

WELCOME TO NATIONAL POETRY DAY - 2025!



The theme of PLAY is a brilliant one!

We have here firstly, a competition for which poem you think is best in general (slide 8).

Then, we **invite you to write your own poem**, ideally on the **theme of play**. (slide9). Types of play could include but are not limited to: play with friends, childhood memories of play, video gaming play, wordplay, a dramatic play, playing with animals or any other type you like! Your imagination is the only topic limit here..... Equally, if you want to 'go your own way, do it. Choose what you like!

Poem 1: Alexa, What Is There to Know about Love?

Alexa, what is there to know about love?

What is there to know about love?

*A glove is a garment that covers the hand
for protection from the cold or dirt and –*

Alexa, how does a human heart work?

How does a human heart work?

*Blood is first received in the right atrium via
two veins, the vena cava superior and inferior –*

Alexa, where do we go to when we die?

Where do we go to when we die?

*Activating Google Maps. Completed activation.
Would you like to start from your current location?*

Alexa, what does it mean to be alone?

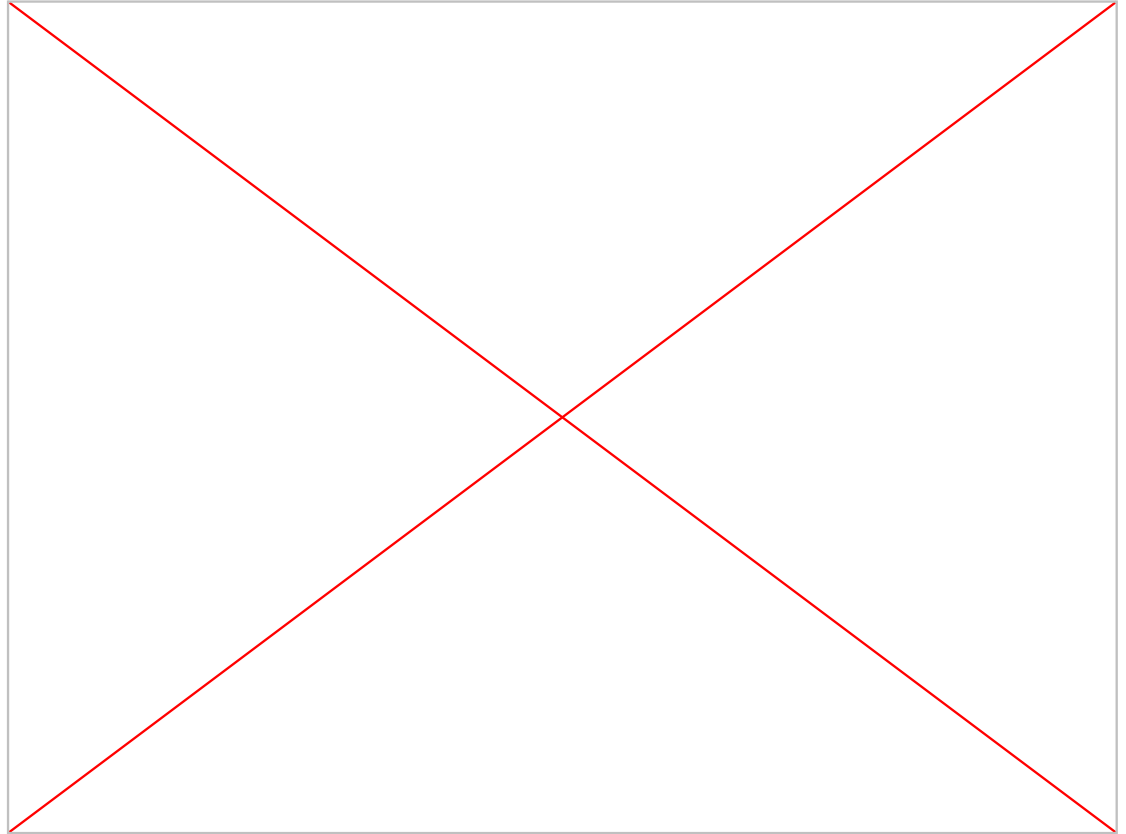
What does it mean to be alone?

*It is the silence left by words unsaid,
the cold expanse of half a bed.*

*It is the endless stretching of the hours,
the needless tending of plastic flowers.*

*It is an echo unanswered in a cave,
the fateful ping of the microwave.*

*It is the fraying of a worn shirt cuff,
and the howl – Stop, Alexa. That's enough.*



Poem 2: 'Cat Poem' by Miriam and Rhiannon



I feel like I am being watched every step I
take they are judging my choices

they they are breathing at my neck
they are scrutinizing my every move
the paranoia escal and I don't understand
why I feel like I am being watched until

I remember that at any given time there
are at least five cats in my household
Romeo Love Bug Bandit that's her full
name
not three different cats
Buffy the rat Slayer AKA The Chosen One
LaBella
Luna Tuna Gandalf the Gray Lady and
Juliet Catlette
you have cat to be kitten in me right now
don't
underestimate their significance.

