

ADJUDICATOR COPY – TO BE DESTROYED

Class 300 (under 6 years)

Here is the Seed

Here is the seed
Small and round
Hidden underneath
The ground.

Here is the shoot,
Tiny and small,
Slowly slowly
Growing tall.

Here is the sun.
Here is the shower.
Here are the petals.
Here is the flower.

John Foster

Source:

Page 21/22

*Book 2 – The Works – Every kind of poem you will need for the literacy hour by Paul Cookson
ISBN 0-330-48104-5*

ADJUDICATOR COPY – TO BE DESTROYED

Class 301 (6 years)

Song of the Kite

I'm a
space-hopping,
flip-and-flopping,
dipping, diving kite!

Up-and-over,
looming, zooming...
Race me through the night!

Blow me,
throw me,
on my windy way!
Dipping, diving,
looming, zooming...
Chase me through the day!

Judith Nicholls

Source:

Page 43

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Class 302 (7 years)

Where Teachers Keep Their Pets

Mrs Cox has a fox
nesting in her curly locks.

Mr Spratt's tabby cat
sleeps beneath his bobble hat.

Miss Cahoots has various newts
swimming in her zip up boots.

Mr Spry has Fred his fly
eating food stains from his tie.

Mrs Groat shows off her stoat
round the collar of her coat.

Mr Spare's got grizzly bears
hiding in his spacious flares.

And ...

Mrs Vickers has a stick insect called 'Stickers'
... but no one's ever seen where she keeps it .

Paul Cookson

Source:

Page 104

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Class 303 (8 years)

My Hands

Think of all my hands can do,
pick up a pin and do up a shoe,
they can help, they can hurt too,
or paint a summer sky bright blue.

They can throw and they can catch.
They clap the team that wins the match.
If I'm rough my hands can scratch.
If I'm rude my hands can snatch.

Gently, gently they can stroke,
carefully carry a glass of Coke,
tickle my best friend for a joke,
but I won't let them nip and poke.

My hands give and my hands take.
With Gran they bake a yummy cake.
They can mend but they can break.
Think of music hands can make.

Jo Peters

Source:

Page 172

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Class 304 (9 years)

Where Do All the Teachers Go?

Where do all the teachers go
When it's four o'clock?
Do they live in houses
And do they wash their socks?

Do they wear pyjamas
And do they watch TV?
And do they pick their noses
The same as you and me?

Do they live with other people?
Have they mums and dads?
And were they ever children?
And were they ever bad?

Did they ever, never spell right?
Did they ever make mistakes?
Were they punished in the corner
If they pinched the chocolate flakes?

Did they ever lose their hymn books?
Did they ever leave their greens?
Did they scribble on the desk tops?
Did they wear old dirty jeans?

I'll follow one back home today
I'll find out what they do
Then I'll put it in a poem
That they can read to you.

Peter Dixon

Source:

Page 100

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Class 305 (10 years)

Best Friends

Would a best friend
Eat your last sweet
Talk about you behind your back
Have a party and not ask you?

Mine did.

Would a best friend
Borrow your bike without telling you
Deliberately forget your birthday
Avoid you whenever possible?

Mine did.

Would a best friend
Turn up on your bike
Give you a whole packet of your favourite sweets
Look you in the eye?

Mine did.

Would a best friend say
Sorry I talked about you behind your back
Sorry I had a party and didn't invite you
Sorry I deliberately forgot your birthday
- I thought you'd fallen out with me

Mine did.

And would a best friend say, simply,
Never mind
That's OK

I did.

Bernard Young

Source:

Page 179

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Class 306 (11 years)

Song of the Worms

We have been underground too long,
we have done our work,
we are many and one,
we remember when we were human.

We have lived among roots and stones,
we have sung but no one has listened,
we come into the open air
at night only to love

which disgusts the soles of boots,
their leather strict religion.
We know what a boot looks like
when seen from underneath,
we know the philosophy of boots,
their metaphysic of kicks and ladders.
We are afraid of boots
but contemptuous of the foot that needs them.

Soon we will invade like weeds,
everywhere but slowly;
the captive plants will rebel
with us, fences will topple,
brick walls ripple and fall,

there will be no more boots.
Meanwhile we eat dirt
and sleep; we are waiting
under your feet.

When we say Attack
you will hear nothing
at first.

Margaret Atwood

Source:

Page 12

Book 1 – 100 Best Poems for Children by Roger McGough

ISBN 0-670-89490-7

ADJUDICATOR COPY – TO BE DESTROYED

Class 307 (12 & 13 years)

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

LT. COL. JOHN MCCRAE

Source:

Page 68

Book 1 – 100 Best Poems for Children by Roger McGough

ISBN 0-670-89490-7

Class 308 (14 & 15 years)

The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb

One day, Mamma said, 'Conrad dear,
I must go out and leave you here.
But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs.
And ere they dream what he's about
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off, - and then
You know, they never grow again.'

Mamma had scarcely turn'd her back,
The thumb was in, Alack! Alack!

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legg'd scissor-man.
Oh! children, see! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go;
And Conrad cries out - Oh! Oh! Oh!
Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home; there Conrad stands.
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands, -
'Ah!' said Mamma 'I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb.'

DR HOFFMANN

Source:

Page 47

Book 1 – 100 Best Poems for Children by Roger McGough

ISBN 0-670-89490-7

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Class 309 (16 years & over)

Prince Kano

In a dark wood Prince Kano, lost his way
And searched in vain through the long summer's day.
At last, when night was near, he came in sight
Of a small clearing filled with yellow light,
And there, bending beside his brazier, stood
A charcoal burner wearing a black hood.
The Prince cried out for joy: 'Good friend, I'll give
What you will ask: guide me to where I live.'
The man pulled back his hood: he had no face –
Where it should be there was an empty space.
Half dead with fear the Prince staggered away,
Rushed blindly through the wood till break of day;
And then he saw a larger clearing, filled
With houses, people; but his soul was chilled.
He looked around for comfort, and his search
Led him inside a small, half-empty church
Where monks prayed. 'Father,' to one he said,
'I've seen a dreadful thing; I am afraid.'
'What did you see, my son?' 'I saw a man
Whose face was like...' and, as the Prince began,
The monk drew back his hood and seemed to hiss
Pointing to where his face should be, 'Like this?'

EDWARD LOWBURY

Source:

Page 64

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