



Spoken English

Selected Poems

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STEP 1

THE LOST TABBY by *Enid Barraclough*

I'm a shabby little Tabby
And I haven't any home –
Won't anybody take me in?
I'm a tired little Tabby
Ever on the roam,
I'm frightened of the noise and din.

I'm a shabby little Tabby
And I'm often very cold –
Won't somebody open a door?
I'm a lonely little Tabby
Tho' I'm not very old,
Will I never have a home any more?

THE WEED by *Tricia Hawcroft*

I tried to grow a flower
I did what I was told
I kept it watered every day
And did not let it get cold.

Ten days passed and then I saw
A tiny little shoot,
I was so pleased because I knew
It must have had a root.

I felt so proud I'd grown this plant
From a little seed
But oh! How disappointing
When my mum said that's a weed.

SLUGS by *John Kitching*

Slugs, slugs
Crawl through grass,
Watching all the beetles
As they scurry past.

Slugs, slugs
Crawl so slow,
Leaving tracks of silver
Wherever they go.

Slugs, slugs
Crawl along the wall.
Popping little horns out,
Make no sound at all.

THE MAN OUTSIDE by *Richard Edwards*

There's a man in the street
And I don't like his stare
And I don't like the look
Of his prickly hair
And I don't like his size
Or his shape, he's too thin,
And I don't like his slouch
Or his lopsided grin,
But I'm not at all scared –
Do you want to know why?
It's November the fifth
And his name is Guy.

GLITTERBREAD by *Brian Moses*

I'm so bored with pitta bread
I want glitterbread.

Bread that gleams when it catches the light,
bread that glows like the stars at night,

Bread that sparkles then starts to shimmer,
bread that dazzles and never grows dimmer,

Bread that lights my way back home,
bread that shines like a precious stone,

I want glitterbread all the time,
something new that's totally mine.

TEDDY BEAR by *Tricia Hawcroft*

I wished I had a teddy bear
That I could call my own
Someone who would share with me
My thoughts when I'm alone.
He need not be a big one
And colour I don't mind,
Fat or thin, old or new
A bear of any kind.
I'd always keep him with me
Until the very end
For a teddy bear for some folks
Is always a best friend.

SNOW by *Roy Fuller*

Snow falling in November
May fall on a yellow rose,
Forming an ice-cream cornet
That with ice-cream overflows.

When snow falls in December
It has only a bare black twig
To chalk on a sky of yellow
And make unusually big.

If snow should fall in April
How hard to tell its crumb
From petals cast in the border
Or blossom on the plum.

STEP 2

THE AIRMAN *Anon.*

RRRRRRRRRRRRR

The engine roars,
The propeller spins.
'Close the doors!'
Our flight begins.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

The plane rises;
It skims the trees.
Over the houses
We fly at our ease.

MMMMMM

ZOOM goes the plane,
The engine hums.
Then home again,
And down it comes...

MMMM

M

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MMMM

Z

Z

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Z

Z

ZZZZZ RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

YES

by *Mary Ann Hoberman*

Yes

Yes

I like yes

I like it when I ask for things

And when you say yes

Yes

Yes

Let's take a walk

Let's bake a cake

Let's sing a song

Yes

Yes

And yet sometimes

I don't like yes

Like when you say

You've made a mess

Please clean it up

Or

Time for bed

Or

Time to go

And then I guess

That I like yes

A little less

Yes?

Yes.

BLACKBERRIES

by *Enid Barraclough*

There were blackberries in the hedges
Nestling in the green,
The ripest, blackest berries
I have ever seen.

Juicy little jewels gleaming with the dew –
The fruit was very tempting
So I gathered some for you.

There were blackberries in the hedges
Ripe and full and free,
So I filled a leaf with berries
And brought them for your tea.

RHAMPHORYNCHUS

(The flying reptile)

by *Wes Magee*

Look, as he swoops from the cliff's rugged face
His squadrons of teeth instant death
To careless fish basking in shallow seas
And lizards short of breath.

His tough skin is cracked and worn as old boots;
His cries blood-curdle the night.
A Dracula beast with claws on his wings
He glides . . . the world's first kite.

SNOW

by *Edward Thomas*

In the gloom of whiteness,
In the great silence of snow,
A child was sighing
And bitterly saying: 'Oh,
They have killed a white bird up there on her nest,
The down is fluttering from her breast!
And still it fell through that dusky brightness
On the child crying for the bird of the snow.'

MY PET MOUSE

by *Tricia Hawcroft*

When the clock struck one
I crept downstairs
I crept downstairs to see
My new pet mouse that Mummy bought,
She said, 'It looked like me.'

