CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS

No Pencil

No pencil.
No marker.
No paint brush.
No pen.
No nothing
to draw with
or paint with
again.
No blue paint.
No green paint.
No pink paint.
No red.
Mom takes them
away when
I color
my head.

Mud

I like mud.
I like it on my clothes.
I like it on my fingers.
I like it on my toes.
Dirt’s pretty ordinary
And dust’s a dud.
For a really good mess-up
I like mud!

Now We Are Six

When I was one,
I had just begun.
When I was two,
I was nearly new.
When I was three,
I was hardly me.
When I was four,
I was not much more.
When I was five,
I was just alive.
But now I am six,
I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be six
now and forever.
### My Favorite Food Is Broccoli

My favorite food is broccoli.  
I eat it every day.  
There isn’t any other food  
that makes me feel this way.  

It makes me feel so healthy.  
It makes me look so cute.  
But, mostly, I like broccoli  
because it makes me toot.

---

### The Caterpillar

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk.

May no toad spy on you,  
May the little bird pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

---

### A Happy Child

My house is red - a little house  
A happy child am I.  
I laugh and play the whole day long,  
I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,  
To shade me from the sun;  
And under it I often sit,  
When all my play is done.

*Christina Rossetti*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>The Cough</strong></th>
<th><strong>Porridge</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>There was a man who coughed a cough,</td>
<td>Why is there not monument</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a cough so strong his head fell off.</td>
<td>To porridge in our land?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His head fell off. It hit the ground.</td>
<td>If it's good enough to eat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It hit the ground and rolled around,</td>
<td>It’s good enough to stand!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and rolled around and rolled away,</td>
<td>On a plinth in London</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>away into a field of hay,</td>
<td>A statue we should see</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a field of hay that caused a wheeze,</td>
<td>Of porridge made in Scotland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a wheeze that turned into a sneeze,</td>
<td>Signed “Oatmeal, O.B.E.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a sneeze he sneezed from dusk till dawn.</td>
<td><strong>Spike Milligan</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At dawn he sneezed his head back on.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>The Cupboard</strong></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I know a little cupboard,</td>
<td><strong>The Cupboard</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With a teeny tiny key,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And there’s a jar of lollipops</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For me, me, me.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It has a little shelf, my dear,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As dark as dark can be,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And there’s a dish of Banbury cakes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For me, me, me.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have a small fat grandmamma,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With a very slippery knee,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And she’s keeper of the cupboard,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With the key, key, key.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And when I’m very good, my dear,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As good as good can be,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There’s Banbury cakes and lollipops,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For me, me, me.</td>
<td><strong>Walter de la Mare</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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2 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2019

CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS
My Hat Is Full of Rabbits

My hat is full of rabbits.
My cape is full of doves.
A playing card is up my sleeve,
and some are in my gloves.

A wand is in my pocket
with handkerchiefs and flowers.
My coat has things like ropes and rings
with mystifying powers.

I have my staff and juggling clubs,
my mirrors, cups, and dice,
my crystal ball, my smoke machine,
and fancy dancing mice.

I’m ready for my magic show.
There’s just one problem here...
My elephant is on my lap
and will not disappear.

Rain

Beautiful rain
Falling so softly
Such a delicate thing

The harvests need you
And some of the flowers
But we too

Because you remind
Of coolness of quiet
Of tenderest words

Come down rain, fall
Not too harshly but give
Your strange sense of peace to us.

Migration

Where do birds go
When the ground’s covered in snow?
Far, far away,
Where the wild lions play
And the sun’s always hot,
Elephants flop,
Baboons howl at night,
The moon’s large and bright,
And crickets form choirs
Around evening fires –
That’s where they fly,
Through the dark winter sky,
That’s where they go
When the ground’s covered in snow
**GRADE 4 PRESCRIBED POEMS 2019**

**CHOOSE ONLY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS**

---

**The Penny Fiddle**

Yesterday I bought a penny fiddle  
And put it to my chin to play,  
But I found that the strings were painted  
So I threw my fiddle away.

A little red man found my fiddle  
As it lay abandoned there;  
He asked me if he might keep it,  
And I told him I did not care.

But he drew such music from the fiddle  
With help of a farthing bow.  
That I offered five guineas for the secret  
But, alas, he would never let it go.

*Robert Graves*

---

**Golden Hair**

Lean out of the window,  
Goldenhair,  
I heard you singing  
A merry air.

