

I Had a Little Cat, Charles Causley (1917-2003)

I had a little cat called
Tim Tom Tay
I took him to town on
market day,
I combed his whiskers,
I brushed his tail,
I wrote on a label 'Cat for Sale.
Knows how to deal with rats
and mice.
Two pounds fifty. Bargain
price.'

But when the people came
to buy
I saw such a look in Tim Tom's
eye
That it was clear as clear
could be
I couldn't sell Tim for
a fortune's fee.
I was shamed and sorry, I'll tell
you plain
And I took home Tim Tom Tay
again.

All Day Saturday



Let it sleet on Sunday, Monday let it snow,
Let it mist on Tuesday, from the sea salt flow,
Let it hail on Wednesday, Thursday let it rain,
Let the wind on Friday blow a hurricane,
But Saturday, Saturday break fair and fine.
And all day Sunday let the sunshine.



Charles Causley



The Squirrel by Anonymous

The winds they did blow;
The leaves they did wag;
Along came a beggar boy,
And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London;
A lady did me buy,
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high,

With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack,
Besides a little feather bed
To rest my little back.

Jellyfish Pie

Shuna chewed my tuna sandwich
Molly demolished my cucumber bap
Kylie slyly nibbled my bagel
Gavin unravelled my Mexican wrap

Betty bit my bacon butty
Gupta gulped my hard-boiled egg
Patsy pinched my crusty pasty
Nigella gnawed my chicken leg

Lisa licked my slice of pizza
Nicola nicked my shrimp on rye
Stephanie scoffed my stuffed panini
But nobody touched my jellyfish pie.



I like to stay up

I like to stay up
and listen
when big people talking
jumbie stories

I does feel
so tingly and excited
inside me

But when my mother say
“Girl, time for bed”

Then is when
I does feel a dread

Then is when
I does jump into me bed

Then is when
I does cover up
from me feet to me head

Then is when
I does wish I didn't listen
to no stupid jumbie story

Then is when I does wish I read
me book instead

From *Under the Moon and Over the Sea*

(“Jumbie” is a Guyanese word for “ghost”.)

The Old Woman and the Sandwiches

I met a wizened wood-woman
Who begged a crumb of me.
Four sandwiches of ham I had:
I gave her three.

'Bless you, thank you, kindly Miss,
Shall be rewarded well –
Three everlasting gifts, whose value
None can tell.'

'Three wishes?' out I cried in glee –
'No, gifts you may not choose:
A flea and gnat to bite your back
And gravel in your shoes.'



Best Friends

It's Susan I talk to not Tracey,
Before that I sat next to Jane;
I used to be best friends with Lynda
But these days I think she's a pain.

Natasha's all right in small doses,
I meet Mandy sometimes in town;
I'm jealous of Annabel's pony
And I don't like Nicola's frown.

I used to go skating with Catherine,
Before that I went there with Ruth;
And Kate's so much better at trampoline:
She's a showoff, to tell you the truth.

I think that I'm going off Susan,
She borrowed my comb yesterday;
I *think* I might sit next to Tracey,
She's my nearly best friend: she's OK.



The Singing Time

Plumtrees in orchards day and night
Make all the world a dream of white.

A thrush is throbbing in the copse
A jewelled song that never stops.

Bluebells in drifts of deep sapphire
Have set the ferny woods on fire.

A cuckoo calls his tune until
First shadows fall on field and hill.

Tulips in solid squads and teams
Are almost bursting at the seams.

A jenny wren with needle eyes
Is in the bushes catching flies.

So flowers and birds are in their prime,
These happy days, this singing time.

Good Company

I sleep in a room at the top of the house
With a flea, and a fly, and a soft-scratching mouse,
And a spider that hangs by a thread from the ceiling,
Who gives me each day such a curious feeling
When I watch him at work on the beautiful weave
Of his web that's so fine I can hardly believe
It won't all end up in such terrible tangles,
For he sways as he weaves, and spins as he dangles.
I cannot get up to that spider, I know,
And I hope he won't get down to me here below,
And yet when I wake in the chill morning air
I'd miss him if he were not still swinging there,
For I have in my room such good company,
There's him, and the mouse, and the fly, and the flea.



The Microbe
by
Hilaire Belloc

The Microbe is so very small
You cannot make him out at all,
But many sanguine people hope
To see him through a microscope.
His jointed tongue that lies beneath
A hundred curious rows of teeth;
His seven tufted tails with lots
Of lovely pink and purple spots,
On each of which a pattern stands,
Composed of forty separate bands;
His eyebrows of a tender green;
All these have never yet been seen--
But Scientists, who ought to know,
Assure us that they must be so ...
Oh! let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about!

Politeness

My cousin John was most polite;
He led shortsighted Mrs Bond,
By accident, one winter's night
Into a village pond.
Her life perhaps he might have saved
But how genteelly he behaved!

Each time she rose and waved to him
He smiled and bowed and doffed his hat;
Thought he, although I cannot swim,
At least I can do that –
And when for the third time she sank
He stood bareheaded on the bank.

Be civil, then, to young and old;
Especially to persons who
Possess a quantity of gold
Which they might leave to you.
The more they have, it seems to me,
The more polite you ought to be.



The Last Word of a Bluebird

Robert Frost 1874 – 1963

As I went out a Crow
In a low voice said, "Oh,
I was looking for you.
How do you do?
I just came to tell you
To tell Lesley (will you?)
That her little Bluebird
Wanted me to bring word
That the north wind last night
That made the stars bright
And made ice on the trough
Almost made him cough
His tail feathers off.
He just had to fly!
But he sent her Good-by,
And said to be good,
And wear her red hood,
And look for skunk tracks
In the snow with an ax—
And do everything!
And perhaps in the spring
He would come back and sing."

At Nine of the Night I Opened my Door

At nine of the night I opened my door
That stands midway between moor and moor,
And all around me, silver-bright,
I saw that the world had turned to white.

Thick was the snow on field and hedge
And vanished was the river-sedge,
Where winter skilfully had wound
A shining scarf without a sound.

And as I stood and gazed my fill
A stable-boy came down the hill.
With every step I saw him take
Flew at his heel a puff of flake.

His brow was whiter than the hoar,
A beard of freshest snow he wore,
And round about him, snowflake starred,
A red horse-blanket from the yard.

In a red cloak I saw him go,
His back was bent, his step was slow,
And as he laboured through the cold
He seemed a hundred winters old.

TAKE A POEM

Why not take a poem

wherever you go?

pop it in your pocket

nobody will know

~

Take it to your classroom

stick it on the wall

tell them all about it

read it in the hall

~

Take it to the bathroom

tuck it up in bed

take the time to learn it

keep it in your head

~

Take it for a day trip

take it on a train

fold it as a hat

when it starts to rain

U34 – P6 Girls

Take it to a river

fold it as a boat

pop it in the water

hope that it will float

~

Take it to a hilltop

fold it as a plane

throw it up skywards

time and time again

~

Take it to a post box

send it anywhere

out into the world with

tender

loving

care

- James Carter