



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.

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| <p>Itsy Bitsy Spider</p> <p>Itsy-bitsy spider Climbed up the water spout Down came the rain And washed the spider out Out came the sun And dried up all the rain And the itsy-bitsy spider Climbed up the spout again</p> | <p>Snowball</p> <p>I made myself a snowball As perfect as could be. I thought I'd keep it as a pet And let it sleep with me. I made it some pyjamas And a pillow for its head. Then last night it ran away, But first it wet the bed.</p> <p>(by Shel Silverstein)</p> |
| <p>Moon Rocket</p> <p>Jump into the rocket, We're going to the moon. Once around the galaxy And be back soon. Ready for the take-off... Listen for the boom... 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 and ZooooooooM!</p> <p>(By Jane Newberry)</p> | <p>I'm a Little Teapot</p> <p>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!</p> |
| <p>How to Turn Your Teacher Purple!</p> <p>Heebie Geebie, Hurple Burple Time to turn my teacher...PURPLE!</p> <p>Simply chant this magic spell soon your teacher looks unwell: purple cheeks and purple nose purpleness from head to toes</p> <p>Feed her beetroot every hour see her fill with purple power bloomin' like a purple flower how she'll scream when in the shower!!!</p> <p>(By James Carter)</p> | <p>Who Has Seen the Wind?</p> <p>Who has seen the wind? Neither I nor you: But when the leaves hang trembling, The wind is passing through.</p> <p>Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I: But when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is passing by.</p> <p>(By Christina Rossetti)</p> |

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| <p>Crayon poem</p> <p>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.</p> <p>(By James Carter)</p> | <p>Bubble</p> <p>Red bubble Yellow bubble Orange bubble blue</p> <p>Pink bubble Purple bubble Rainbow bubble too</p> <p>This bubble Big bubble Shiny and round</p> <p>Float bubble Fly bubble Rise from the ground</p> <p>Up bubble Up bubble Up so high</p> <p>Go bubble Go bubble Gone – bye bye!</p> <p>(by James Carter)</p> |
| <p>Animal Chatter</p> <p>A bee can buzz, A dog can bark, A cow can just say, “Moo!”</p> <p>A sheep can bleat, A blackbird sings, And a cuckoo says, “Cuckoo!”</p> <p>A bear can growl, You can hear an owl, A parrot squawks and squawks!</p> <p>A cat can mew, A tiger roars, But a tadpole never talks!</p> <p>(By Judith Nicholls)</p> | <p>Alligator Problem</p> <p>If an escalator escalates And a motivator motivates And an rotivator rotivates And an operator operates And an indicator indicates and an investigator investigates, what does an alligator do?</p> <p>(By Michael Rosen)</p> |

Follow the moon

I followed the moon,
Or did it follow me?
I turned a corner;
It was still there, you see.

I tried to trick it.
In the shadows I hid,
But the moon kept on watching.
That's what it did.

A cloud passed before it.
Now was my chance,
But the stars in the sky
Never could lie.

I walked on through the night.
The moon followed me home,
Or did I follow the moon?
I don't quite know

(by Marie Tully)

A Small Dragon

I've found a small dragon in the
woodshed.
Think it must have come from deep
inside a forest
because it's damp and green and leaves
are still reflecting in its eyes.

I fed it on many things, tried grass,
the roots of stars, hazel-nut and
dandelion,
but it stared up at me as if to say, I need
foods you can't provide.

It made a nest among the coal,
not unlike a bird's but larger,
it is out of place here,
and is mosttimes silent.

If you believed in it I would come
hurrying to your house to let you share
this wonder,
but I want instead to see
if you yourself will pass this way.

(by Brian Patten)

Albatross

If I were an albatross,
I would share my anger with the wind,
drop my sadness into the depths of the
valleys
and let my emptiness float above the
trees.

If I were an albatross,
I would let my worries slip from the tips
of my wings,
leave my loneliness to slide from the
curve of my beak
and wonder at the wild of the water
below.

If I were an albatross,
I would soar above the Antarctic sea
and leave all the mess of moving home,
moving school,
and Dad leaving, behind me.

(by Laura Mucha)

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|---|---|
| <p>I'm an orchestra.</p> <p>I love to be the double bass solid, sonorous, strong. I'm going somewhere, things to do, always driving on.</p> <p>But sometimes I'm the cor anglais, solitary, subdued. If my tone is soft and sumptuous, it's my melancholy mood.</p> <p>Sometimes I'm the piccolo, a spicy, strident sound, and others the euphonium, velvety and round.</p> <p>I'm the triangle, worth the wait, I'm the harp, I radiate, I'm the cymbals, clang and crash, I'm a bass drum, meet your match, I'm crotales, decisive, sure, I'm the tam-tam.</p> <p>Hear. My. Roar.</p> <p>I'm an orchestra.</p> <p>(by Laura Mucha)</p> | <p>Hey Diddle Diddle</p> <p>Wash your ears! Mum said. So I took them off, And stuck them in the washing machine.</p> <p>Clean your room! Dad said. So I rolled it up, And shook it out of the window.</p> <p>Make the breakfast! My brother said So I did – With bits of balsa wood and modelling glue.</p> <p>Feed the Cat, My Auntie said, So I fed him... To the dog!</p> <p>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!</p> <p>(by Andrew Fusek Peters)</p> |
| <p>Cats</p> <p>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.</p> <p>(by Eleanor Farjeon)</p> | <p>Fishing With My Grandpa</p> <p>My Grandpa and I do a lot of things together, But fishing with my Grandpa is the best ever.</p> <p>I love going to the lake when the sky is all blue.</p> <p>I love riding in my Grandpa's boat, too. The next trip to the lake I don't want to miss.</p> <p>Just being with my Grandpa is better than catching fish.</p> <p>(by Dawneisha Washington)</p> |

