

MORE POEMS



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The Six-Legged Army

'Attention!' yells the Sergeant;
His soldiers stand quite still.
Another platoon joins them
And they march upon the hill.

'Forward, march!' calls the Sergeant
And their feet begin to drum.
Disciplined and organised,
They climb one-by-one.

'Stop! Halt!' says the Sergeant
And the army stops on high.
The Sergeant surveys the battlefield
With his eagle-eye.

'Target acquired!' shouts the Sergeant,
In a tone of much relief.
He's not spied another army,
But a single fallen leaf.

Hot work it is to drag the leaf
Back to the nest at noon.
But made of stern stuff it is,
Our gallant ant platoon.

'A job well done boys,' the Sarge says.
'It's time to take a snooze'.
'But not before you've made your beds,
And polished all your shoes!'

Andrew Chant

Fix-it Man

My Dad is a fix-it man,
There's nothing he can't fix, man!
When it's broken he has a plan,
Dad will fix it when no one can.

He uses his hammer....
He uses his drill....
He uses his spanner....
And he uses his skill....

To fix the toilet when it won't flush.
To fix Mum's favourite rocking chair.
To fix the car when we're in a rush.
And to fix my sister's teddy bear.

Dad will fix it when no one can.
When it's broken he has a plan.
There's nothing he can't fix, man!
My Dad is a fix-it man.

Andrew Chant

Joanna the Goanna

One day I met a goanna,
And in a very polite manner,
I asked her
Her name...
And she said, 'Joanna'.

One day I met a shark,
And as he swam in the dark,
I ask him
His name...
And he said, 'Mark'.

One day I spied a mole,
And as she dug a hole,
I asked her
Her name...
And she said, 'Nicole'.

Today I found a prawn,
And at the break of dawn,
I asked him
His name...
And he said, 'Shhh'!

Andrew Chant

When I Grow Up

There's many things
I'd like to be
When I grow up.
To be very sure
That nothing's missed
I've made a list....

I'd like to be
A famous chef,
A movie star,
Or football ref.
I'd like to be
A deep sea diver,
A computer whiz,
Or race car driver.
I'd like to be
A python charmer,
A puppy trainer,
Or chicken farmer.

There's many things
I'd like to be
When I grow up.
But most of all
I want to be...ME!

Andrew Chant

Inspector Lou

'When you've got trouble going down,
And need *the law* in your home town,
There's only one thing you should do....
And that's call me, Inspector Lou.
I'm the number one boy in blue!

From robberies to wild car chases,
I'll handle all your toughest cases.
My police work is so sublime,
That if you're out to commit a crime,
You're guaranteed to serve some time.

Each day I like to walk the beat,
Helping oldies cross the street,
And rescuing kitty-cats from trees.
I don't care if they've got fleas....

Hey you! With the bag there! Freeze!

You thought you could get away
With stealing that lady's purse today? No way!
I'm taking you straight to jail
And there's no chance of you making bail.
I'm on alert - sun, rain or hail.

When you've got trouble going down
And need *the law* in your hometown,
Then call me, Inspector Lou.
I'm the number one boy in blue
And I'm here to serve each one of you.

Andrew Chant

A Letter From Uluru

The fire danced and cracked like an old stock whip.
I sat down, legs crossed, beside the camp fire and an elder
spoke about the Dreamtime. He spoke of the time, long
ago, before any man lived in this place. He spoke of the
spirits, the cockatoo and the kangaroo.
And he spoke of Uluru.

The old man, with ghost gum hair, told me of how the
animal spirits had formed this place. He spoke of the
Blue-Tongue, the Emu and Liry, the poisonous snake. He
spoke of the Woma Python, the Kuniya, and its battle
with Liru.
All in the shadow of Uluru.

In the morning, the sun rose and lit the spinifex ablaze
and Uluru glowed too. I had known it was the heart of our
country, the heart of the red centre; but now I knew that it
was so much more. It was home to the Kingfisher, the
Willie-Wagtail, and the Anangu people.
It was their Uluru.

Andrew Chant

Hunk of Junk

I feel its engine rumbling....
I see its tyres tumbling....
I smell the rubber burning....
I hear its axles turning....
It's coloured "Antique Gold",
And looks so very old....
A beast is in our street,
But who's it here to meet?

When it pulls into our drive,
It makes an awful clunk.
I'd know that sound anywhere—
It's Grandpa, in his hunk of junk!

'They don't make 'em like they used to,'
Says Grandpa, as his engine blunders.
Is he talking about his vintage car,
Or about himself, I wonder...?

Andrew Chant

Ties

My Dad wears a tie
Each day with his suit.
They're all different colours
And patterns to boot!

He has so much choice,
For he owns different types.
Some are quite loud—
They're covered in stripes.

He owns ties that are blue,
With white polka dots,
And ties that are red
With awful pink spots.

He wears ties that are orange,
And ties that are gold.
Some are bright green,
(You might call them bold).

Sometimes Dad's lost,
He just doesn't know
Which one to pick....
So he chooses a bow!

Andrew Chant

The King of the Jungle

'Excuse me?
Can I have everyone's attention please?
His Royal Highness will be here soon!
Come in now and find your place.
That means you, as well, baboons.

Hello?
I'm down here giraffes.
I need a favour of you all.
Can you move yourselves to the back,
So that your tails are on the wall?

Pardon me!?
No elephants, this won't do.
I can't have you all together.
There's termites in that bench you're on,
(You don't exactly weigh a feather).

Hurry up!
There's plenty of chairs there rhino.
Look! At the front there's one,
Right next to the porcupines.
Ouch! Be careful with your bum!

Here he is!
Sit down monkeys, cheetahs, snakes.
I know tortoises are slow,
But Tommy please move your shell!
It's time for you to go.

Yes, your majesty...
I will sit down your highness.
From me? Not another quack.
For I do not wish my lion king,
To be your midday snack!

Andrew Chant