



The Watford Festival

OF MUSIC, SPEECH AND DRAMA

SET POETRY 2024

S0 - Reception year & under

On the Beach

They buried their dad
in the golden sands,
buried his legs,
buried his hands,
buried his body
and buried his toes
and left just his face
and a very red nose.

Marian Swinger

The Acrobats

I'll swing
By my ankles,
She'll cling
To your knees
As you hang
By your nose
From a high-up
Trapeze.
But just one thing, please,
As we float through the breeze—
Don't sneeze.

Shel Silverstein

Things to Do If You Are the Rain

Be gentle.
Hide the edges of buildings.
Plip, plop in puddles.
Tap, tap, tap against the rooftops.
Sing your very own song!
Make the grass green.
Make the world smell special.
Race away on a gray cloud.
Sign your name with a rainbow.

Bobbi Katz



Listening to the Trees

And the birch says
 it's about dancing and colour
and the rowan says
 it's about berries and birds
and the willow says
 it's about shape and shelter
and the hazel says
 it's about love and lichen
and the aspen says
 it's about growth and the wind
but I say it's about
 listening to the trees.

Mandy Haggith

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating -
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson

My Card for Father's Day

This is the card that I've made for my dad.
It's sticky with glue... but it's not too bad.

I cut out this ship and then stuck it in
And I drew this shark with a great big fin.

Then I've written as neatly as I can
"With love to my dad. He's the world's best man!"

This is the card that I'll give to my dad.
It's sticky with glue... but it's not too bad.

Wes Magee



Just a Skin Thing

This is the skin
That I've grown up in.
I've filled every part
And look pretty smart.
It starts at my head,
Reaches down to my feet,
It stretches so I can
Sit down on a seat.
It's got a few freckles
That others can see,
And fingerprint markings
To prove that I'm me.
Skin comes in all sizes
And colours and shades,
And proves, without doubt,
We're all brilliantly made!

Coral Rumble

Yuck

Jam all over her fingers,
Pastry in her hair,
Fruit juice dribbling down her chin
And custard everywhere.

Playdough in her fingernails,
Mud between her toes,
And something much much nastier
Running from her nose.

But none of that would bother me
If it weren't for this:
My sister's heading this way fast —
And it's *me* she wants to kiss!

Paul Rogers

Please, Noah!

Tortoise

I'm slow, Noah,
slow.
Don't put me near the hare,
the horse's hoof,
the elephant.
I fear...
the python, Noah;
his curling tongue
is long enough
to pierce my home.
Let me share my room
with mole, light-footed wren
or snail; he cannot stamp
or run. Best of all,
just let me be
alone.

Judith Nicholls



Squirrel

Grey squirrel

Small beast

Storing up a winter's feast,
Hides a hundred nuts at least.

Nook and cranny stocked with seed
Tucked away for winter's need.
Acorns stuck in hole and crack.
Will he ever get them back?

When the snow is piled up high
And the year is at December,
Can he really still remember
Where he hid them in September?

I have watched him from my window
And he always seems to know
Where the food he hid is waiting
Buried deep beneath the snow.

And I wonder
(Do you wonder?)
How he knows where he must go.

Mary Ann Hoberman

The Midnight Train to Nowhere

Brambles creep over the platform.
The station is silent and hushed.
The signals are bent and broken.
The tracks are covered in rust.

But people say that on windy nights
When owls are sweeping low,
From deep inside the tunnel
An eerie whistle blows.

And the smell of hot smoke fills the air
And they hear the hiss of steam,
As the Midnight Train to Nowhere
Goes thundering through their dreams.

Cynthia Rider

Summer Goes

Summer goes, summer goes
Like the sand between my toes
When the waves go out.
That's how summer pulls away,
Leaves me standing here today,
Waiting for the school bus.

Summer brought, summer brought
All the frogs that I have caught,
Frogging at the pond,
Hot dogs, flowers, shells and rocks,
Postcards in my postcard box—
Places far away.

Summer took, Summer took
All the lessons in my book,
Blew them far away.
I forgot the things I knew—
Arithmetic and spelling too,
Never thought about them.

Summer's gone, summer's gone—
Fall and winter coming on,
Frosty in the morning.
Here's the school bus right on time.
I'm not really sad that I'm
Going back to school.

Russell Hoban



Norman, a zebra at the zoo,
Escaped and ran to Waterloo
And caused a lot of consternation
In the rush hour, at the station.

