



# Year 5 Poetry Anthology



JAMES COOK  
LEARNING TRUST

# TALKING TURKEYS

Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas  
Cos' turkeys just wanna hav fun  
Turkeys are cool, turkeys are wicked  
An every turkey has a Mum.  
Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas,  
Don't eat it, keep it alive,  
It could be yu mate, an not on your plate  
Say, Yo! Turkey I'm on your side.

I got lots of friends who are turkeys  
An all of dem fear christmas time,  
Dey wanna enjoy it, dey say humans destroyed it  
An humans are out of dere mind,  
Yeah, I got lots of friends who are turkeys  
Dey all hav a right to a life,  
Not to be caged up an genetically made up  
By any farmer an his wife.

Turkeys just wanna play reggae  
Turkeys just wanna hip-hop.  
Can yu imagine a nice young turkey saying,  
'I cannot wait for de chop.'  
Turkeys like getting presents, dey wanna watch christmas TV,  
Turkeys hav brains an turkeys feel pain  
In many ways like yu an me.

I once knew a turkey called... Turkey.  
He said, 'Benji, explain to me please,  
Who put de turkey in christmas  
An what happens to christmas trees?'  
I said, 'I am not too sure, Turkey  
But it's nothing to do wid Christ Mass.  
Humans get greedy an waste more dan need be  
An business men mek loadsa cash.'

Be nice to yu turkey dis christmas  
Invite dem indoors fe sum greens  
Let dem eat cake an let dem partake  
In a plate of organic grown beans,  
Be nice to yu turkey dis christmas  
An spare dem de cut of de knife.  
Join Turkeys United an dey'll be delighted  
An yu will mek new friends 'FOR LIFE'.



Benjamin Zephaniah

# Planet for Sale

Planet for Sale

In need of some repair,  
six point seven billion  
careless owners.  
Lovely views of the galaxy,  
possible renovation project.

Owners seek exchange  
with similar elsewhere  
in universe.  
Must have sun.  
Plenty of money for  
a shiny new model  
with an ozone layer.

Sue Hardy-Dawson

# Conversation Piece

Late again Blenkinsop?  
What's the excuse this time?  
*Not my fault sir.*  
Whose fault is it then?  
*Grandma's sir.*  
Grandma's. What did she do?  
*She died sir.*  
Died?  
*She's seriously dead all right sir.*  
That makes four grandmothers this term  
And all on PE days Blenkinsop.  
*I know. It's very upsetting sir.*  
How many grandmothers have you got Blenkinsop?  
*Grandmothers sir? None sir.*  
None?  
*All dead sir.*  
And what about yesterday Blenkinsop?  
*What about yesterday sir?*  
You missed maths.  
*That was the dentist sir.*  
The dentist died?  
*No sir. My teeth sir*  
You missed the test Blenkinsop.  
*I'd been looking forward to it too sir.*  
Right, line up for PE.  
*Can't sir.*  
No such word as can't. Why can't you?  
*No kit sir.*  
Where is it?  
*Home sir.*  
What's it doing at home?  
*Not ironed sir.*  
Couldn't you iron it?  
*Can't do it sir.*  
Why not?  
*My hand sir.*  
Who usually does it?  
*Grandma sir.*  
Why couldn't she do it?  
*Dead sir.*

Gareth Owen

# The Dreadful Menace

I am the dreadful menace.  
The one whose will is done.  
The haunting chill upon your neck.  
I am the conundrum.

I will summon armies,  
Of wind and rain and snow.  
I made the black cloud overhead,  
The ice, like glass, below.

Not you, nor any other,  
Can fathom what is nigh.  
I will tell you when to jump.  
And I'll dictate how high.

The ones that came before you,  
Stood strong and tall and brave.  
But I stole those dreams away.  
Those dreams could not be saved.

But now you stand before me  
Devoid of all dismay.  
Could it be? Just maybe,  
I'll let you have your day.

