

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- 5/6 Girls

Born 2017

Morning Song

By Bobbi Katz

Today is a day to catch tadpoles.

Today is a day to explore.

Today is a day to get started.

Come on! Let's not sleep any more.

Outside the sunbeams are dancing.

The leaves sing a rustling song.

Today is a day for adventures,

And I hope that you'll come along!

Everybody has a Name

By Jean Warren

Everybody has a name.

Some are different.

Some are the same.

Some are short.

Some are long.

All are right.

None are wrong.

I like my name,

It's special to me.

It's exactly who,

I want to be!

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- 5/6 Boys

Born 2017

I have a Little Frog

By Anon

I have a little frog,

His name is Tiny Tim.

I put him in the bathtub,

To see if he could swim.

He drank up all the water.

He gobbled up the soap.

And when he tried to talk,

He had a bubble in his throat!

In Our Attic

By Clive Webster

I went up in our attic,

Climbing every creaking stair,

And looked for hidden treasure

That I knew was waiting there.

But then I started screaming.

It echoed through the house.

Instead of finding golden coins,

I found a little mouse.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/7 Girls

Born 2016

The Watching Crocodile

By Irene Rawsley

The crafty crocodile
Always keeps
One eye open
When the other one sleeps.

He lies in the river
Pretending to doze,
And waits for a fish
To swim past his nose.

Snap! Go his jaws:
The meal is gone.
He smiles and waits
For another one.

Take care, little fishes
As you swim by.
Remember, remember
The crocodile's eye.

Night Ride

By Celia Warren

When I can't sleep
I shut my door
And sit on the rug
on my bedroom floor.

I open the window
I close my eyes
and say magic words
Till my carpet flies

zooming over gardens;
chasing after bats
hooting like an owl
and frightening the cats.

Then when I feel sleepy
And dreams are in my head,
I fly back through my window
And snuggle down in bed.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/7 Boys

Born 2016

Dirt on my Shirt

By Jeff Foxworthy

There's dirt on my shirt
And leaves in my hair
There's mud on my boots
But I really don't care.

Playing outside is so much fun

To breathe the clean air
And feel the warm sun

To stomp in a puddle
Or climb a big tree
Makes me quite happy
Just look and you'll see!

Sock Song

By Ian Mc Millian

Upstairs
Downstairs
Where can they be?
I can't find my socks
And they can't find me!

Bedroom
Bathroom
Where have they gone?
I can't find my socks
And I need to put them on.

Inside
Outside
Hanging on the line?
I can't find my socks
And I'm running out of time.

One sock, two socks,
Silly things to lose
And when I've found my socks....
I'll be hunting for my shoes!

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/8 Girls

Born 2015

Really Really

By John Kitching

I find it very hard to read,
So sometimes I pretend,
Just turning pages one by one
Until I reach the end

Teacher tries to help me,
Knows just what I need.
Sounding words out one by one,
I really want to read.

I really, really want to read
Bright books there on the shelf.
I like it when Miss reads to me,
But I want to read myself.

I know there's magic locked in books,
Princes, places, birds.
That's why I try so very hard
to understand the words.

One day I know I'll really read
A book from start to end.
I won't just turn the pages.
I won't have to pretend.

Music

By Tony Mitton

Music is invisible,
invisible as air.
You cannot see it,
Cannot touch it,
but you know it's there.

It enters through your ears
and it starts to swirl around.
It seems to fill your body
with its rhythm and its sounds.

Music is like magic.
It puts you in a trance,
It sets your body moving
and makes your feelings dance.

Music is a mystery.
It seems to cast a spell.
When music really gets to work
then everything feels well.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/8 Boys

Born 2015

Yesterday I took a Test

By Kenn Nesbitt

Yesterday I took a test.
I got a perfect score.
A perfect score is something
that I've never had before.

My teacher nearly fainted.
My parents were impressed
to think that I knew every single
answer on the test.

But that's not how I did it.
No, it was only luck.
I guessed on every answer;
not just ones where I was stuck.

