**The Morning rush**

Into the bathroom,

Turn on the tap.

Wash away the sleepiness –

Splish! Splosh! Splash!

Into the bedroom,

Pull on your vest.

Quickly! Quickly!

Get yourself dressed.

Down to the kitchen.

No time to lose.

Gobble up your breakfast.

Put on your shoes.

Back to the bathroom.

Squeeze out the paste.

Brush, brush, brush your teeth.

No time to waste.

Look in the mirror.

Comb your hair.

Hurry, scurry, hurry, scurry

Down the stairs.

Pick your school bag

Up off the floor.

Grab your coat

And out through the door.

***By John Foster***

**PREPOSTEROUS PENGUINS**

thousands

of preposterously pensive penguins

pause to participate

in a particularly polar poetry pageant

probably in the perfectly pale and cold

penetrating South Pole

perhaps the precise problem is

every penguin parades around like

a posh peppy peacock

pretentiously presuming

to proclaim in a pesky pernickety way

they should (for pete’s sake)

positively peep first.

***By Zaro Weil***

**The River**

The River's a wanderer,

A nomad, a tramp,

He never chooses one place

To set up his camp.

The River's a winder,

Through valley and hill

He twists and he turns,

He just cannot be still.

The River's a hoarder

And he buries down deep

Those little treasures

That he wants to keep.

The River's a baby,

He gurgles and hums,

And sounds like he's happily

Sucking his thumbs.

The River's a singer,

As he dances along,

The countryside echoes

The notes of his song.

The River's a monster,

Hungry and vexed,

He's goggled up trees

And he'll swallow you next.

***By Valerie Bloom***

**WILD AS THE WIND**

if I were wild as the wind

I’d cannonball around the world

atop a whizzing zigzaggery

night-streaking through

star spangles

swaggering through sun whorls

untameable

 unstoppable

 uncatchable

if I were wild as the wind

I’d somersault all the way to

that dangerous terrible edge

of far away

where I’d gather my forces

tempestuous

 tumultuous

 turbulent

and start again.

***By Zaro Weil***

**Hotdogs**

**I’ve never seen a hotdog.**

**I’ve seen a sausage dog**

**run amok in mash**

**and go crazy in gravy.**

**I’ve seen a bulldog**

**with furry horns**

**grazing on grass.**

**I’ve seen a sheepdog**

**that barks and bleats**

**as it makes jumpers from stinky wool.**

**I’ve seen dog-ears in books**

**that flap as you read**

**and prick up at the scary parts.**

**I’ve seen dog-days with lapping suns**

**and woofing winds.**

**But I’ve never seen a hotdog.**

**Do they run on coal?**

**And bark hot air?**

**Do they fan with their tails?**

**Do they set alight their leads?**

**No, I’ve never seen a hotdog.**

***By Joseph Coelho***

**9 YEARS OLD**

Rachel make your bed up

Rachel brush your teeth

Rachel you’ll get bad,

If you eat too many sweets

Rachel put your glasses on

Rachel move your clothes

Rachel you still go around

As if you’re 3 years old

What’s that towel doing on the floor

Rachel pick it up

What’s that underneath your bed, Rachel?

A saucer and a cup

Biscuit crumbs, sweetie papers

Books of every kind

If I look under the blankets

Heaven knows what I will find

Rachel it is way past nine

Rachel go to bed

Rachel have you listened

To anything I’ve said

I say the same things every day

But Rachel, do you hear?

Rachel do you understand?

Rachel do you care?

*by Lorraine Simeon*