

Speech and Drama Poems

**Primary Open
Events 52 - 65**

Event 52 P1 Boys

CAT KISSES

Sandpaper kisses
on a cheek or a chin -
that is the way
for a day to begin!

Sandpaper kisses -
a cuddle, a purr,
I have an alarm clock
that's covered with fur.

Bobbi Katz

Event 53 P1 Girls

MR GIRAFFE

O Mister Giraffe, you make me laugh,
You seem to be made all wrong;
Your head is so high up there in the sky
And your neck is so very long
That your dinner and tea, it seems to me,
Have such a long way to go,
And I'm wondering how they manage to know
The way to your tummy below.

Geoffrey Lapage

Event 54 P2 Boys

SEAL

See how he dives
From rocks with a zoom,
See how he darts
Through his watery room -
Past crabs and eels
And green seaweed,
Past fluffs of sandy
Minnow feed.
See how he swims
With a swerve and a twist,
A flip of a flipper
A flick of a wrist.

William J. Smith

Event 55 P2 Girls

COUSIN NELL

Cousin Nell
married a frogman
in the hope
that one day
he would turn into
a handsome prince.

Instead he turned into
a sewage pipe
near Gravesend
and was never seen again.

Roger McGough

Event 56 P3 Boys

A Good Play

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of soft pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"--
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Event 57 P3 Girls

JACK FROST

Look out! Look out!
Jack Frost is about!
He's after our fingers and toes;
And, all through the night,
The gay 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!"

Cecily E. Pike

Event 58 P4 Boys

I Like Collecting Cars

Cars that are old, cars that are new,
Cars that come with a racing crew,

Cars that whizz along the ground,
Cars with wheels that won't go round,

Cars with batteries, cars you push,
Cars that are slow and cars that rush,

Cars with doors that open, wide
Cars with tiny dolls inside,

Cars with funny painted faces,
Cars that are really pencil cases,

But - the very best by far -
My bed that looks just like a car.

Celia Warren

Event 59 P4 Girls

Wet Play

Rainy windows,
Rainy faces,
Peering out at
Rainy places.

In the classroom
On a tray
Games that no-one
Wants to play.

Unkicked balls and
Unskipped ropes;
Unworn hats and
Gloves and coats.

Waiting for the
Wind to drop;
Waiting for the
Rain to stop.

Slowly it
Begins to clear.
Bright blue patches
Now appear.

Rainy clouds are
Blown away
And everyone
Goes out to play.

Marcus Parry

Event 60 P5 Boys

Grudges

It isn't fair...
that I must be in bed
for hours before,
that I get all the blame
and never her,
that she's allowed to choose
what she will wear,
it isn't fair!

It isn't right...
that she's allowed out
late at night,
that she can choose
when to switch off her light,
whenever there's a fight,
it isn't right!

It makes me mad...
that they think she's so good
and I'm so bad,
that she gets extra cash
for helping Dad,
that her old coats are all
I've ever had,
it makes me mad!

(I know I'm nine
and she is seventeen;
that's no excuse at all
for them to be so MEAN!)

Judith Nicholls

Event 61 P5 Girls

Rap Up My Lunch

This is the lunchtime slip slop rap
Spaghetti hoops or sausage in a bap
Click your fingers, stamp your feet
Groovy gravy, two veg, no meat,
Shake your body, swivel those hips,
Salt and vinegar, fish and chips
Hold your hands up in the air
Chocolate custard, apple or pear
Feel that beat, you're on the loose
Lemonade or orange juice,
Chatter clatter, make a noise
No more hungry girls and boys
Rhythm and rap to the roasting rhyme,
Lunch is done, it's playtime.

Andrew Fusek Peters

Event 62 P6 Boys

The Worst Job I Ever Had

Do this the boss says
Then he says do that
Tells me that he'll wear a tie
Then goes and asks for a cravat
One day he'll be good as gold
Next day he'll be bad
Though people tell me I should be glad
Being a butler
Is the worst job I ever had

One day eating like a horse
Next day off his food
All day unpredictable
Everything depending on his mood
Christmas day working overtime
Payday? not a tad
Never knowing where you are
Drives me mad
Being a butler
Is the worst job I ever had

Yes sir no sir
Three bags full
Should I push this for you sir?
No you'd better pull
Things were very different
When he was a lad
Remembering those days
Makes me sad
Being a butler
Is the very very very very
Very very very very
Very very very very worst job
I ever had.

John Gardyne

Event 63 P6 Girls

A Friend...

A friend is someone who borrows your ball
And returns it to you later in the day;
Who will lend their newest pens - and will play
Your games. Who'll come round to your house
and call
For you in rain as well as when it's fine;
Who'll listen to your secrets, share your fears,
lend a shoulder when your eyes are full of tears
And won't divide things into 'yours' and 'mine'.
A friend will peel the plaster gently off your cut
And won't say 'Yuk!'. A friend laughs at your jokes
When others just go 'Eh?'; who likes you but
Will tell you when you're wrong; who strokes
Your favourite pet in spite of all the fleas -
Who knows your family but, when invited, says
'Yes, please!'

Trevor Millum

Event 64 P7 Boys

My Spectacular Adventure

I have just returned from
that strange
and dangerous world
Called:
The Other Side of Dave's Glasses.
Where
pavements rear up at your face
stairs fall away into space
and pointy-headed aliens
catch your bus to school.
Where
lamp-posts dance in a mist
while cars swirl and twist
and your bus ticket
begins to unspool.
Where
the flies are the size of mice
and blurry girls look quite nice
and walls wobble
like ripples in a pool.
Where
a scaly, tentacled thing
opens a crocodile mouth to sing,
'You've got my specs on
upside down, you fool!'

John Coldwell

Event 65 P7 Girls

When My dad Watches the News

When my dad watches the news...
You can start lots of fights
And swing from the lights,
You can throw all the cushions about,
You can smash every plate,
Keep on slamming the gate
And wear all your clothes inside out;
Do a dangerous trick
Or make yourself sick
By eating four packets of jelly,
You can 'prune' a few plants,
Donated by aunts,
Or draw superman on his belly;
You can dig up the garden
Burp, and not say pardon,
Or write on the wall with a pen,
You can shout, "There's a fire!"
Or, "Mum's joined a choir!"
Or, "I'm leaving school when I'm ten!"
You can dance on the table,
For as long as you're able,
Then dive off the edge with real 'flair',
You can hair-gel the cat
So she's painful to pat,
You can staple your gran to the chair;
Phone a friend in New York,
And have a long talk,
Or tell him, "You've won a world cruise."
You can juggle with eggs
Or shave the dog's legs,
When my dad watches the news.

Coral Rumble