

Year 2

Poetry Anthology



The Swing

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!*

*Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—*

*Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!*

Source: *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1999)



Penguins On Ice

Every penguin's mum
Can toboggan on her tum.
She can only do that
As she's fluffy and fat.

It must be nice
To live on ice.

Every penguin's day
Is happy and glad.
He can slip and slide
And swim and glide.

It must be nice
To live on ice.

All penguin chicks
Do slippery tricks.
They waddle and fall
But don't mind at all.

It must be nice
To live on ice.



Celia Warren

CATS

by Eleanor Farjeon



Cats sleep
Anywhere,
Any table,
Any chair,
Top of piano,
Window-ledge,
In the middle,
On the edge,
Open drawer,
Empty shoe,
Anybody's
Lap will do,
Fitted in a
Cardboard box,
In the cupboard
With your frocks –
Anywhere!
They don't care!
Cats sleep
Anywhere.



The Morning Rush by John Foster

Into the bathroom,
Turn on the tap.
Wash away the sleepiness -
Splish! Splosh! Splash!



Into the bedroom,
Pull on your vest.
Quickly! Quickly!
Get yourself dressed.



Down to the kitchen.
No time to lose.
Gobble up your breakfast.
Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.
Squeeze out the paste.
Brush, brush, brush your teeth.
No time to waste.



Look in the mirror.
Comb your hair.
Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry
Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag
Up off the floor.
Grab your coat
And out through the door.



Where Do All the Teachers Go? by Peter Dixon

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
Where Do All the
Teachers Go?
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.



Haikus



Watch the seasons change
Autumn leaves slowly fall down
Still, I wait for you

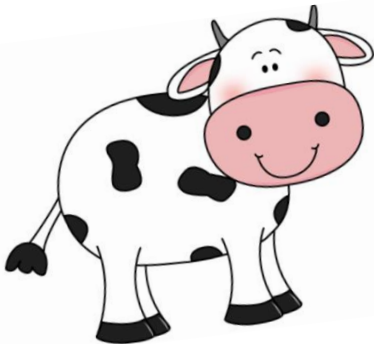
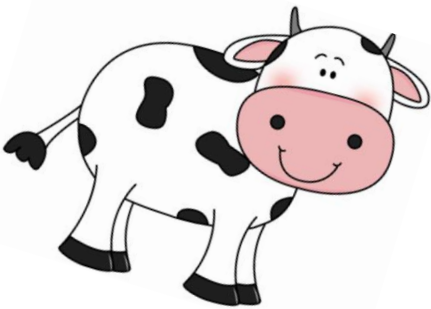
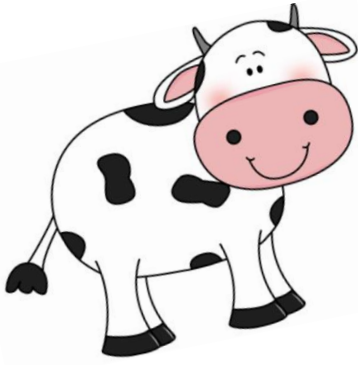
Winter is coming
Said by the trees that line the road
We brace for the cold



Spring begins tonight
A new beginning for us
So let's get started

Summer in full bloom
Scented flowers extending
Blossoms sweet delight





On the Ning Nang Nong

by

Spike Milligan

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
and the monkeys all say BOO!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!
And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So its Ning Nang Nong
Cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning
Trees go ping
Nong Ning Nang
The mice go Clang
What a noisy place to belong
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!



Spike Milligan (1918 – 2002)

Terence Alan Milligan, known as 'Spike' (1918-2002) was an Irish comedian and writer. He dedicated his life to making people laugh through his performances on radio and television, through his poems and memoirs, and often just by being himself: in a BBC poll in 1999 he was voted "the funniest person of the last 1,000 years."