











## Poetry Box

Follow [NZ Poetry Box](#) and keep in touch with what is happening in NZ Poetry for children, along with reviews of NZ children's books. Paula Green posts challenges and encouragement for children in New Zealand to enjoy!

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## Appendix: Poem Examples

### List Poems

#### Lick Lick Riff

I'm a lick lick dog

I'm a quick quick dog

I'm a spinach ravioli dog

I'm a cream cannelloni dog

I'm a beach flying dog

I'm a hide and seek dog

I'm a chase the ball dog

I'm a hear the call dog

I'm a sweet sweet dog

I'm a meek meek dog

I'm a mushroom pizza dog

I'm a zooming cheetah dog

I'm a cheese spaghetti dog

I'm an extra raggy dog

I'm a tail flick dog

I'm a chew the stick dog

I'm a fetch the glove dog

I'm a loved loved dog

**Paula Green, from *Groovy Fish***

## **Shoes**

boat shoes

car shoes

bike shoes

goat shoes

giraffe shoes

kite shoes

soap shoes

fluffy shoes

light shoes'

rope shoes

tough shoes

MY SHOES!

**Paula Green, from *Letterbox Cat***

**Swip swap day**

a bird in her den

a fox in his burrow

a rabbit in her stables

a horse in his hive

a bee in her basket

a cat in his cave

a bat in her lair

a lion in his kennel

a dog in his web

a spider in her bed

a girl in her nest

fast asleep

**Paula Green, from *Groovy Fish***



## Postcard Poems

### **A Slow Sky Tonight**

The clouds are moving  
across the sky like tiny snails,  
the trees whisper tiny secrets  
that nobody can hear  
and a pink light lights up  
the faraway hills.  
Dinner is nearly ready.

### **Paula Green, from *The Letterbox Cat***

### **Te Henga, Bethells Beach**

A washed-up log with  
roots like a messy beard.  
Someone's riding a horse  
like a jockey  
that sends the dogs flying  
into the wild foamy waves.

### **Paula Green**

## Picture Poems

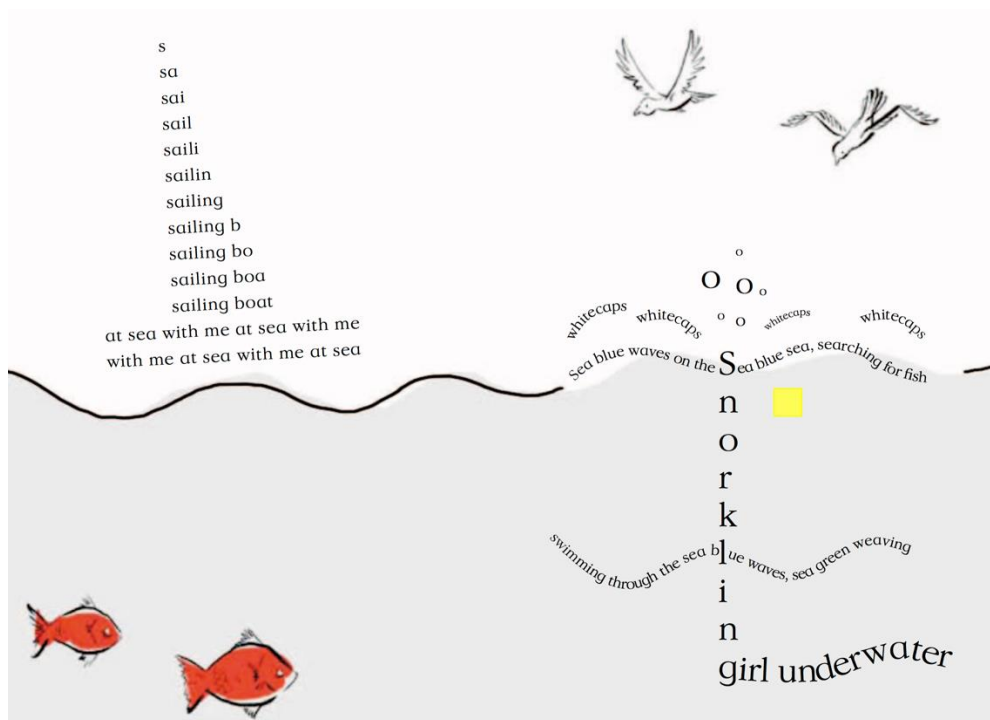
Check out some fabulous picture poems by children on NZ Poetry Box:

