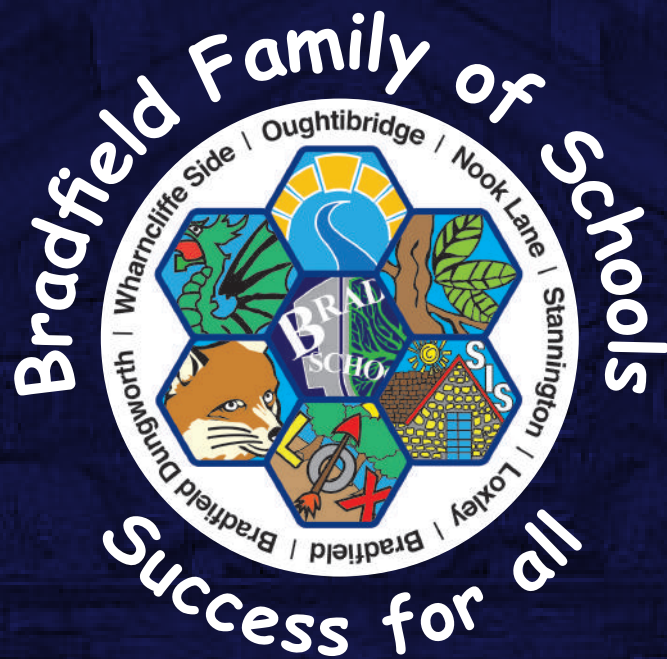


# A Pic 'n' Mix of Primary Poetry



A selection of poems from

Bradfield Dungworth Primary School

Loxley Primary School

Nook Lane Primary School

Oughtibridge Primary School

Stannington Infant School

Wharnccliffe Side Primary School

# The King's Wedding Cake - A Silly Poem

Based on an idea by Michael Rosen

The King he baked a wedding cake on a sunny day  
The King he baked a wedding cake it was in the month of May  
The King he baked a wedding cake, he filled it with old fish  
A snail and ninja, some compost and a red dish  
He mixed it, he whisked it and he threw it on the floor  
He crushed it, he mushed it and he slithered out the door  
The King he baked a wedding cake and the glue he uses was super  
The King he baked a wedding cake with cement which was super duper  
The King he baked a wedding cake he filled it with rusty armour  
Some slime and a ninja and a pinch of powdered farmer  
He folded it, he moulded it, he squeezed it through his toes  
He sliced it and diced it, until the flour went up his nose  
The King he baked a wedding cake he added revolting cheese  
The King he baked a wedding cake he added mushy peas  
The King he baked a wedding cake it was sixty one feet high  
It weighed ten tonnes, it squashed his thumbs, which made the poor King cry  
He iced it, he sliced it, he packed it with black slugs  
He covered it in manky moss and a crust of orange bugs  
The King he baked a wedding cake bats and rats and cats  
The King he baked a wedding cake with a thousand itchy gnats  
The King he baked a wedding cake, he gave it to the Queen  
It made her sick for fifty years and turned her into a frog that's green  
She bashed him, she thrashed him, she hit him with a rake  
She flung him, she swung him and slapped him with a cake!

By Honor and William

Bradfield Dungworth Primary School

# An African Tree

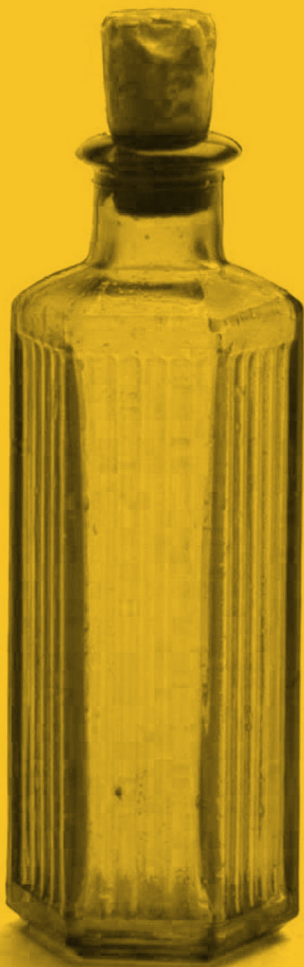
Brilliant hollow holes in the trunk for secret hideouts  
Always hot in Africa so sit underneath my shady branches  
Often animals like to play over and under me  
Beautiful when my flowers are in bloom  
Amazing darting rainbow lizards eating my juicy leaves  
Bombproof trunk standing the test of time  
Tasty treats nestling in my canopy of leaves  
Real luxury if you are a lovely, cuddly bush baby  
Extraordinary upside down tree  
Everyone likes to sit by me.

By Year 3

Bradfield Dungworth Primary School



# Recipe For An Invincibility Potion



If invincibility is your aim  
This is a spell to up your game  
You will be indestructible  
In your stomach it will bubble  
Take this drink if you dare  
You will be as tough as a bear

First go get the cooking pot  
Pour in some honey, not a lot  
An ingot of iron  
The mane of lion  
Fizzy water, a pixie wing  
Finally add the dragon heartstring.

