



Year 3 Poetry Anthology





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 gurgle of the drain

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.





Roger McGough

In a twist



We felt the rain, wind, and hail, and
Then the thunder and lightning came.
The winds gathered up and began to spin
Like a spinning top, sucking up dust like a vacuum cleaner.
The twister went around and around, like a merry-go-round.
The gusts of air were picking up dust.
It continued to roar loudly,
Destroying everything
Along the way.
Soon it was
Gone.

Unknown



What is pink?

What is pink? a rose is pink
By a fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!



Christina Rossetti

Foot-Soldier's Song

My breastplate's gone rusty – it creaks.
There are cracks in my helmet – it leaks.
This island is cold, wet, and too far from home.
Shall I ever again see Rome?

We all hate the natives that lurk in the trees,
and the blustery gales and the rivers that freeze
but the thing that is driving us nearly insane
is the rain.

Our sandals were made of strong leather
but they're no good at all in this weather.
Our shoestrings are rotted, but on we must plod
Day after day through the slippery mud.

We're told we must stay, settle down in this land,
but that's the last future I'd ever have planned.
I long to see Rome and its sunshine again
But our fate must be Britain and rain, rain, rain...

Pamela Gillilan



The Sleepy Giant

My age is three hundred and seventy-two,
And I think, with the deepest regret,
How I used to pick up and voraciously chew
The dear little boys whom I met.

I've eaten them raw, in their holiday suits;
I've eaten them curried with rice;
I've eaten them baked, in their jackets and boots,
And found them exceedingly nice.

But now that my jaws are too weak for such fare,
I think it exceedingly rude
To do such a thing, when I'm quite well aware
Little boys do not like to be chewed.

And so I contentedly live upon eels,
And try to do nothing amiss.
And I pass all the time I can spare from my meals
In innocent slumber like this.

Charles E. Carryl



Charles E. Carryl

Life Doesn't Frighten Me at All

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all

Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.

The new classroom where
Boys pull my hair
(Kissy little girls with their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams.
I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve,
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all.

Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Maya Angelou

Please Mrs Butler

by **Allan Ahlberg**

Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps copying my work, Miss.
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.
Go and sit in the sink.
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.
Hide it up your vest.
Swallow it if you like, love.
Do what you think best.

Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps calling me rude names, Miss.
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.
Run away to sea.
Do whatever you can, my flower.
But don't ask me!

Allan Ahlberg

THIS BEAR

Some poems sound best when read slowly.
Take your time, pause and breathe to add emphasis.

This lumbering bear is old.
This lumbering, bumbling bear
has shuffled over rugged
imagined mountains.

Urged his bulk, slow and strong
Slow as geography,
Strong as tree growth
through the forests of his mind.

This hulking brown bear
furred in shag pelt
Cloaked in dusty winter coats,
seeds to the tune
of the camera flash.
Eyebrows worn smooth,
His back is bold from sitting.

This ungainly bear
takes two dreary steps
from a cage bathed
in decades of eyebrow fur,
rustled with blood specks.
He swaddles out to the first
deep earth beneath his paws,
the first thick wind through his thick fur
as he seasoned daisies of water and wood
and grass and stone
roll out the colour of his imaginings.

This heavy bear,
this happy bear,
this home bear.
Sighs out to freedom.



Joseph Coelho

Silver Aeroplane

Silver aeroplane

Speeds across the sky

Leaving in its wake

Trails of vapour; white scribblings

On a page of blue paper.

John Foster

A Sea Creature Ate My Teacher

Our teacher said it's always good
To have an inquisitive mind,
Then he told us, "Go check the rock pools,
Let's see what the tide left behind."

The muscles on his arms were bulging
As he pushed rocks out of the way.
"Identify what you see," he called,
"Note it down in your books straightaway."

It was just as he spoke that we smelt it -
A stench like something rotten,
A wobbling mass of wet black skin
Like something time had forgotten.

In front of us snaking up from the pool
Was a hideous slime-soaked creature
With a huge black hole of a mouth
That vacuumed up our teacher.

I didn't actually see him go,
I was looking away at the time,
But I saw two legs sticking out
And trainers covered in slime.

But our teacher must have given this creature
Such chronic indigestion,
It found out that to try and digest him
was simply out of the question.

It gave an almighty lunge of its neck
And spat our teacher out.
He was spread with the most revolting goo
And staggering about.

None of us moved to help him
As he wiped the gunge from his head.
We looked at each other and smirked,
"That'll teach *him* a lesson," we said!

Brian Moses

Firework Night

BANG!

What's that?

Bang-Bang! Oh, Hark,
The guns are shooting in the dark!

Little guns and big ones too,

Bang-bang-bang!

What shall I do?

Mistress, Master, hear me yelp,
I'm out-of-doors, I want your help.

Let me in - oh, LET ME IN

Before those fireworks begin
To shoot again - I can't bear that;
My tail is down, my ears are flat,
I'm trembling here outside the door,
Oh, don't you love me anymore?

BANG!

I think I'll die with fright

Unless you let me in to-night.

(Shall we let him in, children?)

Ah, now the door is opened wide,
I'm rushing through, I'm safe inside,
The lights are on, it's warm and grand -

Mistress, let me lick your hand

Before I slip behind the couch.

There I'll hide myself and crouch
In safety till the BANGS are done -

Then to my kennel I will run
And guard you safely all the night
Because you understood my fright.

Enid Blyton

A Big Surprise

For my presents, I said I'd like
Computer games,
A mountain bike,
An electric train
Or a model plane
But most of all
I'd like a bike.

I opened my presents
And what did I find there?
A hand-knitted hat
And a squeaky bear,
More underpants from my aunts
And socks (grey, one pair).

I said "thank you" nicely,
I tried to smile
But what was I thinking
All the while?
I was thinking
I wanted computer games,
A mountain bike,
An electric train
Or a model plane
But most of all
I'd have liked
A bike.

"There's just one last thing
to unwrap," they said.
"It's a big surprise
we've kept it in the shed.
It's special, it comes with love
From the lot of us ..."

Now I'm the only kid in school
With my own hippopotamus.

Michaela Morgan



The Crocodile



How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!

Lewis Carroll

The Eagle

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



Alfred Lord Tennyson

From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,

Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;

And charging along like troops in a battle

All through the meadows the horses and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the plain

Fly as thick as driving rain;

And ever again, in the wink of an eye,

Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,

All by himself and gathering brambles;

Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;

And here is the green for stringing the daisies!

Here is a cart runaway in the road

Lumping along with man and load;

And here is a mill, and there is a river:

Each a glimpse and gone forever!

Robert Louis Stevenson