

March



Isn't it Amazing?

Now isn't it amazing
That seeds grow into flowers,
That grubs become bright butterflies
And rainbows come from showers,
That busy bees make honey gold
And never spend time lazing,
That eggs turn into singing birds,
Now isn't that amazing?

Max Fatchen

Talking to the Wall

My sister sits in her own world
With her Walkman blaring away
And when we try to talk to her
She doesn't hear a word we say.

But when she wants to talk to us
She pulls her earphones out
And if we do not answer her
She stamps her foot and shouts.

By John Foster

U52
P1-P2 (6)

GRUESOME

I was sitting in the sitting room
toying with some toys
when from a door marked: 'GRUESOME'
there came a GRUESOME noise

Cautiously I opened it
and there to my surprise
a little GRUE sat sitting
with tears in its eyes

'Oh little GRUE please tell me
what is it ails thee so?'
'Well I'm so small,' he sobbed,
'GRUESSES don't want to know'

'Exercises are the answer,
each morning you must DO SOME'
He thanked me, smiled,
and do you know what?
The very next day he . . .

By Roger McGough



U54
P3 (B)
SPAGHETTI! SPAGHETTI!

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
you're wonderful stuff,
I love you, spaghetti,
I can't get enough.
You're covered with sauce
and you're sprinkled with cheese,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
oh, give me some please.

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
piled high in a mound,
you wiggle, you wriggle,
you squiggle around.
There's slurpy spaghetti
all over my plate,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
I think you are great.

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
I love you a lot,
you're slishy, you're sloshy,
delicious and hot,
I gobble you down
oh, I can't get enough,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
you're wonderful stuff.

Jack Prelutsky



THE READER OF THIS POEM

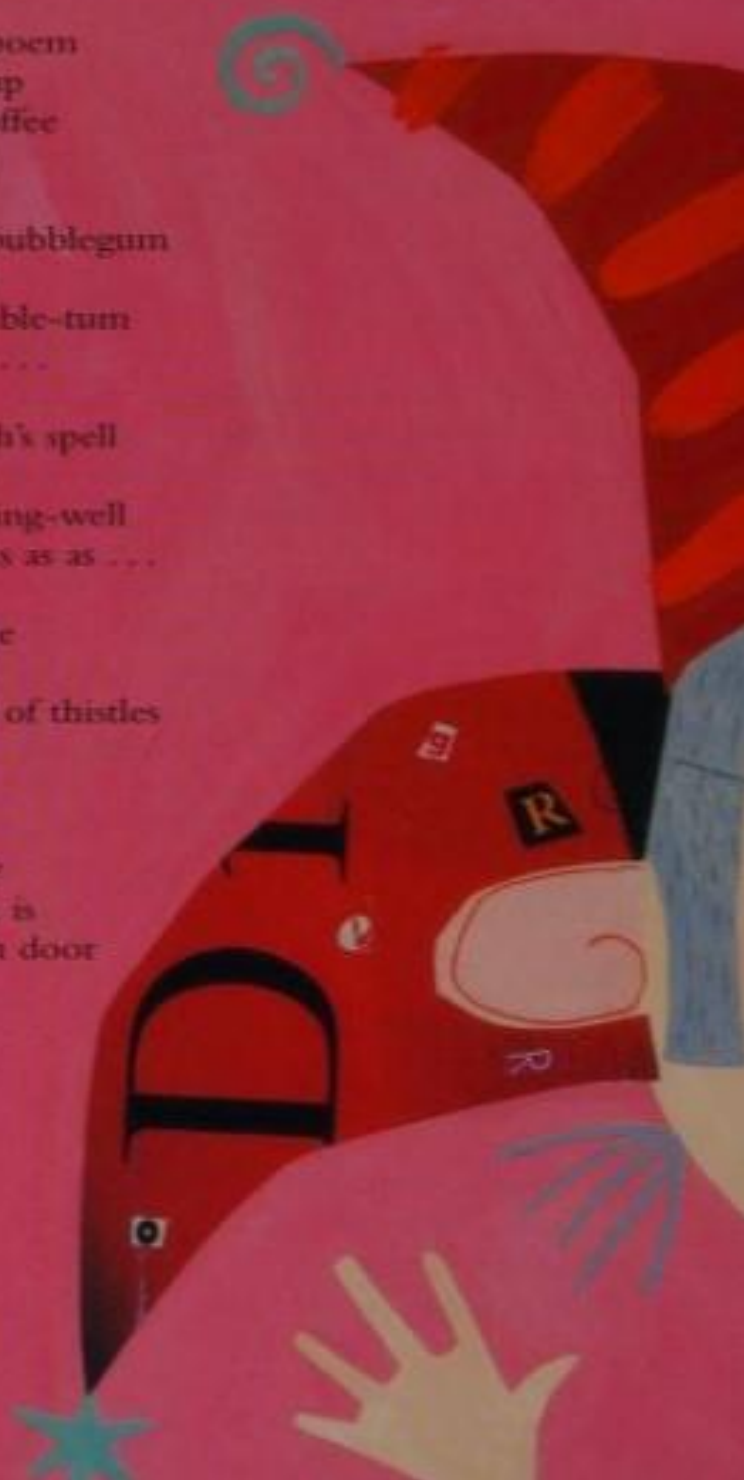
The reader of this poem
Is as cracked as a cup
As daft as treacle-toffee
As mucky as a pup

