

Markie's Dinosaur
And
Friends

Poems
by, with, about and inspired by
children at
Lowther
Primary School
Barnes, London

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(These verses and the occasional one that might be called a poem came about by accident. I offered to help at my local Primary School and was asked to work with young readers. Working with eight year olds from 'readers' we began to read good poetry and to write verse, and the teachers kindly allowed me to continue. The first poem was with Markie Turton and when later I suggested he might like to have the name of the collection changed it turned out to be an idea not at all to his liking, so 'Markie's Dinosaur' it has remained. The sessions are nearly always one to one and each lasts about fifteen minutes. We read good poetry together, learn the occasional poem and in the last few minutes try to write something of our own. At the very least the subject matter of each verse always relates to that child at that time. Where there is one star the pupil has in addition made some contribution to the versification. Where there are two stars ** the pupil has made the major contribution. For example on page 2 the first three lines of Rian Arbon's poem are completely his; I contributed the last line only, which he thought was 'cool' - the ultimate accolade. Where there are three stars *** the work is almost entirely that of the pupil. On one occasion - page 10 in the poem by Ashol - my only contribution was to say, 'stop!' and to write down verbatim the last three sentences she had uttered, which I saw fulfilled all the requirements of a poem. I only hope the children have learnt as much from this work as I have. David Walser)*

Markie Turton

Markie found his dinosaur
Lying on the kitchen floor
The dinosaur had gobbled choos
He stole from Markie's favourite box
And then he had a funny tummy
In fact he felt distinctly crummy
Markie said, 'it serves you right
You'd better sleep outside tonight'

Lisa Windgassen

Butterflies, so LISA found,
Are best seen on the forest ground
Forests are so dark and still
And fluttering from dark to light
Is like playing with day and night

Emen

Emen's sister's called Jeanine
Emen asked her where she'd been
'I've been eating crisps all day.'
'Don't do that, is what I say,' Getting
fat just doesn't pay

Taylor

Taylor liked to colour-in.
Lines, she thought, should not be thin.
Thick and colourful are best
To give the drawing lots of zest

Andrew

Andrew likes to read a book
He takes his book into a nook
He reads so fast that in a day
The book is through and he can play

Julia

Julia was Mia's friend.
She sometimes drove her
Round the bend
But Mia liked her all the same
And so she said, let's play a game You
take your Ted, I'll take my Huggy
We'll get my dog Mack
And race the buggy

Harry Farrel

Harry said, 'I'm in a hurry'
Dragon said, 'just don't you worry
Worry is a friend of hurry
So hurry only leads to worry'

Megan Johnson

Megan met a little fish
The fish said 'Megan, make a wish'
Megan said, 'I want to swim'.
The little fish said, 'Swim with HIM!'
Megan said, 'Why swim with HIM?'
The fish said, 'he's my brother Jim'

Habib Rahman

Habib is all of nine years old
He's got one brother big and bold
With whom he wants
To spend his time
But little sister likes to play
With HIM and with that
Habib has no say

Lauren McIver Main

Lauren has one elder sister
Her sister's name is Leanne
She sings like a bird in the springtime
While Lauren just bangs on a pan

Daniel Black

Daniel goes to Selsey
Which is not so far away
His Grandma has a caravan
He goes there for the day

Rian Arbon **

Earthquakes shatter
Volcanoes splatter
Dormice squeak
It don't matter

Lauren

Football is Lauren's best sport
By Richard, her uncle, she's taught
Her sister sings well in the barf
Sometimes it makes Lauren laugh

Rían

Growler is young Rían's ted
Growler goes with him to bed
When Rían tries to read his book
Growler wants to take a look

Thomas McNeany

When Thomas plays football, he's cool
He gets control of the ball as a rule
He also eats chocolate for pleasure
But the number of bars
he must carefully watch
'cause if he gets fat
As a marmalade cat
He'll run like an overweight mule

Harry Farrell

Watching horses in the lane,
Harry said, was fairly tame
But when Harry had a ride
It gave him quite a burst of pride
Ten times he fell off. A sight!
But in the end he got it right

Megan

Megan likes a sunny day
Because she really wants to play
But when the sky is overcast
It means the time for play is past
So Megan sits and reads her book
While Mum decides what food to cook

Markie

Markie wants to ride a horse
Sister Charlie rides of course
But Charlie is a great deal older
That makes her brave and somewhat bolder
Put Markie on a horse's saddle
He'd be at sea without a paddle

Ella

Ella has two teddy bears
For both of whom she really cares
One bear is pink and called Marie
She likes to swing while having tea
The other, Nate, is white and blue
But, sad to say, has lost a shoe

Anthony Crewe

On Sunday in the afternoon Anthony
begins to croon
Eleanora hears him sing
'Why not?' she thinks,
'I'll have a fling'

Rían **

Vikings, they are very vicious
They like their food to be delicious
They kill the whales and eat the blubber
Even though it tastes like rubber

Harry*

Harry's sister's called Emelia
When she's good, he really likes her
When she's sad and starts to cry
Harry says, 'You'll have to try
Not to make a noise so loud.
Otherwise I won't be proud
OF YOU! TOOTALOO!TOOTALOO!
TOOTALOO!

Rían

Rían had three little rats
One night when they
Were plagued by bats
The rats said 'hey, hang on a bit!
We'll nip your wings so you won't flit'

Alex Simmonds

Alex thought he'd keep a spider
Sometimes feeling rather tireder
He falls asleep, when,
'PEEP! PEEP! PEEP!
Spider wakes him from the deep

Eddy Fundí

Eddie's next-door-neighbour's dog's
Called Reggie,
Even when the smoggy fog's
As thick as soup - can't see one metre
Reggie runs just like a cheetah

Kevin

Kevin wants to keep a dog
No bigger than a little log
But just as trees grow ever taller
Dogs get bigger and not smaller

Anthony Crewe

Anthony is in a play
He plays a rat, it's strange to say
He thinks it's cool to be a rat
Just so long as there's no cat

Markie

Markie's grandad has a farm
On his farm he keeps four horses
When he rides, it makes him calm
As Grandad says, 'horses for courses'

Harry Farrell

In the afternoon it thundered
Snowflakes fluttered from the sky
It was as if they had been plundered
From a store somewhere on high

Lizzy Javany

Lizzy is but one of four
Sisters getting more and more
Bossy, older, bold and tall
Occasionally, she likes them all

Eddie

Eddie's Mum would rather keep a
Parrot than a greedy hamster
But Eddie thinks a four-legg'd beast
Far better than a two-legg'd prankster

Emen

Emen has a little brother
Adam is his name
Adam sometimes helps his mother
But he'd much prefer a game

Joseph Chucre

Joseph Chucre likes to draw
Pictures on his bedroom floor
Football players, he does best
When they're kicking, that's the test

Jack Marshall

Jack is good at football
Midfield is where he plays
He runs faster than a rabbit
And scores a goal most days

Harry Farrell

Harry played a little child
Into the mountain cave he fled
The Piper led him, playing the flute
The Mayor saved him.
Toot! Toot! Toot!

Habib

Habib could work out what was what
But reading nightly, he could not
So he was told he'd have to try
And so he did, and MY! OH! MY!

