

WARRENPOINT Feis 2027 Poetry

● Primary 1

The Dare by Brenda Williams

They dared me to climb a tree

I did!

And grazed my knee.

They dared me to jump on the bed.

I did!

And bumped my head.

They dared me to paint teacher red.

I didn't!

I dared them instead!

● **Primary 2**

Our Grandma Kissed a Pumpkin by Darren Sardelli

Our grandma kissed a pumpkin

on a Friday afternoon.

She also kissed a crayon

and a giant red balloon.

I saw her kiss a chipmunk

eating cookies with a queen.

She kissed us in these costumes

at our house on Halloween!

● Primary 3

Mouse Laughing by Mary Green

Have you ever heard Mouse laugh?

You'd be surprised.

It doesn't sound as you'd suppose.

No it doesn't.

No squeaks, no twitterings,

No pussy-footing around.

More of a belly laugh, really.

Like the trumpeting howl of an elephant

Thudding across the parched plains of Africa,

Or the deep-throated rumble of the earth

At its centre.

You needn't believe me, of course.

But next time you meet Mouse,

Don't tickle him.

● **Primary 4**

A Bad Case of the Sneezes by Bruce Lansky

Last night I had the sneezes.

I was really very ill.

My mother called the doctor
who prescribed a purple pill.

At eight o'clock I went to bed.

My mom turned out the light.

I used up one whole box of Kleenex
sneezing through the night.

I sneezed my brains out in my bed.

I didn't get much rest.

So that's the reason, teacher,
that I flunked the spelling test.

● Primary 5

No grown-ups by Shel Silverstein

No grown-ups allowed,
We're playin' a game,
And we don't need
"Be-careful" or "don'ts."

No grown-ups allowed.
We're formin' a club,
And the secret oath
Must not be shown.

No grown-ups allowed.
We're goin' out for pizza -
No, no one but me and my crowd.
So just stay away.

Oh, now it's time to pay?
Grown-ups allowed.

● Primary 6

Don't put mustard in the custard by Michael Rosen

Don't do,
Don't do,
Don't do that.
Don't pull faces,
Don't tease the cat.

Don't pick your ears,
Don't be rude at school.
Who do they think I am?
Some kind of fool?

One day they'll say
Don't put toffee in my coffee
don't pour gravy on the baby
don't put beer in his ear
don't stick your toes up his nose.

Don't put confetti on the spaghetti
and don't squash peas on your knees.

Don't put ants in your pants
don't put mustard in the custard
don't chuck jelly at the telly
and don't throw fruit at the computer
don't throw fruit at the computer.

Don't what?
Don't throw fruit at the computer.
Don't what?
Don't throw fruit at the computer.
Who do they think I am?
Some kind of fool?

- **Primary 7**

Morning Announcements by Sylvia Andrews

Good morning, Staff and Students,
Take note of what I say.
In school we will have showers
For April starts today.

Some teachers were suspended
For giving too much work.
Today, if you feel lazy,
You'll be allowed to shirk.

We want to find the student
Who brought a pig to school.
It's running down the hallways,
And that's against the rule.

Today on our lunch menu
Are bees in oyster sauce
Or chopped cockroach sandwiches
And salads you can toss.

Next year we'll pay our students
For work they do in school...
... and if you believe these messages,
Then you're an April Fool!

PRIVATE SECTION

- **Class 1: Age Over 4 & Under 5**

I Can by Mari Evans

I can be anything

I can

Do anything

I can

Think

Anything

Big Or tall

OR

High or low

WIDE

Or narrow

Fast or slow

Because I CAN

And I

WANT TO!

- **Class 2: Age Over 5 & Under 6**

Kitty Caught a Caterpillar by Jack Prelutsky

Kitty caught a caterpillar,

Kitty caught a snail,

Kitty caught a turtle

By its tiny turtle tail,

Kitty caught a cricket

With a sticky bit of thread,

She tried to catch a bumblebee,

The bee caught her instead.

- **Class 3: Age Over 6 & Under 7**

Helper by Tony Bradman

I'm a little helper,
I like to tidy up,
I help dad do the dishes –
Whoops, there goes a cup!

I'm a little helper,
I like to dust and clean,
I help dad do the hovering –
I've got my own machine!

I'm a little helper,
I like to dig and weed,
I help dad in the garden –
I'm the only help he needs!

I'm a little helper,
I like to do my room,
Dad says I should do it now –
I'll get around to it soon!

- **Class 4: Age Over 7 and Under 8**

Fireworks poem by James Carter

Like to be a FIREWORK?

So would I.

To DAZZLE like a flower.

To SIZZLE in the sky.

