

Poems for Years 1 and 2

Fisherman Chant by John Agard

Sister river

Brother river

Mother river

Father river

O life giver

O life taker

O friend river

What have you

in store

for a poor

fisherman

today?

From my boat

I cast my net

to your heart

O friend river

and I hope

you return it

gleaming with silver

O friend river

Sister river

Brother river

*Mother river
Father river
O life giver
O life taker
O friend river
What have you
in store
for a poor fisherman
today?*

Quangle Wangle Hat by Edward Lear

*On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.*

What is Pink? by Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink

By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red

In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue

Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white

Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,

Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,

With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet

In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,

Just an orange!

The Months by Sara Coleridge

*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.*

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 tea pots jibber jabber joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang

And you just can't catch 'em when they do!

So its Ning Nang Nong

Cows go Bong!

Nong Nang Ning

Trees go ping

Nong Ning Nang

The mice go Clang

What a noisy place to belong

is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Instructions for Growing Poetry

Shut your eyes.

Open your mind.

Look inside.

What do you find?

Something funny?

Something sad?

Something beautiful,

mysterious, mad?

Open your ears.

Listen well.

A word or phrase

begins to swell?

Catch its rhythm,

hold its sound.

Gently, slowly

roll it round.

Does it please you?

Does it tease you?

Does it ask

to grow and spread?

Now those little

words are sprouting

poetry

inside your head.

