For children and staff at
Step Academy schools, Hailsham –
Hawkes Farm, Phoenix, Burfield & White House –
where it is my privilege to be their
Patron of Reading – B.M.

For Elizabeth – M.E.

BRIAN MOSES

ON POETRY STREET



ILLUSTRATED BY

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Welcome to Poetry Street

So, you want to write poetry . . .

First of all, let's try this simple test:

- Do you like stringing words together to see what they look like and what they sound like?
- Do you have rhythms dancing in your head as you drift through the day?
- Do you get told that you're a dreamer and that you should keep your feet on the ground?
- Do you find yourself bursting with creative ideas when you're in the supermarket, standing in a bus queue or trying to get to sleep at night?
- Do you rhyme all the time while your feet tap a beat?

If you answered YES to all or most of these questions then you're pretty much hooked on words.

On Poetry Street contains 52 poems, one for any week of the year, which can all serve as springboards to writing your own poetry.

Now – together – let's take a walk down Poetry Street!



On Poetry Street

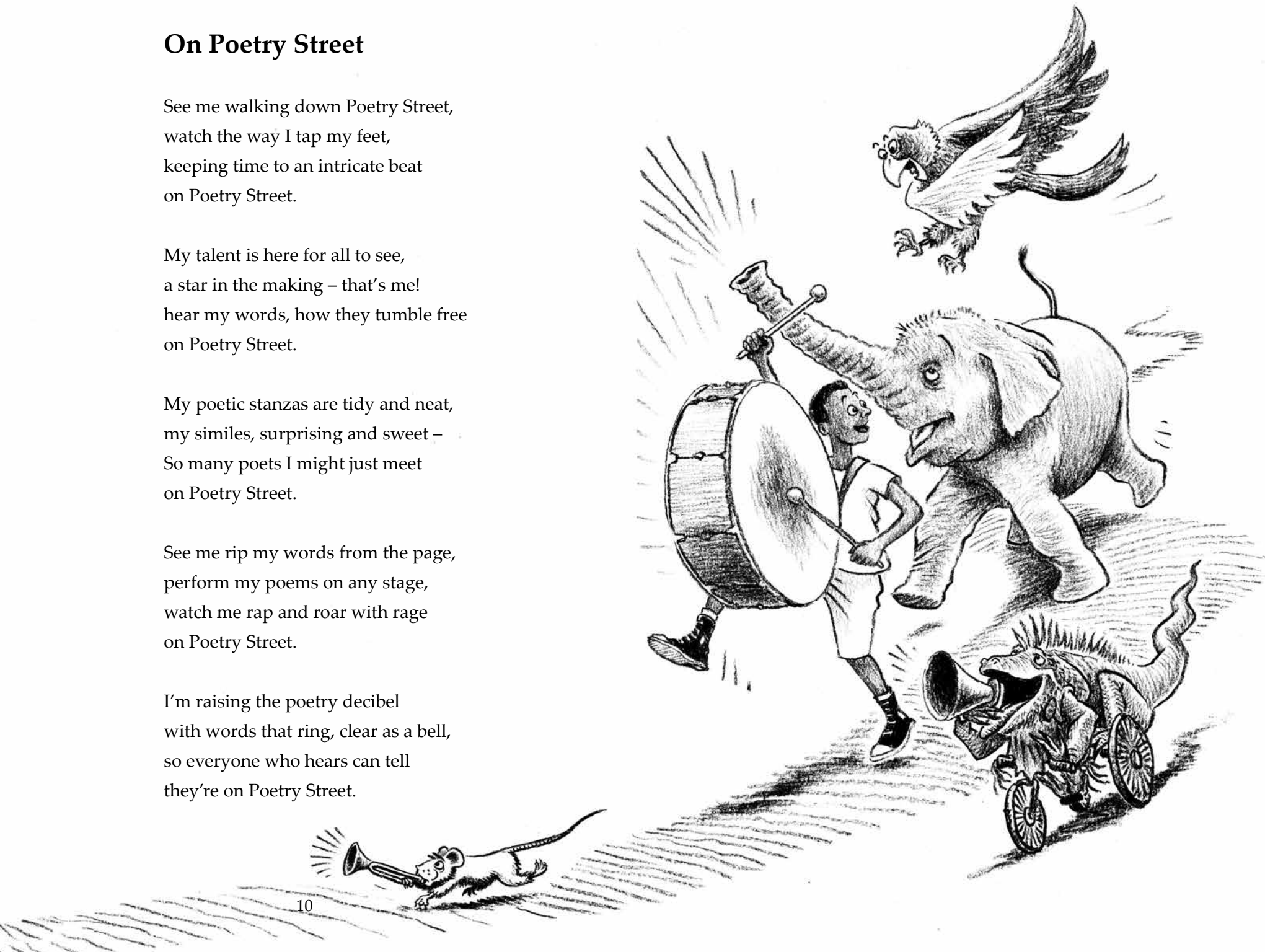
See me walking down Poetry Street,
watch the way I tap my feet,
keeping time to an intricate beat
on Poetry Street.

