



Southbroom  
St James Academy

‘We belong, we believe, we flourish’.

**POETRY  
AT SOUTHBROOM ST JAMES  
ACADEMY**

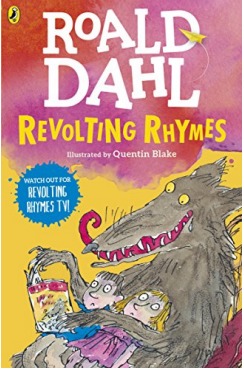

## Poetry Whole School Map

Our goal is to strengthen children's emotional connections to language and the environment through the sharing, reading, and performing of poetry. In our reading lessons, poems are utilised to improve vocabulary, prosody, fluency, imagination, and empathy.

As a school, we are dedicated to encouraging a love of reading and daily reading aloud. We have two class poetry books to share during the year in addition to our whole class reading books and non-fiction books.

We have identified a core set of poems for each year group, including poems to be performed during the year.

Each year group will come across a diverse range of poems, allowing for the exploration and explanation of vocabulary as well as the expansion of the children's wider reading skills.

| <b>Year 3</b>  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <b>Poems to Share</b>  | <b>Poems to Perform</b>   | <b>Poems to Read</b>   |
| <p>Revolting Rhymes – Roald Dahl</p>  <p>Stars with Flaming Tails - Valerie Bloom</p>  | <p>The Sound Collector -<br/>Roger McGough</p> <p>The Adventures of Isabel -<br/>Ogden Nash</p> | <p>The Dragon of Andor –<br/>Reading Explorers</p> <p>Mr Moore – David<br/>Harmer</p> <p>Ghost in the Garden -<br/>Berlie Doherty</p> <p>The Small Dragon -<br/>Brian Patten</p> <p>If Anger was an Animal-<br/>The Emotional<br/>Menagerie</p> <p>My Brother Might be<br/>Bigfoot-<br/>Kenn Nesbitt</p> |

**Year3: Poems to Perform**

**The Sound Collector – Roger McGough**

A stranger called 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 windowpane  
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

**The Adventures of Isabel – Ogden Nash**

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care,  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She washed her hands and she straightened her  
hair up,  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.  
Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked old witch.  
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.  
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!

Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,  
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her

**Year3: Poems to Read**

**Ghost in the Garden - Berlie Doherty**

The ghost in the garden  
Cracks twigs as she treads  
Shuffles the leaves  
But isn't there  
The ghost in the garden  
Snaps back the brambles  
So they spring against my legs  
But isn't there  
Draws spiders' webs across my face  
Breathes mist on my cheek  
Whispers with bird breath down my ear  
But isn't there  
Tosses raindrops down from branches  
Splashes the pond  
Traces a face in it  
That isn't mine  
Moves shadows underneath the trees  
Too tall, too thin, too tiny to be me

**The Dragon of Andor (Reading Explorers)**

Near the village known as Andor,  
Lay a forest with a cave.  
'Twas here that lived a dragon,  
Whom the children nicknamed Dave.  
A friendly beast this dragon was,  
He did not roar or bite.  
Taught little ones to love, not hate,  
That never should they fight.  
With eyes that glowed like rubies,  
And scales that shone like gold,  
This wise and kindly dragon,  
Was considered very old.  
With a tail that sparkled silver,  
And two wings of diamond white,  
His beauty could be seen by all,  
Throughout the day and night.  
But then one time a knight did come,  
With a sword across the land,  
And slayed this beast of beauty  
With his mighty, fearsome hand.  
'Alas, why did you do that?'  
Cried the children to the knight.

**Mr Moore – David Harmer**

*Mister Moore, Mister Moore*  
*Creaking down the corridor.*  
*Uh uh eh eh uh*  
*Uh uh eh eh uh*  
Mister Moore wears wooden suits  
Mister Moore's got great big boots  
Mister Moore's got hair like a brush  
And Mister Moore don't like me much.  
*Chorus*  
When my teacher's there I haven't got a care  
I can do my sums, I can do gerzinters  
When Mister Moore comes through the door  
Got a wooden head filled with splinters.  
*Chorus*  
Mister Moore, I implore  
My ear-holes ache, my head is sore  
Don't come through that classroom door  
Don't come through that classroom door  
*Chorus*  
Mister Moore wears wooden suits  
Mister Moore's got great big boots  
Mister Moore's got hair like a brush  
Mister Moore don't like me much.  
*Chorus*

The Small Dragon - Brian Patten  
(See text [here](#) )

**If Anger Were an Animal- Rachel Saunders**

**A is for Anger**

If Anger was an animal,  
It would have teeth and claws,  
A mangy mane, a bristly tail,  
And growling, gaping jaws.