Skin become unyielding  
Nothing in your body pained  
Doesn't hurt as its shielding  
Invincibility has been obtained

By Cameron Clark

Bradfield Dungworth Primary School

# THE GREAT KAPOK TREE

Brown bark rough and strong,  
Drip tip leaves with vines so long.  
Evergreen liana dangle down the wood,  
As man with tools says "I should, I should."  
Biodiversity rest within the tree,  
When waken calls are transcending out to sea.  
Toucan flying to the crown,  
With a squawk and a flap shot back down.  
Left helplessly on the ground,  
With the indigenous all around.  
"Breakfast, lunch or tea,"  
"I'll have it all for me,"

Indigenous men start the logging,  
While a jaguar is nearby jogging.  
With a leap he makes a hunt,  
His first victim was the runt.

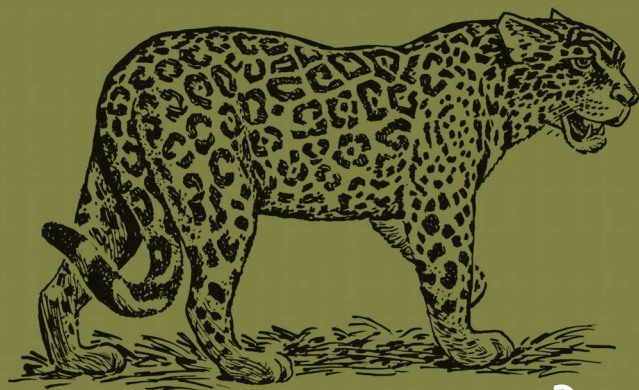
By **Isabella Cruddace** - Year 5  
Bradfield Dungworth Primary School



# THE GREAT KAPOK TREE

Water drops beading off leaves,  
Wind slowly blowing  
Heat building up,  
Crown canopy leaves glowing,

Fruit twisting off in the wind,  
Sun helping flowers grow,  
Birds up in the kapok tree,  
Jaguars climbing up trees



By **Rachel Hague** - Year 4  
Bradfield Dungworth Primary School

# The Transfiguration Spell

What this spell is for,  
Is that it can turn you into a boar,  
Or any other animal as a matter of fact,  
Is what happens in this dark pact,  
If a shape-shifter is what you want to be,  
This is the spell to bring you glee,

A cauldron you'll need,  
That to you'll pay heed,  
You will need a ladle,  
To drink you'll be able,  
A katana you'll use,  
To give your horcrux it's muse,

In the cauldron boil and bubble,  
Rattlesnake's tail makes its trouble,  
In you throw the philosopher's stone,  
You also drop in a cat's thigh bone,  
Drop in some of your blood,  
Now the potion looks like mud,

Leprechaun eyes and dragon's smoke,  
Now the spell cannot be broke,  
When your horcrux is destroyed,  
Your sneaky soul is deployed,  
Toss in a unicorn horn,  
Now a great spell is truly born,

Humble cauldron give me a spell,  
Make me a shape-shifter good and well,  
Into animals I shall turn,  
To make my enemies bodies burn.



Spell created and written by **Matthew Brookes**  
Bradfield Dungworth Primary School

## The Rain

Let the rain play with you  
Let the rain hug you  
Let the rain make an apple tree  
Let the rain make the flowers grow.

By Bluebell Bonsall - Year 1  
Loxley Primary School

## The Rain

Let the rain splatter down  
Let the rain sound like music  
Let the rain fall.

By Alessandro Simonig - Year 1  
Loxley Primary School

## Colourful Sea-Creature Poem

A blue, shiny catfish, swimming in the sea  
Two red, tiny crabs, dancing in the tank  
Eight pint, wriggly jellyfish sneaking on a ball  
Nine huge, round puffer-fish, blowing bubbles in pools  
Eighteen beautiful fat whales, diving in the sea  
Ten scary, grey sharks, eating me in the cave!  
Some spider-thin octopuses, tickling me on the sand  
Twenty stripy, yellow seahorses, racing me on the sand  
Thirty shiny, fat crabs, nipping me in a rock-pool!

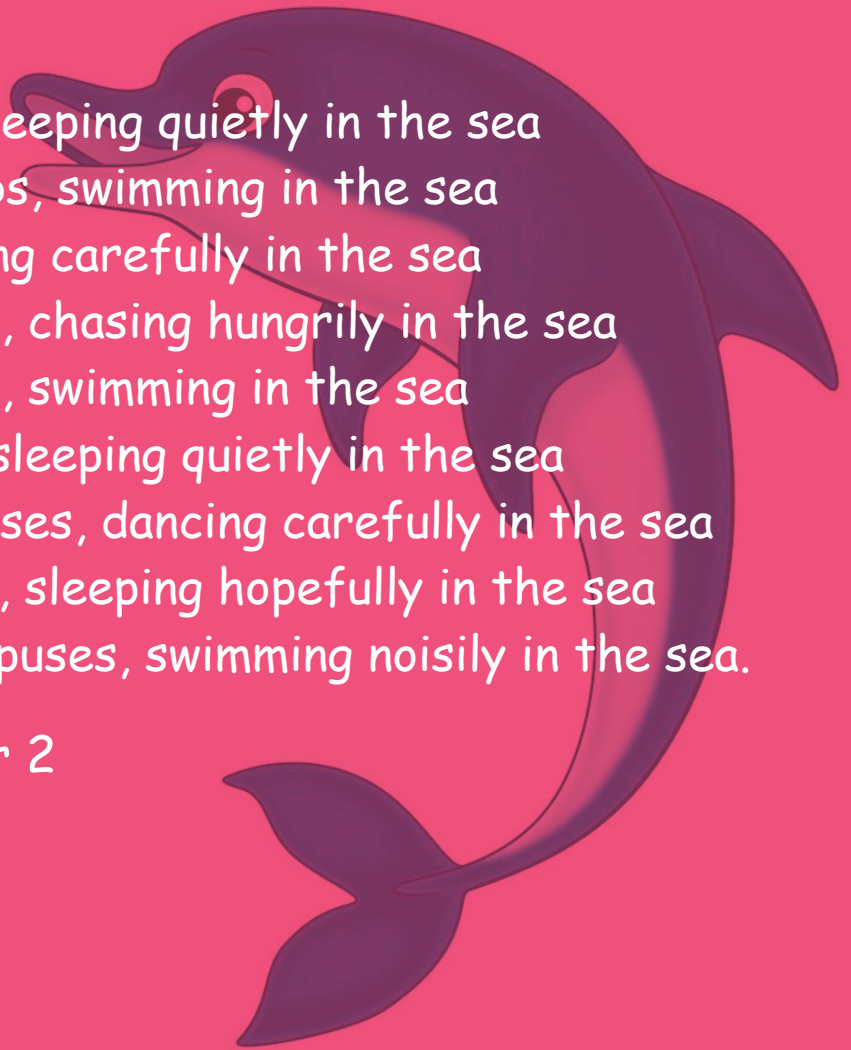
By Amber Croft - Year 2  
Loxley Primary School