Unknown

# The Night Will Never Stay

The night will never stay,  
The night will still go by,  
Though with a million stars  
You pin it to the sky;  
Though you bind it with the blowing  
wind  
And buckle it with the moon,  
The night will slip away  
Like sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon

# The Rum Tum Tugger



The Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat:  
If you offer him pheasant he would rather have grouse.  
If you put him in a house he would much prefer a flat,  
If you put him in a flat then he'd rather have a house.  
If you set him on a mouse then he only wants a rat,  
If you set him on a rat then he'd rather chase a mouse.  
Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat—  
And there isn't any call for me to shout it:  
For he will do  
As he do do  
And there's no doing anything about it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a terrible bore:  
When you let him in, then he wants to be out;  
He's always on the wrong side of every door,  
And as soon as he's at home, then he'd like to get about.  
He likes to lie in the bureau drawer,  
But he makes such a fuss if he can't get out.

Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat—  
And there isn't any use for you to doubt it:  
For he will do  
As he do do  
And there's no doing anything about it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious beast:  
His disobliging ways are a matter of habit.  
If you offer him fish then he always wants a feast;  
When there isn't any fish then he won't eat rabbit.  
If you offer him cream then he sniffs and sneers,  
For he only likes what he finds for himself;  
  
So you'll catch him in it right up to the ears,  
If you put it away on the larder shelf.  
The Rum Tum Tugger is artful and knowing,  
The Rum Tum Tugger doesn't care for a cuddle;  
But he'll leap on your lap in the middle of your sewing,  
For there's nothing he enjoys like a horrible muddle.  
Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat—  
And there isn't any need for me to spout it:  
For he will do  
As he do do  
And there's no doing anything about it!

T.S. Eliot





## SNOW AND SNOW

by *Ted Hughes*

Snow is sometimes a she, a soft one.  
Her kiss on your cheek, her finger on your sleeve  
In early December, on a warm evening,  
And you turn to meet her, saying "It's snowing!"  
But it is not. And nobody's there.  
Empty and calm is the air.

Sometimes the snow is a he, a sly one.  
Weakly he signs the dry stone with a damp spot.  
Waifish he floats and touches the pond and is not.  
Treacherous-beggarly he falters, and taps at the  
window.  
A little longer he clings to the grass-blade tip  
Getting his grip.

Then how she leans, how furry foxwrap she nestles  
The sky with her warm, and the earth with her  
softness.  
How her lit crowding fairylands sink through the  
space-silence  
To build her palace, till it twinkles in starlight —  
Too frail for a foot  
Or a crumb of soot.

Then how his muffled armies move in all night  
And we wake and every road is blockaded  
Every hill taken and every farm occupied  
And the white glare of his tents is on the ceiling.  
And all that dull blue day and on into the gloaming  
We have to watch more coming.

Then everything in the rubbish-heaped world  
Is a bridesmaid at her miracle.  
Dunghills and crumbly dark old barns are bowed in  
the chapel of her sparkle.  
The gruesome boggy cellars of the wood  
Are a wedding of lace  
Now taking place.

Ted Hughes



### *Give and Take*

I give you clean air

You give me poisonous gas

I give you mountains

You give me quarries

I give you pure snow

You give me acid rain

I give you spring fountains

You give me toxic canals

I give you a butterfly

You give me a plastic bottle

I give you a blackbird

You give me a stealth bomber

I give you abundance

You give me waste

I give you one last chance

You give me excuse after excuse after excuse.

Roger McGough

# Bluebottle

Who dips, dives  
swoops out of space,  
a buzz in his wings  
and sky on his face;  
now caught in the light,  
now gone without trace,  
a sliver of glass,  
never still in one place?

Who's elusive as pickpocket,  
lord of the flies;  
who moves like a rocket,  
bound for the skies?  
Who's catapult, aeroplane,  
always full-throttle?  
Sky-diver, Jumping Jack,  
comet, *bluebottle!*

Judith Nichols

## It's Spring

It's spring

And the garden is changing its clothes,

Putting away

Its dark winter suits,

Its dull scarves

And drab brown overcoats.

Now, it wraps itself in green shoots,

Slips on blouses

Sleeved with pink and white blossom,

Pulls on skirts of daffodil and primrose,

Snowdrops socks and purple crocus shoes,

Then dances in the sunlight.

