

Primary 1 Girls Poem

Run, Run!

Run, run –
Here comes Mum,
She's got porridge in her hair.

Run, run –
Here comes Mum,
She's found the spider on her chair.

Run, run –
Here comes Mum,
And she knows who put it there!

Dave Ward

Primary 1 Boys

I'm Carrying the Baby

Paul was three.

'Look at me,' he said,

'look at me

I'm carrying the baby.

Look at me

look at me

I'm carrying the baby.'

'Oh,' said Paul,

'look at me

I've dropped the baby.'

Michael Rosen

Primary 2 Girls Poem.

As Tasty as a Picnic

As salty as the sea,
As crunchy as the sand,
My banana sandwich
is curling in my hand.

As soft as the sun,
As sweet as a grin,
My vanilla ice cream
is dripping down my chin.

Celia Warren

Primary 2 Boys Poem

In Trouble Again

Will you PLEASE
stop sniffing and blow your nose
tidy your things away
and hang up your clothes!
Please do something useful
like cleaning the hamster's cage
but most of all, Dad,
PLEASE just act your age!

Susan Quinn

The Snowman

Once there was a snowman
Stood outside the door
Thought he'd like to come inside
And run around the floor;
Thought he'd like to warm himself
By the firelight red;
Thought he'd like to climb up
On that big white bed.
So he called the North Wind, 'Help me now, I pray.
I'm completely frozen, standing here all day.'
So the North Wind came along and blew him in the door,
And now there's nothing left of him
But a puddle on the floor!

Anon

Primary 3. Girls Poem

Sounds

The tiniest sound in the world must be
a little green caterpillar eating his tea.

The spookiest sound in the world must be
a ghost singing songs in a hollow tree.

The noisiest sound in the world must be
thunder pushing mountains into the sea.

The happiest sound in the world must be
our baby chuckling when she plays with me!

Irene Rawnsley

Words

5...GIRLS P3

5...GIRLS P3

Primary 4 Girls Poem

It's Only the Storm

'What's that creature that rattles the roof?'
'Hush, it's only the storm.'

'What's blowing the tiles and branches off?'
'Hush, it's only the storm.'

'What's riding the sky like a wild white horse,
Flashing its teeth and stamping its hooves?'

'Hush, my dear, it's only the storm,
Racing the darkness till it catches the dawn.
Hush, my dear, it's only the storm.
When you wake in the morning, it will be gone.'

David Greygoose

Primary 4 Boys Poem

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.
Whence magic trees their petals shake
Upon each gazing eye.

James Reeves

Primary 5 Girls Poem
Where Do All the Teachers Go?

Where do all the teachers go
When it's four o'clock?
Do they live in houses
And do they wash their socks?

Do they wear pyjamas
And do they watch TV?
And do they pick their noses
The same as you and me?

Do they live with other people.
Have they mums and dads?
And were they ever children
And were they ever bad?

Did they ever, never spell right
Did they ever make mistakes?
Were they punished in the corner
If they pinched the chocolate flakes?

Did they ever lose their hymn books
Did they ever leave their greens?
Did they scribble on the desk tops
Did they wear old dirty jeans?

I'll follow one back home today
I'll find out what they do
Then I'll put it in a poem
That they can read to you.

Peter Dixon

Primary 5 Boys Poem

Santa Claws

I don't know why they're blaming me
When all I did was climb a tree
And bat a shiny silver ball.
How could I know the tree would fall?
And when those silly lights went out
They didn't have to scream and shout
And turf me out and shut the door.
Now no one loves me any more.
I'm in the kitchen by myself
But wait! What's on that high-up shelf?
A lovely turkey, big and fat!
How nice! They *do* still love their cat.

Julia Donaldson

Primary 6 Girls Poem.

In Grandma's Kitchen

She lets me chop
mint leaves to make
mint sauce: I do it so fine –
chop, chop on the breadboard –
we end up with a sort of
delicious green mud;

and she lets me peel
and core bramleys for apple pies:
sometimes I trim the pastry –
trim, trim with a bright knife –
then edge it round with a neat
fork so it looks like a small
bird's been walking the rim;

then I stir the custard
yellower and yellower;
and grandad comes in smiling
from the garden – it's a nice
slow Sunday; Blackie wags
his Sunday-best tail
and we all tuck in.

Matt Simpson

P6 Boys

Football Training

Monday

Practised heading the ball:

Missed it – nudded the neighbours' wall.

Tuesday

Perfected my sideline throw:

Fell in the mud – forgot to let go!

Wednesday

Worked on my penalty kick:

A real bruiser – my toe met a brick.

Thursday

Gained stamina – went for a jog:

Ran round in circles – lost in the fog!

Friday

Developed my tactical play:

Tackled the goal post – it got in the way.

Saturday

Exercised – twenty-eight press-ups:

Did pull a muscle – but no major mess-ups.

Sunday

At last – the day of the match!

Came through it all without a scratch.

The ref was amazed how I kept my nerve;

He agreed it's not easy to be the reserve!