My book is closed;  
I read no more,  
Watching the fire dance  
On the floor.

I have left my book;  
I have left my room,  
For I heard you singing  
Through the gloom.  
Singing and singing  
A merry air.  
Lean out of the window,  
Goldenhair.

*James Joyce*

---

**Two Seeds**

I hid a selfish little thought,  
To think and think about.  
I did not know it would be caught  
Or ever be found out;

But it was like a little seed,  
And it began to sprout!  
It grew into a little weed,  
And blossomed in a pout!

---

**Two Seeds (continued)**

I hid another little thought,  
‘Twas pleasant, sweet, and kind;  
So if this time it should be caught,  
I knew I shouldn't mind.

I thought about it, hour by hour;  
‘Twas growing all the while,  
It blossomed in a lovely flower,  
A happy little smile!
Wind On The Hill

No one can tell me,
   Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
   Where the wind goes.

   It's flying from somewhere
   As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
   Not if I ran.

   But if I stopped holding
   The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
   For a day and a night.

   And then when I found it,
   Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
   Had been going there too.

   So then I could tell them
   Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
   Nobody knows.

If I Were King

I often wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

   If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

   If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

   I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

   If I were King of Norway,
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

   If I were King of Babylon,
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

   If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

   If I were King of anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"

I'd Love to be a Fairy's Child

Children born of fairy stock
Never need for shirt or frock,
Never want for food or fire,
Always get their heart's desire:
   Jingle pockets full of gold,
Marry when they're seven years old.
   Every fairy child may keep
Two strong ponies and ten sheep;
All have houses, each his own,
   Built of brick or granite stone;
They live on cherries, they run wild--
I'd love to be a Fairy's child.
**I Tried to Do My Homework**

I tried to do my homework  
but a show was on TV.  
A song was on the radio.  
A friend was texting me.  
My email chimed, and so, of course,  
I had to look at that.  
It linked me to a video  
of someone’s silly cat.  
I watched a dozen videos,  
and then I played a game.  
I almost didn’t hear her  
when my mother called my name.  
I looked up at the clock  
and it was time to go to bed.  
I didn’t get my homework done;  
just other stuff instead.  
I hope my teacher listens  
to the cause of my inaction.  
It’s really not my fault the world  
is just one big distraction.

**I Fix My Duck with Duct Tape**

I fix my duck with duct tape  
when she breaks. That’s what I do.  
If my gorilla has a crack  
I use Gorilla Glue.  
My monkey needs a monkey wrench  
just every now and then.  
And chicken wire is what I use  
to mend my broken hen.

**I Fix My Duck with Duct Tape (cont)**

For snails, I use nails,  
and, for penguins, I use pins.  
For fish, I’m fond of fish paste  
for fixing fractured fins.  
So bring your broken beasts;  
I’ll give them tender loving care,  
and make them good as new at my  
stuffed animal repair.

**Our visit to the Zoo**

When we went to the Zoo  
We saw a gnu,  
And elk and a whelk  
And a wild emu.  
We saw a hare  
And a bear in his lair,  
And a seal have a meal  
On a high-back chair.  
We saw a snake  
That was hardly awake,  
And a lion eat meat  
They’d forgotten to bake.  
We saw a coon  
And a baby baboon.  
The giraffe made us laugh  
All afternoon!  
We saw a crab  
And a long-tailed dab,  
And we all went home  
In a taxi-cab.

*Jessie Pope*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>The Cuckoo</strong></th>
<th><strong>Lachlan Gorach’ Rhyme</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Cuckoo she’s a pretty bird,</td>
<td>First the heel,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She sings as she flies,</td>
<td>And then the toe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She brings us good tidings,</td>
<td>That’s the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She tells us no lies.</td>
<td>The polka goes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She suppeth white flowers</td>
<td>First the toe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For to keep her voice clear,</td>
<td>And then the heel,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And the more she sings ‘Cuckoo’</td>
<td>That’s the way</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The summer draws near.</td>
<td>To dance a reel.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

O were I a scholar
And could handle the pen,
I would write to my lover,
And all falsehearted men.

I would bid them remember
The bird as she flies,
I would bid them remember
The flower as it dies.

**If all the world were paper**

If all the world were paper,
And all the seas were ink;
If all the trees were bread and cheese,
How should we do for drink?

If there had been no heroes,
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If fiddlers should turn farmers all,
How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this should be, then how should we,
Here make an end of singing?

