

HOMEWORK

© Carmel Randle

Age 10 & under

I'd like to talk of HOMEWORK –
now, homework is a bore!
You do your quota every day,
but always there is more.

There's homework about number facts,
there's writing – spelling too,
and general knowledge of the world
and so much more – it's true!

I think we kids need holidays –
three days a week at least.
I long to sit and watch T.V.
at night when school has ceased.

*"Don't get your hopes up," Dad says,
"Cause I've got news for you.
My briefcase comes home every night
'cause I've got homework too."*

OR

TOM THE ROOSTER

© Marco Gliori

Upon our farm at Junabee
we used to sleep quite peacefully,
till Tom the Rooster, each new day
at 4 a.m. would crow away!

He had a fancy, cosy pen.
He fussed and doted on each hen.
His life was great there is no doubt
he had so much to crow about.

He'd crow before us kids got up
to milk the cows and feed the pup.
He'd crow before my folks awoke.
(They lay there wishing that he'd choke!)

But Tom the Rooster, early riser –
he suddenly grew much, much, wiser
when our smart mum placed by the tree
her sharpest axe for Tom to see.

Now... being old and sensible
Tom knew he was dispensable,
so he shut up and stayed alive
and now sleeps in... till half past five!

FASHIONS ON THE FARM

© Glenny Palmer

Age 11 - 13

While driving on a country road
the strangest sight I saw,
a mob of sheep in overcoats,
I'd not seen that before.

It set my mind to wondering
just how the world would be,
if animals and birds and fish
wore clothes, like you and me.

Can you imagine such a thing
as cows in camisoles,
and bulls in leather riding boots
with studs and fancy scrolls?

And ponies wearing pantyhose
would shock old Farmer Jones,
while knickers on the billy goat
would shake him to the bones.

Perhaps our world's a better place
with things the way they've been,
'cause creatures couldn't learn to use
a modern wash machine.

OR

NO TIME TO WASTE

© Joyce Bell

Old bushman Jim came home that day to find a frantic wife.
"A *snake*," she said - she used her hands to measure it in strife.
"A *snake! It's underneath the house.*" Her eyes were near to tear.
"*It might just bite the children which could kill them too I fear.*"

With care they searched around the house – the snake began to grow.
It hadn't been too long at all – it grew a foot or so.
Again she told her story and to help the tale along,
the snake was growing quickly it was nearly five feet long.

She told and told her tale again, she stretched her arms out wide.
The snake was almost six feet long, "*This big!*" she cried with pride.
"*Get in the car!*" her hubby said, "*No time to search about.*
If snakes can grow as quick as that – it's time that we moved out."

SPAGHETTI AND FRIENDS

© Glenny Palmer

Age 14 - 18

A string of spaghetti flew out of the pot
(well wouldn't you too, if the water was hot?) –
slid over the stove, landed smack on the floor;
the string of spaghetti made straight for the door.

It wriggled and jiggled and wiggled along
and nearly got squashed by my Granddaddy's thong.
It hid for a while under Granny's best chair
when a piece of old cheese said, "*Can I come in there?*"

Then a curious cat started sniffing about
and the cheese and spaghetti said, "*Time to get out!*"
So the cheese rolled itself in a sort of a ball
and spaghetti jumped on and they rolled down the hall...

...and out through the door, and then bounced down the stairs
all the way to a shrub with tomatoes in pairs.
A tomato fell down on spaghetti and cheese
and it blushed as it said, "*Pardon me, won't you please?*"

Then Granny tossed out an old dish full of meat
with a smell that was crook and got worse in the heat.
While the three of them talked about what they should do,
the hot sun turned the cheese into yellowy goo.

Now a crafty old crow sitting up in a tree
with a rumbling tummy said, "*What's this I see?*"
As a church going crow he then offered up praise
to the Lord for his lunch... spaghetti bolognaise.

OR

A DINKUM AUSSIE MAN

© Brenda Joy

His skin is tough, his hair is bleached
it's clear he's lived a while.
His clothes are rough, his hands are worn
there's lines with every smile.

Where sun is harsh and wind is dry –
this land's not for the meek.
When rains don't come nor rivers run,
the future looks so bleak.

He won't slack off, he won't give up
he'll always do his best.
From crack of dawn he'll work like hell
to earn his 'Smoko' rest.

If there's a job that must be done,
he's bound to see it through.
When winds have blown his dust away,
they'll say he was "True Blue".

This land cannot be taken light
and all must play their part.
For Aussie folk to carry on,
they must have lots of heart.

But there's a world not spoilt by greed
where dreams are dreamt for free,
with cobbles true and chosen brew.
That's where he wants to be.

This is his time, this is his place,
where outback vistas span
survivor of a dying breed –
a dinkum Aussie man.

THE FLYING HORSE

© Marco Gliori

Tinies

I used to know a flying horse
who ate meat pies with lots of sauce.
I don't know why he chose that course
for now he's filled with great remorse.

He cannot eat another pie
and sauce now makes him cry and cry.
He's so unhealthy, he can't fly
and silly billy wonders why.

OR

MARY'S FROG

© Grahame Watt

Mary had a little frog,
a funny little bloke!
The only words he ever said
were, "*Croak! Croak! Croak!*"

Mary said, "*Such nonsense
will really have to stop!*"
The little frog smiled
and went *Hop! Hop! Hop!*

Mary now has lost him –
her frog is never seen –
so please, watch out for Mary's frog.
His legs are long and green.

OR

GROWING UP

© C.J. Dennis

Little Tommy Tadpole began to weep and wail,
for little Tommy Tadpole had lost his little tail;
and his mother didn't know him as he wept upon a log,
for he wasn't Tommy Tadpole, but Mr. Thomas Frog.