[http://sued51.files.wordpress.com/2013/03/clip-art-microphone-454954.jpghttp://sued51.files.wordpress.com/2013/03/clip-art-microphone-454954.jpg](http://www.google.co.uk/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&frm=1&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&uact=8&docid=tYdN56YKbYIy6M&tbnid=eWozAvIM8c9IqM:&ved=0CAUQjRw&url=http://sued51.wordpress.com/2013/03/15/my-first-poetry-slam/&ei=P1x6U_O3KJL07Aa6hoCQCw&psig=AFQjCNHddTST9564EMF0Zoe3MkwXRO0fDA&ust=1400614290676934)

**Cookridge Primary**

**Poetry Slam!**

**Sir Albert and His Dragon, By G Walsh**

In days of old,

When knights were bold,

And dragons were such pests,

There was an old knight called Sir Albert,

Who wore an old string vest.

Now Sir Albert was a strange sight,

With a crooked sword around his hips,

He didn’t much like killing dragons,

But he loved munching on fish and chips.

Then one day while walking,

All alone out in the glen,

Albert came across a dragon,

That had eaten thirty men.

**Spell to bring a Smile, by John Agard**

Come down Rainbow

Rainbow come down

I have a space for you

in my small face

If my face is too small for you

Take a space in my chest

If my chest is too small for you

Take a space in my belly

If my belly is too small for you

Then take every part of me

Com down Rainbow

Rainbow come down

You can eat me from head to tow

**Uncle Ben from Number One, by Brian Patten**

Uncle Ben was not a hen

But when he laid an egg

He did it quite professionally

By lifting up a leg.

He studied it and prodded it

And said, “’I’m mystified.”

And then he took it

to the kitchen

Where he had it, fried.

**My Goldfish, by Gez Walsh**

If my goldfish could talk

I wonder what he would say

Would it be that I were wonderful

Or maybe just OK

Would he say

“I like my new fish bowl”

Or would he rather be swimming in a shoal

Would he say that he loves me

And ask for a hug

Or would he just state with those

Fishy eyes and just say “Glug!”

**Chips, Chips, Chips, by Gez Walsh**

I want chips for my breakfast,

Chips for lunch,

Chips for dinner,

Chips for supper,

Just give me chips,

And a lovely hot cuppa,

Because I don’t like fruit,

And I don’t like veg,

I would rather eat our front hedge,

So no other food will pass my lips,

Just give me a cup of tea,

And a nice bag of chips.

**The Picnic, by Marian Swinger**

They biked to the end of the world one day

Where the sea tumbled over the brink

And they took out a flask and a couple of cups

And poured themselves something to drink.

They gazed at the waters cascading

In a foaming and terrible wall

And murmured while spreading a cloth out

That the world must be flat after all.

They brought out some ketchup and marmite

As a phoenix errupted in flames

And they ate a cheese sandwich with pickle

Before they got up from a game.

**Hamstar, by John Hegley**

I’m a hamstar

That’s what I Amstar

Small enough to fit into a jam jar.

I’ve got a treadmill to keep in trainin’

I’ve got a little head to keep my brain in

And pouches at the side

To keep my grain in.

**On the Ning Nang Nong, by Spike Milligan**

On the Ning Nang Nong

Where the Cows go Bong!

And the Monkeys all say Boo!

There’s a Nong Nang Ning

Where the trees go Ping!

And the tea pots Jibber Jabber Joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang!

And you just can’t catch ‘em when they do!

So it’s Ning Nang Nong!

Cows go Bong!