



Pinner Park Primary School

**POETRY BY  
HEART**

Choose a poem • Learn it by heart • Perform it out loud

Choose a poem from this collection, or you can choose a poem from a poetry book of your own.

## **I'm a Little Teapot**

I'm a little teapot,  
Short and stout,  
Here is my handle  
Here is my spout  
When I get all steamed up,  
Hear me shout,  
Tip me over and pour me out!

## **Caterpillar poem**

Fuzzy Wuzzy, creepy crawly,  
Caterpillar funny.  
You will be a butterfly,  
When the days are sunny.  
Winging, flinging, dancing, springing,  
Butterfly so yellow.  
You were once a caterpillar,  
Wiggly, wiggly fellow.

## **A Little Seed**

A little seed for me to sow  
A little earth to make it grow.  
A little hole,  
A little pat,  
A little wish,  
And that is that.  
A little sun,  
A little shower,  
A little while,  
And then – a flower.

(By Sarah Griffin)

## **Incy Wincy Spider**

Incy Wincy spider climbing up the spout  
Down came the rain and washed the spider  
out  
Out came the sunshine and dried up all the  
rain  
And Incy Wincy spider climbed up the  
spout again

## **Crayon poem**

With these crayons  
I could draw  
A crazy  
Purple dinosaur  
An orange mouse  
With yellow cheese  
A big black dog  
With big brown fleas  
A tall blue house  
A small green door  
Four white windows  
Something more?  
Silver raindrops  
Golden sun  
Then a RAINBOW  
Sounds like fun!  
With these crayons I could draw  
So. Much.More.

(By James Carter)

## **The Owl and the Pussycat**

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

(By Edward Lear)

## **A Boy and his Dog**

*Boy*            Here dog  
*Dog*            WOOF  
*Boy*            Good dog  
*Dog*            WOOF WOOF  
*Boy*            Now sit  
*Dog*            WOOF WOOF WOOF  
*Boy*            Now stand  
*Dog*            WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF  
*Boy*            Roll over  
*Dog*            WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF  
*Boy*            Now speak  
*Dog*            Here boy

(By Zoro Weil)

## **Frog**

I leap. I croak.  
I am the friend of witches.  
I hop. I leap  
I am often found in ditches  
in ponds  
in lakes  
and even under logs  
some say I'm green and warty  
but I'm a smooth, jewel-skinned frog.

(By Joseph Coelho)

## **The Eagle**

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls

(By Tennyson)

## **A Parade of Beast Doodles**

When I opened up today  
and unwrapped the morning  
i found a present

a sky full of clouds  
all puff-pomps and shine-streaks  
bubble-whites and lace-feathers  
a canopy of stipple-shapes  
a parade of beast-doodles and  
all I could do was  
lie down  
to skybig  
to clouddream  
and wonder  
what I might unwrap

This afternoon.

(By Zoro Weil)

## **Who Has Seen the Wind?**

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I:  
But when the trees bow down their  
heads,  
The wind is passing by.

(By Christina Rossetti)

## **Alligator Pie**

Alligator pie, alligator pie,  
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna die.  
Give away the green grass, give away  
the sky,  
But don't give away my alligator pie.

Alligator stew, alligator stew,  
If I don't get some I don't know what I'll  
do.  
Give away my furry hat, give away my  
shoe,  
But don't give away my alligator stew.

Alligator soup, alligator soup,  
If I don't get some I think I'm gonna  
droop.  
Give away my hockey-stick, give away  
my hoop,  
But don't give away my alligator soup.

(By Dennis Lee)

## If All The World Were Paper

If all the world were paper  
I would fold up my gran  
and take her everywhere I go.  
I would laminate my baby sister in  
bubble wrap  
and lay her to sleep in unbound fairy-  
tale book pages.  
And should she get scared,  
rip every fear,  
shred every scream,  
tear every tear.

If all the world were paper  
I would re-bind my grandfather,  
smooth out the dog-ears to all his stories,  
place his younger days in a zoetrope  
and flush the harrowing chapters  
down an ink-gurgling well.

If all the world were paper,  
kind deeds would be post-it notes  
that stick to the doer in ever-growing  
trails,  
so we would always remember,  
friends would come with perforated lines  
so you could keep their best bits with  
you  
at all times.

If all the world were paper,  
Christmas wrapping foil and birthday  
cards  
would follow you to school.

