

# **KDFA FRENCH POETRY**

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: Maternelle

**La passoire**

Corinne Albaut

Je verse l'eau dans le pot,

Elle prend la forme du pot.

Je verse l'eau dans le seau,

Elle prend la forme du seau.

Je verse l'eau dans la passoire,

Elle disparaît...

Comme c'est bizarre !

**Ma Soeur Laura**

Spike Milligan

Ma petite soeur Laura

Est plus grosse que moi.

Elle me soulève d'une seule main.

Moi, quand j'essaie, il ne se passe rien.

Elle doit avoir, j'en ai peur,

Quelque chose de lourd à l'intérieur.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 1<sup>ère</sup> année

**Petits doigts de pieds**

Piccolia

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,

Petits doigts de pieds,

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,

Comment les rentrer ?

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,

Est-ce le bon côté ?

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,

Si j'allais nu-pieds ?

**Le ver**

Pierre Coran

Un verre de terre

Rêvait souvent

De devenir un ver luisant.

Pour se donner plus blanche mine,

Il se roula

Dans la farine.

Mais quand le ver

Éternua,

Blanche farine s'envola.

Alors, le ver

Fut si déçu

Qu'il fit un trou et disparut.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 2<sup>ème</sup> année

**Le chameau**

Pierre Coran

Un chameau entra dans un sauna.

Il eut très chaud,

Très chaud,

Trop chaud.

Il sua,

Sua,

Sua.

Une bosse s'usa,

S'usa,

S'usa.

L'autre bosse ne s'usa pas.

Que crois-tu qu'il arriva ?

Le chameau dans le désert

Se retrouva dromadaire.

**Qui veut un C ?**

Corinne Albaut

Qui veut un C qui claque ?

Moi, dit le pélican.

Qui veut un C qui siffle ?

Moi, dit la cigogne.

Qui veut un C qui craque ?

Moi, dit le crocodile.

Qui veut un C qui souffle ?

Moi, dit la chouette.

Qui veut un C cédille ?

Moi, dit le limaçon.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 3<sup>ème</sup> année

**La même néant**

Jean Tardieu

Quoi qu'a dit ?

— A dit rin.

Quoi qu'a fait ?

— A fait rin.

À quoi qu'a pense ?

— A pense à rin.

Pourquoi qu'a dit rin ?

Pourquoi qu'a fait rin?

Pourquoi qu'a pense à rin?

—A 'xiste pas.

**La mouche qui louche**

Jean Orizet

Chaque fois que la mouche qui louche

veut se poser au plafond

elle s'y cogne le front

et prend du plâtre plein la bouche

*Moralité*

Pauvres mouches qui louchez

posez-vous sur le plancher

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 4<sup>ème</sup> année

**Ce qui est comique**

Maurice Carême

Savez-vous ce qui est comique ?  
Une oie qui joue de la musique,  
Une pou qui parle du Mexique,  
Un bœuf retournant l'as de pique,  
Un clown qui n'est pas dans un cirque,  
Un âne chantant un cantique,  
Un loir champion olympique.  
Mais ce qui est le plus comique,  
C'est d'entendre un petit moustique  
Répéter son arithmétique.

**Trois microbes**

Jean-Louis Vanham

Trois microbes, sur mon lit,  
Se consultent, bien assis.  
  
L'un s'appelle Scarlatine  
Il parle d'une voix fine.  
  
L'autre s'appelle Rougeole  
Et prend souvent la parole.  
  
Et le troisième, Oreillons,  
Ressemble à un champignon.  
  
Ils discutent pour savoir  
Lequel dormira ce soir  
  
Dans mon beau petit lit blanc.  
Mais fuyons tant qu'il est temps !  
  
Ces trois microbes ma foi,  
Dormiront très bien sans moi.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 5<sup>ème</sup> année

### **Les perles de rose**

Gilbert Saint-Pré

Si tu veux inventer un collier,  
Tiens, voici comment procéder.  
De bon matin, te réveiller,  
Dans les rosiers, te promener.  
  
