

## Year 5 and 6 Poetry Festival List 2020

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## **Behind the Staffroom Door** by Brian Moses

Ten tired teachers slumped in the staffroom at playtime,  
One collapsed when the coffee ran out, then there were nine.

Nine tired teachers making lists of things they hate,  
One remembered playground duty, then there were eight.

Eight tired teachers thinking of holidays in Devon,  
One slipped off to pack his case, then there were seven.

Seven tired teachers, weary of children's tricks,  
One hid in the stock cupboard, then there were six.

Six tired teachers, under the weather, barely alive,  
One gave an enormous sneeze, then there were five.

Five tired teachers, gazing at the open door,  
One made a quick getaway, then there were four.

Four tired teachers, faces lined with misery,  
One locked herself in the ladies, then there were three.

Three tired teachers, thinking life really ought to be fun,  
One was summoned to see the Head, then there was one.

Two tired teachers thinking life really ought to be fun,  
one was summoned to see the Head, then there was one.

One tired teacher caught napping in the afternoon sun,  
Fled quickly from the staffroom, then there were none.

## **All the World's a Stage** by William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The six age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,  
With spectacles on his nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

**Remember** by Christina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the distant land;  
When you can more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of the future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

## **He Just Can't Kick It With His Foot** by Paul Cookson

John Luke from our team  
Is a goal-scoring machine  
Phenomenally mesmerizing but...  
The sport is called football  
But his boots don't play at all  
Cos he just can't kick it with his foot

He can skim it from his shin  
He can spin it from his chin  
He can nod it in the net with his nut  
He can blow it with his lips  
Or skip it off his hips  
But he just can't kick it with his foot

With simplicity and ease  
He can use his knobbly knees  
To blast it past the keeper, both eyes shut  
He can whip it up and flick it  
Up with his tongue and lick it  
But he just can't kick it with his foot

Over shadowing the best  
With the power from his chest  
Like a rocket from a socket he can put  
The ball into the sack  
With a scorcher from the back  
But he just can't kick it with his foot

Baffling belief  
With the ball between his teeth  
He can dribble his way out of any rut  
Hypnotize it with his eyes  
Keep it up on both his thighs  
But he just can't kick it with his foot

From his shoulder to his nose  
He can juggle it and pose  
With precision and incision he can cut  
Defences straight in half  
With a volley from his calf

But he just can't kick it with his foot

He can keep it off the deck  
Bounce the ball upon his neck  
With his ball control you should see him strut  
He can flap it with both ears  
To loud applause and cheers  
But he just can't kick it with his foot!

**I Am on the Kids' Side** by Steve Turner

I am on the kids' side  
in the war against adults.  
I don't want to stand still.  
I don't want to sit still.  
I don't want to be quiet.  
I believe that strangers  
are for staring at,  
bags are for looking into,  
paper is for scribbling on.  
I want to know Why.  
I want to know How.  
I wonder What If.  
I am on the kids' side  
in the war against tedium.  
I'm for going home  
when the shops get packed.  
I'm for sleeping in  
when parties get dull.  
I'm for kicking stones  
when conversation sags.  
I'm for making noises.  
I'm for playing jokes –  
especially in life's  
more Serious Bits.  
I am on the kids' side.  
See my sneaky grin,  
watch me dance, see me run.  
Spit on the carpet, rub it in,  
pick my nose in public,  
play rock stars in the mirror.  
I am on the kids' side.  
I want to know why we're not moving.  
I'm fed up. I want to go out.  
What's that? Can I have one?  
It isn't fair. Who's that man?  
It wasn't me, I was pushed.  
When are we going to go?  
I am on the kids' side  
putting fun back into words.



Ink pink pen and ink  
you go out because you stink.  
I am on the kids' side  
in the war against apathy.  
Mum, I want to do something.  
It must be my turn next.  
When can we go out?  
I am on the kids' side  
and when I grow up,  
I want to be a girl.

**The Adventures of Isabel** by Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked witch.  
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.  
Ho ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage, she showed no rancour,  
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.

Isabel met a hideous giant,  
Isabel continued self-reliant.  
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,  
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.  
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,  
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,  
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.

Isabel met a troublesome doctor,  
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.  
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills  
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.

