

Mersey Park Primary School

Poetry Spine



Intent

At Mersey Park, we are committed to developing a love of reading. Alongside our class picture books, novels and non-fiction books, we have c poetry anthologies for each year group to be shared throughout the year. There are numerous poetry books around school for children to read for their own enjoyment.

Through listening to, reading, writing and performing rhymes and poems, we aim to build children's emotional connection to language and the world around us.

Each year group will encounter a varied selection of poems in lessons, where vocabulary and meaning can be explored and explained, together with the development of children's wider reading skills. Poetry also forms part of our writing curriculum.

This allows children the opportunity to learn more about how poetry can be structured and to write their own poems using a wide range of poetic devices. Children are encouraged to perform their own poetry alongside the poems learnt by their year group.

Poems are also used throughout our curriculum to develop vocabulary, fluency and prosody, imagination and empathy. Wherever they are encountered in school, our children are urged to form opinions about their own likes and dislikes and to understand and explain their preferences and respect the thoughts and feelings of others.

We have identified a core set of poems for each year group. Each year group will learn to recite at least two poems to be performed and shared with their peers, parents or visitors. Children will also be encouraged to revisit poems previously learnt. We also seek opportunities throughout the year for children to watch or hear poets reciting and discussing their own work.

Impact

Developing a poetry friendly school that inspires, excites and enthuses children and celebrates the value of poetry and language.

Knowing about and being confident to write and read a range of poetry.

Understanding that there are many forms, shapes and sizes of poetry and it doesn't always have to rhyme!

Providing many and varied opportunities to lift poems from the page and bring them to life.

Reading poetry aloud, performing with confidence, joining in and hearing poets perform their own work.



Encouraging talk about and connecting to children's personal experience, giving children permission and opportunities to share and write about themselves, their feelings and important events using poetic forms.

Developing teachers' knowledge, confidence and expertise in their own poetry repertoire and about the teaching of poetry.

Understanding the importance of art, drama, music and dance to support and enhance children's poetry writing and develop responses.

Giving children's own poetry an audience using a variety of forms.

Implementation

Foundation 1		Foundation 2	
Nursery Rhymes to Share and Perform	Poems to Perform	Poems and Nursery Rhymes to Share	Poems to Perform
<p>Hickory Dickory Dock</p> <p>Humpty Dumpty</p> <p>Incy Wincy Spider</p> <p>Little Miss Muffet</p> <p>Hey Diddle Diddle</p> <p>Baa, Baa, Black Sheep</p> <p>Pat-a-cake</p> <p>Jack and Jill</p> <p>Ten Fat Sausages</p> <p>The Mulberry Bush</p> <p>Ring-a-Ring o'Roses</p> <p>One Little Elephant</p> <p>The Grand Old Duke of York</p> <p>Old McDonald Had a Farm Little</p> <p>One, Two, Three, Four, Five</p> <p>One, Two Buckle My Shoe</p>	<p>Falling Apples (Poetry Basket)</p> <p>Pancakes (Poetry Basket)</p> <p>Sliced Bread (Poetry Basket)</p> 	<p>Autumn leaves</p> <p>One Little Baby</p> <p>5 Little Apples</p> <p>5 Little Monkeys</p> <p>Diwali's here</p> <p>5 Little men in a Flying Saucer</p> <p>5 Little Speckled frogs</p> <p>Twinkle Twinkle Little Star</p> <p>Wind the Bobbib up</p> <p>2 Little Dicky Birds</p> <p>5 Current Buns</p> <p>1 elephant went out to play</p> <p>1,2,3,4,5, once I caught a fish alive</p> <p>Tommy Thumb</p> <p>10 in the bed</p> <p>10 Green Bottles</p> <p>10 fat sausages</p>	<p>A basket of Apples (Poetry Basket)</p> <p>Carrot Nose (Poetry Basket)</p> <p>If I were so very small (Poetry Basket)</p> 

Year 1

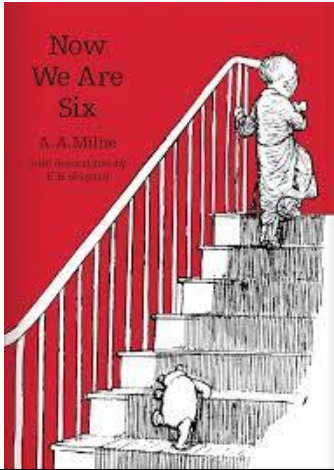
Poet to Study

Poems to Perform

Classic Poems to Study

Poems that inspire to Write

A.A. Milne



A.A.Milne- Now we are six

A Little House (Poetry Basket)

Shirley Hughes- Seaside

At the Seaside- Robert Louis Stevenson



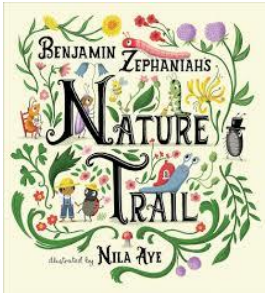


Riddle Poem- What am I?

