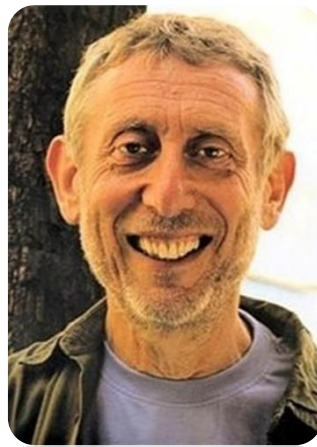




Year 2 Poetry Anthology



'Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf'

As soon as Wolf began to feel
That he would like a decent meal,
He went and knocked on Grandma's door.
When Grandma opened it, she saw

The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin,
And Wolfie said, "May I come in?"
Poor Grandmamma was terrified,
"He's going to eat me up!" she cried.

And she was absolutely right.
He ate her up in one big bite.
But Grandmamma was small and tough,
And Wolfie wailed, "That's not enough!"

I haven't yet begun to feel
That I have had a decent meal!"
He ran around the kitchen yelping,
"I've got to have a second helping!"



Then added with a frightful leer,
"I'm therefore going to wait right here
Till Little Miss Red Riding Hood
Comes home from walking in the wood."

He quickly put on Grandma's clothes,
(Of course he hadn't eaten those).
He dressed himself in coat and hat.
He put on shoes, and after that,
He even brushed and curled his hair,
Then sat himself in Grandma's chair.

In came the little girl in red.
She stopped. She stared. And then she said,
"What great big ears you have, Grandma."
"All the better to hear you with," the Wolf replied.



"What great big eyes you have, Grandma."
said Little Red Riding Hood.
"All the better to see you with,"
the Wolf replied.

He sat there watching her and smiled.
He thought, I'm going to eat this child.
Compared with her old Grandmamma,
She's going to taste like caviar.

Then Little Red Riding Hood said, "
But Grandma, what a lovely great big
furry coat you have on."
"That's wrong!" cried Wolf.

"Have you forgot
To tell me what BIG TEETH I've got?
Ah well, no matter what you say,
I'm going to eat you anyway."

The small girl smiles. One eyelid flickers.
She whips a pistol from her knickers.
She aims it at the creature's head,
And bang bang bang, she shoots him dead.

A few weeks later, in the wood,
I came across Miss Riding Hood.
But what a change! No cloak of red,
No silly hood upon her head.
She said, "Hello, and do please note
My lovely furry wolfskin coat."



Roald Dahl

Don't Put Mustard in the Custard

Don't do,
Don't do,
Don't do that.
Don't pull faces,
Don't tease the cat.

Don't pick your ears,
Don't be rude at school.
Who do they think I am?

Some kind of fool?

One day
they'll say
Don't put toffee in my coffee
don't pour gravy on the baby
don't put beer in his ear
don't stick your toes up his nose.

Don't put confetti on the spaghetti
and don't squash peas on your knees.

Don't put ants in your pants
don't put mustard in the custard
don't chuck jelly at the telly
and don't throw fruit at the computer
don't throw fruit at the computer.

Don't what?
Don't throw fruit at the computer.
Don't what?
Don't throw fruit at the computer.
Who do they think I am?
Some kind of fool?

Michael Rosen

The Day of the Gulls

On a silver-cold day
Under snow-heavy clouds
The seagulls come
Driven inland
Swooping and screaming
Over the scraps in the gutters.

The children stare
As the street is made beautiful
By the white shining
Of their wings.



Jennifer Curry

The Dinosaur Rap

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.

Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.

Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.

Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a young T-Rex over by the door

Who's already stamped a hole in the floor.

There's a whirling, twirling apatosaurus

Encouraging everyone to join in the chorus.

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.

Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.

Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.

Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a stegosaurus rattling his spines

And an iguanodon making thumbs-up signs.

There's an allosaurus giving a shout

As he thrashes and lashes his tail about.

Come on, everybody, shake a claw.

Let's hear you bellow. Let's hear you roar.

Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.

Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.

There's a triceratops who can't stop giggling

At the way her partner's writhing and wriggling.

There's an ankylosaurus swaying to the beat,

Clomping and clumping and stomping his feet.

There are dinosaurs here. There are dinosaurs there.

There are dinosaurs dancing everywhere.

So swing your tails and shake your claws.

Join in the rapping with the dinosaurs.