Alex Simmonds **

The biggest spider in the world
Sits and waits and stays all curled
until a bird goes flying by.
Then he leaps into the sky
Wraps the bird with sticky web
And feeds it poison 'till it's dead

Lauren McIver Main

Lauren played the crippled child
(Unlike Lauren, the child was mild)
She lagged behind the Piper Pied
And sang so sweetly that we cried
It turned out to be Lauren's day
The other kids were led astray
For they were lured into a cave
But Lauren's leg did Lauren save

Taylor Perry

Taylor ran like a hare,
She hadn't a care
For reading, so there!
But Taylor can draw
And many things more
(though reading's a bore)
So what can she do
To like reading too?

Alex Simmonds

There's an arachnid called a Wolf spider
If you happen to have tied a
Frog in a suitable place
You might find yourself in a race
To release the frog
Or see it rolled into a log
BY THE SPIDER!

Kevin Ibrahimí

Kevin is a boy who lives by a river
But never, never, never, has he walked by that river
The river flows slowly down to the sea
When the tide comes in, it comes back to me
Perhaps one day he'll go down to the sea
And back on the tide, back to tea

Patrick O'Sullivan

Patrick's feeling tired and ill
No one's given him a pill
Give some medicine to the fellow
He'll feel less tired,
And much more mellow
And now he's off to swing on a swing
Maybe then he'll feel like a King

Gareth Smith

Gareth plays the snare drum,
The cymbals and the violin
Tinkles on the pianoforte
To do much more would be a sin

William Percy

William has a noisy sister
The little Madam's name is Georgia
When Georgia doesn't get her wish
Her mouth looks like a hungry fish
It opens wide, lets out a yell
Louder than an electric bell

Elidona Sala

Elidona's one of three
She's the middle one, you see
Her sisters either large or small
Erisa's small, Anxhela's tall

Eddie

Eddie's big brother Akbar
The biggest big bother by far
Had a birthday at Pizza Express
The tuna was caught in Loch Ness
The family turned out in force
Eating principally pizza of course

Harry

London Welsh is Harry's club
He has to work to earn his grub
Prop, fly half or on the wing
Is where the enemy feels his sting

Megan

Mum and Dad are getting spliced on
Twenty first September
What a day! A merry day,
A day that I'll remember
There's Hannah, Charlie, Ellie, Georgia
And don't forget, there's ME
We'll go to witness the event
And then come back for tea

Megan Johnson

Megan read *The Sound Collector*
By the well-known R. McGough
The poem told of different sounds
Which someone stuffed into a bag
A gull's squawk started Megan's lot
And Ellie screaming on her pot

Mia

On a hot, summery day
Mia likes to lie
In the sun
And watch the clouds go by.
On a cold wintry day
Mia would rather lie a-bed
Or play

Mia

When I get up
The light has come
To where I live
In Verdon Road
The robin sings
He's hard to hear
Above the din
In Verdon Road

Megan

Megan Johnson's Megan's mate
Sadly Megan will be late
For Megan's birthday
November twenty fourth's the date
Megan's aunty's getting hitched
To Master Cushion, best beloved
In far Jamaica on that day
And that's why Megan is away

Megan

Megan and I
Have something in common
We both have French cousins
Bonjour jolie Megan!
Megan's cousin's name's
Nathaniel, except the French
Call him Nataniel
As he's only ten months old
He isn't really all that fussed
Nor is his brother David
Which the French pronounce 'Daveed'
Or brother Daniel and just to be
More difficult than you or me
The French call him 'Danyell'
Why are the French
So difficult?

Thomas McNeany

Lily nicks the Leggo bits
 From cars that Tom is building
 He has to find a bit that fits
 To stop his car from tilting

Frank

"Frank is four; my little brother
 First and foremost loves his mother
 (He likes his sister now and then)
 He also loves his father, Lee
 And last of all, HE LIKES ME!"

Markie

Markie went to Brentford Pool
 'Cause Brentford Pool is really cool
 Markie's cousin Tom who's eight
 Went with him, though in such a state
 He had to have a shower and wash
 His hair all flat; he looked quite posh

Markie

Markie had a fox for pet
 He didn't like to get him wet
 He thought his fox would like to fly
 He gave him wings
 Fox reached the sky

Elidona

Elidona says she can't
 Write poems. 'No, I shan't'
 She said, but then she did
 Just now and then, Elidona
 Does what she is bid

Elidona (an extra verse for Roger McGough's
'Sound Collector')

Ducks' quacks in Willow Avenue
 The buzzing of the bees
 The wailing of an ambulance
 Wind moaning in the trees

Markie (an extra verse for Roger McGough's
'Sound Collector')

The splashing of the waves
 When boats go racing past
 The clatter that the oars make
 When boats are moving fast
 (after watching the Boat Race)

Kevin (an extra verse for Roger McGough's
'Sound Collector')

Endless chatter on TV
 Screaming babies in the shops
 Little brother's nagging cries
 The siren's wail of speeding cops

Eddy

In '99 was Eddy born
 Great it was that Eddy's mum
 Gave birth to him
 In time for the
 Millennium

Harry

England's Rugby only scores
 When Harry's mum goes out of doors
 Now when England's team is playing
 She's in and out without a pause

Eddie

A plea to an angel:
 'I want to be different
 I want to wear brown
 Strum on banjos
 And fly upside down'

Megan and Eddie

Megan was yawning this morning
 She's had a bad night
 And had risen at dawn
 But Eddie was bright as a bright
 Little button. He'd risen so late
 He'd slept just as well
 As a date on a plate

Markie

Markie's going to skate at Kew
 'What rhymes with Kew?' I ask
 'Well, poo!'
 'And what of few, clue and true?'
 'No, no,' he says 'It must be poo'

Andrew

Andrew wants to be a cook
 To make his favourite shepherd's pie
 He doesn't need to read a book
 He mixes mince and ground-up fly
 Why fly? Because it rhymes with pie

Reece Pavitt

Reece likes Ketchup on his chips
 Eat too much and watch his hips!
 He runs and swims and plays football
 And does not put on weight at all
 (Avec frites Reece mange Ketchup
 un peu trop et regardes ses hanches
 Il court et nage et joue au foot
 Ne gagne pas de poids du tout)

Ahmad Shuaib Noori

Ahmad lives in Windermere Court
 On the lawns by his door the battles are fought
 There's a lake 'cross the road where
 he feeds a duck
 Or a swan or a goose or a crow when in luck
 (Ahmad vive a Windermere Court
 Il campo di battaglia e il prato di fronte
 C'e un lago al di la dove da da mangiare A
 anitre, cigni, corve o una oca
 Che persona fortunata!)

Louis

Louis vient de Paris en France
 Il est venu a Barnes tout a fait par chance
 Tennis est son sport favori
 Quand il joue il est toujours gai
 (Louis comes from Paris, France
 He came to Barnes quite by chance Tennis
 is his favourite sport
 He's by his Dad, Jean-Louis, taught)

Alfie McNab

Alfie McNab hails from Scotland
 Though his parents came here long ago
 French is his first foreign language which
 make sense as his road's named BOILEAU
 (Alfie McNab vient de l'Ecosse
 Il y a longtemps
 Que ses parents vivent ici
 Comme langue etrangere
 Il apprend le Francais
 Donc BOILEAU et le nom de sa rue)

Aysha Nassor

Aysha lives in nearby Mortlake
 And Dad works at St. Paul's
 Whilst working in Paul's hallowed halls
 She's at Lowther School
 Whose only problem is,
 It hasn't got a pool

Reece Pavitt (a story)***

I was in a plane at night
 Out of the window I saw a star
 I opened the window a little bit
 I stretched out my arm
 And could just touch it
 I leant out further and grabbed it
 I showed everyone around me
 I was offered £1000 but said, no
 I'll keep it in my room
 In a chest with massive padlocks
 I'll give it lights for company and
 I'm going to find it a cage

Reece Pavitt

Said Reece, 'Poetry's for wimps!'
 Poor Reece, he'll miss a glimpse
 Of wonders of the mind untold
 And magic carpets that unfold
 What's more, his imagination
 is ideally suited to versification

Azeem Rahman

Azeem has travelled far and wide
 Barnes is where he used to live
 But now lives on the other side
 Of the gurgling river Thames
 Now he has to cross the bridge
 Each morning on his way to school
 At Lowther, which he thinks is cool

Reece

Reece hates wimps
 Ketchup's what he likes
 For Reece runs fast
 The fastest in the class

Louis

Louis likes the ice in ice cream
 Cream, no ice, would not be nice
 Trips to the sea are best of all
 Whenever he goes
 He gets an ice
 Holland's where
 He'd like to be:
 So much
 SEA!