# In The Sea

A sparkly, blue dolphin sleeping quietly in the sea  
Some beautiful, red crabs, swimming in the sea  
A small yellow fish dancing carefully in the sea  
Some huge, silver sharks, chasing hungrily in the sea  
Some ugly, purple whales, swimming in the sea  
A creepy, black catfish, sleeping quietly in the sea  
Some shiny, pink sea-horses, dancing carefully in the sea  
A fat, yellow puffer-fish, sleeping hopefully in the sea  
Some spotty, green octopuses, swimming noisily in the sea.

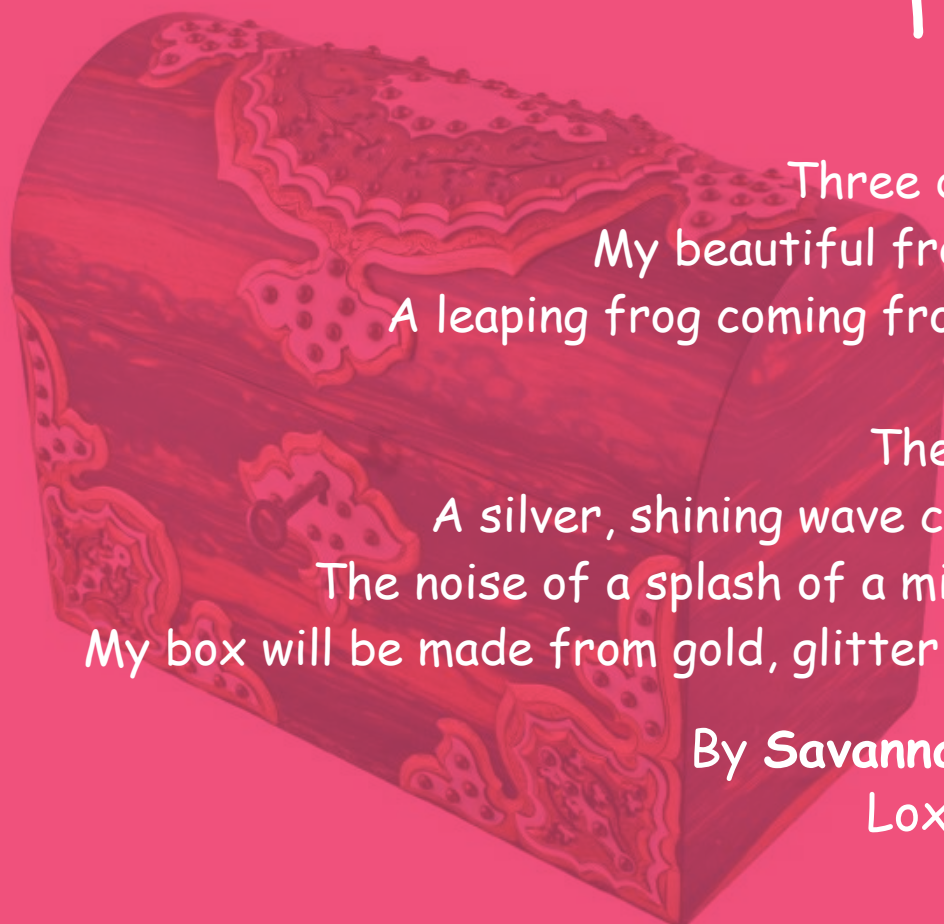
By **Abigail Scott** - Year 2  
Loxley Primary School



# The Magic Box

I will put in the box  
Three dangerous dinosaurs  
My beautiful frozen birthday dress  
A leaping frog coming from the cleanest lake  
I will put in the box  
The silk of a lovely sari  
A silver, shining wave crashing into the sea  
The noise of a splash of a miracle mermaid's tail  
My box will be made from gold, glitter and beautiful gems.

By **Savannah Deakin** - Year 3  
Loxley Primary School





# The Northern Lights

Ribbons of colour dance along the sky  
Animals awake to take the first glimpse  
Wolf's lonely cry to the barren moon  
And the question on everyone's lips:  
"Why are the Northern Lights brightest tonight?"

