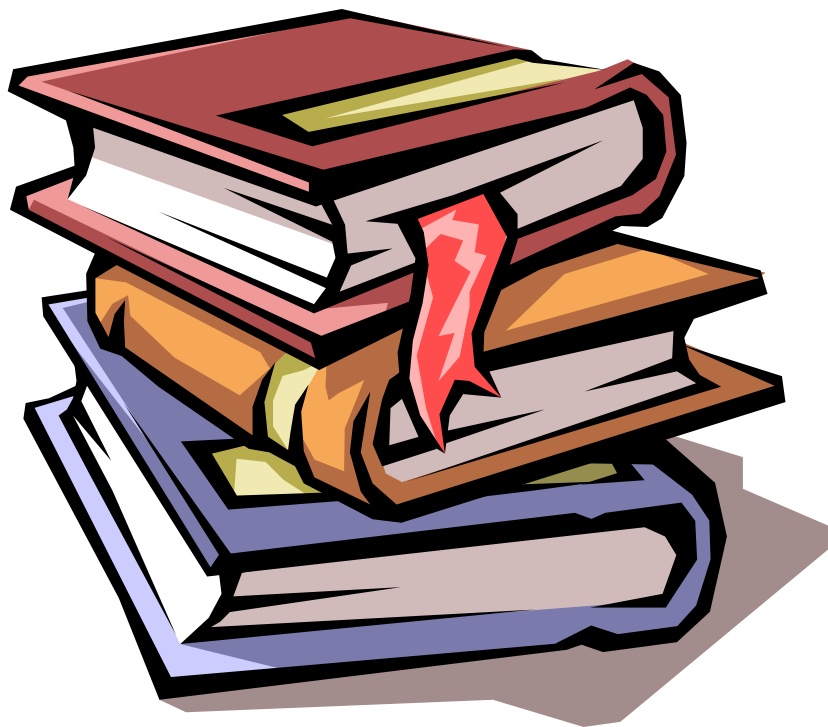


Year Seven Poetry



An Introduction

Down Behind the Dustbin

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Ted.
'Leave me alone,' he says,
'I 'm just going to bed.'

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Roger.
'Do you own this bin?' I said.
'No. I 'm only a lodger.'

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Sue.
'What are you doing here?' I said.
'I 've got nothing else to do.'



By Michael Rosen

- Notice that the second and fourth lines in each stanza end with rhyming words.
- Notice that there are two heavy beats per line.
- Try writing three more 'Down behind the Dustbin' stanzas of your own. They can be as funny as you like.
- Illustrate your poem and enter it into your file.

Birmingham

The children play over brick walls
and skip on concrete slabs
No trees to climb
No streams to dam
No daring hunt in a haunted wood.
Only a dodging dash from
verge to verge
along a motorway.



By Lawrence Smith.

- Would like to live in Birmingham and do the things that the poet says children do there? Explain your answer.
- What sort of things do children like to do when playing according to the poet?
- Write a poem of eight or ten lines about the games children play in your area.
- Illustrate your poem and enter it into your file.

Pioneer

Who needs jungles for excitement?
Climbing mountains, fording streams?
Risking life and limb in London's
Quite enough for me

Pebble-dash to scrape your elbows
Paving slabs to graze your knees
Kerbs and gutters turn your ankles
Quite enough for me

Trucks that thunder down the street
The car that never seems to see
A cyclist or a zebra crossing's
Quite enough for me

And in the park there's stinging nettles
Clawing roses file-barked trees
Dogs and what they leave behind, it's
Quite enough for me

And vicious beasts I 've got as well
A cat that spits and brings in fleas
With spiders prowling round the bath, that's
Quite enough for me

So keep your tigers, sharks, piranhas
I 'll just stay in Palmer's Green
Being bold in our back garden's
Quite enough for me.

By Mick Gowar



In this poem the poet has described all the things he dislikes in life and has presented them as either nasty or dangerous.

1. Make a list of all the things that you dislike or are afraid of.
2. Make a list of all the things that you like or enjoy.

You now have enough material to write two poems.

1. Your first poem may be entitled 'Pet Hates' or 'Quiet Enough For Me'.
2. Your second poem may be entitled 'My Favourite Things' or 'Pleasures'.

Your poems do not have to rhyme but try and get the same number of syllables (beats) in each line. Copy both poems out and put into your files.