Archie Besden

Archie Besden lives in Barnes Long,
long ago, Barnes had farms just
fields and fields of fruit and veg
Horse-drawn carts across the bridge
Traffic jams a commonplace
In this daily, snailly race
Covent Garden was their goal
When London's market was its role

Alfie

On Sunday Alfie went to the park
Stayed there until light went dark
He bicycled with his best friend
And played Zipwire till the end **Max**

Stone

Max's favourite place is home
At home he plays computer games
Or goes to see his friend next door
Whose name he can't remember **COR!**

Alfie McNab

Tango was a super cat
She wasn't squashed flat as a mat
But knocked down by a passing car
She was the liveliest cat by far
But now she's dead, her sister, Toffee,
Is like a person high on coffee
Quite cheered up and much more fun
She's put on weight and weighs a ton

Alfie McNab**

ABCB
What a song!
ABCB
Not too long!

Azeem (an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

The shouting of Habib
The banging shut of books
The stamping of his shoes
The cawing of the rooks

Ahmad (an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

Sister's singing in the bath
A robin twittering in the trees
Noisy cars racing past
Explosions when I sneeze

Ermír

Sister, Mum and Dad
All share one thing
They have colds
If I get one
I'll be mad

Ahmad

My dad went down to test the ice
If it'd get thicker
That would be nice
We could run, slip, slide and skate
Or run about at any rate

Alfie*

(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound
Collector')

The snoring of my Mum
The shouting of my Dad
When I'm very naughty
And he smacks my bum

Louis

NO! NO! NO!
He doesn't like
Anything except his bike
On his bike
He goes fast
Races past
Never last
Round the world
Sometimes lost
What a cost!

Azeem

A dragon and a dinosaur
Had a fight that left them sore
The dragon tore his arm and wing
And had to put them in a sling
'Dina' snapped a big front tooth
Which made him look a bit uncouth
Feeling much the worse for wear
To scrap again, they didn't dare?
The dinosaur's so fat and chubby
(And all four paws are really grubby)
That when he comes to visit us
My Mummy makes a dreadful fuss
He broke my keyboard and my mouse
So I chased him from the house

Ermír

What does the dinosaur do but roar?
He shakes his head
until he's sore
But he can't move his feet or legs
Because I've glued all four
TO THE FLOOR

Alfie

I dance and I dance
And I dance the day away
If it's 'modern' or it's tap
It's just as good as play
I dance and I dance
Like I'm rolling in the hay
One step forwards, two steps back
Much more fancy than a jay

Ermír (an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

Television's endless noise
Thumping music, mostly 'rock'
Foxes crying in the night
Carrots sizzling in the wok

Ashol Ajol** (memory from Africa) (an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

Bees buzzing in the glare
Snakes clattering through the rock
Dogs barking everywhere.
The tall-case clock ...TICK!TOCK!

Ermír

Ermír has lost his scrapbook
I've asked him to have a good look
Here and there to try and see
Where possibly it might be

Alfie

Alfie likes 'Excuses'
Not making excuses
Just reading 'Excuses'
'Excuses being a poem
By Gareth Owen
'Late again, Blenkinsopp?'
Is the first line
He has to read it every time

Ashol***

My dad is in a plane
TODAY
My Dad is coming home
TOMORROW
He's bringing sugar-cane
TO ME

Louis

Louis' teeth have three big gaps
The gaps are large and have no flaps
Good for eating Mummy's cakes
Chocolate-or anything she makes

Ahmad**

At
Eid, we
Went with all
Forty of our family
Barbecued and swam
until we dropped
We boys played
Some football
The girls
Talked

Ashol**

Omi
Came from
Switzerland to be
With us for Christmas
And New Year. For me
She brought a puzzle
Book, did my
Omi

Louis**

This
Was the
Boat that went
To France with Mum and Dad My
sisters two and
ME of course
We all ate
CHIPS!

Alfie

Last week we drew a picture
Of an imaginary world:
Mine's inside the moon.
This week we're adding words
'Spooky, cold, a nasty bubble bath
THAT STINKS!'

Ahmad

Party
Yesterday
uncle's birthday
Fireworks, barbecue
I can't think of a
Thing more
We did
Bye!

Azeem

Yesterday, Azeem was nine
Nine's fine, almost time
To step out of line.

Ashol and Aluel*

When we lived in Egypt
We rode upon huge camels
We saw a snapping crocodile
And several other mammals
We jumped into a swimming pool
Too late to say, don't be a fool.
A crocodile went clatter, clash.
To him we were just scrumptious mash.

Azeem

My sister's like a punch bag
I bop her when I lose my rag
But since she's twice as big as me
I might as well attack a tree

Alfie

I went to stay with Uncle Tim
Archie was also staying with him
When Archie-the dog-got under my rug
I felt as snug as any bug

Louis

Last
Weekend
It snowed and snowed
I made a snowman with Osama
And a bench to sit on
I said I didn't like
Snow, but I
Do

Azeem

I built a snowman with Habib
We rolled up every inch of snow
But left enough for us to throw
At one another, blow for blow

Ashol

I made the hugest snowball ever
With my friend Chloe Bercher
We heaved a head upon his shoulder
And my hands got even colder

Ahmad (for his ninth birthday, 10.02.09)

When it snowed last week in Barnes Mum
and Dad spoke of their homes:
The mountains of Afghanistan
Where drifts lie deep as any barn
That keeps the hay for hungry cows,
The hen that clucks, the cock that crows
The goat that nibbles 'neath the snows

Ahmad

Ahmad sleeps
At home
No 'phone
In his bed
Well fed
When he's dosy
Warm and cosy
In a bus
No fuss
On the street
On his feet

Ermir

Ermir sleeps
Long as poss'
He's the boss
Bed by nine
High time
In a car
Going far
In school
No fool!

