

*A poem for
my Mother...*

INSPIRATIONAL WORDS FOR INSPIRATIONAL PEOPLE

**MOTHER'S DAY
PROJECT PACK**

WELCOME TEACHERS...

We hope your class enjoys taking part in this project run in conjunction with your local Shopping Centre

We have created this modest booklet to support the Mother's Day poetry project and we hope to inspire the children with some great poems by many famous poets. Some of the detail and information enclosed is perhaps a little sophisticated but we wanted to provide as much factual information as we could. We have lots of gifts and cards for Mother's Day, but there is nothing quite as touching as a personal message of love from a child to a parent.

The project is being run by your local Shopping Centre and we plan to display a selection of the poems in the Shopping Centre before Mother's Day. We have also added a Facebook element to the project to allow us to share all the poems on our Facebook page and ensure that mothers and families can see and share their children's work. All the details are on the entry forms which we have sent with this booklet - should you want more or have any requests, comments or suggestions please do not hesitate to get in touch. We hope your classes will get great pleasure from looking at these poems and creating poems of their own.

Schools Prize

The school submitting the best overall entries will receive a donation of £100.

WHAT IS MOTHER'S DAY?

A SHORT HISTORY

Mother's Day celebrations date back at least as far as ancient Greece, where worshippers observed a spring day in honour of Rhea, the Mother of Gods.

In England the fourth Sunday in Lent is traditionally known as Mothering Sunday. It was first written about in 1664 by a Richard Symonds in his "Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army during the Great Civil War", where he noted that, "Every Mid-Lent Sunday is a great day at Worcester, when all the children meet at the head and chief of the family and have a feast. They call it Mothering - Day." It is believed that the roots of this custom date back even earlier to pre - Reformation times when on Mid - Lent Sunday parishioners went to the Mother Church or Cathedral to make their offerings.

Mid-Lent Sunday was also one of the few days a year when apprentices and servants (often young girls and boys) were given half a day off to visit their families. It was traditional that they should take with them some small gift which was usually a small bunch of violets or primroses which they had picked along the way, or a Simnel cake (a rich Saffron flavoured fruit cake with almond icing). Today, in some churches at special services, children bring mothering posies to be blessed. Although this is a modern practice, it is still symbolic of the

connection between the Church and family on Mothering Sunday.

In England we often call Mothering Sunday Mother's Day. This is a mistake because Mother's Day is an American secular (non - religious) Holiday, and is held on the second Sunday in May. This was designated a day to honour Motherhood in 1914 after Miss Anna Jarvis, whose mother had died, lobbied congress to recognise it as a day set aside in the American calendar dedicated to "the best mother in the world, your mother."

In America the symbol of Mother's Day is a white carnation rather than the primroses and violets favoured in England. Up until the Second World War, Mothering Sunday had largely died out in England but it was revived when American servicemen based over here reminded the English people of their own day. Since then, Mothering Sunday or, as it is more commonly and incorrectly known, Mother's Day, has become much more widespread and commercialised. It is once more a popular custom for children to take a small gift to their mothers on Mothering Sunday.

All over the world, mothers are honoured with a Spring day but not all nations celebrate on the same day. In Africa, for example, it is always the second Sunday in Lent, but England's Mother's Day falls on the fourth Sunday in Lent.



We will be inviting our winners to the Shopping Centre to read their poems aloud to their Mother's for a Facebook Live broadcast.

USEFUL LINKS:



Here are some excellent links for further study and examples.

Keep in mind that any random online search could generate results that may not be suitable for young children.

The Poetry Foundation
www.poetryfoundation.org

Link to: Poem sampler Mother's Day poems for inspiration.

The Poetry Foundation, publisher of Poetry magazine, is an independent literary organisation committed to a vigorous presence for poetry in our culture.

The Poetry Society
www.poetrysociety.org.uk

You can download lesson plans by keystage level on the lessons page.

Lesson plans for dedicated The Poetry Society was founded in 1909 to promote "a more general recognition and appreciation of poetry". Since then, it has grown into one of Britain's most dynamic arts organisations, representing British poetry both nationally and internationally.

To get the ball rolling, here is a selection of lyrics, quotations and poems from around the World - from Ancient China, Spice Girls and Rappers - some moving, some sad and some corny, but all written with love.

The Poetry Archive
www.poetryarchive.org

Lesson plans can be accessed in the teach poetry section.

