

Prescribed poems
ENGLISH
2026

<p style="text-align: center;">Grade RRR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Crabby By Barbara Vance</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I am a crab Who walks the shore And pinches toes all day.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">If I were you I'd wear some shoes And not get in my way.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Grade RR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Small caterpillar by Unknown</p> <p style="text-align: center;">"Who's that tickling my back?" Said the wall; "Me" said a small caterpillar. "I'm learning to crawl!"</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Grade R</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Tiger by M. Hoberman</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I'm a tiger Striped with fur Don't come near Or I might Grrr Don't come near Or I might growl Don't come near Or I might BITE!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Grade 1</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Now we are six by A. A. Milne</p> <p style="text-align: center;">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 for ever and ever.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Grade 2</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Grandpa's Hair by Paul Orshoski</p> <p style="text-align: center;">There's hair growing out of his nostrils. There's hair growing out of his ears. There's hair in some places and wide-open spaces where hair has been absent for years.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">There's hair growing out of his knuckles. There's hair on his pillow and bed. There's hair in some places and wide-open spaces but never a hair on his head.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Grade 3</p> <p style="text-align: center;">WHY? by Gyles Brandreth</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Superman can fly. Why can't I? Popeye can swim.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">But I'm not him. Paddington's a bear – It's not fair! Why should all the people on TV Have so much more fun than me?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">If you didn't know the answer,</p>

You'd want to cry.
I do know the answer. They're not real.
I am. That's why.

Grade 4

WHAT'S THAT?

by Florence Parry Heide

What's that?
Who's there?
There's a great huge horrible, horrible
creeping up the stair!
A huge big terrible terrible
with creepy crawly hair!
There's a ghastly grisly ghastly
with seven slimy eyes!
And flabby grabby tentacles
of a gigantic size!
He's crept into my room now,
he's leaning over me.
I wonder if he's thinking
how delicious I will be

Grade 5

Spaghetti

by Shel Silverstein

Spaghetti, spaghetti all over the place
Up my elbows – up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the chairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined. I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they all buried)
I told them, "Bring presents" I said, "Throw confetti"
I guess they heard wrong
"Cause they all threw spaghetti"

Grade 6

Our magic toilet

by Kenn Nesbitt

We have a magic toilet.
It makes things disappear.
Just toss them in and flip the switch
and – presto! -they're not here.

We love our magic toilet.
It's super fun to use.
My brother flushed his baseball bat.
My sister flushed her shoes.

The baby flushed her bottle.
I flushed my radio.
It's crazy how things vanish
but we don't know where they go.

Our mother flushed the sofa.
She flushed our camping tent.
That's when I looked around and said,
"I wonder where dad went?"

Grade 7

Please Mrs Butler

by Allan Ahlberg

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 is 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.

Grade 8-9

WHY ME?

By Unknown

If you have to ask Why me?
When you're feeling really blue,
When the world has turned against you
And you don't know what to do,
When it pours colossal raindrops
And the road's a winding mess,
And you feeling more confused
Than you ever could express,

When the saddened sun won't shine,
When the stars will not align,
When you'd rather be
Inside your bed,
The covers pulled
Above your head,
When life is something
That you dread
And you have to ask Why me? ...

Then when the world seems right and true,
When rain has left a gentle dew,
When you feel happy being you,
Please ask yourself Why me? then, too.

Grade 10 – 12

Everything Touches

by Roger McGough

Everything touches, life interweaves
Starlight and wood-smoke, ashes and leaves
Birdsong and thunder, acid and rain
Everything touches, unbroken chain

Rainstorm and rainbow, warrior and priest
Stingray and dolphin, beauty and beast
Heartbeat and high tide, ebb tide and flow
The universe in a crystal of snow

Snowdrop and death-cap, hangman and clown
Walls that divide come tumbling down
Seen through the night, the glimmer of day
Life is but darkness worn away

Blackness and whiteness, sunset and dawn
Those gone before, yet to be born
Past and future, distance and time
Atom to atom, water to wine

Look all around and what do you see?
Everything touches, you're touching me
Look all around and what do you see?
Everything touches, you're touching me.