Alfie

Alfie sleeps
On a trip
Has a kip
On a branch
On a ranch
On a boat
What a goat!
On a plane
Out of rain
In a nest
Little pest

Louis

Louis sleeps
In bed
On his head
Sitting up
With a cup
By the telly
On his belly
On the grass
What a farce!
On the beach
With a peach

Azeem

Habib and I to Hounslow Park
We came back home when it was dark
I played the Wii with Arusa
This time she's the big loser

Ashol

We're going abroad at Easter time
To stay with Omí. Well, that's fine!
Easter's time to stuff my tum
With chocolates supplied by Mum.
I'm not allowed to gobble nuts
Since they don't agree with me
I'm told it very soon would be
Too late to say 'You greedy guts'

Alfie (must be read in a strong Scots
accent) The other day at Kitson Hall
Alfie had a nasty fall
And now he can't put on his boot
'Cause he's twisted his left foot

Millie Reddey

I've just been moved to Lowther School
I find as schools go, it's dead cool
PE's made up of lots of things
Like badminton, the sport of kings
Drama makes me rather keen
Because I'm quite a 'drama queen'

Ermír

Ermír can't remember 'swamp'
Even though it rhymes with 'pomp'
A swamp might be a place to romp
Whilst trying to say, correctly, 'swamp'

Alfie

Holiday
Cousins came
Both the same
Two twins
Each wins
In turn
Hard to learn
Which is which
Lucy's two
Katie too

Azeem**

In Pakistan
My dad
A dog he had
Like a wolf
Furry, huge
Ate a lot
Whole pot
Juicy meat
And repeat
Then he died
Bye-bye
Wish I had
A dog now
Bow-wow
Go for walks
Long talks

Ermír**

Monday
Holiday
All play
Barnes pond
Ran about
No doubt
Loud shouts
Picnic
Nearly sick
Came back
Tired out
Went to bed
Half dead
Dreamed a dream:
A soccer witch
That's rich
Scored a goal
North Pole

Ahmad

On Saturday we went to town
Climbed aboard the big Big Wheel
First whirled up and then whirled down
And felt like sicking up our meal
Five cousins came from Germany
And stayed with us for seven days
Not difficult to fit them in
As Germans say, "Ve hef our vays"

Ermir

Ermir's going back this year
To Kosovo, his parents' land
Grandma's baking cakes already
They'll be a little stale, I fear

Louis

Hedge and house and hollow
All start with that annoying 'h'
Hundred, happy hamburgers
A hard act to follow

Alfie

Hastings is where the battle was
A most important date because
King Harold met a nasty fate
An arrow hit him in the pate
And after that, for many years
We all spoke French, with copious tears

Louis

A little boy, who sucked his thumb,
Sucked so hard, it reached his tum
And then it separated
No cause to be elated
Papa came and looked for it
And checked the pockets of his kit
He peered into his young son's throat
Though Louis grunted like a goat
(and wriggled like an angry stoat)
Pa couldn't find it anywhere
Said he: "Next time take better care"

Ahmad

On Sunday last
We filled two cars
With friends for Alfie's
Birthday party
Though 'party' rhymes with 'farty'
The party was hearty

Azeem

This weekend we moved house
Quite far, followed our star
Sunny garden
Needs work
Planted veg
No hedge
Saw a cat
Threw some toast
Landed square
On its head
It ran away
Enough excitement
For one day

Louis

Bank holidays are fine for banks
But I prefer big water tanks
We went again to Coral Reef
It scared Anne Claire beyond belief

Azeem

Holiday
Time to play
Went to Westfields
All day
Saw fishes
Blue and red
Delicious dishes
When dead

Lucy

Off to Brighton
Sea and sun
Paddle and swim
Loads of fun
Candy floss
Back by car
Tired out
Seemed so far
Got home
A little red
Dead as lead
Crept to bed

Ali?

Eastbourne
Two hours
By car
Just a start
Long flight
Hertz hire
Longer drive
Greek sea
Swim and tea

Azeem

Azeem runs faster
Than a stripy Zebra
Azeem strikes swifter
Than an Anaconda
Azeem sleeps sounder
Than a dozy cheetah

Amy

Amy went to walk in Wales
In Wales it either rains or hails
But they were a well-protected crew
Mum and Dad and Coral too.

Millie Reddey

*(An extra verse for Lewis Carroll's
'Jabberwocky')*
Beware the starring do
Unsheath the lurple from the ramp
Pop the crankle down the loo
And flicker-flacker with your lamp

Alfie Burdon* *(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')*

The boop-a-boop of a trumpet
The bing-a-bong of a drum
The woo-woo of an echo
The gurgle in my tum

Shannon hates

The beeping of horns
The barking of dogs
People shouting in shops
Children eating like hogs

Jade *(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')*

My little brother crying
Drivers screaming at each other
A heavy object dropping
I can't think of another

James Power

Hates school, he says,
Including teachers, so he says.
Also poems and going to church.
He likes video games, watching cartoons,
u-tube, skipping school
By acting sick, or so he says

Charlotte Boughton

Charlotte likes to have a talk
She also likes to have a walk
If she's not talking or walking
She's doing something sporting
Usually with Crystal
A retriever from - Bristol?

Alfie Burton**

I like Spain
I hate rain
If it rains in Spain
It's like being home-again

Jamie Isitt *(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')*

The humming of the fridge
The snoring of my Dad
The buzzing of a midge.
They all three drive me mad

Alfie Burton

Alfie kept a little cheetah
He called his cheetah Jake
He kept him by th'electric meter
And fed him bits of steak

Jamie

Jamie has a cat called Sam
She treats him gentle as a lamb
But if she strokes a bit too hard
Sam chases her around the yard

Shannon Fiddis

Shannon likes trees
Oaks and Ashes
Aspen flashes
Apples and Pears
Chestnuts and Pines
Run out of rhymes

Ahmad

My country
Very hot
Cloudy mountain
Frosty top
Massive drifts
Deep snow
Puffing people
All aglow
Lots of troubles
Oh for peace!
Let the constant warring cease

Emiljana Blini

A week ago
I heard a ghost
I know I know
I shouldn't boast
It went woo-woo
That was the clue
There was no doubt
I'd heard a ghost

Ahmad

I'd love to see
Afghanistan
Dizzy mountains
Hot, hot
Big skies
Eagles watching
Bitter cold
A people bold
I'll go there
Before I'm old

Azeem

Azeem and I both
Thought of death
Azeem's cousin
Passed away
As did my old friend
The same day
So recently
They laughed and ran
And sang and cried
And now they've died

Charlotte Bounty

Please Sir!
My friend's
Pulling my hair
What shall I do?
Cut it off, dear.
Chop it clear.
Do whatever you want
Don't shed a tear

Shannon Fiddis

Coughed, felt tired
Nearly expired
Sore throat, bad chest
Absolutely no zest
Legs hurt
Head ached
Went to bed
Half baked

Amy

Please Sir!
My friend Emilia
Broke with me
What shall I do?
Give her a flower
Have a cold shower
Tell her you're sad
Tell her you're mad

Philip Mitchell

In front of our house
Is a pig called George
He's made of metal and
Was made in a forge
We also have a cat
Called Manny
He's ginger and white
And rather canny
He likes his treats
And eats his fill
Unlike the pig
He doesn't sit still

Millie Reddey

Louise my cousin's twenty-eight
She hasn't had a child to date
But now there's one that's on the way
The end of peace and quiet, I'd say

Jade

Jade's a runner
She's a stunner
All her friends are runners too
Katie, Chloe and there's Ralph
-to mention but a very few-
Make them a fast moving crew

Emma van Wachem

Holland's where I like to be
My parents are both Dutch and we
Go there for our hols
Grandpa comes from Amsterdam
He buys me toys. We go for walks
Eat scrummy food and have long talks

James Power

Dry throat
Brains shrink
Head aches
Can't think
Water please!
Want a drink
Feel weak
Can't speak

Louis

Beastly fly
Bit me here
Bit me there
Bit me almost
Everywhere
Where's a fly-swat?
I'll hit you SMACK!
Miss first time and
I'll be back,
Sure I'll get you
That I bet you

Charlotte Bounty

Our holiday was by the sea
Cliffs, caves, Crystal and me
Then we heard the boom of guns
We saw some tanks and spoke of war
Happy thoughts went out the door

Tasnim Islam

Tasnim likes to read and write
She'd rather write than fly a kite
But this might change because her Dad
Bought one that's black and red, but sad
Because it longs to whirl up in the sky
And zoom and dive from up on high

Emilia Conner

Emilia likes to sketch and draw
Maths she finds a bit of a bore
Each night she's trying to read
To work up somewhat better speed

Emilia Conner

(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

Swishing of the curtain
When Mum pulls it open and shut
Sizzling in the frying pan
As the fat goes phut! zut! splut!