Tu verras des perles de rosée,  
Sur les roses elles sont accrochées.  
Une bonne poignée tu cueilleras,  
Dans une boîte tu les rangeras.  
  
Un cheveu d'or pour les assembler,  
Un tout petit nœud pas trop serré,  
Ainsi tu auras un joli collier,  
Aussi souple que celui d'une fée.

### **Le mot caché**

Kayo

Ce n'est pas un conte, mais une histoire vraie,  
Un souvenir d'enfance, je ne l'ai pas oublié,  
Un jour dans ma boîte à lettres, en prenant le courrier,  
Derrière la petite porte, il y avait un nid douillet,  
J'ai attendu longtemps et soudain j'ai vu  
Un petit oiseau bleu faisant des "allées et venues",  
Et puis bien plus tard, j'ai entendu des "cui-cui",  
Dans ma boîte à lettres, il y avait une mère et ses petits,  
À la fin de l'été, dans le ciel, j'ai vu mes anges s'envoler  
Et je leur ai crié : "Je garde votre maison, revenez !  
revenez !"  
Et à chaque saison, d'autres revenaient pour me remercier.  
Dans ce poème, le nom de mes oiseaux bleus est caché.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 6<sup>ième</sup> année

**AH! AH! AH! RHINOCÉRÔS!**

Gwenaëlle Boulet

**Hein ? Quoi ? Qu'est-ce qu'il y a ?**

Pourquoi vous vous moquez de moi ?

C'est à cause de ma corne,  
qui est au milieu d'mon nez,  
comme un bouton mal placé ?

**Allez, quoi, dites-le-moi !**

Pourquoi vous vous moquez de moi ?

C'est à cause de ma couleur ?  
Elle ne vous fait tout de même pas peur ?  
Il n'y a pas plus joli  
que la couleur gris ciel de pluie !

**Soyez sympas, dites-le-moi !**

Pourquoi vous vous moquez de moi ?  
C'est à cause de mon mauvais caractère ?  
De mes grosses colères ?  
Mais je peux me calmer,  
je vous promets de ne plus m'énervier !

**Mais non, Rhino ! Ce n'est pas ça !**

**Ah ! Ah ! Ah!**

Si on se moque un peu de toi,  
ce n'est pour aucune de ces raisons-là !  
C'est que... **ah! ah! ah!**

Regarde-toi, tu es venu  
à l'école **en pyjama !**



Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 6<sup>ième</sup> année

**Je suis riche...**

Florent Bélanger

J'aimerais avoir ...

Un télescope très précis,

Des lunettes pour mieux rapprocher

Or, je n'ai pas de télescope, ni lunettes

Mais, je suis content

J'ai deux yeux, merci !

J'aimerais avoir ...

Une grue géante

Pour ramasser tout ce qui me plaît

Or, je n'ai pas de grue

Mais, quelle chance !

J'ai deux mains.

J'aimerais avoir ...

Un avion rapide

Filant comme le vent

Or, je n'ai pas d'avion

Mais, je suis heureux !

J'ai deux pieds.

J'ai deux yeux pour admirer

Deux mains pour ramasser

Deux pieds pour gambader

Un cœur pour aimer

Je suis riche à craquer ...

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 7<sup>ème</sup> année

### **Le chou**

Anonyme

Dites-moi, que pensez-vous  
des petits noms doux  
qu'on donne aux enfants ?  
L'autre jour, maman,  
et très sérieusement encore,  
m'a dit : "Viens mon trésor !"  
J'ai répondu : "Mon Dieu,  
suis-je donc si précieux ?"  
Quant à marraine, elle exagère  
n'a-t-elle pas imaginé, cette chère,  
de m'appeler : Mon amour ?  
Je me suis retourné tout court :  
"Et parrain, alors, c'est fou !  
Tu sais qu'il peut être jaloux ?"  
Mais quand mademoiselle, en classe,  
a décidé : "Toi, mon Chou,  
montre comment on se surpasse  
écris quelques mots à ton goût,  
prends la craie au lieu de la plume...  
Moi, sur le noir du tableau  
J'ai tracé ces simples mots :  
"Je ne suis pas un légume !"