The Poetry Archive is a not-for-profit organisation that makes and acquires recordings of poets from around the English-speaking world and makes substantial excerpts from them freely available online.

We found these amongst many Internet sites worthwhile for Mothers Day history, cards, recipes and other craft activities. We always advise adult supervision/pre-checking of sites when children access the web.

SCHOLASTIC
www.scholastic.com/teachers/lesson-plans/teaching-content/acrostic-mothers-day-poems

A lesson plan where children write acrostic poems where the letters of their mother's first name become the first letter of each line.

TES
www.tes.com/teaching-resource/poetry-mothers-day-poems-6192497

WHAT IS A POEM?

A poem is a form of literature in which language is used for its sensory qualities along with, or instead of, its basic meaning. Poems frequently rely on their effect on imagery, word association, and the musical qualities of the language used.

Poetry uses a number of techniques to suggest different meanings for some words, or to stir a reader's imagination and emotions. For example, techniques such as alliteration or rhyming can be used for a musical effect.

The structure in particular is what makes poems different from other types of writing. The words of a poem are arranged in lines and groups of lines, called stanzas. Lines can separate, compare or contrast thoughts expressed in different units, or can highlight a change in tone. Some poems follow strict patterns of meter, sound, and length, whilst others do not a set form and are known as 'free verse'. However, the poet may still carefully arrange the sounds and rhythm.

There are many types of poems that have been developed by different cultures throughout history. These different forms may have strict rules to follow, such as the sonnet, a form of poetry that consists of 14 lines of 10 syllables each and also follows a set pattern of rhythm and rhyme.

Some poems, such as nursery rhymes, are simple and humorous. Other poems may try to express some truth about life, to tell a story, or to honour a person. In this pack, all the poems will focus on mothers and the relationships between mother and child. They vary in length, style and tone.

Have a look and see which is your favourite.

DOWNLOAD A LESSON PLAN AND ADDITIONAL ENTRY FORMS

Visit mothersdaypoetry.org

To download a teachers lesson plan to help pupils get into poetry and inspire them for the competition.

POEMS ABOUT MOTHERHOOD

I struggle so deeply
to understand
how someone can
pour their entire soul
blood and energy
into someone
without wanting
anything in
return

I will have to wait till i'm a mother

When my mother was pregnant
with her second child I was four
I pointed at her swollen belly confused at how
my mother had gotten so big in such little time

My father scooped me in his tree trunk arms and
said the closest thing to god on this earth
is a woman's body it's where life comes from
and to have a grown man tell me something
so powerful at such a young age
changed me to see the entire universe
rested at my mother's feet

The poet...

Rupi Kaur

Rupi Kaur started drawing at the age of five when her mother handed her a paintbrush and said—draw your heart out. Rupi views her life as an exploration of that artistic journey. She continues to explore a variety of themes ranging from love, loss, trauma, healing, femininity and migration.



INVISIBLE KISSES

If there was ever one
Whom when you were sleeping
Would wipe your tears
When in dreams you were weeping;
Who would offer you time
When others demand;
Whose love lay more infinite
Than grains of sand.

If there was ever one
To whom you could cry;
Who would gather each tear
And blow it dry;
Who would offer help
On the mountains of time;
Who would stop to let each sunset
Soothe the jaded mind.

If there was ever one
To whom when you run
Will push back the clouds
So you are bathed in sun;
Who would open arms
If you would fall;
Who would show you everything
If you lost it all.

If there was ever one
Who when you achieve
Was there before the dream
And even then believed;
Who would clear the air
When it's full of loss;
Who would count love
Before the cost.

The poet...

Lemn Sissay

Lemn Sissay is a champion for children in care and adopted families. From the ages of 12 to 18, he went from care home to care home, where he was physically, emotionally and racially abused. Sissay was always told his mother had abandoned him.

If there was ever one
Who when you are cold
Will summon warm air
For your hands to hold;
Who would make peace
In pouring pain,
Make laughter fall
In falling rain.

If there was ever one
Who can offer you this and more;
Who in keyless rooms
Can open doors;
Who in open doors
Can see open fields
And in open fields
See harvests yield.

Then see only my face
In reflection of these tides
Through the clear water
Beyond the river side.
All I can send is love
In all that this is
A poem and a necklace
Of invisible kisses.



SELECTED SHORT POEMS...

In the eyes of its mother every beetle is a gazelle.
Moroccan Proverb

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother

The poet...

