

‘when your teacher asks you to write a poem about ‘play’ by Patrick H. (4ths)

Oh, *Snap*.

I'm *Scrabbling* around for ideas,

But I guess this isn't in my *Lexicon*.

I just haven't got a *Clue*.

I'll try to *Map(ominoes)* out a plan

I need to *Bridge* the gap.

It's only a first *Draughts* -

Just *Dobble* down and see what happens.

It's a *Rummy* job,

Trying to write an *Ingenious* poem.

It's a game of *Catan*¹-mouse.

My brain's gone *Ker-Plunk*.

I've dug myself into a *Pit* now.

I haven't even got *Uno* idea.

It's a great *Frustration*, honestly,

So I might as well *Go*.

I'm terribly *Sorry*,

But *No Thanks*.

I can't even *Connect Four* words.

This will be my *Downfall*.

Better *Coppit* I guess.

Can't really *Continuo*.

I have a mental *Blok(us)*

I'll just have to play my *Trump Card*.