

HAPPY

- INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY -

8th March



Take a Poet Week

AT COLYTON WE HAVE BEEN STUDYING FEMALE
POETS.

EACH CLASS LOOKED AT A DIFFERENT,
INFLUENTIAL FEMALE POET AS PART OF TAKE A
POEM WEEK.

THEY THEN USED THEIR POEMS AS INSPIRATION
TO WRITE THEIR OWN.

WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THEM!



Year R & 1



Christina Rossetti

Born	5 December 1830 London, England
Died	29 December 1894 (aged 64) London, England
Occupation	Poet



<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/zv7qwt>

Hurt No Living Thing

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird, nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

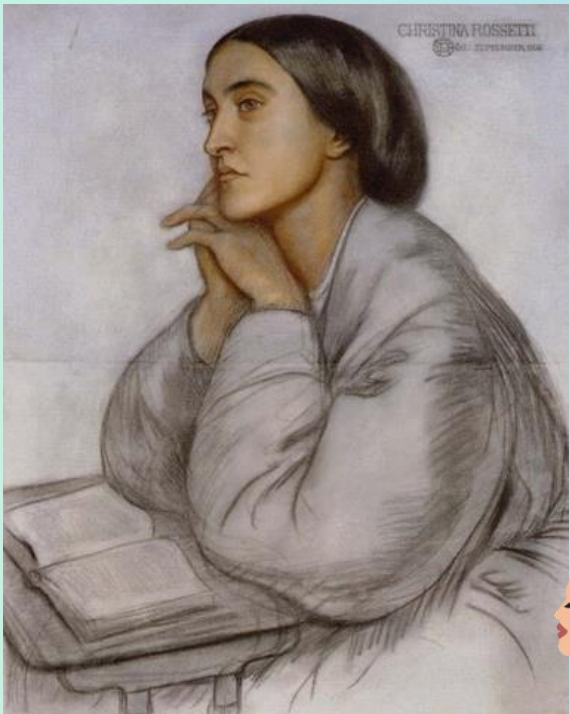
Is the Moon Tired?

Is the moon tired? She looks so pale
Within her Misty veil;
She scales the sky from East to West,
And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night
The moon shows papery white;
Before the dawning of the day,
She fades away.

WHAT DOES THE BEE DO? by Christina Rossetti

What does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
And what does Father do?
Bring home money.
And what does Mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.



Color
BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
What is pink? a rose is pink
By a fountain's brink.
What is red? a poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? the sky is blue
Where the clouds float thro'.
What is white? a swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? pears are
yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? the grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!



What is pink?

A rose is pink. 

What is red?

A poppy is red. 

What is blue?

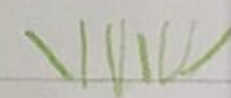
The sky is blue.



What is orange?

A carrot is orange. 

What is green?

The grass is green. 

What is yellow?

The sun is yellow.



by Reception

what is Red?

what is red?

A Watermelon is red.

what is orange?
A tiger is orange.

what is blue?
The sea is blue.

What is green?
A Cabbage is green.

what is purple?
A lavender is purple.

what is red?



What is A Red?
An apple is red.

What is orange?
A jelly is orange.



What is yellow?
The sun is yellow.



What is green?
A clover is green.



What is blue?
A sapphire is blue.



What is purple?
Grapes are purple.



What is red

What is red?

An apple is red.



What is orange?

A carrot is orange.

What is yellow?

A lemon is yellow.



What is green?

A leaf is green.

What is blue?

A blue berry is blue.



What is purple?

A grape is purple.



What is red?
A apple is red.

What is orange?
A carrot is orange.

What is yellow?
A lemon is yellow.



What is red?

What is red?
A lollypop is red.

What is orange?
A jelly is orange.

What is yellow?
The sun is yellow.

What is green?
A leaf is green.

What is blue?
The sea is blue.

What is purple?
A violet is purple.



What is red?

What is red?
An apple

What is blue?

A blueberry is blue.

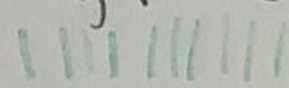


What is Red?

What is red? 
An apple is red.

What is orange? 
A carrot is orange.

What is yellow? The sun
The sun is yellow. 

What is green?
The grass is green. 

What is blue?
The sea is blue. 

What is purple?
An aubergine. 

What is Red?

What is red?
A fire is red. 

What is orange?
The sun is orange. 

What is yellow?
The stars are yellow. 

What is green?
A pear is green. 

What is blue?
The sky is blue. 

What is purple?
An aubergine is purple. 

What is red?



What is red?

A ladybird is red.

What is orange?

A leg is orange.

What is yellow?

A sunflower is yellow.



What is green?

An apple is green.



by

What is red?

What is red?
A rose is red.

What is orange?

A carrot is orange.



Wh q t i s Red ? 

Wh d i s Red ?

A h a b i e s r e d .

W h b i e s

A e l r n o u i s o r e d ?

What is Red ?
What is Red ?
A rose is red .



What is orange ?
An apple is orange .



What is red? A
strawberry is red.

What is pink?

A pencil is pink.

What is orange?
An orange is orange.

What is blue?

A blueberry is blue.

What is green?
The grass is green.



Year 1 & 2

Emily Dickinson

Born	December 10, 1830 Amherst, Massachusetts, U.S.
Died	May 15, 1886 (aged 55) Amherst, Massachusetts, U.S.
Occupation	Poet



THE SQUIRREL

WHISKY FRISKY,
HIPPIITY HOP,
UP HE GOES
TO THE TREE TOP!

WHIRLY, TWIRLY,
ROUND AND ROUND
DOWN HE SCAMPERS
TO THE GROUND.

FURLY, CURLY,
WHAT A TAIL!
TALL AS A FEATHER
BROAD AS A SAIL

EXPERIMENT TO ME
IS EVERY ONE I MEET.
IF IT CONTAIN A KERNEL?
THE FIGURE OF A NUT

PRESENTS UPON A TREE,
EQUALLY PLAUSIBLY;
BUT MEAT WITHIN IS
REQUISITE,
TO SQUIRRELS AND TO ME.



A BIRD CAME DOWN THE WALK

A BIRD CAME DOWN THE WALK:
HE DID NOT KNOW I SAW;
HE BIT AN ANGLE-WORM IN HALVES
AND ATE THE FELLOW, RAW.

AND THEN HE DRANK A DEW
FROM A CONVENIENT GRASS,
AND THEN HOPPED SIDEWISE TO THE WALL
TO LET A BEETLE PASS.

HE GLANCED WITH RAPID EYES
THAT HURRIED ALL ABROAD,-
THEY LOOKED LIKE FRIGHTENED BEADS, I THOUGHT;
HE STIRRED HIS VELVET HEAD

LIKE ONE IN DANGER; CAUTIOUS,
I OFFERED HIM A CRUMB,
AND HE UNROLLED HIS FEATHERS
AND ROWED HIM SOFTER HOME

THAN OARS DIVIDE THE OCEAN,
TOO SILVER FOR A SEAM,
OR BUTTERFLIES, OFF BANKS OF NOON,
LEAP, SPLASHLESS, AS THEY SWIM.

the squirrel

FLIP FLOP Lick bdy

WIP ~~stop~~ Mddp

Uphe gorse to the
tree top! WISKY FRISKY

round and round UP down

How ~~sure~~ it is to
be a squirrel, it is

I LOVE squirrels
they are cute.

FROM

The Squirrel

WISKY, FRISKY

Hippity, Hop, up he
goes to the tree top!

WIRLY, TRIRY,
round and round,
and all around
up down when he
does it he falls on
the ground!

When he falls

he hears a crunch and
and with a bunch of nuts

The Squirrel

wicked

wicked & wicked

hippy hop up he

goes To the treetop

GICT Chact

Whipt snapt

hont the xloo

The squirrel

didn't simply

tip it off his

Apple & goes

to the tree

top! Whirls

twirls

Round and

round to

the ground

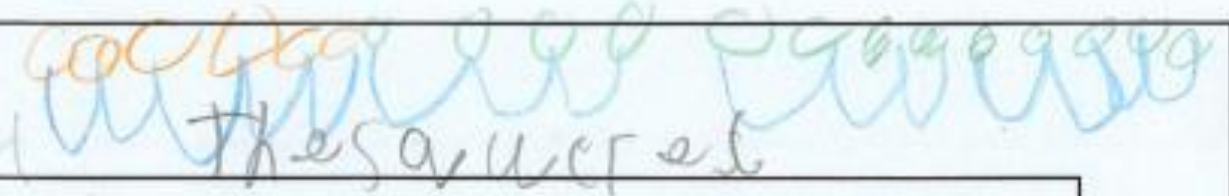
Fuller curls

What a ~~bad~~

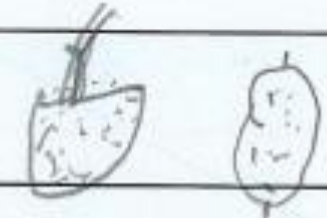
tail! Tail as

a feather

slow as a snail!



