

Talking to the Wall

My sister sits in her own world
With her Walkman blaring away
And when we try to talk to her
She doesn't hear a word we say.

But when she wants to talk to us
She pulls her earphones out
And if we do not answer her
She stamps her foot and shouts.

John Foster

My Dog, Spot

by *Rodney Bennett*

I have a white dog
Whose name is Spot,
And he's sometimes white
And he's sometimes not.
But whether he's white
Or whether he's not,
There's a patch on his ear
That makes him Spot.

He has a tongue
That is long and pink,
And he lolls it out
When he wants to think,
He seems to think most
When the weather is hot.
He's a wise sort of dog,
Is my dog, Spot.

He likes a bone
And he likes a ball,
But he doesn't care
For a cat at all.
He waggles his tail
And he knows what's what,
So I'm glad that he's my dog,
My dog, Spot.

I love my darling tractor

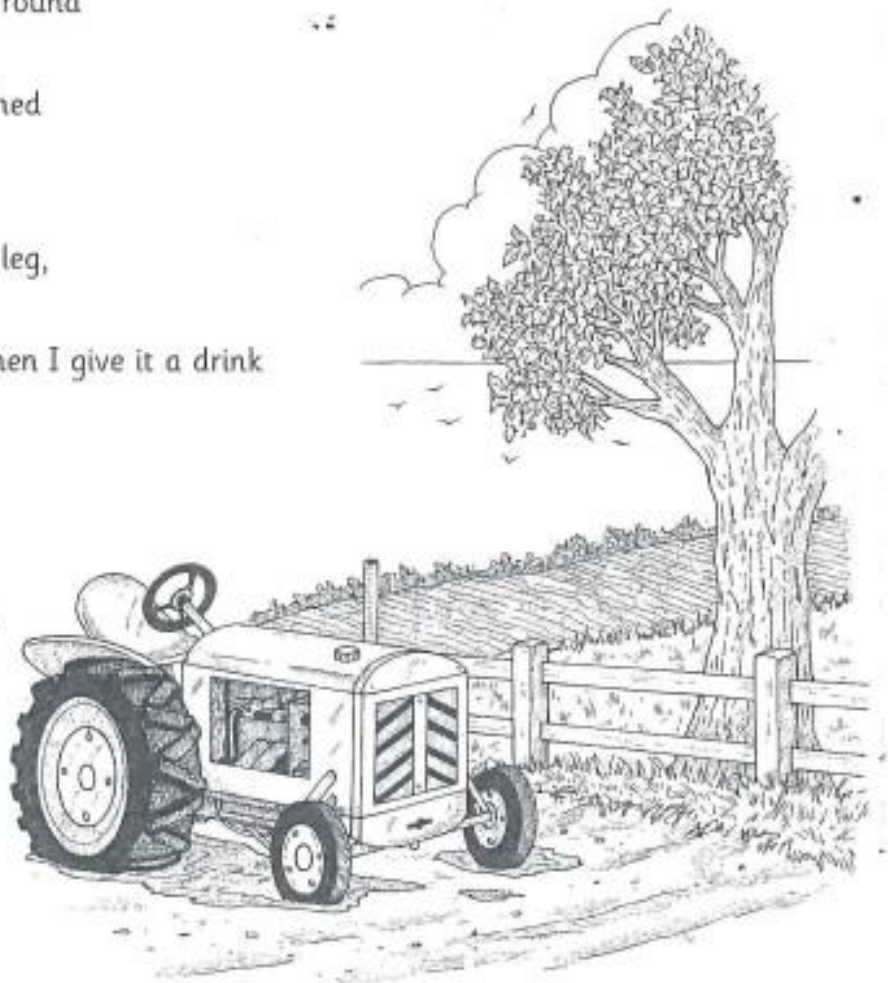
I love my darling tractor,
I love its merry din,
Its muscles made of iron and steel,
Its red and yellow skin,

I love to watch its wheels go round
However hard the day,
And from its bed inside the shed
It never thinks to stray.

It saves my arm, it saves my leg,
It saves my back from toil,
And it's merry as a skink when I give it a drink
Of water and diesel oil.

