

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

100 Brilliant Poems for Children

Written by

Paul Cookson

Published by

Pan Macmillan

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk



First published 2016 by Macmillan Children's Books
an imprint of Pan Macmillan
20 New Wharf Road, London N1 9RR
Associated companies throughout the world
www.panmacmillan.com

ISBN 978-1-5098-2416-8

This collection copyright © Paul Cookson 2016

The right of Paul Cookson to be identified as the compiler of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Pan Macmillan does not have any control over, or any responsibility for, any author or third-party websites referred to in or on this book.

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Contents

Introduction		xiii
Let No One Steal Your Dreams	*Paul Cookson*	1
My Colours	*Colin West*	2
A Morning Song	*Eleanor Farjeon*	4
Slithering Silver	*Liz Brownlee*	5
To Make a Prairie	*Emily Dickinson*	6
For Every Thing There Is a Season	From *Ecclesiastes*	7
Conquer	*Joseph Coelho*	8
There Will Come Soft Rains	*Sara Teasdale*	9
The Apple Raid	*Vernon Scannell*	10
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening	*Robert Frost*	12
Den to Let	*Gareth Owen*	13
Lone Mission	*Peter Dixon*	16
The River	*Valerie Bloom*	17
Nation's Ode to the Coast	*John Cooper Clarke*	18
With the Waterfalls	*Matt Goodfellow*	20
Song of the Iceberg	*Billy Bragg*	21
No Man Is an Island	*John Donne*	22
Changed	*Dave Calder*	23
I Hope I Always	*Nigel Stonier*	24
The Night Mail	*W. H. Auden*	26
From a Railway Carriage	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	28
The Magic of the Mind	*Clive Webster*	29

What Will I Put in My Suitcase When I Go to Visit the Stars?	*Chrissie Gittins*	31
The Magic of the Brain	*Jenny Joseph*	32
A Feather from an Angel	*Brian Moses*	34
Angels	*Jan Dean*	35
The Dragon Who Ate Our School	*Nick Toczek*	36
Evidence of a Dragon	*Pie Corbett*	39
The Long Grass	*Stephen Knight*	42
Home	*Martin Stephenson*	45
My Mother Smells . . .	*Stewart Henderson*	46
Tank Park Salute	*Billy Bragg*	47
Daddy Fell into the Pond	*Alfred Noyes*	48
Gran Can You Rap?	*Jack Ousbey*	49
My Gran	*Moira Andrew*	51
I Remember, I Remember	*Thomas Hood*	53
A Girl	*Rachel Rooney*	55
Best Friends	*Bernard Young*	56
Class Photograph	*Julia Donaldson*	57
Mister Moore	*David Harmer*	59
Please Mrs Butler	*Allan Ahlberg*	61
Teacher	*Carol Ann Duffy*	62
Geography Lesson	*Brian Patten*	63
Do You Know My Teacher?	*John Rice*	64
I Think My Teacher's Wonderful	*Graham Denton*	66
This Is Our School	*Paul Cookson, Stan Cullimore and Henry Priestman*	67

Word of a Lie	*Jackie Kay*	69
Secret	*John Agard*	71
Our Tree	*David Harmer*	72
Timothy Winters	*Charles Causley*	73
Four O'Clock Friday	*John Foster*	75
The Things Around You	*Pie Corbett*	76
Adult Fiction	*Ian McMillan*	77
Everything Touches	*Roger McGough*	79
Reading the Classics	*Brian Patten*	80
Take a Poem	*James Carter*	81
I Like Words	*Steve Turner*	83
The Sound Collector	*Roger McGough*	85
Forbidden Poem	*Tony Mitton*	87
Some Favourite Words	*Richard Edwards*	88
Wurd Up	*Martin Glynn*	89
What a Poem's Not	*John Hegley*	92
We Are the Writers	*Paul Cookson*	94
Thought Cloud	*Matt Goodfellow*	96
List of Lists	*Roger Stevens*	97
The Magic Box	*Kit Wright*	98
The Land of Story-books	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	99
How Many?	*Christina Rossetti*	101
I Do as Simon Says	*Celia Warren*	102
The Mouse and the Lion	*Julia Donaldson*	103
Walking with My Iguana	*Brian Moses*	105
from I Think I Could Turn and Live with Animals	*Walt Whitman*	108
The Eagle	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	109
Let There Be Peace	*Lemn Sissay*	110

If—	*Rudyard Kipling*	111
People Equal	*James Berry*	113
Body Talk	*Benjamin Zephaniah*	114
Give Yourself a Hug	*Grace Nichols*	116
If I Could Choose	*Stan Cullimore*	117
Future Masterpiece	*Adisa*	119
Think Big	*Breis*	121
May You Always	*Paul Cookson*	123
Jabberwocky	*Lewis Carroll*	124
Fire Burn, and Cauldron Bubble	*William Shakespeare*	126
Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth	*Pam Ayres*	127
The Lion and Albert	*Marriott Edgar*	129
The Door	*Miroslav Holub*	132
Leisure	*W. H. Davies*	133
Jerusalem	*William Blake*	134
Christmas Market	*Mike Harding*	135
Nativity in 20 Seconds	*Coral Rumble*	136
The Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	137
In Flanders Fields	*John McCrae*	139
The Soldier	*Rupert Brooke*	140
Dulce et Decorum Est	*Wilfred Owen*	141
Where the River Meets the Sea	*Michael McDermott*	143
It's Hard to Be Humble (When You Look as Good as Me)	*Ian W. Brown, Simon Johnson and Henry Priestman*	145

A Smile *Jez Alborough* 147
We Just a Come *Adisa* 148
The Affirmation *Miles Hunt* 150

Handy Hints and Starting Points
for Reading, Writing and Performing 153
Brian Moses 154
David Harmer 156
Jan Dean 158
Paul Cookson 160
Coral Rumble 163

Index of First Lines 167
Index of Poets 171
Acknowledgements 175

Let No One Steal Your Dreams

Let no one steal your dreams
Let no one tear apart
The burning of ambition
That fires the drive inside your heart

Let no one steal your dreams
Let no one tell you that you can't
Let no one hold you back
Let no one tell you that you won't

Set your sights and keep them fixed
Set your sights on high
Let no one steal your dreams
Your only limit is the sky

Let no one steal your dreams
Follow your heart
Follow your soul
For only when you follow them
Will you feel truly whole

Set your sights and keep them fixed
Set your sights on high
Let no one steal your dreams
Your only limit is the sky

Paul Cookson

My Colours

These are
My colours,
One by one:

Red –
The poppies
Where I run.