The doctor said unto Isabel,  
Swallow this, it will make you well.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She took those pills from the pill concoctor,  
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

Isabel was once asleep in bed  
When a horrible dream crawled into her head.  
It was worse than a dinosaur, worse than a shark,  
Worse than an octopus oozing in the dark.  
'Boo!' said the dream, with a dreadful grin,  
I'm going to scare you out of your skin!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
Isabel had a cleverer scheme;  
She just woke up and fooled that dream.

Whenever you meet a bugaboo  
Remember what Isabel used to do.  
Don't scream when the bugaboo says 'Boo!'  
Just look it in the eye and say, 'Boo to you!'  
That's how to banish a bugaboo;  
Isabel did it and so can you!  
Boooooo to you.



## **The Magic Box** by Kit Wright

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,  
fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,  
the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly,  
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerne,  
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put in the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,  
the last joke of an ancient uncle  
and the first smile of a baby.

I will put in the box

a fifth season and a black sun.  
a cowboy on a broomstick  
and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,  
with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.  
Its hinges are the toe joints  
of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box  
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,  
then wash ashore on a yellow beach  
the colour of the sun.



**Leisure** by William Henry Davies

WHAT is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare?—

No time to stand beneath the boughs,  
And stare as long as sheep and cows:

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

## **The Dentist and the Crocodile** by Roald Dahl

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.

He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair."

The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.

He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."

"I want you," Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.

The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight—

At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.

The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away.

He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the back ones first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're about.

To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head

Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocky said.

The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,

He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.

She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.

"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"

"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.

"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

## **Macavity, the Mystery Cat** by T S Elliot

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw—  
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.  
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:  
For when they reach the scene of crime—Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,  
And when you reach the scene of crime—Macavity's not there!  
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air—  
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;  
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.  
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;  
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.  
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;  
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.  
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square—  
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)  
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's  
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,  
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,  
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair  
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,  
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,  
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair—  
But it's useless to investigate—Macavity's not there!  
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:  
It must have been Macavity!—but he's a mile away.  
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumb;  
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.  
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:  
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN'T THERE !



And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known  
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)  
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time  
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

**The Old Brown Horse** by W F Holmes

The old brown horse looks over the fence

In a weary sort of way.

He seems to be saying to all who pass:

“Well, folks, I've had my day-

I'm simply watching the world go by,

And nobody seems to mind,

As they're dashing past in their motor-cars,

A horse who is lame and half-blind.”

The old brown horse has a shaggy coat,

But once he was young and trim,

And he used to trot through the woods and lanes

With the man who was fond of him.

But his master rides in a motor-car,

And it makes him feel quite sad

When he thinks of the days that used to be,

And of all the times they had.

Sometimes a friendly soul will stop

Near the fence, where the tired old head

Rests wearily on the topmost bar,

And a friendly word is said.

Then the old brown horse gives a little sigh

As he feels the kindly touch

Of a hand on his mane or his shaggy coat,

And he doesn't mind so much.

So if you pass by the field one day,

Just stop for a word or two

With the old brown horse who was once as young

And as full of life as you.

He'll love the touch of your soft young hand,

And I know he'll seem to say

"Oh, thank you, friend, for the kindly thought

For a horse who has had his day."



## **Colonel Fazackerley Butterworth Toast** by Charles Causeley

Colonel Fazackerley Butterworth-Toast  
Bought an old castle complete with a ghost,  
But someone or other forgot to declare  
To Colonel Fazak that the spectre was there.

On the very first evening, while waiting to dine,  
The Colonel was taking a fine sherry wine,  
When the ghost, with a furious flash and a flare,  
Shot out of the chimney and shivered, 'Beware!'

Colonel Fazackerley put down his glass  
And said, 'My dear fellow, that's really first class!  
I just can't conceive how you do it at all.  
I imagine you're going to a Fancy Dress Ball?'

At this, the dread ghost made a withering cry.  
Said the Colonel (his monocle firm in his eye),  
'Now just how you do it, I wish I could think.  
Do sit down and tell me, and please have a drink.'

The ghost in his phosphorous cloak gave a roar  
And floated about between ceiling and floor.  
He walked through a wall and returned through a pane  
And backed up the chimney and came down again.

Said the Colonel, 'With laughter I'm feeling quite weak!' (As trickles of merriment ran down his cheek).  
'My house-warming party I hope you won't spurn.  
You MUST say you'll come and you'll give us a turn!'