If all the world were paper  
dreams would be braille  
so we could read them whilst we slept,  
nightmares would be shopping lists  
because shopping lists are so easy to  
forget.

If all the world were paper  
arguments would rustle before they  
started  
and could be put right with a little tape.

If all the world were paper  
we could paperclip families together,  
draw smiles on all the sad faces,  
rub out the tears,  
cover our homes in Tippex and start all  
over again.

All the world is not paper,  
but whilst we can imagine it were  
we can recycle the rough times  
knowing we will never ever fold.

(By Joseph Coelho)

## Parade

When the bugs decided  
to have a parade  
ten quintillion came  
who can guess what they  
weighed

Wings and antennae  
went trembling a-shiver  
while mini-legs scuffled  
all directions a-quiver

It was just twilight time  
not quite moon not quite  
sun  
that cockeyed mad  
moment  
beasties love to have fun

Off they went furrowing  
jumping and burrowing  
scampering scurrying  
teeny specks hurrying

They whirred slid and  
squirmed  
swam buzzed and turned  
playing hooraying  
batty bug holidaying

They whizzed by all  
zipping  
glittering then fluttering  
diving and gliding  
whoops sometimes  
colliding

Advancing while dancing  
speeding receding  
straying sashaying  
wild buggy horseplaying

Teetering and skeetering  
metering and greetering  
creepering and crawling  
a great insect ballering

But most bugs hate lines  
there were ten quintillion  
whines  
as they acted their worst  
pouting, I must go first

Us us us called the Ants  
we know the way  
we have to go first  
ant starts with A

What a loud babbling fuss  
a bug rumpus and more  
a million species spinning  
a deafening uproar

At last they agreed  
that the ants would  
proceed  
with Bumblebees busily  
following their lead

Our turn next chirped the  
Crickets  
in an ear-splitting blast  
no us snapped Dragonflies  
as Earwigs crept past

Fireflies spun overhead  
in a ring of bright lights  
while Grasshoppers and  
Horseflies  
high-hopped in delight

Inchworms and June bugs  
kept checking the time  
as katydids and Lacewings  
squeaked this row is mine

Mosquitoes and Netwings  
Owflies Planthoppers  
swooped about singing  
every bug-tune  
showstopper

The Question Mark  
Butterflies  
all orange and brown dots  
claimed a row to  
themselves  
joking we deserve some  
good spots

Rice Weevils and Stink  
Bugs  
laughed as they twined  
whooping we love a  
parade  
as Termites crept behind

Underwings and Vine  
Borers  
began to slow down  
hurry up buzzed the  
Wasps  
those Xylodromumses are  
around

At last came Yellow  
Mealworms  
striped Zebra Butterflies  
swarming wispy whirls  
as moonbeams lit the sky

All bugs at last arrived  
parading endless rows  
when ten quintillion  
roared at once

NOW WHERE DOES WE  
GOES?

(By Zara Weil)

## Forbidden Poem

This poem is not for children.  
Keep out!  
There is a big oak door  
in front of this poem.  
It's locked.  
And on the door is a notice  
in big red letters.  
It says: Any child who enters here  
will never be the same again.  
WARNING. KEEP OUT.

But what's this?  
A key in a keyhole.  
And what's more,  
nobody's about.

"Go on. Look,"  
says a little voice  
inside your head.  
"Surely a poem  
cannot strike you dead?"

You turn the key.  
The door swings wide.  
And then you witness  
what's inside.

And from that day  
you'll try in vain.  
You'll never be the same again.

(By Tony Milton)

## If You Could See Laughter

Hey, it is blue! No, surely red  
– the colour of each breath  
pumped out by the joy of running,  
the jumpstart of a joke.  
Tickle-breath is long and spiral.  
Pink.  
I think.  
If you could see laughter  
it would look like balloons,  
the sort magicians knot in squeaky twists.  
Laugh a giraffe.  
Guffaw a poodle.  
A belly-laugh creates balloons that float.  
At the pantomime,  
the ceiling of the theatre jostles with colour.  
See this baby reaching for the light?  
A yellow hiccup of laughter pops out,  
floats above us for days.  
We could rise off the ground with laughter,  
tie strings on it and sail around the world.

(By Mandy Coe)

## The Magic Box

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,  
fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,  
the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly  
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerne,  
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,  
the last joke of an ancient uncle,  
and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun,  
a cowboy on a broomstick  
and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,  
with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.  
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box  
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,  
then wash ashore on a yellow beach  
the colour of the sun.

