

# West Felton CofE Primary School



## Whole School Poetry Anthology

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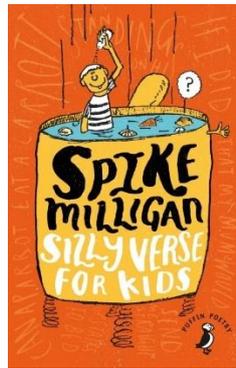
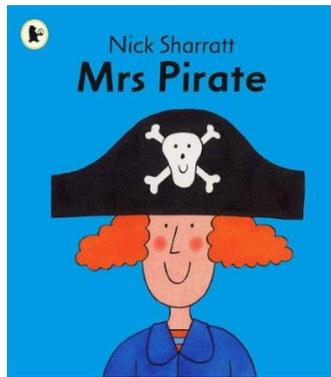
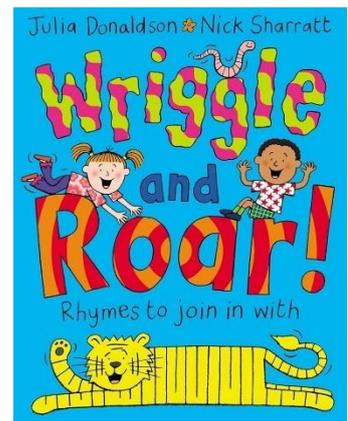
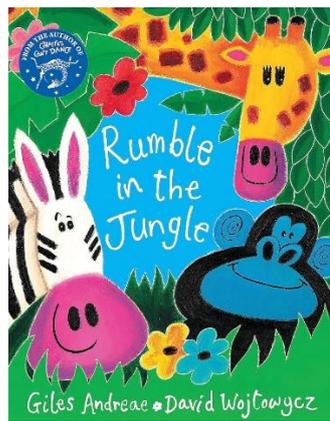
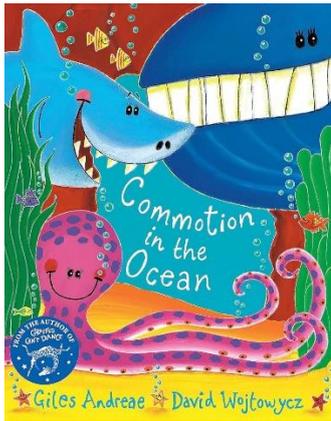
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Acorn





### **The Quarrel by Eleanor Farjeon**

I quarrelled with my brother,  
I don't know what about,  
One thing led to another  
And somehow we fell out.  
The start of it was slight,  
The end of it was strong,  
He said he was right,  
I knew he was wrong!  
We hated one another.  
The afternoon turned black.  
Then suddenly my brother  
Thumped me on the back,  
And said, "Oh, come on!  
We can't go on all night—  
I was in the wrong."  
So he was in the right.

### **Spaghetti Spaghetti by John Prelutsky**

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

You're wonderful stuff,

I love you, spaghetti,

I can't get enough.

You're covered with sauce

And you're sprinkled with cheese,

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Oh, give me some more please.

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Piled high in a mound,

You wiggle, you wriggle

You squiggle around.

There's slurpy spaghetti

All over my plate,

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

I think you are great.

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

I love you a lot,

You're slishy, you're sloshy,

Delicious and hot.

I gobble you down

Oh, I can't get enough,

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

You're wonderful stuff.

**On the Ning Nang Nong by Spike Milligan**

On the Ning Nang Nong

Where the Cows go Bong!

and the monkeys all say BOO!

There's a Nong Nang Ning

Where the trees go Ping!

And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang

And you just can't catch 'em when they do!

So it's Ning Nang Nong

Cows go Bong!

Nong Nang Ning

Trees go ping

Nong Ning Nang

The mice go Clang

What a noisy place to belong

is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!

## **Song of the Train by David McCord**

Clickety-clack,

Wheels on the track,

This is the way

They begin the attack:

Click-ety-clack,

Click-ety-clack,

Click-ety, clack-ety,

Click-ety Clack.

