



Daffodowndilly

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,
She wore her greenest gown;
She turned to the south wind
And curtsied up and down.
She turned to the sunlight
And shook her yellow head,
And whispered to her
Neighbour:
“Winter is dead.”

A A Milne





Jack Frost

Look out! Look out!
Jack Frost is about!
He's after our fingers and toes;
And all through the night,
The happy little sprite
Is working where nobody knows.
He'll climb each tree,
So nimble is he,
His silvery powder he'll shake.
To windows he'll creep
And while we're asleep
Such wonderful pictures he'll make.
Across the grass
He'll merrily pass,
And change all its greenness to white.
Then home he will go
And laugh ho, ho, ho!
What fun I have had in the night.



C. E Pike



City Jungle

Rain splinters town.
Lizard cars cruise by;
Their radiators grin.
Thin headlights stare –
Shop doorways keep
Their mouths shut.
At the roadside
Hunched houses cough.
Newspapers shuffle by,
Hands in their pockets.
The gutter gargles.
A motorbike snarls;
Dustbins flinch.
Streetlights bare
their yellow teeth.
The motorway's



Cat-black tongue
lashes across
The glistening back
Of the tarmac night.

Pie Corbett



Spaghetti! Spaghetti!

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
You're wonderful stuff,
I love you, spaghetti,
I can't get enough.
You're covered with sauce
And you're sprinkled with
cheese,
Spaghetti! spaghetti!
Oh, give me some please.
Spaghetti! spaghetti!
Piled high in a mound,
You wiggle, you wriggle,
You squiggle around.
There's slurpy spaghetti
All over my plate,

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
I think you are great.
Spaghetti! spaghetti!
I love you a lot,
You're slishy, you're sloshy,
delicious and hot,
I gobble you down
Oh, I can't get enough,
Spaghetti! spaghetti!
You're wonderful stuff.

Jack Prelutsky





The Great Water Giant

The Great Water Giant
Has finished his bath.
He pulls the huge plug
Out of the clouds.
He roars his thunderous laugh
And a wet slippery waterfall
Spills out of a squelchy sky.
'Look out below' he seems to shout
As the water
Splooshes, splashes, plishes,
ploshes, gushes, siushes,
And soaks deep into the thirsty earth.

Ian Souter

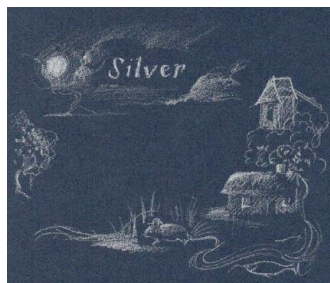


Year 6 Poem 5



Silver

Slowly, silently now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the catchments catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-tethered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And move less fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream.



Walter de la Mare