The People Upstairs

The people upstairs all practise ballet
Their living room is a bowling alley
Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.
Their radio is louder than yours,
They celebrate week-ends all the week.
When they take a shower, your ceilings lead.
They try to get their parties to mix
By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,
And when their fun at last abates,
They go to the bathroom on roller skates.
I might love the people upstairs more
If only they lived on another floor.

By Ogden Nash.



1. Do you think that the poet admires the people who live in the flat above him or not? Give some reasons for your answer.
2. What sort of person do you think the poet may be?
3. IT is always easier to complain about people than to praise them. Consider the 'people who live upstairs' and write about them in a way that makes them seem pleasant.
4. Write a story about a party which upset the neighbours.
5. Write a poem about the people who live near you. You may write a poem of praise or criticism. Let the title of your poem be 'My Neighbours'.

Where the Wild Thyme Blows



I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over canopied with lush woodbine
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

These words were written by England's most famous poet, William Shakespeare. What sort of place is Shakespeare describing? It may help if you know that the modern word for oxlip is the flower cowslip, woodbine is the sweet smelling shrub honeysuckle, and eglantine is sweet briar (wild rose).

1. Write a paragraph describing the scene as you imagine it to be.
2. Copy out the four lines of Shakespeare's poem and continue it by adding a stanza or two of your own. You could write about details that Shakespeare left out of his poem: or you could write about a place that you know well, for example a den that you may have made in a wood near your home, or a forested area you may have visited or camped on. Try to keep the 'secret' atmosphere that Shakespeare tries to describe.
3. When you are satisfied with your work, illustrate it with drawings of some of the flowers and/or insects which are included in your poem

Spells and Incantations

Here is some more poetry written by William Shakespeare.

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 blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark
Root of hemlock digged in the dark
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of Yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab
Make the gruel thick and slab
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble

Cool it with a baboon's blood
Then the charm is firm and good.

This witches spell has been written as though it were a recipe for a delicious meal, but the ingredients are all horrible.

1. Have fun discussing with your partner which things are most disgusting and horrible for you.
2. Write a list of ingredients for your own witches' cauldron.
3. Either in the form of a recipe, or a poem write a spell for Hallow'een. Work hard at getting the rhythm of your spell right – you should have the same number of beats in a line if you are writing a poem. (Shakespeare chose four heavy beats per line for his. You may wish to do this, or you may prefer five or six heavy beats in each line.)



Snow

No breath of wind,
No gleam of sun –
Still the white snow
Whirls softly down
Twig and bough
And blade and thorn
All in an icy
Quiet, forlorn.
Whispering, rustling,
Through the air
On still and stone,
Roof, - everywhere,



It heaps its powdery
Crystal flakes,
Of every tree
A mountain makes;
'Til pale and faint
At shut of day
Stoops from the West
One wint'ry ray,
And, feathered in fire
Where ghosts the moon,
A robin shrills
His lonely tune.

By Walter de la Mare.

1. Write down all the words you can find which describe the snow falling (verbs).
2. Write down the three words which describe the appearance of the robin.
3. Using your own words describe what happens in the late afternoon.
4. Use your dictionary to find the meanings of the following words:
 - a) gleam
 - b) bough
 - c) forlorn
 - d) sill
 - e) stoops
 - f) shrills
5. Now think about writing your own poem about a storm. Start by dividing a page in your exercise book into three columns as follows: Write the three column headings as shown:

	<u>Rain falling</u>	<u>Wind blowing</u>	<u>Thunder and Lightning</u>
e.g.	trickling splashes torrential	howling whistles hissing	screaming rolling growling.

6. Add another ten or more words of your own to each list.
7. Now think about what each part of your storm is like. You may think that the rain is like a spiteful enemy, or that the thunder is like a monster. Write down as many comparisons as you can for the rain, the wind and the thunder and lightning. These comparisons are called similes and are very useful when writing your own poems.
8. Now try writing a poem entitled 'The Storm' and use as many of the words and comparisons in your lists as you can.
9. When you are satisfied that your poem is as vivid as possible, copy it out neatly and illustrate it.