Clickety-clack, Over the crack,

Faster and faster

The song of the track:

Clickety-clack,

Clickety-clack,

Clickety, clackety,

Clackety.

Clack.

Riding in front,

Riding in back,

Everyone hears the song of the track:

Clickety-clack,

Clickety-clack,

Clickety, clickety,

Clackety

Clack

## **Penguins on Ice by Celia Warren**

Every penguin's mum

Can toboggan on her tum.

She can only do that

As she's fluffy and fat.

It must be nice

To live on ice.

Every penguin's day

Is happy and glad.

He can slip and slide

And swim and glide.

It must be nice

To live on ice.

All penguin chicks

Do slippery tricks.

They waddle and fall

But don't mind at all.

It must be nice

To live on ice

**Cats by Eleanor Farjeon**

Cats sleep, anywhere,  
Any table, any chair  
Top of piano, window-ledge,  
In the middle, on the edge,  
Open drawer, empty shoe,  
Anybody's lap will do,  
Fitted in a cardboard box,  
In the cupboard, with your frocks-  
Anywhere! They don't care!  
Cats sleep anywhere.

## Beech

### The Morning Rush by John Foster

Into the bathroom,

Turn on the tap.

Wash away the sleepiness –

Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,

Pull on your vest.

Quickly! Quickly!

Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.

No time to lose.

Gobble up your breakfast.

Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.

Squeeze out the paste.

Brush, brush, brush your teeth.

No time to waste.

Look in the mirror.

Comb your hair.

Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry

Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag

Up off the floor.

Grab your coat

And out through the door.

**In the park 1 and 2 by Eloise Greenfield**

Part 1

Let's take a walk  
around the park,  
but please don't forget  
that you have to bark.

No matter what you  
want to say,  
Just watch, think and bark,  
okay?

Part 2

Not many people in the park,  
nobody near enough to hear me,  
if I say a poem or two.

So I do.

### **King of the Dinosaurs by Aoife Mannix**

I'm the king of the dinosaurs, number one reptile,  
tyrannosaurus rex can't touch my style.

I'm dressed to kill, got the sharpest suit,  
when I rip you apart, my friend, you won't find it cute.

Don't laugh at me cos I'm mean,  
the ugliest lizard you ever seen.

No point trying to run away,  
I'll only eat you another day.

I got teeth cut like a razor, so do yourself a favour,  
unless you want to be my breakfast, lunch, or tea,  
make sure you stay well away from me.

Don't talk to me about no ice age,  
you wouldn't like me in a rage.

Extinction's just a rumour,  
and I ain't in the humour,  
for hearing that the party's done,  
my fun's only just begun.

## **My Dad's Amazing by Ian Souter**

My dad's *amazing* for he can:

make mountains out of molehills,  
teach Granny to suck eggs,  
make Mum's blood boil  
and then drive her up the wall.

My dad's *amazing* for he also:

walks around with his head in the clouds,  
has my sister eating out of his hand,  
says he's got eyes in the back of his head  
and can read me like a book.

But,

the most *amazing* thing of all is:

when he's caught someone red-handed,  
first he jumps down their throat  
and then he bites their head off!

**I don't want to go to school by Colin McNaughton**

I don't want to go into school today, Mum,

I don't feel like schoolwork today.

Oh, don't make me go to school today, Mum,

Oh, please let me stay home and play.

But you must go to school, my cherub, my lamb.

If you don't it will be a disaster.

How would they manage without you, my sweet,

After all, you are the headmaster!

**Slowly by James Reeves**

Slowly the tide creeps up the sand,

Slowly the shadows cross the land.

Slowly the cart-horse pulls his mile,

Slowly the old man mounts his stile.

Slowly the hands move round the clock,

Slowly the dew dries on the dock.

Slow is the snail – but slowest of all

The green moss spreads on the old brick wall.

