

Poetry Connect

Teachers' notes:

This is the second online activity that is designed to encourage children to read and consider poetry collaboratively. We have selected a wide variety of poems, that were short enough to fit on to the game cards. If you used the activity before you will notice that we have changed the categories on the board. A group of children could research and make a new set of poem cards for the game. The construction of collaborative activities is in itself a useful learning experience and creates a sense of ownership for the materials in the class. If you have enough anthologies to hand, the cards need only have the titles on and the children can look the poems up in the anthologies as they go through the game. We have initially used a lot of poems from the Oxford University Press 'Short Poems' collected by Michael Harrison ISBN 0-19-276253-2. Please send us other short poems and tell us about anthologies that you have found useful.

Other anthologies where we have found poems:

Rhinestone Rhino - Poems by Adrian Henri. Methuen ISBN 0-416-06332-2
Don't Step on that Earwig - compiled by Rowena Sommerville. Red Fox ISBN 0-09-927441-8
Kingfisher Book of Comic Verse-chosen by Roger McGough ISBN 0-86272-785-5
Classic Poems to Read Aloud - selected by James Berry Kingfisher ISBN 0-7534-0120-7

The webaddress for this activity is:

<<http://www.collaborativelearning.org/poetryconnect.pdf>>

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The project is a teacher network, and a non-profit making educational trust. Our main aim is to develop and disseminate classroom tested examples of effective group strategies across all phases and subjects. We hope they will inspire you to use similar strategies in other topics and curriculum areas. We run teacher workshops, swapshops and conferences throughout the European Union. The project publishes a catalogue of activities plus lists in selected subject areas, and a newsletter available by post or internet: "PAPERCLIP".

*These activities were influenced by current thinking about the role of language in learning. They are designed to help children learn through talk and active learning in small groups. They work best in mixed classes where children in need of language or learning support are integrated. They are well suited for the development of speaking and listening. They provide teachers opportunities for spoken language and other assessment.

*They support differentiation by placing a high value on what children can offer to each other on a particular topic, and also give children the chance to respect each other's views and formulate shared opinions which they can disseminate to peers. By helping them to take ideas and abstract concepts and move them about physically they help to develop thinking skills.

*They give children the opportunity to participate in their own words and language in their own time without pressure. Many activities can be tried out in mother tongue and afterwards in English. A growing number of activities are available in more than one language, not translated, but mixed, so that you may need more than one language to complete the activity.

*They encourage study skills in context, and should therefore be used with a range of appropriate information books which are preferably within reach in the classroom.

*They are generally adaptable over a wide age range because children can bring their own knowledge to an activity and refer to books at an appropriate level. The activities work like catalysts.

*All project activities were planned and developed by teachers working together, and the main reason they are disseminated is to encourage teachers to work effectively with each other inside and outside the classroom. They have made it possible for mainstream and language and learning support teachers to share an equal role in curriculum delivery. They should be adapted to local conditions. In order to help us keep pace with curriculum changes, please send any new or revised activities back to the project, so that we can add them to our lists of materials

Poetry Connect Four

Instructions:

Two individuals or two teams of two can play the game. Before you start the game, take one set of poem cards and try to place them on all the squares on the board. . To play the game you need two different coloured sets of poems cards.

Take turns to pick a card. If you think the poem fits in a certain place on the board then you have to justify it to the other players.

The first team to get four cards in a row, vertically, diagonally or horizontally is the winner.

Poetry Connect Four

a poem that makes a game of words	a poem where a person is talking to a thing or an animal	a poem which does not rhyme
a poem which gives you instructions or advice	a poem where two very different things are compared	a nonsense poem
a poem which contains a surprise	a poem which gives an explanation	a poem that asks a question.
a poem that paints a picture	a poem which is a riddle	a funny poem or one that tells a joke
a poem with some very unusual words	a poem which is a conversation	a poem where the same rhymes are used over and over again
a poem written by a poet who has written another poem I know	a poem about the seasons or the weather	a poem that paints a picture