It comes along when things go wrong,  
When our plans go awry.  
When toys are broken, trainers lost,  
Or favourite treats denied.

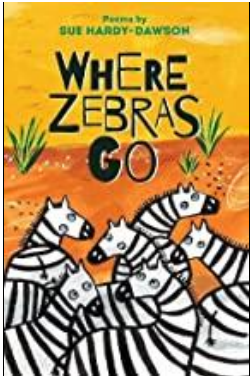

It bares its teeth and starts to roar:  
'Unkind!' 'Unjust!' 'UNFAIR!'  
It wants the world to be just so,  
Without problems or cares.

To let it go, remember this:  
Life won't always go right.  
Some things we'd like to happen won't;  
Some things we wouldn't, might.

It's sad, we know, and that's the point:  
In fact, that's why we rage.  
Anger is sadness in disguise:  
Our hurt let loose, uncaged.

Life lets us down now and again:  
You, me, and everyone.  
So next time Anger rears its head,  
Accept this, and move on.

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| <p>Spreads<br/>birdweed out<br/>to catch me<br/>Flutters wild<br/>wings about<br/>my head<br/>Tugs at my<br/>hair<br/>But isn't there<br/>And when I<br/>look<br/>There's only a<br/>bend of grass<br/>Where her<br/>running feet<br/>Have<br/>smudged the<br/>dew<br/>And there's<br/>only the sigh<br/>Of her<br/>laughter<br/>Tickling<br/>Like<br/>Moonlight<br/>On<br/>Wet<br/>Weeds</p> | <p>'Because he looked<br/>so peculiar,<br/>He gave me such a<br/>fright'.<br/>So the age of<br/>wizeden dragons,<br/>Came sadly to an<br/>end.<br/>No more could<br/>children play with<br/>Dave,<br/>The dragon they<br/>called friend.<br/>For the knight had<br/>brought a world<br/>with him,<br/>A world of tears<br/>and pain<br/>Yet still the children<br/>looked for love,<br/>For peace to rule<br/>again.</p> | <p><b><u>My brother might be<br/>Bigfoot— Kenn<br/>Nesbitt</u></b><br/>My brother might be<br/>bigfoot.<br/>I've seen a bunch of<br/>clues.<br/>He's very hairy, super<br/>tall,<br/>and wears enormous<br/>shoes.<br/>Whenever I say hi to<br/>him<br/>my brother starts to<br/>growl.<br/>He walks like a gorilla<br/>and his stink is awfully<br/>foul.<br/>He never takes a<br/>shower so<br/>he's slovenly and<br/>sweaty.<br/>He claims to have a<br/>girlfriend too;<br/>he says her name is<br/>Yeti.<br/>He's not a myth. From<br/>what I've seen<br/>I think we can assume<br/>that bigfoot lives<br/>among us...<br/>He's in my brother's<br/>room.</p> |  |
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| Year 4   |  |  |
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| Poems to Share   | Poems to Perform   | Poems to Read  |
| <p>Where Zebras Go – S Hardy-Dawson</p>  <p>Midnight Feasts: Tasty poem chosen by A.F. Harrold</p>  | <p>Mr. Nobody - Anonymous</p> <p>From a Railway Carriage – R L Stevenson</p> | <p>It Couldn't Be Done - Edgar A Guest</p> <p>Hey Diddle Diddle</p> <p>The Jabberwocky – Lewis Carroll</p> <p>THE MAGIC BOX - Kit Wright</p> <p>Grandma was eaten by a shark! - Andrea Shavick</p> <p>If - Rudyard Kipling</p> <p>Mr Mistoffelees -TS Elliot</p> <p>The Quiet Child - Liz Brownlee</p> <p>Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All by- Maya Angelou</p> |