He had an awful lot of fun
Chasing folk on Platform One,
And then he ran to Regent's Park
And hid there until it was dark,
And thought of his keeper, Mr Prout,
How cross he'd be, that he'd got out
So he tiptoes to the big zoo gate
And found he'd got there just too late.
Poor Norman had a little weep
And lay down in the road to sleep
And woke up early from his rest
With people walking on his chest.
And someone said, "I think that's new,
A zebra crossing by the zoo."
And with a snort of indignation,
He cried, "I've had enough of that.
How dare you use me as a mat.
I'm going straight home to the zoo."
He was just in time for breakfast too.

Jeremy Lloyd

Littlemouse

Light of day going,
Harvest moon glowing,
People beginning to snore,
Tawny owl calling,
Dead of night falling,
Littlemouse opening her door.

Scrabbling and tripping,
Sliding and slipping,
Over the ruts of the plough,
Under the field gate,
Mustn't arrive late,
Littlemouse hurrying now.

Into a clearing,
All the birds cheering,
Woodpecker blowing a horn,
Nightingale fluting,
Blackbird toot-tooting,
Littlemouse dancing till dawn.

Soon comes the morning,
No time for yawning,
Home again Littlemouse creeps,
Over the furrow,
Back to her burrow.
Into bed. Littlemouse sleeps.

Richard Edwards

Silk-moth Monitor

In our classroom
we have thirty-three children,
one teacher
and fifty-two Chinese silk-moths.

I am the Chinese silk-moth monitor.

Each day
I have to check the oak leaves
and decide whether to replace them,
so that the Chinese silk-moths,
which are at the second stage
of their development—
that is to say, caterpillars—
can enjoy a healthy diet.

Each day
I have to record their progress,
so I have put a spot
on the one I call Leroy,
a typical specimen, and—
each day—
I measure him.
This can take some time.
He is a fast mover.

Friday is cleaning-out day.
This is when I give
every caterpillar
the chance to exercise properly.
Crawling along my finger
provides the challenge
of a different environment.

I could have been
the dinner-register monitor,
But I prefer working with animals.

June Crebbin



Truth

Sticks and stones may break my bones,
but words can also hurt me.
Stones and sticks break only skin,
while words are ghosts that haunt me.

Slant and curved the word-swords fall
to pierce and stick inside me.
Bats and bricks may ache through bones,
but words can mortify me.

Pain from words has left its scar
on mind and heart that's tender.
Cuts and bruises now have healed;
it's words that I remember.

Barrie Wade

Suzie's New Dog

Your dog? What dog? You mean it?—that!
I was about to leave a note
Pinned to a fish to warn my cat
To watch for a mouse in an overcoat!

So that's a dog! Is it any breed
That anyone ever knew — or guessed?
Oh, a Flea Terrier! Yes indeed.
Well now, I *am* impressed!

I guess no robber will try your house
Or even cut through your yard.
Not when he knows you have a mouse
— I mean a dog — like that on guard!

You have to go? I'm glad you came!
I don't see a thing like that
Just every day. Does it have a name?
Fang, eh? Well, I must warn my cat.

John Ciardi

Spring

I'm shouting
I'm singing
I'm swinging through trees
I'm winging sky-high
With the buzzing black bees.
I'm the sun
I'm the moon
I'm the dew on the rose.
I'm a rabbit
Whose habit
Is twitching his nose.
I'm lively
I'm lovely
I'm kicking my heels.
I'm crying, "Come dance"
to the freshwater eels.
I'm racing through meadows
Without any coat
I'm a gamboling lamb
I'm a light leaping goat
I'm a bud
I'm a bloom
I'm a dove on the wing.
I'm running on rooftops
And welcoming spring!

Karla Kuskin

The Thin Prison

Hold the pen close to your ear.
Listen – can you hear them?
Words burning as a flame,
Words glittering like a tear,

Locked, all locked in the slim pen.
They are crying for freedom.
And you can release them,
Set them running from prison.

Himalayas, balloons, Captain Cook,
Kites, red brick, London Town,
Sequins, cricket bats, large brown
Boots, lions and lemonade – look,

I've just let them out!
Pick up your pen, and start,
Think of the things you know – then
Let the words dance from your pen.

Leslie Norris

BED!

When it is time to go to bed
my mum says:
'BED!'
I say:
'Please can I stay up
until this film finishes?'
'What time does it finish?'
my mum says.
'Ten o'clock,' I say.
'No way,' my mum says.
'Oh can't I stay up for five minutes?'
'NO.'
'Please.'
'NO!'
'Oh... can't I read in bed?'
'NO!'
'Please.'
'Come here, girl... You are getting on my nerves
If you are not in that bed
by the time I count to...'