Isaac Newton invented the cat door
that Sir Isaac Newton who also did the gravity stuff
see the comfort and ease of
kittens is up there with the three laws of motion
that govern the universe these
F lines have explored space the White House
and can see in the dark they can turn their ears
180°

if you own one you are less likely to die of
cardiovascular
disease you know why my heart is so
strong because I love my cat so much and
if you don't guess who felt the same
Hitler literally Hitler and guess who
beat him in world domination - cats
there are cats on every continent even
Antarctica here's a statistic or rather
cat statistic there are 86.4 million
cats in the United States alone and all
of them are mine and they have little

squishy Paws and they're great
filmmakers if it weren't for cats
YouTube wouldn't exist they evolve
specifically to be domesticated by
humans they were like hey I will
become
small and cute so they will adopt me
and
I get have free food all the time
brilliant they're adorable this does not
just come naturally it's a survival
mechanism cats formulated their
meows to
simulate a human baby crying so that
w
have a psychological need to give
them
attention you know what else they are
soft cute fat if cats could write poetry
they would sound like meow meow
meow
meow meow

Poem 3: 'If' by Rudyard Kipling



If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master; If you can think—and not make
thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Poem 4: 'Fam' by Caleb Femi - Young Poet Laureate - a friendship poem

When we say fam we don't mean what we have in common with blood
we mean you are the mirror that shows
for for my better side we mean you are the brother
I chose and a sister I keep we mean you
and I have matching scars so let's swap
stories we mean we won't break so easily
next time we mean telepathy we mean
we're still here even when we're not we
mean I know it hurts let me carry some
of your pain we mean come on mind or be
food we mean I got you every day I got
you we mean according response and cost
and protection spells we mean teasing
out miracles from concrete we mean a
smoke signal when you are lost inside
your own ribcage we mean the biggest
inside joke on ends we mean we have to
laugh cause it doesn't stop it from
happening we mean don't ask how we're
cousins we mean God command the ground
to spew back up the body we mean famine
against Babylon we mean fam fam



Poem 5: 'I am a Poem' by Saviero

I am a poem.

Well, which kind am I a freeverse? Am I a haiku? That's really all up to you.

I am the horse and you are the rider.

I am the poem and you are the decider. I go where you go.

I'm just here to make the flow.

I don't care if you pass me from eye to eye, quickly passing by.

I don't care if you give me a battery. I am a poem. I feel no hate. I am a poem. Do I rhyme? Do I make you feel good? Because I really should. Am I acrostic? Am I powerful? Optimistic, entertaining, magnificent.

Would I be put in a book?



Would you give me a look?

Am I Shakespeare and sonic, a limmerick, a riddle, an epic, a lyric? Do I have strong words that you probably never heard like quad train?

I know how to score.

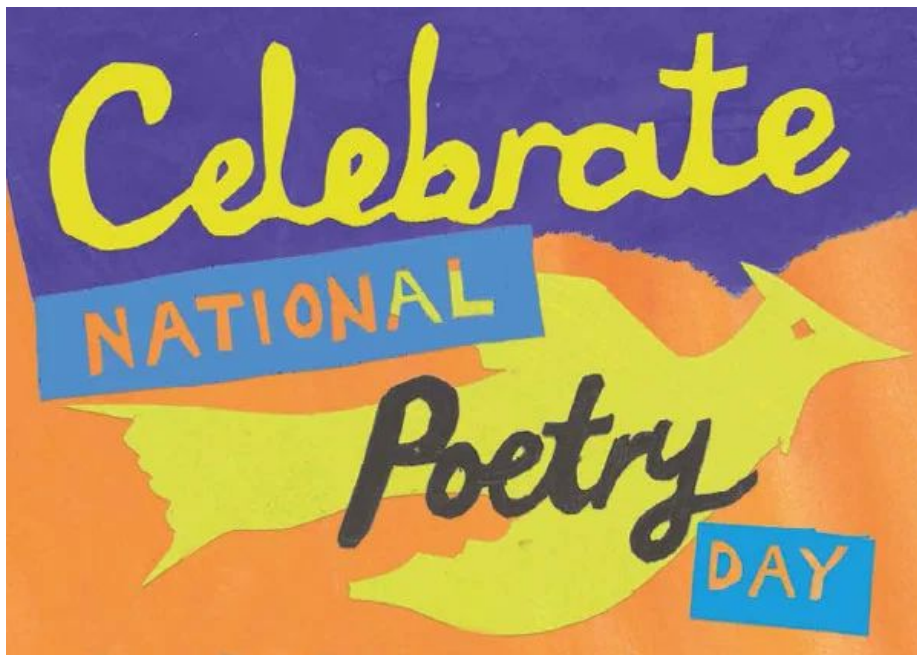
I've done it before.

I am the poem on the page and I am the poet on the stage.

I am a poem.

But which kind am I a freeverse? Am I a haiku? That's really all up to you.

**Are you ready to cast your TGS vote for the best poem?
Don't forget that for every activity you partake in, your form wins
points and the winning form gets a treat!**



Click the link here to go to the Google Form to Cast Vote - [HERE](#)

Inspiration for the TGS Poetry Competition: 'Ten Rules for Aspiring Poets' by Brian Bilston

1. Poetry does not have to rhyme.

Well, at least not all the time always.

2. Metaphors can lend a poem power

(although mixing them isn't good).

Should they start to fly in all directions,
nip them in the bud.

3. Focus and concentration

are important skills to hone.

Close the door. Turn off the wi-fi.

Don't get distracted by your ph

4. Avoid clichés like the plague.

5. Don't write stuff that's a bit vague.

6. The use of unnecessarily long words

may result in reader alienation.

Curb your sesquipedalianism.

Obviate all obfuscation.

7. Always proof-read you're work.

Accuracy can be it's own reward!

And remember that the pen/is
mightier than the sword.

8. Check haiku closely

for lines which have too few
or too many syllables.

9. Never ever follow rules.

If you'd like to enter our **poetry competition**, please enter by 1pm on 18 October by adding your poem via the Google Form

linked [here](#).

HILARIOUS CAT POEM!

Cats are Possessive: I Could Wee on This

Her new jumper doesn't smell of me -

I could wee on that.

She's gone out for the day and

left her laptop on the counter -

I could wee on that.

Her new friend just pushed my head away -

I could wee on him.

She's ignoring me ignoring her -

I could wee everywhere.

She's making up for it
by putting me on her lap.

I could wee on this.

I could wee on this.