At this, the poor spectre - quite out of his wits -  
Proceeded to shake himself almost to bits.  
He rattled his chains and he clattered his bones  
And he filled the whole castle with mumbles and moans.

But Colonel Fazackerley, just as before,  
Was simply delighted and called out, 'Encore!'  
At which the ghost vanished, his efforts in vain,  
And never was seen at the castle again.

'Oh dear, what a pity!' said Colonel Fazak.  
'I don't know his name, so I can't call him back.'  
And then with a smile that was hard to define,  
Colonel Fazackerley went in to dine.



## **Daddy Fell into the Pond** by Alfred Noyes

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.  
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.  
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,  
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,  
THEN  
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,  
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.  
'Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!  
He's crawling out of the duckweed.'  
Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,  
And doubled up, shaking silently,  
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft  
And is sounded as if the old drake laughed.

O, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond  
WHEN  
Daddy fell into the pond!





## **What is Gold?** By Mary O'Neill

Gold is a metal  
Gold is a ring  
Gold is a very  
Beautiful thing.  
Gold is the sunshine  
Light and thin  
Warm as a muffin  
On your skin.  
Gold is the moon  
Gold are the stars,  
Jupiter, Venus,  
Saturn and Mars,  
Gold is the color of  
Clover honey  
Gold is a certain  
Kind of money.  
Gold is alive  
In a flickering fish  
That lives its life  
In a crystal dish.  
Gold is the answer  
To many a wish.  
Gold is a feeling  
Like a king  
It's like having the most  
Of everything--  
Long time ago  
I was told  
Yellow's mother's name  
Is gold...



## **The Guppy** by Ogden Nash

Whales have calves,  
Cats have kittens,  
Bears have cubs,  
Bats have bittens,  
Swans have cygnets,  
Seals have puppies,  
But guppies just have little guppies

## **The Way through the Woods** by Rudyard Kipling

THEY shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate,  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
Because they see so few.)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods.  
But there is no road through the woods.



## **The Tyger** by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## **The Jabberwocky** by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.





## **Lines and Squares** by A A Milne

Whenever I walk in a London street,  
I'm ever so careful to watch my feet;  
And I keep in the squares,  
And the masses of bears,  
Who wait at the corners all ready to eat  
The sillies who tread on the lines of the street  
Go back to their lairs,  
And I say to them, "Bears,  
Just look how I'm walking in all the squares!"

And the little bears growl to each other, "He's mine,  
As soon as he's silly and steps on a line."  
And some of the bigger bears try to pretend  
That they came round the corner to look for a friend;  
And they try to pretend that nobody cares  
Whether you walk on the lines or squares.  
But only the sillies believe their talk;  
It's ever so portant how you walk.  
And it's ever so jolly to call out, "Bears,  
Just watch me walking in all the squares!"

**Safe Sounds** by Carol Ann Duffy

You like safe sounds:  
the dogs lapping at their bowls;  
the pop of a cork on a bottle of plonk  
as your mother cooks;  
the *Match of the Day* theme tune  
and *Doctor Who*-oo-oo.

Safe sounds:  
your name called, two happy syllables  
from the bottom to the top of the house;  
your daft ring tone; the low gargle  
of hot water in bubbles. Half asleep  
in the drifting boat of your bed,  
you like to hear the big trees  
sound like the sea instead.

**Anthem for Doomed Youth** by Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.



## **Cousin Lesley's See-Through Stomach** by Brian Patten

Cousin Lesley took a pill  
That made her go invisible.  
Perhaps this would have been all right  
If everything was out of sight.

But all around her stomach swam  
Half-digested bread and jam,  
And no matter how she tried  
She couldn't hide what was inside.

In the morning we often noted  
How the toast and porridge floated,  
And how unappetizing in the light  
Was the curry from last night.

Some Gruyere had fallen victim  
To her strange digestive system,  
And there seemed a million ways  
To digest old mayonnaise.

We were often fascinated  
By the stuff left undigested,  
A mish-mash of peas and jelly  
Drifted round our cousin's belly.

Certain bits of Cornish pastie  
Looked repugnant and quite nasty,  
While the strawberries from last year  
Were without the cream, I fear.

And at dinner, oh dear me!  
What a disgusting sight to see  
Chewed-up fish and cold brown tea  
Where cousin Lesley's tum should be.