John Foster

Question Time

What does a monster look like?

Well...hairy and scary,

And furry and blurry and pimply and dimply,

Warty and naughty and wrinkled and crinkled...

That's what a monster looks like.

How does a monster move?

It oozes, it shambles,

It crawls and it ambles, it slouches and shuffles and trudges,

It lumbers and toddles, it creeps and it waddles...

That's how a monster moves.

Where does a monster live?

In garden sheds, under beds...

In wardrobes, in plugholes, and ditches,

Beneath city streets, just under your feet...

That's where a monster lives.

How does a monster eat?

It slurps and it burps,

And gobbles and gulps, and sips and swallows and scoffs,

It nibbles and munches.

That's how a monster eats.

What does a monster eat?

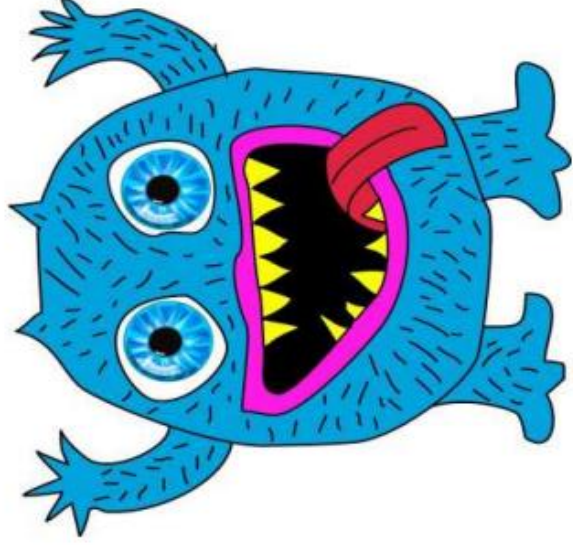
Slugs and bats,

And bugs and rats, and stones and mud and bones,

And blood and squelchy squids... and nosy kids.

YUM!

That's what a monster eats.



Michaela Morgan

Where The Fairies Are

Wild laughter, tiny wingbeats
Ripples on the lake
Whispers chatter through the hedgerows
Springtime fairies wake.

Gentle heat-haze on the meadows
Floats across the sky
From cowslip bells and dandelions
Summer fairies fly.

Frosted nights and golden sunlight
Wood smoke scents the day
Falling leaves flame red and orange
Autumn fairies play.

Snow and ice freeze up the farmland
Silent, drifting deep
Far away inside the forests
Winter fairies sleep.



David Harmer

CATS

Cats sleep anywhere,
Any table, any chair.
Top of the piano, window ledge,
In the middle, on the edge.
Open drawer, empty shoe,
Anybody's lap will do.
Fitted in a cardboard box,
In a cupboard with your frocks.
Anywhere. They don't care.
Cats sleep anywhere.



Eleanor Farjeon



WALKING WITH MY IGUANA

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 . . .

Brian Moses

Nut Tree

Small, brown, hard, round,
The nut is lying underground.

Now a shoot begins to show.
Now the shoot begins to grow.

Tall, taller, tall as can be,
The shoot is growing into a tree.

And branches grow and stretch and spread
With twigs and leaves above your head.

And on a windy autumn day
The nut tree bends, the branches sway,

The leaves fly off and whirl around,
And nuts go tumbling to the ground:
Small, brown, hard, round.

Julia Donaldson

I Asked The Little Boy Who Cannot See

I asked the little boy who cannot see,
“And what is colour like?”
“Why, green,” said he,
“Is like the rustle when the wind blows through
The forest; running water, that is blue;
And red is like a trumpet sound; and pink
Is like the smell of roses; and I think
That purple must be like a thunderstorm;
And yellow is like something soft and warm;
And white is a pleasant stillness when you lie
“And dream.”

Anonymous

After the Party

Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
He isn't himself today;
He's tucked up in bed
With a feverish head,
And he doesn't much care to play.

Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
And three kinds of ice cream too—
From his latest reports
He's quite out of sorts,
And I'm sure the reports are true.

I'm sorry to state
That he also ate
Six pickles, a pie, and a pear;
In fact I confess
It's a reasonable guess
He ate practically everything there.

Yes, Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
So he's not at his best today;
But there's no need for sorrow—
If you come back tomorrow,
I'm sure he'll be out to play.



William Wise