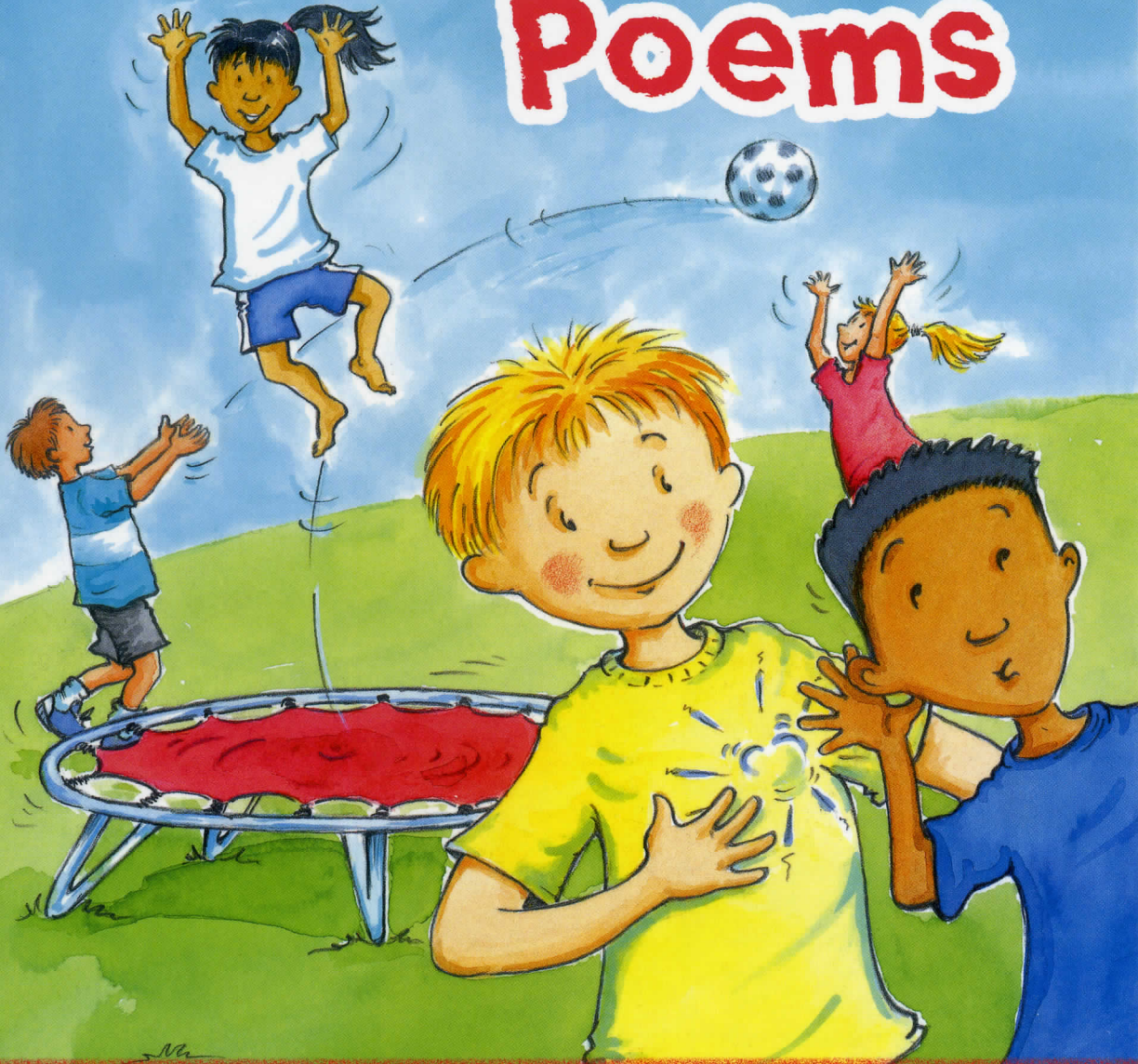


I CAN READ POETRY!



Oxford  
Reading  
Tree

# Body Poems



CHOSEN BY JOHN FOSTER

# Body Poems

Chosen by John Foster



## Contents

Feet are for...	<i>John Foster</i>	2
Legs	<i>Jill Townsend</i>	4
Elbows And Knees	<i>Eric Finney</i>	5
I am the Boss	<i>John Foster</i>	6
Your Heart	<i>John Foster</i>	8
I Fell Over at Playtime	<i>Celia Warren</i>	10
With My Hand	<i>John Foster</i>	14
Why is a Bottom Called a Bottom?	<i>Paul Cookson</i>	16



# Feet are for...

Kicking up leaves and snow,  
and for marching to and fro,  
for running up and down hill,  
and standing up straight and still.