### **Écoute mon ami**

André Cailloux

Écoute, écoute mon ami,  
voici de drôles de rimettes !  
C'est pour toi que je les ai faites.  
Quand on les chante ou qu'on les dit  
à voix bien haute, claire et nette,  
par magie...

...elles se projettent  
sur le petit écran  
que tu as en dedans  
en dedans de la tête !

Écoute, écoute bien,  
sans avoir l'air de rien,  
les mots de ces refrains  
vont te prendre la main  
et t'emmener au loin  
pas les chemins qui sont les miens.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 8<sup>ième</sup> année

### **La Salle à Manger**

Francis Jammes

Il y a une armoire à peine luisante  
qui a entendu les voix de mes grand'tantes,  
qui a entendu la voix de mon grand-père,  
qui a entendu la voix de mon père.  
À ces souvenirs l'armoire est fidèle.  
On a tort de croire qu'elle ne sait que se taire,  
car je cause avec elle.  
  
Il y a aussi un coucou en bois.  
Je ne sais pourquoi il n'a plus de voix.  
Je ne veux pas le lui demander.  
Peut-être qu'elle est cassée,  
la voix qui était dans son ressort,  
tout bonnement comme celle des morts.

Il y a aussi un vieux buffet  
qui sent la cire, la confiture,  
la viande, le pain et les poires mûres.  
C'est un serviteur fidèle qui sait  
qu'il ne doit rien nous voler.  
  
Il est venu chez moi bien des hommes et des femmes  
qui n'ont pas cru à ces petites âmes.  
Et je souris que l'on me pense seul vivant  
quand un visiteur me dit en entrant :  
— comment allez-vous, monsieur Jammes ?

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 8<sup>ième</sup> année

## **Les Éléphants**

Leconte de Lisle

(...)

Celui qui tient la tête est un vieux chef. Son corps  
Est gercé comme un tronc que le temps ronge et mine ;  
Sa tête est comme un roc, et l'arc de son échine  
Se voûte puissamment à ses moindres efforts.

Sans ralentir jamais et sans hâter sa marche,  
Il guide au but certain ses compagnons poudreux ;  
Et, creusent par derrière un sillon sablonneux,  
Les pèlerins massifs suivent leur patriarche.

L'oreille en éventail, la trompe entre les dents,  
Ils cheminent, l'œil clos. Leur ventre bat et fume  
Et leur sueur dans l'air embrasé monte en brume ;  
Et bourdonnent autour mille insectes ardents.

(...)

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 9<sup>ème</sup> année

### **Compte Rendu Sportif de Poésie**

Jean Cocteau

Un mot vient de prendre la  
tête. Un verbe le suit de près et  
oblige à la pose du point final.  
Main non ! Mais non ! Une simple  
lettre accourt vaincre la majuscule.  
Le point se sauve. Dans une  
échappée magnifique une virgule  
remonte. Le vide ne bouge pas au  
centre. Aussitôt le mot de tête l'a  
vu. Il ne se trouvait pas où il devait  
être. Il pousse les syllabes à une  
manœuvre tournante qui se change  
en offensive, offensive à laquelle  
qui oblige le rejet à perdre l'équili-  
-bre. Il tombe, entraînant toute  
personne ne pouvait s'attendre et  
la strophe dans sa chute. Véritable

bagarre d'où le mot supprimé  
s'élance et détermine les autres  
à se relever et à se précipiter avant  
que le mot de tête ne s'en aper-  
çoive. Le mot supprimé passe  
à gauche et l'arbitre annonce un  
coup franc au bénéfice d'une rime qui  
semblait faiblir. Elle retrouve sa  
forme. Malheureusement elle passe  
trop haut et la reprise entraîne les  
adjectifs qui attendaient une occa-  
sion de jouer un rôle dans la partie.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*French Speaking Verse*

Class: 9<sup>ème</sup> année

**Trois Petits Oiseaux dans les Blés**

Jean Richepin

Au matin, se sont rassemblés

Trois petits oiseaux dans les blés.

