

SLD Forum: Anthology of Sensory Poems

This selection of poems has been gathered following the recommendations of some of the members of the SLD Forum. Wherever known, authors have been credited and those people recommending the poems acknowledged; either by full name or username.

I have tried to include instructions for prop use wherever possible but may have condensed some of these for practicality. Where specific text was not provided with the recommendation I used the internet as my very able assistant!

I apologise in advance if any contributions have been omitted, this is not deliberate but more likely due to burning the midnight oil! I hope that the final version at least proves useful for some of you. Enjoy!

Rosie Brister (r.brister974@northlincs.net)

Other Recommendations

<http://www.dreamenglish.com>

A selection of songs that could be adapted
(Recommended by Sue Cooper)

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/learningzone/clips/ted-hughes-the-iron-man-extract/5320.html>

A good reading of Iron Man
(Recommended by Melanie Jones)

<http://www.petewells.co.uk>

A range of multisensory stories.

<http://www.whiteboardroom.org.uk>

A range of multisensory stories – Check out Rama and Sita, call and response.
(Recommended by Sally Paveley)

<http://www.fizzyfunnyfuzzy.com>

A wide selection of humorous poems.

Keith Parks “Interactive Storytelling” and “Bible Stories in Cockney rhyming slang” are fabulous!

(Recommended by Liz Platt/Les Staves)

A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING

By Rose Fyleman

A fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.

An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a coloured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.



A Chubby Snowman

A chubby little snowman
had a carrot nose.

Along came a bunny,
and what do you suppose?

That hungry little bunny,
looking for some lunch,
Grabbed that snowman's nose,
Nibble, nibble, crunch!



After my bath

After my bath I try, try, try
To **wipe myself til I'm dry, dry, dry**
I wonder how much time I'd take
If I were a dog and could
Shake, shake, shake.

Notes:

1. Maintain a steady rhythm throughout.
2. '**Wipe myself...**' rub up and down pupils arms with flannel.
3. '**shake**' adult to encourage pupils to shake heads/bodies.

April Fools Day

by Kenn Nesbitt

www.poetry4kids.com/poems

Mackenzie put a whoopie cushion
on the teacher's chair.

Makayla told the teacher
that a bug was in her hair.

Alyssa brought an apple
with a purple gummy worm
and gave it to the teacher
just to see if she would squirm.

Elijah left a piece of plastic
dog doo on the floor,
and Vincent put some plastic vomit
in the teacher's drawer.

Amanda put a goldfish
in the teacher's drinking glass.
These April Fool's Day pranks
are ones that you could use in class.

Before you go and try them, though,
there's something I should mention:
The teacher wasn't fooling
when she put us in detention.

Arthur the Artist

by Kenn Nesbitt

I'm Arthur. I'm an artist,
and I love to paint and draw.
I paint portraits on my forehead.
I draw landscapes on my jaw.

There's nothing quite as fun
as making sketches on my skin,
so I color on my elbows
and I scribble on my chin.

I'm known for doing doodles
on my fingers and my toes,
and my belly and my back are brushed
with beautiful tableaux.

I hope you'll come and see me
to appreciate my scrawls.
I am always in museums
where I hang upon the walls.

Just find the guy with ink and paint
on every body part.
Or, instead, just ask for me by name;
my friends all call me "Art."

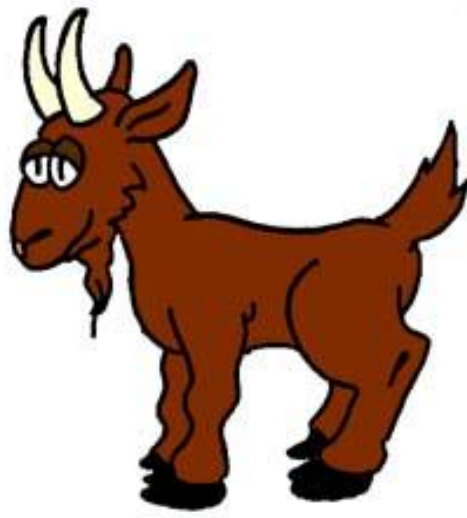


Balloon

If you **blow**, and **blow**
Your balloon will grow and grow
But if you **blow** and do not stop
Your balloon **will go off**
POP!