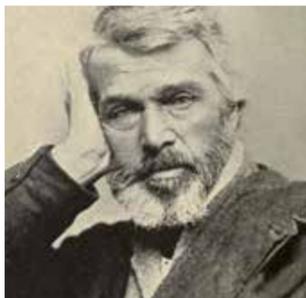
Ann Taylor



“Who is it that loves me and will love me for
ever with an affection which no chance,
no misery, no crime can do away?
It is you, my mother.”

The poet...

Thomas Carlyle



They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre,
O'er lesser powers that be,
But a mightier power and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.

The poet...

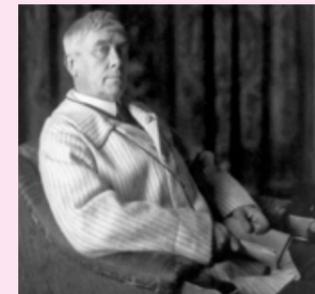
William Ross Wallace



“All mothers are rich when they love
their children.
There are no poor mothers, no ugly ones,
no old ones.
Their love is always the most beautiful
of the joys.”

The poet...

Maurice Maeterlinck



Thou, straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forgot thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease.

The poet...

Mary Lamb



10 RAP LYRICS TO SHOW YOU CARE

Alongside pop music, rap also draws a lot of inspiration from poetry in the way it uses rhythm and rhyme to convey messages and create emotional responses from listeners. Of course, like in poetry, a number of rappers have songs that focus on their mothers. Have a look at the lyrics below from some of the most famous rap artists in the World, all of which are dedicated to their respective mothers.



I made you cry,
you made me smile.
I just wanna say I love
you for life, and that's
the reason why
I'm here now.
Snoop Dogg,
"I Love My Mamma"



It all worked out,
girl we shoulda'
known cause you
deserve it
Drake, "Look
what you've done"



You know very well who
you are.
Don't let 'em hold you
down, reach for the
stars. You had a goal,
but not that
many, 'cause you're the
only one, I'll give you
good and plenty.
Notorious B.I.G., "Juicy"



I always loved my
momma, she's my
favourite girl.
And I always loved my
momma, she brought
me into this world
Brand Nubian,
"Momma"



See you're unbreakable,
unmistakable, highly
capable lady that's
making loot. A living
legend too, just look at
what heaven do – send
us an angel
and I thank you
(hey mama)
Kanye West, "Hey Mama"



Tryin' to pay you back
for all the stress that I
caused, and always be
there to give you
whatever you want.
Nelly, "Luven Me"



Realised I was fighting for
something I believed in.
Stuck with it, never quit it.
Thank you,
mama,
now I'm living - dreams
do come true and this
is just the beginning
Big Sean, "Mother's Day"



I'm thankful to even
know a woman so real.
I pray when I marry my
wife'll have one of
your skills - but mom
you could never be
replaced
Nas, "Dance"



There are no words that
can express how I feel.
You never kept a secret,
always stayed real.
And I appreciate, how
you raised me, and all
the extra love.
Tupac, "Dear Mama"



All I got is you, and
I'm so
thankful
I made it
through.
Word up mommy, I love you.
Ghostface Killah,
"All That I Got is You"

MAMA

Spice Girls

She used to be my only enemy and never let me be free,
Catching me in places that I knew I shouldn't be,
Every other day I crossed the line,
I didn't mean to be so bad,
I never thought you would become the friend I never had.

Back then I didn't know why, why you were misunderstood,
So now I see through your eyes, all that you did was love,
Mama I love you,
Mama I care,
Mama I love you,
Mama my friend.

I didn't want to hear it then but I'm not ashamed to say it now,
Every little thing you said and did was right for me,
I had a lot of time to think about, about the way I used to be,
Never had a sense of my responsibility.

Back then I didn't know why, why you were misunderstood,
So now I see through your eyes, all that you did was love.
Mama I love you,
Mama I care,
Mama I love you,
Mama my friend.

But now I'm sure I know why, why you were misunderstood,
So now I see through your eyes, all I can give you is love.

The artists...

The Spice Girls

"Mama", was written by British pop group Spice Girls with songwriting partners Matt Rowe and Richard Stannard. The lyrics deal with the difficulties in relationships between mothers and daughters that appear during adolescence. Spice Girls member Mel B came up with the concept for the song, explaining that "The sentiments are really that your mum's probably the best friend that you've got. Whether she's an over-protective mother or a bit of a landmine, she probably knows you better than yourself in some ways."



