

JOHN SIDDIQUE

*Don't Wear It On Your Head,  
Don't Stick It Down Your Pants*

JOHN SIDDIQUE is a Poet who was born in the North of England, He likes good stories, and he likes meeting people who are individuals, he loves salty & sour foods, he can't live without music. He works both in the UK and abroad, reading, talking about and teaching poetry. He works a great deal with schools and young people of all types, and he has had many residencies and commissions all over the world. His poems have appeared in loads of anthologies and magazines. He currently lives in West Yorkshire.

Also by John Siddique

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JOHN  
SIDDIQUE

*Don't Wear It On  
Your Head, Don't Stick  
It Down Your Pants*

*Poems for Young People*



CHILDREN'S POETRY LIBRARY  
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*For A.J. Rose, Simon, Efion & Euan*



## CONTENTS

<i>A Word from the Poet</i>	xi
Which Way Round is the Truth	I
Lovely Day	2
Moon Insomnia	3
Head	4
Snowfall	5
Inside In	6
Apples	8
Nostril	9
Family	10
Wrong Day	11
Cat & Mat	13
Our Town	14
Love	15
Dinner Ladies	16
Habitual Family List	17
Heybrook Stream Where I Used to Play	18
Gossip	19
Bedtime	20
Poet	22
Shopping Day	23
Head for Tomorrow	25
My Own Teacher	26
Growing Pains	27

Making it Up	28
Don't Wear It On YR Head, Don't Stick It Down YR Pants	29
A Small Poem Called Vengeance	32
Teacher	33
In Our Family	34
A Poem for the People Who Taught Me	35
Haikus of the Seasons	37
Helping Out	38
My Body, My Mind and Me	39
Rage Thinks About Itself	41
Inside the Shell	42
Skanda Kartikeya	43
Snow, Rain, and Sun	44
Memory Photo #1	45
Memory Photo #2	46
Memory Photo #3	47
Monsoon Season	48
Born Here	49
Unexpected Guests	50
<i>Poetry Extra</i>	53
<i>John's Top Tips to be a Good Poetry Reader</i>	58
<i>How to be a Poet</i>	60

## A WORD FROM THE POET

*Hello*

It's a good word isn't?

Thanks, is another good word, so thank you for reading my book. I am very proud of it especially the poem with the underpants in. I am very fond all of these poems because they were all written for young people in schools. A lot of them have great memories attached to them; of time spent in schools all over the country, laughing my socks off and getting help from young people with many of the details which help make the poems live.

Poetry thrives in schools. It is one of the most important places for poetry, which nearly all children seem to like at your age. I don't know what happens later to make people go off poetry, so that's where I come in, I try to keep poetry fresh and alive, as it is one of the most wonderful living parts of our language. It paints pictures deep inside us where other ways of

using words can't go. So YEAH for poetry! YEAH to you for picking this book up! I hope I can show you some things, which excite you and make you want to have fun with language, make you want to value the amazing tool of words and communication.

Thanks

JOHN SIDDIQUE

*Don't Wear It On Your  
Head, Don't Stick It  
Down Your Pants*



‘All I want of you  
is that you shall achieve your own beauty  
as the flowers do.’

—D.H. LAWRENCE



WHICH WAY ROUND IS THE  
TRUTH

The child that makes the parents.  
The night that makes the day.  
The cloud that makes the sky.  
The marbles that make the play.

The skin that makes the colour.  
The dark that makes the light.  
The moon that makes the sun.  
The wrong that makes the right.

The flight that makes the bird.  
The poem that makes the life.  
The cold that makes the heat.  
The song that makes the words.

JOHN SIDDIQUE

## LOVELY DAY

It's a beautiful day  
We go out to run  
Lift up our arms, say YEAH  
Lift up our faces to the sun  
It feels like we're on holiday  
We've only just begun  
It's a beautiful day

## MOON INSOMNIA

I eyed the moon right in the eyeball,  
faced her face straight on in her fullness.  
Her full face makes the tide flow.  
Her full face makes the seeds under the soil  
crack and split and root and grow.

I eyed the moon to see what she was saying.  
My mouth shaping the words like her mouth,  
she isn't saying anything, she has a dark side.  
Her full face makes shapes become gargoyles,  
squint and stare and try to imagine.

I eyed the moon until I could not sleep.  
Face full of her, head full of her.  
Her full face makes my mind glow.  
Her full face heats my thoughts like oil,  
rainbows, moonbows, where did the night go?

HEAD

Two eyes  
Two ears  
One nose  
One mouth  
One skin  
One head  
Same as everyone else

Two eyes  
Two ears  
One nose  
One mouth  
One skin  
One head  
Different from everyone else

## SNOWFALL

It snowed last Christmas day where I live,  
so we went up the hill opposite  
while everyone else sat inside  
with their grannies and their uncles,  
and the red lipstick wearing aunties  
who give scary red kisses. Everyone was eating,  
and talking, and eating and steaming up their  
windows. Repeating little worlds of families  
from house to house to house.