Notes:

1. Immediately after each '**blow**' blow one long breath into balloon – emphasises with body movement.
2. '**will go off....**' build anticipation with voice and pace.
3. '**pop**' pop balloon



Billy Goat

Billy goat Basil and billy goat Ben,
Butted each other again and again.
They butted and butted
And butted all day.
Until they both butted each other away.
(‘Arrrrrgh... Splash!’)

Notes:

1. Tap table or tray gently to the rhythm of the poem.
2. Narrator to read ‘Arrrrrgh’ with animation.
3. When saying ‘Splash’, spray water in the direction of the pupils.

Bubble Wrap

By Kenn Nesbitt (based on an idea by Donna Lee
Murphy)



www.poetry4kids.com/poems

Bubble wrap, bubble wrap,
pop, pop, pop.
Wrapped around my bottom.
Wrapped around my top.

I'm double-wrapped in bubble wrap
It's covering my clothes.
It's wrapped around my fingers.
It's wrapped around my toes.

I've wrapped myself in bubble wrap
exactly as I'd planned.
But now I'm tied so tightly,
I can barely even stand.

I'm having trouble walking.
I can hardly even hop.
I guess I'll have to roll today.
Pop, pop, pop.

Catastrophe

by Kenn Nesbitt

www.poetry4kids.com/poems

Our house is a catastrophe.
The curtains are in shreds.
There's fur on all the furniture
and "presents" on our beds.

The couch is clawed to pieces.
The bathroom rug is ripped.
The goldfish bowl is broken
and the cat food dish is flipped.

There's kitty litter everywhere.
The carpet smells like pee.
We went away for just one day
and got CATastrophe.

Chorus of Hands

By Les Staves

Here's my own contribution that was used with white gloves and UV light at the wonderful session organised by Flo at the royal academy last year ...And i do believe she going to do another !

'This is the heart that beats in me --

These are the eyes the eyes that see --

These are the hands the hands that make ---

We are the artists !!!!'

It stretches out as it is performed by building up a chant using call and response / action starting from one line

This is the heart that beats in me

Audience respond

This is the heart that beats in me

Audience respond

These are the eyes the eyes that see

Audience respond

This is the heart that beats in me

Audience respond

These are the eyes the eyes that see

Audience respond

These are the hands the hands that make

Audience respond

This is the heart that beats in me

Audience respond

These are the eyes the eyes that see

Audience respond

These are the hands the hands that make

Audience respond

We are the artists !!!!

Audience respond

We are the artists !!!!!

Daddy fell into the pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And then there seemed to be nothing beyond,
Then Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!" Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
When Daddy Fell into the pond!

Alfred Noyes

Fearless Frederick

By Kenn Nesbitt

www.poetry4kids.com/poems

Fearless Frederick had some hot sauce
and it set his mouth afire.
It made flames fly from his nostrils
and his upper lip perspire.

It ignited all his taste buds.
It made steam shoot out his ears.
He turned redder than a stop sign.
He burst out in boiling tears.

He was hopping on the table.
He was running 'round the room
as his hair began to sizzle
and his face began to fume.

He tried sucking on a popsicle
and gargling in the sink.
He drank everything he found
inside the fridge that he could drink.

He tried glugging tubs of ice cream.
He poured ice cubes on his head,
but it didn't help to quench
the flaming mouth of Fearless Fred.

He tried all that he could think of
to exterminate the blaze,
why he even stuck his tongue inside
in a jar of mayonnaise.

And then when at last his mouth was cooled
by bucket-loads of water,
the first thing that he said was,
"May I please have something hotter?"

Fireworks

BANG! There goes another one,
Screaming as it goes.
It's getting high,
Up in the sky,
And fizzle - there she blows!

WHOOSH! Up high above the house,
Behind a trail of sparks.
Yellow, orange,
Red and white,
Exploding in the dark!

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Five Little Senses All in a Row

Taken from one of 'The Works' poem collections.

You're so sweet! said Lickety Lips
Keep in touch! said Fingertips
See you soon! said Eye with a wink
Said the nose, *Don't cause a stink!*
Hear me out! said the ears immense,
Together, we make a lot of SENSE!

Recommended by Anne Roche

The Ballad of Frank the Fifteen Stone Fairy by Pete Wells

Frank the fifteen stone fairy, was a Christmas fairy flop,
He knew the best place on the Christmas tree was sitting on the top!
But Frank was far too flabby, with big bum and floppy face,
So it was up to Curly Alan, to take Christmas pride of place!