If all things were eternal,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this should be, then how should we,
Here make an end of singing?

Quick about,
And then away,
Lightly dance
The glad Strathspey.

Jump a jump,
And jump it big,
That’s the way
To dance a jig.

Slowly, smiling,
As in France,
Follow through
The country dance.
**September Butterfly**

Summer is fading over hedge and hill;
The night creeps slowly as a closing door,
Last leaves, gold tinged, are swirling down the rill
While granaries are gathering in their store.
Still has the day the brightest, gayest tone,
A child awake that sings before it sleep
Though night and winter stride to claim their own
Till Christmas shepherds guard the resting sheep.
Now, like a light that flickers down the street
Before a town anticipates dusk.
One last one last bright butterfly, trembling and fleet,
Flirts in late rapture over corn and musk;
To send slim shadows dancing on my heart
Warm form a summer son that must depart.

*Robert Armstrong*

**Dream**

I dreamed a dream and in my hands
A star flashed fire,
It poised there ready for a flight
Of wild desire,
It burned and it was light
And it was fire.

I did not want to hold it
Or to call it mine,
It was enough that would burn
And would shine,
Enough that it could turn
Into a dream of mine.

It poised a minute, steadied
Then away if flew
Over the world out of my dreaming,
Ah! Then I knew
Both with my thoughts and feelings
That the star was you.

*Rosemary Bourne*

**Somerset**

Every day was Sunday
And every month was May
And every girl who came along
Was sure to come your way.
How many years ago was that
Ten, fifteen of more
When we lived at Somerset
In that time before?

That time before we grew so big
Before we grew so tall.
Before our eyes were wide enough
To see beyond the wall.
How many years ago was that
It seems so long ago
When we lived at Somerset
And watched the summer go.

There’s a cold wind coming
I can tell.
Blowing back the memories
Of times we loved so well.

**Somerset (continued)**

When we lived at Somerset
A life or so away
Every day was Sunday
And every month was May.
How many years ago was that
Ten, fifteen or more
When we lived at Somerset
In that time before?
**Thunder and Lightning**

The football games
The English brought to men
Were long invented by the angels then;
But angels play them
High up in the sky
And play so hard
They make the tinders fly.
Their racing wings and feet
Up in the clouds
Thunder for joy
Among applauding crowds;
And when they kick the ball
The kick’s so swift
It flashes sheets of light
Along the rift;
But when they score a goal
The blow’s so fast
Light sizzles earthwards
Like a forked spark;
And when the hurtling ball
Goes out of bounds
It bowls a ball of fire
Round the ground.

That, at least, is how I understand
The matter when the heavens get out of hand.

When angels play at football
On an autumn day
The heaven’s spark and thunder
Over Lagos Bay.

**Blessings in shades of green**

Jack Frost, isn’t it something
Something to be seen
The long tall grass waving in August
Blessings in shades of green.

Jack Frost, soft in the morning
Things aren’t what they seem
A long time coming, a long time going
Blessings in shades of green.

If I could fly I’d never sail
I’d trap the moon above the water in a pail.

Jack Frost, where have you gone to
With your midnight dream
Didn’t you promise to turn me on to
Blessings in shades of green?

*Stefan Cedric Potocki*
Cowboys

They wade through beer cans
Piled ankle high in gutters-
The rodeo has moved
Down from the fairground
To the town
And every hotel door’s ajar.
Better than the Mardi Gras.
The nights are longer than Alaska now
Until the main event begin
Another afternoon.

But after all the main event is still to be
A cowboy
For ten minutes of ten years, it’s all the same.
You don’t forget the Levi’s
Hugging you all day
And Stetson hats checked in passing windows
Cocked a certain way

Some years later
When the bellies
Flow over the belt loops
There’s always mental photographs.
Here the hero in midair.
Now the Dallas hotel room
Now again the gaping tourists
Licking of the Levis with their eyes.
Photographs of feeling
Mirrored in the mind.
New Year’s Eve
The snow this morning
perches on the bare branches of trees
Like cherry blossoms.
White confetti picked up by the wind
Falling on the path below the window
Dying under footfall
The way the old year dies tomorrow.

Prisoner of a hundred Sundays
That I never made.
Product of the times
I had no choice about.
I am like the old year dying in the snow.
Not to rise again until the ground goes green.

I have not seen those faces I need yet
Though I know they’re here.
In the town
Coming down the slopes to the valley
Behind the curtains in the next room,
Just beyond the rain they wait.
Needing as I need.

