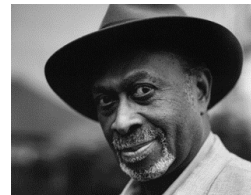


L.O. Read, listen to and perform poetry.

This week, we will be reading, listening to, performing and writing our own poetry. During the week, we will compare the work of different poets, including Valerie Bloom, Brian Moses, Simon Mole and James Berry. We'll be reading and **performing** their poetry, and then **writing** some of our own.



An understanding of **pattern**, **rhythm** and **rhyme** will be important this week. Can you discuss with your partner what each of these words mean?

Let's start with the poet Brian Moses. He was born in 1950, mainly writes for children, has over 200 published works and is well known as a children's poet. His poetry books and anthologies for Macmillan have sold in excess of 1 million copies. Brian was asked by CBBC to write a poem for the Queen's 80th birthday.



On the next page is the poem *Walking with my Iguana*. Read it once, then read it again, this time looking for **patterns**, **rhythms** and **rhymes**

Walking with my Iguana by**Brian Moses**

I'm walking
with my iguana
I'm walking
With my iguana
When the temperature rises
to above eighty-five,
my iguana is looking
like he's coming alive.
So we make it to the beach,
my iguana and me,
then he sits on my shoulder
as we stroll by the sea...

and I'm walking
with my iguana
I'm walking
With my iguana
Well if anyone sees us
we're a big surprise,
my iguana and me
on our daily exercise,
till somebody phones
the local police
says I've got an alligator
tied to a leash.

when I'm walking
with my iguana
I'm walking
With my iguana
It's the spines on his back
that make him look grim,
but he just loves to be tickled
under his chin.
And I know that my iguana
is ready for bed
when he puts on his pyjamas
and lays down his sleepy head.
And I'm walking
with my iguana



still walking
With my iguana
With my iguana...
with my iguana...
and my piranha
and my chihuahua
and my chinchilla,
with my gorilla,
my caterpillar...
and I'm walking...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...

How do you think it should be read aloud?

Practise reading your own copy with your partner.

Any volunteers to perform it to the class?



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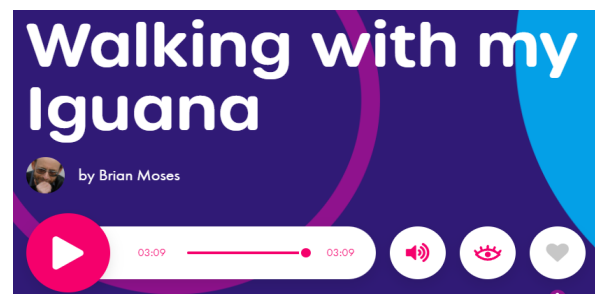


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Now listen to Brian Moses reading it - does it surprise you?

How does he get his rhythm?

How does he use his vocal expression to make it an interesting performance?



The poem is written in the first person - how does Brian 'become' the character? Is it similar to acting?

Have another go at reading the poem aloud - will you make any changes to your performance? Any volunteers?

Now for something a little different. Let's read '*Sandwich*' by Valerie Bloom on the next few screens. As we read, think about the following:

Is there a rhythm to the poem?

What about the rhyming pattern?

What do you notice about the language?

SANDWICH – BY VALERIE BLOOM

We goin' on a school trip today,
De whole class goin' to Whitley Bay,
Ah teckin' me ball' an' bat with me
To play beach cricket, an' let me see,
Ah mustn't forget me new Frisbee,
An' teacher say to bring a sandwich.

She say to bring a waterproof mac,
An' a change o' clothes in a knapsack,
For it bound to rain, she guarantee,
An' half o' we gwine end up in the sea,
An' we mustn't forget, any o' we,
Teacher say, to bring a sandwich.

She say we can bring a can o' drink,
Ah will bring some fizzy orange, ah think,
Some gobstoppers ah can share with Lee,
(An' everybody else, probably)
An apple or orange, an' ah definitely
Won't forget to bring a sandwich.

Ah ask me mother for some bread,
Some butter, lettuce, an' some cheddar cheese,
don't need nothing more,
An' ah just headin' for the door
When ah bump into me Granny Lenore,
An' she teck away me sandwich.