But Curly Alan is a show off, with slim bod and wavy hair,
He sneers "How's the weather fatty, all the way down there?" (Feel wig)

So Frank lost his Christmas cheer, he'll make that big mouth stop,
By the 25th December, *he'll* be sitting at the top! ("Grr!" on Bigmack)

"I'll get rid of Curly Alan, that rat so pretty and so slim!"
Said Frank climbing up the Christmas tree, from thorny limb to thorny limb. (Feel branch)

"Keep your distance, Fatty!" yelled Curly Alan with a frown,
As he picked a glittering bauble, and threw the missile down! (Look at bauble)

But Frank swung on some tinsel, and dodged the bomb with ease,
"My name is Frank the Fairy, king of the Christmas trees!" (Feel tinsel)

When Fat Frank was almost at the top, Alan caught him by surprise,
As he shone a shiny Christmas light in the flabby fairy's eyes! (Look at torch)

Fat Frank was almost blinded, he had stars before his eyes,
But into Curly Alan's laughing mouth, he rammed three whole mince pies! (Taste/smell mince pie)

Now Curly Alan isn't so skinny, with huge gut and rear end,
And under the weight of two fat fairies, the tree began to bend! (Feel weight)

Curly Alan couldn't hold on, he hit the floor with a yelp of pain,
And with the weight of just one fairy, the tree sprung straight again! (Bang drum)

But Fat Frank shot out the window, and went miles up in the air,
And landed atop the Christmas tree in the middle of Trafalgar Square! ("Aaaagh!" on BigMack)

The moral of this story, is to try until you do!
For if you keep on trying, your dreams will all come true!



Recommended by Sally Paveley

I started on my homework

By Kenn Nesbitt

(www.poetry4kids.com/poems)



I started on my homework
but my pen ran out of ink.
My hamster ate my homework.
My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it
in the soup my mom was cooking.
My brother flushed it down the toilet
when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework
through the washer and the dryer.
An airplane crashed into our house.
My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.
Volcanoes struck our town.
My notes were taken hostage
by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.
I had a shark attack.
A pirate swiped my homework
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses
so darned long my teacher said,
"I think you'll find it's easier
to do the work instead."

In the Garden...

Sitting in the garden

(Sitting on green cloth)

Blow wind blow

(waft with fan)

Splish, splosh, rain drops

(splash with water)

And down came the snow

(cover with white cloth)

Recommended by Alison Rumble

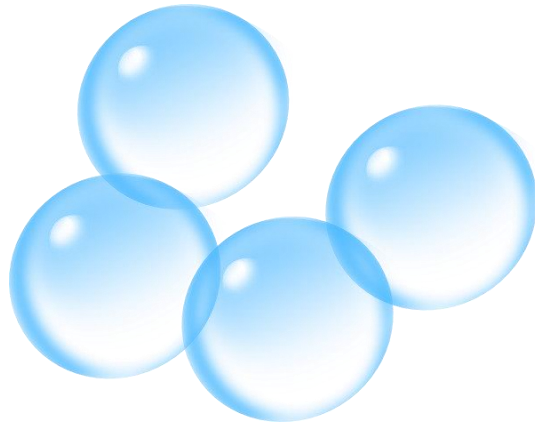


Incy wincy

Incy wincy spider
Climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain
And washed the spider out
Out came the sunshine
And dried up all the rain
And incy wincy spider climbed up the
spout again.

Notes:

1. Use puppet as object of reference and for Incy Wincy climbing.
2. '**Down came the rain**' with water spray
3. '**Out came the sunshine**' shine torch in the direction of the pupils.



Little Bubble

Little bubble round and fair,
Floating slowly through the air,
The wind blows **strong**
And you fly on
But soon you **pop**
And you are gone.

Notes:

1. Maintain a steady rhythm throughout.
2. Blow a burst of bubbles after reading title – can continue bubbles if 2nd adult available.
3. After '**strong**' fan pupils face (if tolerated)
4. On '**pop**' activate pop gun or vocalise sound.

My many coloured days

by Dr Seuss

Some days are yellow.

Some are blue.

On different days I'm different too.

You'd be surprised how many ways

I change on Different Colored Days.

On Bright Red Days how good it feels
to be a horse and kick my heels!

On other days I'm other things.

On Bright Blue Days I flap my wings.

Some days, of course, feel sort of Brown.

Then I feel slow and low, low down.