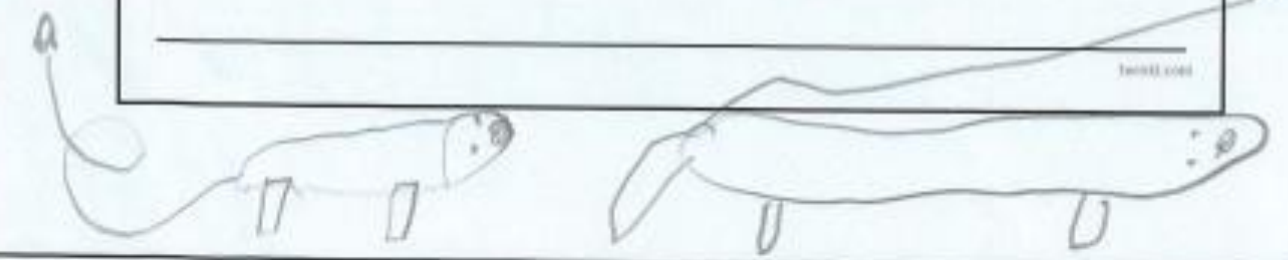
the answer is
that the animal
he does not flip
up he goes to the top
flipping flop on
the tree top they
can hold up the
found down he
scampers to the
ground.

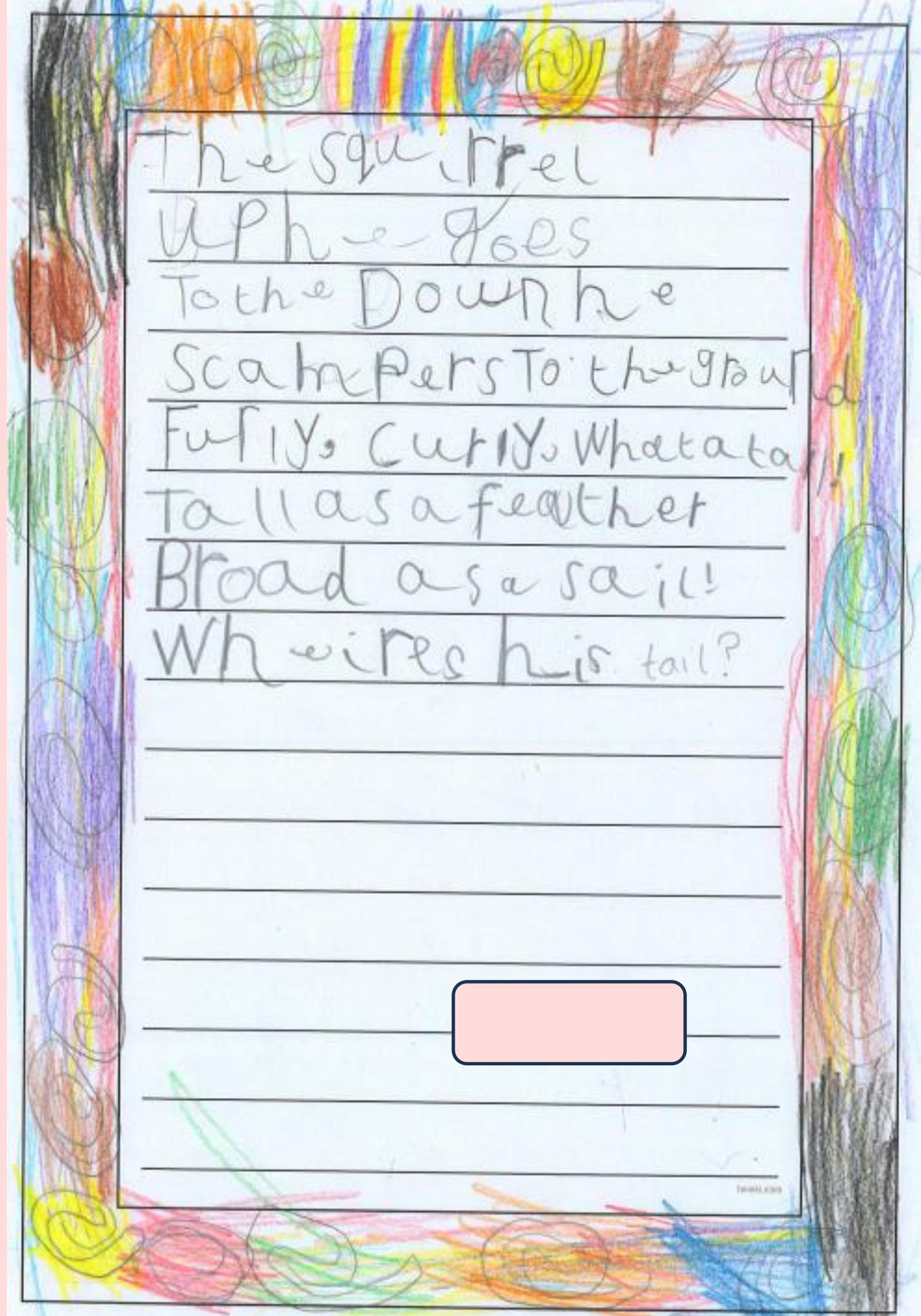
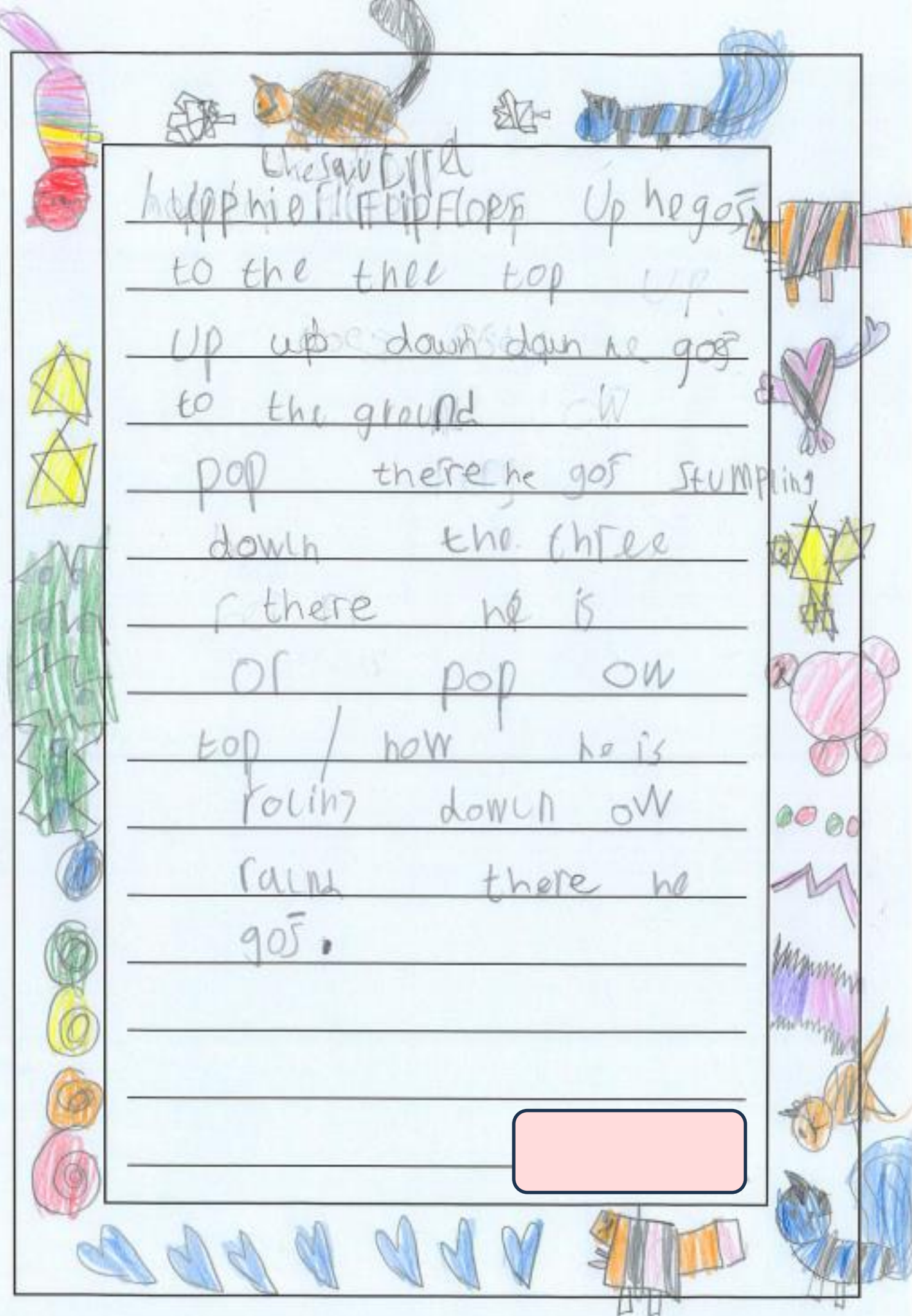