Leila Benrehal**

This morning I was attacked
By vegetables. A cabbage
Caught me on my calf.
A turnip tapped me
On my T-shirt.
A lettuce licked me
On my leg.
A beetroot beat me
On my bum.
And now they're cooked and
In my tum

Louis

Papa works in Paris
Though he's Belgian
Mama is from Holland
But we live in England
What a muddle!
Mind the puddle!

Alfie McNabb

The Sinking of the Titanic
The iceberg it waited,
So gleaming and blue
From Southampton, the great ship
Left gleaming and new
"Full Steam ahead!
We must win the Blue Riband!"
It sliced through the ocean
The darkness engulfed it
The Captain's asleep
No need to stay up
The Titanic's unsinkable
On the bridge there was
Not even a pair of binoculars
Just the First Mate
And the stars and the night
And the things out of sight.
And the iceberg just waited.
Warnings came many
But the Telegraph's busy
Sending the greetings
Of the rich and the great
When first the Mate saw it,
It was already too late
"Oh, my God, Full Astern!"
But God was asleep and
The rudder worked slowly
And the boat kissed the ice.
"Lock the doors to the lower decks!
Don't panic! The band must play on.
Lower the boats!
First Class must be first.
Then the women and children."
And the boats pulled away.
And those that were left
Jumped or slid from the deck
To the water and, Oh! it was cold,
And the boats pulled away,
"Don't go back! If we stop to help
We'll be swamped!"
The iceberg had waited
Gleaming and blue
When it caught the great ship
It spared only a few.

Alfie Burdon

(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

Motorcycles scream past, noisy
Foxes creep past, stealthy
Birds fly past, graceful
Squirrels bounce past, slithery

Alfie Burdon

I like Spain
I hate rain
When it rains in Spain
We might as well
Be home again

Jamie Brecher

(an extra verse for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')

The gurgling of the washing machine
The squawking of the Magpie
The screeching of the aeroplanes
Here's another one fly by

Emiljana Blini

(an extra verse for Roger McGough's
Creakings in the night
Footsteps up the stairs
Whispers in the dark
I'm glad it isn't bears

Ahmad al Noori

Dad came back
From Africa.
Sitting by a lake,
A hippo came towards him.
Keen to see another day,
Dad grabbed his lunch
And ran away

Jade

I wish, I wish I had a dog
I'd go for walks
And have long talks
I'd throw him my ball
He'd answer my call
I'd buy scraps of meat
To give him a treat

James Power

Where did you go, James,
For your holiday?
America: Las Vegas, San Diego...
Hollywood, then home again. Home's not as
good as Disneyland And School is more or
less the same

Shannon

For Christmas, Shannon says,
I'll knit a sock for Grandma.
How many feet's she got, I ask?
Two, says Shannon. Surely, I say,
Grandmas like a sock per foot.
You'll just have to knit
Another for the other

Kumalpreet

Dad's got a cab
That fits eight, including Dad
When we all go out
There's five of us about
That leaves three spaces for hire
If things get really dire

Azeem

Azeem says he's studying birds
He's going to look for crow,
A robin a sparrow and a tit
And that won't be the last of it

Louis Rossion

Yesterday we walked and walked
Stood in the tube to Leicester Square
And when we got to the library there
We found it closed, so we walked
And walked and got on the tube
until we got all the way back here

Kumalpreet

Kumalpreet's a lucky girl
With Mum and Dad and brothers two
The house is full of noise and boys but
When THEY get 'flu SHE gets it too

Christmas Poems 2009

Jamie Brecher

Christmas is a time of joy
It celebrates a little boy
Born one morn to Mary mild
He was a special child
He tried to reach us
He tried to teach us
To love one another
And not just our mother

Alfie McNabb

Christmas is come
A time for love
A time to give
A time to shove
All cares away
A time to say
I love today

Ashley

Bells are chiming
Choirs are rhyming
Come with joy
Come with love
And bring a present
For the above

Ashol & Ashley

Ashol and Ashley are best friends
Sadly Ashol's gone away
Leaving Ashley without a friend
With whom to play
But when they meet one day
It will be all be OK

Shannon

Love and joy
Not just a toy
Are what it's all about
Let me give
Not only get
That's what I want
To shout....about

Leila Blumenthal

At New Year we'll go to Bognor
The bats of Bognor may be as brilliant
As butterflies, or books or beeches
But better still is Butlins

Louis

We're in Barnes for Christmas
Papa comes from Paris
And we'll all be together
For dinner and our presents
But we'll be thinking of our Paran dear
And wishing he were with us here
(*'Paran' means Grandpa*)

Jade**

A time to give
A time to live
It's a joy
To get a toy
But to please my friend
That is my end

Charlotte Boughton

Christmas is coming
We'll all be at home
I'm making my presents
And I hope I'll get some
(*pronounce 'some' like 'home'!*)

Chloe Brecher

Christmas is here
No time to shed a tear
We're all at home and
NO ONE
Is alone

Ahmad

When Daddy Jowed
Became a poet
(*Though he didn't know it*)
He wrote some verse
It could have been worse
And went on writing until
We called the nurse

Alfie Burdon

Christmas comes round
Again and again
But even so
It's never the same
I'm making my presents
For Mum and Dad
In fact there's something for the lot
--And for every teacher
That I've got

Shannon

For Christmas, Shannon says,
I'll knit a sock for Grandma.
How many feet's she got, I ask?
Two, says Shannon. Surely, I say,
Grandmas like a sock per foot.
You'll just have to knit
Another for the other

Jamie Isitt

Jamie loves her cat called Sam
She treats him like a little lamb
But when she strokes a bit too hard
Sam chases her about the yard

Jamie ?

