

## A Poem to be Spoken Silently...

It was so silent that I heard  
my thoughts rustle  
like leaves in a paper bag . . .

It was so peaceful that I heard  
the trees ease off  
their coats of bark . . .

It was so still that I heard  
the paving stones groan  
as they muscled for space . . .

It was so silent that I heard  
a page of this book  
whisper to its neighbour,  
'Look he's peering at us again . . .'

It was so still that I felt  
a raindrop grin  
as it tickled the window's pane . . .

It was so calm that I sensed  
a smile crack the face  
of a stranger . . .

It was quiet that I heard  
the morning earth roll over  
in its sleep and doze  
for five minutes more . . .

*by Pie Corbett*

## The Kiss

We'd been flicking through  
The Guinness Book of Records  
when Joanna found that  
the world's longest kiss  
had been for seventeen days  
in Chicago, U.S. of A.

That's what started the craze  
for long-distance kissing.

I kept well away.

Till one day, I was cornered  
by the school's professional,  
out for a spot of practice -

She said -

'Come on, give us a kiss.'

I said -

'Yuck - NO WAY Hosé!'

She said

'Come on - give us a k i s s s s s s s s.'

I said -

'NO WAY - Shirley Whirley,  
I'm off.'

So I legged it  
to the end of the playground  
where she pursued me,  
whooping and yelling  
like a siren  
with lips like suction pads  
and octopus arms that made a grab.

So I legged it  
to the bicycle sheds  
where she followed me

with lips like a frog

and said -

'Come on - give us a snog!'

So I said -

'NO WAY - Not Today,'

So I legged it  
to the drinking fountain  
where she tracked me down  
with a frown  
and lips puckered,  
ready to kiss me to death.

She said -

'Come on - let's break the record.'

So I thought -

'Euch....mmmmmm.... well.... Why not!,  
Come on girl - let's give it a whirl!'

Strange then -

that it was she

who scarpered,

quick as a knife, to the other end of  
the playground where she told my  
best friend, Petie Fisher, that I  
loved her, and I wanted to marry her  
and give her a k i s s s s s s s s .

I've decided that kissing is no good  
for your health. I'm keeping my lips  
for the nicest person I know.

ME!

*by Pie Corbett*

Week 1

## The Playground Monster

It grabbed me  
with its tarmac jaws  
and then it tried  
to bite me.

It grasped me  
with its gravely paws  
and then it tried  
to fight me.

I live in fear of walking  
across its great black back.

I think it knows I'm talking.  
It listens at a crack!

I fear its greedy darkness,  
the way it seems to need

To reach out when I'm running  
and grab me for a feed.

It grabbed me  
with its tarmac jaws  
and then it tried  
to bite me.

It grasped me  
with its gravely paws  
and then it tried  
to fight me.

*by Pie Corbett*

Week 1

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## Smelling Rats

My mother said she'd 'smelt a rat',  
but none of us knew what she meant.  
I wondered what a rat smelt like -  
They lived in sewers, Sarah said,  
where they grew big as tom cats,  
if cornered would go for the throat.  
They made brief film appearances,  
dancing on Dracula's coffin,  
gangsters muttered, 'you dirty rat',  
scientists kept them in cages,  
testing lipstick and disease.  
They ran on to boats up anchor lines  
and of course we all knew  
that they carried the plague.  
Bubonic plague.  
'BEW BON NICK . . .'  
We whispered the words  
so Mum wouldn't hear,  
and sniffed deep  
but, smelt nothing.  
So we left her to hunt for the rat  
and ran down the garden calling,  
'Bring out your dead!'  
Later that night I lay in bed,  
and heard the dread sound  
of whatever it was that she sensed.  
I lay in the dark and sniffed . . .

*by Pie Corbett*

Week 1