| Year 4: Poems to Perform  |  |
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| <p><b><u>Mr. Nobody - Anonymous</u></b></p> <p>I know a funny little man,<br/> As quiet as a mouse,<br/> Who does the mischief that is done<br/> In everybody's house!<br/> There's no one ever sees his face,<br/> And yet we all agree<br/> That every plate we break was cracked<br/> By Mr. Nobody.</p> <p>'Tis he who always tears out books,<br/> Who leaves the door ajar,<br/> He pulls the buttons from our shirts,<br/> And scatters pins afar;<br/> That squeaking door will always squeak,<br/> For prithee, don't you see,<br/> We leave the oiling to be done<br/> By Mr. Nobody.</p> | <p><b><u>From a Railway Carriage – R L Stevenson</u></b></p> <p>Faster than fairies, faster than witches,<br/> Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;<br/> And charging along like troops in a battle,<br/> All through the meadows the horses and cattle:<br/> All of the sights of the hill and the plain<br/> Fly as thick as driving rain;<br/> And ever again, in the wink of an eye,<br/> Painted stations whistle by.<br/> Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,<br/> All by himself and gathering brambles;<br/> Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;<br/> And there is the green for stringing the daisies!<br/> Here is a cart run away in the road<br/> Lumping along with man and load;<br/> And here is a mill and there is a river:<br/> Each a glimpse and gone for ever!</p> |

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| <p>He puts damp wood upon the fire<br/>That kettles cannot boil;<br/>His are the feet that bring in mud,<br/>And all the carpets soil.<br/>The papers always are mislaid;<br/>Who had them last, but he?<br/>There's no one tosses them about<br/>But Mr. Nobody.</p> <p>The finger marks upon the door<br/>By none of us are made;<br/>We never leave the blinds unclosed,<br/>To let the curtains fade.<br/>The ink we never spill; the boots<br/>That lying round you see<br/>Are not our boots,—they all belong<br/>To Mr. Nobody.</p> |  |
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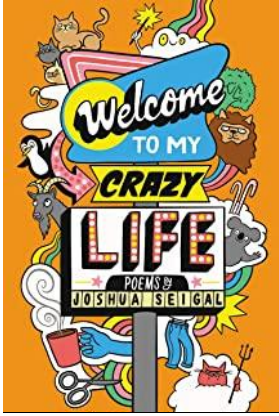
| Year 4: Poems to Read   |   |  |   |
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| <p>It Couldn't Be Done - Edgar A Guest (see the poem <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>Hey Diddle Diddle (see <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>The Jabberwocky – Lewis Carroll (see <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>If by Rudyard Kipling (see <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>Mr Mistoffelees by TS Elliot (see <a href="#">here</a>)</p> | <p><b><u>Grandma was eaten by a shark! Andrea Shavick</u></b></p> <p>Grandma was eaten by a shark<br/>Dad, by a killer whale<br/>And my baby brother got slurped up<br/>By a rather hungry sea snail<br/>A cuttlefish cut my mum to bits<br/>An octopus strangled my sister<br/>A jellyfish stung my auntie's toes<br/>Giving her terrible blisters<br/>A pufferfish poisoned my grandpa<br/>A dogfish ate my cat<br/>And then a catfish ate my dog!<br/>I was very upset about that<br/>So you go for a swim if you like<br/>Just don't ask me to come too<br/>I'm staying here with my camera<br/>I can't wait to see what gets you!</p> <p><b><u>The Quiet Child by Liz Brownlee</u></b></p> <p>I am the person who listens<br/>as people around me all talk</p> | <p><b><u>THE MAGIC BOX - Kit Wright</u></b></p> <p>I will put in the box<br/>the swish of a silk sari<br/>on a summer night,<br/>fire from the nostrils<br/>of a Chinese dragon,<br/>the tip of a tongue<br/>touching a tooth.<br/>I will put in the box<br/>a snowman with a<br/>rumbling belly<br/>a sip of the bluest<br/>water from Lake<br/>Lucerne, a leaping<br/>spark from an electric<br/>fish.<br/>I will put into the box<br/>three violet wishes<br/>spoken in Gujarati, the<br/>last joke of an ancient<br/>uncle, and the first<br/>smile of a baby.<br/>I will put into the box</p> | <p><b><u>Life Doesn't Frighten Me At All by Maya Angelou</u></b></p> <p>Shadows on the wall<br/>Noises down the hail<br/>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all<br/>Bad dogs barking loud<br/>Big ghosts in a cloud<br/>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all.<br/>Mean old Mother Goose<br/>Lions on the loose<br/>They don't frighten me<br/>at all<br/>Dragons breathing flame<br/>On my counterpane<br/>That doesn't frighten me<br/>at all.<br/>I go boo<br/>Make them shoo<br/>I make fun<br/>Way they run<br/>I won't cry<br/>So they fly<br/>I just smile<br/>They go wild</p> |

