1. Circus School Reception Class

My little brother Adam
has started circus school

He can’t do the trapeze or the tightrope
until he’s six.

He’s scared of horses and he can’t eat fire
because it makes him burp.

He’s learning to juggle two teddy bears
and to throw rubber knives at a wooden man.

For homework he balanced
Mum and grandma on his head.

They were quite impressed, told the teacher
‘Not bad for a five year old.’

In PE he wears a leopard-skin vest
and baggy shorts.

He pulls a car full of clowns across the ring
with a skipping rope round his toe.

Then rips up a telephone directory
and sucks his thumb.

Then he has his milk and a biscuit
goes home for a sleep.

Next year he’s in Year One
doing lion taming.

Right now he’s in the sandpit
learning how to walk on stilts.

David Harmer
2. Watch Carefully

The teacher at the school for ghosts
Was really in full swing,
With ghostly drawings on the board,
And all that sort of thing.

She’d spent the lesson teaching them
Just how to walk through the walls-
She asked them, ‘Do you understand?
We don’t want any falls.’

A little ghostie raised his hand
And said with furrowed brow,
‘Please, miss, I listened carefully
But still I’m not sure how.’

The teacher told him, ‘That’s OK,"
And reached out for her pen.
‘Now all look closely at the board
And I’ll go through it again...’

*Clive Webster*

3. Snake Seminary

This is a quiet school,
the loudest noise a soft, soft hiss.

Here are no desks or chairs;
the pupils coil their tails and
sit on them as if at prayer.
They write their letters
with forked tongues
on the cool air.

They sit quite still,
attentive and aware,
using their senses well.
In their smooth
sculptured heads deep knowledge
slowly grows.

Their eyes stare
with such wisdom
with such power
that when they slither
out into the world
their looks stir
ancient memories,
strike fear.
Patricia Leighton

4. Correct Spelling

Witches spend no time at all
On TV or on comics.
They spend eight hours each day at school
On Witch Home Economics.

They learn the latest recipes
For most black-magic charms.
They know the best ingredients
To cause deep, dark alarms.

These witches stick to basics.
That truth I have to tell.
The modern witch, though trendy.
Knows so well how to spell!

John Kitching

5. School Rules

Do wear a skateboard to breakfast.
Do dance on the new settee and use your bed as a trampoline.
Do perform handstands under the low-hanging light fitting.
Do ignore all rules about safety
Do jump on small visitors.
Do scare everyone with your extrovert behaviour
Do parachute from the tallest part of the building daily
Do come to school on a one-wheeled bicycle
Do expect high marks for getting into fights
Do expect letters of commendation home to parents if you are keen to perform any highly dangerous acts
Do make sure you are insured for personal damage
After all this is the school for stuntmen.

Margaret Blount
6. A Special School for the ‘Boys in Blue’

The school that policemen go to
And go to school they do
Is found not far from Scotland Yard
On Letsby Avenue.

You learn to gather evidence
You learn to look for clues
You learn those special phrases
That all good bobbies use.

Book him! Cuff him!
‘Ello, ‘Ello, ‘Ello
You’re nicked old son
It’s time to go.

You’re trained to use your batons
Your cuffs and all that clobber
Then at break you can relax
By playing ‘Cops and Robbers’.

You’re issued with your size-ten boots
Whatever size your feet
And then you’re taught that funny walk
You’ll use when on the beat.

So all you budding cops now know
that there’s a school for you
A special school for the ‘Boys in Blue’
On Letsby Avenue.

Richard Caley
7. Hell's Angel Class

We’re a class of Hell’s Angels.
We’re awkward little tikes.
We never toil; drink engine oil,
And rev our motorbikes.

Our teacher tries to keep control.
We stop her all the time!
She shouts, ‘Come here!’ while we swig beer
And drink bottles of wine.

No one likes to teach us!
Our filthy clothes, they stink!
We ride in class, say, ‘Kiss my*#!,
Do wheelies in the sink.