Ils avaient tant à se dire

qu'ils parlaient tous à la fois,

Et chacun forçait sa voix.

Ça faisait un tire lire.

Tire lire la ou la.

Un vieux pommier planté là

A trouvé si gai cela

Qu'il s'en est tordu de rire.

À midi se sont régelés

Trois petits oiseaux dans les blés.

Tout en chantant dans les branches

Leurs joyeux turlututu,

Ils mangeait, mangeras-tu

Et lâchaient des avalanches

De caca cataractant.

Ils en faisaient tant et tant,

Que l'arbre tout éclatant

Était pleins d'étoiles blanches.

À la nuit se sont en allés

Trois petits oiseaux dans les blés.

Chacun rond comme une caille,

Ils zigzaguaient, titubant,

Voletant, roulant, tombant ;

Ils avaient tant fait ripaille

Que leurs ventres trop gavés

Leur semblaient de lourds pavés ;

Si bien qu'on les a trouvés

Ce matin, morts sur la paille.

Un seul trou rassemblés,

Troise petits oiseaux dans les blés.

# **KDFA ENGLISH POETRY**

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

*S20 ~Test Piece*

TryLight Theatre Dramatic Arts Trophy

## **Lost**

By David Wagoner

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you  
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,  
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,  
Must ask permission to know it and be known.  
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,  
I have made this place around you.  
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.  
No two trees are the same to Raven.  
No two branches are the same to Wren.  
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,  
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows  
Where you are. You must let it find you.



Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

**S106 TEST PIECE**

*Dramatic Arts Rose Bowl Class*

**Caged Bird** ~ *Maya Angelou*

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worm waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grace of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **SK**

**The Little Turtle**

Vachel Lindsey

There was a little turtle.

He lived in a box.

He swam in a puddle.

He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at the mosquito.

He snapped at a flea.

He snapped at a minnow.

He snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.

He caught the flea.

He caught the minnow.

But he didn't catch me.

**Rainy Day**

William Wise

I do not like a rainy day.

The road is wet

the sky is grey.

They dress me up

from head to toes,

in lots and lots of rubber clothes.

I wish the sun would come

and stay.

I do not like a rainy day.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S1** Grade 1

**Mice**

Rose Fyleman

I think mice are rather nice.  
Their tails are long,  
Their faces small;  
They haven't any chins at all.  
Their ears are pink,  
Their teeth are white,  
They run about the house at night.  
They nibble things  
They shouldn't touch,  
And, no one seems to like them much,  
But, I think mice are rather nice.

**Crayons**

Marchette Chute

I've coloured a picture  
With crayons.  
I'm not very pleased with  
The sun.  
I'd like it much stronger  
And brighter,  
And more like the actual one.  
I've tried with the crayon that's  
Yellow.  
I've tried with the crayon that's  
Red.  
But none of it looks like  
The sunlight  
I carry around in my head.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S2** Grade 2

**Bear in There**

Shel Silverstein

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire -  
He likes it 'cause it's  
Cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he let's out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there -  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.

**Some One**

Walter De La mare

Some one came knocking  
At my wee, small door;  
some one came knocking,  
I'm sure-sure-sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still, dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S3** Grade 3

**Blum**

Dorothy Aldis

Dog means dog,  
And cat means cat;  
And there are lots of words like that.

A cart's a cart  
To pull or shove  
A plate's a plate  
To eat off of.

But there are other  
Words I say  
When I am left  
Alone to play.

Blum is one.  
Blum is a word  
That very few  
Have ever heard.

I like to say it,  
"Blum, Blum, Blum" –  
I do it loud  
Or in a hum.

All by itself  
It's nice to sing;  
It does not mean  
A single thing.

**I Can Fly**

Felice Holman

I can fly, of course,  
Very low,  
Not fast,  
Rather slow.  
I spread my arms  
Like wings,  
Lean on the wind,  
And my body zings  
About.

Nothing showy -  
A few loops  
And turns -  
But for the most  
Part,  
I just coast.