It had buttons from my coat
And a cheerful gaze
It was a snowman
And lasted for four days

Alfie Burdon

Me and my friend we went to sea
In a beautiful wood-brown boat
Down below deck was a mini bar
We caught some fish, made a tasty dish
But my friend was as sick as a goat He
said 'in future I'll not go so far
I'd rather stick to a car'

Jamie Brecher

Nan's chimney is not very wide
We were very afraid that
When bringing our gifts
Father Christmas might
Get stuck inside

Ermir

Poor Ermir is tired
He's almost expired
When he should be fired
With the thrill of school
Or a plunge in the pool
He can hardly hold up
His heavy head
And thinks only of sleep
In his cosy bed

Shannon Fiddis

Shannon has a baby cousin
Rio is his name
No doubt football will be his game
For Rio's Rio Ferdinand
A man of football fame

Emiljana

Ermir's snoring is boring
And then he goes on computer
All the day long
It's most annoying
She can't do anything
To stop it
Because he's too strong

Jamie Leigh Isitt

My dad's a builder
He leaves the house half six
But Tuesday was Mum's birthday
So I was up for early breakfast
Dad read a poem
Which said in lovely words
His feelings for Mum
Just like the songs of birds

Jamie Brecher

Gymnastics is Jamie's sport
She's done cartwheels
Jumped off a beam
'Challenged' her mate
Now she aims
For the team

Jade Reddey

Dad's on the beat: He's a bobby
He's catching thieves: it's not a hobby
Mum's at home: she cooks and cleans And
cares for us: me, Millie and Sonny

Lowther School Play 2010

Emiljana Blini

I'm a mother wolf
I'm loving and I've six
Young cubs to care for
But when I find a man-cub
I have to add him to my litter

Emilia Conner

I'm a monkey
Dancing funky
To the beat of
Bombay drums

Millie Reddie

I'm in the Jungle Book
I'm elephant number four
I stand about and stamp about
And I'd like to be asked to roar

Leila

I play Mowgli though I'm a girl
I want to lead a jungly life
Bagur found me in a sack
And does his best to take me back

Amy Morgan

Amy has golden/ginger hair
But a vulture is what she plays
So she's bald and flaps huge wings
To comfort Mowgli, Buzzy sings

Jamie

Ziggy is my name
I'm a shabby vulture
I perch in tree-tops
Eating carcasses, my culture

Charlotte

'Flaps' is the vulture that I am
Every day my wings are growing
To make them strong I'm eating ham
What will happen there's no knowing

Komalpreet Kaur

I'm a Colonel, a big fierce Colonel
A bushy moustache and
My voice is harsh
But I have a wife who's
The bane of my life
She bosses me about and
She's as strong as any lout

Winter & Summer Term 2010

Shannon

Snowy is my gerbil
I've been looking after him
Because he's been quite ill
I couldn't cure him with a pill
So I cleaned his cage
Gave him a daily run
Let him enjoy the sun
Made sure he'd got good food

Jamie Brecher

Jamie swims the back stroke
Her teacher's really strict
She swims as fast as any bloke
And most of them she's licked

Emiljana Blini

My brother Emir plays football
But recently he had a fall
He broke his wrist, gave it a twist
And now he shouldn't play at all
But he DOES!

Jamie Isitt

Jamie's got a nasty lump
I happened that her head went 'bump'
Against a metal bar
Cousin Tommy went too far
When he hit her like a car

'Winter' by Ahmad

I've thrown snowballs at first light
Run and skidded on the ice
Warmed myself with chocolate drinks
And slept like a log at night

A poem for me by Ashley***

It's sad you are ill
It must give you a chill
So please get well
And over the spell
That someone has put on you

A poem by me for Ashley

When did we last meet?
There was snow and sleet
The sky was grey
Short the day
And icy cold your feet

A poem for me by Charlotte ***

Look at the moon
You never know
If you watch it glow
You'll get well soon

Charlotte

Birds stop singing
Frogs stop croaking
Hedgehogs hide
We stay inside
Volcano explodes
Air implodes
Room fills with ash
Aircraft crash
Birds start singing
Mum starts smoking

Emiljana Blini

When mother went down
To the town for the day, she said
"Somebody has to clean this away.
Somebody, somebody has to, you see!"
Then she picked out the somebodies,
Sally and me.

Emiljana Blini

(and extra verse for ...)
The sound of squeaking stairs
The slamming shut of doors
The whispering of Mum and Dad
The scratching of cats' claws

Hayleigh Jade French

Oh where, oh where
Can my little dog be
He has long hairy ears
And a waggy tail, you see

Catie-Dee Perkins

Fred, my hamster, has a wheel
He spins and spins until I squeal
It drives me mad but then I think
If I were in a little cage and only had
A little wheel, I'd spin and spin
And not be sad

Hayleigh-Jade French

My cat sleeps anywhere
Any table, any chair
Top of piano, open drawer
In the middle of the floor
Radiator, empty shoe
Anybody's lap will do
She just doesn't care
She sleeps anywhere

For Alfie McNab who loves Gareth Owen's

"Excuses, Excuses"

What's it all about, Alfie?
I've been ill, Sir
What a pill, Sir!
Germs, Alfie, are tougher than
The human race
They pierce our carapace
And bring us low
I know, Sir
What a blow, Sir!

James Power

Please, Miss Roberts
This work makes me groan
I've done it all before
And I want to go home

Leila Blumenthal

My sister Hannah, who's only three
Went to London Zoo with me
We saw a giraffe that made us laugh
And a lion we wanted to lie on
With a gorilla for a pilla
And a chunky monkey for a flunkey

*You can't go yet, James
Sit down at your desk
Get on with your sums
And stop being a pesk!*

Please Miss Roberts,
I don't like school
I prefer being an ass
And playing the fool

*Look, young James
I don't want to know
Work till three o'clock
And then you can go*

Megan

Megan claims she's not doing much
But then I hear she taps
And dances 'modern'
Plays basket and net ball, and swims
Sounds a lot to me
But now she's hurt her knee
She says, to my delight,
She's going to read a book
And even write

A poem or a piece of prose
Whoopee, we'll have to wait
And see!

Hazan-al-Haniri

I had a pet tortoise
My friend brought his cat
Who gave tortoise a scratch
The scratch got infected
Tortoise died
It taught us not to trust a cat

Komalpreet Kaur

Komalpreet Kaur's Mum and Dad
Come, as you might have guessed, With
all those 'K's, from Kabul
She loves her life in Barnes
But now and then her spirit soars
Like a kite, over the mountain peaks,
The snow-filled valleys
And the frozen lakes
And she dreams of a day
When war is over and she can walk
And talk and kick a ball
With her cousins in Kabul

Jamie Brecher

I am a chair, a comfy chair
But most of the time, no one is there
To keep me company
But then I hear footsteps
The door opens. In comes Jamie
And plonks her bottom on me
Again I am a happy chair
A useful chair, without a care

Jamie Isitt

Jamie is an only child
No sister to moan at
No brother to shout at
No baby to scream at
No mess to groan at
Indeed, she is an only child
But not, as you may hope,
Meek and mild
In fact, I have to say
She's rather wild

Hayleigh-Jade French

A tiger's standing in the shade
Her eyes are staring, still, and fierce
Her stripes are rippling like the wind
Across the water in the glade
She has cubs and growls a warning
'Keep away! Keep away!
Or you'll not see another day'

Charlotte Bounty

Some don't like this hot dry weather
But Crystal is clear about such things
She loves the water. Nothing's better
Than splashing about with water wings

Komalpreet Kaur

Spring was late and bitter cold
Plants grew slow, however bold
But suddenly hot summer's here
Sky is clear. The sun, I fear,
Will scorch my cheek, my nose, my ear

Millie Reddie

School today and school tomorrow
School so I'll not end a fool
School for learning, school for turning
Talents that I have to good
School for mending, school for sending
Me - beyond the darkling wood

Emiljana Blini

A rose may well be pink or red
It doesn't help me mend my bed
A mattress on the floor this week
I where I've had to lay my head
And roses are still pink or red

Yazan al Hamiri

I was born in Kingston-upon-Thames
But Syria is my parents' land and
Damascus is my favourite place
Twice a year we go for Kamasha
The weather's always hot and dry
I always feel I'll sizzle and fry
We have a house with lots of space
The only problem is: wrong place!

