

# SATIPS

## National Curriculum Handwriting Competition 2020 Poem Selection

### CLASS A

#### **Worm Words**

by Tony Mitton

"Keep still!"

said Big Worm

to Little Worm.

"You're driving me

round the bend."

"Don't be daft,"

said Little Worm.

"I'm your other end."

# SATIPS

## National Curriculum Handwriting Competition 2020 Poem Selection

### CLASS B

#### **Snowball**

by Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball as perfect as could be.  
I thought I'd keep it as a pet and let it sleep with me. I made it some pyjamas and  
a pillow for its head. Then, last night it ran away.  
But first -- it wet the bed.

*"Snowball" from Falling Up  
by Shel Silverstein. © 1996 Evil Eye Music, Inc. Used by permission.*

# SATIPS

## National Curriculum Handwriting Competition 2020 Poem Selection

### CLASS C

#### **Fireworks**

by James Reeves

They rise like sudden fiery flowers  
That burst upon the night,  
Then fall to earth in burning showers  
Of crimson, blue and white.  
Like buds too wonderful to name,  
Each miracle unfolds  
And Catherine wheels begin to flame  
Like whirling marigolds.  
Rockets and Roman candles make An  
orchard of the sky,  
Where magic trees their petals shake  
Upon each gazing eye.

# SATIPS

## National Curriculum Handwriting Competition 2020 Poem Selection

### CLASS D

#### **Give and Take**

by Give and Take

I give you clean air  
You give me poisonous gas  
I give you mountains  
You give me quarries

I give you pure snow  
You give me acid rain  
I give you spring fountains  
You give me toxic canals

I give you a butterfly  
You give me a plastic bottle  
I give you a blackbird  
You give me a stealth bomber

I give you abundance  
You give me waste  
I give you one last chance  
You give me excuse after excuse after excuse.

# SATIPS

## National Curriculum Handwriting Competition 2020 Poem Selection

### CLASS E

#### **Pegasus**

by Eleanor Farjeon

From the blood of Medusa  
Pegasus sprang.  
His hoof of heaven  
Like melody rang,  
His whinny was sweeter  
Than Orpheus' lyre,  
The wing on his shoulder  
Was brighter than fire.  
His tail was a fountain,  
His nostrils were caves,  
His mane and his forelock  
Were musical waves,  
He neighed like a trumpet,  
He cooed like a dove,  
He was stronger than terror  
And swifter than love.  
He could not be captured,  
He could not be bought,  
His rhythm was running,  
His standing was thought;  
With one eye on sorrow  
And one eye on mirth,  
He galloped in heaven  
And gambolled on earth.  
And only the poet  
With wings to his brain  
Can mount him and ride him  
Without any reins,  
The stallion of heaven,  
The steed of the skies,  
The horse of the singer,  
Who sings as he flies.