## **Talking Turkeys** by Benjamin Zephaniah

Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas  
Cos' turkeys just wanna hav fun  
Turkeys are cool, turkeys are wicked  
An every turkey has a Mum.  
Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas,  
Don't eat it, keep it alive,  
It could be yu mate, an not on your plate  
Say, Yo! Turkey I'm on your side.  
I got lots of friends who are turkeys  
An all of dem fear christmas time,  
Dey wanna enjoy it, dey say humans destroyed it  
An humans are out of dere mind,  
Yeah, I got lots of friends who are turkeys  
Dey all hav a right to a life,  
Not to be caged up an genetically made up  
By any farmer an his wife.

Turkeys just wanna play reggae  
Turkeys just wanna hip-hop  
Can yu imagine a nice young turkey saying,  
Òl cannot wait for de chopÓ,  
Turkeys like getting presents, dey wanna watch christmas TV,  
Turkeys hav brains an turkeys feel pain  
In many ways like yu an me.

I once knew a turkey called..... Turkey  
He said "Benji explain to me please,  
Who put de turkey in christmas  
An what happens to christmas trees?",  
I said "I am not too sure turkey  
But itÕs nothing to do wid Christ Mass  
Humans get greedy an waste more dan need be  
An business men mek loadsa cash'.

Be nice to yu turkey dis christmas  
Invite dem indoors fe sum greens  
Let dem eat cake an let dem partake  
In a plate of organic grown beans,  
Be nice to yu turkey dis christmas  
An spare dem de cut of de knife,  
Join Turkeys United an dey'll be delighted  
An yu will mek new friends 'FOR LIFE'.





## **I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud** by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed- and gazed- but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



**Silver** by Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements catch  
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep  
Of doves in silver feathered sleep  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,  
With silver claws, and silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.



## **Rice Pudding** by A A Milne

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's crying with all her might and main,  
And she won't eat her dinner—rice pudding again—  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
I've promised her dolls and a daisy-chain,  
And a book about animals—all in vain—  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain;  
But, look at her, now she's beginning again!  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
I've promised her sweets and a ride in the train,  
And I've begged her to stop for a bit and explain—  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain,  
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again!—  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?



## **Witches' Chant** from Macbeth by William Shakespeare

Round about the cauldron go:  
In the poisonous entrails throw.  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Sweated venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing.  
For charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd in the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew;  
Gall of goat; and slips of yew  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by the drab,-  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For ingredients of our cauldron.  
Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.





## **I'm Late for School** by Gareth Lancaster

I got up late for school today,  
And nearly missed the bus!  
I hurried down the stairs,  
Wolfed my toast, and caused a fuss!

I quickly threw books in my bag,  
My pens, my lunch and shorts.  
Grabbed my coat from out the cupboard,  
Took my bat and ball for sports.

I slid across the kitchen floor,  
And hopped around the cat!  
Then expertly rolled over,  
Jumped back up and grabbed my hat!

I belted out of our front door,  
Spun round and swung it shut.  
Saw the bus was waiting for me,  
I felt I had time to strut!

I climbed aboard and then froze still,  
And knew that things weren't right!  
My friends fell down in fits of fun,  
And pointed with delight!

My face went red, I couldn't breathe,  
For in my haste I knew!  
I'd forgotten to wear trousers,  
Jumper, shirt, my socks and shoes!



## **Bazonka!** by Spike Milligan

Say Bazonka every day  
That's what my grandma used to say  
It keeps at bay the Asian Flu'  
And both your elbows free from glue.  
So say Bazonka every day  
(That's what my grandma used to say)

Don't say it if your socks are dry!  
Or when the sun is in your eye!  
Never say it in the dark  
(The word, you see, emits a spark)  
Only say it in the day  
(That's what my grandma used to say)

Young Tiny Tim took her advice  
He said it once, he said it twice  
he said it till the day he died  
And even after that he tried  
To say Bazonka! every day  
Just like my grandma used to say.

Now folks around declare it's true  
That every night at half past two  
If you'll stand upon your head  
And shout Bazonka! from your bed  
You'll hear the word as clear as day  
Just like my grandma used to say!

## **Cargoes** by John Masefield

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,  
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road-rails, pig-lead,  
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

**"i thank You God for most this amazing"** by e e cummings

i thank You God for most this amazing  
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees  
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything  
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,  
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth  
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay  
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing  
breathing any—lifted from the no  
of all nothing—human merely being  
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and  
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

## **The Sound Collector** by Roger McGough

A stranger called this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away.