As troublesome as bubblegum
As brash as a brush
As bouncy as a double-tum
As quiet as a shhh . . .

As sneaky as a witch's spell
As tappytote as jazz
As empty as a wishing-well
As echoey as as as as as as . . .

As bossy as a whistle
As prickly as a pair
Of boots made out of thistles
And elephant hair

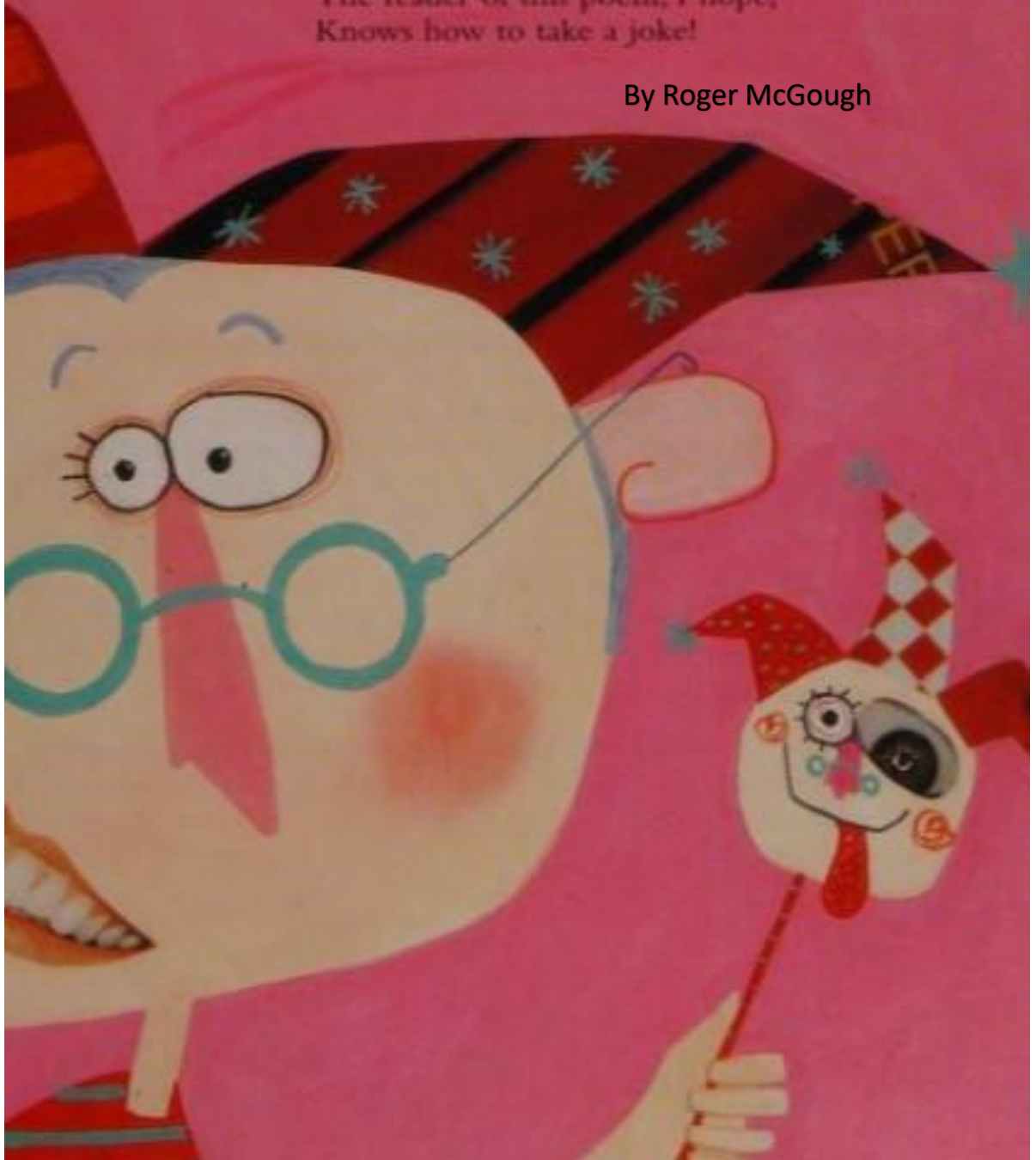
As vain as trainers
As boring as a draw
As smelly as a drain is
Outside the kitchen door



