**POEMS TO PERFORM KS2**

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.

**Escape at Bedtime**

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Once there was an elephant,  
Who tried to use the telephant.  
No! No! I mean an elephone  
Who tried to use the telephone.

(Dear me! I am not certain quite  
That even now I’ve got it right.)  
Howe’er it was, he got his trunk  
Entangled in the telephunk.

The more he tried to get it free,  
The louder buzzed the telephee.  
(I fear I’d better drop the song  
Of elephop and telephong!)

## Eletelephony

## by Laura Richards

I am waiting for you.  
I have been travelling all morning through the bush  
and not eaten.  
I am lying at the edge of the bush  
on a dusty path that leads from the burnt-out kraal.  
I am panting, it is midday, I found no water-hole.  
I am very fierce without food and although my eyes  
are screwed to slits against the sun  
you must believe I am prepared to spring.

What do you think of me?  
I have a rough coat like Africa.  
I am crafty with dark spots  
like the bush-tufted plains of Africa.  
I sprawl as a shaggy bundle of gathered energy  
like Africa sprawling in its waters.  
I trot, I lope, I slaver, I am a ranger.  
I hunch my shoulders. I eat the dead.

Do you like my song?  
When the moon pours hard and cold on the veldt  
I sing, and I am the slave of darkness.  
Over the stone walls and the mud walls and the ruined places  
and the owls, the moonlight falls.  
I sniff a broken drum. I bristle. My pelt is silver.  
I howl my song to the moon – up it goes.  
Would you meet me there in the waste places?

It is said I am a good match  
for a dead lion. I put my muzzle  
at his golden flanks, and tear. He  
is my golden supper, but my tastes are easy.  
I have a crowd of fangs, and I use them.  
Oh and my tongue – do you like me  
When it comes lolling out over my jaw  
very long, and I am laughing?  
I am not laughing.  
But I am not snarling either, only  
panting in the sun, showing you  
what I grip  
carrion with.

I am waiting  
for the foot to slide,  
for the heart to seize,  
for the leaping sinews to go slack,  
for the fight to the death to be fought to the death,  
for a glazing eye and the rumour of blood.  
I am crouching in my dry shadows  
till you are ready for me.  
My place is to pick you clean  
and leave your bones to the wind.

## Hyena

## by Edwin Morgan

## If you were a carrot and I was a sprout I’d boil along with you I’d sit on your plate

If you were a tadpole  
and I was a frog  
I’d wait till your legs grew  
I’d teach you to croak

If you were a conker  
and I was a string  
we’d win every battle  
we’d beat everything

If you were a jotter  
and I was a pen  
I’d write you a message  
again and again

If you were a farmer  
I’d be in your herd  
if you were a popsong  
I’d sing every word

I wish I could tell you  
that I like you a lot  
but you’re like a secret  
and I’m like a knot.

## If You Were a Carrot

## by Berlie Doherty

Some one came knocking  
At my wee, small door;  
Some one came knocking,  
I’m sure–sure–sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl’s call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

## Some One

## by Walter de la Mare

Teach me the language of Cat;  
the slow-motion blink, that crystal stare,  
a tight-lipped purr and a wide-mouthed hiss.  
Let me walk with a saunter, nose in the air.

Teach my ears the way to ignore  
names that I’m called. May they only twitch  
to the distant shake of a boxful of biscuits,  
the clink of a fork on a china dish.

Teach me that vanishing trick  
where dents in cushions appear, and I’m missed.  
Show me the high-wire trip along fences  
to hideaway places, that no-one but me knows exist.

Don’t teach me Dog,  
all eager to please, that slobbers, yaps and begs for a pat,  
that sits when told by its owner, that’s led on a lead.  
No, not that. Teach me the language of Cat.

## The Language of Cat

## by Rachel Rooney

January brings the snow,  
makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children’s hand with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,  
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,  
Then the Harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;  
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,  
Then the leaves are falling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

## The Months by Sara Coleridge

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And, when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered Heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## The Tyger by William Blake

THE LISTENERS

By Walter de la Mare

Is there anybody there?’ said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
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,  
Hearkening 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.

# [**In The Land Of The Bumbley Boo**](https://allpoetry.com/In-The-Land-Of-The-Bumbley-Boo)

In the land of the Bumbley Boo  
The People are red white and blue,  
They never blow noses,  
Or ever wear closes,  
What a sensible thing to do!  
  
In the land of the Bumbley Boo  
You can buy Lemon pie at the zoo;  
They give away foxes  
In little Pink Boxes  
And Bottles of Dandylion Stew.  
  
In the land of the Bumbley Boo  
You never see a Gnu,  
But thousands of cats  
Wearing trousers and hats  
Made of Pumpkins and Pelican Glue!  
  
*Chorus  
Oh, the Bumbley Boo! the Bumbley Boo!  
That's the place for me and you!  
So hurry! Let's run!  
The train leaves at one!  
For the land of the Bumbley Boo!  
The wonderful Bumbley Boo-Boo-Boo!  
The Wonderful Bumbley BOO!!!*

### On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong  
Where the Cows go Bong!  
and the monkeys all say BOO!  
There’s a Nong Nang Ning  
Where the trees go Ping!  
And the tree tops jibber jabber joo.  
On the Nong Ning Nang  
All the mice go Clang  
And you just can’t catch ’em when they do!  
So it’s Ning Nang Nong  
The cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
The trees go Ping!  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go Clang!  
What a noisy place to belong  
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Box of Frogs

By Celia Warren

Spotty frogs, dotty frogs,

Lots of grotty frogs

Hot, old hoppy frogs

Oh so stroppy frogs.

Odd frogs, potty frogs

Lots of snotty frogs

Bold, old floppy frogs

Oh so soppy frogs

Lots of frogs

Hop, hop, hop.

No bold, old, frogs

Don`t stop, don`t stop

My cat knows karate.  
My frog knows kung fu.  
My poodle knows judo.  
My turtle does too.

They all became black belts  
by watching TV;  
some Chuck Norris movies,  
and films with Bruce Lee.

They liked learning lessons  
from Jean-Claude Van Damme,  
and acting like action-film star  
Jackie Chan.

They practiced their punches,  
their blocks, and their kicks  
until they were masters  
of martial arts tricks.

You’d think they’d be good now  
at guarding our house,  
but, yesterday morning,  
they ran from my mouse.

My mouse is a crack-up.  
I laughed at his prank.  
Do you think it’s weird that  
my mouse drives a tank?

 — Kenn Nesbitt

OUR TEACHER LIKES MINECRAFT

Our teacher likes Minecraft.  
She plays it all day.  
She tells us to study  
so she can go play.

She’ll dig in her mine,  
going deeper and deeper,  
then fight off a skeleton,  
zombie, or creeper.

She’ll engineer buildings  
from dirt, wood, and stone,  
then go out exploring  
the landscape alone.

She’ll build and collect and  
she’ll run, jump, and swing.  
There’s only one problem…  
we don’t learn a thing.

 — Kenn Nesbitt