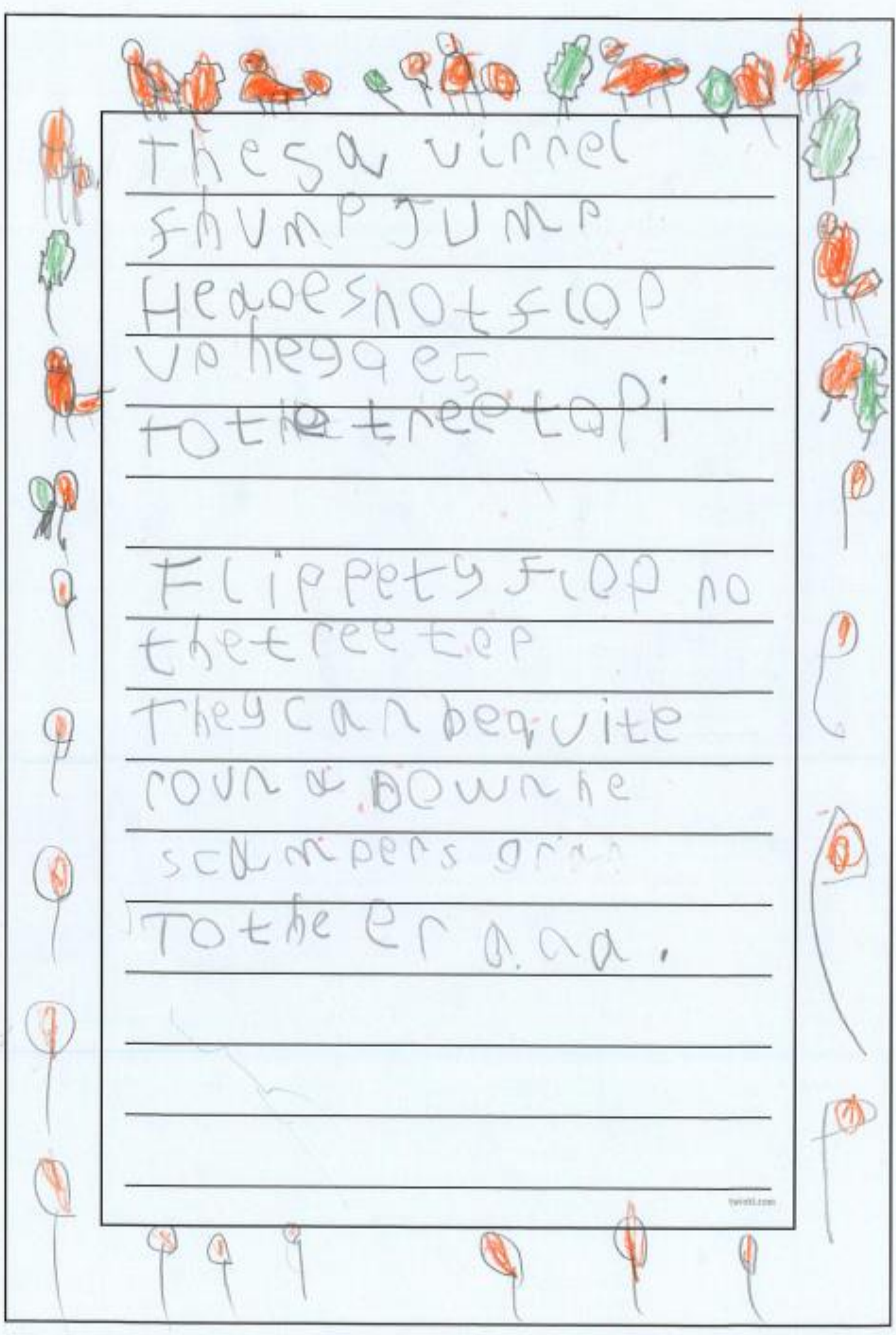
the squirrel

quickly flipping flop up
he goes to the top
quickly found down he
scampers to the ground
flipping flop on the tree top

half way round the tree
to the ground



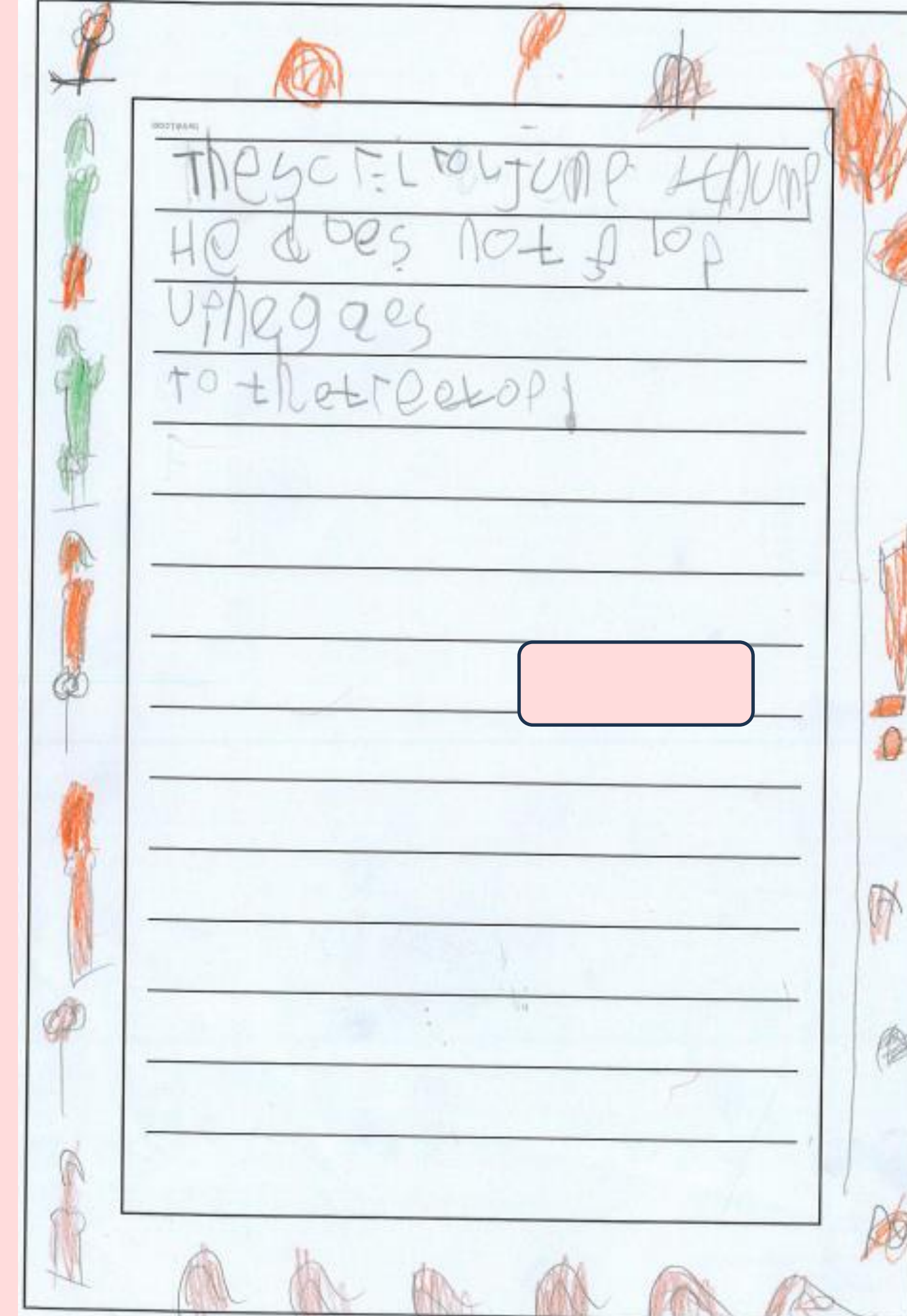




These animals
SAUMP JUMP
He does not stop
up he goes
to the tree top

FLIPPETY FLOP no
the tree top

They can be quite
round & down he
scampers down
to the ground.



These animals jump & jump
He does not stop
up he goes
to the tree top

The Squirrel
Kneel, Squirrel ~~hand~~ doesn't
care

he doesn't

care up he goes

to the hole SS

desert at top!