The abandoned path that nobody knew  
One million fireflies light the way  
The night riders are building nests  
To tuck their feathers away, even they hoot:  
"Why are the Northern Lights brightest tonight?"

Snow white foxes prance through the trees  
Polar bears and their young pad along the ice  
Along the trees, dotted like music notes  
Sit tiny birds watching their prey, even they sing:  
"Why are the Northern Lights brightest tonight?"

As the morning draws close  
The sun starts to arrive  
Candle lights appear at windows

The Northern Lights become the talk of the town  
For the night last night was a magical night

That is why the Northern Lights were brightest last night.

By Lucy Kate Bartholomew - Year 6  
Loxley Primary School

# Woodland Wildlife

Bugs, trees, plants, flowers

Beautiful wild cats running for prey.

Extravagant birds; foxes with tiny paws.

Annoying bees buzzing around your head.

Cute flying squirrels.

Animals padding through the field.

Owls hooting happily in nests.

Animals are everywhere.

**Group Poem** - Year 6  
Loxley Primary School



# The Magic Box

I will put in the box

A ginormous blue whale splashing in the sea

An amazing, fabulous programme on the TV

My pretty, beautiful dress hung up in the wardrobe

I will put in the box

Lovely, breath-taking music from India

People strongly splashing on the slide at the side of the pool

Waves violently crashing onto the shore

I will put in the box

Beating hearts beating quite fast

A long dining table that can dance

A squidgy white rubber to rub out, that sings

My box will be fashioned from

Scales from a fish from the Atlantic Ocean

Dinosaur skin from a far-away land

Glittery, gleaming sapphires sparkling in the sun

I shall fly in my box

Over the trees I shall soar through the sky

Then land on the ground on a rooftop very high,  
the colour of grass.

By **Emily Feather** - Year 3

Loxley Primary School



## A Potion to Make Snape into a Magic Wand

Firstly plonk a bagful of blood into the scorching cauldron  
After that sprinkle in the hairs of a dead rat  
Bit by bit add the six handfuls of shattered glass  
Pour in the jars of flaming lava  
Combine two poisonous cats with the potion  
Mix to perfection the disgusting goo  
Then slip in the slimy saliva of a bulldog  
Quickly add the strong horseradish root  
Finally, don't forget the jug of out-of-date custard.

By Callum & Josh - Year 4  
Loxley Primary School

## A Potion to Turn Your Headmaster into a Bucket of Worms

First pour in a glass of poison from a slithery snake  
Then get a box of Lego and plonk it in  
Next a bucketful of disgusting horse poo  
After that chuck in a bin of horrendous yolk  
Quickly add a grave full of dreaded bones  
Eventually stir in a jug of jumping job  
Sprinkle in a spoonful of anger  
Mingle with a pinch of sharp pins  
Plunge in a pile of dead dogs  
Then in goes a handful of happiness  
Slowly throw in a bag of crawly spiders  
Finally smother it with a bucket of mouldy sprouts.

By Ewan & Cerys - Year 4  
Loxley Primary School

# The Jeffireina Chicken Rap

You may think I'm happy or kind of loud  
But I want you to know my tiger's in the clouds  
So don't leave the room or brush up with that broom  
I'm gonna tell you something that will make you go BOOM

A zip zop, a zip zop zap  
I'm giving you all the jeffireina chicken rap  
A zip zop, a zip zop zap  
I'm giving you all the jeffireina chicken rap

When I was one I made the word zoff  
When I was two I won the British Bake Off  
When I was three I drank from a can  
When I was four I drove an ice cream van  
When I was five I sat in a coffin  
When I was six I did absolutely nothing  
When I was seven I lived in America  
When I was eight I met a girl called Erica  
When I was nine I was sent back in time  
When I was ten I learnt how to rhyme

So now you know that I am ace  
And that I rule this place  
A zip zop, a zip zop zap  
I'm giving you all the jeffireina chicken rap  
A zip zop, a zip zop zap  
I'm giving you all the jeffireina chicken rap

