

Cookridge Primary



Poetry Slam!



Spell to bring a Smile, by John Agard

Come down Rainbow
Rainbow come down
I have a space for you
in my small face
If my face is too small for you
Take a space in my chest
If my chest is too small for you
Take a space in my belly
If my belly is too small for you
Then take every part of me
Com down Rainbow
Rainbow come down
You can eat me from head to tow

Uncle Ben from Number One, by Brian Patten

Uncle Ben was not a hen
But when he laid an egg
He did it quite professionally
By lifting up a leg.

He studied it and prodded it
And said, “I’m mystified.”
And then he took it
to the kitchen
Where he had it, fried.

Sir Albert and His Dragon, By G Walsh

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
And dragons were such pests,
There was an old knight called Sir Albert,
Who wore an old string vest.
Now Sir Albert was a strange sight,
With a crooked sword around his hips,
He didn’t much like killing dragons,
But he loved munching on fish and chips.
Then one day while walking,
All alone out in the glen,
Albert came across a dragon,
That had eaten thirty men.

On the Ning Nang Nong, by Spike Milligan

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 it’s Ning Nang Nong!
Cows go Bong!

Hamstar, by John Hegley

I’m a hamstar
That’s what I Amstar
Small enough to fit into a jam jar.
I’ve got a treadmill to keep in trainin’
I’ve got a little head to keep my brain in
And pouches at the side
To keep my grain in.

The Picnic, by Marian Swinger

They biked to the end of the world one day
Where the sea tumbled over the brink
And they took out a flask and a couple of cups
And poured themselves something to drink.
They gazed at the waters cascading
In a foaming and terrible wall
And murmured while spreading a cloth out
That the world must be flat after all.
They brought out some ketchup and marmite
As a phoenix erupted in flames
And they ate a cheese sandwich with pickle
Before they got up from a game.

Chips, Chips, Chips, by Gez Walsh

I want chips for my breakfast,
Chips for lunch,
Chips for dinner,
Chips for supper,
Just give me chips,
And a lovely hot cuppa,
Because I don’t like fruit,
And I don’t like veg,
I would rather eat our front hedge,
So no other food will pass my lips,
Just give me a cup of tea,
And a nice bag of chips.

My Goldfish, by Gez Walsh

If my goldfish could talk
I wonder what he would say
Would it be that I were wonderful
Or maybe just OK
Would he say
“I like my new fish bowl”
Or would he rather be swimming in a shoal
Would he say that he loves me
And ask for a hug
Or would he just state with those
Fishy eyes and just say “Glug!”