



SET POEMS FOR 2024

SD1 SET POEM - 6 YEARS AND UNDER – BOYS

After a Bath

After my bath
I try, try, try
to wipe myself
till I'm dry, dry, dry.
Hands to wipe
and fingers and toes
and two wet legs
and a shiny nose.
Just think how much
less time I'd take
if I were a dog
and could shake, shake, shake.

SD2 SET POEM 6 YEARS AND UNDER – GIRLS

MISTER BUTCHER BIRD

Please,
Mr Butcher-bird,
What have you got
To-day?
Can I have some roast beef?
What is that
You say?
Only got a caterpillar?
Not a mutton-chop?
No,
Mr Butcher-bird,
I'll have to change
My shop!

SD3 SET POEM -7 YEARS – BOYS

SKY DRAGON By John Foster

I am Sky-Dragon,
Lord of the Thunder.
When I bellow and roar,
Clouds tear asunder.

When I raise my claw,
The pouring rain
Cascades from the sky
Flooding valley and plain.

When I lash my tail,
The howling gales
Snap the masts of ships
And shred their sails.

When I breathe my fire,
Zigzag stripes
Flash through the sky
As the lightning strikes.

I am Sky-Dragon,
When you hear me roar,
Fasten your windows
And bolt the door!

SD4 SET POEM - 7 YEARS – GIRLS

Ballet Lesson

They've sent me to ballet,
Yes honestly – me!
With two left feet
And a graze on my knee,
They've given me pink shoes,
All satin and smooth,
I'd prefer trainers,
But I couldn't choose.
My leotard is mauve,
I look like a plum.
Ballet's not a good idea
And I wish I hadn't come.

SD5 SET POEM - 8 YEARS – BOYS

A Dragon In The Classroom

By Charles Thomson

There's a dragon in the classroom:
Its body is a box,
Its head's a plastic waste bin,
Its eyes are broken clocks,

Its legs are cardboard tubes,
Its claws are toilet rolls,
Its tongue's my Dad's old tie
(that's why it's full of holes).

“Oh, what a lovely dragon,”
Our teacher smiled and said.
“You *are* a pretty dragon,”
She laughed and stroked its head.

“Oh no, I'm not,” he snorted
SNAP! SNAP! he moved his jaw
And chased our screaming teacher

SD6 SET POEM - 8 YEARS – GIRLS

The Supply Teacher
Allan Ahlberg

Here's the rule for what to do
If ever your teacher has the flu
Or for some other reason takes to her bed
And a different teacher comes instead

When the visiting teacher hangs up her hat
Writes the date on the board, does this or that
Always remember, you have to say this,
OUR teacher never does that, Miss!

When you want to change places or wander about
Or feel like getting the guinea pig out
Never forget, the message is this,
OUR teacher always lets us, Miss!

Then, when your teacher returns next day
And complains about the paint or clay
Remember these words, you just say this:
That OTHER teacher told us to, Miss!

SD7 SET POEM - 9 YEARS – BOYS

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED OF CHICKENS BY JACK PRELUTSKY

Last night I dreamed of chickens,
There were chickens everywhere,
They were standing on my stomach,
They were nesting in my hair,
They were pecking at my pillow,
They were hopping on my head,
They were ruffling up their feathers
As they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and tables,
They were on the chandeliers,
They were roosting in the corners,
They were clucking in my ears,
There were chickens, chickens, chickens
For as far as I could see...
When I woke today, I noticed
There were eggs on top of me.

SD9 SET POEM - 9 YEARS – GIRLS

THE MAGIC WORLD OF BOOKS

Books are like wonderful magicians
Weaving enchantment and spells,
With them we can travel anywhere
To where the unexpected dwells.
With a wave of their wands of words
They can conjure such mystery
As they place us in magical worlds
From the future or history.
We meet people to love or hate,
We are puzzled, or scared or thrilled,
Will our brave hero escape the danger,
Will the lovely heroine be killed?
They fill us with laughter and pleasure,
We join giants or mermaids or spooks;
Long may the magic still take us
Into the wonderful world of books.

SD9 SET POEM - 10 YEARS – BOYS

Ben

Ben's done something really bad,
He's forged a letter from his dad.
He's scrawled:

Dear Miss,
Please let Ben be
Excused this week from all P.E.
He's got a bad cold in his chest
And so I think it might be best
If he throughout this week could be
Excused from doing all P.E.
I hope my ~~wright~~ writing's
not too bad.
Yours sincerely,
(signed) Ben's Dad.

Colin West

SD 10 SET POEM - 10 YEARS – GIRLS

HUFF By Wendy Cope

I am in a tremendous huff –
Really, really bad.
It isn't any ordinary huff –
It's one of the best I've had.