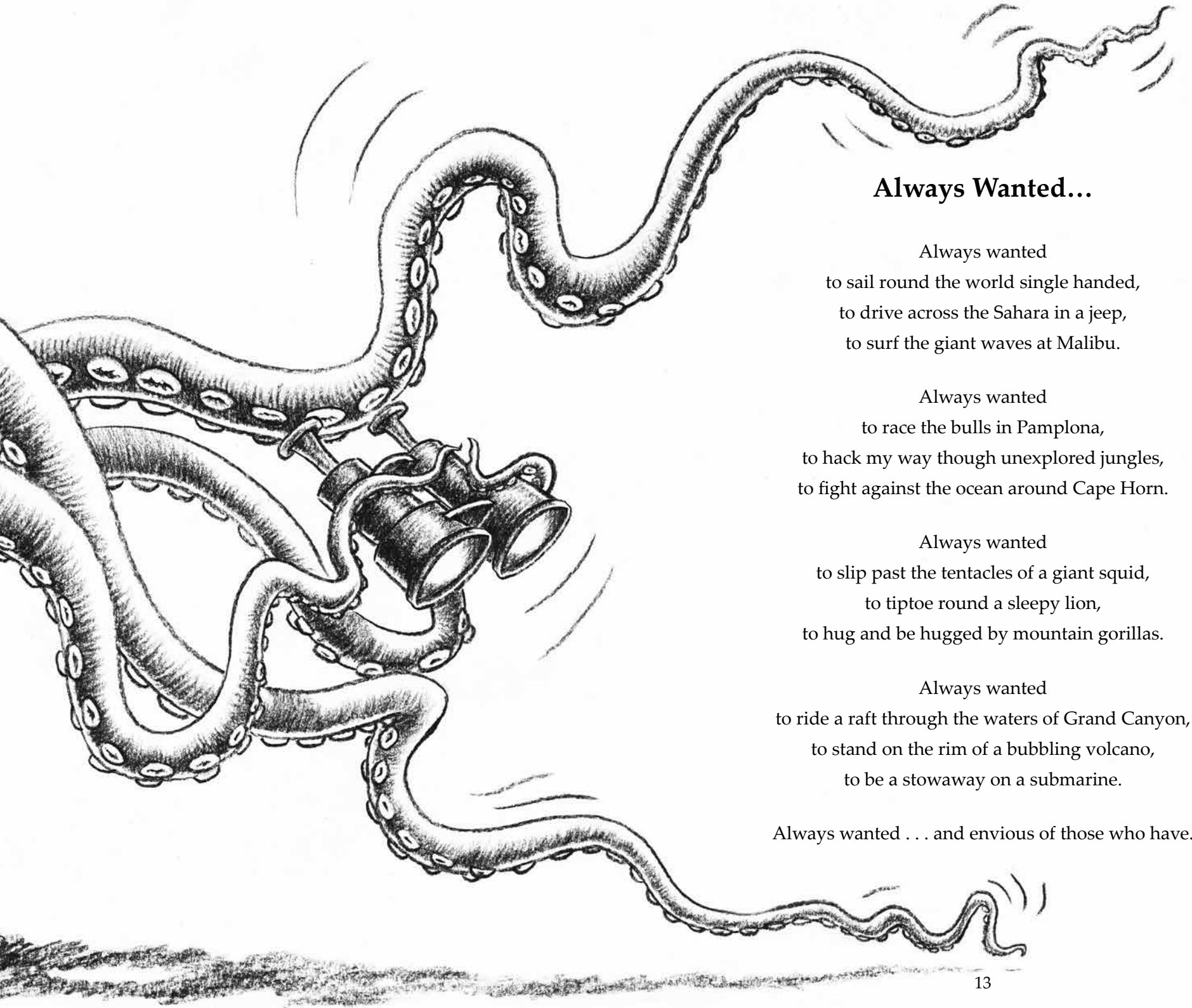
My talent is here for all to see,
a star in the making – that's me!
hear my words, how they tumble free
on Poetry Street.

My poetic stanzas are tidy and neat,
my similes, surprising and sweet –
So many poets I might just meet
on Poetry Street.

See me rip my words from the page,
perform my poems on any stage,
watch me rap and roar with rage
on Poetry Street.

I'm raising the poetry decibel
with words that ring, clear as a bell,
so everyone who hears can tell
they're on Poetry Street.