We cannot read, we cannot write
But we really do not care.
You have no fans, with filthy hands,
Bad breath and greasy hair.

Chris Ogden

8. Angel Class

We’re a class of angels.
We always sit up straight.
Our hair is clean, we’re never mean,
And we’re seldom ever late!

Our work is neat and tidy.
Our writing’s very good.
We raise our hand to understand
And find out what we should.

We always pay attention.
We never mess about.
We read our books, give pleasant looks,
And never scream and shout.

We’re always doing goodly deeds
We try to help all creatures.
Our halos shine most of the time,
We value all our teachers!

Chris Ogden
9. An Alien’s First Week at Earth School

today we’ve got hisstory
the story of hissing
then we’ve got fizzicks
the science of fizzing
later is jography
the way to go jogging
then we have mew-sick
about illness of moggies
tomorrow more sighence
the study of sighing
my favourite’s buyology
the science of buying
then there is ’eart
about beating and being
and finally PE
the time to be-
keeping your mouth shut

Trevor Millum

10. School Rules For Young Snowmen

Don’t laugh
Don’t talk
Don’t fidget
Don’t walk
Don’t eat
Don’t drink
Don’t hiccup
Don’t blink
Don’t sleep
Don’t snore
Don’t fall on the floor
Don’t dance
Don’t sing
Don’t do anything
And most of all
Don’t come in the hall
to warm up your toes
or your ears or nose
for everyone knows
that if you unfroze...
then
we’d have to start you all over again.

Kate Williams
11. Fishy Tales

Monsters: blue, humpbacked, bottle-nosed, 
learn to swim in secret classrooms 
how to gorge on krill and plankton 
breathe through blowholes making fountains 
on the surface of the sea.

Nose-dive deep for flipping lessons 
scrutinize the sea by listening 
tell their scary tales by crooning 
spooky spellbound echoed sounds 
that resound for miles around.

Sounds like they’re having 
a whale of a time.

Lynne Taylor
12. School for Nice Children who are Always Top of the class

Nine o’clock
How to whisper, cough, giggle
And drop marbles in assembly

Nine – twenty
How to race along corridor

Nine-twenty-five
Maths—how to muddle up number blocks
And forget five-times table

Ten o’clock
English—how to forget capital letters
And full stops

Ten – forty-five
How to drop litter in playground
And kick ball on to roof

Eleven o’clock
How to talk in line
And answer teacher back

One minute past eleven
How to fidget
Outside Head’s office

Two minutes past eleven
How to be sullen and rude

Three minutes past eleven
How to stand in school entrance
Waiting for Mum
Who has been called away from work

How to have regrets

Roger Stevens
13. Kitten by Julian Tuwim

Looks the kitten, oh so sad.
“What, dear kitten, hurts so bad?”
Says the kitten: “bowl of milk.
Was all full, but now is dry,
Lack of milk sure makes me cry.”
Sighs the kitten: “purr.”
“What’s the matter, kitten, sir?”
“I was dreaming of a river,
Riverrun with milk and cream,
Flowing all the way downstream.”
Kitten tongue: soft and pink.
“Drink, dear kitten, drink,” I think.
...as all curled up, with half-closed eyes,
Asleep—and dreaming drinks once more,
Milky dreams; and kitty snores.

14. Bird by Julian Tuwim

Bird on a branch did settle:
Chirp-chirping and a-flapping,
Sharp beak in soft feather wrapping,
Shrub was a shower of petals.

