

Year 4

Poetry Anthology



THE EMERGENSEA 🗣️

by John Hegley

The octopus awoke one morning and wondered
what rhyme it was.

Looking at his alarm-clocktopus
he saw that it had stopped
and it was time to stop having a rest
and get himself dressed.

On every octofoot
he put

an octosocktopus

but in his hurry, one foot got put

not into an octosocktopus

but into an electric outlet

and the octopus got a nasty electric shocktopus

and had to call the octodoctopus
who couldn't get in

to give any help or medicine

because the door was loctopus.

The octopus couldn't move, being in a state of octoshocktopus

so the octodoctopus bashed the door

to the floor

and the cure was as simple as could be:

a nice refreshing cup of

seawater.



The Ocean's Blanket by Carol Ann Duffy

The ocean's blanket is made of dark green seaweed
and golden mermaid's hair.
We see a thousand starfish there.

The ocean's blanket is made of crashing waves
and frothy, creamy foam.
It keeps us warm.

The ocean's blanket is made of smiling dolphins
and lonely, singing whales.
We see the silver of the fishes' scales.

The ocean's blanket is made of hidden pearls
And spicy, salty smells.
We see the jewels of a million shells.

The ocean's blanket is made of sunken ships
And we are drowned, are drowned.
Beneath the ocean's blanket we will not be found.



Topsy-Turvy World

If the butterfly courted the bee,
 And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built ion the sea,
 And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
 If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
 To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
 To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir was a lady, -
 The world would be Upside-down!
If any or all these wonders
 Should ever come about.
I should not consider them blunders
 For I should be Inside-out!

Chorus

Ba-Ba black wool,
 Have you any sheep?
Yes, sir a packfull,
 Creep mouse, creep!
Four-and-twenty little maids
 Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
 Guy Fawkes, Guy!
Cross latch, corss latch,
 Sit and spin the fire;
When the pie was open'd
 The bird was on the brier!

By William Brighty Rands

(source A Victorian Anthology 1837-1895)

Gran, Can You Rap?



Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.
Gran, can you rap? Can you rap? Can you, Gran?
And she opened one eye and said to me, man,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.

And she rose from her chair in the corner of the room
And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head
And as she rolled by this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.

Then she rapped past my dad and she rapped past my mother,
She rapped past me and my little baby brother.
She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,
She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.
She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
She's a dip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.





She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,
The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen,
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.



She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,
And as she disappeared she was rapping still.
I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen, man,
Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a –

Tip-top, slip-slap,
Nip-nap, yip-yap,
Hip-hop, trip-trap,
Touch yer cap,
Take a nap,
Happy, happy, happy, happy,
Rap-rap-queen.

Jack Ousbey



Illustrated by Tony Ross



Web of Life
by Jane Clarke

An invisible web,
as fragile as dreams,
links mountains to forests
and rivers to streams.

Through woodlands and forests;
where seas flow and ebb,
over ice caps and deserts,
life weaves a great web.

From plankton to whales,
all life great and small
depends on each other.
Life's web links us all.

And we must take care
of each gossamer thread,
for we are all part of
this great world wide web.