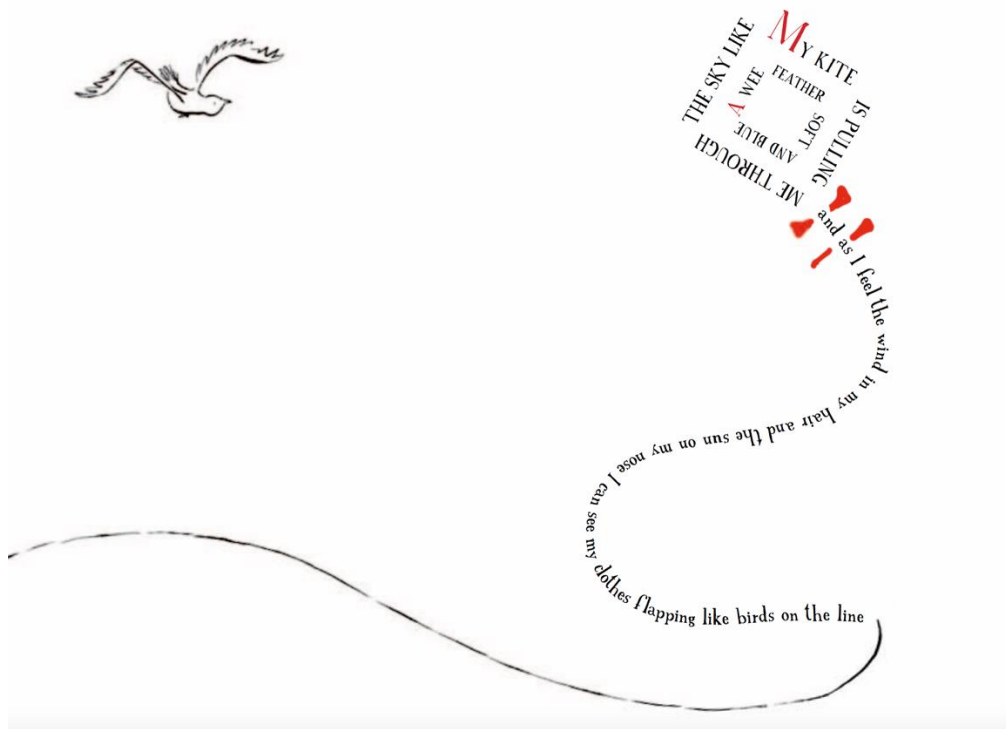
<https://nzpoetrybox.wordpress.com/2015/08/21/my-favourite-picture-poems/>

and here:

<https://nzpoetrybox.wordpress.com/2015/09/24/the-finished-picture-poems-have-just-arrived-from-y34-at-fairburn-school-wow-i-adore-them/>

from Paula Green's *The Letterbox Cat*:





## Winter poems

### Winter time

On the way to the beach today  
the icy ducks in the icy water  
the icy donkey on the icy paddock  
the icy sheep hiding in the icy fog  
the icy white bridge over the icy white stream  
the icy feet of the icy surfers on the icy sand,  
but there's shiny blue sky and hot soup steaming.

**Paula Green**

## **Winter**

Some trees lose their leaves in winter.  
They look like skinny bald men standing  
in the rain and sleet,  
  
but my cat gets so much extra fluff  
he waddles down the hallway like  
a puffed-up duck.

**Paula Green, from *The Letterbox Cat***

## **Memory Poem**

### **The Library**

When I was a girl  
the town library was my free ticket  
to Mt Everest and stone-age caves  
to medieval banquets and magical pools  
to Joan of Arc and royal waves  
to outer space and why the rain falls.  
  
Now I am older I write poems

to take me to faraway times and  
faraway places,  
but I still like visiting libraries  
for books are like suitcases  
waiting to unpack new surprises.

**Paula Green, from *The Letterbox Cat***

### **Story Poems**

#### **The Ball of Custard**

One day a big gloopy ball  
of yellow custard  
went rolling down the street  
as if it were looking  
  
for a big gloopy slice of apple pie or  
a big gloopy mound of Christmas pudding  
  
but as it glooped and rolled  
and slooped and bowled  
  
over and over  
and over and over

it picked up feathers and dust

dead leaves and fluff

so all the neighbours screamed

at the feathery custardy monster.

**Paula Green, from Groovy Fish**

### **Washing**

The very hungry wind

spies the washing on the line

whip slash gobble whoosh

blue socks zebra tops

whip slash gobble whoosh

scruffy jeans puffy togs

whip slash gobble whoosh

beach towels board shorts.

The very hungry wind scoops

up the clothes and spins

woohoowoohoowoohoowoo

and spins like a wild clothes

dryer then tosses and flings

woohoowoohoowoohoowoo

the washing right

through the deep blue sky

for the woman in the moon

when she wakes.

**Paula Green, from *Groovy Fish***