



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

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://clpe.org.uk/videos/video/allan-ahlberg-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 small 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