## Poetry

### https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Oaq3gzswei0



Michael Rosen is a really fun poet.

Some of his poems rhyme and a lot don't.

I have included a fun one that rhymes – just so you can see if you can pick up on the patterns, and for a bit of fun.

He has a YouTube Channel if you would like to take a look.

The Little Plant In the heart of a seed, Buried deep so deep, A tiny plant Lay fast asleep. "Wake," said the sunshine, "And creep to the light! "Wake," said the voice Of the raindrops bright. The little plant heard And it rose to see, What the wonderful, Outside world might be.

Only the 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 lines rhyme Deep – asleep Light – bright See – be

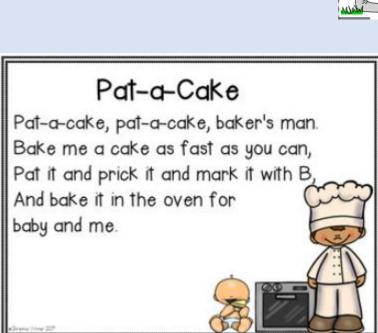
The lines are not in sentences, but in a structure that allows the poem to flow.

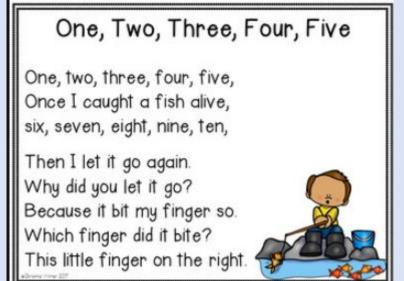


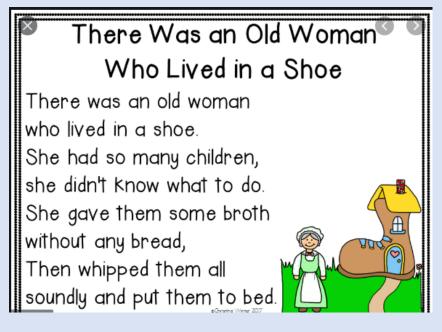
You use a lot of rhyming poems without thinking about it -

here are a few









Let's look at some rhyming words – what can you think of to go with the words?

Love

Shoe



Fade

Orange

It is the phonetically sound of the word that you are rhyming, so it does not have to be spelt the same.

Love – glove, dove, shove



Shoe – new, boo, two, loo, poo

Fade – shade, tirade, made, laid

Orange – haha tricked you! You can't rhyme orange with a word

How might you add lines to this poem –

The nice old lady
From sixty- two
Ran out of her door

She sounded so shocked
When she shouted, "BEWARE!"
We all turned around

We threw her some rope And she tied it so tight We heaved her up

Her knickers on show And her wig scew-wiffed It really was no wonder



#### This is what I did –

The nice old lady From sixty- two Ran out of her door

#### And into a zoo

She sounded so shocked
When she shouted, "BEWARE!"
We all turned around
just so we could stare

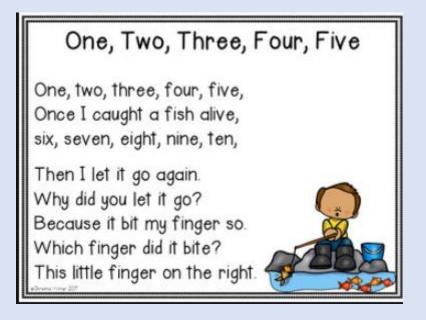
We threw her some rope And she tied it so tight We heaved her up

It was a terrible sight

Her knickers on show And her wig scew-wiffed It really was no wonder She was a little bit miffed I changed a word slightly so that I could add a word that rhymed in. This is why poems are fun – you can play around with words.

# If you are having problems thinking of a poem, adapt ones that have already been written.





One, two, three, four, five
The fox and the hen went for a drive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
They went so fast they crashed into their
den.

You don't have to use all the poem and remember, it does not need to make sense.



Your turn...

If you can, record your poem and send it to me.