I plan to keep it up for a month
Or maybe for a year
And you needn't think you can make me smile
Or talk to you. No fear.

I can do without you and her and them –
Too late to make amends.
I'll think some deep thoughts on my own for a while,
Then find some better friends.

And they'll be wise and kind and good
And bright enough to see
That they should behave with proper respect
Towards somebody like me.

I do like being in a huff –
Cold fury is so heady.
I've been like this for half an hour
And it's cheered me up already.

Perhaps I'll give them another chance,
Now I'm feeling stronger
But they'd better watch out – my next big huff
Could last much, much, much longer.

SD11 SET POEM 11 YEARS – BOYS

The Viper

Inside the Lighthouse Jellybone
Old Jim the keeper sat alone
The waves were high, the stars were dim
And spirits seemed to call to him,
“Be sure to watch the Jellybone light
Or sailors’ ghosts will rise tonight!”

And then a voice cried, “Keeper Jim!
I am the *viper*, let me in!
I’d gladly serve you evermore,
If only you’d unlock this door!”

Now Keeper Jim was brave and bold
But that strange voice had turned him cold
“Please go away from here!” he stammered
And still the *viper* bashed and hammered,
“I am the *viper*, let me through
For I’ve a special job to do
I’d gladly serve you evermore
If only you’d unlock this door!”

Jim closed his eyes, he prayed, he cried,
“Oh save me from that thing outside!”
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed
And still the *viper* hammered and bashed
The door collapsed in all the din
And then a stranger wandered in . . .

“I am the *viper*,” the stranger piped,
“Do you *vant* your *windows viped*?”

Doug MacLeod

SD12 SET POEM 11 YEARS – GIRLS

A FEATHER FROM AN ANGEL

Anton's box of treasures held
a silver key and a glassy stone,
a figurine made of polished bone
and a feather from an angel.

The figurine was from Borneo,
the stone from France or Italy,
the silver key was a mystery
but the feather came from an angel.

We might have believed him if he'd said
the feather fell from a bleached white crow
but he always replied, "It's an angel's, I know,
a feather from an angel."

We might have believed him if he'd said,
"An albatross let the feather fall,"
But he had no doubt, no doubt at all,
his feather came from an angel.

"I thought I'd dreamt him one night," he'd say,
"But in the morning I knew he'd been there;
he left a feather on my bedside chair,
a feather from an angel."

And it seems that all my life I've looked
for that sort of belief that nothing could shift,
something simple yet precious as Anton's gift,
a feather from an angel.

I Am a Toilet Roll Holder

For Sukey

I am a toilet-roll holder.
I live inside your loo,
And hold the toilet paper
To make things nice for you.

I like it when there's Sorbent;
It's nice and soft and firm.
But I hate the really cheap stuff —
It makes me itch and squirm.

The very worst thing about my job
Is when the paper's gone.
Someone takes the last piece,
But leaves the cardboard on!

I have to sit there shivering,
And you know what they do?
They sneak their toilet paper
From the basket in the loo!

I sit there waiting all alone
For somebody to come
And put on a new roll of paper.
(And usually it's Mum).

So all you toilet-roll holders,
Sound the message, clear and strong —
If you use the last bit of paper,
Then put a new roll on!

KYLIE WESTON SCHEUBER

SD14 SET POEM 12 YEARS – GIRLS

The Haircut

I went to the hairdresser yesterday.
Mum said my hair's getting too long.
I started to run but she grabbed me,
And darn it, my mother is strong!

The hairdresser wasn't much older than me,
And her hair was the colour of vomit.
When we got there she looked at my poor little head,
Then got something out of the closet.

The thing she pulled out was a terrible sight —
It looked like a pair of sheep shears.
It made such a deafening buzz and I felt it
Come dangerously close to my ears.

As she finished, I looked up and saw to my horror
That something was terribly wrong.
There was just a small tuft on the top of my head,
And the rest of my hair was all gone!

I screamed and I yelled till the hairdresser started to
Cry. I was really appalled
When everyone crowded round comforting *her*.
She wasn't the one who was bald!

I wanted to stay home and not go to school
But I have to, so my mother said.
So I guess I'll just wear this ridiculous cap,
Till I grow some hair back on my head!

