

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG6 (Girls born 2014)

OUR CAT
By Daphne Lister

Our cat likes apple crumble,
With or without cream,
She eats it though I've told her
That it will make her dream,
And sometimes she eats custard,
Though it's sure to make her fat,
Then she purrs and licks her whiskers
And thinks,
'What a lucky cat!'

Mabel Murple
By Sheree Fitch

Mabel Murple's house was purple,
So was Mabel's hair.
Mabel Murple's cat was purple,
Purple everywhere.

Mabel Murple's bike was purple,
So were Mabel's ears.
And when Mable Murple cried,
She cried purple tears.

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SVB6 (*Boys born 2014*)

A Verse About Me
By Hilda Rostron

I'm scrubbing my teeth,
Scrub, scrub.
I'm washing my hands,
Rub, rub.
I'm brushing my hair,
Brush, brush.
I'm climbing upstairs,
Hush, hush.
I'm going to bed,
Creep, creep.
I'm in bed...
Yawn,
Yawn,
Yawn,
Asleep.

One-eyed Jack
ANON

ONE-EYED Jack, the pirate chief,
Was a terrible, fearsome ocean thief.
He wore a peg
Upon one leg;
He wore a hook –
And a dirty look!
One-eyed Jack, the pirate chief –
A terrible, fearsome ocean thief!

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG7 (Girls born 2013)

REFLECTIONS

By Wendy Larmont

I look in the mirror
And what do I see?
I see my sister
Looking at me.

We both look the same
In the clothes that we wear.
The same colour eyes
And the same colour hair.

I look in the mirror
And what do I see?
It's not my sister
I'm Looking At ME!!

Table Manners

By Gelett Burgess

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the tablecloth-
Oh! They lead disgusting lives!
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop – are you?

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVB7 (*Boys born 2013*)

Grandma's Third Leg
by June Crebbin

My Grandma has three legs,
And two are flesh and blood,
The other one she leans upon
And that is made of wood.

Last Spring, when we were walking
In fields not far away,
She said her extra leg would be
A help to me one day.

And now we're picking blackberries
I know the reason why,
She waves her leg above her head
And hooks the ones on high!

The Wrong Start
By Marchette Chute

I got up this morning and meant to be good,
But things didn't happen the way that they
should.

I lost my toothbrush,
I slammed the door,
I dropped an egg
On the kitchen floor,
I spilled some sugar
And after that
I tried to hurry
And tripped on the cat.

Things may get better.
I don't know when.
I think I'll go back and start over again.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG8 (Girls born 2012)

Books
By Eleanor Farjeon

What worlds of wonder are our books!
As one opens them and looks,
New ideas and people rise
In our fancies and our eyes.

The room we sit in melts away,
And we find ourselves at play
With someone who, before the end,
May become our chosen friend.

Or we sail along the page
To some other land or age.
Here's our body in the chair,
But our mind is over there.

Each book is a magic box
Which with a touch a child unlocks.
In between their outside covers
Books hold all things for their lovers.

After the Party
By William Wise

Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
He isn't himself today;
He's tucked up in bed
With a feverish head,
And he doesn't much care to play.

I'm sorry to state
That he also ate
Six pickles, a pie, and a pear;
In fact I confess
It's a reasonable guess
He ate practically everything there.

Yes, Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
So he's not at his best today;
But there's no need for sorrow-
If you come back tomorrow,
I'm sure he'll be out to play.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVB8 (*Boys born 2012*)

Picking Teams
By Alan Alberg

When we pick teams in the playground,
Whatever the game might be,
There's always somebody left till last
And usually it's me.

I stand there looking hopeful
And tapping myself on the chest,
But the captains pick the others first,
Starting, of course, with the best.

Maybe if teams were sometimes picked
Starting with the worst,
Once in his life a boy like me
Could end up being first!

Do You Want to Be a Wizard?
By Wes Magee

Do you want to be a wizard?
Well, you'll need a pointed hat
with silver stars and golden moon,
and perched on top...a bat.

Do you want to be a wizard?
Well, you'll need *Ye Booke of Spells*
And rotten eggs and fried frogs' legs
To make some horrid smells.

Do you want to be a wizard?
Well, you'll need some pickled brains,
A wand, a cloak, and one dead rat,
And green slime from the drains.

Do you *still* want to be a wizard?

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG9 (Girls born 2011)

The Monster Under Your Bed
By Clare Bevan

Don't shout at the monster
Under your bed-

It's terribly lonely,
It's never been fed,
It can't fool around,
And it can't make a noise,
Its friends are the beetles
And old, broken toys.
It sleeps in a tangle
Of tissues and socks,
Its voice is as soft
As the ticking of clocks,
It's not like the monsters
Who lurk in your dreams,
It's frightened of footsteps,
And slippers, and screams.
It's tiny and timid,
It's green, pink and blue,
It's under your bed, and...