I guess it was my lucky day.
I feel like such a fool.
I should have played the lottery.
Instead I went to school.

The New Kid on the Block

By Jack Prelutsky

There's a new kid on the block,
And boy, that kid is tough,
That new kid punches hard,
That new kid plays real tough,

The new kid's big and strong, with
muscles everywhere,
That new kid tweaked my arm,
That new kid pulled my hair.

That new kid likes to fight,
And picks on all the guys
That new kid scares me some,
(that new kid's twice my size),
That new kid stomped on my toes,
that new kid swiped my ball,
that new kid's really bad,
I don't care for *her* at all!

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/9 Girls

Born 2014

The Donkey

Anon

I saw a donkey
One day old,
His head was too big
For his neck to hold;
His legs were shaky
And long and loose,
They rocked and staggered
And weren't much use.

He tried to gambol
And frisk a bit,
But he wasn't quite sure
Of the trick of it.
His queer little coat
Was soft and grey,
And curled at his neck
In a lovely way.

His face was wistful
And left no doubt
That he felt life needed
Some thinking about.
So he blundered round
In a venturesome quest,
And then lay flat
On the ground to rest.

He looked so little
And weak and slim,
I prayed the world
Might be good to him.

Habits

By Margot Bossonet

Angelina sucks her thumb
Against her parents wishes.
She says she likes it in her mouth
-The flavour is delicious!

Her thumb is her confederate,
The finest friend around;
It comforts her through thick and thin
When problems all abound.

They try to stop her suck, suck, suck,
By painting it with bitters.
They say 'Your thumb will shrink away'
'Your nail will fall to flitters'

Her granny says 'Your teeth will bend
And stick out like a rabbit.
Oh stop that sucking anyway,
It's *such* a nasty habit!'

But Angelina sucks away,
And sucks with no regrets;
She says it isn't half as bad
As smoking cigarettes!

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/9 Boys
Born 2014

Where Do All the Teachers Go?

By Peter Dixon

Where do all the teachers go
When it's four o'clock?
Do they live in houses
And do they wash their socks?

Do they wear pyjamas
And do they watch TV?
And do they pick their noses
The same as you and me?

Do they live with other people
Have they mums and dads?
And were they ever children
And were they ever bad?

Did they ever, never spell right
Did they ever make mistakes?
Were they ever punished in the corner
If they pinched the chocolate flakes?

Did they ever lose their hymn books
Did they ever leave their greens?
Did they scribble on the desk tops
Did they wear old dirty jeans?

I'll follow one back home today
I'll find out what they do
Then I'll put it in a poem
That they can read to you.

Superman's Dog

By Paul Cookson

Superman's dog – he's the best
Helping pets in distress
Red and gold pants and vest
'SD' on his chest

Superman's dog – X-ray sight
Green bones filled with Kryptonite
Bright blue lycra in flight
Faster than a meteorite

Better than Batman's robin
Rougher than Robin's bat
Faster than Spiderman's spider
Cooler than Catwoman's cat

Superman's dog - bionic scent
Crime prevention – his intent
Woof and tough – cement he'll dent
What's his name – Bark Kent!

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/10 Girls
Born 2013

The Paint Box

By E. V. Rieu

'Cobalt and umber and ultramarine,
Ivory black and emerald green –
What shall I paint to give pleasure to you?
'Paint for me somebody utterly new.'

'I have painted you tigers in crimson and
white.'

The colours were good and you painted
aright.'

'I have painted the cook and camel in blue
And a panther in purple.' 'You painted them
true.

Now mix me a colour that nobody knows,
And paint me a country where nobody goes,
And put in it people a little like you,
Watching a unicorn drinking the dew.'

If I were in Charge of the World

By Judith Viorst

If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel oatmeal,
Monday mornings,
Allergy shots, and also Sara Steinberg.

If I were in charge of the world
There'd be brighter night lights,
Healthier hamsters, and
Basketball baskets forty eight inches lower.

