

Year 3

Poetry Anthology



I Don't Want to Go into School

I don't want to go into school today, Mum,

I don't feel like schoolwork today.

Oh, don't make me go to school today, Mum,

Oh, please let me stay home and play.

But you must go to school, my cherub, my lamb.

If you don't it will be a disaster.

How would they manage without you, my sweet,

After all, you are the headmaster!

Colin McNaughton



Slowly

Slowly the tide creeps up the sand,
Slowly the shadows cross the land.
Slowly the cart-horse pulls his mile,
Slowly the old man mounts his stile.



Slowly the hands move round the clock,
Slowly the dew dries on the dock.
Slow is the snail – but slowest of all
The green moss spreads on the old brick wall.
by James Reeves

A Diamante Poem

Cat

clever, cuddly,

crouching, pouncing, purring,

whiskers, feline, canine, companion

running, sniffing, barking,

loveable, smart,

Dog



Eloise Greenfield

Eloise Greenfield is an African-American children's poet and author. She has written biographies, a memoir and over 40 children's books. Her work has won many prestigious awards, including the Coretta Scott King-Virginia Hamilton Award for Lifetime Achievement. *Thinker: My Puppy Poet and Me*, published in 2018, uses poetry and beautiful illustrations to tell the story of the boy Jace and his talking puppy poet and was Highly Commended by the judges for the CLiPPA 2019.



Thinker's Rap

Walking out the school door,
didn't come to stay,
didn't mean to talk, but
did it anyway.

My friend Jace, beside me,
walking to my beat,
children, pets and grown-ups,
filling up the street.

Stopping all the traffic,
going down the hill,
nothing else is moving,
everything is still.

Mum and Dad and Kimmy
giving us a cheer,
standing on the front step,
watching as we near.

Going in the house now,
going to close the door.
Got to say goodbye now,
please don't ask for more.

Going in the house now,
my good friend and I,
got to say goodbye now.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
GOODBYE!

The Sound Collector

A stranger came this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying-pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window-pane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same

by Roger McGough



How Doth the Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

Lewis Carroll



At the End of a School Day

It is the end of a school day
and down the long drive
come bag-swinging, shouting
children.

deafened, the sky winces.
The sun gapes in surprise.

Suddenly the runners skid to a stop,
stand still and stare
at a small hedgehog
curled up on the tarmac
like an old, frayed cricket ball.

A girl dumps her bag, tiptoes forward
and gingerly, so gingerly
carries the creature
to the safety of a shady hedge.
Then steps back, watching.

Girl, children, sky and sun
hold their breath.
There is a silence,
a moment to remember
on this warm afternoon in June.

by Wes Magee