Nicely Flip

on the hole SS

desert at top

they will be

Pretty Speedy

up he will go

to the desert

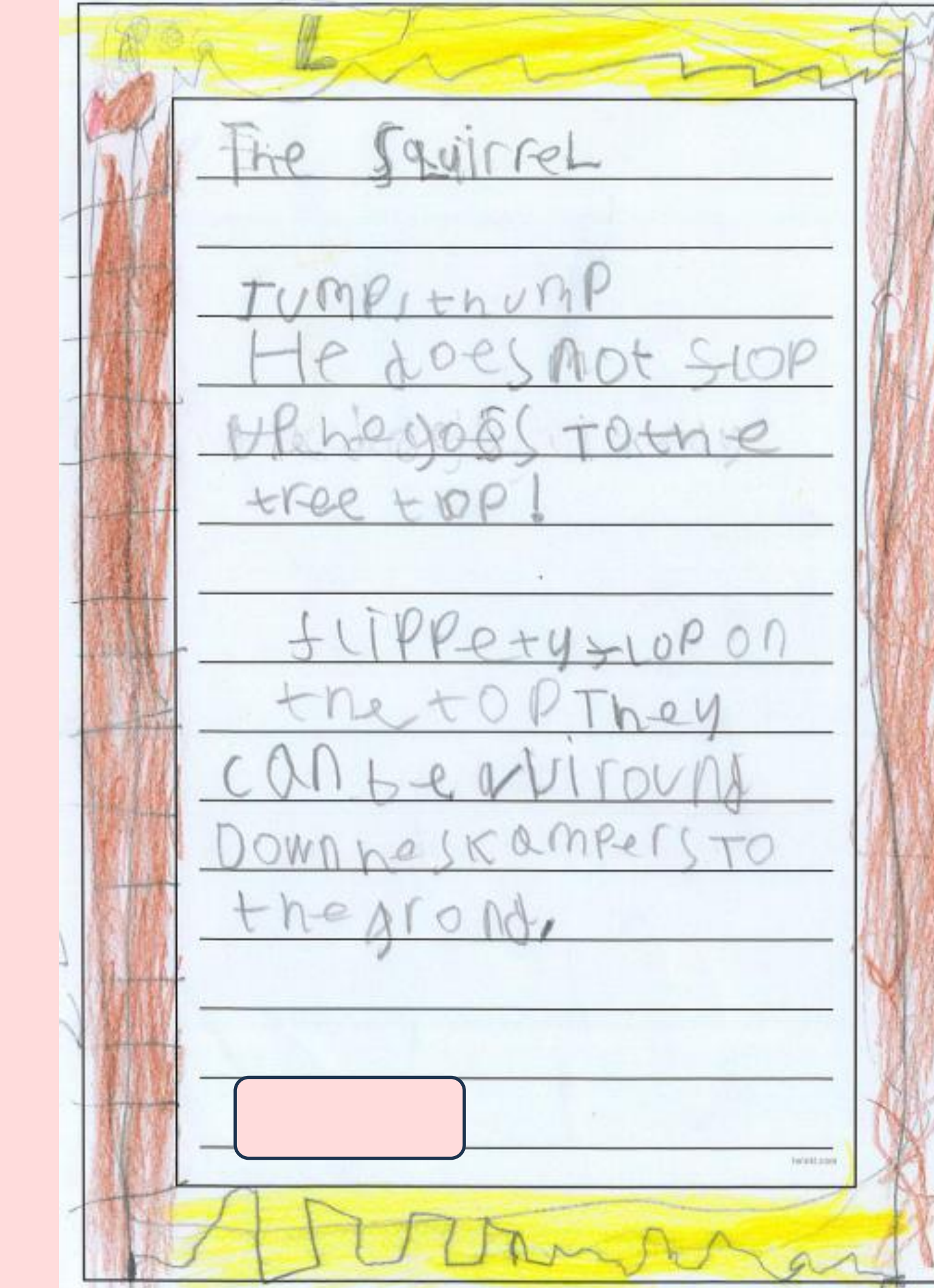
at top!

they will
Hill Country flop
up he goes at the top
flippety flop

The Squirrel

Flippety Flop

Up he goes to the top

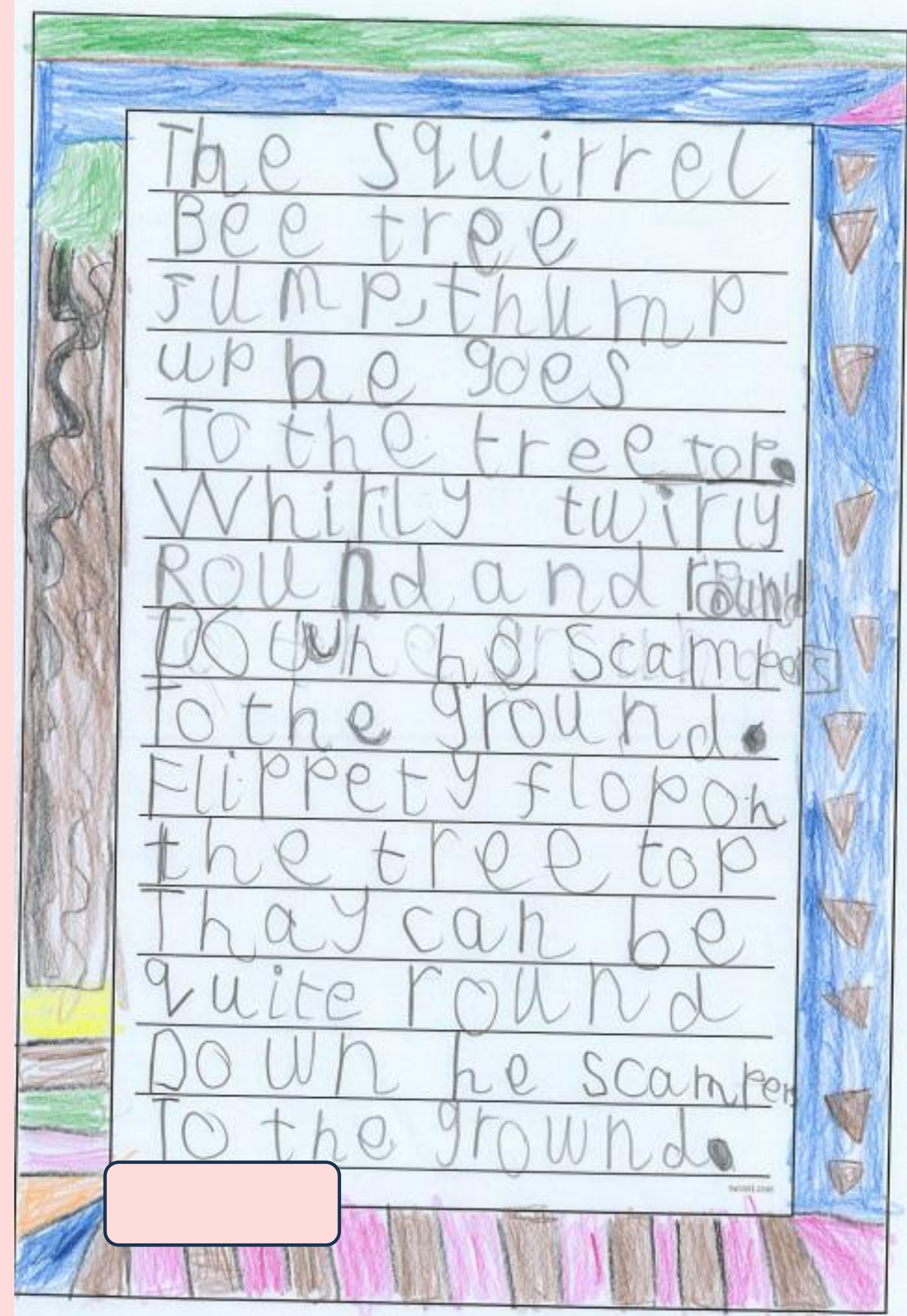


The Squirrel

Jump, thump

He does not stop
When he goes to the
tree top!

Flippety flop on
the top. They
can be all round
Down he scampers to
the ground.



The Squirrel
Bee tree
Jump, thump
When he goes
To the tree top.
Whirly twirly
Round and round
Down he scampers
To the ground.
Flippety flop on
the tree top
They can be
quite round
Down he scampers
To the ground.

The squirrel
thump
he does not
stop UP he goes
to the tree top!

flipperly flop on
the tree top
they are amite ro
down he scampers
to the ground.

another

The Sawilfel

well bell

he went up a flop

UP he goes

To the tree top!

