

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **SK**

Pretending

Pauline C. Peck

Sometimes I'm a bunny

Hopping on the ground.

Sometimes I'm a kitten

Running all around.

Sometimes I'm a pirate

Sailing out to sea.

Sometimes I'm a dragon

But all the time I'm me!

My Worn-Out Mittens

Sally Eggleston

My worn-out mittens tell me

That it is almost spring.

I didn't look for green grass

Or hear a robin sing,

But -

When I put on my mittens,

My fingers peek right through.

I think that they are looking

For warm spring days, don't you?

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S1** Grade 1

Whistling

Jack Prelutsky

Oh, I can laugh and I can sing
and I can scream and shout,
but when I try to whistle,
the whistle won't come out.

I shape my lips the proper way,
I make them small and round,
but when I blow, just air comes out,
there is no whistling sound.

But I'll keep trying very hard
to whistle loud and clear,
and someday soon I'll whistle tunes
for everyone to hear.

Cookies

Marchette Chute

If I had a kitchen
And knew how to bake,
These are the cookies
I would make:

Chocolate, peanut,
Lemon and spice -
All the ones
That are extra nice.

And to everyone on the
block I'd say:
'Here are the cookies I
made today. Come and
eat them right away!'

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S2** Grade **2**

The Sneeze

Sheree Fitch

I winked and I blinked
And my nose got itchy
And my eyes all watered
And my mouth went twitchy
I went AHHHH
I went AHHHH
I went AHHHH CHOOOOOOOO
And I blew
And I sneezed
Then I coughed
And I wheezed
And my brother said, "Oh, brother!"
And my mother said,
"GAZOONTIGHT!"
My father said, "Bless you!"
And I said, Ah....ah...ah...
AHHHHHHHHHH CHOOOOOOOO!

Sunflakes

Frank Asch

If sunlight fell like snowflakes,
gleaming yellow and so bright,
we could build a sunman,
we could have a sunball fight, we could
watch the sunflakes
drifting in the sky.
We could go sleighing
in the middle of July
through sundrifts and sunbanks,
we could ride a sunmobile, and we
could touch sunflakes -
I wonder how they'd feel.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S3** Grade **3**

If We Didn't Have Birthdays

Dr. Seuss

If we didn't have birthdays, you wouldn't be you
If you'd never been born, well then what
would you do?
If you'd never been born, well then what
would you be?
You might be a fish! Or a toad in a tree!
You might be a doorknob! Or three baked
Potatoes!
You might be a bag full of hard green tomatoes.
Or worse than that...Why, you might be as WASN'T!
A Wasn't has no fun at all. No, he doesn't.
A Wasn't just isn't. He just isn't present.
But you...YOU ARE YOU! And, now isn't that
pleasant?

Look at the Snow

Mary Carolyn Davies

Look at the snow!
Look at the snow!
Let's all take our sleds,
And go!
Up the hill we walk slow, slow,
And drag our red sleds in the snow;
But once at the top of the hill, we
know
That like the wind they'll go, go, go,
Whizzing down to the flat, below.
Oh, the fun as we swiftly fly
Over the snow like a bird on high!
It takes our breath as our sleds
speed by;
No one's as happy as you and I!
Summers may come, and summers
may go,
But we like the snow, the snow, the
snow!

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S4** Grade 4

Everytime I Climb a Tree

David McCord

Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
I scrape a leg
Or skin a knee
And every time I climb a tree
I find some ants
Or dodge a bee
And get the ants
All over me

And every time I climb a tree
“Where have you been?”
They say to me
But don’t they know that I am free
Every time I climb a tree?
I like it best
To spot a nest
That has an egg
Or maybe three

I see a lot of things to see
Swallows, rooftops, and TV
And all the fields and farms there be
Every time I climb a tree
Though climbing may be good for ants
It isn’t awfully good for pants
But still it’s pretty good for me
Every time I climb a tree.