However,  
Since people are prone  
To talk about  
It,  
I generally prefer,  
Unless I am alone,  
Just to walk about.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S4** Grade 4

**And My Heart Soars**

Chief Dan George

The beauty of the trees,  
The softness of the air,  
The fragrance of the grass,  
Speaks to me.

The summit of the mountains  
The thunder of the sky,  
The rhythm of the sea,  
Speaks to me.

The faintness of the stars,  
The freshness of the morning,  
The dew drop on the flower,

Speaks to me.

The strength of the fire,  
The taste of salmon,  
The trail of the sun,  
And the life that never goes away,  
They speak to me.

And my heart soars.

**The Girl Who Makes the Cymbals Bang**

X.J. Kennedy

I'm the girl who makes the cymbals bang -  
It used to be a boy  
That got to play them in the past  
Which always would annoy

Me quite a bit. Though I complained,  
Our teacher Mister Cash  
Said, "Sorry, girls don't have the strength  
To come up with a crash."

"Oh yeah?" said I. "Please give them here!"  
And there and then, I slammed  
Together those brass plates so hard  
His eardrums traffic-jammed.

He gulped and gaped, and I could tell  
His old ideas were bending -  
So now me and my cymbals give  
Each song a real smash ending.

## Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

### *English Speaking Verse*

#### Class **S5** Grade 5

##### **What is Black?**

Mary O'Neill

Black is the night  
When there isn't a star  
And you can't tell by looking  
Where you are.  
Black is a pail of paving tar  
Black is jet  
And things you'd like to forget.  
Black is a smokestack  
Black is cat,  
A leopard, a raven,  
A high silk hat.  
The sound of black is  
"Boom! Boom! Boom!"  
Echoing in an empty room.

Black is kind -  
It covers up  
The run-down street,  
The broken cup.  
Black is charcoal  
And patio grill,  
The soot spots on  
The window sill.  
Black is a feeling  
Hard to explain  
Like suffering but  
Without the pain.  
Black is licorice  
And patent leather shoes  
Black is the print  
In the news.  
Black is beauty  
In its deepest form,  
The darkest cloud  
In a thunderstorm.  
Think of what starlight  
And lamplight would lack  
Diamonds and fireflies  
If they couldn't lean against...Black...

##### **It Couldn't be Done**

Edgar Albert Guest

Somebody said that it couldn't be done  
But he with a chuckle replied  
That "maybe it couldn't" but he would be one  
Who wouldn't say so til he'd tried.  
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin  
On his face. If he worried he hid it.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

Someone scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;  
At least no one has ever done it;"  
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat  
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.  
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,  
Without any doubting or quiddit,  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be  
done,  
There are thousands to prophesy failure,  
There are thousands to point out to you one  
By one,  
The dangers that wait to assail you.  
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,  
Just take off your coat  
And go to it;  
Just start in and sing as you tackle the thing  
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S6T** Grade 6

Ukrainian Literary Society Trophy

**Monopoly**

Alice Schertle

From the hilltop you can see  
The city, like Monopoly.  
Laid out on a paper board.

Little pieces far below,  
Plastic houses row on row,  
Holding little plastic folk  
Asking how the game is scored.

Little unseen plastic folk  
Driving through the city smoke,  
Following the boulevards,  
Taking chances,  
Taking cards,  
Driving all across the board  
Asking how the game is scored.

Little busy businesses  
Laid out on the streets below,  
Waiting for the plastic folk  
Driving through the city smoke,  
Driving cars with little wheels,  
Moving forward, making deals:  
Boardwalk,  
Park Place,  
Passing Go,  
Reading Railroad,  
B & O,

Moving all across the board  
Asking how the game is scored.



Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S6T** Grade 6

Ukranian Literary Society Trophy

**I Found a Four-Leaf Clover**

Jack Prelutsky

I found a four-leaf clover  
And was happy with my find,  
But with time to think it over,  
I've entirely changed my mind.  
I concealed it in my pocket,  
Safe inside a paper pad,  
Soon, much swifter than a rocket,  
My good fortune turned to bad.