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|  | <p>when everyone else is running<br/>I notice each thing while I walk</p> <p>I'll be the voice that questions<br/>the accepted answers they gave</p> <p>I am the leaf that trembles<br/>while all the other leaves wave</p> <p>as I have doubted the wind<br/>and sensed that something is<br/>wrong</p> <p>I am the one that's uncertain –<br/>this is what makes me so strong</p> | <p>a fifth season and a<br/>black sun, a cowboy<br/>on a broomstick and a<br/>witch on a white<br/>horse.</p> <p>My box is fashioned<br/>from ice and gold and<br/>steel, with stars on the<br/>lid and secrets in the<br/>corners. Its hinges are<br/>the toe joints of<br/>dinosaurs.</p> <p>I shall surf in my box<br/>on the great high-<br/>rolling breakers of the<br/>wild Atlantic, then<br/>wash ashore on a<br/>yellow beach<br/>the colour of the sun.</p> | <p>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all.</p> <p>Tough guys in a fight<br/>All alone at night<br/>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all.</p> <p>Panthers in the park<br/>Strangers in the dark<br/>No, they don't frighten<br/>me at all.</p> <p>That new classroom<br/>where<br/>Boys pull all my hair<br/>(Kissy little girls<br/>With their hair in curls)<br/>They don't frighten me at<br/>all.</p> <p>Don't show me frogs and<br/>snakes<br/>And listen for my scream,<br/>If I'm afraid at all<br/>It's only in my dreams.<br/>I've got a magic charm<br/>That I keep up my sleeve,<br/>I can walk the ocean floor<br/>And never have to<br/>breathe.</p> <p>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all<br/>Not at all<br/>Not at all<br/>Life doesn't frighten me<br/>at all.</p> |
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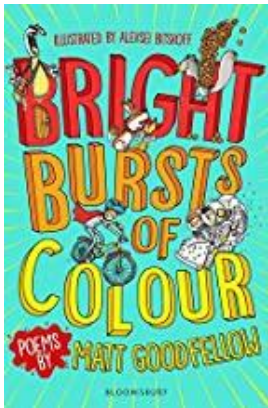
Year 5

Poems to Share

Welcome to My Crazy Life –  
Joshua Seigal



Bright Bursts of Colour – Matt  
Goodfellow



Poems to Perform

I Wandered Lonely as a  
Cloud - William  
Wordsworth

The River – Valerie  
Bloom

Poems to Read

The Tyger - William Blake

The Sky Artist –  
Grace Nichols

Colonel Fazackerley Butterworth-Toast by  
Charles Causley

Whispering Waves – National Poetry Library

Leisure – W.H Davies

A Poem to be Spoken Silently –  
Pie Corbett

**Year 5: Poems to Perform**

**The River – Valerie Bloom**

The River's a wanderer.  
A nomad, a tramp,  
He doesn't choose one place  
To set up his camp.  
The River's a winder,  
Through valley and hill  
He twists and he turns,  
He just cannot be still.  
The River's a hoarder,  
And he buries down deep  
Those little treasures  
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,  
He gurgles and hums,  
And sounds like he's happily  
Sucking his thumbs.  
The River's a singer,  
As he dances along,  
The countryside echoes  
The notes of his song.  
The River's a monster  
Hungry and vexed,  
He's gobbled up trees  
And he'll swallow you next.

