



CYCLE A - KS1 POEMS

AUTUMN A

Escape at Bedtime

by Robert Louis Stevenson

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.
The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

AUTUMN B

Mr Kartoffel

by James Reeves

Mr Kartoffel's a whimsical man;
He drinks his beer from a watering-can,
And for no good reason that I can see
He fills his pockets with china tea.
He parts his hair with a knife and fork
And takes his ducks on a Sunday walk.
Says he, "If my wife and I should choose
To wear our stockings outside our shoes,
Plant tulip bulbs in the baby's pram
And eat tobacco instead of jam,
And fill the bath with cauliflowers,
That's nobody's business at all but ours."
Says Mrs. K., "I may choose to travel
With a sack of grass or a sack of gravel,
Or paint my toes, one black, one white,
Or sit on a bird's nest half the night –
But whatever I do that is rum or rare,
I rather think that is my affair.
So fill up your pockets with stamps and string,
And let us be ready for anything!"
Says Mr. K. to his whimsical wife,
"How can we face the storms of life,
Unless we are ready for anything?
So if you've provided the stamps and the string,
Let us pump up the saddle and harness the horse
And fill him with carrots and custard and sauce,
Let us leap on him lightly and give him a shove
And it's over the sea and away, my love!"

SPRING A

Please Mrs Butler

by Allan Ahlberg

Please Mrs Butler

This boy Derek Drew

Keeps copying my work, Miss.

What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.

Go and sit in the sink.

Take your books on the roof, my lamb.

Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler

This boy Derek Drew

Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.

What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.

Hide it up your vest.

Swallow it if you like, my love.

Do what you think is best.

Please Mrs Butler

This boy Derek Drew

Keeps calling me rude names, miss.

What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.

Run away to sea.

Do whatever you can, my flower.

But don't ask me.

SPRING B

Gran Can you Rap

by Jack Ousby

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 she 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 the 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 drip-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 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

SUMMER A
King of the Dinosaurs
Aoife Mannix

I'm the king of the dinosaurs, number
one reptile,
tyrannosaurus rex can't touch my style.
I'm dressed to kill, got the sharpest suit,
when I rip you apart, my friend, you
won't find it cute.
Don't laugh at me cos I'm mean,
the ugliest lizard you ever seen.
No point trying to run away,
I'll only eat you another day.
I got teeth cut like a razor, so do
yourself a favour,
unless you want to be my breakfast,
lunch, or tea,
make sure you stay well away from me.
Don't talk to me about no ice age,
you wouldn't like me in a rage.
Extinction's just a rumour,
and I ain't in the humour,
for hearing that the party's done,
my fun's only just begun.

SUMMER B
Wipwapwop
Jennifer Watson

My Wipwapwop, it cost a lot
I keep it up my sleeve
it's great for surfing on the spot
and playing make believe.
It's sleek and snug and mine to hug
to fuggle and to frowse,
I give it sweets, fresh bugs to tweet
and smarticles to browse.
Its fur's all soft and snootable
its workings quite inscrutable
but fundrous to behold,
its buttons bling, its nodals sing
invincible and bold.
ilove its pod, its nanonoo
icrave its little frunes
but more than anything ilove
its mazy little tunes.
It cost a lot, my Wipwapwop
but I'm totally conversion
until the day, that grabcious day
they bring out a newer version.