Mother Doesn’t Want a Dog

Judith Viorst

Mother doesn’t want a dog.
Mother says they smell,
And never sit when you say
“sit”
Or even when you yell.
And when you come home late
at night
And there is ice and snow,
You have to go back out because
The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn’t want a dog.
Mother says they shed,
And always let strangers in
And bark at friends instead,
And do disgraceful things on rugs
And track mud on the floor,
And flop upon your bed at night
And snore their doggy snore.

Mother doesn’t want a dog.
She’s making a mistake.
Because more than a dog,
I think,
She will not want a snake.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S5** Grade 5

Meeting

Rachel Field

As I went home on the old wood road,
With my basket and lesson book,
A deer came out of the tall trees
And down to drink at the brook.

Twilight was all about us,
Twilight and tree on tree;
I looked straight into its great, strange eyes.
And the deer looked back at me.

Beautiful, brown, and unafraid,
Those eyes returned my stare;
And something with neither sound nor name
Passed between us there.

Something I shall not forget -
Something still, and shy, and wise -
In the dimness of the woods

Homework

Russell Hoban

Homework sits on top of Sunday, squashing
Sunday flat.

Homework has the smell of Monday,
Homework's very fat.

Heavy books and piles of paper, answers I
don't know.

Sunday evening's almost finished, now I'm
going to go do my homework in the kitchen.

Maybe just a snack, then I'll sit right down
And start as soon as I run back for some
chocolate sandwich cookies. Then I'll really

do all that homework in a minute. First I'll
see what new show they've got on

Television in the living room. Everybody's
Laughing there, but misery and gloom

and a full refrigerator are where I am at.

I'll just have another sandwich. Homework's
very fat.

From a pair of gold-flecked eyes.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S6T** Grade 6

Ukrainian Literary Society Trophy

Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream

Ed McCurdy

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever had before,
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

I dreamed there was a mighty room,
And the room was filled with men,
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed,
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and circled 'round,
And grateful prayers were made.

And the people on the streets below
Were dancing 'round and 'round,
With swords and guns and uniforms
All scattered on the ground.

Last night I had the strangest dream,
I ever had before,
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S6T** Grade 6

Ukrainian Literary Society Trophy

Reading: Summer

Myra Cohn Livingston

Summer is with it,

she's wild,

she likes

bare legs and cut-offs

and camping

and hikes;

she dives in deep water,

she wades in a stream,

she guzzles cold drinks

and she drowns in ice cream;

she runs barefoot,

she picnics,

she fishes,

digs bait,

she pitches a tent

and she stays up too late

while she counts out the stars,

swats mosquitoes and flies,

hears crickets,

smells pine trees,

spies night creature eyes;

she rides bareback,

goes sailing,

plays tennis,

climbs trees;

she soaks in the sunshine;

she gulps in a breeze;

she tastes the warm air

on the end of her tongue,

and she falls asleep

reading

alone

in the sun.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S7T** Grade 7

Monsignor Hebert Trophy

Where the Sidewalk Ends

Shel Silverstein

There is a place where the sidewalk ends
And before the street begins,
And there the grass grows soft and white,
And there the sun burns crimson bright,
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight
To cool in the peppermint wind.

Let us leave this place where the smoke blows black.
And the dark street winds and bends.
Past the pits where the asphalt flowers grow.
We shall walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go
To the place where the sidewalk ends.

Yes we'll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,
And we'll go where the chalk-white arrows go.
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know
The place where the sidewalk ends.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S7T** Grade 7

Monsignor Hebert Trophy

The Chameleon

A.P. Herbert

The chameleon changes his colour;

He can look like a tree or a wall;

He is timid and shy and he hates to be seen,

So he simply sits down on the grass and grows green,

And pretends he is nothing at all.

The chameleon's life is confusing;

He is used to adventure and pain;

But if he ever sat on Aunt Maggie's cretonne

And found what a curious colour he'd gone,

I don't think he'd do it again.

I wish I could change my complexion

To purple or orange or red;

I wish I could look like the arm of a chair

So nobody ever would know I was there

When they wanted to put me to bed.