Then comes a Yellow Day and Wheeee

I am a busy, buzzy bee.

Gray Day....Everything is gray. I watch. But nothing moves today.

Then all of a sudden I'm a circus seal! On my Orange Days that's how I feel.

Green Days. Deep deep in the sea. Cool and quite fish. That's me.

On Purple Days I'm sad. I groan. I drag my tail. I walk alone.

But when my days are Happy Pink it's great to jump and just not think.

Then come my Black Days. MAD. And loud. I howl. I growl at every cloud.

Then comes a Mixed-Up Day. And WHAM! I don't know who or what I am!

But it all turns out all right, you see. And I go back to being...me.

Recommended by Hilary Davies

My Puppy Makes Pizza

By Kenn Nesbitt

www.poetry4kids.com/poems

My puppy makes pizza.
He bakes every day
In chef hat and apron
he's quite the gourmet.

He'll roll out some dough
and he'll give it a toss,
then spread on a generous
topping of sauce.

He'll heap it with cheeses
and mountains of meat,
but, still, it's not something
you'd probably eat.

For though he makes pizza
with obvious flair,
it all ends up covered
with slobber and hair.

On the Ning Nang Nong

By Spike Milligan

On the Ning Nang Nong
Where the Cows go Bong!
and the monkeys all say BOO!
There's a Nong Nang Ning
Where the trees go Ping!
And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.
On the Nong Ning Nang
All the mice go Clang
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!
So its Ning Nang Nong
Cows go Bong!
Nong Nang Ning
Trees go ping
Nong Ning Nang
The mice go Clang
What a noisy place to belong
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Recommended by Deborah (C Scott-Paul)



Row your boat

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream.

Rock, rock, rock your boat
Gently down the stream,
If you see a **crocodile**
Don't forget to scream
...Arrrrggggghhhh!

Notes:

1. **'Row, row etc'** pupils to rock or be rocked forwards and backwards.
2. **'Rock, rock etc'** pupils to rock or be rocked side to side
3. Immediately after **'crocodile'** pause to build anticipation.
4. Immediately after **'scream'** pupils to vocalise when the puppet is shown.

Smelly People

Taken from one of 'The Works' poem collections.

Uncle Oswald smells of tobacco
Aunt Agatha smells of rope
Cousin Darren smells of aeroplane glue
Cousin Tracey smells of soap.

My mum smells of garlic and cabbage
My dad smells of cups of tea.
My baby sister smells of sick
And my brother of T.C.P.

Our classroom smells of stinky socks.
Our teacher smells of Old Spice.
I wonder what I smell of?
I'll just have a sniff
Hmmm.... quite nice.

Recommended by Anne Roche

Spidery foe

There's a spider spinning webs,
From the ceiling to my bed.
It's a silky trick,
He's working quick,
Whilst swinging on his thread.

He's moving with intent,
As he hurries his descent.
He sways around,
Above the ground,
He's here to cause torment!

His yarn he does unwind,
As my teeth begin to grind.
My spidery foe,
Is near my toe,
And then I'll be entwined!

Now an inch is all that's clear,
'Tween the spider and my ear.
I turn his way,
And slowing say,
"Boo!" as he gets near!

The spider, shocked, clings tight,
As his balance goes with fright.
He speeds up high,
I wave bye-bye,
Till we meet again tonight!

Ten Things Found in a Wizard's Pocket

Taken and adapted from one of 'The Works' poem collections.

A dark night.

A Phoenix feather.

A glass of water full to the top.

A large elephant.

A vest made from spiders' webs.

A handkerchief the size of a car park.

A bag full of stars and planets, to mix with the dark night.

A clockwork mouse.

A bag of magic mints you can suck for ever.

Recommended by Anne Roche

The blue (or any other colour) lycra song

I use a big big piece of lycra that everyone can hold on to. Mine is shiny, which the kids really like looking at and touching. You could also use a survival blanket, my pupils love it!

We sing the song to the tune of the 'Drunken sailor'

'What shall we do with the blue lycra
What shall we do with the blue lycra
What shall we do with the blue lycra
What shall we do now?'

Then I wait for the pupils to initiate a movement e.g. lift it up, pull, scratch, shake, pat, stroke to material and we sing again:

'Pat, pat, pat the lycra etc..'

We repeat it as many times as we need to, until the pupils still show interest.

Recommended by Dori (Dora Seregely)

The Fire Engines

I have strips of yellow/ red/ orange silk, a tambourine, and a water spray.

