

10 FAVOURITE FUNNY POEMS

MUM USED PRITTSTICK

Mum used Prittstick
Instead of lipstick
Then went and kissed my dad

Two days passed
Both stuck fast ...
The longest snog they ever had!

One of the first poems I wrote especially for children – always gets a laugh – mainly due to the word “snog”...

SHORT VISIT, LONG STAY

Our school trip was a special occasion
But we never reached our destination
Instead of the zoo
I was locked in the loo
In an M62 Service Station

There's something about short poems ... I nearly didn't write this one. It was the last one in a batch I sent to Brian Moses about school trips – and the only one to make it into the book! And it's been anthologised numerous times since – a sort of unexpected greatest hit

WHERE TEACHERS KEEP THEIR PETS

Mrs Cox has a fox
Nesting in her sweaty socks

Mr Spratt's tabby cat
Sleeps beneath his bobble hat

Miss Cahoots has various newts
Swimming in her zip up boots

Mr Spry has Fred his fly
Eating food stains off his tie

Mrs Groat shows off her stoat
Round the collar of her coat

Mr Spare's got grizzly bears
Hiding in his big wide flares

And ...

Mrs Vickers – has a stick insect – called “Stickers”
And she keeps it in her ...

Another poem I nearly didn't write. I'd suggested the idea of Teacher's Pets to Macmillan and they wanted some samples. I only wrote it for the last line / joke ... but when I performed it – it came to life! actually, in the original version the last line was “And nobody's ever seen where she keeps it” – but the new version always got a better laugh! A case of editing through performance !

The Toilet Seat Has Teeth!

When you say "The toilet seat has teeth!" – it's great fun to have the audience say "OW!" and rise from their seats

The bathroom has gone crazy
Far beyond belief
The sink is full of spiders ... and
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!

The plug in the bath
Has a whirlpool that's beneath
It pulls you down feet first ... and
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!

The toilet roll is nettles
And stings you underneath
Makes you scream and shout ... and
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!

CRUNCH! SLURP!
MUNCH! BURP!
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!
DON'T SIT!
ON IT ...
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!
The toilet seat has teeth! OW!

An edited version of one of the first children's poems I wrote. Inspired by my first house and tiny bathroom where the toilet seat would regularly snap down and look like a mouth closing

There's A Crocodile In The House!

This works well for the leader to say each line for the audience to repeat – the actions will come naturally

Big sharp teeth
Open mouth
There's a crocodile in the house

I did not smile
Did not laugh
There's a crocodile in the bath

I did not know
What to think
There's a crocodile in the sink

I did not know
What to do
There's a crocodile in the loo

Face turned white
Eyes turned red
There's a crocodile in my bed

Then I did
A crazy dance
There's a crocodile in my pants

I fed it a Mars Bar
I fed it a Snickers ...

... There's a crocodile in mum's knickers!

Big sharp teeth
Open mouth
There's a crocodile in the house!

I drew a cartoon of the toilet seat with teeth for a nursery class – one little boy said "It looks like there's a crocodile in the house" – his teacher said "Wow – he never says anything!" And so a poem was born – immediately. It was one of those poems that as soon as I performed it I knew it was a "greatest hit"!

MY DOG IS DEAD

My dog is dead
And so's the cat
Yesterday my goldfish drowned
My rabbit had a heart attack

The guinea pig's legs fell off
The hamster smashed his head
All you do is laugh
Cos all my pets are dead!

Sister shrunk the snake
She put it in the hot wash
The gerbil on dad's chair ...
Now it's flat and squashed!

Grandad bit my tortoise
CRUNCH ! CRUNCH ! CRUNCH!
He thought it was a big pork pie
So he ate it for his lunch

I'm feeling really sad ... aah
My eyes are turning red ... aah
But everybody laughs because ...
All my pets are

This started off as a joke in a class when a boy asked if you could do sad songs / poems with a ukulele ... so I played a little tune and made up the first line. It got such a laugh that I had to write more and another instant hit was born

HOME ... WORK

Next time your teacher asks you the dreaded question
Where is your homework?

You can safely say - It's - at - home

When they say
So, why is your homework at home and not at school?