I wish I could be a chameleon

And look like a lily or rose;

I'd lie on the apples and peaches and pears,

But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowing chairs –

I should have to be careful of those.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S8T** Grade **8**

Pharmacy Shield

Lullaby

Robert Hillyer

The long canoe
Toward the shadowy shore,
One...two...
Three...four...
The paddle dips,
Turns in the wake,
Pauses, then
Forward again.
Water drips
From the blade to the lake.
Nothing but that,
No sound of wings;
The owl and bat
Are velvet things.
No wind awakes,
No fishes leap;
No rabbits creep
Among the brakes.

The long canoe
At the shadowy shore,
One...two..
Three...four...
A murmur now
Under the prow
Where rushes bow
To let us through.
One...two...
Upon the shore,
Three...four...
Upon the lake,
No one's awake,
No one's awake,
One...two...
No one, not even you.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S8T** Grade 8
Pharmacy Shield

Foul Shot

Edwin A. Hoey

With two 60s stuck on the scoreboard
And two seconds hanging on the clock,

The solemn boy in the center of eyes,
Squeezed by silence,
Seeks out the line with his feet,
Soothes his hands along his uniform,
Gently drums the ball against the floor,
Then measures the waiting net,
Raises the ball on his right hand,
Balances it with his left,
Calms it with fingertips,
Breathes,
Crouches,
Waits,
And then through a stretching of stillness,
Nudges it upwards.

The ball
Slides up and out,
Lands,
Leans,
Wobbles,
Wavers,
Hesitates,
Plays it coy
Until every face begs with unsounding screams - -
And then

And then

And then,

Right before ROAR-UP,
Drives down and through.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S9T** Grade 9
Paramount Theatre

Get the Poem Outdoors

Raymond Souster

Get the poem outdoors under any pretext,
reach through the open window if you have to,
 kidnap it right off the poet's desk,
then walk the poem in the garden, hold it up
 among the soft yellow garlands of the
 willow,
command of it no further blackness, no silent
 cursing at midnight, no puny whimpering
 in the endless small hours, no more
 shivering in the cold-storage room of the
 winter heart,
tell it to sing again, loud and then louder so it
 brings the whole neighbourhood out, but
 who cares,
ask of it a more human face, a new tenderness,
 even the sentimental allowed between the
 hours of nine to five,
then let it go, stranger in a fresh green world, to
 wander down the flower beds, let it go to
 welcome each bird that lights on the still
 barren mulberry tree.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S9T** Grade 9
Paramount Theatre

Let Evening Come

Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn, moving
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

S106 TEST PIECE

Dramatic Arts Rose Bowl Class

Human Family ~ Maya Angelou

I note the obvious differences
in the human family.
Some of us are serious,
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived
as true profundity,
and others claim they really live
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones
can confuse, bemuse, delight,
brown and pink and beige and purple,
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas
and stopped in every land,
I've seen the wonders of the world
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women
called Jane and Mary Jane,
but I've not seen any two
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different
although their features jibe,
and lovers think quite different thoughts
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,
we weep on England's moors,
and laugh and moan in Guinea,
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,
are born and die in Maine.
In minor ways we differ,
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences
Between each sort and type,
but we are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,
than we are unlike.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
Class: S20 Test Piece
Trylight Theatre Dramatic Arts Trophy

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppies and charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S30**
Duet, Trio, Quartet

Echo
Sara Asheron

Hello!

Hello!

Are you near?

near, near.

Or far from here?

far, far from here.

Are you there?

there, there.

Or coming this way,

Haunting my words

Whatever I say?

Halloo!

halloooo

Listen, you.

Who are you, anyway?

who, who, whooo?

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S30**
Duet, Trio, Quartet

Jack Frost
Cecily E. Pike

Look out! Look out!
He's after our fingers and toes;
And, all through the night,
The gay little sprite
Is working where nobody knows.

He'll climb each tree,
So nimble is he,
His silvery powder he'll shake;
To windows he'll creep,
And while we're asleep,
Such wonderful pictures he'll make.