By **Sam Hunnam** - Year 5  
Loxley Primary School



# The Ezzy Dezzy

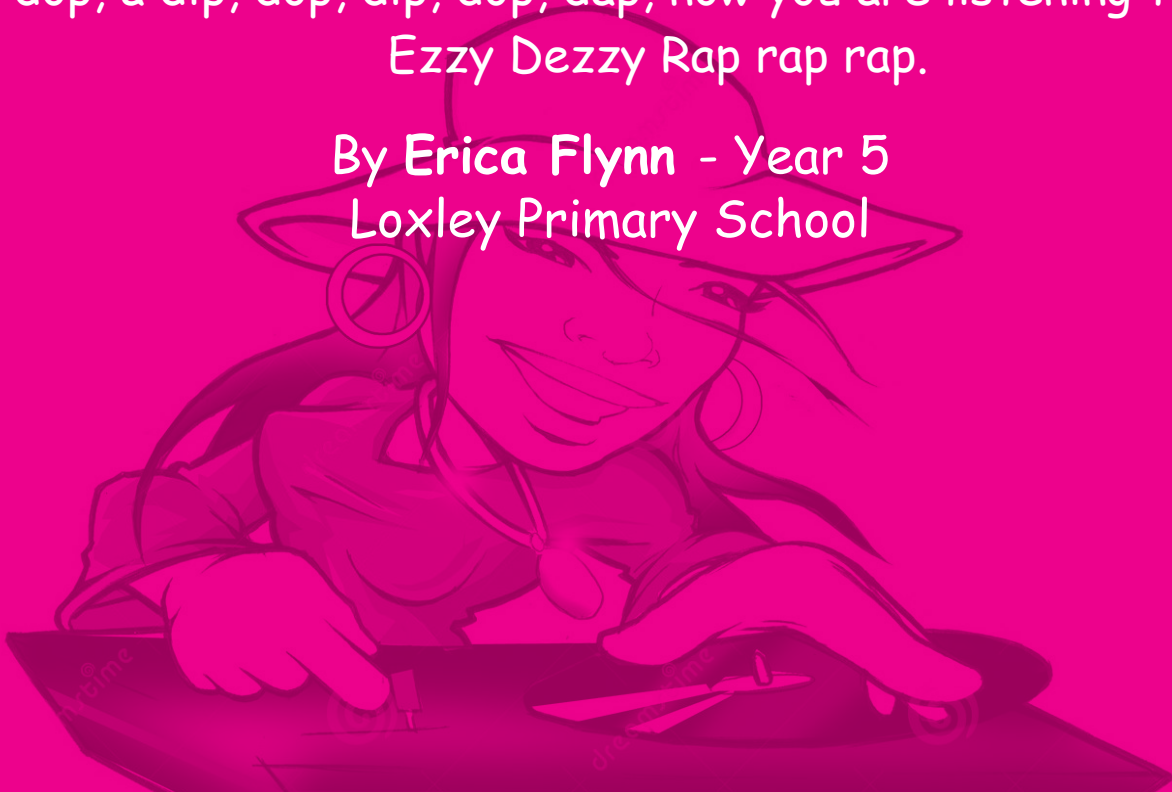
You may like my mom, you may like my dad, but I am telling  
you now my brother's really mad.

Dip, dop, a dip, dop, dap, now your listening to the  
Ezzy Dezzy rap.

When I was one, I liked to rap  
When I was two, I chilled in my bath  
When I was three, I killed a rat  
When I was four, I became really fat  
When I was five, I liked to ride on cats  
When I was six, I hated scruffy mats  
When I was seven, I started wearing hats  
When I was eight, I bought loads of bats  
When I was nine, I sat on a mat  
When I was ten, I wrote this rap.

Dip, dop, a dip, dop, dip, dop, dap, now you are listening to the  
Ezzy Dezzy Rap rap rap.

By Erica Flynn - Year 5  
Loxley Primary School



# A Day To Remember

The wintery air, the setting sun  
Slippy, frosty and cold.

The Christmas tree, the orange boots  
"Put your coat on" I was told.

Took off my shoes and looked outside  
Anxious I took my grip.

"Stay nearby and hold my hand,  
I don't want you to slip".

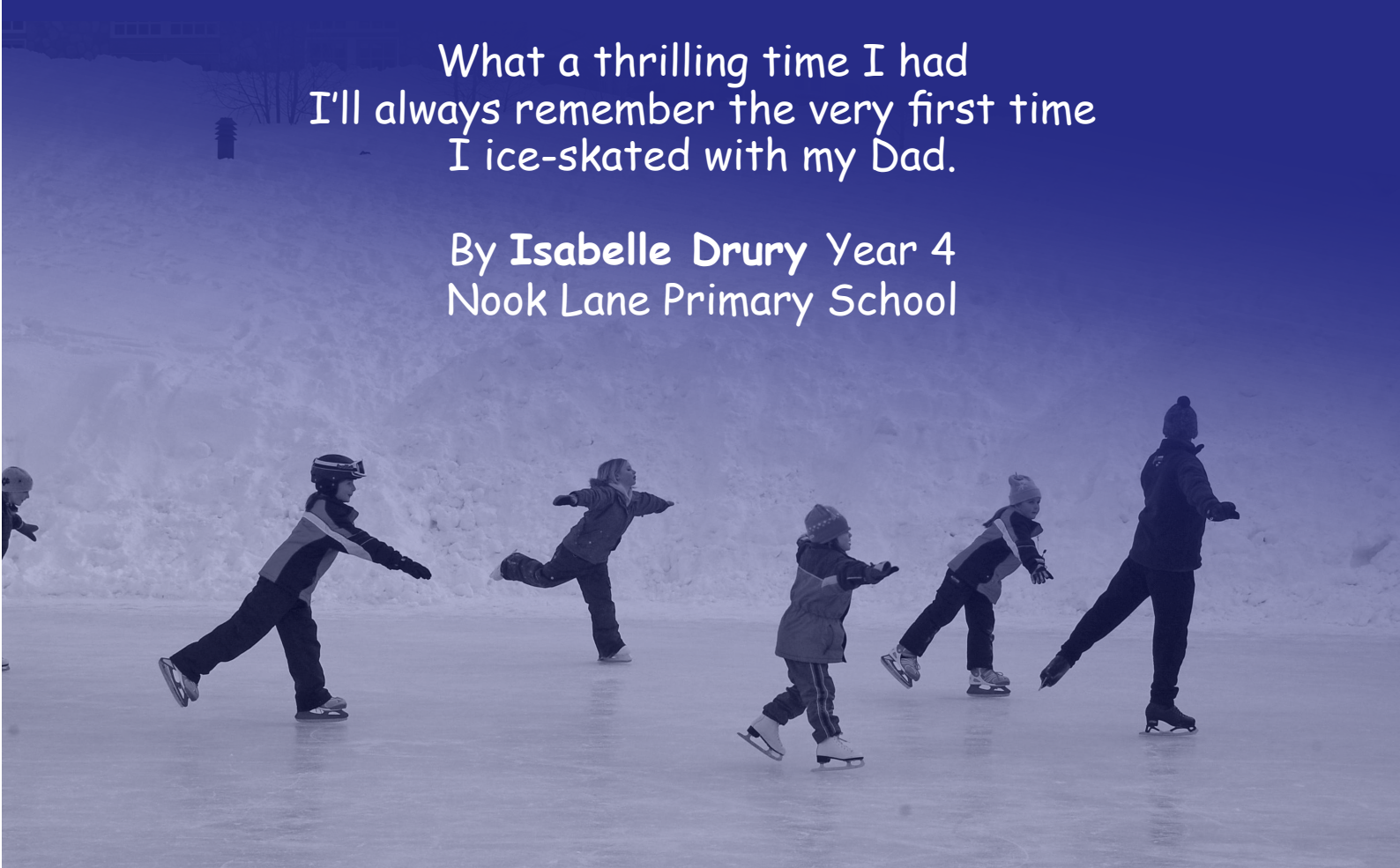
Picked myself up from the floor,  
Brushed off all the ice.