I walk slowly up the stairs
my brother is laughing away.
Then my mum starts shouting again.
This time at my brother.

Joni Akinrele

S6 - School Year 6



Pole-Star

Polaris

I am the Star of mariners
On the sea.
Nelson and Drake and Shackleton
Sailed by me.

I am the guide of adventurers
Through the dark.
Marco Polo my namesake
Knew my mark.

All who travelled the Northern
Hemisphere,
Powder monkey and admiral,
Privateer,

Scott, Paul Jones and Frobisher,
Captain Cook,
Sindbad and Long John Silver
And James Hook,

Nansen, Raleigh, Columbus
Were my friends.
I beheld their beginnings
And their ends.

I am the heaven-set steersman
Of the deep,
All ships and all sea-farers
In my keep.

Eleanor Farjeon



Ghost in the Garden

The ghost in the garden
Cracks twigs as she treads
Shuffles the leaves
But isn't there

The ghost in the garden
Snaps back the brambles
So they spring against my legs
But isn't there

Draws spiders' webs across my face
Breathes mist on my cheek
Whispers with bird-breath down my ear
But isn't there

Tosses raindrops down from branches
Splashes the pond
Traces a face in it
That isn't mine

Moves shadows underneath the trees
Too tall, too thin, too tiny to be me

Spreads bindweed out to catch me
Flutters wild wings about my head
Tugs at my hair
But isn't there

And when I look
There's only the bend of grass
Where her running feet
Have smudged the dew

And there's only the sigh
Of her laughter
Trickling
Like
Moonlight
On
Wet
Weeds.

Berlie Doherty

A Poem to be Spoken Silently

It was so silent that I heard
my thoughts rustle
like leaves in a paper bag...

It was so peaceful that I heard
the trees ease off
their coats of bark...

It was so still that I heard
the paving stones groan
as they muscled for space...

It was so silent that I heard
a page of this book
whisper to its neighbour,
'Look he's peering at us again...'

It was so still that I felt
a raindrop grin
as it tickled the window's pane...

It was so calm that I sensed
a smile crack the face
of a stranger...

It was so quiet that I heard
the morning earth roll over
in its sleep and doze
for five minutes more...

Pie Corbett



Practising

One and two and three and four,
Practising is SUCH a bore!
Five and six and seven and eight,
Scales are things I simply hate!

I must ask my teacher whether
I could use both hands together;
But the answer's sure to be,
"Practise hard, and then we'll see."

One and two and three and four,
There's my little friend next door,
Calling to me from the gate!
Five and six and seven and eight.

Wish I could go out to play;
But I know I've got to stay
Practising, until I see
That the clock says half-past three.

A thrush upon the sill has hopped;
I'm quite, quite sure that clock has stopped!
One and two and one, two, three,
It simply **MUST** be time for tea.

Wonder if there's chocolate cake!
Scales **DO** make your fingers ache.
Think my birthday's getting near;
It's a Saturday this year.

And Dad says if I'm very good
(That, of course, is understood)
He will take me to the Zoo!
One and two and one and two.

One and two and one, two, three,
Does the clock say half-past three?
Yes, at last! Hip-pip-hurray!
No more silly scales today!

Dorothy Gray



Night Watch

The moon trudged up the wood.
I waited by the wall till everything
was touched with blue, from shadows dark as ink
to sheet-white grass, my clothes too, and my hands,
this time, this one night.

When further and higher up I suddenly heard
steps — stone against stone, a slither. And again,
stone ground on stone again. Heavy. And again —
Hooves? Feet? Paws? Monster's? Or murderer's?

Which way were they going? Coming?
I strained to tell, a bramble-coil hiding me.
No other sound. Which way? This way yet?
Too scared to move at all I turned into a tree,
a dead tree playing statues with the moon.

Whose steps were up there jostling the stones?
They never came or left. Under a little cliff by day
I found them out. Those feet were never legged —
I found water, playing at life in the drips
of a falling streamlet, marking time.

That night, the moon full —
held still by that cold trick, what did I miss?