Well sel

on the top top

They can be quite

round

dan he scampers TO the

scand

The sawi Vrel
Wiski - FRESKY
Hegost The
struet of AX
and both e grand

The sawi Vrel
saw he has
in the tree

Thump Jump

On the tree top

Up he goes

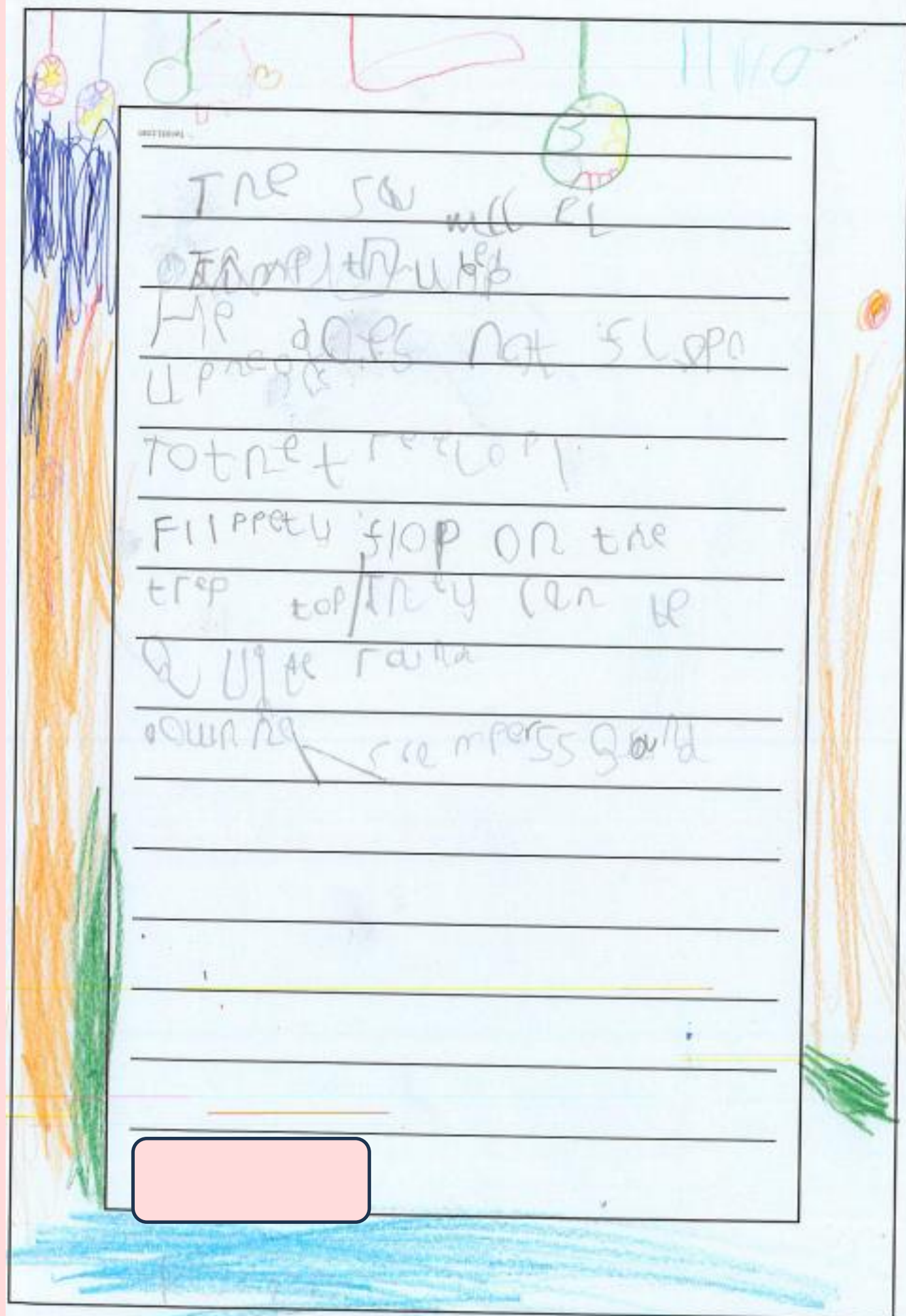
But he does not flap

The scullipped
ipertopy sally cap up he ges
to the tree top! Hard, but
he has sand, down he scampers to
the ground. Under, gandy
about a tail tall as a seater
brood as a sail! Where's
his nut? has he lost it;
shapty, crackty, out it sell!

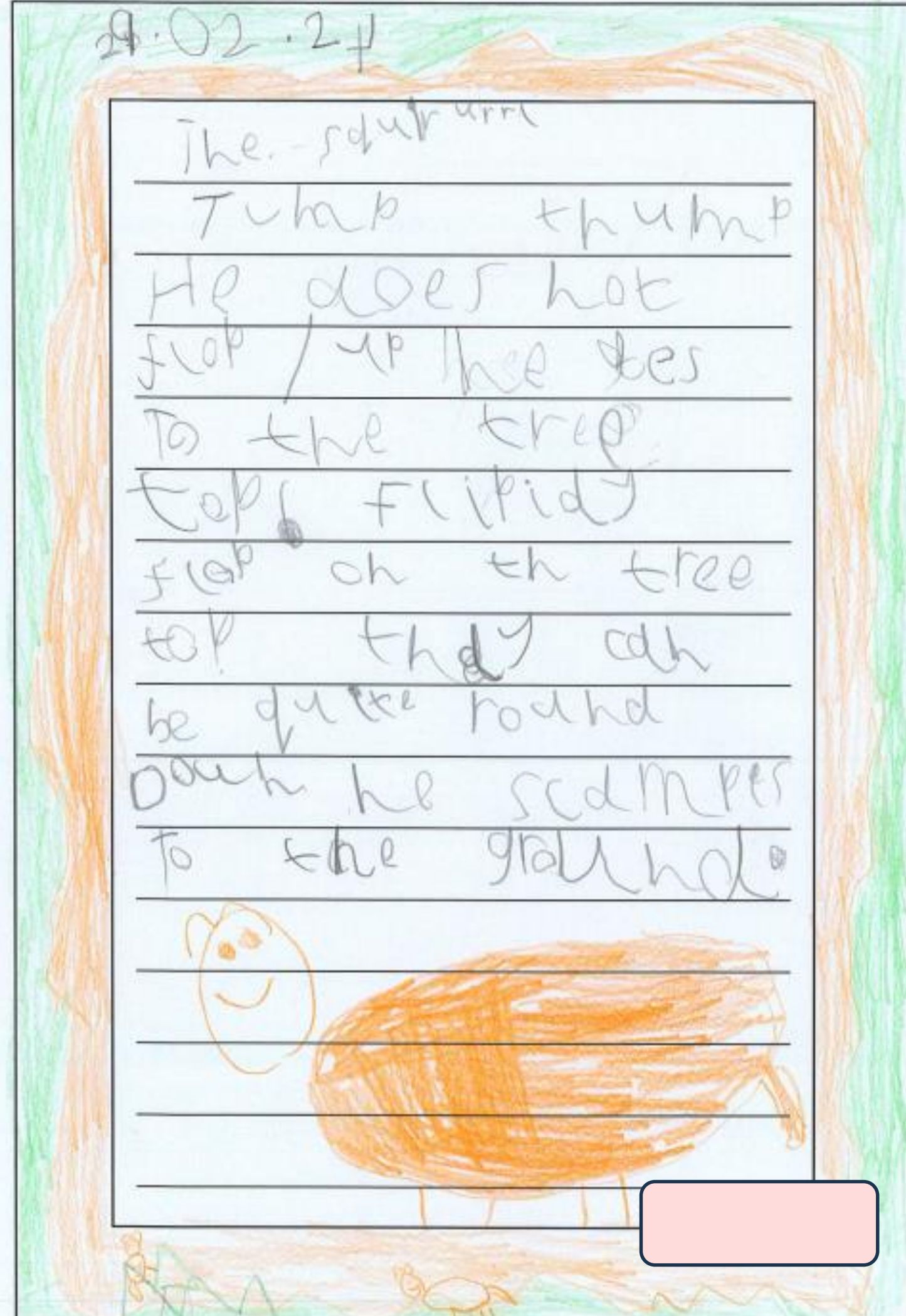
Author

The Squirrel

Jump thump He
does not stop
up he goes to the
treetop!



THE SW will EL
The squirrel
He does not slop
up
To the tree
flipper slop on the
tree top/they can be
quite rare
down the squirrel's tail



2.02.24

The squirrel
Tuhap thump
He does not
slop / up the tree
to the tree
top flipper
slop on the tree
top they can
be quite rare
down he scampers
to the ground



The squirrel
Thump thump
Thump thump

He does not stop

up he goes

to the treetop

Flippity flop on the
tree top. They can be
a white round

Down he scampers

To the ground

The squirrel
Bee tree

Thump thump on
the hive and
he does not stop
up he goes to
the tree top!

flitty flop on
the tree top
they can be
a white round
one he scampers
to the ground

The Squirrel

Jump up

Jump up

Jump up

Jump up

Jump up!

Li pper stop on the
top of P

The squirrel

DOWN the DOWN the SK

me ST to the ground

The Squirrel

Be a tree.

They don't drop

Up he goes

To the tree top!

Quickly, quickly

Up he goes round

down he scampers

To the ground

Across the ground

along the trail

Fall as a feather

Bounce as a ball

Twirly, whirly

up the shell

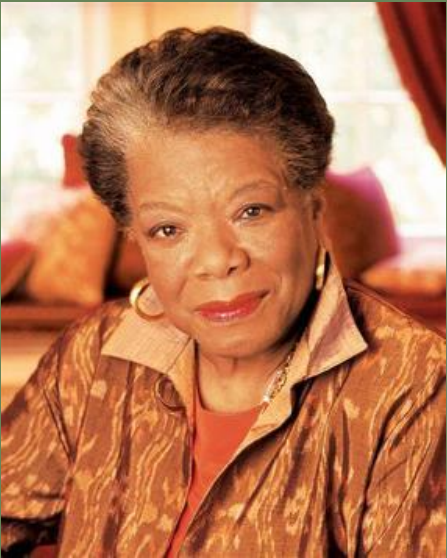
snappy, crackity

but it gell.



Year 3 & 4





Born	Marguerite Annie Johnson April 4, 1928 St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.
Died	May 28, 2014 (aged 86)
Occupation	Writerpoetcivil rights activist
Period	1951–2014



STILL I RISE
BY MAYA ANGELOU
YOU MAY WRITE ME DOWN IN HISTORY
WITH YOUR BITTER, TWISTED LIES,
YOU MAY TROD ME IN THE VERY DIRT
BUT STILL, LIKE DUST, I'LL RISE.

DOES MY SASSINESS UPSET YOU?
WHY ARE YOU BESET WITH GLOOM?
'CAUSE I WALK LIKE I'VE GOT OIL WELLS
PUMPING IN MY LIVING ROOM.

JUST LIKE MOONS AND LIKE SUNS,
WITH THE CERTAINTY OF TIDES,
JUST LIKE HOPES SPRINGING HIGH,
STILL I'LL RISE.

DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME BROKEN?
BOWED HEAD AND LOWERED EYES?
SHOULDERS FALLING DOWN LIKE TEARDROPS,
WEAKENED BY MY SOULFUL CRIES?

DOES MY HAUGHTINESS OFFEND YOU?
DON'T YOU TAKE IT AWFUL HARD
'CAUSE I LAUGH LIKE I'VE GOT GOLD MINES
DIGGIN' IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

YOU MAY SHOOT ME WITH YOUR WORDS,
YOU MAY CUT ME WITH YOUR EYES,
YOU MAY KILL ME WITH YOUR HATEFULNESS,
BUT STILL, LIKE AIR, I'LL RISE.

