

**Nuneaton Festival of Arts**

**Speech & Drama Section**

**Set Poems 2024**

**Class 300**

**Under 6 years**

## **If you should meet a crocodile**

If you should meet a crocodile,  
Don't take a stick and poke him;  
Ignore the welcome in his smile,  
Be careful not to stroke him.  
For as he sleeps upon the Nile,  
He thinner gets and thinner;  
And when you meet a crocodile  
He's ready for his dinner.

**anonymous**

*Source: THE USBORNE BOOK OF CHILDREN ' S POEMS*

**Class 301**

**6 years**

**BALLET LESSON**

They've sent me to ballet,  
Yes honestly – me!  
With two left feet  
And a graze on my knee.  
They've given me pink shoes  
All satin and smooth,  
I'd prefer trainers  
But I couldn't choose.  
My leotard is mauve,  
I look like a plum.  
Ballet's not a good idea  
And I wish I hadn't come.

**Eleanor McLeod**

*Source: EVEN MORE POEMS FOR CHILDREN TO ENJOY AND  
TEACHERS TOO – Eleanor McLeod*

**Class 302**

**7 years**

**TEACHER'S RABBIT**

Whatever size  
Of hutch she's in  
Whatever sort  
Or make or shape,  
Teacher's rabbit  
Has the habit  
Of trying to escape.

We all rush round  
The playground in  
A right old  
Hullaballoo –  
Look, there's the rabbit –  
Quickly –grab it  
And in the end we do.

We put her back  
Inside the hutch,  
Nail wood, stretch wire  
And wrap round tape,  
But will her rabbit  
Stop her habit  
Of trying to escape?

**Charles Thomson**

*Source: SCHOOL POEMS – compiled by Jennifer Curry*

**Class 303**

**8 years**

**UP AND AWAY**

Little Daisy Dittersdorf

Decided she would fly:

“I’ll make some wings and flap them

And tootle round the sky”.

She fetched some bits of bamboo,

To make herself a frame

Which she covered up with silver foil

Then painted on her name.

She strapped the wings upon her back,

And balanced on the fence,

She said, “I’m going to Zanzibar!”.

We haven’t seen her since.

**Matt Simpson**

*Source: THE USBORNE BOOK OF CHILDREN ’ S POEMS*

**Class 304**

**9 years**

**THE DRAGON**

Underneath our teapot stand  
In a small, compacted world  
Of dry, dropped tealeaves,  
A sulky dragon sleeps.

He wakens every once in a while  
For maidens from the biscuit tin  
To bring him Current Crisp crumbs  
Or broken Garabaldis.

He longs to see a shining knight  
Ride into his lonely kingdom,  
With a coloured shield and flashing sword,  
To remind him of the old days.

I would go and play with him  
And cheer his melancholy  
And I would help the maidens fair  
Carry their gifts to his castle, but

*I'm not supposed to know he's there.*

**Robin Mellor**

*Source: THE USBORNE BOOK OF CHILDREN ' S POEMS*

**Class 305**

**10 years**

**MOONWALKER**

I'm a moonwalker, walking on the moon.  
I'm a jungle stalker, stalking wild baboons.  
I'm a super hero, skimming through the blue,  
Puddle jumping, leaf-pile leaping, I'm a kangaroo.

I'm a desert rattlesnake, sliding through the sand.  
Counting out the beat, I'm leader of the band.  
I'm Tyrannosaurus, looking for a snack.  
Whoo-whooh! I'm a train, rolling down the track.

I'm a red eyed robot clanking up the road.  
I'm an eighteen wheeler with a heavy load.  
I'm a famous rock star, moving very cool.  
Actually,  
I'm just me  
Walking home from school.

**Carol Diggory Shields**

*Source: SCHOOL POEMS – compiled by Jennifer Curry*

**Class 306**

**11 years**

**IT'S BEHIND YOU**

I don't want to scare you  
But just behind you is a.....  
No! Don't look!  
Just act calmly as if it wasn't there.