Game Board

poem which uses alliteration or assonance or onomatopoeia	a creepy or scary poem	a poem that tells a story
a poem where an animal or thing is talking	a poem which is a conversation	a poem where the rhymes are a bit funny
a poem that paints a picture	a nature poem	a sad poem
a poem about the seasons or the weather	a poem where things are compared	a poem about plants or animals
a poem which gives you instructions or advice	a non-sense poem	a poem written quite a long time ago
a poem that makes a game of words	a poem that tells a story	a poem where a thing or animal is doing the talking

Poems

<p>Butterfly</p> <p>Butterfly Butterflies Butterflown</p> <p>SIMON FOREST</p>	<p>Night Lights</p> <p>There is no need to light a night-light On a light night like tonight; For a night-light's light's a slight light When the moonlight's white and bright.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>Selling home</p> <p>Walking through the house, Now empty, echoing, life gone, I look into my mother's mirror All that is left of her stares back.</p> <p>MICHAEL RICHARDS</p>
<p>The Toaster</p> <p>A silver scaled dragon with jaws flaming red Sits at my elbow and toasts my bread. I hand him fat slices, and then, one by one, He hands them back when he sees they are done.</p> <p>WILLIAM JAY SMITH</p>	<p>The Blue Room</p> <p>The room is blue, the carpet's blue, The chairs are blue, the door's blue too. A blue bird flew in yesterday, I don't know if it's flown away.</p> <p>RICHARD EDWARDS</p>	<p>The Tin Frog</p> <p>I have hopped, when properly wound up, the whole length Of the hallway; once hopped halfway down the stairs, and fell. Since then the two halves of my tin have been awry; my strength Is not quite what it used to be; I do not hop so well.</p> <p>RUSSELL HOBAN</p>
<p>The Tickle Rhyme</p> <p>'Who's that tickling my back?' said the wall. 'Me,' said a small Caterpillar. 'I'm learning To crawl.'</p> <p>IAN SERRAILLIER</p>	<p>Nature Poem</p> <p>Skylark, what prompts your silver song To fountain up and down the sky?</p> <p>Beetles roast With fleas on toast And earthworm pie.</p> <p>ADRIAN MITCHELL</p>	<p>The Fall-Out</p> <p>A quarrel is a pair of scissors Scoring points that go too deep, And with steel in their cold hearts Two people cut each other to shreds.</p> <p>SANDY BROWNJOHN</p>
<p>On Bonfire Night</p> <p>On bonfire night seeing a wigwam of planks being burnt and concerned about its future the nearby fence looks tense.</p> <p>JOHN HEGLE</p>	<p>The Radish</p> <p>The radish is the only dish that isn't flat but spherical.</p> <p>Eating small green peas off it could make you quite hysterical.</p> <p>N.M.BODECKER</p>	<p>Fog</p> <p>The fog comes on little cat feet</p> <p>It sits looking over harbour and city on silent haunches and then moves on.</p> <p>CARL SANDBURG</p>
<p>At the Land's End</p> <p>On the beach as waves sigh two figures stand. On the beach hand in hand three shadows lie.</p> <p>JOHN FENNIMAN</p>	<p>Others</p> <p>'Mother, oh, mother! where shall we hide us? Other there are in the house beside us - Moths and mice and crooked brown spiders!'</p> <p>JAMES REEVES</p>	<p>A Maltese Dog</p> <p>He came from Malta; and Eumelus says He had no better dog in all his days. We called him Bull; he went into the dark, Along those roads we cannot hear him bark.</p> <p>TYMNES 200BC</p>
<p>Winter Wise</p> <p>Walk fast in snow, in frost walk slow, And still as you go tread on your toe; When frost and snow are both together, Sit by the fire and spare shoe leather.</p> <p>TRADITIONAL</p>	<p>I Saw Esau</p> <p>I saw Esau sawing wood, And Esau saw I saw him; Though Esau saw I saw him saw, Still Esau went on sawing.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>The Parent</p> <p>Children aren't happy with nothing to ignore, And that's what parents were created for.</p> <p>OGDEN NASH</p>

Cut these into cards and print in two colours.

