



# National Poetry Day

## Remember Poems

### for KS1, 2 and 3

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Name	Page Number
To Keep in Touch by Liz Brownlee	2
Remembering by Liz Brownlee	3
The Family Book by Brian Moses	4
Poets are Photographers by Paul Cookson	5
Remembering is our duty by Paul Cookson	6
Dear Mug by Roger Stevens	7
In an Old Dog's Memory by Brian Moses	8
Whole Body Memory by Jan Dean	9

# To Keep in Touch

by Liz Brownlee

They move smooth curves  
like waves of sound,  
singing through the tide,

their whistle words  
pull like the moon  
to those they swim beside,

to leap and plunge  
the sky of waves  
above their dark domain,

they keep in touch  
remembering  
a tune of dolphin names.

*By Liz Brownlee who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*

# Remembering

by Liz Brownlee

The elephant  
is bones  
in the dust,

they trace  
its outline  
with delicate trunks,

each light touch  
missing

two tusks.

*By Liz Brownlee who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*

# The Family Book

by Brian Moses

My father unlocks the family book  
where the captured Victorians sit  
tight-lipped, keeping their own closed counsel.  
I find them caught at christenings  
as the 'greats' collect with the 'latest'  
and another name is tied to the family line;  
or posed (but not poised) in studios,  
the fathers and sons from their Sunday slumbers,  
suited and sober and seemingly shy  
as if the souls could be stolen away  
for the price of a print on paper.

I watch my father separate the 'great greats'  
from the 'great', the proud patriarchs,  
the weddings and unsmiling aunts,  
the fishermen released from their nets,  
the light keeper and his shiny wife.  
I flick back the pages and try to find  
my fingerprints in their faces.

*From the anthology I Remember, I Remember. Reproduced with kind permission of the author & Macmillan Children's Books*

# Poets are Photographers

by Paul Cookson

Poets are photographers  
Capturing moments in words

Snapshots of humanity  
Pinpoints of reality

Poets are photographers  
Capturing images in language

Articulators of feelings  
Mirrors of experience

Poets are photographers  
Capturing memories on pages

Seekers of the common ground  
Sharers of the everyday

Poets are photographers  
Capturing the elusive

Scribes of the wondrous  
Chroniclers of the mundane

Poets are photographers  
Poems are their pictures

*By Paul Cookson who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*

# Remembering is our duty

by Paul Cookson

Let no-one take the memories we cherish  
Let no-one break the cycle of remembrance  
The trivial, the every day  
These fragments that make up our lives  
Let no-one taint the memories we cherish

Let's celebrate the art of not forgetting  
Let's celebrate the art of total recall  
The past that makes our present  
The present that's our future  
Let's celebrate the art of not forgetting

*By Paul Cookson who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*

# Dear Mug

by Roger Stevens

Dear mug.

Sweet, lovely mug.

Remember that November night?

I held you in my frozen hands and you

Were filled with hot and silky chocolate

The smoky sky was splashed with fire and exploding stars

We hugged

I loved your glorious design by Gaudi. Green and gold

Mosaics. All my other mugs had boring patterns,

Flowers, slogans, grey and nondescript.

They were jealous.

Alas, I left you perched upon the car.

And at the traffic lights you fell

And smashed.

I'm sorry, mug.

I miss you, mug.

Farewell.

*By Roger Stevens who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*

# In an Old Dog's Memory

by Brian Moses

I remember when I was young  
I used to race butterflies across the fields.  
I'd snap at the flip-flap of their wings  
and occasionally I'd catch one.

It was part of my youth, my puppyhood,  
but the chase wasn't worth the taste.  
I allow them now to flutter by, let  
slower things string me along.

*By Brian Moses who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*



# Whole Body Memory

by Jan Dean

My skin remembers sunshine,  
my toes remember sand,  
soles of my feet – wooltickle of rugs,  
gritknobbles and lumps of uneven land.

My ears remember sparrowsong  
and rattley rain on roofs.  
My tongue remembers raspberries,  
my nose the smell of stinky shoes.

My eyes remember buttercups  
and sea-grey seals and blue....  
My balancing bones recall loose stepping stones.  
And I remember you.

*By Jan Dean who wrote this poem especially for National Poetry Day 2014*