If I were in charge of the world
You wouldn't have lonely.
You wouldn't have clean.
You wouldn't have bedtimes.
Or 'Don't punch your sister.'
You wouldn't even have sisters.

If I were in charge of the world
A chocolate sundae with whipped cream and
nuts
Would be a vegetable
All 007 movies would be G,
And a person who sometimes forgot to brush,
And sometimes forgot to flush,
Would still be allowed to be
In charge of the world.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/10 Boys

Born 2013

Football Training

By Celia Warren

Monday

Practised heading the ball:

Missed it – nudded the neighbours' wall.

Tuesday

Perfected my sideline throw:

Fell in the mud – forgot to let go!

Wednesday

Worked on my penalty kick:

A real bruiser – my toe met a brick.

Thursday

Gained stamina – went for a jog:

Ran round in circles – lost in the fog!

Friday

Developed my tactical play:

Tackled the goal post – it got in the way.

Saturday

Exercised – twenty-eight press-ups:

Did pull a muscle – but no major mess-ups.

Sunday

At last – the day of the match!

Came through it all without a scratch.

The ref was amazed how I kept my nerve;

He agreed it's not easy to be the reserve!

The Friendly Cinnamon Bun

By Russell Hoban

Shining in his stickiness and glistening with honey,

Safe among his sisters and his brothers on a tray,

With raisin eyes that looked at me as I put down my money,

There smiled a friendly cinnamon bun, and this I heard him say:

'It's a lovely, lovely morning, and the world's a lovely place;

I know it's going to be a lovely day.

I know we're going to be good friends; I like your honest face;

Together we might go a long, long way.

The baker's girl rang up the sale, 'I'll wrap your bun,' said she.

Oh no, you needn't bother,' I replied.

I smiled back at that cinnamon bun and ate him, one two three,

And walked out with his friendliness inside.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/11 Girls
Born 2012

A Small Dragon

By Brian Patten

I've found a small dragon in the woodshed.
Think it must have come from deep inside a forest
because it's damp and green and leaves
are still reflecting in its eyes.

I fed it on many things, tried grass,
the roots of stars, hazel-nut and dandelion,
but it stared up at me as if to say, I need
foods you can't provide.

It made a nest among the coal,
not unlike a bird's but larger,
it is out of place here
and it quite silent.

If you believed in it I would come
hurrying to your house to let you share my wonder,
but I want instead to see
if you yourself will pass this way.

Girl with a Worksheet in a Castle

By Fred Sedgwick

There's a castle we visit where Mr Barret talks
battlements, baileys and barbicans.

But when I've done my worksheet and my sketches,

down unsafe stairs I find this lonely place,

this earth-floored larder. I breathe deeply in
the stink of centuries. An ancient chef

sweats. Humps sacks of onions, spuds,
turnips and garlic. Thinks of wine and oil

he'll baste over mutton, pork or fish. I hear
salt Saxon shouts. Alone, I'm history

and history is me. But still . . . be still . . .

Then

Mr Barret's calling *Eleanor Smith!*

He asks me about battlements and baileys,
and, not this lonely place, this worksheet.

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/11 Boys
Born 2012

The Marrog

By R.C. Scriven

My desk's at the back of the class
And nobody, nobody knows
I'm a Marrog from Mars
With a body of brass
And seventeen fingers and toes.
Wouldn't they shriek if they knew
I've three eyes at the back of my head
And my hair is bright purple
My nose is deep blue
And my teeth are half-yellow, half-red?
My five arms are silver and spiked
With knives on them sharper than spears.
I could go back right now, if I liked-
And return in a million light-years.
I could gobble them all
]for im seven foot tall
And I'm breathing green flames from my ears.
Wouldn't they yell if they knew,
If they guessed that a Marrog was here?
Ha-ha they haven't a clue-
Or wouldn't they tremble with fear!
'Look, look, a Marrog'
They'd all scream – and SMACK
The blackbird would fall and the ceiling would
crack
And the teacher would faint, I suppose.
But I'd grin to myself, sitting right at the back
And nobody, nobody knows.