It's hiding from YOU!

Days
By John Foster

I have this great feeling inside me,
Bubbling and fizzing away,
That today will be bright
And full of sunlight,
A happy and glorious day.

A have this sad feeling inside me,
Weighing me down like a stone,
That today will be grey
And gloomy all day,
A dingy and miserable day.

I have this calm feeling inside me,
Soothing me like a soft song,
That today will be warm
A quiet, quite ordinary day.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVB9 (Boys born 2011)

Missing
By AA Milne

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,
Just to make sure he was really in it,
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried....
I think he's somewhere about the house.
Has *anyone* seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown
one,

So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?

He must be somewhere, I'll ask Aunt Rose:
Have *you* seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
Oh, somewhere about – He's just got out...

Hasn't *anybody* seen my mouse?

My Dad
By Peter Dixon

My dad's not a teacher,
a ghost or a ghoul,
he isn't a spaceman
a jester or fool.

He doesn't walk tightropes
or dance on hot coals,
play for United
or score lots of goals.

He isn't a rock star,
a wizard or king,
he isn't a builder
and he can't really sing.

He doesn't do time walks
or cook on TV,
write silly poems
or make cups of tea.

My dad isn't wealthy,
he's not strong or wild,
but my dad is special
And I am his child.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG10 (Girls born 2010)

Dragonfly
By Ted Hughes

Now let's have another try
To love the giant Dragonfly.

Stand beside the peaceful water.
Next thing – a wispy, dry clatter

And he whizzes to a stop
In mid-air, and his eyes pop.

Snakey stripes, a snakey fright!
Does he sting? Does he bite?

Suddenly he's gone. Suddenly back. A
Scarey jumping cracker –

Here! Right here!
An inch from your ear!

Sizzling in the air
And giving you a stare

Out of the huge cockpit of his eyes -!

Now say: 'What a lovely surprise!'

Reading Time
By Judith Nicholls

Please Mrs Harris,
There's a bat
On the mat...

Well read, Sue,
But. Just right now
I'm listening to...

No, Mrs Harris,
I mean
There IS a bat
On the mat!

Oh, a bat and ball!
Thank you, sue,
Just pick it up
And pop it in the hall
For PE time, can you?

NO, Mrs Harris,
I mean a BAT,
Just like I said.

I think it might be dead.
Shall I bring it here,
Or will you come and...

OH, Mrs Harris, LOOK!
It ISN'T dead.
Can you see its furry head?
I think it's waking up!
Mrs Harris.....?

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVB10 (*Boys born 2010*)

Dog
By Ted Hughes

Asleep he wheezes at his ease.
He only wakes to scratch his fleas.

He hogs the fire, he bakes his head
As if it were a loaf of bread.

He's just a sack of snoring dog.
You can lug him like a log.

You can roll him with your foot.
He'll stay snoring where he's put.

Take him out for exercise
He'll roll in cowclap up to his eyes.

He will not race, he will not romp.
He saves his strength for gobble and chomp.

He'll work as hard as you could wish
Emptying the dinner dish.

Then flops flat, and digs down deep,
Like a miner, into sleep.

Robot Kid
By Patrick Chapman

Imagine being built with bolts
And powered by a million volts.
You'd have to wear a glove to shake
The hand of other kids – or make

Them disappear in puffs of smoke!
And then you'd have to play a joke
With different children every week
Because your friends were always – Eek!-

Exploding, until one smart kid
Unplugged you from the power grid.
And then you'd sleep for evermore
Your only sound, a robot snore.

So thank your lucky, lucky stars
And some small planets, that you are
A kid of flesh and blood – and not
A super-voltage kid robot.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG11 (*Girls born 2009*)

Space-Shuttle
By Judith Nicholls

Monday
My Aunt Esmeralda
Gave me one of those
Space-hoppers.
You know
Those big orange things
That you sit on and
They're supposed to take you to the stars.
Didn't take me any further than the lamp-post
—
And that hurt.

Tuesday
I gave it to my baby brother.
Do you know, he really believes
It's going to work!
Some people will believe
Anything.

Friday.
Just had a postcard
From my brother.
From the moon.
It says
'Had a good journey.
See you soon.
Just hopping off to Mars!'

