

Halfway Down - A. A. Milne

Halfway down the stairs  
Is a stair  
Where I sit.  
There isn't any  
Other stair  
Quite like  
It.  
I'm not at the bottom,  
I'm not at the top;  
So this is the stair  
Where  
I always  
Stop.

Halfway up the stairs  
Isn't up  
And it isn't down.  
It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in town.  
And all sorts of funny thoughts  
Run round my head.  
It isn't really  
Anywhere!  
It's somewhere else  
Instead!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kxIjHyAn3xY>

## **I am angry – Michael Rosen**

I am angry. really angry. angry,  
angry, angry. I'm so angry  
I'll jump up and down. I roll on the ground  
Make a din. Make you spin  
Pull out my hair. Throw you in the air  
Pull down posts. Hunt down ghosts  
Scare spiders. Scare tigers  
Pull up trees. Bully bees  
Rattle the radiators. Frighten alligators  
Cut down flowers. Bring down towers  
Bang all the bones. Wake up stones  
Shake the tiles. Stop all smiles  
Silence birds. Boil words  
Mash up names. Grind up games  
Crush tunes. Squash moons  
Make giants run. Terrify the sun  
Turn the sky red. And then go to bed.

<https://clpe.org.uk/poetryline/poems/i-am-angry>

## Granny Is - Valerie Bloom

Granny is  
fried dumplin' an' run-dung,  
coconut drops an' grater cake,  
fresh ground coffee smell in the mornin'  
when we wake.

Granny is  
loadin' up the donkey,  
basket full on market day  
with fresh snapper the fisherman bring back  
from the bay.

Granny is  
clothes washin' in the river  
scrubbin' dirt out on the stone  
haulin' crayfish an' eel from the water  
on her own.

Granny is  
stories in the moonlight  
underneath the guangu tree  
and a spider web of magic  
all round we.

Granny say,  
'Only de best fe de gran' children,  
it don' matter what de price,  
don't want no one pointin' finger.'  
Granny nice.

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/granny-is/>

## The Night Mail - WH Auden

This is the night mail crossing the Border,  
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,  
Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:  
The gradient's against her, but she's on time.

Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder  
Shovelling white steam over her shoulder,

Snorting noisily as she passes  
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,  
Stare from bushes at her blank-faced coaches.

Sheep-dogs cannot turn her course;  
They slumber on with paws across.

In the farm she passes no one wakes,  
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

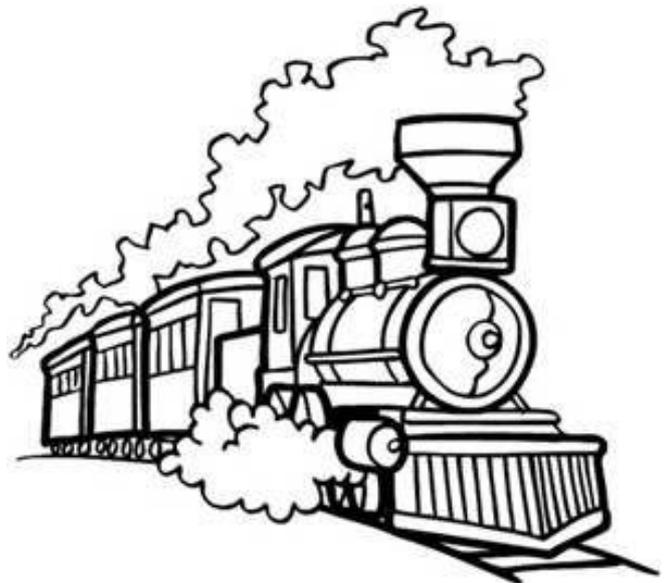
Dawn freshens, Her climb is done.  
Down towards Glasgow she descends,  
Towards the steam tugs yelping down a glade of cranes  
Towards the fields of apparatus, the furnaces  
Set on the dark plain like gigantic chessmen.  
All Scotland waits for her:  
In dark glens, beside pale-green lochs  
Men long for news.

Letters of thanks, letters from banks,  
Letters of joy from girl and boy,  
Receipted bills and invitations  
To inspect new stock or to visit relations,  
And applications for situations,  
And timid lovers' declarations,  
And gossip, gossip from all the nations,  
News circumstantial, news financial,  
Letters with holiday snaps to enlarge in,  
Letters with faces scrawled on the margin,  
Letters from uncles, cousins, and aunts,  
Letters to Scotland from the South of France,  
Letters of condolence to Highlands and Lowlands  
Written on paper of every hue,  
The pink, the violet, the white and the blue,  
The chatty, the catty, the boring, the adoring,  
The cold and official and the heart's outpouring,  
Clever, stupid, short and long,  
The typed and the printed and the spelt all wrong.

Thousands are still asleep,  
Dreaming of terrifying monsters  
Or of friendly tea beside the band in Cranston's or Crawford's:

Asleep in working Glasgow, asleep in well-set Edinburgh,  
Asleep in granite Aberdeen,  
They continue their dreams,  
But shall wake soon and hope for letters,  
And none will hear the postman's knock  
Without a quickening of the heart,  
For who can bear to feel himself forgotten?

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b8\\_jmtbvzmY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b8_jmtbvzmY)



## **Bed in Summer - Robert Louis Stevenson**

In Winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle light.  
In Summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

<https://etc.usf.edu/lit2go/audio/mp3/a-childs-garden-of-verses-selected-poems-004-bed-in-summer.4710.mp3>

**In Flanders Fields - John McCrae**

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cKoJvHcMLfc>

## Didgeridoo - Roger McGough

Catfish  
take catnaps on seabeds  
Sticklebacks  
stick like glue  
Terrapins  
are terrific with needles  
But what does a didgery do?  
Bloodhounds  
play good rounds of poker  
Chihuahuas  
do nothing but chew  
Poodles  
make puddles to paddle in  
But what does a didgery do?  
A puffin  
will stuff in a muffin  
A canary  
can nearly canoe  
Hummingbirds  
hum something rotten  
But what does a didgery do?  
Tapeworms  
play tapes while out jogging  
Flies  
feed for free at the zoo  
Headlice  
use headlights at night-time  
But what does a didgery do?  
What does a didgery  
What does a didgery  
What does a didgeridoo?

<https://clpe.org.uk/poetryline/poems/didgeridoo>

## The Door - Miroslav Holub

Go and open the door.

Maybe outside there's

a tree, or a wood,

a garden, or a magic city.

Go and open the door.

Maybe a dog's rummaging.

Maybe you'll see a face,

or an eye,

or the picture

of a picture.

Go and open the door.

If there's a fog

it will clear.

Go and open the door.

Even if there's only

the darkness ticking,

even if there's only

the hollow wind,

even if nothing is there,

go and open the door.

At least

there'll be

a draught.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p011kx3r>