John Foster

## You are old, Father William



"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
    "And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head –  
    Do you think, at your age, it is right?"  
"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
    "I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
    Why, I do it again and again."  
"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door –  
    Pray, what is the reason of that?"  
"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
    "I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment – one shilling the box –  
    Allow me to sell you a couple?"  
"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak –  
    Pray, how did you manage to do it?"  
"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,  
    Has lasted the rest of my life."  
"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose –  
    What made you so awfully clever?"  
"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Lewis Carroll



# The Magic that only Teesside Brings

We are very particular  
about a certain funicular  
that glistens like a diamond  
on the North East coast.

And if you lend me a minute  
I'll bet I can fill it  
with a sackful of jewels.  
Here's a few we love the most...

There's Captain Cook's monument  
and Roseberry Topping,  
open wide on Redcar seafront,  
pop a lemon top in!

And then walk the black path,  
let your tired feet roam  
to where a twinkletoed Brazilian boy  
learned to call his home.



Because that's what we do,  
we welcome outsiders.  
With open arms and open hearts  
nothing can divide us.

Then up to Billingham's  
Bladerunner Land,  
a vista so vast for young Ridley Scott,  
the film came ready-planned.

It's where yer father went to waik  
in his dairty pairple shairt.  
You can get there by a croggy  
or a tan if you're a smoggy.

And yes we built the world  
but yesterday's not the limit.  
Pick any country, pay a visit,  
You'll find that we're still out there doing it.

'Cos it's never over till it's over,  
our lasses and lads have wings.  
Our own league of nations,  
still building foundations  
with the magic that only Teesside brings,  
the magic that only Teesside brings.

Harry Gallagher

# Try Again

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try again;  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For, if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear;  
Try, try again.  
Once or twice though you should fail,  
Try, try again;  
If you would at last prevail,  
Try, try again;  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace  
Though we do not win the race;  
What should you do in the case?  
Try, try again.



William E. Hickson

## Turvy-Topsy

'Gentlemen and Ladies, all and one,  
Let's have a little games and fun.

I've noticed that the things we say,  
Sound wrong if said a different way.

I've never wandered forth and back,  
Never been beaten blue and black.

And through my life, large and by,  
I've yet to be left dry and high.

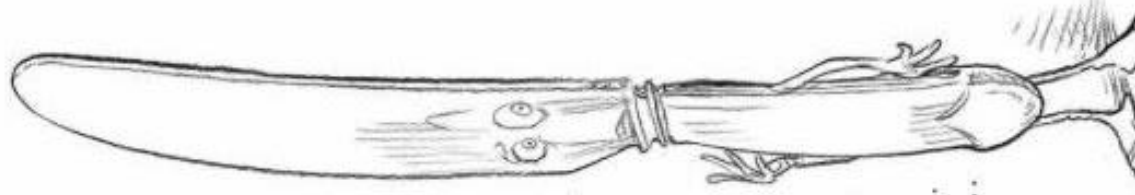
Error and trial, punishment and crime,  
It's go and touch, again and time.

My fortunes are not down and up.  
I never drink from a saucer and cup.

No pepper and salt upon my dish  
Of bacon and liver or chips and fish ...

Under key and lock ... Order and law ...  
All bothered and hot ... Peace and war ...