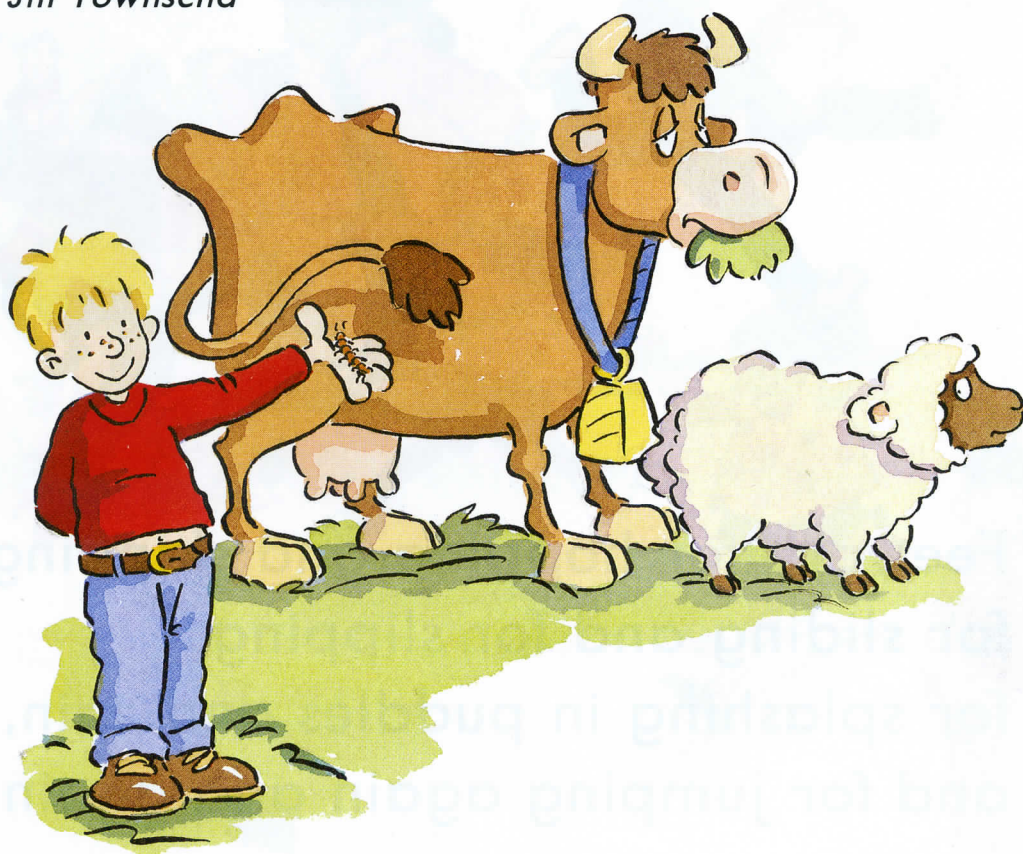
Feet are for hopping and skipping,  
for sliding and for slipping,  
for splashing in puddles and rain,  
and for jumping again and again.