Poem Cards

print in two colours and cut up

<p>Where Innocent Bright-Eyed Daisies Are</p> <p>Where innocent bright-eyed daisies are, With blades of grass between, Each daisy stands up like a star Out of a sky of green.</p> <p>CHRISTINA ROSSETTI</p>	<p>Through Frost and Snow</p> <p>Through frost and snow and sunlight through rain and night and day I go back where I came from. I pass all things yet stay.</p> <p>BRIAN PATTEN</p>	<p>Don't Care</p> <p>Don't care was made to care, Don't care was hung; Don't care was put in the pot And boiled till he was done.</p> <p>TRADITIONAL</p>
<p>Clockface</p> <p>Hours pass slowly as a snail creeping between the grassblades of the minutes.</p> <p>JUDITH THURMAN</p>	<p>And the Days Are Not Full Enough</p> <p>And the days are not full enough And the nights are not full enough And life slips by like a fieldmouse Not shaking the grass.</p> <p>EZRA POUND</p>	<p>Bee</p> <p>You want to make some honey? All right. Here's the recipe. Pour the juice of a thousand flowers Through the sweet tooth of a Bee.</p> <p>X. J. KENNEDY</p>
<p>Ease</p> <p>Lined coat, warm cap, and easy felt slippers, In the little tower, at the low window, sitting over the sunken brazier. Body at rest, heart at peace; no need to rise early. I wonder if the courtiers at the Western Capital know of these things, or not?</p> <p>PO CHU-I (written in 835 AD translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley)</p>	<p>What are Heavy?</p> <p>What are heavy? Sea-sand and sorrow; What are brief? Today and tomorrow; What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth; What are deep? The ocean and truth.</p> <p>CHRISTINA ROSSETTI</p>	<p>A Dragonfly</p> <p>When the heat of summer made drowsy the land, A dragonfly came And sat on my hand, With its blue jointed body, And wings like spun glass, It lit on my fingers As though they were grass.</p> <p>ELEANOR FARJEON</p>
<p>Wasps</p> <p>Wasps in brightly Coloured vests, Chewing wood, To make their nests. Wasps like rockets, Zooming high, Then dropping down Where peaches lie.</p> <p>ANNE RUDDICK</p>	<p>If You Should Meet a Crocodile</p> <p>If you should meet a crocodile, Don't take a stick and poke him; Ignore the welcome in his smile, Be careful not to stroke him. For as he sleeps upon the Nile, He thinner gets and thinner; And when'er you meet a crocodile He's ready for his dinner.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>Three Little Ghosties'es</p> <p>Three little ghosties'es, Sat on three posties'es, Eating buttered toasties'es, Greasing their fisties'es, Up to their wristies'es. Weren't they beasties'es!</p> <p>ANON</p>
<p>The Sow Came in with the Saddle</p> <p>The sow came in with the saddle, The little pig rocked the cradle, The dish jumped up on the table To see the pot swallow the ladle. The spit that stood behind the door Threw the pudding stick on the floor. Odsplut! said the gridiron, Can't you agree? I'm the head constable Bring them to me.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>Little Pig</p> <p>Little pig, Pillimore, Grimithistle, Pennywhistle, Great big Thumbo, Father of them all Eye winker, Tom thinker, Nose smeller, Mouth eater, Chin chopper, Guzzlewopper.</p> <p>JAN ORMEROD</p>	<p>De Pop-Corn Wouldn't Pop</p> <p>De pop-corn wouldn't pop De peas wouldn't grow De jelly wouldn't jell De fowlcock wouldn't crow</p> <p>De bread wouldn't brown De milk wouldn't flow De banana wouldn't ripe De grass wouldn't mow</p> <p>Jus can't tek it no more</p> <p>GRACE NICHOLS</p>
<p>A Good Queen?</p> <p>I am good queen Bess. I earn the title more or less. I walk through all the mud and slosh On Walter Raleigh's mackintosh.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>The Spider</p> <p>I'm told that the spider Has coiled up inside her Enough silky material To spin an aerial One-way track to the moon and back. Whilst I Cannot even catch a fly.</p> <p>FRANK COLLYMORE</p>	<p>Ode to Twelve Chocolate Bars</p> <p>Oh glorious doz That woz.</p> <p>VALERIE BLOOM</p>

