

Poetry is the art of rhythmical composition, written or spoken, for exciting pleasure by beautiful, imaginative or elevated thoughts.

Macquarie Dictionary

"I cannot go to school today,"  
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.  
"I have the measles and the mumps,  
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.  
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,  
I'm going blind in my right eye.  
My tonsils are as big as rocks,  
I've counted sixteen chicken pox  
And there's one more~that's seventeen,  
And don't you think my face looks green?  
My leg is cut~my eyes are blue~  
It might be instamatic flu.  
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,  
I'm sure that my left leg is broke~  
My hip hurts when I move my chin,  
My belly button's caving in,  
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,

My 'pendix pains each time it rains.  
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.  
I have a sliver in my thumb.  
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,  
I hardly whisper when I speak.  
My tongue is filling up my mouth,  
I think my hair is falling out.  
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,  
My temperature is one-o-eight.  
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,  
There is a hole inside my ear.  
I have a hangnail, and my heart is~what?  
What's that? What's that you say?  
You say today is. . .Saturday?  
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

Let's read this poem.

- TITLE:

- Sick

- AUTHOR:

- Shel Silverstein

- CONTEXT;

- Written in the 1980's for a collection of children's poetry

- Is it good? Why/Why not?

- Does it matter that it is intended for children?

# Now read this one

## Daffodils

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



# TASK/Homework

1. Choose a poem, any poem you like, and memorize 4-5 lines of it. It can be sad, funny, storytelling, descriptive-anything you like. You can memories the poems from this power point. (Y3)
2. Why am I making you do this?
  - To expand your mind
  - So you have something to recite to yourself when you are stranded at the train station
  - Because in English we appreciate all forms of writing
3. Can you compose a poem? (Y4)

# Spelling of the week

Word	1 <sup>st</sup> attempt	2 <sup>nd</sup> attempt	3 <sup>rd</sup> attempt
antiperspirant			
antigravity			
autograph			
autobiography			
automatic			
autofocus			
autocorrect			

Word of the week

**Menacing** – suggesting the presence of danger;  
threatening

Word of the week

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QN3YV0oK714>

