



ENGLISH POETRY – GRADE 5

I lost my invisible puppy

I lost my invisible puppy when we were out
walking today,
she disappeared into the bushes and totally
faded away.
My puppy is not too apparent, my puppy is
paler than pale,
she tends not to draw much attention, she
wags an invisible tail.
She wears an invisible collar, her leash is
invisible too,
I fear that she's vanished forever,
she's totally hidden from view.
I'll miss her obscure little antics, her odd
indiscernible tricks,
she chased inconspicuous crickets, she
fetched undetectable sticks.
My poor imperceptible puppy is probably
still in the park,
perhaps if I pay close attention,
I'll hear here inaudible bark.

Witches

Witches never wash themselves.
They never comb their hair.
They never clean their clothes at all
Or change their underwear.
Their skins are always spotty
(Exactly as you'd guess).
They're dirty and they're mucky,
They always look a mess.
They've lots of creepy crawlies, Like
cockroaches and fleas,
Which crawl about their bodies
And do just as they please.
That's why witches scratch and scratch,
How horribly they itch –
I'm really glad that I am me
And not a warty witch!