

SOLO INTRODUCTORY STAGE 1

FLIPPIN' ECK BY BRIAN BILSTON

I'M NOBODY! WHO ARE YOU? BY EMILY
DICKINSON

From ALIENS STOLE MY UNDERPANTS BY
BRIAN MOSES

SUGARCAKE BUBBLE BY GRACE NICHOLS

NIGHT THOUGHTS BY LI BAI Translated by
Amy Lowell

HURT NO LIVING THING by Christina Rossetti

FLIPPIN ECK

Brian Bilston

This speaker writes a poem using the method of making a pancake. Turn your page upside down to discover their recipe.

I wrote a pancake poem
Instead of eggs I used some nouns,
Poured in verbs in place of milk,
Added adjectives for flour.
I whisked the words together
Cooked them until golden brown
Then tossed my poem in the air.
It landed upside down.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?

Emily Dickinson

This speaker considers what it is like to be an outsider.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you-Nobody- too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! They'd advertise- you know!

How dreary- to be- a Somebody!
How public-like a Frog-
To tell one's name - the livelong June-
To an admiring Bog!

Sugarcake Bubble

Grace Nichols

This poem describes the bubbling of a sugarcane.

Sugarcake, Sugarcane
Bubbling in a pot
Bubble, Bubble Sugarcake
Bubble thick and hot

Sugarcake, Sugarcane
Spice and coconut
Sweet and sticky
Brown and gooey

I could eat the lot.

Night Thoughts

Li Bai translated by Amy Lowell

This poem portrays the speaker's longing for her home.

In front of my bed the moonlight is very
bright.

I wonder if that can be frost on the floor?

I lift up my head and look at the full
moon, the dazzling moon.

I drop my head, and think of the home of
old days.

Hurt no living thing

Christina Rossetti

This poem communicates the importance of looking after all living creatures.

Hurt no living thing
Ladybird, nor butterfly
Nor moth with dusty wing
Nor cricket chirping cheerily
Nor grasshopper, so light of leap
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat
Nor harmless worms that creep

SOLO INTRODUCTORY STAGE 2

There's a Shark in my Tea! *By Leo Alderin*

Gibberish *by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge*

Cold Toast *by Claudine Toutoungi*

The Storm *by Sara Coleridge*

Let Thine Eyes Whisper *by Ameen Rihani*

Bird, Bell and I *by Misuzu Kaneko translated by Sally Ito and Michiko Tsuboi*

There's a Shark in my Tea!

Leo Alderin

This speaker sees something suspicious in their cup of tea.

There's a shark in my tea!
How did it get in there?
It's bobbing up and down
Giving me quite a scare.

I'm so glad I saw it
Before I take a sip
Otherwise it might have tried
To bite me on my lip!

I can't believe my eyes
It is a great big fin...
Oh dear....I need to tell Mum
That she left the tea bag in!

Gibberish

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

This is a poem of nonsense, where birds blossom and flowers sing.

Many a flower have I seen blossom,
Many a bird for me will sing.
Never heard I so sweet a singer,
Never saw I so fair a thing.

She is a bird, a bird that blossoms,
She is a flower, a flower that sings;
And I a flower when I behold her,
And when I hear her, I have wings.

Cold Toast

Claudine Toutoungi

In this poem, the Speaker sends some toast in the post.

I made you some toast
It went in the post

I mailed it first class
with jam on one half

When it lands on your mat
It should be quite flat

if a little burnt
(though I scraped off the worst)

Cold toast it will be
but if you chew vigorously

and drink some hot tea
it will slip down wonderfully

The Storm

Sara Coleridge

This poem depicts a raging storm, before it clears into a brighter day

See lightning is flashing,
The forest is crashing,
The rain will come dashing,
A flood will be rising anon;

The heavens are scowling
The thunder is growling,
The loud winds are howling
The storm has come suddenly on!