Then with a swish it took flight,
As branch left a-swinging,
Shuddering, joyously singing,
Its song: “fool bird, you delight!”
15. The Road by Jan Brzechwa

I walk the road unloved,
I walk alone—my shoes, my mud.
Full of bitter grief and sorrow,
Without a goal or guide to follow,
My heart: unease that burns and scars,
My home is close, yet home so far.
I see myself, so sad and poor,
Aimlessly down the road some more,
Of no use to anyone, I roam,
Come and go, but never home,
How much of life is left for me to touch?
Who knows. Too little or too much?
Snow to the left and snow to the right,
To the right a tree, to the left a distant light,
So I just walk along the road—walk, not run,
Abandoned and unloved by everyone,
No goodbyes ever spoken, no smiles await,
Darkness hangs over the nearby gate,
And I, waiting for this evening to fall,
Walk—a poet! How funny it’s all...
1. Arachnid Academy

In a dark cupboard, down under the stairs
There’s a school full of spiders who’re plying their wares.
They’re learning fine arts to make themselves scary.
How to appear huge and make their legs hairy.
They’re waiting and baiting, they’re anticipating,
To capture, entrap you and slowly de-sap you!
They get marks out of ten for web-making skills
And points added on for the number of kills.
They don’t take packed lunches, they catch what they eat.
Bluebottles, black beetles and greenflies complete!
They’re taught to be frightening, scuttling like lightning,
So beware, they’ll ensnare you and horribly scare you!
Their leader has shown them the tricks of the trade
To climb under pillows of beds left unmade!
To hide in dark corners until they are sure
That when they jump out, you can’t head for the door.
They’re lurking and loitering, they’re lying in wait
to threaten, upset you and quietly torment you!

Diane Humphrey

2. The Very Brainy Inventors School

Last week we were given our first toolkit
Crammed with everything we need
Just look at this lot;
   Twenty-two Twoddle –Tweezers
   Seventeen Blooper –Bungers
   Fourteen Fandangle-Irons
   Twelve Tworkle Twisters(Left- hand thread)
   Twelve Tworkle Twisters(Right- hand thread)
   One Scrunch-Socket
   Five Fizzle-Pliers
   Seven Sproogle-Drivers
   A dozen Dry –Dipstick-Drills
   Thirteen Thunder-Jumpers
   Twenty-One Woo-Wangle Wires
   A short-Shanked Shuggle Shaver
   Six packets of assorted screws
And three rubber bands.

We were told to start inventing
Use our big brains, so we did
Here’s what I’ve made so far;
Electric cheese
Bubble –gum flavoured cabbage
A little –brother shutter-upper-kit
A big-sister-teasing-set
Glow –in the-dark- underpants
Everlasting fireworks (loud ones)
An instant –recall-how to do-hard –sums-machine
Clockwork fish and chips
Mushroom-and –liver-flavoured custard
A thermo-magnetic teacher shrinker
An intergalactic pea-shooter
Fizzy ballpoint-pen ink (orange flavoured)
Indestructible footballs
And a hand- held-homework gadget
That always gets it right.

Next week I’ll build a giant rocket
To rescue all you kids from school
Want to book a seat right now?

David Harmer
3. The High School for Haikus

seventeen of us in class
writing poems in the style,
homework just three lines...

lessons don’t last long
over before they begin,
seventeen minutes...

chips are counted out
so are carrots, beans at lunch,
total-seventeen...

football’s not much fun,
first to seventeen will win,
if we have the time...

guess the leaving age
or the number of teachers,
obvious really...
I want to count less,
sometimes I want to count more,
sick of seventeen...

so even though I excelled
I want to get expelled
to give me the time
for developing rhyme
and kennings and sonnets and cinquains and raps
and limericks, couplets and blank verse as well.

*Paul Cookson*
4. My Plastic Surgery Classes

Are Just Not Going Well
My plastic surgery classes are just not going well
There’s three spare ears over here like melted caramel
A nose that has four nostrils and still it cannot smell
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

Someone else has seven eyes (to see them through the week)
Lashes on their forehead and eyebrows on their cheek
And after only minutes the face I lifted fell
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

Tummy tucks have come unstuck and drag along the ground
The chest implants are far too large (at least they’ll never drown)
I like to cover wrinkles with a spodge of Polycell
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

Thanks to my foot pump most lips are looking fuller
Inflating like balloons, they’ve gone a funny colour
Floating off into the blue, watch them sway and swell
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

To inject someone with Botox is the latest thing to do
And even though I cannot spell it’s something I do too
But I injected someone’s buttocks… you should have heard the yell
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

Once my alteration operation is complete
I shouldn’t leave the patients directly in the heat
That melts the sticky skin that slimes like sister’s setting gel
No, my plastic surgery classes are just not going well

I got my motto wrong—one stitch in nine saves time
So now I’ve got a new job with a Doctor Frankenstein
He likes the fact they all look like turtles with no shell
So yes, my plastic surgery classes are progressing well!

