

Disclaimer

Please note: this resource contains poetry which we think will be useful for learning about different styles of poetry, advanced punctuation in poetry and about space. If you intend to conduct child-led independent research about any of the poems in this pack, you may wish to ensure that the information available from other sources is suitable for the children you teach.

Rocket Men

Alfie glances in the mirror, sideways,
Fixes his helmet, his gloves and then checks:
Ready for launch, he's got his wellies on.
Tied to his back: a spaceship lunch box.

★ He walks to the pad and nods to Ryan, ★
Or Buzz, as he likes Alfie to call him.
Spray-painted skipping ropes; strap themselves tight;
Pressing the button, they count down from ten.

“Blast off!” shouts Ryan, with tears in his eyes.
“Look down,” yells Alfie. “They all look like ants.”
He points to the ground, fading far below.
“They are!” says Ryan, adjusting his pants.

★ Out beyond Earth, point the nose to the Moon. ★
“Ladies and gents, unfasten your seatbelts.”
Thrusters on full, they twist through solar winds.
Ducking under space-swings, hurdling space-pets.

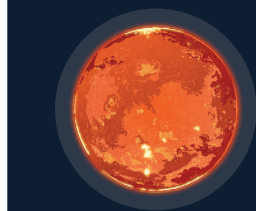
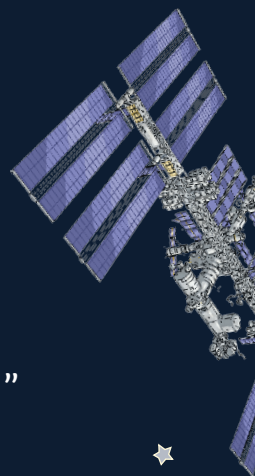
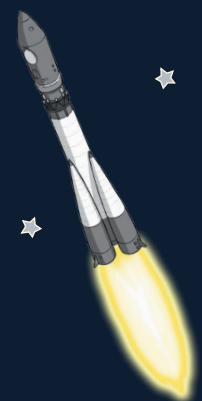
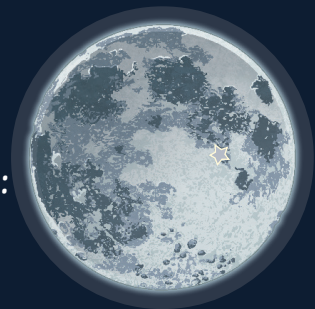
Fingers stretched, they space-walk along the kerb,
Leaping and flexing, all in slow motion.
Ryan learnt the bowline at Cubs last night –
Joined at the hip, nothing need be spoken.

Racing to the lamp-post on Dalmeney,
Arms stretched, laughing, breathless and slingshotting
Round the dark side of the Moon and back,
Scampering, soaring, spinning and shouting.

Buzz tumbles to the ground. “We’re all out of fuel.
She’s not gonna make it, Captain,” he gasps.
Gloves ejected, Alfie unties the pack,
Unwrapping, a raised eyebrow. “Salmon paste.”

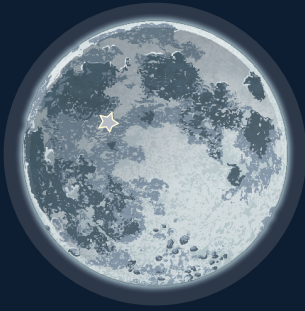
★ Checking his watch, it’s T-minus ten. ★
“Can you hear me, Houston? We’re homeward bound.”
Burning up in the atmosphere, until
One huge puddle, one giant leap... Splashdown!

★ Once back home, tramping mud into the carpet, ★
Washing space dust off in the kitchen sink,
Alfie takes off his helmet and looks at his brother.
“Mars tomorrow, I think.”

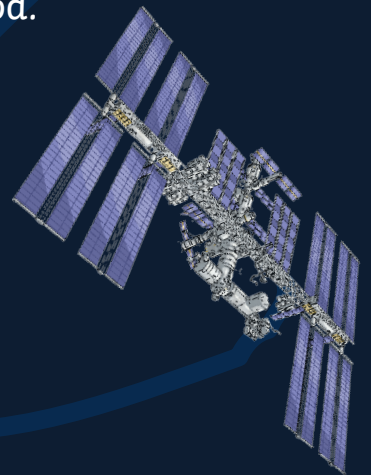


The Galaxy

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



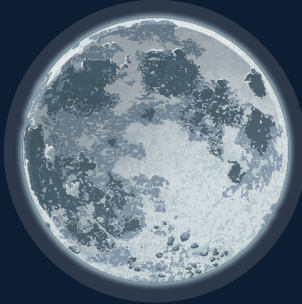
Torrent of light and river of the air,
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare!
The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where
His patron saint descended in the sheen
Of his celestial armor, on serene
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable
Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod;
But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,
The star-dust that is whirled aloft and flies
From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.






An excerpt from **The Comet**

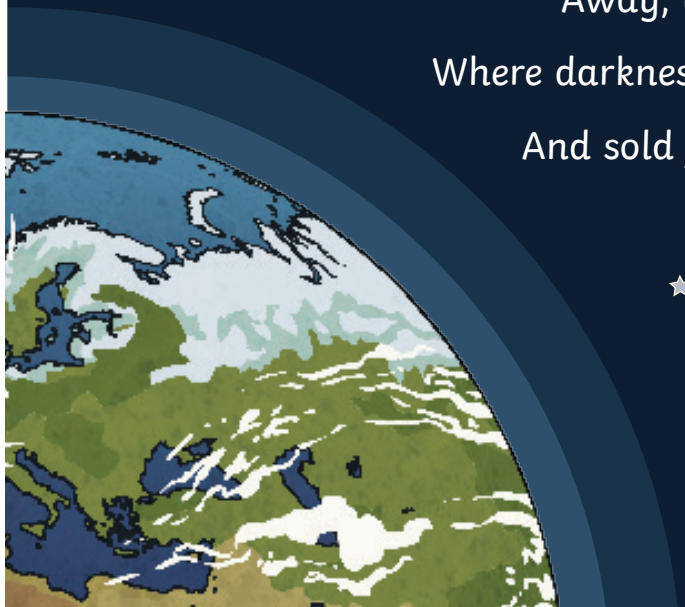
by Oliver Wendell Holmes



The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!



On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, -
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."



The Milky Way

by Anonymous

Evening has come; and across the skies —
Out through the darkness that, quivering, dies —
Beautiful, broad, and white,
Fashioned of many a silver ray
Stolen out of the ruins of Day,
Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
Built by the architect Night.