### **Thinker's Rap by Eloise Greenfield**

Walking out the school door,  
didn't come to stay,  
didn't mean to talk, but  
did it anyway.

My friend Jace, beside me,  
walking to my beat,  
children, pets and grown-ups,  
filling up the street.

Stopping all the traffic,  
going down the hill,  
nothing else is moving,  
everything is still.

Mum and Dad and Kimmy  
giving us a cheer,  
standing on the front step,  
watching as we near.

Going in the house now,  
going to close the door.

Got to say goodbye now,  
please don't ask for more.

Going in the house now,  
my good friend and I,  
got to say goodbye now.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

GOODBYE!

## Willow

### **The Sound Collector by Roger McGough**

A stranger called this morning

Dressed all in black and grey

Put every sound into a bag

And carried it away

The whistling of the kettle

The turning of the lock

The purring of the kitten

The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster

The crunching of the flakes

When you spread the marmalade

The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan

The ticking of the grill

The bubbling of the bathtub

As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops

On the window pane

When you do the washing up

The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby

The squeaking of the chair

The swishing of the curtain

The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning

He didn't leave his name

Left us only silence

Life will never be the same

**The Dualling Duo by Joseph Coelho**

In the pitch of night  
two knights shared a thought,  
with a sword in each hand  
as they slashed and fought  
on the highest ramparts  
of the crumbling fort.

The duo duelled  
with their dual swords  
hacking left then right,  
their metal ringing,  
each convinced they were right.

One would hit – one would miss  
in the mine-dark night  
with its coal-fist mist.

One blade rang on a helmet,  
hand tight on a hilt-rung sword,  
both proving their mettle  
in this mourning morning.

Each trying to raze  
the other to the ground,  
ignoring the sun's rays,  
they danced their iron,  
refusing to pause,  
ignoring the sweat  
that rained from their pores,  
each desperate to reign  
with their armour-bash peel.

The same thought in each head  
that neither could still.

Both were right,  
could not be wrong.

Apparent in their blades, raised.  
Transparent in their eyes, glazed.

"I AM RIGHT."

The lie they thought  
as they fought  
in the fort

### **The Emergensea by John Hegley**

The octopus awoke one morning and wondered  
what rhyme it was.

Looking at his alarm-clocktopus  
he saw that it had stopped  
and it was time to stop having a rest  
and get himself dressed.

On every octofoot  
he put  
an octosocktopus  
but in his hurry, one foot got put  
not into an octosocktopus  
but into an electric outlet  
and the octopus got a nasty electric shocktopus  
and had to call the octodoctopus  
who couldn't get in  
to give any help or medicine  
because the door was loctopus.

The octopus couldn't move, being in a state of octoshocktopus  
so the octodoctopus bashed the door  
to the floor  
and the cure was as simple as could be:  
a nice refreshing cup of  
seawater.

### **The Ocean's Blanket by Carol Ann Duffy**

The ocean's blanket is made of dark green seaweed  
and golden mermaids' hair.

We see a thousand starfish there.

The ocean's blanket is made of crashing waves  
and frothy, creamy foam.

It keeps us warm.

The ocean's blanket is made of smiling dolphins  
and lonely, singing whales.

We see the silver of the fishes' scales.

The ocean's blanket is made of waltzing octopuses  
and dancing, inky squid.

It keeps us hid.

The ocean's blanket is made of hidden pearls  
and spicy, salty smells.

We see the jewels of a million shells.

The ocean's blanket is made of sunken ships  
and we are drowned, are drowned.

Beneath the ocean's blanket we will not be found.

## **Gran, Can you rap? By Jack Ousby**

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap  
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.

Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran?

And she opened one eye and she said to me,  
Man, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.

And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room  
And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,  
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head

And as she rolled by this is what she said,  
I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.

Then she rapped past my Dad and she rapped past my mother,

She rapped past me and my little baby brother.

She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,

She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.

She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,

The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.  
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red  
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,  
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,  
And she disappeared she was rapping still.

