

*'As Tasty as a Picnic'*

*As salty as the sea,  
As crunchy as the sand,  
My banana sandwich  
is curling in my hand.*

*As soft as the sun,  
As sweet as a grin,  
My vanilla ice cream  
is dripping down my chin.*

*Celia Warren*



**Read this poem by Pie Corbett**



**Wings**

If I had wings I would touch  
The frail fingertips of clouds

If I had wings I would taste  
A chunk of sun, as hot as peppered curry

If I had wings, I would listen  
To the clouds' soft breath

If I had wings I would smell  
The scent of fresh raindrops

If I had wings I would gaze  
As the people who cling to the earth's crust

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

## Five Little Senses

Five little senses are what I need,



To use when things are near.

I use my eyes to look and see.



I use my ears to hear.

I use my nose to smell things.



I use my hands to touch.

I use my mouth to taste

The things I love to eat so much.



Five little senses standing in a row,

To see, hear, smell, touch and taste



The things I need to know.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which he mostly kept under his hat.  
The teachers all thought  
That he couldn't be taught,  
But Bill didn't seem to mind that.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which the teachers had searched for for years.  
Trying test after test,  
They still never guessed  
It was hidden between his ears.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which only his friends ever saw.  
When the teacher said, 'Bill,  
He just shuffled and stared at the floor.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which he kept under lock and key.  
While the teachers in vain  
Tried to burgle his brain,  
Bill's thoughts were off wandering free.