



Year 3/4

Poetry

Anthology

Cycle A

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Clerihews

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Limericks

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Cycle B

Unit 1

Kennings

Topsy-Turvy world – William Brighty Rands

Web of life – Jane Clarke

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Unit 2

Free Verse

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The Ocean's Blanket – Carol Ann Duffy

Walking with my Iguana – Brian Moses

Clerihews

Mr Smith wears a wig,
But for his head it's rather big.
In windy weather he was careless.
Now Mr Smith's head is hairless.

Astronaut Neil Armstrong
Wasn't on the mood for long.
But in that time, he left behind
A giant footprint for mankind

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
The poor little spider
Lay chewed up inside her

By Andrea Shavick

Beth Mead, Beth Mead

A top footballer indeed

She scores goals in the back of the net

Her name you never will forget

Neil Armstrong

Wasn't on the Moon for long.

But in that time, he left behind

A giant footprint for mankind

By John Foster

I Don't Want to Go into School

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!

Colin McNaughton



At the End of a School Day

It is the end of a school day
and down the long drive
come bag-swinging, shouting
children.

deafened, the sky winces.
The sun gapes in surprise.

Suddenly the runners skid to a stop,
stand still and stare
at a small hedgehog
curled up on the tarmac
like an old, frayed cricket ball.

A girl dumps her bag, tiptoes forward
and gingerly, so gingerly
carries the creature
to the safety of a shady hedge.
Then steps back, watching.

Girl, children, sky and sun
hold their breath.
There is a silence,
a moment to remember
on this warm afternoon in June.

by Wes Magee



Limericks

There was an old man with a beat
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen
Four Larks and a Wren
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

By Edward Lear

There was a Young Lady of Ryde
Whose shoe-strings were seldom untied
She purchased some clogs,
And some small spotted dogs,
And frequently walked about Ryde

By Edward Lear

There was an Old Man in boat,
Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'
When they said, 'No! you ain't!'
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat

By Edward Lear

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "let us flee!"
"Let us fly!" said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue

By Ogden Nash

There once was a boy called Joe

Who dropped a big brick on his toe

He asked, with a frown

“Will the swelling go down?”

And the doctor said, “Yes I think so.”

The Sound Collector

A stranger came 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 window-pane
When you do the washing-up

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

by Roger McGough



Eloise Greenfield

Eloise Greenfield is an African-American children's poet and author. She has written biographies, a memoir and over 40 children's books. Her work has won many prestigious awards, including the Coretta Scott King-Virginia Hamilton Award for Lifetime Achievement. *Thinker: My Puppy Poet and Me*, published in 2018, uses poetry and beautiful illustrations to tell the story of the boy Jace and his talking puppy poet and was Highly Commended by the judges for the CLiPPA 2019.



Thinker's Rap

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!

Slowly

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.

by James Reeves

Kennings

Perfect predator

Day dreamer

Coat cleaner

Rapid runner

Mouse chaser

Skilled climber

Teacher

Story-reader

Book-marker

Activity-maker

Playground-whistler

Homework-setter

Register-taker

My Sister

Dummy-sucker

Teddy-thrower

Anything – chewer

Kiss-giver

Slave-employer

Dolly-hugger

Calm-destroyer

Milk-drinker

Nappy-leaker

Peace-breaker

Scream-shrieker

Unlike any other

My sister

Tiger

Jungle dweller

Colourful fella

Eagle-eyed hunter

Prey confronter

Silent stalker

Stealthy walker

Tree lurker

Industrious worker

Ferocious growler

Occasional yowler

Tail basher

Claw lasher

Meat tearer

Stripe wearer

Deadly kitten

Cat

Mouse-chaser

Loud-purrer

Lazy-sleeper

Sneaky-creeper

Fur-cleaner

Milk-drinker

Topsy-Turvy World

If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built ion the sea,
 And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
 If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir was a lady, -
 The world would be Upside-down!
If any or all these wonders
 Should ever come about. I should not
consider them blunders For I should
be Inside-out!

Chorus

Ba-Ba black wool,
 Have you any sheep?
Yes, sir a packfull,
 Creep mouse, creep!
Four-and-twenty little maids
 Hanging out the pie, Out
jumped the honey-pot, Guy
Fawkes, Guy!
Cross latch, corss latch,
 Sit and spin the fire;
When the pie was open'd
 The bird was on the brier!

By William Brighty Rands

(source A Victorian Anthology 1837-1895)



Web of Life

by Jane Clarke

An invisible web,
as fragile as dreams,
links mountains to forests
and rivers to streams.

Through woodlands and forests;
where seas flow and ebb,
over ice caps and deserts,
life weaves a great web.

From plankton to whales,
all life great and small
depends on each other.
Life's web links us all.

And we must take care
of each gossamer thread,
for we are all part of
this great world wide web.



Gran, Can You Rap?



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 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 her 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 dip-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 as 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.

Jack Ousbey



Illustrated by Tony Ross

Free verse

The truth about my imagination

The truth is I imagine I can fly
Like a bird floating through the sky
Soaring up towards a cloud
Overlooking an awe-struck crowd.

The truth is I imagine I am invisible
Like an unseen, undisturbed miracle
Wandering freely wherever I go
No one will ever see me show.

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 mermaid's 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 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.





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 . . .