Libby Houston

The Tom-Cat

At midnight in the alley
A Tom-cat comes to wail,
And he chants the hate of a million years
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,
Tiger and devil and bard,
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers
And bares his curved sharp claws,
And he sings to the stars of the jungle nights,
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,
He and his leaping clan,
When the blotched red moon leers over the roofs,
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug tomorrow
And lick his silky fur,
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley
He will crouch again and wail,
And beat the time for his demon's song,
With the swing of his demon's tail.

Don Marquis



As I Watch

At the back of Maths
while the rest of the class tackle graphs
Jack and Matt pass a note back and forth and cackle laughs.
Dominique is doing this thing with her feet,
making both her heels squeak on the leg of her seat
Morgan is awkwardly trying to yawn caught between
feeling naughty and boredom
Alissa and Kirstie sit earnestly working
in search of a word of approval from Sir
Gemma and Tristan pretend that they're listening
nodding in sync to prove that they've heard
Abdul is scribbling circles in curves
filling his page with whirlpools of o's
Dylan's pretending he's scratching his forehead
secretly digging his thumb up his nose
Famida's inspecting her nails like a surgeon
Arif is sneakily checking his phone
Dominic's holding his head like it's hurting
Abe is just slumped like a lump of old stone
And I sit, watching, drinking them in
making up rhymes for the lives that they live
Cos that's my thing, sitting to the side, silently rhyming
capturing time with each blink of my eyelids
recording it all in a verse for just me
on my own in my head till the bell sets us free
and as we walk out I give my words marks out of ten
then head straight to next lesson where it all starts again.

Steven Camden



Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Trees in the Storm

The trees cling to the earth with tired fingers.
No matter how the sky tugs at them
they cling and cling.
They wrap their roots around the rabbit's warren,
The badger's holt, the mole's tunnel,
and cling and cling,
and won't let go no matter what.
They are afraid of being torn free and hurled,
root and branch, into the black soup of the sky.

Most things cling to the earth,
Most things that are not balloons
or birds or dandelion seeds,
or bits of paper or smoke,
or kites or clouds,
cling to the earth.
Even shadows cling to the earth.
Stones do it best,
they are the experts.

But among living things
it is the trees,
swaying and rattling their heads,
branches snapping like bones,
each dishevelled twig wearing its necklaces of rain,
it is the trees
that fight so fiercely against the wild storm,
that cling and cling,
as if to life, as if never to give up.

Brian Patten



First Art Lesson

My new paintbox's shining black lacquer lid
divided neatly into three oblong sections
reflects my funny face, the art room windows
white with autumn clouds and flecked with rain.

When I open it, the scented white enamel dazzles.
Inside, pure colours are displayed like blocks
of a bulb-grower's beds of flowers, toy spectrum
in china tubs and tin tubes, a cubist rainbow.

From my jam jar filled with fresh water at the sink
I pour a little liquid into each depression;
take the brush of silky camel hair; wet its plumpness
for the first time, and the last, between my lips.

Then dip its fine, dark tip into the water tanks,
and into the juicy wells of Crimson Lake, Gamboge, Sienna,
Peacock Blue, Burnt Ochre, Emerald, Olive, Terracotta,
Vermilion, Umber, Cadmium, Indigo, Intense Black.

Damp the paper. From the top edge, with sleek, loaded brush,
begin to release the first phantom of a pale-blue wash.

James Kirkup



Naming of Parts

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday
We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But today,
Today we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
And today we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling swivel,
Which in your case you have not got. The branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it
Rapidly backwards and forwards; we call this
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring. It is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb; like the bolt,
And the breech, and the cocking piece, and the point of balance,
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-blossom
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards and forwards,
For today we have naming of parts.

Henry Reed



Warning

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph

The New Colossus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Emma Lazarus

