

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 lets 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

Little busy businesses

The city, like Monopoly.

Laid out on the streets below,

Laid out on a paper board.

Waiting for the plastic folk

Little pieces far below,

Driving through the city smoke,

Plastic houses row on row,

Driving cars with little wheels,

Holding little plastic folk

Moving forward, making deals:

Asking how the game is scored.

Boardwalk,

Little unseen plastic folk

Park Place,

Driving through the city smoke,

Passing Go,

Following the boulevards,

Reading Railroad,

Taking chances,

B & O,

Taking cards,

Moving all across the board

Driving all across the board

Asking how the game is scored.

Asking how the game is scored.

Kenora and District Festival of the Arts

English Speaking Verse

Class **S6T** Grade 6

Ukrainian 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 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 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 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

I am just this one.

And nobody can get a second one

Nobody else makes the words

From a photocopy machine.

I shape with sounds when I talk.

Nobody has the fingerprints I have

But anybody can act how I stutter in a rage.

Nobody can cry my tears, or laugh my laugh

Anybody can copy echoes I make.

Or have my expectancy when I wait.

And mirrors can show me multiplied

But anybody can mimic my dance with my dog.

Many times, say, dressed up in green

Anybody can howl how I sing out of tune.

Or dressed up in blue.

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.

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

Imprint my mark upon the world,

Are whorls, whirls, wheels,

Whatever I shall become.

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.

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 Careful 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, 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!

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!

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 Carroll

'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 whiffling 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.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

French Poetry Selections by Grade

2026

Curated by Suzanne Langlois-White

MATERNELLE

J'ai vu trois pinsons

Auteur inconnu

J'ai vu trois pinsons
gazouiller sur une branche;
ils apprennent des chansons
pour nous les chanter dimanche.

La puce

Andrée Chedid

La puce a de l'astuce
Papa n'en a pas
C'est pour quoi
C'est pour quoi
Papa est piqué
La puce pas

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

French Poetry Selections by Grade

2026

1^{RE} ANNÉE

Les canards

Maurice Carême, 1947

Quels bavards,

Ces canards !

Ils ne disent

Que bêtises !

Coin, coin, coin,

A plein bec !

Est-ce grec,

Italien

Ou anglais ?

En tout cas

Je ne les comprends pas.

Dix petits doigts

Auteur inconnu

J'ai dix petits doigts

Ils sont tous à moi

Je les ferme

Je les ouvre

Je les mets ensemble

Je les cache

Je les fais sauter bien haut

Je les fais sauter bien bas

Puis je les croise.

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

French Poetry Selections by Grade

2026

2^E ANNÉE

Chut!

Pierre Coran

Dans la prairie

Aux boutons d'or

Il te suffit

De souffler fort,

De souffler fort

Sur la bougie,

Sur la bougie

D'un pissonlit

Pour que, sans bruit,

Tu voies éclore

Toute une pluie

De météores.

Les outils du jardinier

Corinne Albaut

Je ratisse les feuilles avec mon râteau.

Avec la pelle, je les mets dans un seau.

Je prends ma bêche pour creuser un trou.

J'enlève les racines et les cailloux.

J'enterre ma graine avec un plantoir,

Puis je l'arrose avec mon arrosoir.

Et maintenant

J'attends

Que la fleur que j'ai plantée

Montre le bout de son nez !

Kenora District Festival of the Arts

French Poetry Selections by Grade

2026

3^E ANNÉE

Drôle de zèbre

Gwenaëlle Boulet

Un éléphant qui dans le cha-cha-cha

Tu en as déjà vu un, toi?

Ah, ça, non ! Je n'en ai jamais vu !

Et un lion qui chante de l'opéra...

Tu en as déjà vu un, toi?

Ah, ça, non ! Je n'en ai jamais vu !

Et un girafe qui joue du tuba...

Tu en as déjà vu une, toi ?

Ah, ça, non ! Je n'en ai jamais vu !

Et un ouistiti qui fait le clown...

Tu en as déjà vu un, toi?

Ah, ça, oui ! J'en ai vu un, une fois...

Et il est même...

Juste en face de moi!

L'avion

Corinne Albaut

Qu'est-ce qui a des ailes

Et qui vole dans le ciel

Au milieu des nuages ?