The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying-pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops  
On the window-pane  
When you do the washing up  
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain  
The creaking of the chair

A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same.

## **Spell of Creation** by Kathleen Raine

Within the flower there lies a seed,  
Within the seed there springs a tree,  
Within the tree there spreads a wood.

In the wood there burns a fire,  
And in the fire there melts a stone,  
Within the stone a ring of iron.

Within the ring there lies an O,  
Within the O there looks an eye,  
In the eye there swims a sea,

And in the sea reflected sky,  
And in the sky there shines the sun,  
Within the sun a bird of gold.

Within the bird there beats a heart,  
And from the heart there flows a song,  
And in the song there sings a word.

In the word there speaks a world,  
A world of joy, a world of grief,  
From joy and grief there springs my love.

Oh love, my love, there springs a world,  
And on the world there shines a sun,  
And in the sun there burns a fire,

Within the fire consumes my heart,  
And in my heart there beats a bird,  
And in the bird there wakes an eye,

Within the eye, earth, sea and sky,  
Earth, sky and sea within an O  
Lie like the seed within the flower.

## **The River's Story** by Brian Patten

I remember when life was good.  
I shilly-shallied across meadows,  
Tumbled down mountains,  
I laughed and gurgled through woods,  
Stretched and yawned in a myriad of floods.  
Insects, weightless as sunbeams,  
Settled on my skin to drink.  
I wore lily-pads like medals.  
Fish, lazy and battle-scarred,  
Gossiped beneath them.  
The damselflies were my ballerinas,  
The pike my ambassadors.  
Kingfishers, disguised as rainbows,  
Were my secret agents.  
It was a sweet time, a gone-time,  
A time before factories grew,  
Brick by greedy brick,  
And left me cowering in monstrous shadows.  
Like drunken giants  
They vomited their poisons into me.  
Tonight a scattering of vagrant bluebells,  
Dwarfed by those same poisons,  
Toll my ending.  
Children, come find me if you wish,  
I am your inheritance.  
Behind derelict housing-estates  
You will discover my remnants.  
Clogged with garbage and junk  
To an open sewer I've shrunk.  
I, who have flowed through history,  
Have seen hamlets become villages,  
Villages become towns, towns become cities,  
Am reduced to a trickle of filth  
Beneath the still, burning stars.



## **I Love the Moon, But** by Roger Stevens

I do, I love the moon  
When I'm lying on my bed, that big, yellow balloon  
And the stars can't touch it, when it shines so brightly.  
But I get to thinking, as I lie there  
Waiting for sleep  
That its light is a second-hand light  
And however much you say you love the moon  
It's just a slab of rock  
And it means that sleep is not too far away  
And your world is lost, like the passing day.  
But in the morning,  
Well, that's different.  
The sky changes, those colours, subtle at first, but soon...  
You can't even begin to do the dawn justice  
In a poem.  
As the birds start singing, shouting their noise.  
It's not a chorus, it's a cacophony of joy,  
It says, We're here, and the light's back,  
It's back!

Oh yes, I love moon, but  
When the sun comes around again  
And the light returns  
That's something else.

**Snow Geese Solstice** by Susan Richardson

a rumour of plumage  
a mutter of us  
as the sky finds its tongue and stutters

the first few syllables of spring

then starts to sing  
a chorus of us  
a John Rutter mass of wings and light  
and a dazzle  
of down as we whoosh

to the ground  
a ruched arctic circle curtain of us

an epic distance travelled yet again of us  
an eighteen-hundred-mile unravelled skein of us  
which knits a nest  
of air and space  
to embrace the golden egg  
we've laid

a thrill of us  
a shrill of us  
a million billion quills of us  
have written a script forbidding sleep  
so we peck it to death  
on the tundra at our feet

yet you must wonder  
at our numbers  
while there's time  
for summer soon begins to moult  
and a shiver in the sky  
implies the raven's close behind

the gush of us  
becomes a hush of us  
the horizon's guilty blush of us

from the bliss of an all-together honk of us  
to the hiss

of a single

feather.

**Angels** by Jan Dean

We are made from light.  
Called into being we burn  
Brighter than the silver white  
of hot magnesium.  
More sudden than yellow phosphorous.  
We are the fire of heaven;  
Blue flames and golden ether.