She say, don't know what you mother thinkin' 'bout,
How she could let a growin' child go out
With one little sandwich alone to eat?
But don't you worry, chile, in this basket
Ah have corn pone, chicken an' jerk meat,
You don't need to teck a sandwich.

Ah say to her, you don't understand,
Ah can't teck all o' dem things, Gran,
De whole o' de class will laugh at me.
She say, ah meck you favourite fricassee,
Ah say, Gran, teacher specifickly
Say dat we must bring a sandwich.

SANDWICH – BY VALERIE BLOOM

How does the language affect the way we read it? Where might the poet come from? Can you work out what all the words are?

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She say, ah meck you favourite fricassee,
Ah say, Gran, teacher specifickly
Say dat we must bring a sandwich.

But she not listening to a thing me say.
She waltz pass me an' den she bring
Out a bowl o' rice an' peas,
A whole hardo bread, if you please,
Ah was down on the floor 'pon me hands an' knees
Beggin' give me back e sandwich.

Den Gran teck out a thermos flask,
Ah shut me yeye, ah fraid to ask,
But a wonder what next she woulda produce,
She say, ah meck you some nice soursop juice,
So gimme dat fizzy nonsense, dat's no use,
An' she teck it, just like me sandwich.

Ah say, Gran you have enough to feed de whole class
dere,
She say, dat is right, you must learn to share,
Ah meck something special for your teacher too,
An' she pull out a bowl o' callaloo,
Ah ask meself, what ah going to do?
Ah only want to teck a sandwich.

Well, no matter how me beg an' plead,
She was like a mad bull on stampede,
So wid chicken, rice an' hardo bread,
Me heart an' foot dem heavy like lead,
Ah wave goodbye to me street cred,
An' lef' without me sandwich.

All day long ah try to pretend
Ah didn' know dat basket, but in the end
Lunch time come an' we all gather roun'
Spread some blanket on the groun'
An everybody settle down
To open up dem sandwich.

Teacher say, what have you got there?
Ah pretend ah didn' hear,
But dat basket wouldn' go away,
So ah open it an' start to pray
Dat they wouldn' laugh too loud when ah display
What ah bring instead o' sandwich.

Have we changed our minds about the language? What extra clues do we have now?

But she not listening to a thing me say.	Ah say, Gran you have enough to feed de whole class	All day long ah try to pretend
She waltz pass me an' den she bring	dere,	Ah didn' know dat basket, but in the end
Out a bowl o' rice an' peas,	She say, dat is right, you must learn to share,	Lunch time come an' we all gather roun'
A whole hardo bread, if you please,	Ah meck something special for your teacher too,	Spread some blanket on the groun'
Ah was down on the floor 'pon me hands an' knees	An' she pull out a bowl o' callaloo,	An everybody settle down
Beggin' give me back e sandwich.	Ah ask meself, what ah going to do?	To open up dem sandwich.
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Den Gran teck out a thermos flask,	Well, no matter how me beg an' plead,	Teacher say, what have you got there?
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So gimme dat fizzy nonsense, dat's no use,	Ah wave goodbye to me street cred,	Dat they wouldn' laugh too loud when ah display
An' she teck it, just like me sandwich.	An' lef' without me sandwich.	What ah bring instead o' sandwich.

Well, everybody yeyes start pop out,
My friend Lee start to lick him mout',
So ah ask dem if they all want some,
They look pon me like somethin' dumb,
In no time we finish every crumb,
An' dem all feget dem sandwich.

When teacher say, thank your grandmother for us,
Ah feel so proud, ah nearly bus',
She say, that was a really super meal,
Everybody say, yeah, that was well cool, Neil,
An' you don't know how glad ah feel
Dat ah didn' bring a - sandwich.

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This informal use of
words, specific to a place
is also known as '**patois**'.

What is the patois known
as for our own region?

What part of the World
do you think Valerie Bloom
comes from?

Well, everybody yeyes start pop out,
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Listen to Valerie read the poem
herself. Does it make the poem
easier to understand?



Performance time again! Spend a little while practising **any three** verses of the poem with your partner, to read to the class **together**.

How will you read it? Together at the same time? A verse each? Two or three lines each? What about expression?

Before we start, here are some tips from Valerie about performing poetry...



... can we create a performance toolkit?