122

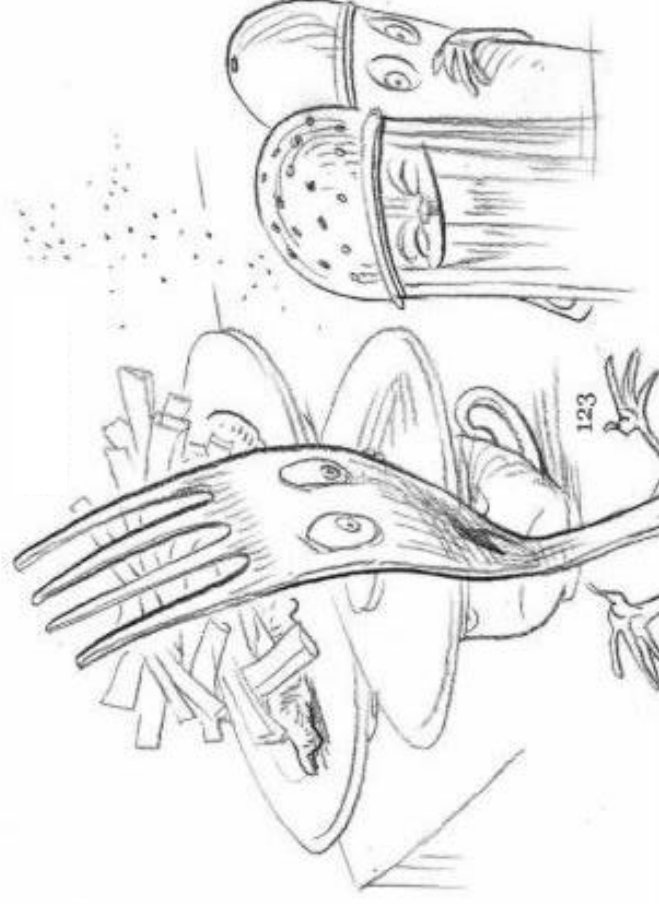


Simple and pure, though it may sound dull,  
It's how it sounds makes it void and null

You shouldn't mix pleasure with business;  
The bees and the birds with the m & s.

Mind your qs and ps come shine or rain,  
And try not to get it wrong again.

Cos, wrong or right, to return to food;  
'Where's the fork 'n knife?' just sounds kind of rude.'





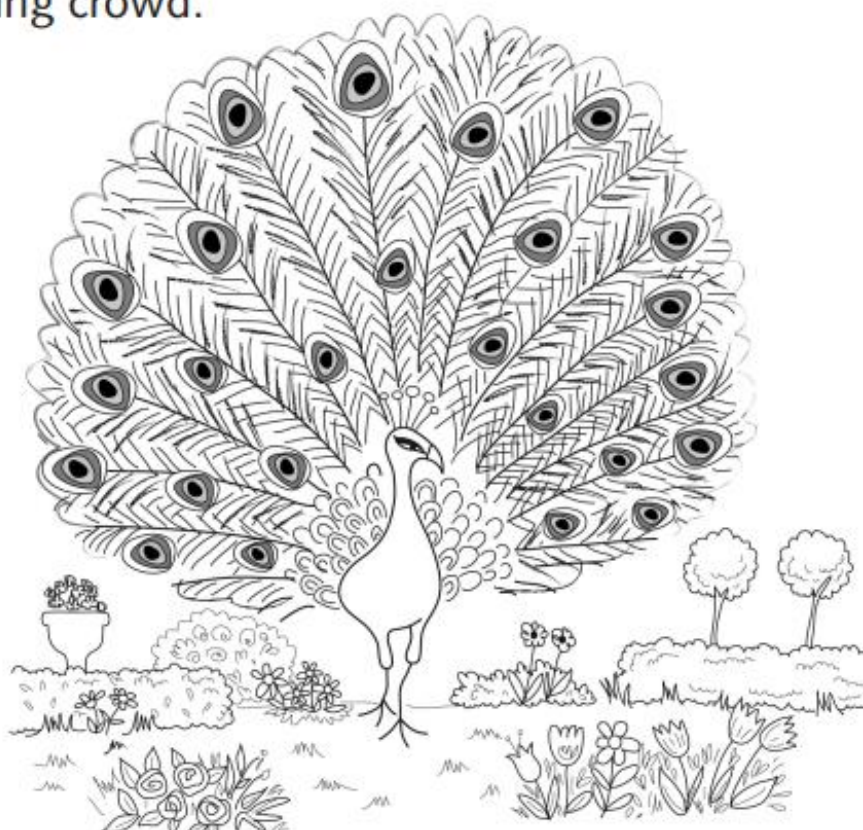
## The Peacock

The peacock,  
somewhat overdressed  
for an ordinary day,  
comes rainbow shimmering  
across the ordered lawns.

His sweeping tail  
brushes the close-cropped  
grass,  
as, with the merest bow,  
he accepts the adoration  
of the gaping crowd.

With regal pomp  
he gloriously unfurls  
the iridescent splendour  
of his jewelled tail  
and, emperor-like, stands proud.

But then, he goes too far;  
he tries to sing.  
An eerie, plaintive wail rings out.  
A noise not fitting in the least,  
for such a sumptuous king.



Cynthia Ryder