(By Kit Wright)



## The River

The River's a wanderer.  
A nomad, a tramp,  
He doesn't choose one place  
To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,  
Through valley and hill  
He twists and he turns,  
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,  
And he buries down deep  
Those little treasures  
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,  
He gurgles and hums,  
And sounds like he's happily  
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,  
As he dances along,  
The countryside echoes  
The notes of his song.

The River's a monster  
Hungry and vexed,  
He's gobbled up trees  
And he'll swallow you next.

(By Valerie Bloom)

## Daffodils

I wander'd lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
in such a jound company:  
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

(By William Wordsworth)

## How to Cut a Pomegranate

'Never,' said my father,  
'Never cut a pomegranate  
through the heart. It will weep blood.  
Treat it delicately, with respect.  
Just slit the upper skin across four quarters.  
This is a magic fruit,  
so when you split it open, be prepared  
for the jewels of the world to tumble out,  
more precious than garnets,  
more lustrous than rubies,  
lit as if from inside.  
Each jewel contains a living seed.  
Separate one crystal.  
Hold it up to catch the light.  
Inside is a whole universe.  
No common jewel can give you this.'  
Afterwards, I tried to make necklaces  
of pomegranate seeds.  
The juice spurted out, bright crimson,  
and stained my fingers, then my mouth.  
I didn't mind. The juice tasted of gardens  
I had never seen, voluptuous  
with myrtle, lemon, jasmine,  
and alive with parrots' wings.  
The pomegranate reminded me  
that somewhere I had another home

(By Imtiaz Dharker)

## **Remember**

when shadows creep across your mind  
and smiles are thin and tight  
when you do what you believe in  
but question if it's right  
when you focus not on what you've got  
but all the things you lack  
there may be rain at the front of the house  
but sunshine round the back

when you can't remember where you found  
the words you used to say  
when your heartbeat is the music  
that you listen to each day  
when you turn away from talent  
in case you lose the knack  
there may be rain at the front of the house  
but sunshine round the back

(By Matt Goodfellow)

## **The language of cat**

Teach me the language of Cat;  
the slow-motion blink, that crystal stare,  
a tight-lipped purr and a wide-mouthed hiss.  
Let me walk with a saunter, nose in the air.

Teach my ears the way to ignore  
names that I'm called. May they only twitch  
to the distant shake of a boxful of biscuits,  
the clink of a fork on a china dish.

Teach me that vanishing trick  
where dents in cushions appear, and I'm missed.  
Show me the high-wire trip along fences  
to hideaway places, that no-one but me knows exist.

Don't teach me Dog,  
all eager to please, that slobbers, yaps and begs for a pat,  
that sits when told by its owner, that's led on a lead.  
No, not that. Teach me the language of Cat

(By Rachel Rooney)

## The Duelling Duo

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.

(By Joseph Coelho)

## Hey Diddle Diddle

*Wash your ears!* Mum said.  
So I took them off,  
And stuck them in the washing machine.

*Clean your room!* Dad said.  
So I rolled it up,  
And shook it out of the window.

*Make the breakfast!* My brother said  
So I did –  
With bits of balsa wood and modelling  
glue.

*Feed the Cat,* My Auntie said,  
So I fed him...  
To the dog!

*Take your time!* Dad said.  
So I packed up the clocks  
And flew off to Mars  
Where the days fly by,  
Wearing nothing but stars!

(By Andrew Fusek-Peters)

## The Listener

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

(By Walter de la Mare)

## Isn't my name magical?

Nobody can see my name on me.  
My name is inside  
and all over me, unseen  
like other people also keep it.  
Isn't my name magical?

My name is mine only.  
It tells me I am individual,  
the one special person it shakes  
when I'm wanted.

Even if someone else answers  
for me, my message hangs in the air  
haunting others, till it stops  
with me, the right name.  
Isn't your name and my name magic?

If I'm with hundreds of people and my  
name gets called,  
my sound switches me on to answer  
like it was my human electricity.

My name echoes across the playground,  
it comes, it demands my attention,  
I have to find out who calls,  
who wants me for what.  
My name gets blurted out in class,  
it is terror, at a bad time,  
because somebody is cross.

My name gets called in a whisper,  
I am happy, because  
my name may have touched me  
with a loving voice.  
Isn't your name and my name magic?

(By James Berry)