I could hear Gran's voice saying,  
Listen Man, Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.

I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

I'm a - tip-top, slip-slap,

nip-nap, yip-yap,

hip-hop, trip-trap,

touch yer cap,

take a nap,

happy, happy, happy, happy,

rap-rap-queen

## **Jelly Jake And Butter Bill by Leroy F. Jackson**

Jelly Jake and Butter Bill

One dark night when all was still

Pattered down the long, dark stair,

And no one saw the guilty pair;

Pushed aside the pantry-door

And there found everything galore,—

Honey, raisins, orange-peel,

Cold chicken aplenty for a meal,

Gingerbread enough to fill

Two such boys as Jake and Bill.

Well, they ate and ate and ate,

Gobbled at an awful rate

Till I'm sure they soon weighed more

Than double what they did before.

And then, it's awful, still it's true,

The floor gave way and they went thru.

Filled so full they couldn't fight.

Slowly they sank out of sight.

Father, Mother, Cousin Ann,

Cook and nurse and furnace man

Fished in forty-dozen ways

After them, for twenty days;

But not a soul has chanced to get

A glimpse or glimmer of them yet.

And I'm afraid we never will—

Poor Jelly Jake and Butter Bill.

## **The Witches Spell (Macbeth) by William Shakespeare**

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

**I'm walking with my Iguana by Brian Moses**

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

When the temperature rises  
to above eighty-five,  
my iguana is looking  
like he's coming alive.

So we make it to the beach,  
my iguana and me,  
then he sits on my shoulder  
as we stroll by the sea . . .

and I'm walking  
with my iguana.  
I'm walking  
with my iguana.

Well if anyone sees us  
we're a big surprise,  
my iguana and me  
on our daily exercise,

till somebody phones  
the local police  
and says I have an alligator  
tied to a leash.

When I'm walking  
with my iguana.

I'm walking  
with my iguana.

It's the spines on his back  
that make him look grim,  
but he just loves to be tickled  
under his chin.

And I know that my iguana  
is ready for bed  
when he puts on his pyjamas  
and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking  
with my iguana.

Still walking  
with my iguana.

With my iguana . . . . .  
with my iguana . . . . .  
and my piranha,  
and my chihuahua,  
and my chinchilla,  
and my gorilla,  
my caterpillar . . . . .  
and I'm walking . . .  
with my iguana . . .  
with my iguana . . .  
with my iguana . . .

## **From a Railway Carriage by Robert Louis Stevenson**

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

## Sycamore

### The city of my birth by Karl Nova

I spy with my London eye

Big Ben telling the time

as these thoughts like the River Thames

flow through my mind

Thoughts of love for my city

Like tube trains move quickly

Although unlike them

there's no delay, swiftly

like red buses that move through the streets

Like the blood pumping through my veins

as my heart beats

I feel a rush of blood for the city of my birth

I might be biased, it's one of the greatest on earth

I stand still on Westminster bridge watching the movement

of different people moving around I am grooving

to music pumping in my headphones, I crack a smile

London is my playground and I am its child.

## **Mainly about Aliens by Ruth Awolola**

I'm looking up into the sky

And I am thinking, how can it be this big?

Why is there so much of it?

How do we all fit?

I am thinking all these things

But I am mainly thinking about aliens.

Wondering whether there is someone or something

Doing the same.

Looking up,

Hoping or knowing there is life out there.

I wonder if we'd welcome the aliens,

Respect their alien ways,

Watch when they show us new colours,

Listen when they talk about their part of the sky.

I wonder if they'll say, "We come in peace,"

If they'll even have a word for peace on their planet.

Maybe they don't have guns

Or war,

Or maybe they are running away from it.

I'm looking up into the sky

And I'm thinking, why is it so big?

How can there be so much of it?

If we can all fit?

Thinking about how we treat each other,

Thinking about how we'd treat aliens,

Thinking mainly about aliens.

## **Aleppo Cat by Philip Gross**

First, months

of flash, thud, shudder,

then the wailing...

