

Alfie's Poem Collection

My mum

My mum broke her leg
When she fell out of bed
She is a bit clumsy
But this is my mumsie
To me she is quite funny.



My sister

I have a sister called Edie
She is skinny but sometimes greedy
She likes one direction so bad
Most people would think her quite mad.



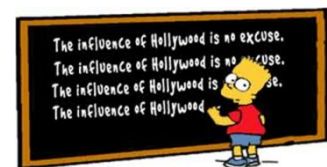
My dad

My dad's not old
He's middle aged
He thinks he's quite cool
He's just badly behaved
On the football pitch he thinks he's called Messi
But when I tackle him he cries like a widdle jessie



School, School, School

Every school has a name but
School is so lame
School what can I say
School I'm there like every day
School is like a prison, you can never escape
School is like having a detention every day
School you tell us to do schoolwork and at home we have to do home work



This is the football season

This is the football Season it is that time of year
When men in the pub talk football as they enjoy their beer
And look forward to September when one club will fly the winner's flag
The team that wins the Premiership gives their fans the right to brag.



Alfie's Poem Collection

Its funny

It's funny how hello is always accompanied with goodbye
It's funny how good memories can start to make you cry
It's funny how forever never seems to last
It's funny how much you'd lose if you forgot about your past



Xbox, xbox

Xbox, Xbox,
you're the one for me.
I also love my 3DS
and my Nintendo Wii.

GameCube, GameBoy,
Apple iPod Touch.
I never thought that I would ever
be in love this much.



Oh chocolate

I love chocolate.
So should you.
Milk chocolate,
Dark chocolate.
It's good for you, too.

Chocolate cake,
Chocolate candy,
Chocolate pie.
Take away my chocolate
And I might die.

White chocolate,
Hot chocolate,
Even chocolate soup...
Any chocolate lover knows
Chocolate is a food group.



Alfie's Poem Collection

Harvest time

The grapes are ready
The wheat stands ripe
Rear end is coming
May be here tonight

The den of vipers

The ball they fumble
Their system's shambles
They watch it crumble.



Overweight with food

Are you just a tub of lard and
Vastly overweight?
Do you think that when you die you'll
Need a piano crate
To act as coffin for your frame? -
Chosen as you die in shame, with
Only you to take the blame
For years of eating much the same:
A daily calorific fest
Gourmands of your ilk digest!