1884.

16

Another year of joy & grief,
Another year of hope & fear:
O Mother, is life long or brief?
We hasten while we linger here.
But since we linger, love me still
And bless me still, O Mother mine,
While hand in hand we scale life's hill,
You Guide, & I your Valentine.

"1884" by Christina Rossetti
Original manuscript

GIVE UP SLIMMING MUM

My Mum
is short
and plump
and pretty
and I wish
she'd give up
slimming

So does Dad.

Her cooking's
delicious-
you can't
beat it-
but you really can
hardly bear
to eat it-
that way she sits
with her eyes
brimming,
watching you
polish off
the spuds
and trimings
while she
has nothing
herself but a small
thin dry
diet biscuit;
that's all.

My Mum
is short
and plump
and pretty
and I wish
she'd give up
slimming.

So does Dad.

She says she
looks as though
someone had
sat on her-
**BUT WE LIKE MUM
WITH A BIT
OF FAT ON HER!**

The poet...

Kit Wright



THE CAR TRIP

Mum says:
'Right, you two,
this is a very long car journey.
I want you two to be good.
I'm driving and I can't drive
properly
if you two are going mad in
the back.
Do you understand?'

So we say,
OK, Mum, OK. Don't worry,
and off we go.

And we start The Moaning:
Can I have a drink?
I want some crisps.
Can I open my window?
He's got my book.
Get off me.
Ow, that's my ear!

And Mum tries to be exciting:
'Look out the window
there's a lamp-post.'

And we go on with The Moaning:
Can I have a sweet?
He's sitting on me.
Are we nearly there?
Don't scratch.
You never tell him off.
Now he's biting his nails.
I want a drink. I want a drink.

And Mum tries to be exciting again:

'Look out the window
There's a tree.'
And we go on:
My hands are sticky.
He's playing with the door
handle now.
I feel sick.
Your nose is all runny.
Don't pull my hair.
He's touching me, Mum,
That's really dangerous, you know.
Mum, he's spitting.

And Mum says;
'Right I'm stopping the car.
I AM STOPPING THE CAR.'

She stops the car.

'Now, if you two don't stop it
I'm going to put you out of the car
and leave you by the side of the
road.'

He started it.
I didn't. He started it.
I'll don't care who started it
I can't drive properly
if you two go mad in the back.
Do you understand?'

And we say;
OK Mum, OK, don't worry.
Can I have a drink?

The poet...

Michael Rosen



INDIAN COOKING

The bottom of the pan was a palette
paprika, cayenne, dhania
haldi, heaped like powder-paints

Melted ghee made lakes, golden rivers.
The keema frying, my mother waited
for the fat to bubble to the surface.

Friends brought silver-leaf.
I dropped it on khir-
special rice pudding for parties. I tasted the landscape, customs
of my father's country -
its fever on biting at chillis.

Moniza Alvi, a Pakistani-British poet and writer, was born in Lahore, Pakistan, to a Pakistani father and a British mother.

Alvi moved to Hertfordshire in Britain when she was just a few months old. It is clear that Alvi's heritage was of great inspiration for this poem, and on writing about her roots, Alvi explains that she "found it was important to write the Pakistan poems because [she] was getting in touch with [her] background."

The poet...

Moniza Alvi



I LOVE ME MUDDER

I lover me mudder and me mudder love me
we come so far from over de sea
we heard dat de streets were paved with gold
sometime it hot sometime it cold,

I love me mudder and me mudder love me
we try fe live in harmony
you might know her as Valerie
but to me she is my mummy.

She shouts at me daddy so loud some time
she stays fit and she don't drink wine
she always do the best she can
she work damn hard down ina England,

She's always singing some kind of song
she have big muscles an she very very strong.
she likes pussy cats an she love cashew nuts
she don't bother with no ifs and buts.

I love me mudder and me mudder love me
we come so far from over de sea
we heard dat de streets were paved with gold
sometime it hot sometime it cold,

I love her and she love me too
and dis is a love I know is true
my family unit extends to you
loving each other is the ting to do

The poet...

Benjamin Zephaniah



WATCH YOUR FRENCH

When my mum tipped a panful of red-hot fat
Over her foot, she did quite a little chat,
And I won't tell you what she said
But it wasn't:
'Fancy that!
I must try in future to be far more careful
with this red-hot scalding fat!'