DOES MY SEXINESS UPSET YOU?
DOES IT COME AS A SURPRISE
THAT I DANCE LIKE I'VE GOT DIAMONDS
AT THE MEETING OF MY THIGHS?

OUT OF THE HUTS OF HISTORY'S SHAME
I RISE
UP FROM A PAST THAT'S ROOTED IN PAIN
I RISE
I'M A BLACK OCEAN, LEAPING AND WIDE,
WELLING AND SWELLING I BEAR IN THE TIDE.

LEAVING BEHIND NIGHTS OF TERROR AND FEAR
I RISE
INTO A DAYBREAK THAT'S WONDROUSLY CLEAR
I RISE
BRINGING THE GIFTS THAT MY ANCESTORS
GAVE,
I AM THE DREAM AND THE HOPE OF THE SLAVE.
I RISE
I RISE
I RISE.

CAGED BIRD
BY MAYA ANGELOU
A FREE BIRD LEAPS
ON THE BACK OF THE WIND
AND FLOATS DOWNSTREAM
TILL THE CURRENT ENDS
AND DIPS HIS WING
IN THE ORANGE SUN RAYS
AND DARES TO CLAIM THE SKY.

BUT A BIRD THAT STALKS
DOWN HIS NARROW CAGE
CAN SELDOM SEE THROUGH
HIS BARS OF RAGE
HIS WINGS ARE CLIPPED AND
HIS FEET ARE TIED
SO HE OPENS HIS THROAT TO SING.

THE CAGED BIRD SINGS
WITH A FEARFUL TRILL
OF THINGS UNKNOWN
BUT LONGED FOR STILL
AND HIS TUNE IS HEARD
ON THE DISTANT HILL
FOR THE CAGED BIRD
SINGS OF FREEDOM.

THE FREE BIRD THINKS OF ANOTHER BREEZE
AND THE TRADE WINDS SOFT THROUGH THE SIGHING TREES
AND THE FAT WORMS WAITING ON A DAWN BRIGHT LAWN
AND HE NAMES THE SKY HIS OWN.

BUT A CAGED BIRD STANDS ON THE GRAVE OF DREAMS
HIS SHADOW SHOUTS ON A NIGHTMARE SCREAM
HIS WINGS ARE CLIPPED AND HIS FEET ARE TIED
SO HE OPENS HIS THROAT TO SING.

THE CAGED BIRD SINGS
WITH A FEARFUL TRILL
OF THINGS UNKNOWN
BUT LONGED FOR STILL
AND HIS TUNE IS HEARD
ON THE DISTANT HILL
FOR THE CAGED BIRD
SINGS OF FREEDOM.

Maya Angelou

WOMAN WORK
I'VE GOT THE CHILDREN TO TEND
THE CLOTHES TO MEND
THE FLOOR TO MOP
THE FOOD TO SHOP
THEN THE CHICKEN TO FRY
THE BABY TO DRY
I GOT COMPANY TO FEED
THE GARDEN TO WEED
I'VE GOT SHIRTS TO PRESS
THE TOTS TO DRESS
THE CANE TO BE CUT
I GOTTA CLEAN UP THIS HUT
THEN SEE ABOUT THE SICK
AND THE COTTON TO PICK.

SHINE ON ME, SUNSHINE
RAIN ON ME, RAIN
FALL SOFTLY, DEWDROPS
AND COOL MY BROW AGAIN.

STORM, BLOW ME FROM HERE
WITH YOUR FIERCEST WIND
LET ME FLOAT ACROSS THE SKY
'TIL I CAN REST AGAIN.

FALL GENTLY, SNOWFLAKES
COVER ME WITH WHITE
COLD ICY KISSES AND
LET ME REST TONIGHT.

SUN, RAIN, CURVING SKY
MOUNTAIN, OCEANS, LEAF AND STONE
STAR SHINE, MOON GLOW
YOU'RE ALL THAT I CAN CALL MY OWN.



School work

I've got maths to learn

I've got spelling pages to turn

The hungry tummy to feed

but no ~~sp~~plants again I need

The new songs to sing

The old ball to ring

The pages in my book to write

The ~~and~~ gone almost in sight

The ~~sun~~sunshine with a rain comes down on me

Keep me learning ~~4~~again please

School work

To school I walk
with my mum I talk

I rush to the gate

to see my mate

In maths I learn

In the playground I see a friend

In lunch we chat

my tummy I pat

Please listen to me

I'm as keen as a bee

We have got the PE to play

And then we go to see our marble treat

at the bay

It's home time now

I will see you pal

Wind rain and hail fall down

when I come around

School work

In the lab we write
At my school we write
I have a coat to hang
I meet with my gang
I have letters to learn
I have pages to turn ^{learn}
I have math to add
In spellings I'm glad
I have a break
And a game I make
I have words to write
I try with all my might

Wind, rain, sunshine and snow
Off to bed + go.

School work

. I had to work
 with my friends I talk.
 I got to get to the gate
 But I can be late
 I got Maths to learn
 I got my page to turn
 I go to break
 So I feel awake
 In music we sing
 'Til the bell goes to ring.

It is rainy now
BUT I see my pal.

School work

I woke up in the sunshine.
Every new day is mine.
I drive to my grandparents.
I have to make plans.
I've got English to learn
My favourite book pages to turn.
Aching to turn to seed.
but no macaroni cheese again.
or I won't read.
Then new songs to sing.
The old bell to ring.
The pages in my book to write.
But the end of the day is always night.

Wind rain and cold winds blow
keep me turning as I row.

School Work

To school we drive. At the gate we arrive. To
At the gate we arrive.
To the classroom I walk.
With my friends I talk.
My book I read.
No more maths I plead.
Spellings to write.
Tiredness to fight.

sunshine, sunshine
warm me up by your
hotness rain rain
cool me down
by your coldness.

School Work

To school I walk
With my family I talk.

As I walk through the gate
I met with my mate

In maths I learn
My book pages I turn

It's lunch we play

Inside if it's grey
Please listen to me

I'm as keen as a bee

I've rich things to learn

In class we take our turns.

Wind rain and sun
I am never dull.

School Work

I've got to go through the gate
I hope I'm not late.

Then a cat or dog
Before I meet my gang.

My maths to learn
My pages to turn.

Please listen to me

I'm as keen as a bee.

I've got a hungry tummy to feed

And then I plant my seed.

We have got the P.E. to play

I know I enjoyed today.

It's home time now

I will see you pal.

Wind, rain, snow, flakes

I hope I enjoy my learning again.

School work

To school I walk
With my mates I talk
The maths I learn
My spelling pages to turn
Then it is play time
I have the book's to make rhyme
Then time for lunch
I will take a munch
I have to go home
without my friends I'm alone
It is time for me to go to bed
and I can't forget my bed
Rain sun storm or snow
Nothing can stop me having a go

School work

To school I walk
with my family I talk
In class I look
I need to find new book
I like to play when it's a sunny day
when it's a sunny day
my carrot to crunch
I must eat my lunch
If I have art I eat
It warms my heart
Sun wind rain and snow
sun wind rain and snow
skipping off home I go

SCHOOL WORK

-To school I walk
whilst I talk

I've got English to learn
my reading book pages to turn

A hungry tummy to feed
but no chips again, I plead

The new songs to learn
the old bell to ring

The pages in my book to write
the end goal always in sight

Wind rain and cold whilst flow
keep me learning as I go

SCHOOL WORK

• To school I walk

With my family I talk

I run to the gate

because I don't want to be late

I've got maths to learn

Book pages to turn

I go to break

so I'm awake

let's do the date

don't break the plate

my brain to feed

more learning I plead

I go home

And learn about Rome

Wind rain blow me away

but I'm going to stay

Sun moon dark light, let me rest

let me rest tonight

SCHOOL WORK

I've got ^{Spa}Spaings ^{leat}leat
My ^{fav}fav ^{ite}ite ^{book}book ^{pages}pages ^{to}to ^{turn}turn

A ^{hun}hungry tummy to feed
but no carrots again I plead

Wind rain and cold winds blow
Keep me learning as I go

School Work

I've got Science to Learn.

My favourite book pages to turn.

A starving tummy to feed

but no Sprouts again I plead.

The new tunes to Sing

The old bell to ring.

The pages in my book to Write.

The end goal always in Sight.

Wind, rain and cold Winds blow
Keep me Learning as I go

School Work

To school I walked,
With mum I talked
I've maths to learn
I've got spelling pages to turn,
then there's a break,
good friends I make,
In English I write,
This something I like,
then there is lunch,
Then food & munch
I learn lines for the play
In my head they must stay
Sun, rain, wind and snow
Keep me learning as I go.

School Work

I've got maths to learn
My favourite book pages to turn
A hungry tummy to feed
A good playtime I need
I've got some science to write
I'm going to get it right.

Wind, rain, thunder, snow
Keep me learning as I go.