Months,

that's half a young cat's life

and three or four more of her nine

already used up.

Hush,

ears perked, head cocked,

she's listening

to the sound

that's no sound, no voice, not

a throb of engines, not one

sound of human.

Now

she slinks, always liquid enough

to shrink through cracks,  
now starved to whisker-thinness

- pauses,

wide eyes

between tumbled blocks,  
the first living thing out  
among the heaps of mudbrick  
dust, of a...

who could say

*street?* She checks the cat-map  
in her mind. The market...  
Where the bread smells came from...  
Gone.

And where the fish man  
tossed the bones.

Gone.

Where the children chased her  
with fierce cuddles, too young  
to know their strength.

Gone,

and their voices,

out late playing,

their mothers calling them home.

Home, gone. Aleppo,

gone, gone, gone.

## **I asked the River by Valerie Bloom**

'Why do you run?' I asked the river,  
'So fast I can't compete.'

'I run,' the river said, 'because  
I have some streams to meet.'

'Where do you go?' I asked the river,  
'And what do you do there?'

'I go to the valley,' the river said,  
'Where I wash the rushes' hair.'

'Why do you sing?' I asked the river,  
'Such a sweet and happy tune?'  
'Because,' the river smiled,  
'I'm having lunch with the sea at noon.'

'Why do you laugh?' I asked the river,  
'You'll share the joke I suppose?'  
'I woke the mountain,' the river grinned,  
'By tickling his toes.'

Then the river shuddered, groaned and sighed,  
The song of the streams and the laughter died,  
And it whispered sadly, 'I can't, I can't,'  
As it limped along like an ancient aunt.

'Now why do you wait?' I asked the river,  
'And why is your current so slow?'  
'Something holds me back,' it said.  
Its voice was faint and low.

'And is that why you're getting small?  
Is that why you sigh?'  
'I sigh,' the river said, 'because  
I know that soon I'll die.'

'Why don't you fight for your life?' I asked,  
'You only foam and seethe.'  
'My lungs are clogged,' the river moaned,  
'And I can hardly breathe.'

'Perhaps a rest,' I told the river,  
'Would help to clear your head.'  
'I cannot rest,' the river said,  
'There's garbage in my bed.'

'What's this garbage,' I asked, disturbed,  
'Which is clogging up your sand?'  
'Poisonous waste and wrappers like this,  
Which just fell from your hand.'

### **Goal by Steven Camden**

It was perfect  
the timing  
like stars aligning or  
looking up from your boo when the class is silent  
just as she does  
so perfect you can feel it in your spine  
the kind of moment that you know  
will be engraved into your mind

Last minute

PE

Josh on the ball

I break free of my marker and give him the call

as I sprint into the box

Josh nutmegs his man

quick look up at me

I'm raising my hand

and he whips it

a perfect curve arcing my way

the keeper comes out

like he's certain to save

but I cut to the near post

spring

off my toes

sun cuts through the clouds like

the universe knows

this is meant to be

the perfect cross from Josh a gift

sent to me

my forehead meets the ball like a perfect piece of destiny

Bang!

Top corner

the ripple in the net

my team mates are all screaming

we win

11-10

I just lie there on the grass

facing up towards the sky

Mr Evans blows his whistle

and I almost start to cry

from pure joy

there's nothing in the world

as good as this

so from the bottom of the pile-on

I just smile

in pure bliss.

**I am a writer by Joseph Coelho**

I am the clash and collide of the stars  
because I create worlds.

I am the awareness of the trees  
because I hear the wind.

I am the sweat of a rainbow  
because I refract all the colours.

I am the blood in a pen  
because I ink arteries.

I am the blade in a sharpener  
because I make nibs vanish.

I am the edge of a rubber,  
rounded, worn and softened by mistakes.

I am the conversation of notes,  
discussing melodies.

I am the holes in a flute,  
knower of unknown tunes.