I smashed my fingers in a door,  
I dropped a dozen eggs,  
I slipped and tumbled to the floor,  
A dog nipped both my legs,  
My ring slid down the bathtub drain,  
My pen leaked on my shirt,  
I barked my shin, I missed my train,  
I sat on my dessert.

I broke my brand new glasses,  
And I couldn't find my keys,  
I stepped in spilled molasses,  
And was stung by angry bees.  
When the kitten ripped the curtain,  
And the toast burst into flame,  
I was absolutely certain  
That the clover was to blame.

I buried it discreetly  
In the middle of a field,  
Now my luck has changed completely  
And my wounds have almost healed.  
If I ever find another,  
I will simply let it be,  
Or give it to my brother -  
He deserves it more than me.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S7T** Grade 7

Monsignor Hebert Trophy

**Race**

Millicent Vincent Ward

Wet wind, dark wind pushing through the trees,  
Tall grass, cold grass, quick against my knees,  
Wild night, black night, catch me if you can!  
And I dashed down the hillside, and ran, and ran, and ran.

But the trees bent fiercely after,  
And the long wind blew.  
And the clouds piled faster, faster,  
And the sharp grass grew.  
And I stumbled through the hollows  
As I raced, the panting night  
Close at my heels,  
Till we crashed into the light,  
And I leaped up the stairs,  
Two steps at a stride,  
And banged the door behind me.  
Safe inside.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S7T** Grade 7

Monsignor Hebert Trophy

**One**

James Berry

Only one of me

And nobody can get a second one

From a photocopy machine.

Nobody has the fingerprints I have

Nobody can cry my tears, or laugh my laugh

Or have my expectancy when I wait.

But anybody can mimic my dance with my dog.

Anybody can howl how I sing out of tune.

And mirrors can show me multiplied

Many times, say, dressed up in red

Or dressed up in grey.

Nobody can get into my clothes for me.

Or feel my fall for me, or do my running.

Nobody hears my music for me, either.

I am just this one.

Nobody else makes the words

I shape with sounds when I talk.

But anybody can act how I stutter in a rage.

Anybody can copy echoes I make.

And mirrors can show me multiplied

Many times, say, dressed up in green

Or dressed up in blue.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S8T** Grade 8

Pharmacy Shield

**Thumbprint**

Eve Merriam

On the pad of my thumb

Are whorls, whirls, wheels,

In a unique design:

Mine alone.

What a treasure to own!

My own flesh, my own feelings.

No other, however grand or base,

Can ever contain the same.

My signature,

Thumbing the pages of my time.

My universe key,

My singularity.

Impress, implant,

I am myself,

All of my atom parts I am the sum.

And out of my blood and brain

I make my interior weather,

My own sun and rain.

Imprint my mark upon the world,

Whatever I shall become.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
*English Speaking Verse*  
Class **S8T** Grade 8  
Pharmacy Shield

**Sleeping Giant**

E. Pauline Johnson

When did you sink to your dreamless sleep  
Out there in your thunder bed?  
Where the tempests sweep,  
And the waters leap,  
And the storms raged overhead.

Were you lying there on your couch alone  
Ere Egypt and Rome were born?  
Ere the Age of Stone,  
Or the world had known  
The Man with the Crown of Thorn.

The winds screech down the open west,  
And the thunders  
Beat and break  
On the Amethyst  
Of your rugged breast –  
But you never arise or wake.

You have locked your past, and you keep the key  
In your heart 'neath the westing sun,  
Where the mighty sea  
And its shores will be  
Storm-swept till the world is done.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
*English Speaking Verse*  
Class **S9T** Grade 9  
Paramount Theatre

**Did I Miss Anything?**

Tom Wayman

Nothing. When we realized you weren't here  
we sat with our hands folded on our desks  
in silence, for the full two hours

Everything. I gave an exam worth  
40 percent of the grade for this term  
and assigned some reading due today  
on which I'm about to hand out a quiz  
worth 50 percent

Nothing. None of the content of this course  
has value or meaning  
Take as many days off as you like:  
any activities we undertake as a class  
I assure you will not matter either to you or me  
and are without purpose

Everything. A few minutes after we began last time  
a shaft of light suddenly descended and an angel  
or other heavenly being appeared  
and revealed to us what each woman or man must do  
to attain divine wisdom in this life and  
the hereafter  
This is the last time the class will meet  
before we disperse to bring the good news to all people on earth.

