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opening extract from

Revolting Poems to make you Squirm

written by

Susie Gibbs

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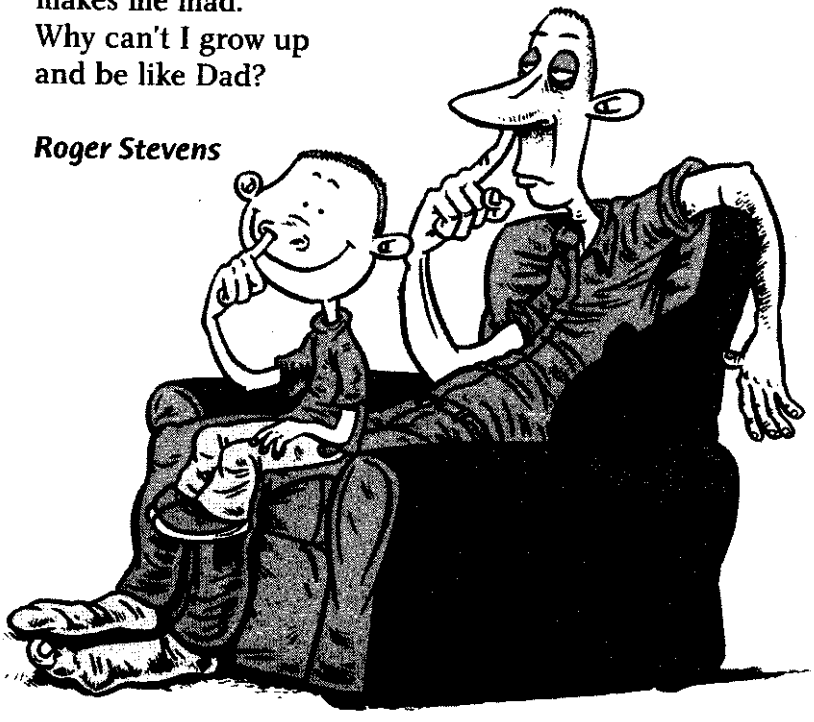
Bad Habits

Don't pick your nose,
it isn't polite
and God didn't give us nails
to bite.

Don't scratch your bum.
Don't slurp your tea.
I want you to grow up
and be like me.

Sometimes Mum
makes me mad.
Why can't I grow up
and be like Dad?

Roger Stevens





Pond Vampire

I am leech

I reach
every inch of the pond
vacuum blood
suck life
from whatever moves
I can eat worms whole

but

soft bodies are
what I love most
some flesh to cling on to
some flesh to shrink small
while my corpulent length
swells and swells





I slither

from under stones
dense curtains of plants
and move
looping the loop
till I spot a fat morsel
and strike

Can you

hear their weak whimpers
their small helpless screams
as I lock them
in watery depths?
There's no shaking me off
I am Parasite Number One

I am leech

Patricia Leighton



Green

How ghastly is
the colour green.
A colour sick.
A colour mean.

Think of cabbage.
Stink of sprouts.
Grotty teeth.
Snotty snouts.

Stagnant water
deep and rank.
Slime-mossed walls,
dark and dank.

Think of foul and
furry mould
creeping over
food grown old.

Spinach slop with
gravy on it
really makes me
want to vomit.

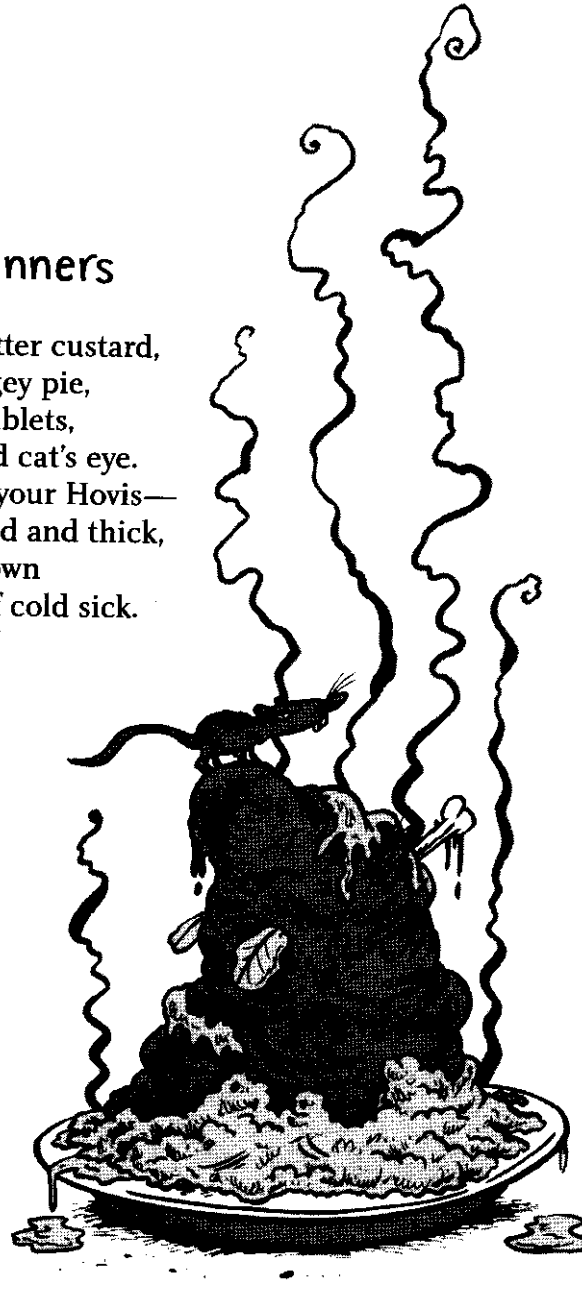
Bilious lettuce.
Runner beans.
Don't ask me to
eat my greens!

Ann Bonner

School Dinners

Scab and matter custard,
Snot and bogey pie,
Dead dog's giblets,
And squashed cat's eye.
Spread it on your Hovis—
Spread it good and thick,
Wash it all down
With a cup of cold sick.

Anon.



What Class Four Fear the Most

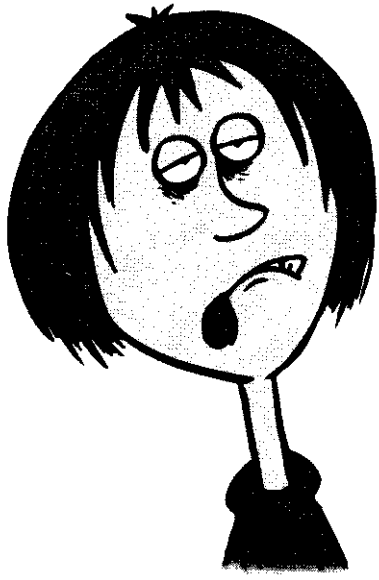
We wish our teacher
Would not push
His pencil in his ear.

Not the sharp bit
But the blunt bit
It's the moment we all fear.

He wiggles it
He jiggles it
Turns it round and round.

Then pulls it out
With a squidgy slurp
And looks at what he's found.

Sometimes it's runny
Like golden honey
Dripping down his tie.



Or brown as coffee
Like sticky toffee
Crusty like a pie.

First he sniffs it
Then he licks it
Wipes it on his sleeve.

Then uses it
To mark our sums
It makes our stomachs heave.

David Harmer



Picking

Spots
Toes
Scabs
Nose
Picking's all the rage.
Just when no one's looking
Is a skill that comes with age.

Daphne Kitching