



# Spike Milligan

" I thought I'd begin by reading a poem by Shakespeare, but then I thought, why should I? He never reads any of mine."



## On the Ning Nang Nong

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 teapots 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  
The cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
The trees go Ping!  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go Clang!  
What a noisy place to belong  
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/on-the-ning-nang-nong/>

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



# Berlie Doherty

*"Poetry is our seventh sense."*

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/ghost-in-the-garden/>

## 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.

POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK



# Allan Ahlberg

"I sometimes write on trains - and in my little shed down the garden."

POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK

<https://clpe.org.uk/videos/video/allan-ahlberg-please-mrs-butler>

From 42s

## Please Mrs Butler

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps copying my work, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.  
Go and sit in the sink.  
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.  
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.  
Hide it up your vest.  
Swallow it if you like, my love.  
Do what you think best.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps calling me rude names, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.  
Run away to sea.  
Do whatever you can, my flower.  
But don't ask me!

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/please-mrs-butler/>



# Grace Nichols

Writing is my way of participating in the world and in the struggle for keeping language and the human spirit alive.

POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK

## Cat-Rap

Lying on the sofa  
all curled and meek  
but in my furry-fuzzy head  
there's a rapping beat.  
Gonna rap while I'm napping  
and looking sweet  
gonna rap while I'm padding  
on the balls of my feet  
  
Gonna rap on my head  
gonna rap on my tail  
gonna rap on my  
you know where.  
So wave your paws in the air  
like you just don't care  
with nine lives to spare  
gimme five right here.

Well, they say that we cats  
are killed by curiosity,  
but does this moggie mind?  
No, I've got suavity.  
When I get to heaven  
gonna rap with Macacity,  
gonna find his hidden paw  
and clear up that mystery.

Nap it up  
scratch it up  
the knack is free  
fur it up  
purr it up  
yes that's me.

The meanest cat-rapper you'll ever see.  
Number one of the street-sound galaxy.



# James Carter

*"Poetry gives me so much freedom as a writer. I like to say a lot in a little!"*

## What Did You Do at School Today?

Nothing.

*Nothing?*

Well, nothing much.

*You did nothing much all day long?*

Well . . . alright Mum, if you really want to know,  
I had 4 lessons  
and 45 minutes of playtime  
in which I went around with 3 friends.  
For lunch I had 22 baked beans,  
2 1/2 fishfingers, a 1/4 of a bread roll  
and 1 banana.  
I fed Nibbles, the class hamster,  
2 sunflower seeds.

I wrote 1 poem.

I got 7/10 for a spelling test.

I did 16 fairly tricky maths questions.

And...I learnt 5 very interesting things  
about the Ancient Egyptians, including  
how they used to remove the brains  
of their dead with a hook – MUM...

DO YOU EVER LISTEN TO A WORD I SAY?

*Oh sorry darling, what was that?*

I said I removed my teacher's brain today!

*What? Oh well done, you!*

*What would you like for tea?*

POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poem/what-did-you-do-at-school-today/>



# Valerie Bloom

"Poetry brings people together, to belong to one family. I want people to feel that."



POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK

## The River

The River's a wanderer,  
A nomad, a tramp,  
He doesn't choose one place  
To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,  
Through valley and hill  
He twists and he turns,  
He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder,  
And he buries down deep  
Those little treasures  
That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,  
He gurgles and hums,  
And sounds like he's happily  
Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,  
As he dances along,  
The countryside echoes  
The notes of his song.

The river's a monster  
Hungry and vexed,  
He's gobbled up trees  
And he'll swallow you next.

A quill pen is shown in a glass inkwell, resting on a wooden surface. The quill is dark and has a silver-colored holder. The inkwell is partially filled with dark ink. In the background, there are several orange stars of varying sizes. On the right side, there is a large orange circle containing the text "POEM of the WEEK".

POEM  
*of the*  
WEEK