

Poems

I Asked the River

By Valerie Bloom

'Why do you run?' I asked the river,

'So fast I can't compete.'

'I run,' the river said, 'because

I have some streams to meet.'

'Where do you go?' I asked the river,

'And what do you do there?'

'I go to the valley,' the river said,

'Where I wash the rushes' hair.'

'Why do you sing?' I asked the river,

'Such a sweet and happy tune?'

'Because,' the river smiled,

'I'm having lunch with the sea at noon.'

'Why do you laugh?' I asked the river,

'You'll share the joke I suppose?'

'I woke the mountain,' the river grinned,

'By tickling his toes.'

1

Then the river shuddered, groaned and sighed,

The song of the streams and the laughter died,

And it whispered sadly, 'I can't, I can't,'

As it limped along like an ancient aunt.

'Now why do you wait?' I asked the river,

'And why is your current so slow?'

'Something holds me back,' it said.

Its voice was faint and low.

'And is that why you're getting small?

Is that why you sigh?'

'I sigh,' the river said, 'because

I know that soon I'll die.'

'Why don't you fight for your life?' I asked,

'You only foam and seethe.'

'My lungs are clogged,' the river moaned,

'And I can hardly breathe.'

2

'Perhaps a rest,' I told the river,

'Would help to clear your head.'

'I cannot rest,' the river said,

'There's garbage in my bed.'

'What's this garbage,' I asked, disturbed,

'Which is clogging up your sand?'

'Poisonous waste and wrappers like this,

Which just fell from your hand.'

3

Football Mad

By Benjamin Zephaniah

Oh no, bless my soul!

Clever Trevor scored a goal

So he runs up the pitch and wiggles his
botty

He gets kissed by ten men all sweaty
and snotty

He's waving his fist to the queen who
just stares

The lad's going crazy but everyone
cheers

Now, whacha doing?

He's chewing the cud

Now, whacha doing?

He's rolling in mud

Now, he is crying

I think he's in pain

Now what's he doing?

He's smiling again

Oh no, bless my soul!

Clever Trevor scored a goal

He's doing gymnastics

He's doing some mime

He's kissing the ground for a very long
time

He's now on his back with his feet in the
air

And he's gone all religious and stopped
for a prayer

Did he pray for the sick?

Did he pray for the poor?

No he prayed for the ball

And he prayed to score

No-one, but no-one can restart the
game

Until Trevor has had his moment of
fame

Oh no, bless my soul!

Clever Trevor scored a goal

He kicked the ball into the net

How much money will he get?

Hot Food

By Michael Rosen

Hot Food

We sit down to eat
And the potato's a bit hot
So I only put a little bit on my
fork
and I blow

hoo hoo
til it's cool
just cool
then into the mouth
hwup
ah
noice

And then my brother, he's doing
the same

Hoo Hoo
Til it's cool
Just cool
Into the mouth
Hwup
Ah
Noice

Then my mom, she's doing the
same

1

HOO HOO
TIL IT'S COOL
JUST COOL
INTO THE MOUTH
HWUP
AH
NOICE

...

BUT MY DAD
MY DAD, WHAT DOES HE DO
HE STUFFS A GREAT BIG
CHUNK
OF POTATO INTO HIS MOUTH
AND THEN THAT REALLY
DOES IT
HIS EYES POP OUT
HE FLAPS HIS HANDS
HE BLOWS, HE PUFFS, HE
YELLS
HE BOBS HIS HEAD UP AND
DOWN
HE SPITS
SPITS THE POTATO ALL
OVER HIS PLATE
THEN HE TURNS TO US AND
HE GOES
WATCH OUT EVERYBODY
THE POTATO'S REALLY HOT

2

Little bit of food

*Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by
Joseph Coelho*

A little bit of rice,
a little bit of pea,
on my plate
for my tea.

A little bit of jam,
a little bit of toast,
in the mornings
when I love it most.

A little bit of banger,
a little bit of mash,
in my belly
for a tasty bash.

A little bit of curry,
with a poppadum,
tastes great
but it burns my bum!

A little bit of *fufu*,
a little bit of stew,
eat with your fingers,
that's what we do.

A little bit of food,
on my plate,
eat it all up,
feeling great.

The Lost Lost-Property Office

By Roger McGough

'On buses and trains you wouldn't believe

The crazy things that passengers leave:

A pair of crutches, I kid you not,
Hot-waterbottle, full but no longer hot

A bouncy castle deflating slowly
Glove discarded by a one-armed goalie

Pink chiffon tutu for a large ballerina
A can of worms and a concertina

A ventriloquist's dummy with nothing to say

An Egyptian mummy all dusty and grey

A scaffolder asleep in a Spider-Man suit
the tangled remains of a failed parachute

A Viking helmet and a broken lance

A pair of elephant's underpants

1

A file with Top Secret stamped in red
(Inside a card, *April Fool* it said)

An Alpine horn and a didgeridoo
A signed photo of Winnie-the-Pooh

A shot-putter's shot and a pole vaulter's pole

Two Yorkshire puddings and a toad-in-the-hole

Headphones and hearing aids by the score

A mountain of mobiles and a lavatory door.

A bucket of toenails and a wooden plank

Two air-to-air missiles and a Russian tank

Lost any of these? Bad news I'm afraid,
The Lost-Property Office has been mislaid.'

2

Poetry Pie

Poem from Poetry Pie by Roger McGough

Newly baked and fresh today
Eat while hot or take away.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

Straight from the oven our Poetry Pie.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

We're all lovin' our Poetry Pie.

Rhymes and rhythms, raps and riddles.
No nonny-noes or hey-diddle-diddles.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

We can't get enough of our Poetry Pie.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

Lovin the stuff in our Poetry Pie.

Poems that tickle and trip off the tongue.

Poems to be whispered, shouted and
sung.

Poems that chuckle and poems that bite.

Poems that moan and go bump in the
night.

Poems that meow and bark and roar.

Look out! Here comes a dinosaur...

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

There's nothing as nice as Poetry Pie

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

Have a slice of our Poetry Pie

Poems that stand apart from the crowd.

Poems that will make you laugh out
loud.

Poems that go 'Wheee!' and jump off the
shelf.

Poems that you'll want to keep to
yourself.

Poems that you'll want to share with a
friend.

Poems that you wish would never end.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

Sing a song of Poetry Pie.

Poetry Pie, Poetry Pie

Ning Nang Nong, it's Poetry Pie.