We are from stars.  
Spinning beyond the farthest galaxy  
In an instant gathered to this point  
We shine, speak our messages and go,  
Back to the brilliance.  
We are not separate, not individual,  
We are what we are made of. Only  
Shaped sometimes into tall-winged warriors,  
Our faces solemn as swords,  
Our voices joy.

The skies are cold;  
Suns do not warm us;  
Fire does not burn itself.  
Only once we touched you  
And felt a human heat.  
Once, in the brightness of the frost.  
Above the hills, in glittering starlight,  
Once, we sang.



**Sonnet18** by William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## **The Lion and Albert** by Marriott Edgar

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool,  
That's noted for fresh-air and fun,  
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom  
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was their Albert  
All dressed in his best; quite a swell  
'E'd a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle  
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much to the ocean  
The waves, they was fiddlin' and small  
There was no wrecks... nobody drowneded  
'Fact, nothing to laugh at, at all.

So, seeking for further amusement  
They paid and went into the zoo  
Where they'd lions and tigers and cam-els  
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big lion called Wallace  
His nose were all covered with scars  
He lay in a som-no-lent posture  
With the side of his face to the bars.

Now Albert had heard about lions  
How they were ferocious and wild  
And to see Wallace lying so peaceful  
Well... it didn't seem right to the child.

So straight 'way the brave little feller  
Not showing a morsel of fear  
Took 'is stick with the 'orse's 'ead 'andle  
And pushed it in Wallace's ear!

You could see that the lion didn't like it  
For giving a kind of a roll  
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im  
And swallowed the little lad... whole!

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence  
And didn't know what to do next  
Said, "Mother! Yon lions 'et Albert"  
And Mother said "Eeh, I am vexed!"

So Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom  
Quite rightly, when all's said and done

Complained to the Animal Keeper  
That the lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it  
He said, "What a nasty mishap  
Are you sure that it's your lad he's eaten?"  
Pa said, "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

So the manager had to be sent for  
He came and he said, "What's to do?"  
Pa said, "Yon lion's 'eaten our Albert  
And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too."

Then Mother said, "Right's right, young feller  
I think it's a shame and a sin  
For a lion to go and eat Albert  
And after we've paid to come in!"

The manager wanted no trouble  
He took out his purse right away  
And said, "How much to settle the matter?"  
And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward  
When she thought where her Albert had gone  
She said, "No! someone's got to be summonsed"  
So that were decided upon.

Round they went to the Police Station  
In front of a Magistrate chap  
They told 'im what happened to Albert  
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his o-pinion  
That no-one was really to blame  
He said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms  
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing  
"And thank you, sir, kindly," said she  
"What! waste all our lives raising children  
To feed ruddy lions? Not me!"





## **When You Are Old** W B Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars



**The Road Not Taken** by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, 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.



**Island Man** by Grace Nichols

Morning  
and island man wakes up  
to the sound of blue surf  
in his head  
the steady breaking and wombing

wild sea birds  
and fishermen pushing out to sea  
the sun surfacing defiantly  
from the east  
of his small emerald island  
he always comes back groggily groggily

Comes back to sands  
of a grey metallic soar  
to surge of wheels  
to dull north circular roar

muffling muffling  
his crumpled pillow waves  
island man heaves himself

Another London day



## **Don't** 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?





**Jim** by Hilaire Belloc

*Who ran away from his Nurse and was eaten by a Lion*

There was a Boy whose name was Jim;  
His Friends were very good to him.  
They gave him Tea, and Cakes, and Jam,  
And slices of delicious Ham,  
And Chocolate with pink inside  
And little Tricycles to ride,  
And read him Stories through and through,  
And even took him to the Zoo--  
But there it was the dreadful Fate  
Befell him, which I now relate.

You know--or at least you ought to know,  
For I have often told you so--  
That Children never are allowed  
To leave their Nurses in a Crowd;  
Now this was Jim's especial Foible,  
He ran away when he was able,  
And on this inauspicious day  
He slipped his hand and ran away!

He hadn't gone a yard when--Bang!  
With open Jaws, a lion sprang,  
And hungrily began to eat  
The Boy: beginning at his feet.  
Now, just imagine how it feels  
When first your toes and then your heels,  
And then by gradual degrees,  
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees,  
Are slowly eaten, bit by bit.  
No wonder Jim detested it!  
No wonder that he shouted ``Hi!"