A riddle is a type of word puzzle where ambiguous clues to an object or person's identity are offered requiring the reader to work out an answer.


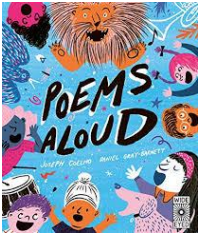
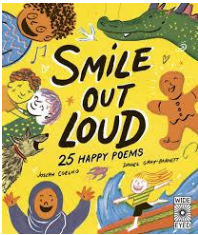

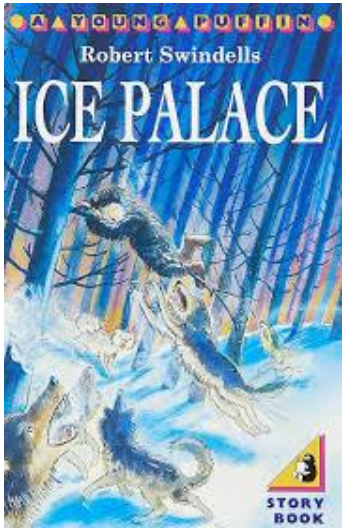
A.A.Milne- Now we are Six	A little House	Seaside- Shirley Hughes
<p>When I was One, I had just begun. When I was Two, I was nearly new. When I was Three, I was hardly me. When I was Four, I was not much more. When I was Five, I was just alive. But now I am Six, I'm clever as clever, So I think I'll be six for ever and ever.</p>	<p>I'm going to build a little house, With windows big and bright, And chimneys tall with curling smoke, Drifting out of sight. In winter when the snowflakes fall, Or when I hear a storm, I'll go and sit in my little house, Where I'll be snug and warm.</p>	<p>Sand in the sandwiches, Sand in the tea, Flat, wet sand running Down to the sea. Pools full of seaweed, Shells, and stones. Damp bathing suits And ice-cream cones. Waves pouring in To a sand-castle moat. Mend the defenses! Now we're afloat! Water's for splashing, Sand is for play. A day by the sea Is the best kind of day.</p>

Year 2

Poet to Study	Poems to Perform	Classic Poems to Study	Poems that inspire to Write
<p>Benjamin Zephaniah</p> 	<p>Benjamin Zephaniah- Nature Trail</p> <p>Ogden Nash- Adventures of Isabel</p> <p>Allan Ahlberg- Please Mrs Butler</p>	<p>The Star- Jane Taylor</p> 	<p>Nature Trail (Concrete/ Calligram Poetry)</p> <p>Concrete poetry—sometimes also called ‘shape poetry’—is poetry whose visual appearance matches the topic of the poem. The words form shapes which illustrate the poem’s subject as a picture, as well as through their literal meaning.</p> <p>A calligram is a form of concrete poetry where individual words take on a shape that reveals their meaning.</p> 




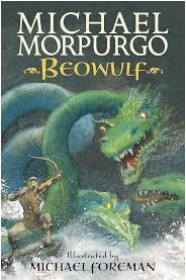
Nature Trail- Benjamin Zephaniah	The Adventures of Isabel – Ogden Nash	Please Mrs Butler- Allan Alhberg
<p>At the bottom of my garden There's a hedgehog and a frog And a lot of creepy-crawlies Living underneath a log, There's a baby daddy long legs And an easy-going snail And a family of woodlice, All are on my nature trail. There are caterpillars waiting For their time to come to fly, There are worms turning the earth over As ladybirds fly by, Birds will visit, cats will visit But they always chose their time And I've even seen a fox visit This wild garden of mine. Squirrels come to nick my nuts And busy bees come buzzing And when the night time comes Sometimes some dragonflies come humming, My garden mice are very shy And I've seen bats that growl And in my garden I have seen A very wise old owl. My garden is a lively place There's always something happening, There's this constant search for food And then there's all that flowering, When you have a garden You will never be alone And I believe we all deserve A garden of our own</p>	<p>Isabel met an enormous bear, Isabel, Isabel, didn't care, The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous, The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous. The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you, How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!</p> <p>Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry, Isabel didn't scream or scurry. She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up, Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up. Once in a night as black as pitch Isabel met a wicked old witch.</p> <p>The witch's face was cross and wrinkled, The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled. Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed, I'll turn you into an ugly toad!</p> <p>Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry, Isabel didn't scream or scurry, She showed no rage and she showed no rancor, But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.</p>	<p>Please Mrs Butler This boy Derek Drew Keeps copying my work, Miss. What shall I do? Go and sit in the hall, dear. Go and sit in the sink. Take your books on the roof, my lamb. Do whatever you think. Please Mrs Butler This boy Derek Drew Keeps taking my rubber, Miss. What shall I do? Keep it in your hand, dear. Hide it up your vest. Swallow it if you like, love. Do what you think best. Please Mrs Butler This boy Derek Drew Keeps calling me rude names, Miss. What shall I do? Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear. Run away to sea. Do whatever you can, my flower. But don't ask me!</p>

