



Poem from *Werewolf Club Rules* by Joseph Coelho

Dada's Stories

*Dada has stories from Calcutta
wrapped up in his big belly.
When he belched they would unravel.*

*Like the lady who gathered the water
in a pot by a river's melting thaw.
The villagers found her head rolling,
swiped off by a foul tiger's paw.*

*Dada had stories from Tibet
wound in the red flecks of his hair.
When he brushed it they'd fall out.*

*Like the pets hidden in his bedclothes
as he slept in the school at night,
found dead when he woke in the morning,
He'd slept holding them too tight.*

*Dada had stories from Goa,
locked in the tattoos on his arms.
When he moved they would speak.*

*like the ponds he swam in when young,
with waters so murky and deep.
The weeds that grew within them,
that tugged as they wrapped round his feet.*

*Dada had stories from London
etched in the lines of his eyes.
When he cried they'd drip down.*

*Like the parties where he danced to Elvis,
shaking his hips and jet black hair,
the food cooked for the family,
the winnings he hoped to ensnare.*

*Dada had stories within him
that he took to his grave.*

*Stories that I try to honour,
that I recall when I need to be brave.*



Responding to the poem

What do you think the poem is about? Underline or highlight any words in the text that help you to work out the meaning.

Who do you think the 'I' is in the poem? Why do you think that?

What messages might the poet be trying to be giving us through this poem?

Do you like this poem? Why/why not?

Create a piece of art in response to this poem.