| | | |
|--|---|----------------------------------|
| S0 – Reception Year and Under | | |
| <i>On the Beach – Marian Swinger</i> | <i>LAMDA Verse & Prose volume 18</i> | LAMDA, 2014 |
| <i>The Acrobats – Shel Silverstein</i> | <i>Where the Sidewalk Ends</i> | Harper Collins, 2014 |
| <i>Things to Do If You Are the Rain – Bobbi Katz</i> | <i>Poetry from A to Z: a Guide for Young Writers</i> | Simon & Schuster, 1994 |
| | | |
| S1 – School Year 1 | | |
| <i>Listening to the Trees – Mandy Haggith</i> | <i>The Thing that Mattered Most: Scottish poems for children</i> | Scottish Poetry Library, 2006 |
| <i>My Card for Father's Day – Wes Magee</i> | <i>LAMDA Verse & Prose volume 18</i> | LAMDA, 2014 |
| <i>Where Go the Boats – Robert Louis Stevenson</i> | https://allpoetry.com/Where-Go-The-Boats- | |
| | | |
| S2 – School Year 2 | | |
| <i>Just a Skin Thing – Coral Rumble</i> | <i>A Million Brilliant Poems (part one)</i> | A & C Black, 2010 |
| <i>Please, Noah! – Tortoise – Judith Nicholls</i> | <i>The Usborne Little Book of Children's Poems</i> | Usborne Publishing, 2003 |
| <i>Yuck – Paul Rogers</i> | <i>LAMDA Verse and Prose Anthology vol 17</i> | LAMDA, 2009 |
| | | |
| S3 – School Year 3 | | |
| <i>Squirrel – Mary Ann Hoberman</i> | https://maryannhoberman.com/poetry | |
| <i>Summer Goes – Russell Hoban</i> | <i>The Oxford Book of Children's Poetry</i> | Oxford University Press, 2007 |
| <i>The Midnight Train to Nowhere – Cynthia Rider</i> | <i>Watch Out, There's a Ghost About!</i> | Oxford University Press, 2002 |
| | | |
| S4 – School Year 4 | | |
| <i>Littlemouse – Richard Edwards</i> | <i>I am the Seed that Grew the Tree</i> | Nosy Crow, 2018 |
| <i>Norman the Zebra – Jeremy Lloyd</i> | <i>LAMDA Anthology of Verse and Prose vol 15</i> | LAMDA, 1999 |
| <i>Silk-moth Monitor – June Crebbin</i> | <i>The Jungle Sale</i> | Puffin Books, 1988 |
| | | |
| S5 – School Year 5 | | |
| <i>Spring – Karla Kuskin</i> | <i>The Random House Book of Poetry for Children</i> | Random House, 1983 |
| <i>Suzie's New Dog – John Ciardi</i> | <i>Rhyme Time 2</i> | Beaver Books 1984 |
| <i>Truth – Barrie Wade</i> | <i>The Oxford Book of Children's Poetry</i> | Oxford University Press, 2007 |
| | | |
| S6 – School Year 6 | | |
| <i>Bed! – Joni Akinrele</i> | <i>A Spider Bought a Bicycle</i> | Kingfisher, 1992 |
| <i>Pole Star – Eleanor Farjeon</i> | <i>Then There Were Three</i> | J B Lippincott & Co, 1952 |
| <i>The Thin Prison – Leslie Norris</i> | <i>The Oxford Treasury of Children's Poetry</i> | Oxford University Press, 1985 |
| | | |
| S7 – School Year 7 | | |
| <i>A Poem to be Spoken Silently – Pie Corbett</i> | <i>A Million Brilliant Poems (part one)</i> | A & C Black, 2010 |
| <i>Ghost in the Garden – Bertie Doherty</i> | <i>The Oxford Book of Children's Poetry</i> | Oxford University Press, 2007 |
| <i>Practising – Dorothy Gray</i> | <i>Guildhall Twelfth Anthology</i> | Guildhall, 1971 |
| | | |
| S8 – School Year 8 | | |
| <i>As I Watch – Steven Camden</i> | <i>Everything All at Once</i> | Macmillan Children's Books 2018 |
| <i>Night Watch – Libby Houston</i> | <i>The Usborne Little Book of Children's Poems</i> | Usborne Publishing, 2003 |
| <i>The Tom-Cat – Don Marquis</i> | <i>Junior Voices: the fourth book</i> | Penguin Books, 1970 |
| | | |
| S9 – School Years 9 and 10 | | |
| <i>First Art Lesson – James Kirkup</i> | <i>The Works 2</i> | Macmillan Children's Books, 2002 |
| <i>Solitude – Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i> | https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45937/solitude-56d225aad9924 | |
| <i>Trees in the Storm – Brian Patten</i> | <i>Juggling with Gerbils</i> | Puffin Books, 2000 |
| | | |
| S10 – School Years 11 - 13 | | |
| <i>Naming of Parts – Henry Reed</i> | https://www.poemhunter.com/henry-reed/ebooks/?ebook=0&filename=henry_reed_2012_4.pdf | |
| <i>The New Colossus – Emma Lazarus</i> | https://www.nps.gov/stli/learn/historyculture/colossus.htm | |
| <i>Warning – Jenny Joseph</i> | <i>Jenny Joseph: Selected Poems</i> | Bloodaxe Books, 1995 |