Nothing. When you are not present  
how could something significant occur?

Everything. Contained in this classroom  
is a microcosm of human experience  
assembled for you to query and examine and ponder.  
This is not the only place such an opportunity has been gathered  
  
but it was one place  
  
And you weren't here.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S9T** Grade 9

Paramount Theatre

**A Kite is a Victim**

Leonard Cohen

A kite is a victim you are sure of.  
You love it because it pulls  
gentle enough to call you master,  
strong enough to call you fool;  
because it lives  
like a desperate trained falcon  
in the high sweet air,  
and you can always haul it down  
to tame it in your drawer.

A kite is a fish you have already caught  
in a pool where no fish come,  
so you play him carefully and long,  
and hope he won't give up,  
or the wind die down.  
A kite is the last poem you've written,  
so you give it to the wind,  
but you don't let it go  
until someone finds you  
something else to do.

A kite is a contract of glory  
that must be made with the sun,  
so make friends with the field  
the river and the wind,  
then you pray the whole cold night before,  
under the travelling cordless moon,  
to make you worthy and lyric and pure.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
*English Speaking Verse*  
Class **S30**  
Duet, Trio, Quartet

**Ears Hear**

Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.

Flies buzz.

Motors roar.

Kettles hiss,

People snore.

Dogs bark,

Birds cheep.

Autos honk: Beep! Beep!

Winds sigh,

Shoes squeak.

Trucks honk,

Floors creak.

Whistles toot,

Bells clang.

Doors slam: Bang! Bang!

Kids shout,

Clocks ding.

Babies cry,

Phones ring.

Balls bounce,

Spoons drop.

People scream: Stop! Stop!



Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S30**

Duet, Trio, Quartet

**A Frog, A Stick**

Cecily E. Pike

A frog, a stick  
a shell, a stone  
a paper clip,  
a chicken bone.  
a feather quill  
a piece of string  
a lady bug,  
a beetle wing  
a greenish wad  
of bubble gum  
assorted keys  
and cookie crumbs.  
a maple leaf,  
a candy bar,  
a rubber band  
a modle car.  
potato chips,  
and soggy fries  
plus something  
i can't recognize.  
a broken watch  
a plastic cow...  
that's what's inside  
my pockets now.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S31**

Duet, Trio, Quartet

**Careful Connie**

Unknown

Careful Connie's terrified  
Of accidents and ills,  
Of gyms and germs and things that squirm,  
Heights and depths and heat and chills;  
Of bicycles and buses,  
Cats and cows and lakes and hills,  
Flying things and furry things;

So Carful Connie never will...

Climb a tree	Might fall down
Go swimming	Might drown
Play in the rain	Might get muddy
Play games	Might get bloody
Cross the streets	Might get hit
Pet a dog	Might get bit
Eat Candy	Might get a toothache
Eat a pizza	Might get a bellyache
Read a book	Might ruin her eyes
Say hello	Might have to say goodbye

Careful Connie's oh so carefully  
Sitting in her room,  
She's absolutely safe there,  
Just sitting in the gloom  
She never laughs and never cries  
She never falls and bumps her head,  
She's going to live forever  
But she might as well be...

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

**Class S31**

Duet, Trio, Quartet

**Rat for Lunch!**

Jack Prelutsky

**Rat for lunch! Rat for lunch!**  
**Yum! Delicious! Munch, munch, munch!**  
**One by one or by the bunch –**  
**Rat, oh rat, oh rat for lunch!**

Scrambled slug in salty slime  
Is our choice at breakfast time,  
But for lunch, we say to you,  
Nothing but a rat will do.