I managed it all on my own,  
It started to feel quite nice.

Gliding, whizzing round and round,

What a thrilling time I had  
I'll always remember the very first time  
I ice-skated with my Dad.

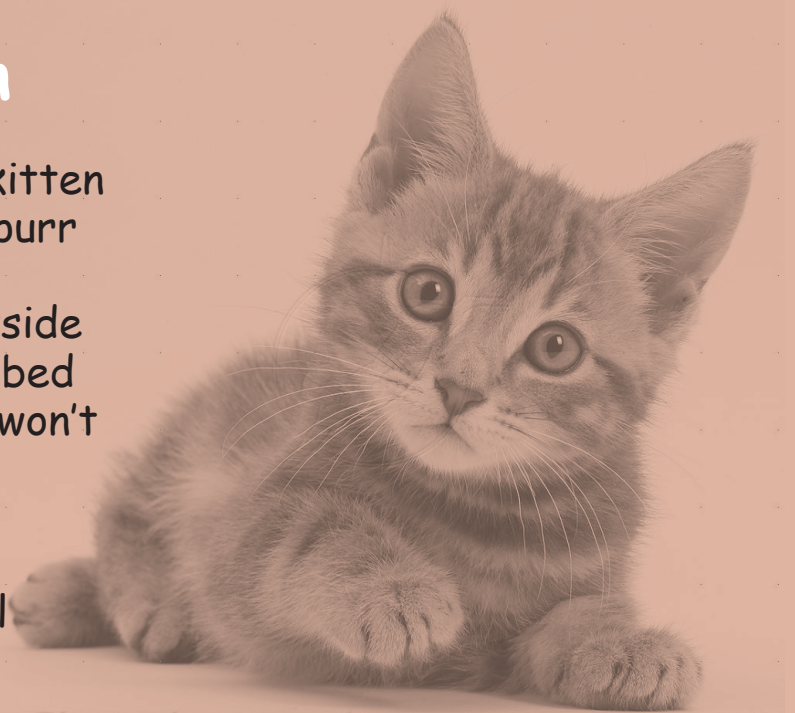
By Isabelle Drury Year 4  
Nook Lane Primary School



# Fang The Kitten

I remember when Fang was a kitten  
He would lay by the fire and purr  
Like the washing machine  
He used to sit on our laps outside  
He used to curl up with us in bed  
And on the couch, but now he won't  
Because of the dog.

By **Faye Brown** -Year 3  
Nook Lane Primary School



# Harry Potter

Harry Potter lost his Mum and Dad  
Because Voldemort is very bad  
Tom and Hermione are his best mates  
Draco Malfoy is the one he hates  
With his adventure far and beyond  
Ron is strong, Hermione clever  
They go in search of the horcruxes together  
Dumbledore's army will put up a fight  
Harry will destroy the horcruxes with all his might.

By **Oscar Pemberton** -Year 3  
Nook Lane Primary School

# House Noises

Click, click, click when the light switch switches  
Spin, spin, spin goes the washer in the kitchen  
Knock, knock, knock goes someone at the door  
Drip, drip, drip goes the shower on the floor  
Crunch, crunch, crunch goes my brother in the car  
Chat, chat, chat goes my mum and her friends  
Whine, whine, whine goes the baby next door  
How will this ever end?

By **Libi Burgin** -Year 4  
Nook Lane Primary School





# My Dog

Barking hiding seeking chasing altogether like embracing  
What your dog can't do or be isn't really up to me  
Some are big and some are small, some are fat and some are tall  
My dog here is all of them and more  
As I can change him day by day  
My love for him will never fade  
If I walk him once a year  
He will never shed a tear  
Because of his invisibility  
I can take him to school with glee  
I love him even though no one can see him, feel or stroke  
And my friends think he is a real joke  
They say "he can't even pick up the smallest log"  
Oh it would be nice to have my own 'real' dog.