Est-ce un canard sauvage,

Ou bien une hirondelle ?

Est-ce une coccinelle,

Ou bien une libellule ?

C'est peut-être même une bulle,

Ou bien un papillon !

Mais non

C'est un petit avion !

Il fait des boucles et des ronds,

Il monte et redescend

Léger comme un cerf-volant.

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4^E ANNÉE

Les yeux qui pleurent

Pierre Coran

Tes yeux pleurent.

Es-tu triste ?

As-tu peur du dentiste ?

Qui t'a fait de la peine ?

Un distract ?

Sans gêne ?

Dis, pourquoi ces joues sales ?

As-tu froid ?

As-tu mal ?

Oh assez de questions !

J'ai pelé des oignons !

Les ballons

Sergueï Kozlov

Souricette gonfle

Un ballon vert.

Elle s'accroche à la ficelle,
et... hop !

elle s'envole dans le ciel.

Quand Écureuil voit Souricette,
Il gonfle un ballon bleu,
Il s'accroche à la ficelle
et... hop !

Quand l'Éléphantine voit
Souricette et Écureuil,
Elle crie : Attendez-moi !
Elle gonfle un ballon jaune,
Elle s'accroche à la ficelle,
Et... et... elle ne décolle pas du tout !
Alors, Éléphantine gonfle dix ballons jaunes,
Et... hop !
Elle s'envole dans le ciel.

5^E ANNÉE

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La maison de l'escargot

Suzanne Cramoussel

Un matin l'escargot gris
Las de traîner son logis
S'en va chercher un maçon
Pour construire une maison.

Il va trouver le pivert,
L' << atelier >> n'est pas ouvert.

Il frappe chez le lièvre,
Le lièvre a de la fièvre.

Il sonne chez l'écureuil,
L'écureuil a mal à l'oeil.

Il s'en va chez le serpent,
Le serpent a mal aux dents.

Tant pis dit l'escargot gris
Je garderai mon logis!

Cerf-volant

André Cailloux

C'est en levant le doigt
qu'on dit c'est tout là -haut
qu'est parti mon oiseau !
Mon grand oiseau de toile
au bout d'une ficelle,
c'est comment qu'on l'appelle?

Vole, vole
mon cerf-volant
et virevol-
te dans le vent !
Tu frôles l'aile
d'une hirondelle
pour apparaître,
c'est merveilleux,
à la fenêtre
du Bon Dieu ...

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Conseils donnés par une sorcière

Jean Tardieu

Retenez-vous de rire
dans le petit matin !

N'écoutez pas les arbres
qui gardent les chemins !

Ne dites pas votre nom
à la terre endormie
qu'après minuit sonné !

À la neige, à la pluie
ne tendez pas la main !

N'ouvrez pas votre fenêtre
qu'aux petites planètes
que vous connaissez bien !

Confidence pour confidence :
vous qui venez me consulter,
méfiance, méfiance !
On ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver.

L'oiseau-mouche

Léon Gozlan

Il est si petit qu'il se perd
quand du soir souffle la risée ;
Par une goutte il est couvert,
Par une goutte de rosée.

Du chasseur il brave le plomb :
Car où l'atteindre ? Il est si frêle
Et si léger, qu'un cheveu blond
Pèse plus à l'air que son aile.

Il s'endort au milieu des fleurs :
Quand il vole de tige en tige,
Avec son chant et ses couleurs,
Il semble un oiseau qui voltige.

Il voit pâlir son vermillon
Si la main d'un enfant le touche.
Il est moins grand qu'un papillon,
Un peu moins petit qu'une mouche.

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Dans les bois

Gérard de Nerval

Au printemps l'oiseau naît et chante :
N'avez-vous jamais ouï sa voix ? ...
Elle est pure, simple et touchante,
La voix de l'oiseau – dans les bois !

L'été, l'oiseau cherche l'oiselle ;
Il aime, et n'aime qu'une fois !
Qu'il est doux, paisible et fièle
Le nid de l'oiseau – dans les bois !

Puis, quand vient l'automne brumeuse,
Il se tait ... avant les temps froids.
Hélas ! qu'elle doit être heureuse
La mort de l'oiseau – dans les bois !