Paul Cookson
5. **Just Joking**

If you want a career in practical joking,
there’s a school with an ideal format:
as you walk through the door you get a good soaking
from a sprinkler disguised as a doormat.
The whole of the hall has a terrible pong,
the teachers are wacky and weird-
they throw custard pies if you get something wrong,
and the headmistress wears a false beard.

The maths books are written in Greek and Chinese,
with diagrams drawn upside down;
the playground’s a bog where you sink to your knees
in mud of indelible brown.
There are big plastic spiders all over the floor
that jump up with a frightening whoosh;
the school bus is programmed for breakdowns galore,
so you all have to get out and push.

The library’s stocked with books where the words
all fade before you can read them;
the biology lab is full of stuffed birds
which change colour whenever you feed them.
The computers explode at the press of a switch
and cover the pupils with flour
with a secret ingredient that gives you an itch
and bursts into flames in the shower.
The school clocks run backwards from night until morning
and chime with a kind of a cough;
the fire alarm sounds twice an hour without warning,
and the cloakroom has hooks that fall off.
The chairs make a noise like a fart when you sit,
and your desk will collapse when you are on it;
the school meals have gravy that looks just like spit
and glows green if you shine a bright light on it.

In this hotbed of horror the days all seem long,
and you’ll finish up twisted but clever;
so-all join together to sing the school song-
practical jokers for ever!

*John Irwin*
6. **Princess School**

I’m going to Princess School next summer term. I’ve got my uniform, a floor–length satin number with emerald green sash and a dainty diamond tiara, my mother paid cash.

I’m going to Princess School next summer term, where we write in brand–new notebooks every day and children arrive by helicopter and there’s an Olympic stadium for afternoon play.

I’m going to Princess School next summer term, where we have a morning nap to catch up on our dreams and our school dinners are served on silver platters, we have Caviar and Ice cream.

I’m going to Princess School next summer term, where we’re taught in classes of One. I’ll sit on my throne and send paper Lear Jets out of the windows for fun.

I’m going to Princess School next summer term, my new teacher is Miss Golden Hair, her shouting voice has been surgically removed and she’s not allowed to swear.

I’m going to Princess School next summer term, to mix with all the toffs: with Beatrice, Tamara, Angelina, I’m sure they’ll all be boffs.

If there’s a question I don’t know, I’ll keep quiet and smile and get the answer from my new best friend–a top of the range Internet mobile.

*Roz Goddard*
7. The Prime Minister Is Ten Today

This morning I abolished
homework, detention and dinner ladies.
I outlawed lumpy custard, school mashed spuds
and handwriting lessons.
From now on playtimes must last two hours
unless it rains, in which case we all go home
except the teachers who must do extra PE
outside in the downpour.

Whispering behind your hand in class
must happen each morning between ten and twelve,
and each child needs only do
ten minutes’ work in one school hour.

I’ve passed a No Grumpy Teacher law
so one bad word or dismal frown
from Mr Spite or Miss Hatchetface
will get them each a month’s stretch
sharpening pencils and marking books
inside the gaol of their choice.

All headteachers are forbidden
from wearing soft-soled shoes
instead they must wear wooden clogs
so you can hear them coming.
They are also banned from shouting
or spoiling our assembly by pointing
at the ones who never listen.

Finally the schools must shut
for at least half the year
and if the weather’s really sunny
the teachers have to take us all
to the seaside for the day.