The Elephant Child
By Sue Cowling

Under an African sun he stands,
the elephant child,
hot and hungry and thirsty.
He's as big as a car
but still small for an elephant.
Sadly swinging his trunk he stands
for many hours beside his mother,
Trying to coax and nudge her back to life
to take him home.
He could not help her when the men came.
They just laughed at him.
and now
under an African moon he stands
and tries to make sense of her butchered face.
Then he cries as only an elephant can cry
but he does not understand.
Neither do I.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVB11 (*Boys born 2009*)

Lone Dog
by Irene McLeod

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog and lone,
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my own!
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon and keep fat souls from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat.
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door and sharp stone and cuff and kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them will bide.
O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the best,
Wide wind and wild stars and the hunger of the quest.

The Pupil Control Gadget
By Marian Swinger

Science teacher Robert West
built a gadget which, when pressed,
caused consternation far and wide
by zapping pupils in mid stride.
It froze all motion, stopped all noise,
controlled the rowdy girls and boys,
and on fast forward was great fun.
It made them get their schoolwork done,
their hands a blur, their paper smoking,
with teachers cheering, laughing, joking.
And on rewind (that, too, was nice)
you could make them do their
schoolwork twice.
Robert, now a millionaire
is selling gadgets everywhere.
Timid teachers, pupils bossed
pay cash and never mind the cost.

Feile Luimnigh 2020
SVG12 (*Girls born 2008*)

Life

By Nan Terrell Reed

They told me that Life could be just what I
made it-

Life could be fashioned and worn like a
gown;
I, the designer; mine the decision
Whether to wear it with bonnet or crown.

And so I selected the prettiest pattern-
Life should be made of the rosiest hue-
Something unique, and a bit out of fashion,
One that perhaps would be chosen by few.

But other folk came and they leaned o'er my
shoulder;
Somebody questioned the ultimate cost;
Somebody tangled the thread I was using;
One day I found my scissors were lost.

And somebody claimed the material faded;
Somebody said I'd be tired ere 'twas worn;
Somebody's fingers, too pointed and spiteful,
Snatched at the cloth, and I saw it was torn.

Oh! Somebody tried to do all the sewing,
Wanting always to advise or condone.
Here is my life, the product of many;
Where is that gown I could fashion – alone?

Swinging

By Irene Thompson

Slowly, slowly, swinging low,
Let me see how far I go!
Slowly, slowly, keeping low,
I see where the wild flowers grow!
(getting quicker)

Quicker, quicker,
Swinging higher,
I can see
A shining spire!
Quicker, quicker,
Swinging higher,
I can see the sunset's fire!

Faster, faster,
Through the air,
I see almost
Everywhere.
Woods and hills,
And sheep that stare-
And things I never
Knew were there!
(getting slower)

Slower, slower, now I go,
Swinging, dreaming getting low;
Slowly, slowly, down I go-
Till I touch the grass below.

Feile Luimnigh 2020

SVB12 (*Boys born 2008*)

Fight

by *Barrie Wade*

'A scrap! A scrap!'
The tingle in the scalp
Starts us running.

The shout drains
Our playground just as though
A plug was pulled

Here in the space
In which two twisted, furious
Bodies writhe.

Rules will not prise
These savages apart.
No ref will interpose

With shouts of 'Break!'
This contest has one single
Vicious round.

We take no sides.
Our yells are wolves howling
For blood of any kind.

Our fingers clench.
The thrill claws in our throats
Like raging thirst.

The whistle shrills
And splits our pack. The circle
Heaves and shatters.

The fighters still
Are blind and deaf, won't hear
Or see until,
Parted, they go limp
As cubs drawn by the scruff
From some hot lair.

Now they are tame,
Standing outside Sir's room
Grinning their shame.

Chastened, we feel
The snarls of wildness
Stifle in us.

Angel Boy

By *Maurice Riordan*

Angel Boy lives on Fitzroy Road
and goes to Fitzroy School,
where even the teachers call him Gel-Boy.
And no-one knows, not even his Auntie Ajo,
he comes from further off than Somalia.
Much further off – as he knows on warm
nights
when he floats above his bunk bed
and he wants to slip through the open
window
to do somersaults around the city lights.
Knows it on Sports Day when he runs a lap
so fast he must slow up so his mate,
Eddie, can beat him at the tape.
Knows it when little Betty White fell
one whole flight of steps and he couldn't save
her,
not without giving away his secret.
Which he must keep til the world is older
and he's called on to do some special job
-maybe to deflect a meteor into space
or to take a test-tube of deadly virus
and bury it on the flip side of the moon.
He doesn't know yet, but it will be dangerous
and important. So he must act like normal.
Well, almost normal. When he runs to school
in his Nike trainers, he keeps his feet
half-a-centimetre above the street.