School Work

I've got maths to learn
My favourite book pages to turn
A hungry tummy to feed
but no sprouts again I need
The new songs to sing
The old beetle to ring
The pages in my book to write
The end goal always in sight
Wind, rain and cold blue sky
Keep me learning as I go

SCHOOL WORK

I've got maths to learn
my favourite pages to learn
The paper is my book to write
The end goal always in sight
The head song to sing
The old bell to ring Aha
A hungry tummy to feed
but no sprouts or peas I plead

Wind
Wind, rain and cold winds blow
keep me learning as I go

SCHOOL WORK

I've got maths to learn
my favourite book
pages to turn
A hungry tummy to
feed
but no sprouts again
The new songs to ^{read} sing
The old bell to ring
the pages in my book to
write the
The end goal God
always in sight

Wind rain and cold
winds blow
keep me learning as I
go

School work

To school I walked,
When I get into school I talk,
Then we start maths to learn,
I've got my spelling book to turn,
Then I have a break,
I have cakes to take,
In English I have pages to write,
My anxiousness I fight,
Then I go to lunch,
I eat in a bunch,
At lunch I play,
Then it's the end of the day,

Rain, sun, storm, snow,
Working hard is all I know.

School Work

To school I drive,
To the gate I arrive,
In maths I learn,
In spellings my pages turn,
Then it's play,
For good weather I pray,
In English I write,
My tiredness I fight,
I go to lunch,
And have a munch,
I practise the play,
At the end of the day,

Sun, snow, wind or rain,
Tomorrow I'll be back again.

School Work

To School I walk
with my pen I talk
I've got my maths to learn
I've got spelling page to turn
I've got a tummy to feed
no sprouts again I plead
I've got tiredness to fight
but I've got spellings to right
I've got the mether to face
the running to race

Wind rain and cold wind blow
Keep me leaving as I go

School Work

I need to get through the gate
Before I meet my mate.

My handwriting needs to be neat
I must take my seat.

I need to do my guess
Before my desk becomes a mess.

I'm going out to break
I'll see what games to make.

Wind, rain and sunshine
I'm going to be fine

Year 4 & 5





You sat on your desk,
 swinging your legs,
reading a poem by Yeats
 to the bored girls,
except my heart stumbled and blushed
as it fell in love with the words and I saw the
 tree
in the scratched old desk under my hands,
heard the bird in the oak outside scribble itself
on the air.

Prayer

Some days, although we cannot pray, a prayer
 utters itself. So, a woman will lift
her head from the sieve of her hands and stare
at the minims sung by a tree, a sudden gift.

Some nights, although we are faithless, the truth
 enters our hearts, that small familiar pain;
then a man will stand stock-still, hearing his youth
in the distant Latin chanting of a train.

Pray for us now. Grade 1 piano scales
 console the lodger looking out across
a Midlands town. Then dusk, and someone calls
a child's name as though they named their loss.

Darkness outside. Inside, the radio's prayer -
Rockall. Malin. Dogger. Finisterre.

In Mrs Tilscher's class
You could travel up the Blue Nile
with your finger, tracing the route
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.
"Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswan."
That for an hour,
then a skittle of milk
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.
A window opened with a long pole.
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.
The classroom glowed like a sweetshop.
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found
she'd left a gold star by your name.
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term the inky tadpoles changed
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce
followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared
at your parents, appalled, when you got back
home

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled
then turned away. Reports were handed out.
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown
the sky split open into a thunderstorm.



I tend the mobile now
like an injured bird

We text, text, text
our significant words.

I re-read your first,
your second, your third,

look for your small xx,
feeling absurd.

The codes we send
arrive with a broken chord.

I try to picture your
hands,
their image is blurred.

Nothing my thumbs press
will ever be heard.

Carol Ann Duffy

Born	23rd December, 1955 Glasgow, Scotland
Occupation	Poet

In the dark old classroom,

Miss Geller stood,

silence began as the bell rang out into the classroom,

silence, silence and more silence,

As the lesson began, kids giggled and laughed,

They pulled out the bottoms of books,

Finally the end

The bell laughed

children began

The rough concrete floor felt like chalk powder

That little spright breeze swirled and glowed along the porch

The old creaking sewing machine and sewing observed in the breeze
Kids swarmed and tennis rackets flew across the air.

Scribbles across tables

Like fractions through my brain

Light travelling across the

room: straight lines,

reflecting, bending and

distorting.

Children shouting, screaming,

laughing. Balls flying through

the air. Munching crunchy

apples as we hide from the

Spring thieves in the sky.

IN Mrs Kimbers class we started out great
When we went out to break we all loved the
sound of crandly leaves like the sound of
Crisps when you dig into the packet to reach
one

We all loved the sand on our bare feet
and the feel of play-dough on our hands

At the end of the week somebody would
always take home Mr bumpy the teddy
bear when it was finally my turn I was
so excited.

School days

I walked through the
gates with the
wind in my hair in
to class where the
day will start just is
the register just is as
quick as it is maths
so as I nearly fall
to sleep as
time goes by. we
see butterflies worms and creepy
crawlers There goes the bell.

In willow class
as the children ran out of class
like a herd of stampeding wildbeest
the swooping pests got ready for a snack
attack. The children were running
out and the snack attack began
all the tasty snacks got stolen. They go
into class and the boringness began.
We sat down got a lesson and it all started
whether you like it or not you're doing it.
The eerie sound of work a ting, long
how late. The children ran like a
cheetah to get to the room of tasty
good.

In Mr. Ruffles' class
in the great wild wind sets a black and white seagull.
with its friends behind him. and children playing
underneath him. Dancing away in the cold wind.
with fun music.

people leaping over horses like a sleepy bee that stows in
the wind he had not that go against the
wall. eyes winking like a water fall.
knees stirring like a bee
seeing you.

In Mr russel clade

They Squishy mat
help me not be hurt.
up & stand down
you lover your Selly.

Slurking through cloud
like jam. laughing
with tom and cleo as
I flip pages through
their lies. glacialons
ate me on me with
legend chased me
down and giant steps.

Then second I see a
land of people laughing
constantly. bell rings & they end's
the sky is broken with
delight.

In Mr Russels class

The Squishy mat.
protects you if you
fall over.
Spinning and dizzy
like a Symone Seed.

You are Einstein
writing your last letter.

the paper gets full of
writing and full of
pen to. Just like mine

Happy laughing
like the air is alive
Jumping, a tiger trying to save the ball.

In Mr Russell's class
the twitting postage wings through
the mermaid caves
whilst sat on the side of the stage:
the wind
glides through the empty
gaps
in the trees of children roll on the crest
grass underneath them.
the floor eating away scraps
sound-dropped
in the floor the soft mushy day making
against your fingers,
your palms
rough with dried clay
and
your head stepping with concentration.
the air hummed louder
and screams. but
about its time ga ga home!

In Mrs Haggats class
The wind glues through
my hair a sweetshop.
You sat on your desk,
Swinging your legs.
I heard the bird in
the oak outside scribble
itself on the air. I saw the
tree in the scratched old
desk under my hands.

As I walk down the dingy lanes I hear
the satisfying crunch of the
leaves under my feet. The Skys are grey
and dark and the wind swishes
the colourful tree tops as I enter the black
gates of a prison fortress. I sit
down for a lesson in Mrs Kimber's class
the seats are hard and rock like.
The rulers and the pencils are thrown around
the class room. The long division
and prime numbers stick to your mind like
black tack on a display board.
The bell rings like an early scream the greedy
pesters swoop down to steal your
scrumptious fruit. children run and ~~scream~~ ^{scream}
and it feels like you're in a whirlpool.
As I read my favorite books I get
swept into a realistick story of
goldilocks and the three bears.

In willow clabs
The wind flows through my hair
like a ribbon
a skittle of water and
a pen in my hand
stokes on my page
It's library time Now
let's go and play
The smell of a new story
fresh on the shelf
Waiting to be read by a
happy child.
pouring liquid into pots making
an explosion that goes pop!
Writing down what we've
done for the teacher
to mark at the end
of the day.



Year 6

Born	March 7, 1998 (age 25) Los Angeles, California, U.S.
Education	Harvard University (BA)
Occupations	Poet/activist



Where despite disparities
We all care to protect this world,
This riddled blue marble, this little true marvel
To muster the verve and the nerve
To see how we can serve
Our planet. You don't need to be a politician
To make it your mission to conserve, to protect,
To preserve that one and only home
That is ours,
To use your unique power
To give next generations the planet they deserve.

We are demonstrating, creating, advocating
We heed this inconvenient truth, because we need to be anything but
lenient
With the future of our youth.

And while this is a training,
in sustaining the future of our planet,
There is no rehearsal. The time is
Now
Now
Now,

Because the reversal of harm,
And protection of a future so universal
Should be anything but controversial.

So, earth, pale blue dot
We will fail you not.

The Miracle of Morning

I thought I'd awoken to a world in mourning,
Heavy clouds crowding a society storming.
But there's something different on this golden morning.
Something magical in the sunlight, wide and warming.

I see a dad with a stroller taking a jog,
Across the street, a bright-eyed girl chases her dog.
A grandma on a porch fingers her rosaries.
She grins as her young neighbor brings her groceries.

While we might feel small, separate, and all alone,
Our people have never been more closely tethered.
The question isn't if we will weather this unknown,
But how we will weather this unknown together.

So on this meaningful morn, we mourn and we mend.
Like light, we can't be broken, even when we bend.

As one, we will defeat both despair and disease.
We stand with healthcare heroes and all employees;
With families, libraries, schools, waiters, artists;
Businesses, restaurants, and hospitals hit hardest.

We ignite not in the light, but in lack thereof,
For it is in loss that we truly learn to love.
In this chaos, we will discover clarity.
In suffering, we must find solidarity.

For it's our grief that gives us our gratitude,
Shows us how to find hope, if we ever lose it.
So ensure that this ache wasn't endured in vain:
Do not ignore the pain. Give it purpose. Use it.