I love my darling tractor
As you can clearly see,
And so, the jolly farmer said,
Would you if you were me.

Charles Causley (1917–2003)



Midnight by Jan Dean

Sleep is another country
We visit in our head.
I watch my brother sleeping now —
His eyelids heavy-smooth as lead...
A million miles away from me
Across our bedroom, in his bed.

It feels as if there's only me,
I'm the last boy left alive,
After the end of everything —
The last one to survive.
The screech owl cries,
the wild wolf howls
The whole wide world's in ache.

For I am the last and lonely one
The only one left awake.

Billy

When Billy set his aunt on fire
He squealed with great delight,
'Look how Auntie's burning, Dad.
It makes the room so bright.'

When Billy played at Indians
Other children ran in fright,
For bows and arrows Billy scorned,
Preferring dynamite.

When Dad took Billy to the zoo
He hoped for quiet fun.
His ideas changed when Billy shot
A lion with his gun.

When Billy found a tiger snake
He hit it on the head.
Then took it home to hide it
Inside his grandma's bed.

Learning by Heart by Sue Hardy-Dawson

A poem is not just
the sum of its parts.
The number of lines
where its metaphors are.

It's not about digging
for meaning in stanzas.
It's a secret between us.
There are no wrong answers.

It's not some sort of test
a code to be cracked.
More a spell for a dreamer
or a musical map.

It just wants to be loved
not to fill you with dread.
Let it flow like a river
through the space in your head.

Let it sing you to sleep
hear its echoes in stars.
Find one piece you can keep
learn the rest with your heart . . .

I Know Someone

I know someone who can make their ears wiggle.

I know someone who can shake their cheeks so it sounds like ducks quacking.

I know someone who can throw peanuts in the air and catch them in their mouth.

I know someone who can bend her thumb back to touch her wrist.

I know someone who can say the alphabet backwards.

I know someone who can wiggle her little toe.

And that someone is me.

—Michael Rosen

I'm the Youngest in our House

I'm the youngest in our house
so it goes like this :

My brother comes in and says :
'Tell him to clear the fluff
out from under his bed.'

Mum says,
'Clear the fluff
out from under your bed.'

Father says,
'You heard what your mother said.'

'What?', I say

'The fluff', he says
'Clear the fluff
out from under your bed.'

So I say,
'There's fluff under his bed too, you know.'

So Father says,
'But we're talking about the fluff under your bed.'

'You will clear it up, won't you?' Mum says

So now my brother – all puffed up – says

'Clear the fluff
out from under your bed,
clear the fluff
out from under your bed.'

Now I'm angry. I'm angry.
So I say – What shall I say?

I say,
Shut up, Stinks. YOU CAN'T RULE MY LIFE.'

The Mystery Space Beasts

They live on a planet
not far from the Sun.
Some fly through the air
while others just run.

U59
P6 Boys

Some have big heads
which are hairless as tin
while others have hair
which sprouts from their skin.

They dig food from dirt,
and gobble dead meat;
the young squeal like pigs
if you tickle their feet.

They slurp, burp, and grunt;
their manners are bad.
Their eyes become waterfalls
when they feel sad.

They come in most colours,
some yellow, some white.
Some dye their hair pink
and do look a sight.

U59
P6 Boys

These creatures vary
from tiny to tall,
and in salty water
they've been known to crawl.

Well, who are these space beasts?
Can't you guess who?
The answer is easy:
it's you, you, and YOU!

I THINK MY TEACHER IS A COWBOY



t's not just

That she rides to school on a horse
And carries a Colt 45 in her handbag.

It's not just

the way she walks;
hands hanging over her hips.

It's not just

the way she dresses;
stetson hat and spurs on her boots.

It's not just the way she talks;

calling the playground the corral,
the Head's room the Sheriff's office,
the school canteen the chuck wagon,
the school bus the stagecoach,
the bike sheds the livery stable.

What gives her away

Is when the hometime pips go.

She slaps her thigh

And cries

'Yee ha!'

JOHN COLDWELL