Orange –
Summer's
Setting sun.

Yellow –
Farmers'
Fields of corn.

Green –
The clover
On my lawn.

Blue –
The sea
Where fishes spawn.

Violet –
The dancing
Heather.

A rainbow
They make
All together.

Colin West

A Morning Song

For the First Day of Spring

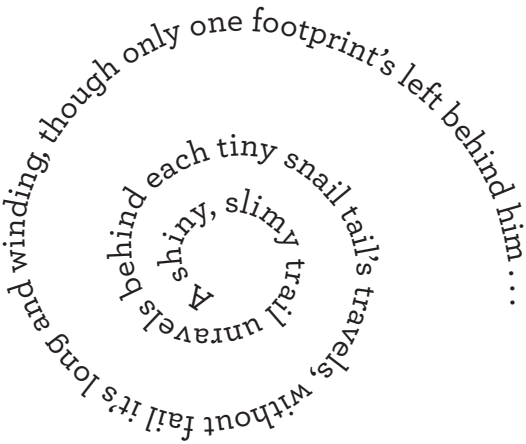
Morning has broken
Like the first morning,
Blackbird has spoken
Like the first bird.
Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
From the first Word.

Sweet the rain's new fall
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dewfall
In the first hour.
Praise for the sweetness
Of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness
From the first shower.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
Born of the one light
Eden saw play.
Praise with elation,
Praise every morning
Spring's re-creation
Of the First Day!

Eleanor Farjeon

Slithering Silver



Liz Brownlee

To Make a Prairie

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee,
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.

Emily Dickinson

For Every Thing There Is a Season

For every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.

From *Ecclesiastes*

Conquer

Five children clasping mittens
could not hug the entire trunk.
Whole hands could hide in the folds of its bark.
James, the tallest boy in class,
could sit on a root,
his feet would not touch the ground.

Every classroom faced the playground,
every child could see the tree.
Leaves beckoning.
Conkers swelling.

As the bells rang
we'd march to the tree,
sticks in hand,
eyes fixed on the mace-like horse chestnuts.
Green spikes hungry to prick
our minds obsessed by the jewels within.

Joseph Coelho

There Will Come Soft Rains

There will come soft rains and the smell of
the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools, singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Sara Teasdale

The Apple Raid

Darkness came early, though not yet cold;
Stars were strung on the telegraph wires;
Street lamps spilled pools of liquid gold;
The breeze was spiced with garden fires.

That smell of burnt leaves, the early dark,
Can still excite me but not as it did
So long ago when we met in the Park –
Myself, John Peters and David Kidd.

We moved out of town to the district where
The lucky and wealthy had their homes
With garages, gardens, and apples to spare
Ripely clustered in the trees' green domes.

We chose the place we meant to plunder
And climbed the wall and dropped down to
The secret dark. Apples crunched under
Our feet as we moved through the grass and dew.

The clusters on the lower boughs of the tree
Were easy to reach. We stored the fruit
In pockets and jerseys until all three
Boys were heavy with their tasty loot.

Safe on the other side of the wall
We moved back to town and munched as we went.
Wonder if David remembers at all
That little adventure, the apples' fresh scent?

Strange to think that he's fifty years old,
That tough little boy with scabs on his knees;
Stranger to think that John Peters lies cold
In an orchard in France beneath apple trees.

Vernon Scannell

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

Den to Let

To let
One self-contained
Detached den.
Accommodation is compact
Measuring one yard square.
Ideal for two eight-year-olds
Plus one small dog
Or two cats
Or six gerbils.
Accommodation consists of:
One living room
Which doubles as kitchen
Bedroom
Entrance-hall
Dining room
Dungeon
Space capsule
Pirate boat
Covered wagon
Racing car
Palace
Aeroplane
Junk-room
And lookout post.
Property is southward facing
And can be found
Within a short walking distance
Of the back door

At bottom of garden.
Easily found in the dark
By following the smell
Of old cabbages and tea bags.
Convenient escape routes
Past rubbish dump
To Seager's Lane
Through hole in hedge,
Or into next door's garden;
But beware of next door's rhinoceros
Who sometimes thinks he's a poodle.
Construction is of
Sound corrugated iron
And roof doubles as shower
During rainy weather.
Being partially underground,
Den makes
A particularly effective hiding place
When in a state of war
With older sisters
Brothers
Angry neighbours
Or when you simply want to be alone.
Some repair work needed
To north wall
Where Mr Spence's foot came through
When planting turnips last Thursday.
With den go all contents
Including:
One carpet – very smelly

One teapot – cracked
One woolly penguin –
No beak and only one wing
One unopened tin
Of sultana pud
One hundred and three *Beanos*
Dated 1983–1985
And four *Rupert* annuals.
Rent is free
The only payment being
That the new occupant
Should care for the den
In the manner to which it has been accustomed
And on long summer evenings
Heroic songs of days gone by
Should be loudly sung
So that old and glorious days
Will never be forgotten.

Gareth Owen