Ella de Cruz

Ella's Dad comes from Jamaica
Where it's as hot as a toasta'
Last week she was in Fez
She got ill eating chicken
With nothing to be sick in
Now she's back in Barnes
Though it's as hot as a stew pot
She's sticking to food that
Soothes and calms her

Archie Beston

Archie's got a bit excited
Such behaviour is short sighted
He's been sent into the hall
Standing by a wall's no ball
To be in class would be more cool
To stay there he can't play the fool

Emiljana Blini

It's hot, hot, hot in Barnes
Humid and the air is still
When I walk, I stagger
When I breathe, I gasp
My bedroom window's wide
But the air sits on me
Like a heavy rug
At six I woke to say good-bye
To uncle who was on his way
To Gulem in Albania
Poor uncle: it's even hotter
OVER THERE!

Alex Harvey

I love to go to Istanbul
The sounds, the sights, the smell
So different from leafy Barnes
They thrill me like the flight of kites
Circling the sky in Richmond Park.
I'm glad I've been back just in time
The old is swept away by new
The house where I was born has gone
It was cosy, comfortable and warm
Now it's cold, a concrete shopping mall
Without a heart, a beat, a rhythm
Or any love at all.

Jamie Isitt and Emiljana

Jamie and I hope we'll be friends
For a terrifically long time
If we last another hundred years
That would make us
One hundred and eight and nine
Respectively. As long as chocolate's still
about that's fine

Alfie Burton & Jamie Isitt (an extra verse

for Roger McGough's 'Sound Collector')
The brum-brum of a motorbike
The twitter of a robin
The bump-bump of footballs
And when I miss a goal, the catcalls

AUTUMN TERM 2010

** marks verses where the pupil had had a significant input
* marks verses to which the pupil has made a contribution)

Ella **

I have an evil kitten
When I put Lottie down
She leapt up and scratched me
Evil little clown
Charlie I prefer
He's got silky fur
Each eye is like a chocolate button
And as for food, he's a glutton

Alfie

I have two fish, five gerbils
Once there was a cat
He died before my birth
So that was that!
I feed the fish on little balls
Of powdered porridge. Quite horrid!
The gerbils feed on stronger meat
Nuts, seeds, leaves and popcorn -
For a treat

Leila

I don't know what to say, so
I'll just pack it in and play

Hayleigh

Sister Kay is wild and woolly
Not quiet as a mouse
When she runs riot round the house
She's even louder than brother Jordan, who's
mad about machines
He shouts into his phone
Until Mum says
Just you leave home!

Yazan**

This year we didn't do Damascus
Dust clouds stopped the planes
Instead we went to Birmingham
And had a smashing Fame
We went around the Theme Park
Rose slowly up the Detonator
Fell down quickly with a CRASH
Flashed around 'Thirteen'
And dropped down into darkness
Quite the best Theme Park

Millie

I like Westfields
There's lots of shops
And lots to see
And lots to eat
But I have sore feet
And want my tea

Aysha **

My parents come from Tanzania
It's miles and miles from here
I've been back once to where they lived
I saw a tiger, ate papaya, loved the heat
But back in Barnes I have my friends
My family my home, the river Thames

Millie **

I don't like animals
They make me sick
Snakes that slither
Dogs that slobber
Cats that scratch
Pooping hamsters
Chicks that hatch
I don't like animals!

Komalpreet*

I'd love to have a little dog
A dog that's full of fun and fire
That went for walks and watched to see
No harm ever came to me
And when I slept, lie warm and close
Just like a little log
How I'd love to have a dog!

Fatima

I'd also like to have a dog
She'd be cute and fun to play with
I'd throw a ball she'd learn to catch
And bring it back. I'd give her food
And brush her coat- when in the mood

Alex Harvey*

Me and my Dad
We took our car
To Turkey which is very far
At Marmarus hard by the sea
We hired a yacht with a teacher,
He taught me how to tack and trim
And go about
And fill the sails and even shout
I never want this time to end

Malika

Roses are red
Violets are blue
The sun shines like you
The clouds are white
So join the crew
Stars are twinkling
And planets race
In black space

Caine Price**

Playtime's okay
Football and trampoline
Jumping and kicking
Running and hitting
Climbing and fixing
I'm a practical guy
And quick as a fly

David Thain

I have a lot of sisters
Sometimes nice and sometimes horrid
When they're nice they're not too bad
When they're not I eat their porridge

Emiliana

Yesterday's date was Ten, Ten, Ten (10.10.10)
I simply can't remember when
There was a date like this, and then
I think, were I no bigger than a bun
The date would be Ten, ten, One (10.10.01)

Yazan

You ask me to stay
When I want to have lunch
It's all right for you
What I WANT is to MUNCH!

Hayleigh

In fifteen days I'm ten years old
I'm already fairly strong and bold
But not always good as gold
For instance, being obedient
Leaves me cold- so I am told

Aysha Nassor

I work, I do my homework
I play, I do homeplay
I'm middling good
I like my food
(I like rice but not lice)
I may not be best
But I'm not a pest - like the REST!

Megan Duhart*

Not much happens to me
I don't like drinking tea
We went to the Isle of Wight
I wanted to fly my kite
We went to Sandown to swim
Excitement spilled over the brim!
Not much happens to me – you see

Azeem

Life is like car trips
Time speeds or it slips
Will he be ill or will he stay well? Will he be
late or get in by the bell?

Komalpreet**

'Twas on a Friday morning
I broke my wrist in two
I couldn't change the channels
I could hardly use the loo
'Twas on a Friday morning
I broke my wrist again
If I go on doing this
I'll drive my Mum insane
'Twas on a Wednesday morning
I broke my wrist AGAIN
But this time it's the other one
And people think it's done for fun

Jade Reddey

We have to have water
We have to keep drinkin' it
Yet if there's too much of it
We might someday drown in it
It shows what we have to have:
Too much and it's bad to have

Caine Price

I like to drink a glass of milk
That's cool and fresh and smooth as silk
But now most cows live in a cage
We don't know if they're in a rage
And do they know what they are missing:
wet grass and flowers for nibbling.

Hayleigh-Jade French **

When I saw the azure glowing
In the water of the stream
I said to Mum, where has this trickling
Silky water been?
When I touched the silky water
Running softly through my hand,
I said to Dad, 'why, this is magic.
Let's jump in and swim
Far off from land.

Munaza ** 15.11.10

In Germany, my uncle Isaq had a shop
He sold newspapers, cigarettes, Chocolate,
yoghurt, sweets and drinks;
A photocopier in the basement.
He worked from dawn to dusk
Two weeks ago a robber came:
He took the fags, the cash and then
He struck my uncle on the head
And now my uncle's dead

Yazan

You may be green and I, blue
Already we have religions two
But he's yellow and she's pink
We're up to four ; there's more I think
Best to follow what we know
Not tell others how to grow

Azeem **

Life is topsy-turvy
Me, I want to watch TV
But Mum says, Azeem take a walk
Me I want to play Playstation
Mum says, Azeem take a shower
Me I want to go to the park
Mum says, Azeem do your Maths!
If I grow wings and fly away
I rather hope that Mum will say,
Azeem, come back another day!