Year 3

Poet to Study	Poems to Perform	Classic Poems to Study	Poems that inspire to Write
<p>Joseph Coelho</p>    <p>Haiku study https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dvxcx_d90wE</p> <p>Clerihew study https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZRRUUhyB7KM</p>	<p>Joseph Coelho- A brush with danger</p> <p>Mary Ann Hoberman- To make a garden</p> <p>Edward Lear- The Owl and the Pussy-Cat</p>	<p>Edward Lear- The Owl and the Pussy-Cat</p> 	<p>Found words (From Ice Palace) (Blackout Poetry)</p> <p>Blackout poetry is a form of 'found poetry' where the poet selects words from a printed text and redacts the unwanted words. The chosen words will form a new poem - giving the original text a whole new meaning.</p> 

A brush with Danger- Joseph Coelho	To Make a Garden- Mary Ann Hoberman	The Owl and the Pussy cat- Edward Lear
<p>Dad likes to brush his hair Dad likes to brush his teeth Dad likes to brush his eyebrows, his eyebrows! Good grief</p> <p>Dad likes to brush his arms and the hair upon his back Dad likes to brush each hairy leg, now what do you think of that!</p> <p>Dad likes to brush his toes and his ever so hairy tongue, Dad likes to brush the bridge of his nose and his cheeks, just for fun.</p> <p>Dad's always leaving hair in trails across the floor and not one plug within our home flows with water anymore.</p> <p>Because Dad is a yeti and I'm a yeti too, We're great big hairy yetis and we're coming to brush you!</p>	<p>To make a garden all you need Is just a single simple seed, A patch of earth, a sheltered spot That's not too cold, but not too hot, A little rain, a little sun, That's all you need; And when you're done, In some strange way your seed will know Just how to sprout and how to grow Until you see to your surprise A miracle before your eyes, A baby leaf still curled up tight That's pushing upward toward the light. What will it be? A tree? A weed? Each one is started from a seed.</p>	<p>The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea In a beautiful pea-green boat, They took some honey, and plenty of money, Wrapped up in a five-pound note. The Owl looked up to the stars above, And sang to a small guitar, "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love, What a beautiful Pussy you are, You are, You are! What a beautiful Pussy you are!" Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl! How charmingly sweet you sing! O let us be married! too long we have tarried: But what shall we do for a ring?" They sailed away, for a year and a day, To the land where the Bong-Tree grows And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood With a ring at the end of his nose, His nose, His nose, With a ring at the end of his nose. "Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will." So they took it away, and were married next day By the Turkey who lives on the hill. They dined on mince, and slices of quince, Which they ate with a runcible spoon; And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, They danced by the light of the moon, The moon, The moon, They danced by the light of the moon</p>

Year 4

Poet to Study	Poems to Perform	Classic Poems to Study	Poems that inspire to Write
<p>Valerie Bloom</p>  	<p>Valerie Bloom- I did it!</p> <p>Jack Ousby- Gran can you rap?</p> <p>Roger McGeogh- The Sound Collector</p>	<p>The Tyger- William Blake</p> 	<p>Kenning (Beowulf)</p> <p> kennings are a means of referring to people or objects without naming them directly. A Kenning names something by describing its qualities in a two-word compound expression (often consisting of a noun and a verb made into a noun using an -er ending). Kennings can be developed into a poem or a riddle.</p>  <p>Study List poetry</p>