If you’ve got some good ideas
for other laws about the grown-ups
drop me a line in Downing Street
I’ll always be glad to listen
come on, help me change a thing or two
before we all grow up
and get boring.

David Harmer
8. How to Look after Your Pets

Be kind to your tarantula
it seldom gets out very far
so take it with you in the car.
Your mum will be extremely pleased
to find it crawling on her knees.

To exercise a porcupine
whose muscles are in sad decline
just bounce it on a trampoline.
The animal looks most appealing
with its spines stuck in the ceiling.

Piranhas will get stressed and fraugther
without some time for play and slaughter
in a deep tank of warmish water.
Your aged auntie’s bath will do.
Please clean the bones out after use.

An over anxious alligator
should be fed soggy prunes and dates or
large helping of mashed potato.
Small hands are best to feed this diet,
so let your little sister try it.

It is a natural mistake
when playing with a rattlesnake
to grab the head and give a shake.
It’s better twisted in a knot
and hung above the baby’s cot.

If hiccups worry your hyena
cover it in semolina
and squeeze it like a concertina.
Wear wellies, waterproofs and hood
to avoid the splatter of wet pud.

If you are worried, get advice:
a change of diet might suffice
but it is not considered nice
to let your pet
eat the vet.

David Calder
9. Seasick

‘I don’t feel well,’ whaled the squid, sole-fully.
‘What’s up?’ asked the doctorpus.
‘I’ve got sore mussels and a tunny-hake,’ she told him.

‘Lie down and I’ll egg salmon you,’ mermaid the doctorpus.
‘Rays your voice,’ said the squid. ‘I’m a bit hard of herring.’
‘Sorry! I didn’t do it on porpoise,’ replied the doctorpus orc-wardly.

He helped her to oyster herself on to his couch
And asked her to look up so he could sea urchin.
He soon flounder plaice that hurt.

‘This’ll make it eel,’ he said, whiting a prescription.
‘So I won’t need to see the sturgeon?’ she asked.
‘Oh, no,’ he told her. ‘In a couple of dace you’ll feel brill.’

‘Cod bless you,’ she said.
‘That’ll be sick squid,’ replied the doctorpus.

*Nick Toczek*
10. Parent-Free Zone

Parents please note that from now on, our room is a ‘Parent–Free Zone’.

There will be no spying under the pretence of tidying up.

There will be no banning of television programmes because our room is a tip.

No complaints about noise, or remarks about the ceiling caving in.

No disturbing the dirty clothes that have festered in piles for weeks.

No removal of coffee cups where green mould has taken hold. (These have been left there for scientific research purposes.)

No reading of letters to gain unauthorized information which may be used against us at a later date.

No searching through schoolbags to discover if we’ve done our homework or unearth forgotten notes.

Our room is a ‘Parent-Free Zone’ and a notice is pinned to the door.

But just a minute, there’s something wrong… MUM—WHY HAVEN’T YOU MADE OUR BEDS?

Brian Moses
11. When the Children

Aren’t Looking  
When the children aren’t looking  
The teacher sticks his tongue out  
At the Yellow Table,  
Makes faces at the Green table,  
And ties all the shoelaces together  
Of the children on the Red Table.

When the children aren’t looking  
The teacher eats all the stick insects  
And makes a rude model of a bottom  
Out of plasticine and shows it to the hamster  
(Who doesn’t know what it is,  
Never having seen a bottom before.)

When the children aren’t looking  
The teacher picks his nose  
and without even blinking, or winking  
Into his mouth it goes.

When the children aren’t looking  
He writes rude words on his sock  
And shows them to the goldfishes  
Who are open-mouthed with shock.

But when the teacher gets home  
And wipes his feet on the mat.  
His mummy asks , ‘Been a good teacher today?’  
He says, ‘Yes Mum.’-What do you think of that?

Mike Harding

Na stronach internetowych znajdziecie więcej wierszy:

http://education.scholastic.co.uk/resources/37082  The pancake maker

http://www.nurseryrhymes.com/  bardzo dużo rymowanek