La cigale et la fourmi

Jean de la Fontaine

La Cigale, ayant chanté
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue :
Pas un seul petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la Fourmi sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.
<< Je vous paierai, lui dit-elle,
Avant l'oût, foi d'animal,
Intérêt et principal. >>
La Fourmi n'est pas prêteuse :
C'est là son moindre défaut.
<< Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud ?
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse.
- Nuit et jour à tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaise.
- Vous chantiez ? j'en suis fort aise :
Et bien ! dansez maintenant. >>

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Comme la belle au bois...

André Cailloux

Comme la belle au bois dormant,
au baiser du prince charmant,
soupire d'aise et se réveille ...

Une graine de pissenlit
qui germe et lentement grandit
se sent heureuse et d'émerveille !
Et que nous dit son chant joli ?

J'ai longtemps dormi sous terre,
je m'étire après mon sommeil !
Je grandis dans la lumière
sous les chauds rayons du soleil.

Une abeille me caresse
et la pluie vient me laver.
Un oiseau que le vent berce
chante le printemps retrouvé !

Le chat et l'oiseau

Jacques Prévert

Un village écoute désolé
Le chant d'un oiseau blessé
C'est le seul oiseau du village
Et c'est le seul chat du village
Qui l'a à moitié dévoré
Et l'oiseau cesse de chanter
Et le chat cesse de ronronner
Et de se lécher le museau
Et le village fait à l'oiseau
De merveilleuses funérailles
Et le chat qui est invité
Marche derrière le petit cercueil de paille
Où l'oiseau mort est allongé
Porté par une petite fille
Qui n'arrête pas de pleurer
Si j'avais su que cela te fasse tant de peine
Lui dit le chat
Je l'aurais mangé tout entier
Et puis je t'aurais raconté
Que je l'avais vu s'envoler
S'envoler jusqu'au bout du monde
Là-bas où c'est tellement loin
Que jamais on n'en revient
Tu aurais eu moins de chagrin Simplement
de la tristesse et des regrets

Il ne faut jamais faire les choses à moitié

9^e ANNÉE

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Les fenêtres

Charles Beaudelaire

Celui qui regarde du dehors à travers une fenêtre ouverte, ne voit jamais autant de choses que celui qui regarde une fenêtre fermée. Il n'est pas d'objet plus profond, plus mystérieux, plus fécond, plus ténébreux, plus éblouissant qu'une fenêtre éclairée d'une chandelle. Ce qu'on peut voir au soleil est toujours moins intéressant que ce qui se passe derrière une vitre. Dans ce trou noir ou lumineux vit la vie, rêve la vie, souffre la vie.

Par delà des vagues de toits, j'aperçois une femme mûre, ridée déjà, pauvre, toujours penchée sur quelque chose, et qui ne sort jamais. Avec son visage, avec son vêtement, avec son geste, avec presque rien, j'ai refait l'histoire de cette femme, ou plutôt sa légende, et quelquefois je me la raconte à moi-même en pleurant.

Si c'eût été un pauvre vieux homme, j'aurais refait la sienne tout aussi aisément.

Et je me couche, fier d'avoir vécu et souffert dans d'autres que moi-même.

Enchantement

Pamela Mollica

La nature m'entoure

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L'air est frais et beau
Je peux sentir la chaleur du soleil
Qui chauffe mon corps.

Mais mon imagination remplace mes yeux
Je ne vois rien,
Mais, je vois tout...

Mon nez est sensible à l'arôme plaisant
Que dégagent les roses dans le jardin
L'herbe, mouillée par la rosée,
Me chatouille les pieds.

Un immense tapis doux
Est, par magie, mis sous mes pieds,
Le sable collé entre mes orteils
Me donne le sentiment d'être bien sauf.

J'entends la musique de l'océan,
Du va-et-vient des vagues sur la plage,
Qui se bousculent gaiement
En jouant leur petit jeu.

Le cri des goélands
Me parvient aux oreilles
Je me sens si paisible,
Ici, seul, dans la noirceur.

Je me fie sur mon imagination
Pour bien voir cette beauté
Ma vue est embrouillée
Et l'obscurité m'enveloppe.

Oui, je suis aveugle,