But now the sky clears,
The bright sun appears,
Now nobody fears,
But soon every cloud will be gone.

Let Thine Eyes Whisper

Ameen Rihani

This speaker provides comfort to someone who is struggling with grief and regret.

Grieve not, for I am near thee;
Sigh not, for I can hear thee;
Wash from thy heart all memory of past
wrong;
Doubt not that doubts besmear thee;
Speak not, for I do fear thee;
Let thine eyes whisper love's conciling
song.

Bird, Bell and I

Misuku Kaneko, translated by Sally Ito and Michiko Tsuboi

This poem celebrates difference and individuality.

Even if I spread my arms wide,
I can't fly through the sky,
but still the little bird who flies
can't run on the ground as fast as I.

Even if I shake my body about,
no pretty sound comes out,
but still, the tinkling bell
doesn't know as many songs as I.

Bird, bell, and I,
We're all different, and that's just fine.

SOLO INTRODUCTORY STAGE 3

Diz Breeze by Valerie Bloom

The Slime Takeover by Joseph Coelho

Ariel's Song by William Shakespeare

I am angry by Michael Rosen

From The First Tooth by Mary and Charles Lamb

Bertie Beaky by Claudine Toutoungi

Dis Breeze

Valerie Bloom

This poem explores the mischievousness of a breeze.

Dis breeze is an air conditioner,
Dis breeze better than any fan,
Dis breeze blow soft an' warm,
Dry me fae an' foot an' han.

Dis breeze don't have no manners,
Dis breeze isn't much too bold,
Look how dis breeze lift up me skirt
And show me knickers to the world!

The Slime Takeover

Joseph Coelho

This poem explores the colour, texture and movement of slime.

Slipping, shimmering, stinking slime,
sloppy cerise or shades of scarlet
sublime.

It sticks and sucks and spits and spools,
snaking slime slumping several school
walls.

The slime swells, and stretches, and
starts to sprout,
sliming several school halls as students
scream and shout.

“Scary Slime Subsumes Schools”,
say a slew of scandal sheets.

Their swan song headline
as the slime swallows scores of the city’s
streets.

Ariel's Song

William Shakespeare

This poem portrays the image of a man lying on the ocean floor.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Ding Dong.
Hark, now I hear them.
Ding dong bell.

I am angry

Michael Rosen

This poem is an expression of the feeling of anger.

I am angry. really angry. angry,
angry, angry. I'm so angry
I'll jump up and down. I'll roll on the ground
Make a din. Make you spin
Pull out my hair. Throw you in the air
Pull down posts. Hunt down ghosts
Scare spiders. Scare tigers
Pull up trees. Bully bees
Rattle the radiators. Frighten alligators
Cut down flowers. Bring down towers
Bang all the bones. Wake up stones
Shake the tiles. Stop all smiles
Silence birds. Boil words
Mash up names. Grind up games
Crush tunes. Squash moons
Make giants run. Terrify the sun
Turn the sky red. And then go to bed.

From **The First Tooth**

Mary and Charles Lamb

This poem explores an older sister's envy towards her little brother.

Through the house what busy joy,
Just because the infant boy
Has a tiny tooth to show!
I have got a double row,
All as white and all as small;
Yet no one cares for mine at all.
He can say but half a word,
Yet that single sound's preferr'd
To all the words that I can say
In the longest summer day
He cannot walk; yet it he put
With mimic motion out his foot,
As if he thought he were advancing,
It's prized more than my best dancing.

Bertie Beaky

Claudine Toutoungi

This poem depicts life with a pterodactyl in the kitchen.

The pterodactyl in my kitchen
- Mr Beaky, if you please-
likes to skim around the ceiling
likes to share a plate of cheese.

Mr Beaky is quite something
(Though he very rarely sings)
He can play the concertina
with his creased-up, crooked wings.

And he'll dive-bomb from the recycling
to sort the plastic from the glass.
Mr Beaky is a marvel
of the very topmost class.