With a CRACK and a BANG

and a BIM BAM BOOM!

With a WHIZZ and a FIZZ

and a ZIM ZAM ZOOM!

And oh, how I'd SPARKLE

RED, GOLD, BLUE...

as everyone below goes

AHHHH and OOOOH!

- **Class 5: Age Over 8 & Under 9**

I've got a new bike by Celia Warren

I've got a new bike,
I've got a new bike,
I've got a new bike,
It's the one from the shop
That I said I would like.
It's got lots of gears,
The paintwork is cool,
My friends crowd around
When I ride it to school.
It goes very fast,
It glides off the ground,
It silently breaks
The speed of sound.
My old one's gone
Down to the tip,
Dad said that I
Was too big for it.
So I've got a new bike,
I've got a new bike,
It's the one from the shop
That I said I would like.

- **Class 6: Over 9 & Under 10**

Rules by Margot Bosonnet

The most important thing in life
Is never eating with your knife,
And never picking at your food
For that's intolerably rude.

And comb that hair! And tidy up!
And wash those hands! And mind that cup!
Say please! Say thank you! Clean that plate!
Be good!
 Be quiet!
 Sit up straight!

I think these things are all designed
With me specifically in mind
To make my life a constant hell
And greatly irritate as well.

When I grow up I'm going to do
Just what I take a fancy to;
I'll slouch in comfort on my chair
And never never wash my hair.
— And having nobody to check,
I'll grow potatoes on my neck.

- **Class 7: Over 10 & Under 11**

It wasn't me by Steve Turner

It wasn't me, my cup just fell,
The plate jumped on the floor,
The window cracked all by itself
And then it slammed the door.

I didn't punch, my hand just slipped
And curled into a fist.
He happened to come walking by,
I happened not to miss.

It wasn't me who talked in class.
I didn't steal that pen,
If someone says they saw me cheat
They've got it wrong again.

It wasn't me, it's not my fault!
Why do I get the blame?
The naughty child who does these things
Has pinched my face and name.

- **Class 8: Over 11 & Under 12**

I Wonder Why Dad is so Thoroughly Mad by Jack Prelutsky

I wonder why Dad is so thoroughly mad,
I can't understand it at all,
Unless it's the bee still afloat in his tea,
Or his underwear, pinned to the wall.

Perhaps it's the dye on his favourite tie,
Or the mousetrap that snapped in his shoe,
Or the pipe full of gum that he found on his thumb,
Or the toilet, sealed tightly with glue.

It can't be the bread crumbled up in his bed,
Or the slugs someone left in the hall.
I wonder why Dad is so thoroughly mad.
I can't understand it at all.

- **Class 9: Over 12 & Under 13**

If I were the Principal by Kenn Nesbitt

If I were the Principal, boy, things would change.

Our school would be fun, if a little bit strange.

We'd keep kangaroos in the classrooms as pets.

We'd travel to Tonga and learn to fly jets.

We'd get to make movies, and all become stars.

For field trips we'd blast off on rockets to Mars.

We'd learn to raise monsters and build time machines.

We'd surf on tsunamis in sleek submarines.

We'd learn to make robots with nuclear brains,
and dig up a dinosaur's fossil remains.

We'd battle with pirates and plunder their gold.

We'd duel with dragons for treasures untold.

We'd practice some potions and magical spells
to stink up the schoolyard with sickening smells,
to make us invisible, eighty feet tall,
or turn into liquid or walk through a wall.

Yes, if I were Principal, that's what we'd do.

We'd lock evil scientists up in the zoo,
while vanquishing villains and capturing crooks.

In other words, we would read many more books.

- **Class 10: Over 13 & Under 15**

Midterm Break by Seamus Heaney

I sat all morning in the college sick bay
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying—
He had always taken funerals in his stride—
And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
When I came in, and I was embarrassed
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble'.
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the nurses.

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four-foot box as in his cot.
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four-foot box, a foot for every year.

- **Class 11: Over 15**

The Road not Taken by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

- **Class 24: Sonnet Over 14**

You Will Remember Me by John Masefield

You will remember me in days to come,
With love, or pride, or pity, or contempt,
So will my friends (not many friends, yet some)
When this my life will be a dream out- dreamt;

And one, remembering friendship by the fire.
And one, remembering love time in the dark,
And one, remembering unfulfilled desire.
Will sigh, perhaps, yet be beside the mark;

For this my body with its wandering ghost
Is nothing solely but an empty grange,
Dark in a night that owls inhabit most.
Yet when the King rides by there comes a change;
The windows gleam, the cresset's fiery hair
Blasts the blown branch and beauty lodges there.