DIGTE

My Hat

Here's my hat.
It holds my head,
the thoughts I've had
and the things I've read.

It keeps out the wind.
It keeps off the rain.
It hugs my hair
and warms my brain.

There's me below it,
the sky above it.
It's my lid.
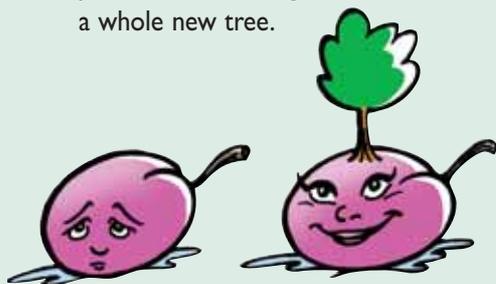And I love it.

Plum

Don't be so glum,
plum.

Don't feel beaten.
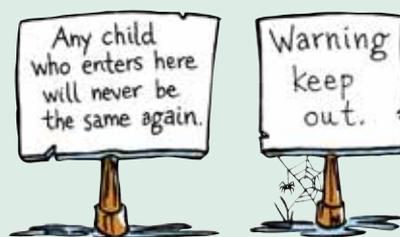
You were made
to be eaten.

But don't you know
that deep within,
beneath your juicy flesh
and flimsy skin,

you bear a mystery,
you hold a key,

you have the making of
a whole new tree.

Se power point præsentation af World
Book Day på www.pspraktisksprog.dk

Forbidden Poem

This poem is not for children.
Keep Out!

There is a big oak door
in front of this poem.
It's locked.

And on the door is a notice
in big red letters.
It says: Any child who enters here
will never be the same again.
WARNING. KEEP OUT.

But what's this?
A key in the keyhole.
And what's more,
nobody's about.

'Go on. Look,'
says a little voice
inside your head.
'Surely a poem
cannot strike you dead?'

You turn the key.
The door swings wide.
And then you witness
what's inside.

And from that day
you'll try in vain.
You'll never be the same again.

Key

This is the key.
The mystery key.

The key to what?
I'm not
quite sure.
I wonder what
this key is for?

Let me see . . .
could it be:

the key to the door
of a treasure store?

the key to the lid
where things lie hid?

a secret box
with magic locks?

the key to a cupboard,
a closet, a drawer,

I wonder what
this key is for?

When I find it
I'll unlock it,

but meanwhile keep
this key
in my pocket.

Poetry is poetry – you can make it do what you like. You can draft your poem as many times as you like, until you get one poem or several poems that you are happy with.

You can write poems about places you have visited, things you have seen, things that have happened to you and those created by your imagination. Anytime you think of a few words you like jot them down in a notebook and you can use some of them in a poem. Make every day world book day.

Try it for yourself. YOU CAN NEVER GO WRONG.