The Honest Keeper heard his cry,  
Though very fat he almost ran  
To help the little gentleman.  
``Ponto!" he ordered as he came  
(For Ponto was the Lion's name),  
``Ponto!" he cried, with angry Frown,  
``Let go, Sir! Down, Sir! Put it down!"  
The Lion made a sudden stop,  
He let the Dainty Morsel drop,  
And slunk reluctant to his Cage,  
Snarling with Disappointed Rage.  
But when he bent him over Jim,  
The Honest Keeper's Eyes were dim.

The Lion having reached his Head,  
The Miserable Boy was dead!

When Nurse informed his Parents, they  
Were more Concerned than I can say:--  
His Mother, as She dried her eyes,  
Said, ``Well--it gives me no surprise,  
He would not do as he was told!"  
His Father, who was self-controlled,  
Bade all the children round attend  
To James's miserable end,  
And always keep a-hold of Nurse  
For fear of finding something worse.



## **The Listeners** by Walter de La Mare

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.



## **The Song of the Ungirt Runners** by Charles Hamilton Sorley

We swing ungirded hips,  
And lightened are our eyes,  
The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
We know not whom we trust  
Nor whitherward we fare,  
But we run because we must  
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas  
Are troubled as by storm.  
The tempest strips the trees  
And does not leave them warm.  
Does the tearing tempest pause?  
Do the tree-tops ask it why?  
So we run without a cause  
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,  
We do not run for prize.  
But the storm the water whips  
And the wave howls to the skies.  
The winds arise and strike it  
And scatter it like sand,  
And we run because we like it  
Through the broad bright land.



## **From a Railway Carriage** by Robert Louis Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!





## **You Are Old, Father William** by Lewis Carroll

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head-  
Do you think, at your age age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back somersault in at the door-  
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment-one shilling the box-  
Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the back-  
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was steady as ever;  
Yet, you balanced an eel on the end of your nose-  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father. "Don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

**Break of Day in the Trenches** by Isaac Rosenberg

The darkness crumbles away.  
It is the same old druid Time as ever.  
Only a live thing leaps my hand,  
A queer sardonic rat,  
As I pull the parapet's poppy  
To stick behind my ear.  
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew  
Your cosmopolitan sympathies.  
Now you have touched this English hand  
You will do the same to a German  
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure  
To cross the sleeping green between.  
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass  
Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,  
Less chanced than you for life,  
Bonds to the whims of murder,  
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,  
The torn fields of France.  
What do you see in our eyes  
At the shrieking iron and flame  
Hurled through still heavens?  
What quaver - what heart aghast?  
Poppies whose roots are in man's veins  
Drop, and are ever dropping;  
But mine in my ear is safe -  
Just a little white with the dust.

## **The Rain Stick** by Seamus Heaney

Upend the rain stick and what happens next  
Is a music that you never would have known  
To listen for. In a cactus stalk

Downpour, sluice-rush, spillage and backwash  
Come flowing through. You stand there like a pipe  
Being played by water, you shake it again lightly

And diminuendo runs through all its scales  
Like a gutter stopping trickling. And now here comes  
A sprinkle of drops out of the freshened leaves,

The subtle little wets off grass and daisies;  
Then glitter-drizzle, almost-breaths of air.  
Upend the stick again. What happens next

Is undiminished for having happened once,  
Twice, ten, a thousand times before.  
Who cares if all the music that transpires

Is the fall of grit or dry seed through a cactus?  
You are like a rich man entering heaven  
Through the ear of a raindrop. Listen now again.

## **Take a Poem** by James Carter

Why not take a poem  
wherever you go?  
Pop it in your pocket  
nobody will know.

Take it to your classroom  
stick it on the wall  
tell them all about it  
read it in the hall

Take it to the bathroom  
tuck it up in bed  
take the time to learn it  
keep it in your head

Take it for a day trip  
take it on a train  
fold it as a hat  
when it starts to rain

Take it to a river  
fold it as a boat  
pop it on the water  
hope that it will float

Take it to a hilltop  
fold it as a plane  
throw it up skywards  
time and time again

Take it to a mailbox  
send it anywhere  
out into the world  
with  
    tender  
        loving  
            care.