



CYCLE A - UKS2 **POEMS**

Night Mail - W H Auden

Autumn A

This is the night mail
crossing the Border,
Bringing the cheque and
the postal order,

Letters for the rich,
letters for the poor,
The shop at the corner,
the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a
steady climb:
The gradient's against
her, but she's on time.

Past cotton-grass and
moorland boulder
Shovelling white steam
over her shoulder,

Snorting noisily as she
passes
Silent miles of wind-bent
grasses.

Birds turn their heads as
she approaches,
Stare from bushes at her
blank-faced coaches.

Sheep-dogs cannot turn
her course;
They slumber on with
paws across.

In the farm she passes
no one wakes,
But a jug in a bedroom
gently shakes.

Dawn freshens, Her
climb is done.
Down towards Glasgow
she descends,
Towards the steam tugs
yelping down a glade of
cranes
Towards the fields of
apparatus, the furnaces
Set on the dark plain like
gigantic chessmen.
All Scotland waits for
her:

In dark glens, beside
pale-green lochs
Men long for news.

Letters of thanks, letters
from banks,
Letters of joy from girl
and boy,
Receipted bills and
invitations
To inspect new stock or
to visit relations,
And applications for
situations,
And timid lovers'
declarations,
And gossip, gossip from
all the nations,
News circumstantial,
news financial,
Letters with holiday
snaps to enlarge in,
Letters with faces
scrawled on the margin,
Letters from uncles,
cousins, and aunts,
Letters to Scotland from
the South of France,
Letters of condolence to
Highlands and Lowlands
Written on paper of
every hue,

The pink, the violet, the
white and the blue,
The chatty, the catty,
the boring, the adoring,
The cold and official and
the heart's outpouring,
Clever, stupid, short and
long,
The typed and the
printed and the spelt all
wrong.

Thousands are still
asleep,
Dreaming of terrifying
monsters
Or of friendly tea beside
the band in Cranston's
or Crawford's:

Asleep in working
Glasgow, asleep in well-
set Edinburgh,
Asleep in granite
Aberdeen,
They continue their
dreams,
But shall wake soon and
hope for letters,
And none will hear the
postman's knock
Without a quickening of
the heart,
For who can bear to feel
himself forgotten?

If – Rudyard Kipling

Autumn B

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son

Lost Property – Roger Mcgough

Spring A

'On buses and trains you wouldn't believe
The crazy things that passengers leave:
A pair of crutches, I kid you not,
Hot-waterbottle, full but no longer hot
A bouncy castle deflating slowly
Glove discarded by a one-armed goalie
Pink chiffon tutu for a large ballerina
A can of worms and a concertina
A ventriloquist's dummy with nothing to say
An Egyptian mummy all dusty and grey
A scaffolder asleep in a Spider-Man suit
the tangled remains of a failed parachute
A Viking helmet and a broken lance
A pair of elephant's underpants
A file with Top Secret stamped in red
(Inside a card, *April Fool* it said)
An Alpine horn and a didgeridoo
A signed photo of Winnie-the-Pooh
A shot-putter's shot and a pole vaulter's pole
Two Yorkshire puddings and a toad-in-the-hole
Headphones and hearing aids by the score
A mountain of mobiles and a lavatory door.
A bucket of toenails and a wooden plank
Two air-to-air missiles and a Russian tank
Lost any of these? Bad news I'm afraid,
The Lost-Property Office has been mislaid.'

The listeners - Walter de La mare ' Spring B

Is there anybody there? ' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grass
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,
Harkening 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.

Nothing to do - Valerie Bloom

Summer A

There are dishes in the sink
And they're begging to be washed,
There's the mess to be cleaned up
From that banana you just squashed.

Come with me for a minute,
Let me show you to your room,
It is gasping for a visit
From the dustpan and the broom.

It appears that all your bedclothes
Have been fighting with your bed,
And that plate of old spaghetti
I am sure has long been dead.

There's a curtain of old cobwebs
Stretched across your bedroom wall,
And muddy wellies do not add
To the decor in the hall.

Did you say that you've gone out
And got yourself a maid?
Then who is going to clear up
That spilt cake and orangeade?

Come along, I'll introduce you
To someone you ought to meet,
This is Lady Vacuum Cleaner,
She makes homes tidy and neat.

So you've finished all your homework
And packed your school bag, I suppose?
There are a million things to do
Right underneath your nose.

I wonder why Mum

*Has to get in such a stew
When I tell her that I'm bored
And there's nothing here to do.*

Boys in the Woods - Karl Nova

Summer B

I've seen those tough as oaks
weep like willows
even the hardest thugs can have tear
stained pillows
most can't see the forest for the trees
because they're up so close and in too
deep,
it leaves them with a perception
that can't see the bigger picture
and sticking to their point of view
becomes the main fixture
Sometimes taking step back
gives a broader view
so take a step back, pause
and think things through
now don't stay rooted
when it's time to move
there's a time to branch out
after which you'll see fruit
I saw a tree stand tall
with its green crown
it looked like a million axes
couldn't bring it down
I leaned against its trunk
like on the shoulder of a friend
you know those tried and tested ones
on them alone you can depend
they can shield you from the rain
and cool you off when it's hot
they will back you up
when against a wall you're backed up
Yes life can get hard like the hardest
tree bark
Don't get lost in the woods
when it's late and it's dark

Free – Kate Wakeling

Bonus poem!

and we will open all the doors
and we will jump on all the beds
and we will leap from mountain top to mountain top
and we will laugh until we think we might explode
and we will laugh especially in those moment when we aren't supposed to
and we will of course find this only makes the laughing a millions times more extreme
and we will talk to animals
and we will stride across oceans
and we will dance like maniacs
and we will lie on the sofa watching TV with our shoes on because why not
and we will have long baths/short baths/no baths delete as applicable
and we will eat delicious foods
and we will not eat any of the bits we don't really like
and we will talk while lying on our backs and looking at the sky
and we will say the first thing that pops into our heads
and we will be always with our friends even when we are not
and we will smile with smiles so deep they make our eyes disappear
and we will grow wings
and we will
and we will
and we will