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<p>Pedestrian</p> <p>I've got a pain in the 96th, or is it the 97th? I can never remember. That side's left, this isyes, that's right, the 96th. It's all the spiky bits On this green thing. Oh! now the 47th's started to go.....soon I won't have one left to stand on.</p> <p>ADRIAN HENRI</p>	<p>Paracetamol</p> <p>If a giraffe has a headache Or a chimpanzee has a fall There's no aspirins in the jungle 'Cause the parrots ate 'em all.</p> <p>ADRIAN HENRI</p>	<p>Sizewise</p> <p>If butterflies Were jumbo size, There'd be no space To see the skies.</p> <p>If elephants Were small as snails, You could not tell Their trunks from tails.</p> <p>ROWENA SOMMERVILLE</p>
<p>The Leader</p> <p>I wanna be the leader I wanna be the leader Can I be the leader? Can I? I can? Promise? Promise? Yippee! I'm the leader I'm the leader</p> <p>OK what shall we do?</p> <p>ROGER MCGOUGH</p>	<p>The Sick Rose</p> <p>O Rose, thou art sick. The invisible worm, that flies in the night In the howling storm,</p> <p>Has found out thy bed of crimson joy; And his dark secret love Does thy life destroy.</p> <p>WILLIAM BLAKE</p>	<p>Look Said the Boy</p> <p>Look - said the boy the scaffold-man at work is like a spider on his net</p> <p>No said the scaffold-man I'm just a fly in the trap the spider set.</p> <p>MICHAEL ROSEN</p>
<p>Earwig</p> <p>The horny goloch is an awesome beast supple and scaly: It has two horns, and a hantle of feet And a forkie taille.</p> <p>MACANON</p>	<p>A Blink</p> <p>A blink, I think, is the same as a wink, A blink is a wink that grew, For a <i>wink</i> you wink with only one eye, And a <i>blink</i> you wink with two!</p> <p>JACQUELINE SEGAL</p>	<p>Streemin</p> <p>im in the botom streme wich means im not britgh</p> <p>dont lik readin cant hardly write</p> <p>But all these divishns arnt reelly fair</p> <p>Look in the cemetery no streemin there</p> <p>ROGER MCGOUGH</p>
<p>Days</p> <p>What are days for? Days are where we live. They come. They wake us time and time over. They are to be happy in. Where can we live but days?</p> <p>Ah, solving that question Brings the priest and the doctor in their long coats Running over the fields.</p> <p>PHILIP LARKIN</p>	<p>Silent, but</p> <p>I may be silent, but I'm thinking. I may not talk, but Don't mistake me for a wall.</p> <p>TSUBJO SHIGEJI</p>	<p>OIC</p> <p>I'm in a 10der mood today & feel poetic, 2; 4 fun I'll just - off a line & send it off 2 U.</p> <p>I'm sorry you've been 6 o long; Don't B disconsol8; But bear your ills with 42de, & they won't seem so gr8.</p> <p>ANONYMOUS</p>
<p>Choose</p> <p>The single clenched fist lifted and ready, Or the open asking hand held out and waiting. Choose: For we meet by one or the other.</p> <p>CARL SANDBURG</p>	<p>Gift</p> <p>Christmas morning i got up before the others and ran naked across the plank floor into the front room to see grandmama sewing a new button on my last year ragdoll</p> <p>CAROL FREEMAN</p>	<p>A Day in Autumn</p> <p>It will not always be like this. The air windless, afew last Leaves adding their decoration To the tree's shoulders, braiding the cuffs Of the boughs with gold, a bird preening In the lawn's mirror. Having looked up From the day's chores, pause a minute, Let the mind take its photograph Of the bright scene, something to wear Against the heart in the long cold.</p> <p>R.S. THOMAS</p>
<p>The Very Rich Man</p> <p>He'd have the best, but that was none too good; No barrier could hold, before his terms. He lies below, correct in cypress wood, And entertains the most exclusive worms.</p> <p>DOROTHY PARKER</p>	<p>Drouth</p> <p>O Western wind, when wilt thou blow That the small rain down can rain? Christ, that my love were in my arms, And I in my bed again.</p> <p>ANON</p>	<p>I am writing these lines From inside a lion, And it's rather dark in here. So please excuse the handwriting Which may not be too clear. But this afternoon by the lion's cage I'm afraid I got too near. And I'm writing these lines From inside a lion, And it's rather dark in here.</p> <p>SHEL SILVERSTEIN</p>

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