I Did it!- Valerie Bloom	Gran can you rap? Jack Ousby	The Sound Collector – Roger McGough
<p>They said I shouldn't do it 'Cause I was just a child, They said I couldn't do it, But I just quietly smiled. It's too long a ride, they said, And you look so unfit. But I didn't listen to them, I got on my bike and did it.</p> <p>You're just a girl, they said, And it's very plain to see That girls are not built for such things (It wasn't plain to me). It's unheard of! It's preposterous! Unthinkable! Quite absurd! But I went and did it anyway, And they didn't say a word.</p> <p>They said, What! A physician? That's not a job for you. Why not be a secretary? That's something you could do. No one from your neighbourhood Has completed a degree, So you can't be doctor! Oh no? Just wait and see!</p>	<p>Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap. Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran? And she opened one eye and she said to me, Man, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen. And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom, And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head And as she rolled by this is what she said, I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen. Then she rapped past my Dad and she rapped past my mother, She rapped past me and my little baby brother. She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide, She rapped through the door and she rapped outside. She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen. She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street, The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet. She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red As she rapped round the corner this is what she said, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen. She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill, And she disappeared she was rapping still. I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen Man, Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran. I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen I'm a - tip-top, slip-slap, nip-nap, yip-yap, hip-hop, trip-trap, touch yer cap, take a nap, happy, happy, happy, happy, rap-rap-queen</p>	<p>A stranger called this morning Dressed all in black and grey Put every sound into a bag And carried them away The whistling of the kettle The turning of the lock The purring of the kitten The ticking of the clock The popping of the toaster The crunching of the flakes When you spread the marmalade The scraping noise it makes The hissing of the frying pan The ticking of the grill The bubbling of the bathtub As it starts to fill The drumming of the raindrops On the windowpane When you do the washing-up The gurgle of the drain The crying of the baby The squeaking of the chair The swishing of the curtain The creaking of the stair A stranger called this morning He didn't leave his name Left us only silence Life will never be the same</p>

Year 5

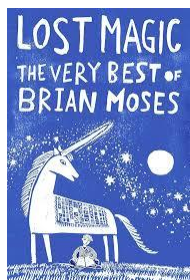
Poet to Study

Poems to Perform

Classic Poems to Study

Poems that inspire to Write

Brian Moses



Brian Moses- Walking with my Iguana

W.H.Davies- Leisure

Ted Hughes- My Brother Bert

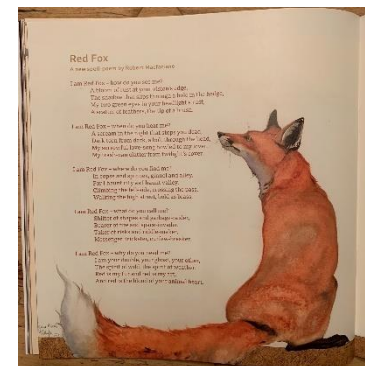
Daffodils- William Wordsworth



Strict verse

Poems written in strict verse have stanzas of equal length and a repeating rhyme pattern.

Red Fox- Robert Macfarlane



Study a Diamante poem

Noun

Adjective, Adjective

Verb, Verb, Verb

Noun, Noun, Noun, Noun


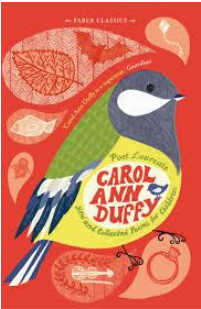

Verb, Verb, Verb

Adjective, Adjective

Noun

My Brother Bert- Ted Hughes	Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses	Leisure – William Henry Davies
<p>Pets are the Hobby of my brother Bert. He used to go to school with a Mouse in his shirt. His hobby it grew, as some hobbies will, And grew and GREW and GREW until -</p> <p>Oh don't breathe a word, pretend you haven't heard. A simply appalling thing has occurred - The very thought makes me iller and iller: Bert's brought home a gigantic Gorilla!</p> <p>If you think that's really not such a scare, What if it quarrels with his grizzly bear? You still think you could keep your head? What if the Lion from under the bed</p> <p>And the four Ostriches that deposit Their football eggs in his bedroom closet And the Aardvark out of his bottom drawer All danced out and joined in the Roar?</p> <p>What if the pangolins were to caper Out of their nests behind the wallpaper? With the fifty sorts of Bats That hang on his hatstand like old hats,</p> <p>And out of a shoebox the excitable Platypus Along with the Ocelot or Jungle-Cattypus? The Wombat, the Dingo, the Gecko, the Grampus - How they would shake the house with their Rumpus!</p> <p>Not to forget the Bandicoot Who would certainly peer from his battered old boot.</p> <p>Why it could be a dreadful day, And what Oh what would the neighbours say!</p>	<p>I'm walking with my iguana. I'm walking with my iguana. When the temperature rises to above eighty-five, my iguana is looking like he's coming alive. So we make it to the beach, my iguana and me, then he sits on my shoulder as we stroll by the sea . . . and I'm walking with my iguana. I'm walking with my iguana. Well if anyone sees us we're a big surprise, my iguana and me on our daily exercise, till somebody phones the local police and says I have an alligator tied to a leash. When I'm walking with my iguana. I'm walking with my iguana. It's the spines on his back that make him look grim, but he just loves to be tickled under his chin. And I know that my iguana is ready for bed when he puts on his pyjamas and lays down his sleepy head. And I'm walking with my iguana. Still walking with my iguana. With my iguana...with my iguana... and my piranha, and my Chihuahua, and my chinchilla, and my gorilla, my caterpillar... and I'm walking...with my iguana...with my iguana...with my iguana.</p>	<p>What is this life if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare?- No time to stand beneath the boughs And stare as long as sheep or cows: No time to see, when woods we pass, Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass: No time to see, in broad daylight, Streams full of stars, like skies at night: No time to turn at Beauty's glance, And watch her feet, how they can dance: No time to wait till her mouth can Enrich that smile her eyes began? A poor life this if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare.</p>