Read children's books, dance alone to DJ music.
Know that this distance will make our hearts grow fonder.
From a wave of woes our world will emerge stronger.

We'll observe how the burdens braved by humankind
Are also the moments that make us humans kind;
Let every dawn find us courageous, brought closer;
Heeding the light before the fight is over.
When this ends, we'll smile sweetly, finally seeing
In testing times, we became the best of beings.



Amanda Gorman



The Rise and Fall

We need you to stop fighting and instead be friends not foes. Stay fair and fill the holes of bones we lost by not beginning ones more.

Whatever the weather, whether it's sunny or rain don't begin war again. Stop wielding weapons with all your might you're filling people with war and fright.

Don't be irresponsible, their souls are irreplaceable, resist the irresistible urge to fight. Stop breaking bones, you're going past the barricade and it's making memories fade away. Leave others alone and go on with your day.

You must understand that this is irresponsible that we save. Our souls break, the land is deteriorating. Stop this now it's an irresistible urge. They're irreplaceable. Stop this!

Now.

Now.

Now.

Now stop delaying it's only worsening. The potential of our planet is darkening.
It's physical! Make it critical!

Struggles of animals

Animals have hearts, habitats, lives which are being killed and they shouldn't. Bears are going bare because of us, it hurts, it's also a big problem, so protect the wilderness, Animals aren't the only things that give protein. We need help, More than ever before, We need to STOP

NO.

NO.

NO.

No - one is allowed to hurt animals, It's unacceptable, and unkind also wrong. Black Rhinos, White Rhinos, Tigers and Lions are all being killed by poachers so STOP NOW, Dogs get dyed just to die, Animals get aggressive because of it.

There are some amazing creatures out there, some of which may look weird but are beautiful inside, don't interfere with their lives, IT IS NOT RIGHT

Challenges

I know you are Worried
I know you are Sad
being shy is no reason
to die.

I know it's hard
and I know it's tough
ask someone for a
hug.

I know you're unable to bear
the pain so go upstairs
and hug your teddy bear.
DONT POP JUST STOP!

Stop
Stop
Stop
You're understood. Not alone or
Unable.

Stay Safe

When everyone is here tell them
tell them we are fine with
what we have, with a little
future we are having fun,
The future is being big every
moment.

We are mail your mind ^{with} happiness
and wonderful memories, we learn from
our lies the affect and effect of
that.

In peace and peace we are fine,
in there and there all are of them
are laughing and giggling each
other.

don't be shy by showing
happiness don't be rude that
you could be perfect or
proud I am repeating don't be
rude that will break our hearts
more.
more.
more.

we want to be happy, joyful and memorable.
with everything we are happy.

Women's Football!

Equal to each other, how it should be. Male or female piece by piece. Physical, gates, freedom. Futsal or football, follow your heart, battle through the negative thoughts. **YOU CAN DO IT!**

You may be misunderstood on how UNFAIR it has been. The money goes to waste resources misused. We misjudge mistake but we

Need
Need
NEED

more than ever to expand our community. Live the life

The haunting.

When the day comes, we are prepared like we are dared. Spirits haunting us like we are haunting THEM.

Run Run Run.

We hear whispers, against our ice cold ears.

When the sunsets, the sea glows and screams.
The glittery pouring ocean waves hitting the
Oceans floor furiously.

Make this glow!
Make this glow!

Raindrops bashing against the window telling us to go go go. As we speed we speak telling ourselves it's just a dream if we frighten us any we tell ourselves why? What will come next? is it good or is it bad?

Animals being crushed and pushed
people being cruel like they knew...

Invisible

When rights have rest, disabilities actions get confused.
Their realities is different.
Your realities is different. The reasons may be different then
you expect.
You may have different responsibilities.
We have rights too and we all need respect!

We are misjudged, misunderstood and that's not right!
We misout on things that we shouldn't!
Our work may be misaccomplished but we try!

Look
Harder
Harder
Harder

We should be allowed, more opportunities as others get.
The mistake that they made was misjudging us!

Cruelty to Animals

We need to STOP animal cruelty.
It's hurting their humble hearts and it hurts at
think the pain they go through everyday and
we need to stop this isn't nice it's
heart breaking to watch. Think of the dog's,
cat's and horses and every other animal
so we need to

STOP:

STOP:

STOP:

It's unacceptable and unkind so this is
why you need to understand that they are
living and not teddy's bears and it's
unbelievable that people thinks it's okay to
be cruelly well listen it's not it's horrible
to think anyone can do that because how could
you tell if that was you well I imagine YOU
WILL NOT LIKE IT so listen and shake it
loud and clear we need to stop this horrible
horrible thing.

The world we live in

When you are getting gummy and you feel like you
have no future or freedom
and you try to fight gutter into the future but
future isn't free

One breath in and one blow out and a cloud of
your ^{glorified air} mistaking your body and your misinterpreting
what feeds and chemicals you

When you do this you are preholding your future
you need to be jolted
and stop feeling your future
please stop and say ^{now} ^{now} ^{now}

your getting gutter into your future
but getting at the same time.

The race to restore

When biomes are bombed by the beaches
Animals flight

we need to prepare for the worst
from your beliefs is were the bombs
Start

your'e not the only life that can be
burst.

You must care to

start the race to restore our Animals

we are both still mammals
you stop canibals then why would you stop
eating mammals

STOP

STOP

STOP

Freedom should be fair its a frequent
fight for the future of
their rights

please stop eating shark

Fin soup

This is literal

Make it critical.

Black Lives Matter.

You must understand racism is
sad and it makes me mad
so take a break and hit
the brakes to give a way to
make way and go away.

NOW!

NOW!

NOW!

Now with that said, be saved from
ruins and hatreds and be
proud and pronounced and paid
properly. And be as strong as
a bear but don't mess him.

challenges

I know it's hard and you
worry but you can make a
better future, everyone can! You just
need to learn and listen from your
lies.

NOW
NOW
I know it can be thought though
don't be rough. If you can't
get enough don't be shy it's
better than wanting to die.

If you don't want to die don't
be shy don't be that guy (or
girl) there's no reason to die
your life is not a lie.

Fight for trees:

When there is peace each piece of the forest is in its best form not in pollution devastation is not at its an awful act of trees disappearing and from the pain that goes in animal relationships, to the peace that grow on trees, we must protect this.

We care. We need to communicate with each other. It's important we need to be on the same page and we need to connect with each other. It's all like, 'I will cut down this tree for you to make furniture.' No! You can't!

No
No
No

That's just mean! I mean, we need air to survive, to breathe, and trees produce oxygen! So, to live a long happy life, stop cutting down trees! It's not only essential for life reasons, it's also a great pleasure to experience the leaves in the breeze and majestic bears playing happily! Compared to have ground and no air to breathe so in seconds, you will be dead!

There is nothing absolutely nothing wrong with to much nature because there is no such thing! But, when there is too little, that becomes a problem. The ugly mist appears and you will regret it when you find that you just that you will miss the beautiful nature. People just disrespect the wonderful green areas and that's only one thing people do: they make the animals angry and abuse them, they cut down trees which is a terror towards the forest. So, the trees and forest will be happy with you and me if we respect it and show harmony towards everything and everyone.

No More War

When bones are breaking you can stop
horrifying. For the goes the families and future,
You have to stop the sight of war,
When people die you are dyed in their blood,
To have peace you just take a piece of war,
Don't be shy to shout out for the people who
die!

This is irresponsible,
It's insupportable.

We need to,

Stop,
Stop,
Stop!

Don't give up on hope,
For we need more than ever before,
This is repeating This isn't insupportable,
Don't stop! Just stop!

Women's football

Equal to each other, how it should be. Male or female piece by physical and freedom physical or not.

Try
Try
Try

You can do it football is for every one, through the negative and low creep going.

You may be misunderstood on your skill. The money misused, don't make a mistake and underestimate me we

Need
Need
Need

More than ever misunderstood girls who can join us to make fear strenght and a difference to them.

Fight our fears for future
Equality is for every girl and boy, woman and man. Don't fear for tomorrow your foes who are mean will understand the meaning. When the bully frightens you open the beast on you and fetch them from afar. When you are missed out, don't be misheard.

FIGHT
FIGHT
FIGHT

Until you get tight! Now will you be misunderstood?

STRIKE
STRIKE
STRIKE

Until they get fright! Will you be misaccomplished, make a bright future in front of you.

EVERY PERSON IN
THE WORLD NEED
EQUALITY

Animals

When animals are going, we know who's to blame as they watch them suffer, hearts without dread knowing who is dead.

Cars of paint spread all over their face when their life is no longer living, as their life is hard with all of the cries and the times they could of died.

They need to know when the tigers and the bears start eating their fear and ~~they~~ are shivering in fear, let them live and eat antipathy.

Now

Now

Now

they are get hard to find, making antisocial animals for the whole world to know,

Stop it they are not a profit
Make a stand!
For animal and man!

Help them!

When our friends are gone they do not mean it,
When they have freedom they are friendly and gone too.
We need you to listen and return the stray.

But you will have to pay.

You must understand that we care.

Our hearts break when they are not paired.

Do not give them left-over good like pears,

Just give them.

Peace,

Peace,

Peace.

They are not a piece of rubbish,

They are not squable but they are valued,

Stop the cruelty!

And start listening them instead!