**I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud - William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

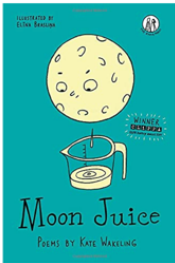

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

**Year 5: Poems to Read**

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| <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>The Tyger by William Blake</u></b></p> <p>Tyger Tyger, burning bright,<br/>In the forests of the night;<br/>What immortal hand or eye,<br/>Could frame thy fearful symmetry?</p> <p>In what distant deeps or skies.<br/>Burnt the fire of thine eyes?<br/>On what wings dare he aspire?<br/>What the hand, dare seize the fire?</p> <p>And what shoulder, and what art,<br/>Could twist the sinews of thy heart?<br/>And when thy heart began to beat,<br/>What dread hand? and what dread feet?</p> <p>What the hammer? what the chain,<br/>In what furnace was thy brain?<br/>What the anvil? what dread grasp,<br/>Dare its deadly terrors clasp!</p> <p>When the stars threw down their spears<br/>And water'd heaven with their tears:<br/>Did he smile his work to see?<br/>Did he who made the Lamb make thee?</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>Colonel Fazackerley Butterworth-Toast by Charles Causley</u></b></p> <p>Colonel Fazackerley<br/>Butterworth-Toast<br/>Bought an old castle complete with a ghost,<br/>But someone or other forgot to declare<br/>To Colonel Fazak that the spectre was there.</p> <p>On the very first evening,<br/>while waiting to dine,<br/>The Colonel was taking a fine sherry wine,<br/>When the ghost, with a furious flash and a flare,<br/>Shot out of the chimney and shivered, 'Beware!'</p> <p>Colonel Fazackerley put down his glass<br/>And said, 'My dear fellow, that's really first class!<br/>I just can't conceive how you do it at all.<br/>I imagine you're going to a Fancy Dress Ball?'</p> <p>At this, the dread ghost made a withering cry.<br/>Said the Colonel (his monocle firm in his eye),<br/>'Now just how you do it, I wish I could think.<br/>Do sit down and tell me, and please have a drink.'</p> <p>The ghost in his phosphorous cloak gave a roar<br/>And floated about between ceiling and floor.<br/>He walked through a wall and returned through a pane</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>The Sky Artist – Grace Nichols (more of her poems here)</u></b></p> <p>Is there no end, Sky Artist,<br/>to your continual sky sketches?<br/>Each time I close my eyes you change shape-<br/>a group of bears<br/>an army of elephants<br/>a group of fish<br/>changing sheep<br/>Himalayan pile-ups<br/>so high and deep<br/>we turn in the waves<br/>of a big sea blanket<br/>Then in a sunny change of mood<br/>you clean your canvas<br/>down to its own blue sky<br/>Soon palaces are flying over me<br/>a whale lying on a soft throne<br/>why not a small cloud dog<br/>to follow me home?</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>Whispering Waves – National Poetry Library</u></b></p> <p>Waves come crashing to grey sullen shores.<br/>Powerful and strong, it breathes and roars.<br/>Cascading and caressing each grain of sand,<br/>A warm embrace between sea and land.<br/>High above, a seagull soars high.<br/>Wings of purity it spreads to fly.<br/>Battling high against darkened cloud,<br/>In a wind that blows fiercely,<br/>flying graceful and proud.<br/>Beneath, the sand is soft and warm.<br/>Sculpted by nature, it's weathered the storm.<br/>A passionate battle between calmness and rage,<br/>A new chapter's beginning; don't turn the last page.<br/>I listen again to the whispering waves,<br/>Music of nature calming and brave.<br/>Its power unknown, its stillness untamed,<br/>Mysterious and magical, a treasure earth claims.</p> |
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| <p>Tyger, Tyger burning<br/>bright,<br/>In the forests of the<br/>night:<br/>What immortal hand or<br/>eye,<br/>Dare frame thy fearful<br/>symmetry?</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>Leisure by</u></b><br/><b><u>W. H. DAVIES</u></b></p> <p>WHAT is this life if, full of<br/>care,<br/>We have no time to<br/>stand and stare?—</p> <p>No time to stand beneath<br/>the boughs,<br/>And stare as long as<br/>sheep and cows:</p> <p>No time to see, when<br/>woods we pass,<br/>Where squirrels hide<br/>their nuts in grass:</p> <p>No time to see, in broad<br/>daylight,<br/>Streams full of stars, like<br/>skies at night:</p> <p>No time to turn at<br/>Beauty's glance,<br/>And watch her feet, how<br/>they can dance:</p> <p>No time to wait till her<br/>mouth can<br/>Enrich that smile her<br/>eyes began?</p> <p>A poor life this if, full of<br/>care,<br/>We have no time to<br/>stand and stare.</p> | <p>And backed up the<br/>chimney and came down<br/>again.</p> <p>Said the Colonel, 'With<br/>laughter I'm feeling quite<br/>weak!'<br/>(As trickles of merriment<br/>ran down his cheek).<br/>'My house-warming party I<br/>hope you won't spurn.<br/>You MUST say you'll come<br/>and you'll give us a turn!'</p> <p>At this, the poor spectre -<br/>quite out of his wits -<br/>Proceeded to shake himself<br/>almost to bits.<br/>He rattled his chains and<br/>he clattered his bones<br/>And he filled the whole<br/>castle with mumbles and<br/>moans.</p> <p>But Colonel Fazackerley,<br/>just as before,<br/>Was simply delighted and<br/>called out, 'Encore!'<br/>At which the ghost<br/>vanished, his efforts in<br/>vain,<br/>And never was seen at the<br/>castle again.</p> <p>'Oh dear, what a pity!' said<br/>Colonel Fazak.<br/>'I don't know his name, so I<br/>can't call him back.'<br/>And then with a smile that<br/>was hard to define,<br/>Colonel Fazackerley went<br/>in to dine.</p> |  | <p style="text-align: center;"><b><u>A Poem to be</u></b><br/><b><u>Spoken Silently-</u></b><br/><b><u>Pie Corbett</u></b></p> <p>It was so silent that<br/>I heard<br/>my thoughts rustle<br/>like leaves in a<br/>paper bag . . .<br/>It was so peaceful<br/>that I heard<br/>the trees ease off<br/>their coats of bark .<br/>..</p> <p>It was so still that I<br/>heard<br/>the paving stones<br/>groan<br/>as they muscled for<br/>space . . .<br/>It was so silent that<br/>I heard<br/>a page of this book<br/>whisper to its<br/>neighbour,<br/>'Look he's peering<br/>at us again . . .'<br/>It was so still that I<br/>felt<br/>a raindrop grin<br/>as it tickled the<br/>window's pane . . .<br/>It was so calm that<br/>I sensed<br/>a smile crack the<br/>face<br/>of a stranger . . .<br/>It was quiet that I<br/>heard<br/>the morning earth<br/>roll over<br/>in its sleep and<br/>doze<br/>for five minutes<br/>more . . .<br/>by Pie Corbett</p> |
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| Year 6  |   |  |
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| Poems to Share  | Poems to Perform  | Poems to Read  |
| <p>Moon Juice Poems by Kate Wakeling</p>  <p>Belonging Street – Mandy Coe</p>  | <p>Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses</p> <p>Matilda - Hilaire Belloc</p> | <p>The Book – Michael Rosen</p> <p>In Flanders Fields - John McCrae</p> <p>My Grandma's Bonsai Tree – Ben Mayoh</p> <p>The Highwayman – Alfred Noyes</p> <p>The Listeners – Walter de la Mare</p> <p>The Hill We Climb – Amanda Gorman</p> <p>Raven – R Macfarlane</p> |