We start very quietly:

'As quiet as a mouse in the middle of the night

As quiet as a mouse in the middle of the night

As quiet as a mouse in the middle of the night

(Then louder)

Look out everyone, your house is alight!

(Makaton for look and house)

One, two, three, four, five

(shake the tambourine louder and louder)

FIRE ENGINES!!!! FIRE ENGINES!!!

(shout and spray everyone)

The pupils choose the props for each role in this one.

I always let them choose which song they'd like next and we always have a few repetitions of each song. We sit in a tight circle so everyone can see each other and join in. At the moment we choose with the actual props, but later on in the year we will move on to photos/ pictures with pupils who it is appropriate for.

Recommended by Dóri (Dora Seregely)

The Magic of the Brain

Such a sight I saw:

An eight-sided kite surging up into a cloud

Its eight tails streaming out as if they were one.

It lifted my heart as starlight lifts the head

Such a sight I saw.

And such a sound I heard.

One bird through dim winter light as the day was closing

Poured out a song suddenly from an empty tree.

It cleared my head as water refreshes the skin

Such a sound I heard.

Such a smell I smelled:

A mixture of roses and coffee, of green leaf and warmth.

It took me to gardens and summer and cities abroad,

Memories of meetings as if my past friends were here

Such a smell I smelled.

Such a soft fur I felt.

It wrapped me around, soothing my winter-cracked skin,

Not gritty or stringy or sweaty but silkily warm

As my animal slept on my lap, and we both breathed content

Such soft fur I felt.

Such food I tasted:

Smooth-on-tongue-soup, and juicy crackling of meat,

Greens like fresh fields, sweet-on-your-palate peas,

Jellies and puddings and fragrance of fruit they are made from

Such good food I tasted.

Such a world comes in:

Far world of the sky to breathe in through your nose

Near world you feel underfoot as you walk on the land.

Through your eyes and your ears and your mouth and your brilliant brain

Such a world comes in.

Recommended by Jenny Joseph

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, you are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, the
moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

The Snowman

'The snowman is coming,
The snowman is coming,
The snowman is coming to get ... (child's name).'

I use a big piece of white material, to cover the chosen pupil with, then ask everybody where she is and expect them to look towards her/ try to pull the cloth from her - and also expect the pupil to uncover herself.

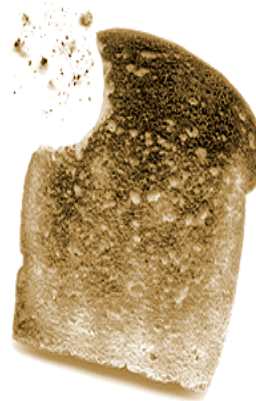
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Recommended by Dori (Dora Seregely)

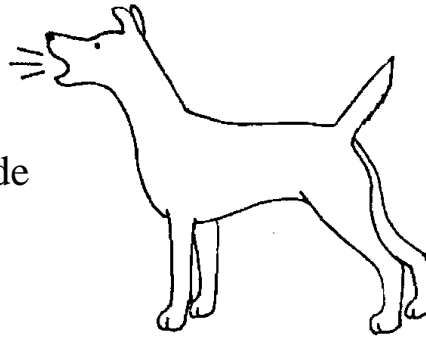


The Sound Collector

A stranger came this morning
 Dressed all in black and grey
 Put every sound into a bag
 And carried them away
 The whistling of the kettle
 The turning of the lock
 The purring of the kitten
 The ticking of the clock



The popping of the toaster
 The crunching of the flakes
 When you spread the marmalade
 The scraping noise it makes



The hissing of the frying-pan
 The ticking of the grill
 The bubbling of the bathtub
 As it starts to fill



The drumming of the raindrops
 On the window-pane
 When you do the washing-up
 The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
 The squeaking of the chair
 The swishing of the curtain
 The creaking of the stair



A stranger called this morning
 He didn't leave his name
 Left us only silence
 Life will never be the same.



by Roger McGough



Recommended by Ann Mudie & Gill Warren

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/learningzone/clips/roger-mcgough-the-sound-collector-poem-only/8836.html>

The Witches' spell from Macbeth
By Shakespeare (short excerpt only)

Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one;
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

There's something in my welly

There's something thick and slimy,
It's down there in my welly.
It squidges and it splashes,
And it's also rather smelly!