Year 6

Poet to Study	Poems to Perform	Classic Poems to Study	Poems that inspire to Write
<p>Carol Ann Duffy</p>  	<p>Carol Ann Duffy- The Laugh of Your Class</p> <p>Clement Clarke Moore - Twas the Night Before Christmas (A visit from St.Nicholas)</p> <p>Valerie Bloom- The River</p>	<p>The Lady of Shallot- Alfred Tennyson</p> 	<p>Carol Ann Duffy- The Look (Strict Verse)</p> <p>Poems written in strict verse have stanzas of equal length and a repeating rhyme pattern.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Look by Carol Ann Duffy</p> <p>The heron's the look of the river. The moon's the look of the night. The sky's the look of forever. Snow is the look of white.</p> <p>The bees are the look of the honey. The wasp is the look of pain. The clown is the look of funny. Paddles are the look of rain.</p> <p>The whale is the look of the ocean. The grave is the look of the dead. The wheel is the look of motion. Blond is the look of red.</p> <p>The rose is the look of the garden. The girl is the look of the school. The snake is the look of the Gorgon. Ice is the look of cool.</p> <p>The clouds are the look of the weather. The hand is the look of the glove. The bird is the look of the feather. You are the look of love.</p>

The Laugh of your Class- Carol Ann Duffy	'Twas the Night before Christmas- Clement Clarke Moore	The River – Valerie Bloom
<p>Your class laughs like fourteen birds in a tree. Your class laughs like ice in a glass on a tray. Your class laughs like the stars in the Milky Way. Ha ha ha ha ha ho ho hee hee.</p> <p>Your class laughs like the horn of a bright red car. Your class laughs like the strings on a loud guitar. Your class laughs like the harmony of a choir. Ho ho ho ho ho hee hee ha ha.</p> <p>Your class laughs like the hiss of skis on snow. Your class laughs like the screams of a circus show. Your class laughs like a trumpet player’s blow. Hee hee hee hee hee ha ha ho ho.</p> <p>Your class laughs like fourteen seals in the sea. Your class laughs like a drunken chimpanzee. Your class laughs like the buzz of a honey bee. Ha ha ha ha ha ho ho hee hee.</p> <p>Your class laughs like the mighty ocean’s roar. Your class laughs like carol singers at the door. Your class laughs like an elephant in the shower. Ho ho ho ho ho hee hee ha ha</p> <p>Your class laughs like doh ray me fa so. Your class laughs like seven dwarves singing hi ho. Your class laughs like blue whales when they blow Hee hee hee hee hee ha ha ho ho Ha ha ha ha ha ho ho hee hee. Ho ho ho ho ho hee hee ha ha Hee hee hee hee hee ha ha ho ho.</p>	<p>'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled down for a long winter's nap, When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below, When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name; "Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN! On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONNER and BLITZEN! To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky, So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.</p>	<p>The River's a wanderer. A nomad, a tramp, He doesn't choose one place To set up his camp. The River's a winder, Through valley and hill He twists and he turns, He just cannot be still. The River's a hoarder, And he buries down deep Those little treasures That he wants to keep. The River's a baby, He gurgles and hums, And sounds like he's happily Sucking his thumbs. The River's a singer, As he dances along, The countryside echoes The notes of his song. The River's a monster Hungry and vexed, He's gobbled up trees And he'll swallow you next.</p>

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!