*John Foster*

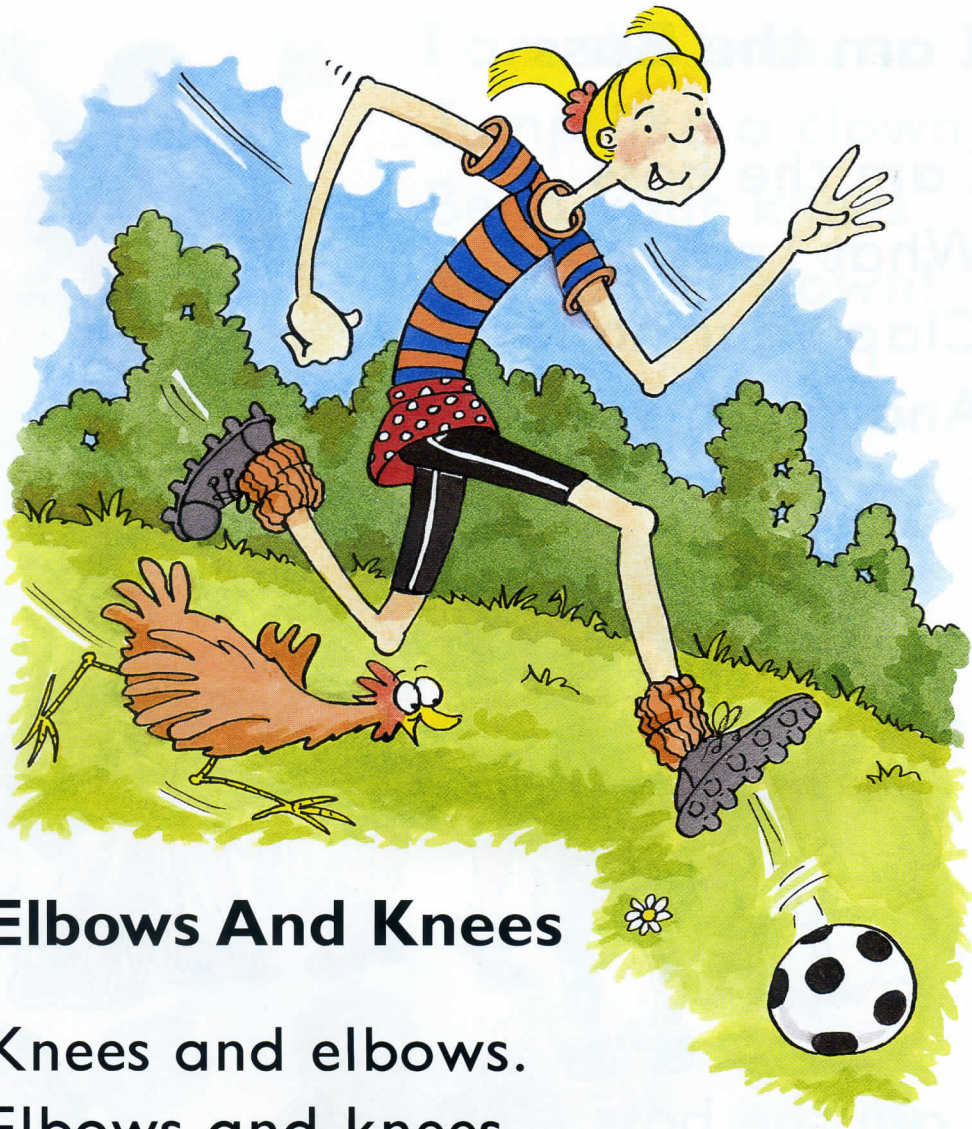
# Legs

Centipedes have lots and lots.  
Sheep and cows have four.  
I have only two legs  
and I don't need any more.

*Jill Townsend*







## Elbows And Knees

Knees and elbows.  
Elbows and knees.  
Your legs and your arms  
Couldn't bend without these.

*Eric Finney*

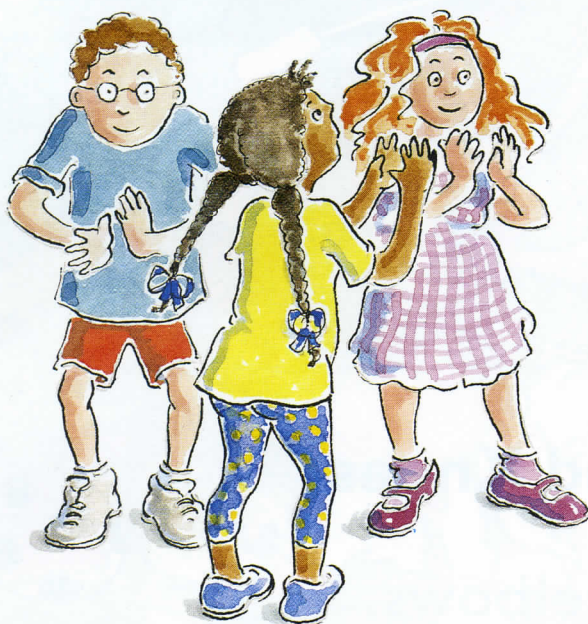
# I am the Boss

I am the boss.

What I say goes.

Clap your hands

And touch your toes.



I am the boss.

Look over here.

Waggle your thumbs

And scratch your ear.







I am the boss.  
Jump like a clown.  
Bend your knees  
And all sit down!