| Year 6: Poems to Perform   |  |
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| <p><b><u>Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses</u></b></p> <p>(There is a lovely video for this on YouTube)</p> <p>I'm walking with my iguana.<br/> I'm walking with my iguana.<br/> When the temperature rises to above eighty-five,<br/> My iguana is looking like he's coming alive.<br/> So we make it to the beach,<br/> My iguana and me,<br/> Then he sits on my shoulder as we stroll by the sea . . .<br/> And I'm walking with my iguana.<br/> I'm walking with my iguana.<br/> Well if anyone sees us we're a big surprise,<br/> My iguana and me on our daily exercise,<br/> Till somebody phones the local police<br/> And says I have an alligator tied to a leash.</p> | <p><b><u>Matilda - Hilaire Belloc</u></b></p> <p>Matilda told such Dreadful Lies,<br/> It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes;<br/> Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,<br/> Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,<br/> Attempted to Believe Matilda:<br/> The effort very nearly killed her,<br/> And would have done so, had not She<br/> Discovered this Infirmary.<br/> For once, towards the Close of Day,<br/> Matilda, growing tired of play,<br/> And finding she was left alone,<br/> Went tiptoe to the Telephone<br/> And summoned the Immediate Aid<br/> Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.<br/> Within an hour the Gallant Band<br/> Were pouring in on every hand,<br/> From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow.</p> |

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.