I find it hard to twitch my nose
And whiskers I have none
But in a year or maybe two,
I think that I'll grow some.

I haven't got two beady eyes,
My ears are both quite small
And standing by my mouse's side
I'm really very tall.

I don't think mummy sees so good,
I think she is a grouse
Cos I looked in the mirror
AND I DON'T LOOK LIKE A MOUSE!

MALICE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

by *Spike Milligan*

Outside Buckingham Palace
a dog was barking one day
When out of a house
came a chocolate mouse
And frightened that doggie away.

And so that chocolate mouseie
was taken to the Queen –
Who swallowed him up gobblede slup
with a gobblede slup.
I do think that was mean.

THE LOO AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

by *Enid Barraclough*

I don't like the Loo at the top of the stairs,
It's white, and it looks like a ghost!
I know that it isn't, but that doesn't help –
It's the Loo that I'm frightened of most.

If someone forgets and leaves the door wide
I can see it up there in the gloom;
I think I'll be brave and go up the stairs
And pass by that dark little room.

I go up each step till I'm just half way
But that is the most I can do –
I make a dash down and wait in the Hall
Till the door is shut fast on the Loo!

CHAMELEON

by *Alan Brownjohn*

I can think sharply
and I can change:
my colours cover a reasonable range.

I can be some mud by
an estuary,
I can be a patch on the bark of a tree.

I can be green grass
or a little thin stone
– or if I really want to be left alone,

I can be a shadow. . . .
What I am on your
multi-coloured bedspread, I am not quite sure.

STEP 3

MOSQUITO

by *Peggy Dunstan*

At night
when I'm tucked tight in bed
you whine and dive
around my head.
You walk
and stalk me
up the sheet
with stick legs
bent up into feet.
There isn't any way you please
with elbows
where you should have knees –
and here's another horrid thing –
you've got a sting.

DAFFODILS

by *Enid Barraclough*

I was walking –
I was walking
Inside a yellow wood,
I stopped and picked some Daffodils,
They grew just where I stood.

Then suddenly –
Then suddenly
I sat down on a stone,
I felt I was in Fairyland
And this my Fairy throne.

I tied my yellow Daffodils
Into a lovely bunch
To give them to the Fairy Queen
Before her royal lunch.

But then I felt so sleepy
I wandered home instead
And gave them to my Mummy
Before I went to bed.

THE DRAGON IN THE CELLAR

by *Nick Toczek*

There's a dragon!
There's a dragon!
There's a dragon in the cellar!
Yeah, we've got a cellar-dweller.
There's a dragon in the cellar.

He's a cleanliness fanatic,
takes his trousers and his jacket
to the dragon in the attic
who puts powder by the packet
in a pre-set automatic
with a rattle and a racket
that's disturbing and dramatic.

There's a dragon!
There's a dragon!
There's a dragon in the cellar
with a flame that's red 'n' yellor.
There's a dragon in the cellar. . .

SCHOOL

by *Tricia Hawcroft*

I had to learn my letters
And numbers too they said,
I had to get up early
But I wished I'd stayed in bed.

The other kids were noisy
And some of them were bad
The teacher shouted loud at us
We must have made her mad.

And once the day was over
I acted really cool
But now I know for certain
I really don't like school.

I have to go again it seems
And so I shed some tears
Mum smiled and said that I could leave
After about twelve years.

THE ALIEN

by *Julie Holder*

The alien
Was as round as the moon.
Five legs he had
And his ears played a tune.
His hair was pink
And his knees were green,
He was the funniest thing I'd seen
As he danced in the door
Of his strange spacecraft,
He looked at me –
And laughed and laughed!

THE SEA

by *Iain Crichton Smith*

Today the sea is playful and
casts a white froth across the sand
like the flounces on a long blue gown
which is shifting gently up and down.

Who would think that it would rage
like a great giant in a cage
swallowing sailor, ship and boat
and sucking them swiftly down its throat?

THE RAINMAKER DANCED

by *John Agard*

The rainmaker danced
the rainmaker danced
the rainmaker danced.

Down came
the rains
in a flash
and that was the end
of cricket match.

The rainmaker danced
the rainmaker danced
the rainmaker danced

Sky changed
from blue
to grey
and barbecue
was washed away

'What rotten luck!'
cried everyone, faces grim.
But what can you expect
when the rainmaker
was a magical duck
and dying for a swim.

I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR A MOMENT

by *Mike Rosen*

I'm just going out for a moment.

Why?

To make a cup of tea.

Why?

Because I'm thirsty.

Why?

Because it's hot.

Why?

Because the sun's shining.

Why?

Because it's summer.

Why?

Because that's when it is.

Why?

Why don't you stop saying why?

Why?