Always Wanted…

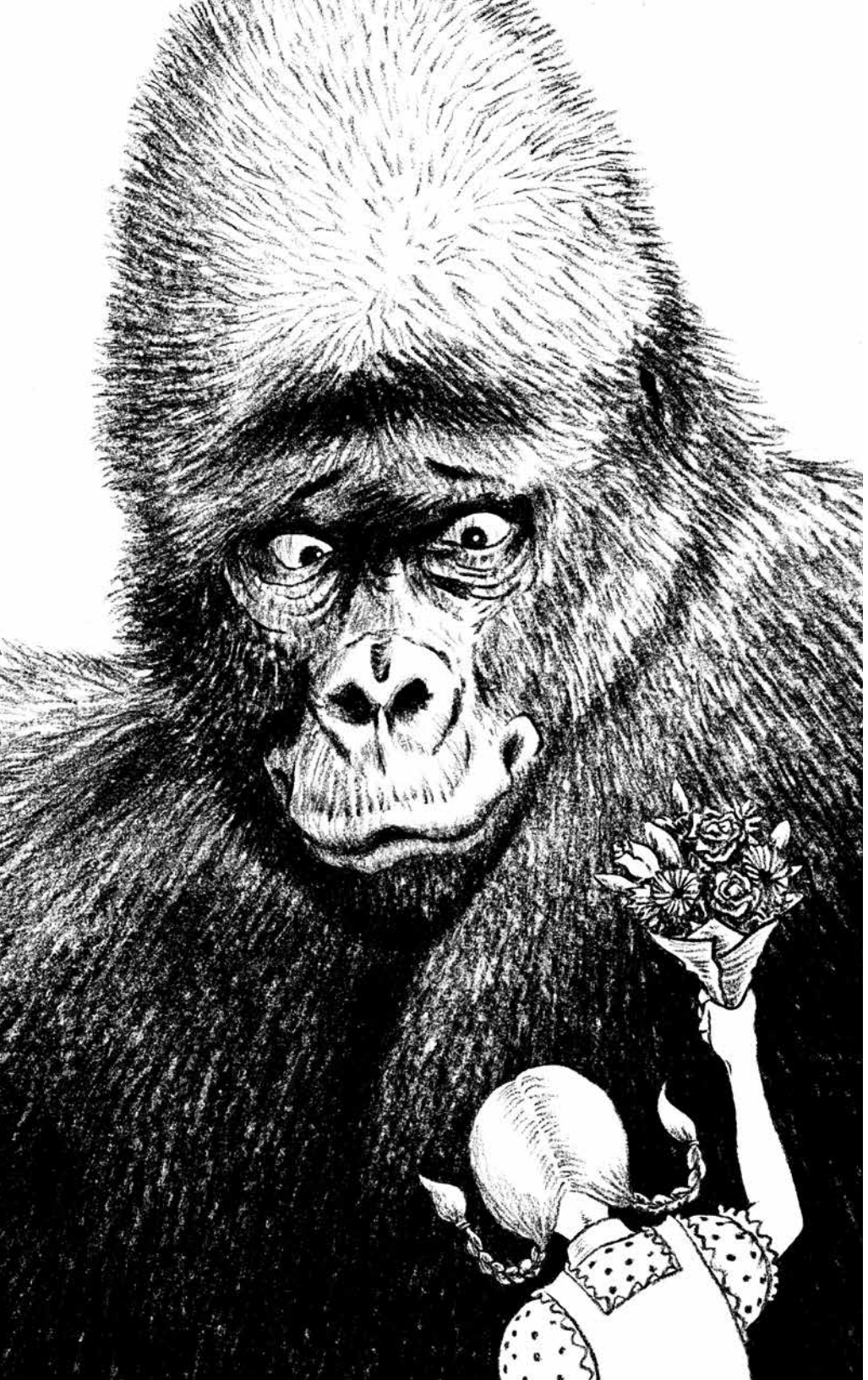
Always wanted
to sail round the world single handed,
to drive across the Sahara in a jeep,
to surf the giant waves at Malibu.

Always wanted
to race the bulls in Pamplona,
to hack my way though unexplored jungles,
to fight against the ocean around Cape Horn.

Always wanted
to slip past the tentacles of a giant squid,
to tiptoe round a sleepy lion,
to hug and be hugged by mountain gorillas.

Always wanted
to ride a raft through the waters of Grand Canyon,
to stand on the rim of a bubbling volcano,
to be a stowaway on a submarine.

Always wanted . . . and envious of those who have.



Safer Than . . . ?

Safer than asking King Kong for a date.
Safer than jumping from the Empire State.

Safer than skipping through fields of nettles
safer than playing catch with hot kettles.

Safer than skinny dipping in lava,
safer than chasing komodos in Java.

Safer than flying through a meteor shower
safer than climbing the Eiffel Tower.