As hungry as a wave
That feeds upon the coast
As gaping as the grave
As GOTCHA! as a ghost

As fruitless as a cake of soap
As creeping-up as smoke
The reader of this poem, I hope,
Knows how to take a joke!

By Roger McGough



Bedmobile

I hear my grandad on the stair
He's counting, One Two Three
Bringing a rosy apple plucked
From my special climbing tree.
He brings the garden in with him
The flowers and the air
And there are twigs and petals
Tangled in his hair.
And as I eat my apple
He sits down next to me
Turning an imaginary wheel.
'Where to today?' says he.
And we drive our deluxe Bedmobile
To school along the heath
With the apple dribbling sweetness
Clenched between my teeth.

GARETH OWEN

U56
P4(B)

Lost Gloves

They don't come out till the winter months
But stay in hiding. Then slowly one by one
They show themselves, dangling from railings,
Sitting on the tops of posts and pillar boxes,
Settling, fingers spread, on walls and fences;
Or simply lying on pavements or in parks.
Gloves. Leather Gloves, woollen or cotton,
Brown or black, blue, pink or holly-green,

Sometimes their fingers are inside-out
Or bent back. Sometimes they're crumpled,
Sometimes frozen into a pointing shape.
There's never more than one. Never a pair.
The lone gloves. The lost gloves. But look:
Here comes a kid, looking quite warm,
And look at those gloves: one red mitten
And one grey woollen, rather too large.

GERARD BENSON

Cow in the Cornflakes

Mum, there's a cow in my cornflakes.
Don't be silly, darling, how could a cow fit in?
Mum, there is a cow in my cornflakes.
It's the cow the milk was in.

Mum, there's sea in my fish fingers.
Don't be silly, darling, a sea couldn't possibly fit in.
Mum, there is a sea in my fish fingers.
It's the sea the fish swam in.

Mum, there's a farmer in my egg cup
He fed the hen the grain.
Mum, there's a cloud in your tea cup
It was the cloud that held the rain.

Mum, everything's in everything
It's all joined up together
There's a mountain in my sand pit
And a whole sky in a feather.

MARGOT HENDERSON

U58
P5 (B)

'M'

My younger brother is learning his letters with
my mum.

They're doing the 'M' sound.

Mum says, 'So,
how many words can you tell me
that begin with a "M"?'

And my younger brother says,
'M for . . . mountain.'

'Good,' says Mum.

'M for . . . monster.'

'That's right,' says Mum.

'M for . . . magic.'

'Well done!' says Mum. 'Any more?'

'And mummy begins with a M, too,'
my younger brother adds, proudly.

'Of course!' says Mum,

'But do you know what daddy begins with?'
she asks.

'Yes,' my younger brother says,

'A cough and a splutter every morning.'

GRAHAM DENTON

The Soldiers Came

The soldiers came
and dropped their bombs.
The soldiers didn't take long
to bring the forest down.

With the forest gone
the birds are gone.
With the birds gone
who will sing their song?

But the soldiers forgot
to take the forest
out of the people's hearts.
The soldiers forgot
to take the birds
out of the people's dreams.
And in the people's dreams
the birds still sing their song.

Now the children
are planting seedlings
to help the forest grow again.
They eat a simple meal of soft rice
wrapped in banana leaf.

And the land welcomes their smiling
like a shower of rain.

JOHN AGARD