"Almost perfect...but not quite."

Those were the words of grown-up Mary

Talking about her handsome beau,

The one she wasn't going to marry.

"Squeezes me a bit too tight-

Almost perfect...but not quite.

"Almost perfect...but not quite."

Those were the words of ol' Miss Hume

Teaching in the seventh grade,

Grading papers in the gloom,

Late at night up in her room.

"They never cross their t's just right-

Almost perfect...but not quite."

Ninety-eight the day she died

Complainin' bout the spotless floor.

People shook their heads and sighed,

"Guess that she'll like heaven more."

Up went her soul on feathered wings,

Out the door, up out of sight.

Another voice from heaven came-

"Almost perfect...but not quite."