She Walks In Beauty
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!
The word before good-bye

What is the springtime after all?
Only the other side of fall.
Oh, if I could have
I’d have made you a sunny sky.
Hello’s the word before good-bye.
Sometimes it rains, sometimes it shines
Yet the things I want are seldom mine.

How much of summer can we hold
Before we turn and find we’re old?
The things our mirrors tell us are all lies
Hello’s the word before good-bye.
Sometimes it’s dark, sometimes it’s fair
Yet when I go home at night
Nobody’s there.

Perhaps the next wind that blows in
Will bring you back to me again
Till then remembering just makes me want to cry,
Hello’s the word before good-bye.
Sometimes you lose, sometimes you win
Yet I can’t forget what might have been.
**The Art Of Poetry**
To gaze at a river made of time and water
And remember Time is another river.
To know we stray like a river
and our faces vanish like water.

To feel that waking is another dream
that dreams of not dreaming and that the death
we fear in our bones is the death
that every night we call a dream.

To see in every day and year a symbol
of all the days of man and his years,
and convert the outrage of the years
into a music, a sound, and a symbol.

To see in death a dream, in the sunset
a golden sadness--such is poetry,
humble and immortal, poetry,
returning, like dawn and the sunset.

Sometimes at evening there's a face
that sees us from the deeps of a mirror.
Art must be that sort of mirror,
disclosing to each of us his face.

They say Ulysses, wearied of wonders,
wept with love on seeing Ithaca,
humble and green. Art is that Ithaca,
a green eternity, not wonders.

Art is endless like a river flowing,
passing, yet remaining, a mirror to the same
inconstant Heraclitus, who is the same
and yet another, like the river flowing.

**A Time to Weep**
I suppose you could call me heartless
as a dull anvil clanking in a sodden barn,
the damp wood too lazy to echo your pain;
and your limbs twisted like great roots,
your hearts rank melons bursting with fluid,
your tidal headaches, your equatorial fevers
were all grist for my scientific mill,
my hands cold and precise like metallic probes
on your beaded foreheads.

I suppose my brief visits and cryptic prognoses
do little to comfort your collapsing veins.
You ask for a word, I spout statistics.
Your skeletal hands pray for light--
I check your pupils. Do you understand?
It is not that I care not for healing
if only the power would come;
but science is an impotent matchstick
broken in death’s fingers.

I have never collected moths
but you are pinned somehow on my mind’s wall
several hallways from heart.
Allow me this distance,
allow me not to weep.
Should those dark waves with their thousand eyes
once spill over the dike, I do not know
what sort of god I should become--
most likely a madman
but never again your doctor.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>A Crystalline Awakening</strong></th>
<th><strong>Because I could not stop for Death</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A crystalline awakening on the plateau, the crisp air as brittle as new celery snaps with expectancy. The cold clings like a blanket mantled across the rigid landscape, muting stark shapes in antiseptic folds of thick white hoar frost, absorbing sound, encircling sleep, cogent in the early, puny light. Beds of icicles protrude from tussock bare patches, needle pointed lances thrusting skyward as if some new sprung lawn, awaiting the crushing blows of booted feet, soon to wilt in the onslaught of day. The moment is timeless, the air still and taut, tensed, awaiting the chorus of dawn. Awake in a lunatic instant, senses startled, wary, poised to flee, tendrils of sleep cold-douched from every wincing body recess, cocoon of comforting warmth collapsing in the biting rudeness of this unwelcome intrusion. Nerveless rituals of rising guide disinclined limbs, refine the pressure ridges of sleep-autographed skin, brace up to the dawn sky and strain at the brisk air, yawning copiously as if to say &quot;I wasn't really asleep, my eyes were only resting&quot;. There, echoing from the mountain shouts the dawn, manacled to the bugle call which demands the day begin.</td>
<td>Because I could not stop for Death He kindly stopped for me The Carriage held but just Ourselves And Immortality. We slowly drove, he knew no haste And I had put away My labor and my leisure too, For his civility. We passed the School, where Children strove At recess in the ring We passed the fields of gazing grain We passed the setting sun. Or rather, he passed us The dews drew quivering and chill For only Gossamer, my gown My tippet only tulle. We paused before a house that seemed A swelling of the GROUND The roof was scarcely visible The cornice in the ground. Since then 'tis centuries and yet Feels shorter than the DAY I first surmised the horses' heads Were toward eternity.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>