

S1 Poems

Snakes and Ladders

Shake the dice, Throw the dice,
One and one make two.
I landed on the ladder,
Now I'm in front of you
Shake the dice, throw the dice,
Four and six make ten.
You've landed on a slippery snake
Back to the start again!

My Pig Won't Let Me Watch TV

My pig won't let me watch TV.
It's totally unfair.
He watches anything he wants
but doesn't ever share.

I never get to watch cartoons
or anything like that.
He's busy watching farming shows.
I should have got a cat.

I should have got a goldfish
or a guinea pig or goat.
Instead, I've got this pig
Who's always hogging the remote.

Incy Wincy

Incy Wincy Spider
By the classroom sink
Scared all the children
Who came to get a drink

Incy Wincy Spider
Lurking in the drawer
When the teacher opened it
She fainted on the floor

S2 Poems

Daddy Fell into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,
THEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
'Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed.'
Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft
And is sounded as if the old drake laughed.

O, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
WHEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

My Dog lives on the Sofa

My dog lives on the sofa.
That's where he wants to be.
He likes to sit there night and day
and watch what's on TV.
He surfs the channels constantly
by chewing the remote,
then watches what he wants to watch;
I never get a vote.
He's fond of films with animals.
He takes in nature shows.
Whenever cat cartoons come on
he always watches those.
He loves the pet commercials too,
and anything with food.
Whenever there's a tennis match
he nearly comes unglued.
I got him from the dog pound.
He didn't cost a cent.
I asked them for a "watch dog,"
but this isn't what I meant.

Three Nonsense Football Rhymes

Doctor Selsey went to Chelsea
In a shower of rain.
He felt so ill when they lost five-nil
That he never went there again.

'Golden Boots, Golden Boots,
Where have you been?'
'I've been up to London
To visit the Queen.'
'Golden Boots, Golden Boots,
What did she say?'
'I saw you sent off
On Match of the Day!'

Old King Cole scored a very fine goal,
A very fine goal scored he.
A TV poll reckoned King Cole's goal
Was the best you'd ever see.

S3 Poems

Adventures of Isabel

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.
Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.
Isabel met a hideous giant,
Isabel continued self reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

Plug Hole Monster

The plug hole monster
The gurgling, burbling plug hole monster
Is waiting to slurp up your bath!
Skulking below in the bowels of the drain,
It belches its bubbling wrath!

Biding its time, till you pull out the plug,
Watch out or it nibbles your feet!
The terrible blubbering beast there within,
Is something you don't want to meet!

A blobulous mass of sudsy shampoo,
It gulps dirty water with glee.
Then shiftily checks for the presence of toes,
And, with luck, the occasional knee!

So take heed and beware as you finish your soak,
And ensure you keep your legs clear!
Let it swig till it's full, hear it grumble and moan,
And despondently then disappear!

All the Things

Always say 'Ta' to Leamington Spa, Say 'Have a nice day' to Whitley Bay. You can
shout 'what's new' or even 'Howdoo'
To inhabitants of Looe or Crewe.
You can tell the whole story in Tobermory,
Say 'hi' to Rye and 'right on' to Brighton, All call out 'let's go' to Plymouth Ho.
Talk through your dreams in Milton Keynes,
Say 'it's all for the best' in Haverfordwest. Always say 'yes' when you visit Skegness But
only say 'no' in Llandudno.
Don't tell a lie to the island of Skye.
Or say 'it smells' in Tunbridge Wells. Don't talk rude if you're down in Bude
Or start to get gabby in Waltham Abbey.
Don't ever plead in Berwick on Tweed
Or say 'you look ill' to Burgess Hill. You could lose your voice and talk with your hands
When you take a trip to Camber Sands,
But whatever you say just won't impress
The residents of Shoeburyness.

S4 Poems

Larks with Sharks

I love to go swimming when a great shark's about,
I tease him by tickling his tail and his snout
With the ostrich's feather I'm never without
And when I start feeling those glinty teeth so close
With a scrunchy snap snap on my ankles or toes
I swim off with a laugh (for everyone knows
An affectionate nip from a young sharky just shows
How dearly he loves every bit of his friend),
And when I've got no leg just a stumpy chewed end
I forgive him for he doesn't mean to offend;
When he nuzzles my head, he never intends
With his teeth so delightedly set out in rows
To go further than rip off an ear or a nose,
But when a shark's feeling playful, why, anything goes!
With tears in his eyes he'll take hold of my arm
Then twist himself round with such grace and such charm
The bits slip down his throat- no need for alarm!
I've another arm left! He means me no harm!

He'll play stretch and snap with six yards of insides
The rest will wash up on the beach with the tides
What fun we've all had, what a day to remember-
Yes, a shark loves a pal he can slowly dismember.

The Sound Collector

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them 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 windowpane
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 Railway Carriage

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 here is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart runaway in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!