

## 7-8. évfolyam versei

### **The Tiger And The Zebra Kenn Nesbitt**

The tiger phoned the zebra  
And invited him to dine.  
He said: „If you could join me  
That would simply be divine.”  
The zebra said: „I thank you,  
But respectfully decline.  
I heard you ate the antelope;  
He was a friend of mine.”

On hearing this the tiger cried  
„I must admit it's true!  
I also ate the buffalo,  
The llama and the gnu.  
And yes I ate the warthog,  
The gazelle and kangaroo,  
But I could never eat a creature  
Beautiful as you.

„ You see I have a secret  
I'm embarrassed to confide:  
I look on you with envy  
And a modicum of pride.  
Of all the creatures ever known,”  
The tiger gently sighed,  
„It seems we are the only two  
With such a stripy hide.

„Now seeing how we share this  
Strong resemblance of this skin,  
I only can conclude that we are  
Just as close as kin.

This means you are my brother  
And, though fearsome I have been,  
I could not eat my brother,  
That would surely be a sin."

The zebra though, and then replied  
„I'm certain you are right.  
The stripy coats we both possess  
Are such a handsome sight!  
My brother. Will you let me  
Reconsider if I might?  
My calendar is empty so  
Please let us dine tonight."

The tiger met the zebra in  
His brand-new fancy car  
And drove him to a restaurant  
Which wasn't very far.  
And when they both were seated  
At a table near the bar,  
The zebra asked „What's on the grill?"  
The tiger said „You are."

„But please you cannot dine me!  
The outraged zebra cried.  
„To cook me up and eat me  
It's a thing I can't abide,  
You asked me for your trust  
And I unwarily complied.  
You said you could not eat me  
Now you plan to have me friend?"

„And what about the envy  
And the modicum of pride?  
And what of u sas brothers  
Since we share stripy hide?"  
„I'm sorry," said the tiger  
And he smiled as he replied,

„but I love the taste of zebra  
So, in other words, I lied.“

## Spring Morning A. A. Milne

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
Down to the stream where the king-cups grow -  
Up to the hill where the pine-trees blow -  
Anywhere, anywhere. *I don't know.*

Where am I going? The clouds sail by,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.  
Where am I going? The shadows pass,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,  
You'd sail on water as blue as air,  
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:  
"Doesn't the sky look green to-day? "

Where am I going? The high rocks call:  
'It's awful fun to be born at all.'  
Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:  
'We do have beautiful things to do.'

If you were a bird, and lived on high,  
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,  
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:  
'*That's* where I wanted to go to-day!'

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
What does it matter where people go?

Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow -  
Anywhere, anywhere. *I don't know.*

## **Twelve Songs IX**

**W.H. Auden**

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,  
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,  
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum  
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.  
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead  
Scribbling on the sky the message He is Dead,  
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,  
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.  
He was my North, my South, my East and West,  
My working week and my Sunday rest,  
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;  
I thought that love would last forever, I was wrong.  
The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;  
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;  
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

## **Leisure**

**William Henry Davies, (1871-1940)**

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.  
No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.  
No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.  
No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.  
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,

And watch her feet, how they can dance.  
No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.  
A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

**Sonnet 18**  
**William Shakespeare**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or natures changing course untrimm'd:  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,  
Nor shall death brag thou wandrest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest,  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Upon Westminster Bridge**  
**William Wordsworth**

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear.

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock and hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! The very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

**To My Dear and Loving Husband**  
**Anne Bradstreet, 1612-1672**

If ever two were one, then surely we.  
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.  
If ever wife was happy in a man,  
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.  
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,  
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.  
My love is such that rivers cannot quench.  
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.  
Thy love is such I can no way repay;  
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.  
Then while we live, in love let's persevere  
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

**Today I Wrote This Poem**  
**Kenn Nesbitt**

Today I wrote this poem,  
But I'm not sure if it's good.  
It doesn't have the things  
My teacher says a problem should.

It doesn't share the feelings  
I have deep inside of me.  
It hasn't any metaphors

And not one simile.

It's missing any narrative.

Alliteration too.

It isn't an acrostic,

Diamante, or haiku.

There's nothing that's personified.

It doesn't have a plot.

I'm pretty sure that rhyming

Is the only thing it's got.

It sure was fun to write it,

And I think it's long enough,

It's just too bad it's missing

All the great poetic stuff.

I put it on my teacher's desk

And, wow, she made a fuss.

She handed back my poem

With an A++++!