Before the Paling of the Stars

Before the paling of the stars
 Before the winter morn,
Before the earliest cock crow,
 Jesus Christ was born:
Born in a stable,
 Cradled in a manger,
I n the world his hands had made
 Born a stranger.
Priest and King lay fast asleep
 I n Jerusalem:
Young and old lay fast asleep
 I n crowded Bethlehem;
Saint and angel, ox and ass,
 Kept a watch together
Before the Christmas daybreak
 I n the winter weather.



Jesus on his mother's breast
 I n the stable cold,
Spotless lamb of God was he,
 Shepherd of the fold:
Let us kneel with Mary maid,
 With Joseph bent and hoary,
With saint and angel, ox and ass,
 To hail the King of Glory.

By Christina Rossetti

This is a poem which tells a story – perhaps the most famous story of all time. In your own words tell the story of the poem.

Poems which tell a story are called narrative poems. Choose another story from the Bible and try to write a narrative poem on it. Don't worry about making your poem rhyme but do try to have the same number of beats in each line. Notice that the poet of this narrative poem, Christina Rossetti, decided to vary the number of beats in the lines of her poem. To find out how many number of beats are in 'Before the Paling of the Stars', clap your hands every time there is a heavy beat in each line, and write the number of beats (or claps) you made at the end of each one. Check with your teacher to make sure that you have the correct number, before writing it in pencil.

Lone Dog

I 'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone,
I 'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own!
I 'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon and keep fat souls from sleep.

I 'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them would bide
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail the best,
Wide wind and wild stars and hunger of the quest.

By Irene McLeod

1. Use your dictionary to find the meanings of the following words:
 - a) keen
 - b) cuff
 - c) bide
 - d) lone
 - e) quest
2. Using your own words describe the personality of the dog in this poem
3. What is the dog's opinion of people in general?
4. What is the dog's opinion of other dogs? Write down the words that make you think this.
5. Have a competition in your class to see who can recite this poem in the most vivid way.
6. Imagine that you are another animal, for example, a stray cat, or a horse, or a snake. Write down a list of words that describe you.
7. Now write either a poem or a few paragraphs to describe your appearance and behaviour.
8. Illustrate your work with pictures of yourself as you are described in your poem or paragraphs.



The Lesson

Chaos rule OK in the classroom
As bravely the teacher walked in
The nooligans ignored him
His voice was lost in the din

'The theme for today is violence
and homework will be set
I'm going to teach you a lesson
One that you'll never forget!'

He picked on a boy who was shouting
And throttled him then and there
Then garotted the girl behind him
(the one with the grotty hair)

Then sword in hand he hacked his way
Between the chattering rows
'First come, first severed,' he declared
'fingers, feet or toes.'

The first blast cleared the back row
(where those who skive hang out)
they collapsed like rubber dingies
when the plug's pulled out.

'Please may I leave the room, sir'
a trembling vandal enquired
'Of course you may' said the teacher
put the gun to his temple and fired.

The Head popped a head round the
doorway
To see why a din was being made
Nodded understandingly
Then tossed in a grenade.

And when the ammo was well spent
With blood on every chair
Silence shuffled forward
With its hands up in the air.

The teacher surveyed the carnage
The dying and the dead
He waggled a finger severely
'Now let that be a lesson,' he said.

Roger McGough

Nooligan

I'm a nooligan
don't give a toss
in our class
I'm the boss
(Well, one of them)

I'm a nooligan
got a nard 'ed
step our of line
and your dead
(well, bleeding)

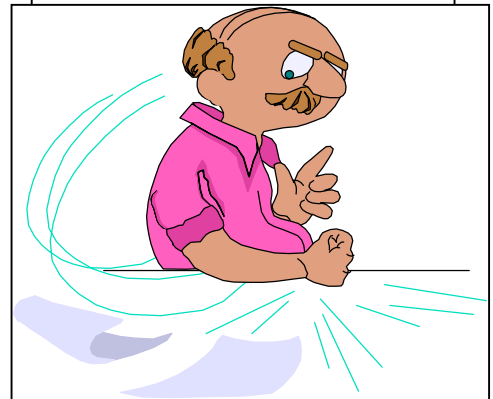
I'm a nooligan
I spray me name
all over town
football's me game
(well watchin)

I'm a nooligan
violence is fun
gonna be a nassassin
or a nired gun
(well, a soldier.)