Distracted the Mother said to her Boy

By Gregory Harrison

Distracted the Mother said to her boy,
'Do you try to upset and perplex and annoy?
Now, give me four reasons- and don't play the
fool-
Why you shouldn't get up and get ready for
school.'

Her son replied slowly, 'Well, Mother, you see
I can't stand the teachers and they detest me.
And there isn't a boy or a girl in the place
That I like or, in turn, that delights in my face.'

'And I'll give you two reasons,' she said, 'why
you ought
get yourself off to school before you get
caught;
Because, first, you are forty, and, next, you
young fool,
It's your job to be there. You're the head of
the school.'

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/12 Girls
Born 2011

The Hurt Boy and the Birds

By John Agard

The hurt boy talked to the birds
and fed them the crumbs of his heart.

It was not easy to find the words
for secrets he hid under his skin.
The hurt boy spoke of a bully's fist
that made his face a bruised moon –
his spectacles stamped to ruin.

It was not easy to find the words
for things that nightly hissed
as if his pillow was a hideaway for creepy-
crawlies –
the note sent to the girl he fancied
held high in mockery.
But the hurt boy talked to the birds
and their feathers gave him welcome –

Their wings taught him new ways to become.

Creative Writing

By Gervaise Phinn

My story on Monday began:

*Mountainous seas crashed on the
cliffs,*

And the desolate land grew wetter...

The teacher wrote a little note: *Remember the
capital letter!*

My poem on Tuesday began:

Red tongues of fire,

Licked higher and higher

From smoking Etna's top...

The teacher wrote a little note: *Where is your
full stop?*

My story on Wednesday began:

*Through the lonely, pine-scented
wood*

There twists a hidden path...

The teacher wrote a little note: *Start a
paragraph!*

My poem on Thursday began:

The trembling child,

Eyes dark and wild,

Frozen midst the fighting...

The teacher wrote a little note: *Take care –
untidy writing!*

My story on Friday began:

The boxer bruised and bloody lay,

His eye half closed and swollen...

The teacher wrote a little note: *Use a semi-
colon!*

Next Monday my story will begin:

Once upon a time...

FEILE LUIMNIGH 2023- U/12 Boys

Born 2011

The New Foal

By Ted Hughes

Yesterday he was nowhere to be found
In the skies or under the skies.

Suddenly he's here – a warm heap
Of ashes and embers, fondled by small
draughts.

A star dived from outer space – flared
And burned out in the straw.
Now something is stirring in the smoulder.
We call it a foal.

Still stunned
He has no idea where he is.
His eyes, dew-dusky, explore gloom walls and
a glare
doorspace.
Is this the world?
It puzzles him. It is a great numbness.

He pulls himself together, getting used to the
weight of things
And to that tall horse nudging him, and to this
straw.

Drop A Pebble In The Water

By James W. Foley

Drop a pebble in the water: just a splash, and
it is gone;
 But there's half-a-hundred ripples
circling on and on and on,
Spreading, spreading from the centre, flowing
on out to the sea.

 And there is no way of telling where
the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water: in a minute you
forget,

 But there's little waves a-flowing, and
there's ripples circling yet,
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big
wave have grown;

 You've disturbed a mighty river just
by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute
it is gone;

 But there's half-a-hundred ripples
circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading
from the centre as they go,

 And there is no way to stop them,
once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless: in a minute
you forget;

 But there's little waves a-flowing, and
there's ripples circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart wave tears
you've stirred,

 And disturbed a life was happy ere
you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: just a
flash and it is gone;

 But there's half-a-hundred ripples
circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each
splashing, dashing wave

 Till you wouldn't believe the volume
of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: in a
minute you forget;

 But there's gladness still a-swelling,
and there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose
sweet music can be heard

 Over miles and miles of water just by
dropping one kind word.