You can safely say ... "the clue is in the question, dear teacher,
Listen to the word you called it ... Homework

Home
Work

Work to be done - at home
Work to leave - at home
Work to stay - at home
That's why it's called - home-work

If it was meant for school
It would be called - School-Work
But it's not
It's called - Home-work

Work to be done - at home
Work to stay - at home
Work you can leave - at home
That's why it's called - Home-Work

If it should be done at home and brought to school the next day
It would be called
Do-it-at-home-an-bring-it-to-school-the-next-day-work
But it's not
It's called - Home-Work

Work to be done - at home
Work you can leave- at home
Work that can stay - at home
That's why it's called - Home-Work

You do it - at home
You can leave it - at home
Throw it away - at home
Flush it down the toilet - at home
Feed it to the dog - at home

That's why it's called ...
HOME-WORK!!!!

Another one that started as a class joke / quip and turned into a poem that I perform most days - I love the simplicity of the idea and the fact that the kids get it pretty much straightaway

LUCINDA'S SICK IN THE SINK

Lucinda's sick in the sink
Lucinda's sick in the sink
It's green and yellow and pink
Lucinda's sick in the sink

Bits of carrot
Bits of cheese
Bits of sweet corn
Bits of peas
Bits that look like someone's sneezed

Lucinda's sick in the sink
Lucinda's sick in the sink
That sickly stinky stink
Lucinda's sick in the sink

Lots of liquid
Lots of lumps
Lots and lots of
Greasy chunks
Lots of gastronomic gunk

Lucinda's sick in the sink
Lucinda's sick in the sink
It makes your nostrils shrink
Lucinda's sick in the sink

Splattered table
Splattered floor
Splattered sink
Splattered door
Splattered – scattered – spattered – MORE!

Teachers try use the mops
Paper towels
Paper cups
But it never seems to stop
She just keeps on chucking up – bleargh! bleargh!

Lucinda's sick in the sink
Lucinda's sick in the sink
It makes you grimace and blink
Makes your nostrils shrink
Much worse than you think
That sickly stinky stink
That's green and yellow and pink ...
Lucinda's sick in the sink!

I was in a staff room in Wolverhampton and the teacher came in and said "Ugh – Lucinda's sick in the sink" – and a poem (albeit disgusting!) was born ... it's now being turned into a song

OUR TEACHER IS A TONGUE TWISTER

Our teacher's greatest feature
Is his tongue that's strong and long
Like a big red carpet it unrolls
And what we like the most
Is when he's feeling gross
He sticks it out and shoves it up his ... nose

WE can see it slide and squirm
Like a wibbly, dribbly worm
Oozing slime and drooling where it goes
But his bestest ever trick
Is the one that makes us sick
When he sticks it out and shoves it up his ... nose

You can see around his lips
The sticky trail that drips
A pink and fatty slug that grows and grows
And if we're bored in class
He can always makes us laugh
When he sticks it out and shoves it up his ... nose

Our long tongue twisting teacher's
Tongue is like an alien creature
A shell-less slimy snails that shows and glows
He just cannot resist it
The urge to turn and twist it
When he sticks it out and shoves it up his ... nose

And his nostrils open very wide
So ... his tongue comes down the other side ...

I love the rhythm and the "disgusting-ness" and so do kids – although my editor refused to put this in a book. I even wrote a poem about a teacher's trousers falling down in assembly thinking they'd choose "tongue twister" instead ... but they didn't! Eventually, it made its way into a comic and another book (edited by Michael Rosen actually)

He Just Can't Kick It with His Foot

John from our team
Is a goalscoring machine
Phenomenally mesmerizing but...
The sport is called football
But his boots don't play at all
Cos he just can't kick it with his foot

He can skim it from his shin
He can spin it on his chin
He can nod it in the net with his nut
He can blow it with his lips
Or skip it off his hips
But he just can't kick it with his foot

With simplicity and ease
He can use his knobbly knees
To blast it past the keeper, both eyes shut
He can whip and flick it
But he still can't kick it with his foot

Overshadowing the best
With the power from his chest
Like a rocket from a socket he can put
The ball into the sack
With a scorcher from his back
But he just can't kick it with his foot

Baffling belief
With the ball between his teeth
He can dribble his way out of any rut
Hypnotize it with his eyes
Keep it up on both his thighs
But he just can't kick it with his foot

From his shoulder to his nose
He can juggle it and pose
With precision and incision he can cut
Defences straight in half
With a volley from his calf
But he just can't kick it with his foot

He can keep it off the deck
Bounce the ball upon his neck
With his ball control you should see him strut
He can flap it with both ears
To loud applause and cheers
But he just can't kick it with his foot

He can trap it with his tum
Direct it with his bum
Deflect it just by wobbling his gut
When he's feeling silly
He can even use his... ankle!
But he just can't kick it with his foot