

Rabbit Poem

To keep
a rabbit
is a good
habit.

A rabbit is truly curious:
his eyes are soft
but his whiskers wiggle
and his nose twitches
and his ears jiggle

and his tail
is a bump
on
his rump.

A rabbit
is cheerful
but not especially
careful
about multiplying
the answers
he gets
to the simple
sum
of one and one
are mystifying. . .

A rabbit is easy
to care for:
to munch on grass
is what he is hare for.

So if you get
the chance
to have a rabbit,
grab it!

By Pamela Mordecai



God laughed when he made the duck

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones;
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum,
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves – *quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:
All God's jokes are good – even the practical ones!

And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it.
And he's probably laughing still
at the sound that came
out of its bill!

By F W Harvey



Ducks' Ditty

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills out of sight
Busy in the river!

Slushy, green undergrowth
Where the roach swim –
Here we keep our larder,
Cool and full and dim.

Every one for what he likes!
We like to be
Heads down, tails up,
Dabbling free!

High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call,
We are down a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

By Kenneth Grahame



The Sparrow

I found a speckled sparrow
between the showers of rain.



He thought the window wasn't there
and flew against the pane.

I picked him up and held him.
He didn't stir at all.

I hardly felt him in my hand,
he was so soft and small.

I held him like a flower
upon my open palm.

I saw an eyelid quiver,
though he lay still and calm.

And then, before I knew it
I stood alone, aghast:

I never thought a bird so limp
could fly away so fast.

By Aileen Fisher

Top tips for reading a poem aloud

- Work on the **tricky words**. Find out what they mean and how they are said. Practise saying them.
- Look for the **full stops**. Make sentences flow to the full stop, even when there's a new line.
- **Slow down**. Speak slowly when you're reading a poem, so that others can hear the words.
- **Project your voice**. Imagine someone on the other side of the room and speak to them.
- **Practise**. Read and read and read your poem, so that you get better each time.