We went up the hill in the snow,  
there was no sound, everyone's inside.  
Those without families were doing what they do,  
even the silence of alone seems noisy.

The snow makes it all quiet.  
Away from the windows, away from the dinner,  
there is a blanket over the earth, the air is scrubbed  
clean, and nothing is moving.

I wish it would snow for a year, and the telly breaks.  
Then the radio goes off, and we forget to talk,  
and we get a year of this crispy breathing quiet.

## INSIDE IN

We wear skin all over our bodies,  
on our heads and on our feet,  
on our hands, and on our backs.  
We have skin to keep our insides in.

We sun our skin, and soap our skin,  
perfume it and stroke the cat with it.  
Sometimes its itchy, sometimes it gets sore.  
We need our skin to keep our insides in.

Some people don't like their skins  
they say it makes them look too fat,  
but really it's the fat that does that.  
Some people try to change their skins  
from white to brown, or brown to white,  
pink to pale so that others might like them.

Some people don't like their skin  
they say it makes them look too thin,  
but really its being skinny that does that.  
Some people love their skins, they scrub it,  
steam it, oil it, cream it, tan it, shave it,  
cover it, so that they can like themselves.

*Don't Wear It On Your Head . . .*

Skin lets the world come in. Nerve endings  
bustling with life. Hot in the sun, wet in the rain,  
the grain of the wood, a splinter OW! PAIN.  
The touch of a face, holding a hand. Skin, skin,  
it wraps around our lives to keep our insides in.

APPLES

A cold apple from the dish.  
Crunch through its green.  
Juice runs sweetly and sourly  
in my mouth and down my chin.  
Fingers grow sticky, I lick them clean.

## NOSTRIL

I love the word nostril,  
I say it many ways.  
I have even been known to sing it  
to the sound of Beethoven's 5th symphony.

I love what nostrils do,  
breathe in the air, provide bogies to dig for,  
but best of all they let you smell.

Smell the breakfast cooking.  
Smell the petrol at the garage.  
Smell the tar as they fix the road.  
Smell the memories in burning wood.

## FAMILY

We were not born under the same roof,  
Not made from the same gene pool.  
We don't like the same things,  
don't think the same way.  
We argue, and talk, and talk.  
It's simply as complicated as this:  
we are family.

## WRONG DAY

I dipped the baby in the bath  
to make sure the water wasn't too hot,  
so I wouldn't burn my elbow.

It was midnight,  
the sun was blazing down,  
I put on my jumper.

On the empty hillside there were a million trees  
I sat down and made a sandwich  
from leaves and stones. It was lovely.

Poured myself  
a nice hat of tea  
from a chocolate teapot.

It got really dark  
so I turned out the light  
to see where I was going.

It was raining cows and bats,  
so I put on my shoes  
and went for a swim.

Woke up with a finish,  
looked at my sundial,  
it was early  
I should be going home.

I took the express pig,  
it goes round all the houses,  
But the pig got a flat tyre,  
so I fixed it with my trouser leg.

As I walked up the garden  
I noticed the carpet needed mowing,  
and that the cheese was still  
drying on the line.

Yesterday will be better  
I'm sure it will,  
tomorrow was just too weird,  
these days can make you fat.

## CAT & MAT

The cat sat on the chair.  
The cat sat on the table.  
The cat sat in between the plants  
on the windowsill.

The cat sat on the newspaper.  
The cat sat on the cushion.  
The cat sat on the shelf watching  
my goldfish swimming.

What about the mat?  
The cat and the mat?  
We haven't got a mat,  
we've got a wooden floor.

## OUR TOWN

Our town is a grainy film.  
Our town is busy.  
Our town is red and black.  
Our town is yellow and brown.

Our town is packed, busy,  
chocka, rammed, stuffed,  
swelling, blocked, mad,  
restless, humming, rushed,  
full to the brim,  
crowded, bustling, *INSANE*  
on Sunday and Saturday.

Our town is full of empty houses  
during the week.

In our town everyone talks to everyone,  
it can sometimes take an hour to  
get along the street.

Our town is full of talkers.  
Our town is full of plans.

## LOVE

I will be the friend who will always see you right,  
tell you I love you, even if you're being a twit.

I will hold your heart when its been ripped out.  
I whisper to you to help the days move along.

I will leave kisses on your pillow.  
I will wipe the blood from your hands  
when you have fallen hard.

Sometimes I'm a fool and I don't help  
you like I should.  
Sometimes I'm just not enough.

Sometimes you just don't understand  
that love is a two way thing,  
I try to take up any slack.

Like a bud, becomes blossom, becomes seed.  
Like chocolate only I don't make you fat.  
I'm a midnight feast, a rustling duvet, a solid fact.  
I keep on trying for you, to give you what you need.