

# Year 3 Poetry Anthology









## **The Sound Collector**

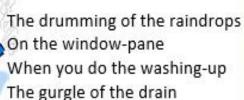




A stranger came this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them away
The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

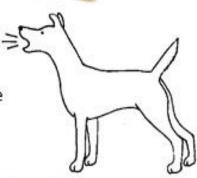
The hissing of the frying-pan The ticking of the grill The bubbling of the bathtub As it starts to fill



The 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.















# In a twist

We felt the rain, wind, and half, and

Then the thunder and lightning came. the thunder and lightname Bathered up and began to spin

The him beathered up and began to spin the top, sucking up dust like a vacuum cleanet. The the top, sucking up dust like a vacuum clean the grant around and around, like a merry-go-round.

Busts of air were picking up dust.

tecontinued to roar loudly.

Destroying everything

Along the way.

Soon it was

Gome-

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 Tough guys fight

Noises down the hall All alone at night

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

Bad dogs barking loud Panthers in the park

Big ghosts in a cloud Strangers in the dark

Life doesn't frighten me at all.

No, they don't frighten me at all.

Mean old Mother Goose The new classroom where

Lions on the loose Boys pull my hair

They don't frighten me at all (Kissy little girls with their hair in curls)

They don't frighten me at all.

Dragons breathing flame

On my counterpane Don't show me frogs and snakes

That doesn't frighten me at all.

And listen for my scream,

If I'm afraid at all

I go boo It's only in my dreams.

Make them shoo I've got a magic charm

I make fun That I keep up my sleeve,

Way they run I can walk the ocean floor

I won't cry And never have to breathe.

So they fly

I just smile Life doesn't frighten me at all

They go wild Not at all

Life doesn't frighten me 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.

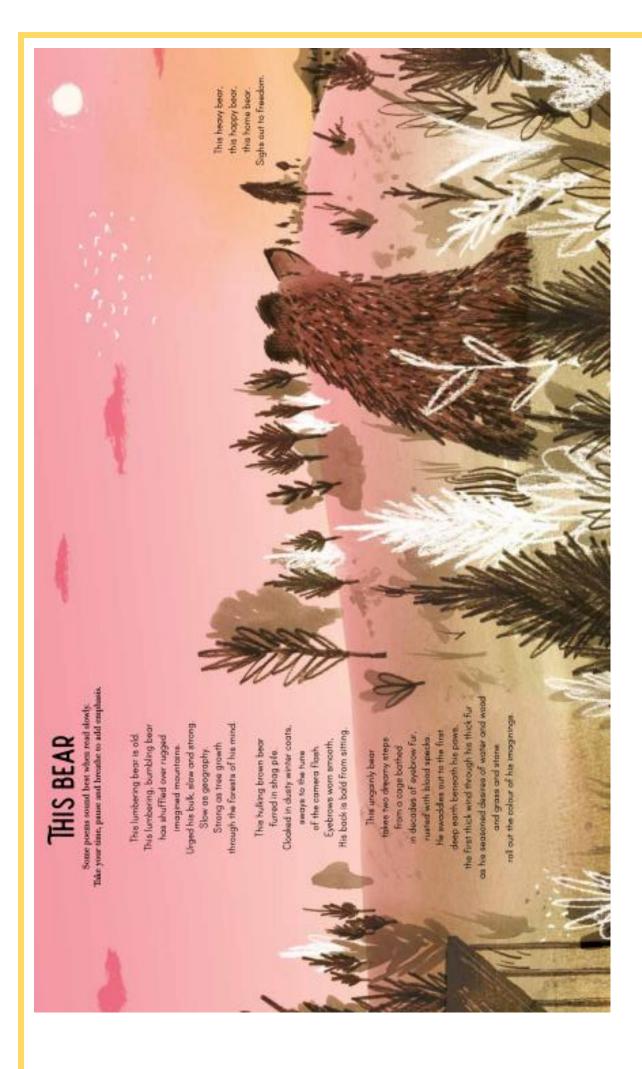
Please Mrs Butler This boy Derek Drew Keeps taking my rubber, Miss. What shall I do?

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



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!
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 clambers 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