Jelly Jake And Butter Bill

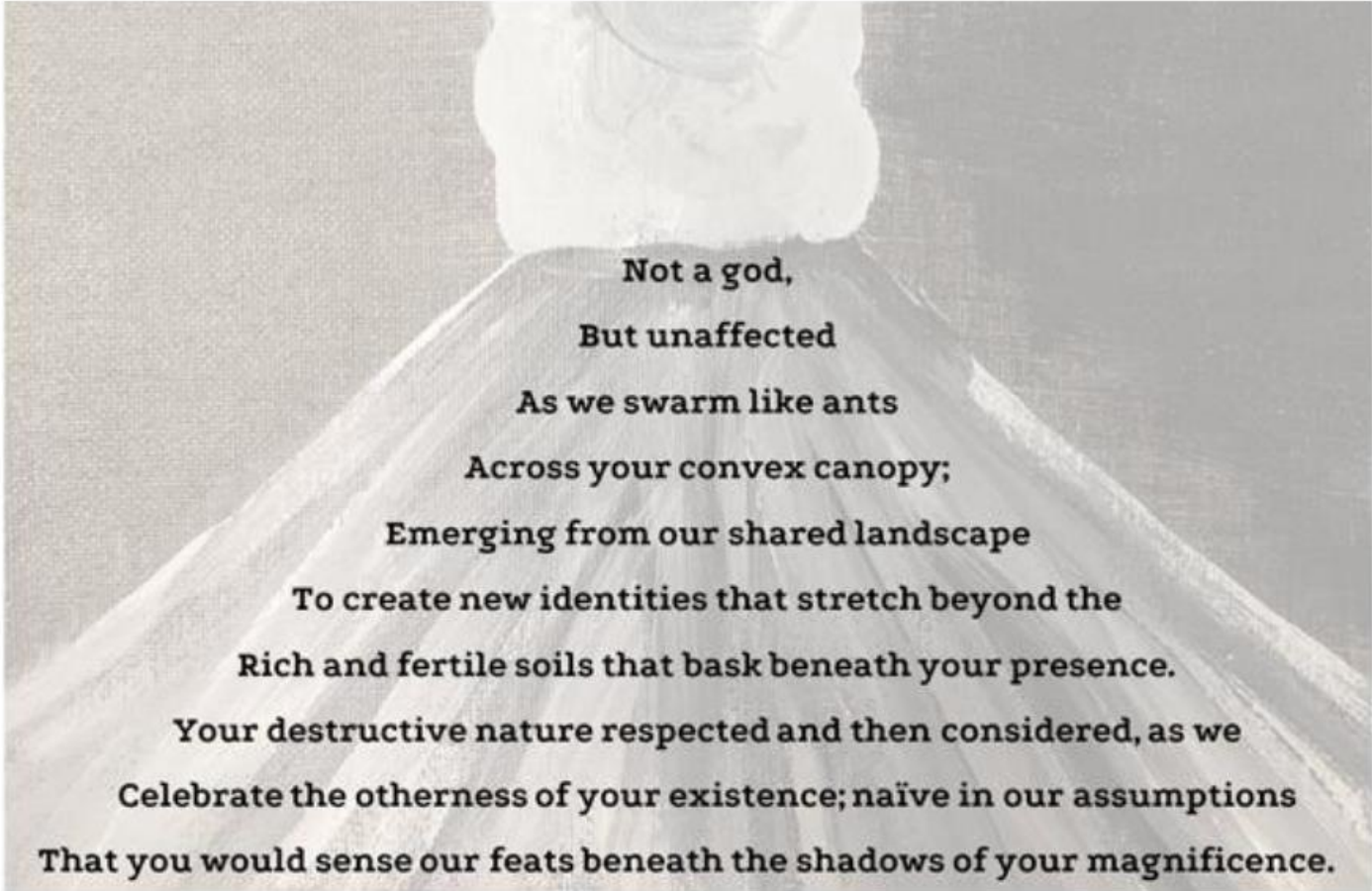
Jelly Jake and Butter Bill

One dark night when all was still
Pattered down the long, dark stair,
And no one saw the guilty pair;
Pushed aside the pantry-door
And there found everything galore,—
Honey, raisins, orange-peel,
Cold chicken aplenty for a meal,
Gingerbread enough to fill
Two such boys as Jake and Bill.
Well, they ate and ate and ate,
Gobbled at an awful rate
Till I'm sure they soon weighed more
Than double what they did before.
And then, it's awful, still it's true,
The floor gave way and they went thru.
Filled so full they couldn't fight.
Slowly they sank out of sight.
Father, Mother, Cousin Ann,
Cook and nurse and furnace man
Fished in forty-dozen ways
After them, for twenty days;
But not a soul has chanced to get
A glimpse or glimmer of them yet.
And I'm afraid we never will—
Poor Jelly Jake and Butter Bill.

Leroy F. Jackson



THE VOLCANO



Not a god,
But unaffected
As we swarm like ants
Across your convex canopy;
Emerging from our shared landscape
To create new identities that stretch beyond the
Rich and fertile soils that bask beneath your presence.
Your destructive nature respected and then considered, as we
Celebrate the otherness of your existence; naïve in our assumptions
That you would sense our feats beneath the shadows of your magnificence.