When my dad fell over and landed-splat!
With a trayful of drinks (he'd tripped over the cat)
I won't tell you what he said
But it wasn't:
'Fancy that!
I must try in future to be far more careful
To step round our splendid cat!'

When Uncle Joe brought me a cowboy hat
Back from the States, the dog stomped it flat,
And I won't tell you what I said
But Mum and Dad yelled;
'STOP THAT!
Where did you learn that appalling language?
Come on. Where?'
'I've no idea' I said,
'No idea.'

MANNERS

'Finbar, do you want some soup?'
Said Finbar's mother when he was two.
'No.' 'Not no, no thank you, mummy,
Is what you say, you know you do.'

'Finbar, it's time to go to bed.'
'No thank you, mummy,' Finbar said.

The poet...

Kit Wright



MOTHER, I LOVE YOU

Mother, I love you so,
Said the child, I love you more than I know.
She laid her head on her mother's arm,
And the love between them kept them warm.

The poet...

Stevie Smith



TO MY MOTHER

Most near, most dear, most loved and most far,
Under the window I often found her
Sitting as huge as Asia, seismic with laughter,
Gin and chicken helpless in her Irish hand,
Irresistible as Rabelais, but most tender for
The lame dogs and hurt birds that surround her
She is a procession no one can follow after
but be like a little dog following a brass band.

She will not glance up at the bomber, or condescend
To drop her gin and scuttle to a cellar,
But lean on the mahogany table like a mountain
whom only faith can move, and so I send
O all my faith, and all my love to tell her
that she will move from mourning into morning.

The poet...

George Barker



MOTHER

Midwife and artist, Granada, West Indies

M is for mother, so thoughtful, kind and true
O is for other, none other is like you
T stands for thanks a million
H for hugs and hush-hush lullabies, that calmed me down to sleep
E is for everything you sacrificed for me
R reminds me mother dear, that you're the greatest
Really, you are
Happy Mother's Day mom!

The poem above is an example of an acrostic. This is when the first letter (or sometimes the first syllable or word) of each line spells out a word, message or the alphabet. Acrostics can be used as a memory device for certain words, or as a dedication to another person, as seen above; each letter represents its own sentiment to the poet's mother.

MUM IS HAVING A BABY!

Mum is having a baby!
I'm shocked! I'm all at sea!
What's she want another one for:
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME!?

The poet...

Colin McNaughton



THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR MOTHER

My mother goes all weird
When friends come round to tea
She's always nicer to the friend
Than she ever is to me
We have to eat at table
We have to wash our hands
And have grown-up conversations
About summer holiday plans

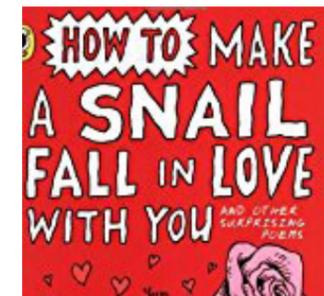
The dog stays in the garden
'case he slobbers on the guests
And Mum says something really dumb
Like 'Have you changed your vest?'
Also she puts her phone voice on
the one she thinks sounds nice
The toilet's suddenly the 'loo'
Our house becomes a 'hice'

Before you've finished eating
She'll whisk away your plate
then get your baby photos out
the ones you really hate
She goes all hip and trendy
Asks them, 'Who're your favourite bands?'
You watch your friends in horror
Become putty in her hands

Before you even know it
cos they think your mum's so cool
You'll be sitting down to tea each day
With half the flipping school.

The poet...

Lindsay MacRae



Book Cover

I ASK MY MOTHER TO SING

She begins, and my grandmother joins her.
Mother and daughter sing like young girls.
If my father were alive, he would play
his accordion and sway like a boat.

I've never been in Peking, or the Summer Palace,
nor stood on the great Stone Boat to watch
the rain begin on Kuen Ming Lake, the picnickers
running away from the grass.

But I love to hear it sung;
how the waterlilies fill with rain until
they overturn, spilling water into water,
then rock back, and fill with more.

Both women have begun to cry.
But neither stops her song

The poet...