By **Connie Brocklesby** Year 6  
Nook Lane Primary School

# My Family

(read in a Yorkshire accent)

My Dad, he likes football and screams  
And shouts at match  
He's growing some tomatoes  
On his great big vegetable patch.

Fluffy, he's my big black cat  
And he is very fat  
He's always catching mice  
I think they must taste nice.

Now we come to Jack (that's me)  
I am a good swimmer  
And have lessons on satadee  
I think I'm good at handwriting  
Or so Mr Chadbourne says  
My homework's always handed in  
First thing on Mondays.



My Mum she goes to fat club  
She takes my Aunty too  
They never lose any weight  
Unless they have a...  
**SALAD FOR LUNCH!**

By **Jack Foster** Year 5  
Nook Lane Primary School

# My Little Sister

My sister is so naughty  
She'll be like it till she's forty  
She puts loom bands in her mouth  
That she finds behind the couch  
She spills milk she cannot drink  
Then it starts to stink  
She splashes in the cat's water dish  
Splash splosh splish  
She whines in the bath  
That makes me laugh  
She wipes her nose on jumpers  
Good job they're mainly hers  
Even though she's sometimes bad  
Normally she makes me really glad  
She dances with a funny wiggle  
It always makes me giggle  
Even though she drives me mad  
Without her I would be sad.

By **Aneesa Meah** Year 5  
Nook Lane Primary School



# Down The Magical Canal

Magical bits glowing  
And amazing music  
Glowing tree trunks  
Ice men floating  
Chrystal guitars in the air  
And gold lights flying  
Lights the colour of ice.

Cool crystal singing  
And music dancing in the air  
Now there are glowing trees  
And happy stars in the air  
Lucky wishes in the water

By George - Year 2  
Oughtibridge Primary School

# Poppies

A long time ago soldiers died  
So we could say bye bye  
Soldiers that died in the War have blood  
And they lie in mud  
From the War people are dead  
Someone shot them in the head

By **Georgia** - Year 2  
Oughtibridge Primary School



# Tractors

The tractor is scruffy and muddy  
The tractor is as loud as a siren  
The tractor has giant wheels  
The tractor is as big as an elephant

By Evie - Year 1  
Oughtibridge  
Primary School



# Tractor Poem

Big black wide wheels  
Chug, chug, chugging down the road

By Gracie - Year 1  
Oughtibridge  
Primary School



# Basketball

A game is easy so you think  
10 hopeful players on the brink  
Dribbling away like dogs in the woods  
But the prize is worth over a million goods  
10 points up we cheer and shout  
The ref blows the whistle 'time out'  
Coach shouts instruction loud and clear  
No player talks so we can all hear  
We ran back on to the hard wooden floor  
Preparing to give what we came here for  
The match ended square and fair  
Losing we couldn't bear  
That is it for today  
The next match is away.

By **Abbey** - Year 6  
Oughtibridge Primary School



# Train Tracks

Clickety clicks

Clickety clacks

Thundering down

The railway tracks.

The spectacular sprinter swiftly sways past the station  
carrying spiders to Skegness.

The wobbly wagon whizzes west  
carrying wasps to Wigan.

The long laughing train lopes noisily up the hill  
carrying ladybirds to Leicester.

Clickety clicks

Clickety clacks

Thundering down

The railway tracks.

The mainline express mumbles it's way moaning up the hill  
carrying mosquitos to Middlesborough.

The clattering steam train clambers round the corner  
carrying crickets to Castleton.

The fast, fat and flat train flies past my fabulous window  
carrying flies to Flamingo Land.

Year 6

Oughtibridge Primary School





# Up, Up and Away

The hot balloon is rising...  
The beautiful sunset on the horizon  
The roads like bendy long slithery snakes  
The clear blue sky as blue as the sea  
The beautiful green mountains glimmering with amazement.

The hot air balloon is getting higher and higher...

The wind is blowing gently  
The burner roaring like a dragon breathing its fire  
The beautiful birds singing as sweetly as a high pitched violin note  
The heat is blowing from the burner into my face.

The ground seems very far away...

The air is blowing swiftly into my face  
The taste of orange juice swishing around in my mouth  
The huge balloon is filling up with gas  
The warm flame rising into the hot air balloon.

I really want to go on another ride...

By **Harvey Bates** - Year 4  
Oughtibridge Primary School

# The Elephant

The elephant lives in a dripping rainforest

Tall as a red lorry ready for take off

Heavy as a giant boulder

Grey like a sticky piece of clay that is going to pop in the hot oven

Legs as thick as a long bamboo trunk that is going to fall

Pounding on the hard and muddy ground.

By **Maddie Berry** - Year 5  
Oughtibridge Primary School



# Pirate Ship

All aboard the Wickey Wackey  
It's our pirate ship  
We're off to Treasure Island  
Let's enjoy the trip  
Oooooo Aarrrrr!

Three masts tall as giraffes  
Sails filled with wind  
Skull and cross bones in the crow's nest  
Pink and purple parrots squawking  
'pretty polly, pretty polly'

All aboard the Wickey Wackey  
It's our pirate ship  
We're off to Treasure Island  
Let's enjoy the trip  
Oooooo Aarrrrr!