*John Foster*





# Your Heart

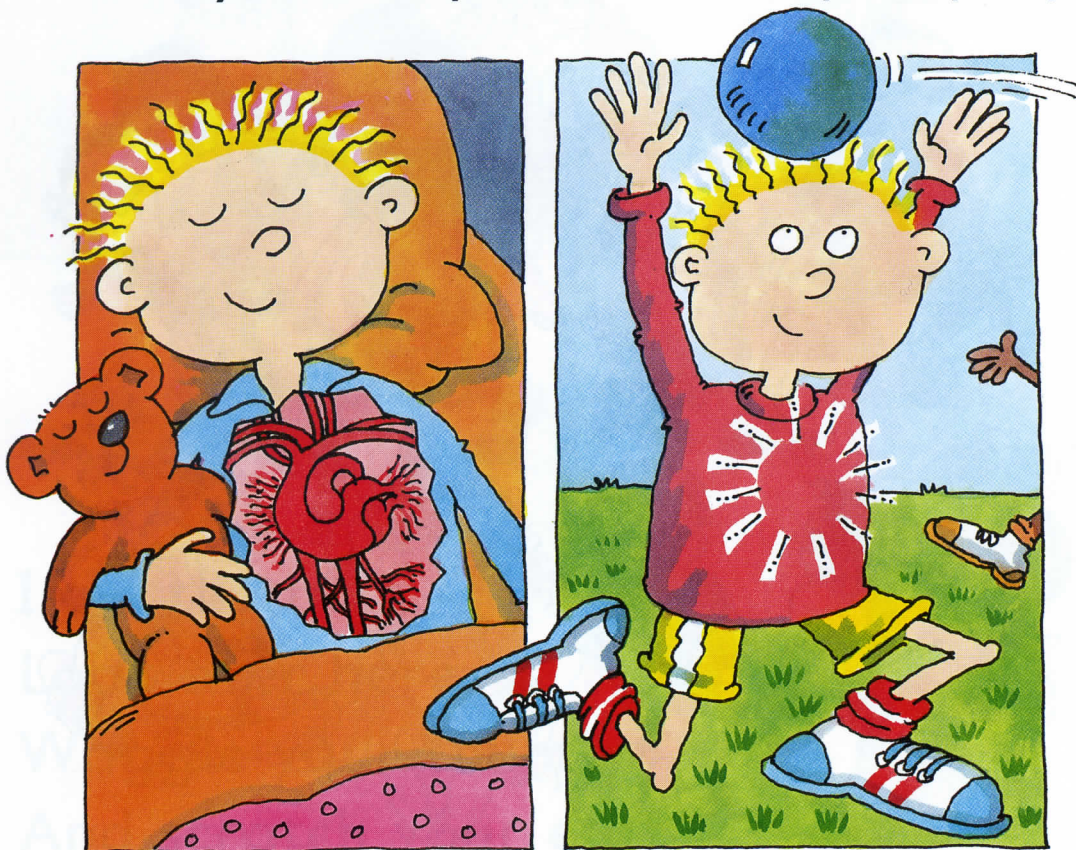
Thump! Thump!

Your heart is a pump.

It beats all night and day,

Pumping blood around you

While you sleep and while you play.





Race around the playground.  
Put your hand upon your vest.  
Feel your heart beat faster  
As it thumps inside your chest.