I am the skin of a drum.  
Every hit, beat and bang  
bouncing off me,  
forming music from nothing.

## **The Parent and Child Quadrille by Michaela Morgan**

Could you be a little better?

Could you be a little more?

Could you stand up straight, speak clearly,

Pick your clothes up off the floor.

Could you, would you, will you, won't you?

Can you be the perfect child?

Could you walk a little quicker?

Could you smile a sweeter smile?

Could you eat up all your dinner-

Chewing quietly the while?

Could you be polite and grateful?

Always say 'thank you' and 'please'?

Could you keep your bedroom tidy-

And have shiny, shiny knees?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you

Oh why don't you try to be the perfect child?

Will you go to bed on order?

Will you fall asleep when told?

Will you leap out when you're called for-

Be a JOY to behold?

Will you work so hard at lessons

That you get a perfect score?

Be superb at spelling, sums and science

Do your homework. Ask for more?

Will you always make the extra effort?

Have gleaming teeth and shining hair.

And if you end up in Emergency please have

spotless underwear

Can't you be like the kids on telly - act as if you're

on an ad?

Be well behaved and clever and make a humble

parent glad?

You can really have no notion how delightful it would be

If you do all you are asked to - and you do it perfectly.

So be not wild, oh errant child, but be serious, be grave

Be sensible, be superior, be SILENT

oh...BEHAVE

### **Matilda Told Such Dreadful Lies by Hillaire Belloc**

Matilda told such Dreadful Lies,  
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes;  
Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,  
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,

Attempted to Believe Matilda:  
The effort very nearly killed her,  
And would have done so, had not She  
Discovered this Infirmity.

For once, towards the Close of Day,  
Matilda, growing tired of play,  
And finding she was left alone,  
Went tiptoe to the Telephone

And summoned the Immediate Aid  
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.  
Within an hour the Gallant Band  
Were pouring in on every hand,

From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow.  
With Courage high and Hearts a-glow,  
They galloped, roaring through the Town,  
"Matilda's House is Burning Down!"

Inspired by British Cheers and Loud  
Proceeding from the Frenzied Crowd,  
They ran their ladders through a score  
Of windows on the Ball Room Floor;

And took Peculiar Pains to Souse  
The Pictures up and down the House,  
Until Matilda's Aunt succeeded  
In showing them they were not needed;  
And even then she had to pay  
To get the Men to go away!

It happened that a few Weeks later  
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre  
To see that Interesting Play  
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

She had refused to take her Niece  
To hear this Entertaining Piece:  
A Deprivation Just and Wise  
To Punish her for Telling Lies.

That Night a Fire did break out–  
You should have heard Matilda Shout!  
You should have heard her Scream and Bawl,  
And throw the window up and call

To People passing in the Street–  
(The rapidly increasing Heat  
Encouraging her to obtain  
Their confidence) – but all in vain!

For every time she shouted "Fire!"  
They only answered "Little Liar!"  
And therefore when her Aunt returned,  
Matilda, and the House, were Burned.

## Whatif by Shel Silverstein

Last night, while I lay thinking here,  
Some Whatifs crawled inside my ear  
And pranced and partied all night long  
And sang their same old Whatif song:  
Whatif I'm dumb in school?  
Whatif they've closed the swimming pool?  
Whatif I get beat up?  
Whatif there's poison in my cup?  
Whatif I start to cry?  
Whatif I get sick and die?  
Whatif I flunk that test?  
Whatif green hair grows on my chest?  
Whatif nobody likes me?  
Whatif a bolt of lightning strikes me?  
Whatif I don't grow taller?  
Whatif my head starts getting smaller?  
Whatif the fish won't bite?  
Whatif the wind tears up my kite?  
Whatif they start a war?  
Whatif my parents get divorced?  
Whatif the bus is late?  
Whatif my teeth don't grow in straight?  
Whatif I tear my pants?  
Whatif I never learn to dance?  
Everything seems swell, and then  
The nighttime Whatifs strike again!

