



National  
Poetry  
Day

# What Will I Be When I Grow Up?

by James Carter

Mum says: 'Happy.'

Dad says: 'Older...and taller.'

My sister Kate says: 'Just as...nice!'

My mate Sam says: 'Still my best friend.'

Auntie Jessie says: 'Anything you want to be.'

Uncle Jack says: 'An adult!'

My Teacher says: 'Wiser.'

And Gran says: 'Brilliant.'

And I say: 'How do they know?'

# Why are you late for school?

by Steve Turner

I didn't get up  
because I was too tired  
and I was too tired  
because I went to bed late  
and I went to bed late  
because I had homework  
and I had homework  
because the teacher made me  
and the teacher made me  
because I didn't understand  
and I didn't understand  
because I wasn't listening  
and I wasn't listening  
because I was staring out the window  
and I was staring out the window  
because I saw a cloud.  
I am late, sir,  
because I saw a cloud.



# *All The World's A Stage by William Shakespeare*

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

## Ode to Autumn by John Keats

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket's sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

# Louder by Roger Stevens

*Ok Andrew, nice and clearly-off you go.*

*Welcome everybody to our school concert...*

*Louder, please, Andrew. Mums and dads won't hear you at the back will they?*

*Welcome everybody to our school concert.*

*Louder, Andrew. You're not trying.*

*Pro-ject-your-voice.*

*Take a deep breath and louder!*

*Welcome everybody to our school concert...*

*For goodness, sake Andrew. Louder! Louder!*

*Welcome everybody to our school concert!*

*Now, Andrew, there's no need to be silly.*