KYLIE WESTON SCHEUBER

SD 15 SET POEM 13 YEARS – BOYS

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

St. George looked at the dragon
And much to his surprise,
He noticed that the dragon
Had large appealing eyes.
“Pardon me,” said brave St George
“I hear you’re cruel and sly.”
“Oh no, not me,” the dragon said
“I wouldn’t hurt a fly”.
“I’ve come to slay you,” said St.George
“And save the maiden fair
That you have captured, and no doubt
Imprisoned in your lair.”
“I used to be both cruel and sly,
Of that there is no doubt,”
Replied the dragon, “but not now,
My fire has all burnt out.
The maiden you have come to save
Has made a pet of me.
She takes me walkies on a lead
And feeds me cups of tea.
So if you want to do brave deeds
The like of which I’ve read,
Please take the maiden home with you,
And so save me instead.”
By Finola Akister.

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.

SD17 SET POEM – 14/15 YEARS – BOYS

The Final Straw

By Steve Turner

I hit my sister.
My dad got mad.

Dad said, "Get right in your bed . Now."
So I did. I got right in.
I slit open the mattress
With a sharpened blade
and I slid right in.
It was a tight fit
between those springs
So Dad said, "That's destructive.
Stay in your room. And don't you dare come out."
So I did.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday.
I stayed in my room.
I got lonely. And hungry.

So Dad said, "Come down here
and eat some food.
Now you eat everything. You hear?"
So I did.
I ate the egg, the chips and the beans.
The plate, the knife, the fork.
The Table.

So Dad said, "You've gone too far.
You make me sick to death."
So I picked up the 'phone.
I called an ambulance.
"Come quickly. My Dad's sick...
How sick? Sick to death."
The sound of sirens
soon filled the street.
They carried Dad off on a stretcher.
They had to strap him down
to stop him struggling.

So Dad said, "That's the final straw!"
(But it wasn't.
There was a spare one
stuck onto a carton of fruit juice
in the fridge.)

SD18 SET POEM – 14/15 YEARS – GIRLS

A SONNET FOR SHAKESPEARE

To be or not to be a Shakespeare fan,
For words to him were something rich and strange,
Such stuff as dreams were conjured by this man
Who worked to show us all the world's a stage.
When in the winter of our discontent,
Or when midsummer madness overtakes,
We can enjoy a feast of language yet,
For we know Shakespeare truly was born great.
He told us music is the food of love,
And then that all that glisters is not gold,
His muse of fire is certainly enough
To give us jewels of the soul to hold.
If we don't value his rich legacy
Truly oh lord what fools we mortals be!

SD19 SET POEM – 16/18 YEARS – BOYS

The Thong By Col Wilson

Let's talk about the icons that are worshipped by us Aussies.
Akubra hats, the Opera house, meat pies, Speedo Cossies.
Some would say our icon is that famous Waltzing song,
I reckon that it's something else. I reckon it's the thong.

I've thought a thousand thoughts of thongs, and I think that the thong,
Is more an Aussie icon, than the swagman's billabong.
Just as real men don't eat quiche, the dinkum Aussie male,
Will wear his dinkum Aussie thong, come rain, or sleet, or hail.

You can keep your Nikes and Reeboks. It's the thong that should be put,
With Aussie pride and dignity, on every Aussie foot.
I'm going to start a business. Like Bond, I can't go wrong,
I'll market it throughout the world, as Blues designer thong.

A thong for each occasion. It's just sound commonsense
To make a tough, all purpose thong, to wear to all events.
Simple, sturdy, comfortable, my Blue's designer thong,
Will let the foot breathe evenly, and dissipate the pong.

It's good for killing blow flies on the barbecue or stove,
And its great for crushing garlic, Just belt it on the clove,
And wipe the garlic laden thong on chicken, beef, or pork,
Inhale the pure aroma of that garlic when you walk.

A thong for early evening, to wear with hipster tights,
I can see the jingle in my mind, as though it were in lights.

LETTER SENT ON EARTH DAY

Dear All,

This is a letter from me – your Earth.

For millions of years since my turbulent birth

I've been a good friend to all kinds of things,

Creatures with legs, birds with wings,

Plants and jungles, flowers and trees,

Deserts and lakes, mountains and streams.

At top and bottom I glisten with cold,

My sunny middle is green and gold,

In amazing beauty I've always been dressed,

And I've tried to offer you all my best.

I've given you food and kept you warm,

Just let off steam with occasional storm.

But then I started to cough in the air

Clogging my lungs with filth that was there.

My temperature rose, I started to sweat,

You began to strip me- I cried- but yet

You carried on abusing, hurting me,

With no thought for what my future might be.

So now I ask you to open loving arms,

Turning your back on what scars and harms,

Give me a hug that shows that you care

And think about how you can keep me here,

For my recovery depends on you

And what tending to all that I offer can do.

This is my message – value its worth

Yours very sincerely – and hopefully,

Earth.