With Courage high and Hearts a-glow,  
 They galloped, roaring through the Town,  
 'Matilda's House is Burning Down!'  
 Inspired by British Cheers and Loud  
 Proceeding from the Frenzied Crowd,  
 They ran their ladders through a score  
 Of windows on the Ball Room Floor;  
 And took Peculiar Pains to Souse  
 The Pictures up and down the House,  
 Until Matilda's Aunt succeeded  
 In showing them they were not needed;  
 And even then, she had to pay  
 To get the Men to go away!

It happened that a few Weeks later  
 Her Aunt was off to the Theatre  
 To see that Interesting Play  
 The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.  
 She had refused to take her Niece  
 To hear this Entertaining Piece:  
 A Deprivation Just and Wise  
 To Punish her for Telling Lies.  
 That Night a Fire did break out--  
 You should have heard Matilda Shout!  
 You should have heard her Scream and Bawl,  
 And throw the window up and call  
 To People passing in the Street--  
 (The rapidly increasing Heat  
 Encouraging her to obtain  
 Their confidence) -- but all in vain!  
 For every time she shouted 'Fire!'  
 They only answered 'Little Liar!'  
 And therefore when her Aunt returned,  
 Matilda, and the House, were Burned.

**Year 6: Poems to Read**

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| <p>The Book –<br/>         Michael Rosen (Read<br/>         it <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>The Hill We Climb –<br/>         Amanda Gorman (read<br/>         it <a href="#">here</a>)- talks about<br/>         racism after riots in<br/>         USA</p> <p>Raven –</p> | <p><b><u>My Grandma's<br/>         Bonsai Tree –<br/>         Ben Mayoh</u></b></p> <p>I brought my Grandma<br/>         a bonsai tree<br/>         It was a present just<br/>         from me<br/>         My Grandma advised<br/>         she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to<br/>         her one bit.</p> | <p>The Highwayman<br/>         – Alfred Noyes (read it<br/> <a href="#">here</a>)</p> <p>The Listeners (read it<br/> <a href="#">here</a>)</p> | <p><b><u>In Flanders Fields-<br/>         John McCrae</u></b></p> <p>In Flanders fields the<br/>         poppies blow<br/>         Between the crosses,<br/>         row on row,<br/>         That mark our<br/>         place; and in the sky<br/>         The larks, still<br/>         bravely singing, fly</p> |
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| <p>R Macfarlane (see the second part of this <a href="#">video</a>- the intro is interesting too!</p> | <p>Week one it bore leaves of green<br/>         In the kitchen it was proudly seen<br/>         My Grandma warned she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>         Week two the tree flourished well<br/>         Will it grow fruit? Only time will tell!<br/>         My Grandma claimed she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>         Week three saw the first leaf go brown<br/>         It was the first-time Grandma had started to frown<br/>         My Grandma assumed she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>         Week four saw Bonsai wither a lot<br/>         Its leaves were drifting to the pot<br/>         My Grandma thought she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>         Week five Grandma was full of fright<br/>         Does it need more water or more light?<br/>         My Grandma believed she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit<br/>         Week six there was no revival<br/>         Yet would there be a miracle survival?<br/>         My Grandma was sure she'd kill it<br/>         But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>         Week seven was full of realisation</p> |  | <p>Scarce heard amid the guns below.</p> <p>We are the Dead.<br/>         Short days ago<br/>         We lived, felt dawn,<br/>         saw sunset glow,<br/>         Loved and were loved,<br/>         and now we lie,<br/>         In Flanders fields.</p> <p>Take up our quarrel with the foe:<br/>         To you from failing hands we throw<br/>         The torch; be yours to hold it high.<br/>         If ye break faith with us who die<br/>         We shall not sleep,<br/>         though poppies grow<br/>         In Flanders fields.</p> |
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|  | <p>An anticipation of devastation<br/>My Grandma was certain she'd kill it<br/>But I didn't listen to her one bit.<br/>Week eight - in the kitchen - a lonely figure cast<br/>When Bonsai became a shadow of his past<br/>My Grandma knew she'd kill it<br/>I should have listened to her - just one bit!<br/>Shedding a tear,<br/>Grandma had to compost the lot<br/>To this day, she still cradles the blue bonsai tree pot<br/>My Grandma said she'd kill it<br/>But I didn't listen to her one bit.</p> |  |  |
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