

Sports Poems

**I've got a rod, I've got a line,
I need a fish to make it fine.
I'll cast my hook in the river deep,
Where denizens of the water sleep.
Awaking them from cosy rest,
With bait I'll tempt them from their nest.
They'll take the lure, I'm sure it's fate,
From stream to bank, then to my plate.**



Basketball's my favorite sport.
I dribble up and down the court.
The ball goes bouncing off my toes
and beans the teacher on the nose.

He stumbles back and grabs his nose
and hits the wall and down he goes.
The other players stop and stare.
They've never heard the teacher swear.

With no one playing anymore,
I grab the ball. I shoot. I score.
I love this game! It's so much fun.
The teacher cried, but, hey--we won.



**Football football
When they score
A GOAL!' you say
'WAAAY! and we say
'Way, way!' then they
KICK the ball then
His shoe fell off!**

AT THE CRICKET

Down to the Basin on Boxing Day
Nicolo likes to make his way,
For Summer brings cricket — a Shell Shield match —
And Nicko admires a skilful catch.
From the shady stand or a bank in the sun
He lazily watches the sportsmen run.

He likes fast bowling and well-placed fours,
Though he doesn't care for loud applause.
If someone makes a century,
Nicolo purrs contentedly;
And when "How's that?" he hears men shout,
He always looks to see who's out.

Late afternoon, when play gets flat,
He heads for home, a hungry cat,
His one regret — that these canteens
Sell chips and ices, but no sardines.

