

Dressing Up

Y20
J1 Girls
J2 Girls

When I dress up
I always feel
just like a queen
in Mum's high heels.

I want to look
my queenly best,
so I'll put on
Mum's new long dress.

Crown jewels next.
Now, let me see,
where does Mum keep
her jewellery?

On royal lips,
the queen then slicks
a nice thick layer
of Mum's lipstick.

Uh oh! Here's Mum,
I fear the worst.
The queen forgot
to ask Mum first.

Jane Clarke

I Don't Want to Go into School

Y51

J1 Boys

J2 Boys

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

I don't feel like schoolwork today.

Oh, don't make me go into 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!

Colin McNaughton

Nut Tree

Y23
J3 Girls

Small, brown, hard, round,
The nut is lying underground.
Now a shoot begins to show.
Now the shoot begins to grow,
Tall, taller, tall as can be.
The shoot is growing into a tree,
And branches grow and stretch and spread
With twigs and leaves above your head.
And on a windy autumn day
The nut tree bends, the branches sway,
The leaves fly off and whirl around,
And nuts go tumbling to the ground,
Small, brown, hard, round.

Julia Donaldson

I Opened a Book

I opened a book and in I strode.
Now nobody can find me.
I've left my chair, my house, my road,
My town and my world behind me.

I'm wearing the cloak, I've slipped on the ring,
I've swallowed the magic potion.
I've fought with a dragon, dined with a king
And dived in a bottomless ocean.

I opened a book and made some friends.
I shared their tears and laughter
And followed their road with its bumps and bends
To the happily ever after.

I finished my book and out I came.
The cloak can no longer hide me.
My chair and my house are just the same,
But I have a book inside me.

Julia Donaldson

Little Raindrops

Oh, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all today.

They put away my playthings
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But "pitter pitter pat"
Means, "We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"

Jane Euphemia Browne

If I Were a Shape

If I were a shape

I'd be a rectangle

I'd be a snooker table with Steve Davies
potting the black

I'd be a football pitch where Spurs would
always be winning,

I'd be a chocolate bar that you could never
finish

If I were a rectangle.

If I were a circle,

I'd be a hoop rolling down a mountainside,

I'd be a wheel on a fast Ferrari

I'd be a porthole in Captain Nemo's
submarine

If I were a circle.

If I were a cone

I'd be a black hat on a witch's head,

I'd be a warning to motorists, one of
thousands,

I'd be a tooth in a T. rex's jaw,

If I were a cone.

But if I were a star...

I'd be Robbie Williams.

Brian Moses

Big Red Boots

Big red boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots,
One of them hops and the other one stamps.
Big red boots take long, wet tramps.

Boots, boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Big red boots on busy little feet
Start out shiny, clean and neat.
Big red boots, oh, yes, yes, yes,
End up muddy in a terrible mess.

Boots, boots, big red boots.
One of them squeaks and the other one toots.

Big red boots, big red boots,
Squelch through mud and trample roots.
Big red boots say, “Look! Oh gosh!
What a great puddle there... Yay! SPLOSH!”

Tony Mitton

Python Poem

I slither round my tank of glass,
I crush the tufts of plastic grass,
I watch the scaly minutes pass
And grow, Grow, GROW.

I see another dawn begin,
I shed my tight and tattered skin,
I smile my wide and hungry grin
And grow, Grow, GROW.

My world is small but I am king,
I glitter like a jewelled ring,
I gulp a small and feathered thing
And grow, Grow, GROW.

Human slaves, beware, beware!
Approach my castle if you dare,
And watch your little ones with care
I GROW, GROW, GROW!!!

Clare Bevan

Anger

Y34
J6 Girls

I'm wanting to punch the world into pieces,
Lie back on the grass and scream.
Wipe the smiles of everyone's faces,
Banish them into a dream.

The red hot feeling inside me is growing,
The hatred I have makes me cry.
I want to kick out, to hurt them real bad,
Calm down, calm down you reply.

My stomach is twisting and turning around,
My face is flushed bright with the strain.
Trying to keep it all locked within,
When I want to lash out with the pain.

The heat is now rising, spitting and crackling,
I am needing to yell and to shout.
I can't re-find peace until it's all gone,
Oh please let my anger come out.

Marie Thom

Wizard

Under my bed I keep a box
With seven locks,

And all the things I have to hide
Are safe inside:

My rings, my wand, my hat, my spells,
My book of spells.

I could fit a mountain into a shoe
If I wanted to,

Or put the sea in a paper cup
And drink it up.

I could change a cushion into a bird
With a magic word,

Or turn December into spring,
Or make stones sing,

I could clap my hands and watch the moon,
Like a white balloon,

Come floating to my window-sill...
One day I will.

Richard Edwards