

# Stretching your pitch margins with children's poetry:

## Heaps of Stuff

by Pam Ayers



**Practice saying this poem with pacing, rhythm and word stress. Try not to stress the rhyming words.**

How I wish that I was tidy; how I wish that I was neat,  
How I wish I was methodical like others down our street.  
I tried to stem the rising tide, I tried to hold it back,  
But I have been the victim of a heap of stuff attack.

Yes, heaps of stuff come creeping and they clutter up the hall.  
And heaps of stuff are softly climbing halfway up the wall.  
At each end of the staircase is a giant heap, a stack:  
One to carry up the stairs and one to carry back.

In a heap of stuff invasion, they settle everywhere!  
They grovel on the lino, they tower on the chair.  
You're searching for a jacket: "Is it in here?" you shout,  
And, opening the cupboard door, a heap of stuff falls out.

But heaps are many-faceted, and heaps are multi-faced  
And what a heap is made of will depend on where it's placed.  
Now if it's in the passage, it is mostly boots and shoes,  
And if it's on the sofa, it is magazines and news.

If it's in the shed, it's broken propagating frames,  
And if it's in the bathroom, well, it's best to say no names,  
And if it's in the bedroom - your own and not the guest's -  
The heap of stuff is mostly made of socks and shirts and vests.

For a heap is indestructible: it's something you can't fight.  
If you split it up by day, it joins back up at night!

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So cunningly positioned as from room to room you trek,  
Increasing all the chances that you trip and break your neck.

But step into my parlour now I've forced the door ajar;  
I'll excavate an easy chair - just cling there where you are.  
Together, we'll survey it till our eyes they feast enough  
On the tidiest home in England underneath the heaps of stuff.