Miss Flotsam

Miss Flotsam was my reception teacher.
She had travelled the world.
Brown hair turned golden
under distant suns,
clothes carrying colours
from countless corners of continents.

When my mother's face spilled
a gush of adolescent tears
at the school gates,
Miss Flotsam soaked up the drops
in Peruvian alpaca,
caught splashes
in Himalayan singing bowls,
let sobs fall on Indonesian Gamelans.

Miss Flotsam had flown
through air pockets in jumbo jets,
sailed the seven seas
in opposite directions,
cycled through cyclones
with dengue fever,
soothed mothers
when their hearts heaved.

When the bully punched me
for being too brown,
Miss Flotsam glared at him
with an eye that could turn fists
into begging bowls.

When my mother was late,
the chairs upturned on the desks,
Miss Flotsam read to me
stories of imperfect families
and unexpected heroes.

When I dozed in class
Miss Flotsam let me sleep
through maths,
through lunch,
through the tuk-tuk traffic,
through the home-time bell.

When I was naughty
Miss Flotsam told me off,
asked of the disasters
destroying my home
and placed sandbags around my lies.

Miss Flotsam had climbed peaks
circled by vultures,
waded rivers with unseen bottoms,
bought ugly fruits
in dusty languages
in foreign markets,
spoke to parents
in dialects they could understand,
sang to pupils
in rhythms, they could bear.

(by Joseph Coelho)

Walking with my iguana

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 . . .

(by Brian Moses)

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 Zaro Weil)

Best Friends

If you were a soldier and I were your
enemy I wouldn't fight you

If you were a deer and I were a lion I
wouldn't bite you

If you were a fish and I were a net I
wouldn't catch you

If you were a bone and I were a dog I
wouldn't snatch you

If you were a fly and I were a swatter I
wouldn't kill you

If you were water and I were a carrier I
wouldn't spill you

If you were a cup I'd be a saucer
And let you rest on me
And we will be best friends from now
Until eternity.

(By Valerie Bloom)

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)

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)

The Squirdle

I think I saw a Squirdle,
I think I thunk I saw,
I think I thunk I thought I saw
A Squirdle by my door.

If it was not a Squirdle
I think I thunk I saw,
Then what in Heaven's name was it
That gave a Squirdle roar?

Perhaps I saw a Pussel-Squonk,
But that would be absurd,
Because I think I thunk I thought it was
A Squirdle that I heard.

So if I saw a Pussel-Squonk,
Yet heard a Squirdle roar,
It means I think I thunk I thought
I'd seen what I had saw.

(by Spike Milligan)

New Baby

My baby brother makes so much noise
that the Rottweiler next door
phoned up to complain.

My baby brother makes so much noise
that all the big green frogs
came out of the drains.

My baby brother makes so much noise
that the rats and mice
wear headphones.

My baby brother makes so much noise
that I can't ask my mum a question,
so much noise that sometimes

I think of sitting the cat on top of him
in his pretty little cot with all his teddies.
But even the cat is terrified of his cries.

So I have devised a plan. A soundproof
room. A telephone to talk to my mum.
A small lift to receive food and toys.

Thing is, it will cost a fortune.
The other thing is, the frogs have gone.
It's not bad now. Not that I like him or
anything.

(by Jackie Kay)

Down to Earth

You gotta be cool
To live on the sun
It's pure central heating up there,
With no swimming pool
You'll bake like a bun
And fire will burn off your hair.

There are no cars
Or bikes upon Mars
And there is still nothing to breathe,
There's no superstars
Playing guitars
And it is not easy to leave.

The moon is not cheese
The moon is not cake
I know it's a wonderful sight,
Up there is you sneeze
Or loud noises make
They'll simply get lost in the night.

Skywards I stare
To see what is there
Some say that I am wasting my time,
Well I must declare
I can't see no air
But I see a very good rhyme.

(by Benjamin Zephaniah)

On The Ning Nang Nong

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 its 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!

(By Spike Milligan)

The Morning Rush

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.

(by John Foster)

Harriet Tubman

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one
night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom

She ran to the woods and she ran
through the woods
With the slave catchers right behind her
And she kept on going till she got to the
North
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save Black sisters and brothers
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either

(by Eloise Greenfield)

Elelelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—

(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)
Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;

The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

(by Laura Elizabeth Richards)

The witches' spell from Macbeth

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.

(by William Shakespeare)

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and
through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

(By Lewis Carroll)

Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw —
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime — Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime — Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air —
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square —
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair —
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair —
But it's useless to investigate — Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
'It must have been Macavity!' — but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place — MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

(By T.S. Eliot)