Like I said  
Can you hear me if I whisper?  
Just behind you is a .....

**NO! DON'T LOOK!**  
Just keep on reading  
Don't turn round, believe me,  
It isn't worth it.

If you could see  
What I can see standing there  
You'd understand.

It's probably one of the harmless sort  
Although with that mouth  
Not to mention the teeth  
And all that blood dripping down its chin  
I wouldn't like to say.

Oh listen It's trying to speak  
I think it wants to be friends.  
Oh I see it doesn't, never mind  
You'd better leave just in case  
I expect you'll escape if you don't look round.

Oh what a shame!  
I thought you'd make it to the door.  
Hard luck. I still think it means no harm  
I expect it bites all its friends.

**David Harmer**

*Source: THE USBORNE BOOK OF CHILDREN ' S POEMS*

**Class 307**

**12 & 13 years**

### **A FIREWORK DISPLAY**

With patient expectation  
We sat there in the dark  
Thinking.  
There was a frosty moon  
And little clumps of stars  
Winking.  
Our breath came out in clouds  
Time slowly kept us  
Waiting  
And hoping that we soon would see  
The spectacle we were  
Anticipating.  
And then the whole world changed  
With an enormous bang  
Resounding  
The sky was filled with coloured light  
And shooting stars – my heart was  
Pounding.  
Time after time cascading down  
The sparkling fountains  
Showering  
And bursts of glittering branches  
Reaching into the sky and  
Flowering.  
The noise reverberated round  
With crackles, bangs and  
Thundering  
And faces were upturned,  
Eyes all reflecting multi colours,  
Wondering.  
When it was done the darkness came  
But still our minds and eyes were  
Gleaming.  
And when we slept we saw again  
The wonders of the fireworks in our  
Dreaming.

**Eleanor McLeod**

*Source: EVEN MORE POEMS FOR CHILDREN TO ENJOY AND  
TEACHERS TOO – Eleanor McLeod*



**Class 308**

**14 & 15 years**

***Verse for a Certain Dog***

**Dorothy Parker**

Such glorious faith as fills your limpid eyes,  
Dear little friend of mine, I never knew.  
All-innocent are you, and yet all-wise.  
(For heaven's sake, stop worrying that shoe!)  
You look about, and all you see is fair;  
This mighty globe was made for you alone.  
Of all the thunderous ages, you're the heir.  
(Get off the pillow with that dirty bone!)

A skeptic world you face with steady gaze;  
High in young pride you hold your noble head;  
Gayly you meet the rush of roaring days.  
(*Must* you eat puppy biscuit on the bed?)  
Lancelike your courage, gleaming swift and strong,  
Yours the white rapture of a wingèd soul,  
Yours is a spirit like a May-day song.  
(God help you, if you break the goldfish bowl!)

"Whatever is, is good," your gracious creed.  
You wear your joy of living like a crown.  
Love lights your simplest act, your every deed.  
(Drop it, I tell you—put that kitten down!)  
You are God's kindest gift of all,—a friend.  
Your shining loyalty unflecked by doubt,  
You ask but leave to follow to the end.  
(Couldn't you wait until I took you out?)

*Source: THE COLLECTED DOROTHY PARKER*

**Class 309**

**16 years and over.**

**The Ruined Maid**

**BY THOMAS HARDY**

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!

Who could have supposed we should meet you in Town?

And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?" —

"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

— "You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,

Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;

And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!" —

"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

— "At home in the barton you said thee' and thou,'

And thik oon,' and theäs oon,' and t'other'; but now

Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!" —

"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

— "Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak

But now we' re bewitched by your delicate cheek,

And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!" —

"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

—

"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,  
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem  
To know not of megrims or melancho-ly!" —  
"True. One's pretty lively when ruined," said she.

— "I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,  
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!" —  
"My dear — a raw country girl, such as you be,  
Cannot quite expect that. You ain't ruined," said she.

*Source: POEMS BY THOMAS HARDY*