I should of checked it just before,
I plunged my foot straight in.
But I didn't; I feel stupid.
I'm not sure what I've stepped in!

And so I'm in a quandary,
I'm not sure I want to know,
What resides within my welly,
And is squishing 'tween my toes!

It feels so cold and squelchy,
Oh it's filling me with fear,
Of all the things that it could be,
And I'm too scared to peer!

It could be jam, it could be worse!
It could be mud or goo!
It could be almost anything,
Like week-old drool or glue!

Consumed with dread I peek inside,
Not ready for the shock!
And lurking deep within the dark?
Is a wet and stinky sock!



Thunder storm

By Rosie Brister

I love a great big thunder storm

I think they're really ace

I love the cooling feeling

Of the **rain upon my face**

The best bit though is when

I see the zig zag lightening flash

And I know it won't be long until

I hear the thunder **crash!**

Notes:

1. Maintain a steady rhythm throughout.
2. '**Rain upon my face**' Water spray above pupil's head.
3. '**Crash**' activate small cymbal in front of pupil.

Tick Tock

Tick tock, tick tock
Goes the old grandfather clock
Tick tock, tick tock
It never ever ever stops.
Swing swing, swing swing
It really is a wondrous thing
Swing swing, swing swing
I'm waiting for the clock to ting.
Ding dong, ding dong
Now it plays its little song
Ding dong, ding dong
Every hour all day long.

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Tiger

By Mary Ann Hoberman

I'm a tiger striped with fur,
Don't come near
Or I might **grrrr**,
Don't come near
Or I might **growl**,
Don't come near
or I might bite!

Notes:

1. Maintain a steady rhythm throughout.
2. On words '**grrrr**' and '**growl**' emphasise with deep voice.
3. On last line, slow pace to maintain suspense.
4. On '**bite**' grab child's hand to mimic bite.

Today I had a problem...

By Kenn Nesbitt

Today I had a problem when I tried to make my bed. My blankets and my comforter got wrapped around my head.

Ideas:

Sight – colourful blankets

Auditory – rustling of blankets, twinkle twinkle

Taste – hot chocolate

Touch – soft blankets on head, bare arms

Smell – chocolate powder

I went to fluff the pillows but the pillow cover tore, and feathers flew all over as I stumbled 'round the floor

Ideas:

Sight – cotton balls in the air out of a pillow case

Auditory – ripping noise as pillow tears

Taste – ?

Touch – move child in chair or walk with child slightly oddly, tapping children with pillows

Smell - lavender or clean cotton smell (yankee candles)

I accidentally grabbed the sheets and pulled them as I fell.

I have to say, it seems my day's not starting off too well.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wyhsxU5RO04>

Clip of sheets flowing in the wind.

Ideas:

Sight – sheets being slowly flapped over children

Auditory – the noise the sheets create

Taste – ?

Touch – the feel of the wind or sheets on skin

Smell - lavender or clean cotton smell (yankee candles)

I tripped upon a pillowcase and landed in a heap. Good grief! That's it! I'm staying here and going back to sleep!

Ideas:

Sight – adults falling to ground on pillows

Auditory – <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uRhoWQX2OF8>

Taste – ?

Touch – massage feet as adults lie on floor or pillow on child's face and all pretend to sleep massaging arms/hands

Smell - lavender

Recommended by Paul Taylor



When Betty Eats Spaghetti

When Betty eats spaghetti

She **slurps, slurps, slurps**

And when shes finished eating

She **burps burps burps**

When Freddie had spaghetti
it was something of a sight.
He would spin it with his fingers.
He would whip it left and right.

He would swing it in a circle.
He would toss it in the air.
He would flip it on his forehead.
He would wear it in his hair.

He would put it in his pockets.
He would stuff it in his socks.
He would cram it into cabinets.
He would squash it onto clocks.

He would drape it on the table.
He would pour it on the floor.
He would stick it to the windows,
and then ask to have some more.

He would play with it all morning,
through the afternoon, and night,
but he didn't like the taste
so Freddie never ate a bite

Wings

Taken and adapted from one of 'The Works'
poem collections.

If I had wings I would touch the fingertips of
clouds and glide on the wind's breath.

If I had wings I would taste a chunk of sun as
hot as peppered curry.

If I had wings I would breathe deep and sniff
the scent of raindrops.

If I had wings I would dream of swimming the
deserts and walking the seas.

Recommended by Anne Roche