Streemin

Im in the botom streme
Which meens Im not brighth
Don't like reedin
Cant hardly ryt

But all these divishns
Arnt reely fair
Look at the cemetery
No streemin there



1. Write a poem about life in Newport as though you are a 'nooligan'.
2. Write the story about the naughtiest class in the school. You may wish to think about the following ideas:

The behaviour of bullies,
children shouting and/or crying,
angry teachers,
detention,
the Headteacher's reaction,
complaints from parents.

3. Write your own school report. Comment on: ability, behaviour and attitude.

Fireworks

They rise like sudden fiery flowers
That burst upon the night,
Then fall to earth in burning showers
Of crimson, blue and white.

Like buds too wonderful to name,
Each miracle unfolds
And Catherine wheels begin to flame
Like whirling marigolds.

Rockets and Roman candles make
An orchard of the sky,
Where magic trees their petals shake
Upon each gazing eye.

By James Reeves.



Discussing and writing

- i) To what does the poet compare fireworks to in
 - a) stanza one
 - b) stanza two
 - c) stanza three
- 2) There is something strange and mysterious about fireworks. What **two** words does the poet use to express this strangeness?
- 3) Fireworks are only beautiful for a very short time. What words and expressions are used to suggest this in stanza **one** and stanza **three**?
- 4) Which word best describes the movement of the Catherine Wheel in stanza two?
- 5) Make a list of all the fireworks you have seen in action. Now think about **five** of these separately. Draw columns in your exercise book, with the names of the firework you have chosen at the top. In the column write vivid words to describe:
 - a) the appearance
 - b) the movement
 - c) the sound
 - d) anything to which the firework may be compared.

For example: A Sparkler

Thin	Spitting	Hissing
Yellow	Twisting	Like a burning wand
Glowing	Leaping	Like an angry star
Glittering	Fizzing	Like a witch's spell.

- 6) When you have a list of really good ideas, write a poem about fireworks. Write a separate verse about each firework in your list. Your work does not have to rhyme but it should be full of interesting words and ideas.
- 7) Copy out your work and illustrate it using plenty of colour.

Poems about Autumn



A Autumn Morning in Cambridge

I ran out in the morning, when the air was clean and new
And all the grass was glittering and grey with Autumn
dew,
I ran out to an apple-tree and pulled an apple down,
And all the bells were ringing in the grey old town.

Down in the town, off the bridges and the grass,
They are sweeping up the leaves to let the people pass,
Sweeping up the old leaves, golden-reds and browns,
While the men go to lecture with the wind in their gowns.

By France Cornford.

B Early Morn

When I did wake this morn from sleep,
It seemed I heard birds in a dream;
Then I arose to take the air –
The lovely air that made birds scream;
Just as a green hill launched the ship
Of gold, to take its first clear drop.

And it began its journey then,
As I came forth to take the air,
The timid stars had vanished quite,
The moon was dying with a stare;
Horses and kine, and sheep were seen,
As still as pictures, in fields of green.

It seemed as though I had surprised
And trespassed in a golden world
That should have passed while men still slept!
The joyful birds, the ship of gold,
The horses, kine, and sheep did seem
As though they would vanish for a dream.

By W.H. Davies



- 1) Poems A and B describe two different sorts of places. In your own words describe what kind of place is described in each poem.
- 2) Read Francis Cornford's poem again. You will discover that different colours are used in each of the two stanzas. What are these colours and why did the poet decide to 'paint' her picture this way?
- 3) Read W.H.Davies' poem again carefully. In stanza one he writes '... a green hill launched the ship / Of gold.' What does this mean? Use your own words to explain.

This sort of description is known as a **metaphor**. Look in your dictionary to find the exact meaning of this word and copy the definition into your exercise book.

Now look at the poem again. You will find another metaphor in Stanza two. Copy this metaphor into your exercise book.

- 4) Consider both poems A and B. In which poem is there more movement? Write down the words that convey movement.
- 5) Compare the atmospheres of both poems. What mood do you think the poets were in when they wrote their poems? Refer to each poem separately.
- 6) Write your own poem about Autumn. It may help if you think about the following ideas, and list vivid words or ideas as you are thinking.

The sounds made as you walk through a park or a wooded area: the shades and colours of the world at this time of year; the odours of Autumn a) in the morning b) in early evening; the weather; the landscape in towns and the countryside; the activities of wild creatures; the activities of people; the hills and skies during Autumn.