**Rat for lunch! Rat for lunch!**  
**Yum! Delicious! Munch, munch, munch!**  
**One by one or by the bunch –**  
**Rat, oh rat, oh rat for lunch!**

For our snack each afternoon,  
We chew bits of baked baboon,  
curried squirrel, buttered bat,  
but for lunch if must be rat.

**Rat for lunch! Rat for lunch!**  
**Yum! Delicious! Munch, munch, munch!**  
**One by one or by the bunch –**  
**Rat, oh rat, oh rat for lunch!**

In the evening we may dine  
On fillet of porcupine,  
Buzzard, gizzard, lizard chops,  
But for lunch a rat is tops.

**Rat for lunch! Rat for lunch!**  
**Yum! Delicious! Munch, munch, munch!**  
**One by one or by the bunch –**  
**Rat, oh rat, oh rat for lunch!**

Rat, we love you steamed or stewed,  
Blackened, broiled, or barbequed.  
Pickled, poached, or fried in fat.  
There is nothing like a rat.

**Rat for lunch! Rat for lunch!**  
**Yum! Delicious! Munch, munch, munch!**  
**One by one or by the bunch –**  
**Rat, of rat, oh rat for lunch!**

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
*English Speaking Verse*  
Class **S32**  
Duet, Trio, Quartet

**A Vote for Vanilla**  
Eve Merriam

Vanilla, vanilla, vanilla for me,  
That's the flavor I savor particularly  
In cake or ice cream  
Or straight from the bean  
In pudding, potatoes, in fish or in stew,  
In a sundae, a Monday, the whole week-long through!

I care not a sour, a hoot, or scintilla,  
A fig or a farthing – except for  
Boo, foo, eschew sarsaparilla;  
More, adore, encore vanilla!  
From the Antarctic to the Antilles,  
Vive vanilles!

On the first of vanilla I'll write to you,  
At half-past vanilla we'll rendezvous;  
By the light of vanilla we'll dance and we'll fly  
Until vanilla dawns in the sky.  
Then to a vanilla villa we'll flee  
By the vanilla side of the sea,  
With vanilla tables, vanilla chairs,  
Vanilla carpeting on the stairs.  
Vanilla dogs, vanilla cats,  
Vanilla shoes, vanilla hats,  
Vanilla mice in vanilla holes,  
Vanilla soup in vanilla bowls.

Vanilla, vaniller, vanillest for me,  
The flavor I favor most moderately!

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

*English Speaking Verse*

Class **S32**

Duet, Trio, Quartet

**Jabberwocky**

Lewis Carrol

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
**Class: S20 Test Piece**  
*Trylight Theatre Dramatic Arts Trophy*

## **Lost**

David Wagoner

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you  
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,  
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,  
Must ask permission to know it and be known.  
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,  
I have made this place around you.  
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.  
No two trees are the same to Raven.  
No two branches are the same to Wren.  
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,  
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows  
Where you are. You must let it find you.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts  
**S106 TEST PIECE**

*Dramatic Arts Rose Bowl Class*

**For the Hardest Days ~ Clint Smith**

Some evenings, after days when the world feels  
Like it has poured all of its despair onto me,  
When I am awash with burdens that rest atop  
My body like a burlap of jostling shadows,

I find a place to watch the sun set. I dig  
My feet into a soil that has rebirthed itself  
A millions times over. I listen to the sound  
Of leaves as they decide whether or not

It is time to descend from their branches.  
It is hard to describe the comfort one feels  
In sitting with something you trust will always be  
There, something you can count on to remain

Familiar when all else seems awry. How remarkable  
It is to know that so many have watched the same  
Sun set before you. How the wind can carry  
Pollen and drop it somewhere it has never been.  
How the leaves have always become the soil

That then become the leaves again. How maybe  
We are not so different from the leaves.  
How maybe we are also always being reborn  
To be something more than we once were.

How maybe that's what waking up each morning is.  
A reminder that we are born  
Of the same atoms as every plant and bird  
And mountain and ocean around us.