

Year 6

Poetry Anthology



I am a Writer by Joseph Coelho

**I am the clash and collide of the stars
because I create worlds.**

**I am the awareness of the trees
because I hear the wind.**

**I am the sweat of a rainbow
because I refract all the colours.**

**I am the blood in a pen
because I ink arteries.**

**I am the blade in a sharpener
because I make nibs vanish.**

**I am the edge of a rubber,
rounded, worn and softened by mistakes.**

**I am the conversation of notes,
discussing melodies.**

**I am the holes in a flute,
knower of unknown tunes.**

**I am the skin of a drum.
Every hit, beat and bang
bouncing off me,
forming music from nothing.**



The Language of Cat

by Rachel Rooney

Teach me the language of Cat;
the slow-motion blink, that crystal stare,
a tight-lipped purr and a wide-mouthed hiss.
Let me walk with a saunter, nose in the air.



Teach my ears the way to ignore
names that I'm called. May they only twitch
to the distant shake of a boxful of biscuits,
the clink of a fork on a china dish.

Teach me that vanishing trick
where dents in cushions appear, and I'm missed.
Show me the high-wire trip along fences
to hideaway places, that no-one but me knows exist.

Don't teach me Dog,
all eager to please, that slobbers, yaps and begs for a pat,
that sits when told by its owner, that's led on a lead.
No, not that. Teach me the language of Cat.

The Listeners *By Walter De La Mare*

*'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.*



The Parent and Child Quadrille by Michaela Morgan

Could you be a little better?
Could you be a little more?
Could you stand up straight, speak clearly,
Pick your clothes up off the floor.
Could you, would you, will you, won't you?
Can you be the perfect child?

Could you walk a little quicker?
Could you smile a sweeter smile?
Could you eat up all your dinner-
Chewing quietly the while?

Could you be polite and grateful?
Always say 'thank you' and 'please'?
Could you keep your bedroom tidy-
And have shiny, shiny knees?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you
Oh why don't you try to be the perfect child?

Will you go to bed on order?
Will you fall asleep when told?
Will you leap out when you're called for-
Be a JOY to behold?

Will you work so hard at lessons
That you get a perfect score?
Be superb at spelling, sums and science
Do your homework. Ask for more?

Will you always make the extra effort?
Have gleaming teeth and shining hair.
And if you end up in Emergency please have
spotless underwear
Can't you be like the kids on telly - act as if you're
on an ad?
Be well behaved and clever and make a humble
parent glad?

You can really have no notion how delightful it would be
If you do all you are asked to - and you do it perfectly.
So be not wild, oh errant child, but be serious, be grave
Be sensible, be superior, be SILENT
oh...BEHAVE.

Dreams

by Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.



The Tyger

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat.
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp.
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