Li-Young-Lee



BUTTERFLY

In my mother's house
There's a photograph
Of a day gone past
Always makes me laugh
There's a little girl
Wary of the world
She got much to learn
Get her fingers burned
An infinity
Between you and me
'Cause we're family
Yeah, said that I'd be fine
Give me all your time
And I left your side
Like a butterfly

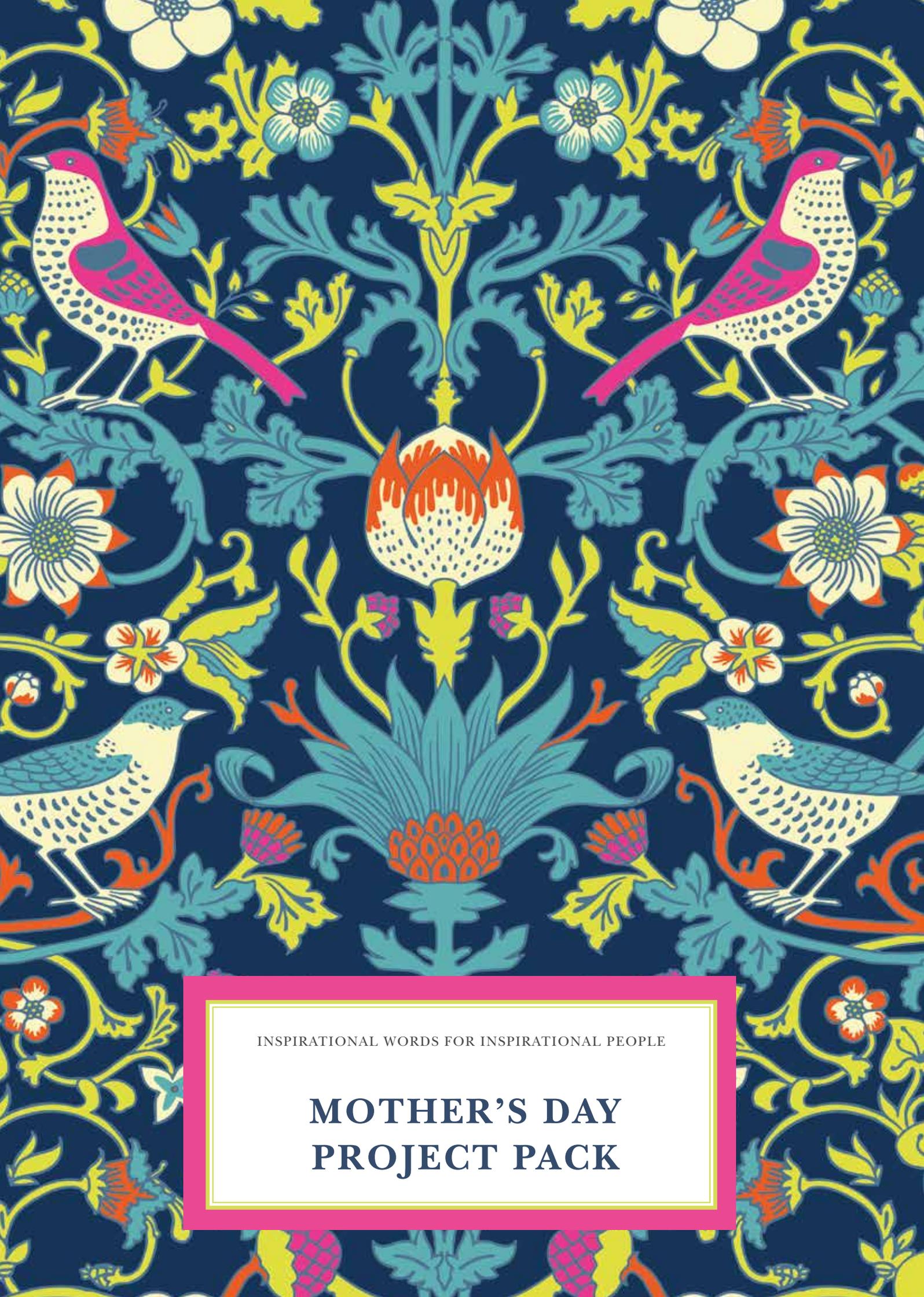
Shower me with your love
All of everyday
You make the milk, gold sun shine on me
Lift me up so high
Watch me fly away
Would you give me life
Like a butterfly?

In my mother's house
There was happiness
I ride myself in it
Was my chrysalis
As my life unfolds
See a pattern through
Of you protecting me
And I protecting you
What was that you'd say?
"Make your own mistakes"
And when you would
Make sure that you remain the same
Now I realize
What was on your mind
When I left your side
Like a butterfly?

The singer...

Corinne Bailey-Rae





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