*John Foster*

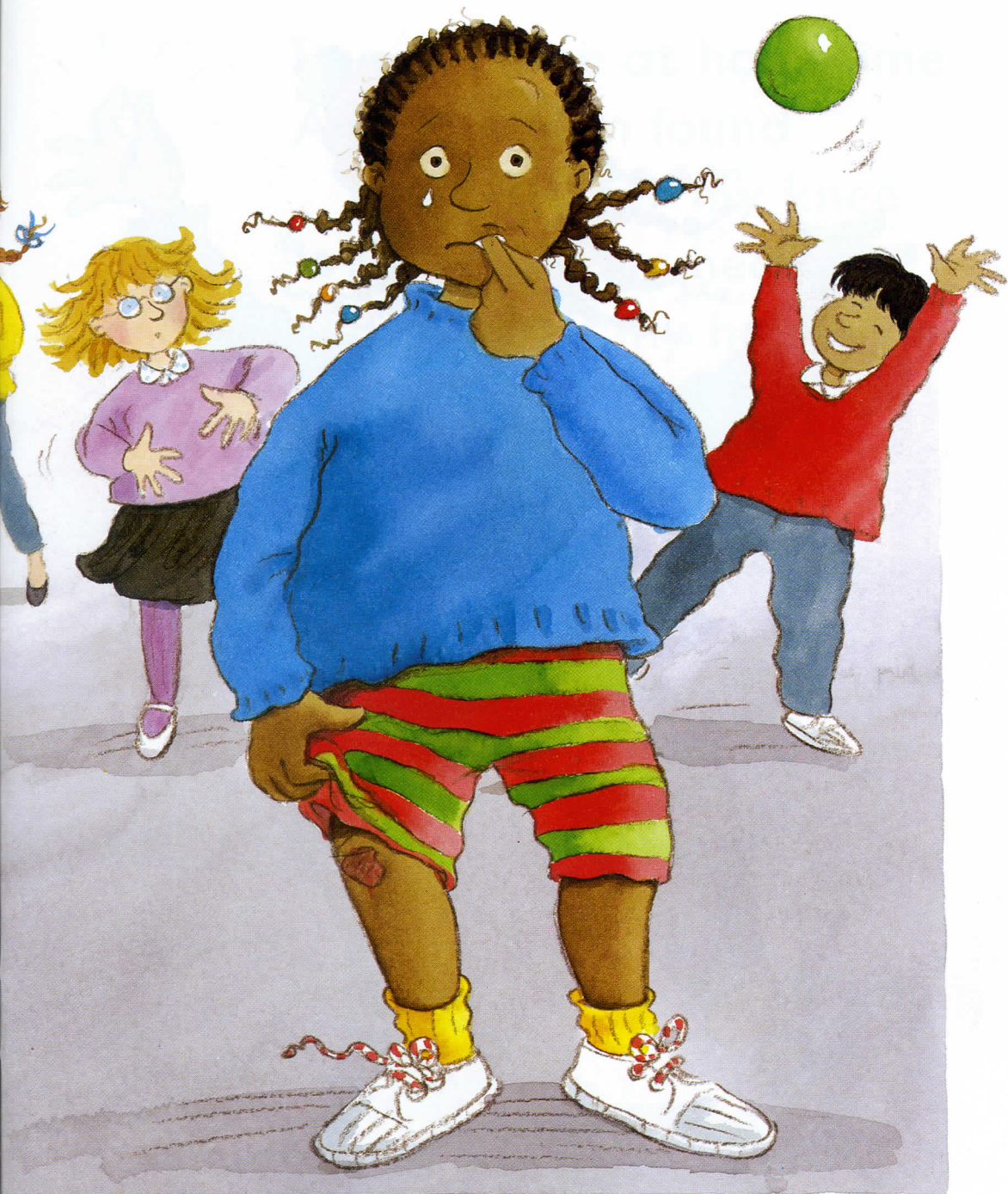


# I Fell Over at Playtime

I fell over at playtime,  
I got up and found  
one cut knee  
one bumped head  
a pair of muddy hands  
and  
a wobbly tooth.











I went home at hometime  
And my mum found  
a plaster for my knee  
a hat for my head  
gloves for my hands  
and  
a nice big gap  
in my grin.

*Celia Warren*





# With My Hand

With my hand I can turn on a tap,  
I can give you a clap,  
I can scratch my nose,  
I can tickle my toes.





With my hand I can scoop up sand,  
I can hold your hand,  
I can point to the sky,  
I can wave goodbye!

*John Foster*



# Why is a Bottom Called a Bottom?

The bottom of your body is the bit that's on the ground. So why is a bottom called a bottom, when it's only halfway down?

*Paul Cookson*



## Body Poems

Knees and elbows.  
Elbows and knees.  
Your legs and your arms  
Couldn't bend without these.

Chosen by children's poet,  
John Foster, this collection of  
poetry is ideal for children who  
are learning to read, supporting  
their learning at home and  
building reading confidence.



*I Can Read Poetry*  
Levels 3–4

Alphabet Poems  
Colour Poems  
Number Poems  
Body Poems  
Movement Poems  
Sound Poems

**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

[www.oup.com](http://www.oup.com)

Helping your child's learning  
with free eBooks, essential  
tips and fun activities

[www.oxfordowl.co.uk](http://www.oxfordowl.co.uk)



£3.99 RRP

ISBN 978-0-19-274739-6



9 780192 747396