One Inch Tall

If you were only one inch tall, you'd ride a worm to school.  
The teardrop of a crying ant would be your swimming pool.  
A crumb of cake would be a feast  
And last you seven days at least,  
A flea would be a frightening beast  
If you were one inch tall.  
  
If you were only one inch tall, you'd walk beneath the door,  
And it would take about a month to get down to the store.  
A bit of fluff would be your bed,  
You'd swing upon a spider's thread,  
And wear a thimble on your head  
If you were one inch tall.  
  
You'd surf across the kitchen sink upon a stick of gum.  
You couldn't hug your mama, you'd just have to hug her thumb.  
You'd run from people's feet in fright,  
To move a pen would take all night,  
(This poem took fourteen years to write--  
'Cause I'm just one inch tall).   
  
Shel Silverstein

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**CONSTRUCTED RESPONSE QUESTION: THE OREO METHOD**

1. How does the mood of the poem help to develop the theme?

Topic Sentence (The Cookie)

Two Supporting Details (Double Stuffed Filling)

Closure (Bottom of the Cookie)