Across the grass,
He'll merrily pass,
And change all its greenness to white;
Then home he will go,
And laugh, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"
What fun I have had in the night!"

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S31**
Duet, Trio, Quartet

Fireflies

Paul Fleischman

Light

Light

is the ink we use

Night

Night

is our parchment

We're fireflies

Fireflies

Flickering

Flitting

Flashing

Fireflies

Glimmering

Fireflies

Gleaming

Glowing

Insect calligraphers

Insect calligraphers

practicing penmanship

copying sentences

Six legged scribblers

Six legged scribblers

Of vanishing messages

Fleeting graffiti

Fine artists in flight

Fine artists in flight

Adding dabs of light

Signing the June nights
as if they were paintings

Flickering
Fireflies
Fireflies

Bright brush strokes

Signing the June nights
as if they were paintings

We're
Fireflies
Flickering
Fireflies

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S31**
Duet, Trio, Quartet

The Tin Can Band

Margaret Mahy

Oh, the tin can band
Oh, the tin can band!
It's the dinniest band
In the big bright land.
It's a sing-song band, it's a bing-bong band,
As we march along with our pots and pans,
And we bing and bong on our old tin cans.

We're a-singing and a-singing to the binging and the bonging.
We're escaping and a-slipping out
On every hand.

And it sounds like a battle
When our tin cans rattle,
When our tin cans rattle
And our tin cans clang.
Yes, it's sounding like the prattle and the tattle of a battle
Like a merry monster cannon going
BANG, BANG, BANG!

Though silence falls when the band's gone by,
And the street is bare to the hills and sky,
There's a nitter and a natter,
And a tiny, tiny patter,
Like a whisper (only crisper)
Like a tine toy's sigh,
And a flutter like a mutter,
Like a sunny sort of stutter,
Going giggling down the gutter
Where the funny echoes die.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S32**

Duet, Trio, Quartet

Gran Can You Rap?

Jack Ousby

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.
Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran?
And she opened one eye and she said to me, Man
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.
And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room
And she started to rap with bim-bam-boom,
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head
And as she rolled by this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.
Then she rapped past my dad and she rapped past my mother,
She rapped past me and my little baby brother.
She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,
She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.
She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.
She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,
The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.
She rapped down the land she rapped up the hill,
And as she disappeared she was rapping still.
I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen Man,
Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen
I'm a –
tip-top, slip-slap,
 nip-nap, yip-yap,
hip-hop, trip-trap,
 touch yer cap,
 take a nap,
 happy, happy, happy, happy,
 rap-rap queen.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts
English Speaking Verse
Class **S32**
Duet, Trio, Quartet

Song of the Jellicles

T.S. Eliot

Jellicle Cats come out tonight
Jellicle Cats come one come all:
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright –
Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball.

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats are rather small;
Jellicle Cats are merry and bright,
And pleasant to hear when they caterwaul.
Jellicle Cats have cheerful faces,
Jellicle Cats have bright black eyes;
They like to practise their airs and graces
And wait for the Jellicle Moon to rise.

Jellicle Cats develop slowly,
Jellicle Cats are not too big;
Jellicle Cats are roly-poly,
They know how to dance a gavotte and a jig.
Until the Jellicle Moon appears
They make their toilette and take their repose:
Jellicles wash behind their ears,
Jellicles dry between their toes.

Jellicle Cats are white and black,
Jellicle Cats are of moderate size;
Jellicles jump like a jumping-jack,
Jellicle Cats have moonlit eyes.
They're quiet enough in the morning hours.
They're quiet enough in the afternoon,
Reserving their terpsichorean powers
To dance by the light of the Jellicle Moon.

Jellicle Cats are black and white,
Jellicle Cats (as I said) are small;
If it happens to be a stormy night
They will practise a caper or two in the hall.
If it happens the sun is shining bright
You would say they had nothing to do at all:
They are resting and saving themselves to be
right
For the Jellicle Moon and the Jellicle Ball.