

Poem: Diphthongs oi & oy



Said a boy named Troy,

“I will till the soil.

And when the soil is tilled,
I will plant a line of soybeans
and cover them with foil,
so my seeds won't spoil
when the frost comes.

They will need a chance to grow.

That I know.”

Then Troy waited and waited
for his seeds to grow.

His sister asked,

“Troy, what's the point of all the toil?
Everyone knows you need moist soil
to grow soy plants that will not spoil.”
So Troy hoisted water up from the well.
And on the planted seeds of soy
drops of water fell.

Just about three weeks passed
and Troy smiled with joy at last.
Little soy plants poked up from the soil
to join the world above.
Troy had planted soybeans
and tended them with love.