Safer than surfing with an angry shark,
safer than finding a dragon in the park.

Safer than cosying up to a skunk,
safer than locking yourself in a trunk.

Much safer . . . !

Better than . . . !

Better than a slap round the face
with a wet fish.

Better than a dig in the ribs
from a rhino's horn.

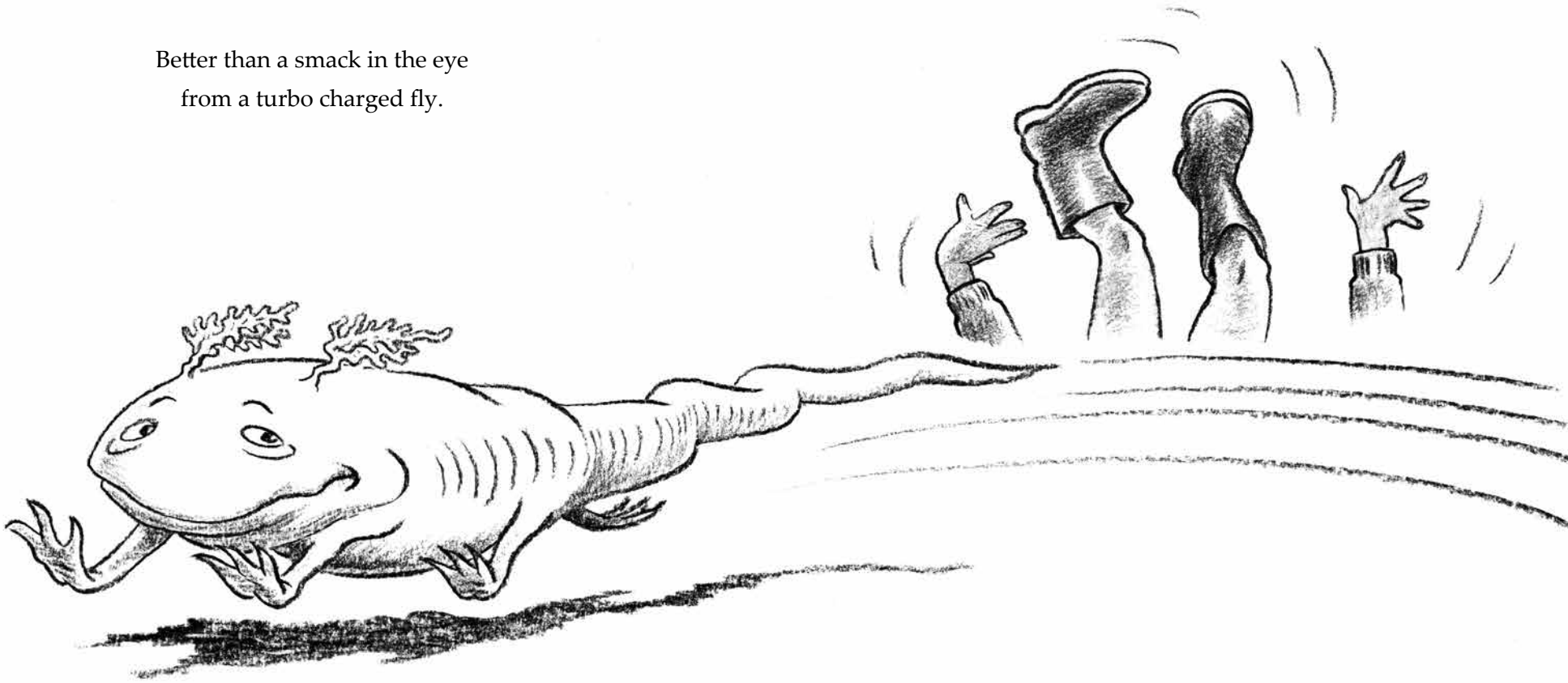
Better than a clip round the ear
from a low flying seagull.

Better than a smack in the eye
from a turbo charged fly.

Better than a bash in the belly
from a honey seeking bear.

Better than a blow on the back of the legs
from an axolotl on full throttle.

Much better!





Villages

If I lived in the village of **Heart's Delight**
would every wish that I had come true,
would I find fulfilment in all that I do?

If I lived in the village of **Little Snoring**
would I find myself dreaming my life away
unable to wake at the start of the day?

If I lived in the village labelled **Dull**
would I live my life in black and white,
would the weather be cloudy and never bright?

If I lived in the village of **Grouse Hill**
would nothing ever be right for me,
would I be complaining constantly?

If I lived in the village of **Soar**
would I find my wings and take to the sky,
would birds admire my skill as I fly?

If I lived in the village that's called **Farewell**
would I always be leaving and never stay,
would 'Goodbye' be spoken every day?

But if I lived in the village of **World's End**,
I'd be careful, very careful indeed.