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## **CYCLE A**

### **LKS2 POEMS**

#### **Autumn A**

Mother doesn't want a dog  
by Judith Viorst

Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they smell,  
And never sit when you say sit,  
Or even when you yell.  
And when you come home late at night  
And there is ice and snow,  
You have to go back out because  
The dumb dog has to go.  
Mother doesn't want a dog.  
Mother says they shed,  
And always let the strangers in  
And bark at friends instead,  
And do disgraceful things on rugs,  
And track mud on the floor,  
And flop upon your bed at night  
And snore their doggy snore.  
Mother doesn't want a dog.  
She's making a mistake.  
Because, more than a dog, I think  
She will not want this snake.

#### **Autumn B**

The Quarrel  
by Maxim Kumin

Said a lightning bug to a firefly,  
"Look at the lightning bugs fly by!"  
"Silly dunce!" said the fly. "What bug ever  
flew?  
Those are fireflies. And so are you."  
"Bug!" cried the bug. "Fly!" cried the fly.  
"Wait!" said a glowworm happening by.  
"I'm a worm," squirmed the worm. "I  
glimmer all night.  
You are worms, both of you. I know that  
I'm right."  
"Fly!" cried the fly. "Worm!" cried the  
worm.  
"Bug!" cried the bug. "I'm standing firm!"  
Back and forth through the dark each  
shouted his word  
Till their quarrel awakened the early bird.  
"You three noisy things, you are all  
related,"  
She said to the worm, and promptly ate it.  
With a snap of her bill she finished the fly,  
And the lightning bug was the last to die.  
All glowers and glimmerers, there's a  
MORAL:  
Shine if you must, but do not quarrel.

**Spring A**  
**Adventures of Isabel**  
**by Ogden Nash**

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.  
Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked old witch.  
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.  
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,  
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.  
Isabel met a hideous giant,  
Isabel continued self reliant.  
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,  
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.  
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,  
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,  
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.  
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,  
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.  
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills  
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.  
The doctor said unto Isabel,

Swallow this, it will make you well.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She took those pills from the pill concocter,  
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor

**SPRING B**  
**The Midnight Skaters**  
**By Roger McGough**

It is midnight in the ice rink  
And all is cool and still.  
Darkness seems to hold its breath  
Nothing moves, until  
Out of the kitchen, one by one,  
The cutlery comes creeping,  
Quiet as mice to the brink of the ice  
While all the world is sleeping.  
Then suddenly, a serving-spoon  
Switches on the light,  
And the silver swoops upon the ice  
Screaming with delight.  
The knives are high-speed skaters  
Round and round they race,  
Blades hissing, sissing,  
Whizzing at a dizzy pace.  
Forks twirl like dancers  
Pirouetting on the spot.  
Teaspoons (who take no chances)  
Hold hands and giggle a lot.  
All night long the fun goes on  
Until the sun, their friend,  
Gives the warning signal  
That all good things must end.  
So they slink back to the darkness  
of the kitchen cutlery-drawer  
And steel themselves to wait  
Until it's time to skate once more.  
At eight the canteen ladies  
Breeze in as good as gold  
To lay the tables and wonder  
Why the cutlery is so cold.

**SUMMER A**  
**JACK FROST**  
**By: Gabriel Setoun**

The door was shut, as doors should be,  
Before you went to bed last night;  
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,  
And left your window silver white.  
He must have waited till you slept;  
And not a single word he spoke,  
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept  
Away again before you woke.  
And now you cannot see the hills  
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;  
But there are fairer things than these  
His fingers traced on every pane.  
Rocks and castles towering high;  
Hills and dales, and streams and fields;  
And knights in armor riding by,  
With nodding plumes and shining shields.  
And here are little boats,  
and there Big ships with sails spread to the breeze  
; And yonder, palm trees waving fair  
On islands set in silver seas.  
And butterflies with gauzy wings  
; And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;  
And fruit and flowers and all the things  
You see when you are sound asleep.  
For creeping softly underneath  
The door when all the lights are out,  
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,  
And knows the things you think about.  
He paints them on the window pane  
In fairy lines with frozen steam;  
And when you wake you see again  
The lovely things you saw in dream.

**SUMMER B**  
**Why must we go to school?**  
**Allan Ahlberg**

Why must we go to school, dad?  
Tell us, dear daddy, do.  
Give us your thoughts on this problem,  
please;  
No one knows better than you.  
To prepare for life, my darling child,  
Or so it seems to me;  
And stop you all from running wild –  
Now, shut up and eat your tea!  
Why must we go to school, dad?  
Settle the question, do.  
Tell us, dear daddy, as much as you  
can;  
We're really relying on you.  
To learn about fractions and Francis  
Drake,  
I feel inclined to say,  
And give your poor mother a bit of a  
break –  
Now, push off and go out and play!  
Why must we go to school, daddy?  
Tell us, dear desperate dad.  
One little hint, that's all we ask –  
It's a puzzle that's driving us mad.  
To find all the teachers something to do,  
Or so I've heard it said,  
And swot up the questions your kids'll  
ask you,  
My darlings – now, buzz off to bed!