Emilia*

Last weekend I dreamed of a man
Who gave milk like a cow,
Though I can't think how
He was large and brown
And wandered slowly through the town I
wonder what this dream might mean
For dreams are never what they seem

Ahmad

In Spain, when it rains
I hear it on the window pains
But that's at night
For in the day, the sun
It drives the rain away
I dive into the swimming pool
And so I still stay wet and cool

Jamie*

Sam was once my only cat
But now it's Sam and Jackie
Sam's still the leader of the pack
Jack follows Sam in all he does
When Sam sips water from the tap
Jack soon spots Sam
Leaps off my lap

Hayleigh

Christmas comes but once a year
Fortunate that so much cheer
Is limited to ONCE a year
Or we'd grow tired I fear

Jade*

I go swimming on Thursday
Visit friends on Friday
Go Shopping on Saturday
Family on Sunday
Homework on Monday
Music Theatre on Tuesday
Sketch on a Wednesday
In no time it's Thursday

Yazan**

I want to be a Chemist
Bangs and smells
Fizzes and bells
Explosions and smoke
The excitement of light
(Puts teacher to flight)
But in the end
Use my mind to help mend

Azeem*

A cold wind kissed my head
Leaves shivered and fell
The air was split by a passing bus
The gate so cold it burnt my thumb

Munaza*

Darkness is everywhere
So also is light
I must burst out of night
Take up the fight
Live for what's right

Komalpreet and Leila

I love to see the crashing waves
I love to hear the chattering wren
I love to smell my granny's cake
I love to taste my Mum's jam tart
I love to touch a rough stone wall

Chloe*

The sun was low, it sat in the water I
listened to my sister singing
I breathed in deep the morning air
Tasted my Mum's pudding
(When she wasn't looking) Touched a
silk scarf in a shop And wished it were
mine

Katie D*

I drink before I go to bed
I drink at dawn before I'm fed
I drink at noon and none too soon
I drink my tea and have a wee

Raouf*

Oh, To be in Wagamama!
Watch the chef grilling a salmon
Hear the shouting in the kitchen
Touch my fork; think what it's bringing

Emilia*

It would be cool to touch a tiger
Not so cool if he touched me
But then I'd smell his meaty breath
Hear his purr of tingling pleasure
See gold fillings in his teeth

Phillip*

The air was crisp and clear.
I watched a leaf falling
Felt the camp fire
Heard an eagle passing
Smelt the burnt twigs

Caine Price*

I live in Noah Road
Owen, my friend, lives quite close
When the floods come
We'll build a boat
Take our families
And float away
With Spotty, my pet frog,
Who lives in our pond and
Eats crushed flies and grass

Millie*

I rode a horse at Chessington
His name was Henry.
Henry let me trot,
Rise in the stirrups
And turn to either side
In return I brushed his coat
Plaited his tail
And collected his poo
A fair swop!

Spring term 2011-01-04

Alex Harvey

I'm eleven and off to Turkey
To start my new life
Istanbul is probably more exciting
Than Barnes, but I'll miss my friends
With bikes, the parks, the riverside
The puddled paths, the tide
The things I find on every ride.

Kerryn James Stillman

Sean's my younger brother
I don't want another
I'd much prefer a sister
Better than this blister
That's why I think
I've missed her

Archie Beeston *

I remember as clear as clear
The day when I was two
I woke at dawn
I crept downstairs
I saw my massive car
A bed inside and there I slept
Till I had grown too large
I remember as clear as clear
Though so very long ago

Azeem

Karachi's where my parents lived
They came to Barnes not long ago
Boileau Road is now MY Home
It's cooler here in every way
And here is where I mean to stay
Karachi I'll see some other day

Fatima

Mum and Dad are from Kabul
They came to Barnes to flee the war
They sometimes speak of what they miss
The drifting snows, the crystal air
The deep blue skies, but also the gathering
storm that drove them
On their way to the UK

Alex Harvey *

Damascus for Christmas
Dad's already there
Charlie meets me when we land
Soon I smell kebabs and spices
Familiar shouts, clip-clop of donkeys
I see the stalls laid out with veg
Mangoes, papaya and passion fruits

Emilia

On Wednesday next I shall be ten
I'll never then reach ten again
While I'm ten I'll buy a hen
Every day I'll feed my hen
And from her feathers, make a pen

Munaza *

Yesterday I painted my nails
You might think I had dreams
Of wild excess and partying
A gorgeous girl in a short skirt
Drinking green liqueur
But actually it was because
I used to bite them

Ahmad

An interview at Tiffin Boys
A school I might be going to
If they decide that I'm for them
Then that's the way my life will go
But if they don't and it's another
My life will take a different way
Either could be fine, I'd say

Alfie

Off to Greycourt for next year
Life will take a turn
It will be a new direction
I'll still be Alfie not some other
Remember Lowther with affection

Hayleigh

Manchester and Senegal
You say, 'There's no connection'
But Mum's from one and Dad the other
So both come tops in my affection

Emilia Connor*

On my birthday two friends came over
They stayed the night for a sleep-over
We talked and talked 'till 4.00 am
And in morning made mayhem

Komalpreet

In the lap of the Gods:
Life opens before me
Like twenty two spokes of a wheel
So many directions yet I must take one
And I know that one will grow some

Millie

I like people that laugh and joke
Ones that play and don't get silly
And bring me joy, not tears,
To whom I tell my secret fears
But now and then I want to be
Alone, read books, think thoughts
Or even write a song, tho' not for long

Azeem?

Flowers begin to grow
Buds begin to swell
Birds are making nests
In places safe from pests
The sun climbs in the sky
The earth begins to warm
New life begins to form

Komalpreet

There was a young lady called Kaur
Who couldn't count further than four
She tried all day long but she always went
wrong
And she swore that her throat was too sore

Ahmad

There was a young man, name of Noori
Who insisted on telling a story
The audience yawned and it finally dawned
That that's not the way to find glory

Munaza

Munaza's last name is Aziz
When nervous she wobbles her knees
Her mother looks grim tho' warm hearted
within
For her tea gives her mountains of peas

Aysha

Where on earth is Aysha Nassor?
She's insisted on locking the door
Now she sits in the bath and tries hard not to
laugh
Or splashes about on the floor

Kelis Pryce

There was a young lady called Pryce
Who was always excessively nice
She feasted on curry when not in a hurry
But otherwise filled up on rice

Leila Benrehal

There was a young lady called Leila
Who fancied becoming a sailor
She travelled in yachts and learnt to tie knots
That energetic young lady called Leila

Alex Harvey

There was a young student called Harvey
Whose interests extended to larvae
He watched them hatch out while he chewed on
a sprout
That eccentric young gentleman, Harvey

Alfie McNab

There was a young lad called McNab
Whose favourite food was Kebab
Rather than play he ate one a day
And insisted on saying it was fab

Kerryn Stillman

There was a young person called Kerryn
Whose favourite fish was a herrin'
Between mouthfuls of hay, he munched them
all day
That resourceful young student called Kerryn

Jamie-Louise Brecher

There was a young lady called J-J
Who ended each sentence by Okay
She ate up the roast and sampled the toast
When she finishes she simply said Okay

Hayleigh-Jade French

There was a young person called Hayleigh
Who brushed all her teeth almost daily
When she took up her brush there was always
a hush
As they watched that young person called
Hayleigh

Archie's 3rd birthday **

Woke up at midnight
Saw Mum setting something up
Go to bed! shouted Mum,
So I woke at 7.00
Looked out of the window,
Saw my new slide
Friends came at 8.00
We all slid down and Nathan and I ate Most
of the cake
Then Lucy arrived and threw all my toys in
the pool
All ruined! What a tragedy!

Charlotte *

On my application form
I asked to go to Richmond Park
I did it for a sort of lark
When I got my choice I didn't want it
I'm hoping now for Chiswick School
If I don't get my way
I'll feel a fool