By **Scarlett** - Year 3  
Oughtibridge Primary School

# Pirate Ship

All aboard the wickey wackey  
It's our pirate ship  
We're off to treasure island  
Let's enjoy the trip  
Oooooo Aarrrrr

One big pirate ship  
Made from wooden blocks  
It's a very useful thing  
But it's not got a cupboard for socks  
Oooooo Aarrrrr

Aboard the wickey wackey  
It's our pirate ship  
We're off to treasure island  
Let's enjoy the trip  
Oooooo Aarrrrr

By **Bevan** - Year 3  
Oughtibridge Primary School

# Hot Air Balloon

The balloon is rising...  
High in the sky  
I'm going so high  
I think I'm going.



I can see snake like roads slithering  
through the toy town cities.  
The patchwork blanket like fields  
are being mowed by ant like people.

I can hear the burner every so often  
making an angry ogre like roar.  
The birds are sweetly tweeting like a harp  
on a beautiful day.

The ground seems far away but I don't care  
because it's so relaxing up here.

By **Edward** - Year 4  
Oughtibridge Primary School

# Horrible Halloween

Vicious vampires  
Bad bats  
Creepy crazy cats

Wicked witches  
Poisonous pumpkins  
Zapping zooming zombies

Deadly devils  
Mad mummies  
Gross gloopy ghosts

Wicked wizards  
Scary slimy spiders  
Strong spooky skeletons

Have a haunting Halloween!

By **Class 1R**  
Stannington Infant School

# Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle, the dog, the cheetah, the penguin and the polar bear bounced over the moon to school.

The little dog laughed to see such fun and the dish ran away with the class.

By **James FS**  
Stannington Infant School



## My Favourite Words

On Monday my favourite words are:  
Happy and cute

On Tuesday my favourite words are:  
Loom bands and friends

On Wednesday my favourite words are:  
Love and baby

On Thursday my favourite words are:  
Mummy and Daddy

On Friday my favourite words are:  
School and funny!

On Saturday my favourite words are:  
Day and sun

On Sunday my favourite words are:  
Favourite and bird

By **Olivia** -Year 2  
Stannington Infant School

## My Favourite Words

On Monday my favourite words are:  
Gymnastics and bars

On Tuesday my favourite words are:  
Exploding and vocano

On Wednesday my favourite words are:  
Beavers and brownies

On Thursday my favourite words are:  
Sweet and sour

On Friday my favourite words are:  
Fidget and jolly

On Saturday my favourite words are:  
Chocolate and diet pepsi

On Sunday my favourite words are:  
Loom bands and bracelet.

By **Imogen** -Year 2  
Stannington Infant School

## Our Favourite Toys

Caring kerplunk  
Magic motorbike  
Marvellous monopoly  
Brilliant bike  
Pretty paints  
Bouncy bunny  
Beautiful baby  
Lovely lego

By **Oliver** - Year 1  
Stannington Infant School

## Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey diddle diddle the cat  
and the fiddle, the cow, the  
dog and me jumped over  
the moon and plants into  
space.

The little dog laughed to  
see such fun and the egg  
ran away with the spoon.

By **Phoebe**- FS  
Stannington Infant School

# Bed



Wiggling  
Jiggling  
Giggling  
Gurgling  
Clicking  
Tickling  
Ticking

Hands on your head  
Now it's time for bed.

By Olivia

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

# Fireworks

Firework firework  
Fizz, Fizzle, Flash  
Pop, Pop, BANG!  
Gold goes whoosh  
With green and silver stars.

Wharncliffe Side Primary School





# Cheeky Monkey

Cheeky monkey cheeky monkey how do you swing?  
You just jump and grab on and swing  
Cheeky monkey cheeky monkey how do you climb?  
Just grab on and crawl  
MONKEYS ARE THE BEST!

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

# Winter

Tumbling endless leaves and juicy berries  
Sweet apple pie and steaming hot chocolate  
It gets colder in the Winter and leaves change colour  
Red and orange and golden.

By Amazonia  
Wharncliffe Side Primary School



# Capturing History

Time stops...and captures the picture or the foot mark

Then time carries on but the freeze stays

You can look at them again and again

The dead man's breath will still roam around the house

Chalky pale foot print engrained in the blood stropping snow

Patterned by the man's colourless shoe

The snow sits there in agony

It will melt, scream and turn into a hot puddle in the sun

The grey old photograph that people would sit on a chair

In the inky dark and stare, at the loved ones that are not there

Sit in the world when loved ones don't sit with you

That world that was colourful

Is now colourless

The shadow that disappears but the gloomy scare still stays

Dark cold shadows that watch you when you sleep

It follows you home and sits behind your chair

It flicks its eyes on your every move.

By **Gabby**

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

# Shadow Dance

Silently the inky black shadow claws and climbs  
...then casts over grotesque mountains  
and across large green seas

A shadow is many things, a sibling, a friend,  
or...maybe even a pet

Don't frighten it!

Shadows are petrifying, manipulated by light  
Ordinary shadows are not that crazy, but offer plenty of  
light and it will go ballistic!

Wondrous shapes of darkness growing larger and larger,  
creepier and creepier

Shady, mysterious and friendly.

By **Simon**

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

## Autumn Days

Golden coloured leaves  
Falling off the trees  
Falling on the ground  
And floating all around  
It's getting cold  
All the leaves are old  
All the children play  
It's Autumn today!!!

Wharncliffe Side  
Primary School

## Autumn Time

Happy children playing  
Dazzling in the sun  
Feeling nice and happy  
Having lots of fun  
Autumn time is here  
Can't you see?  
Let's have a picnic  
Near that tree.

Wharncliffe Side  
Primary School

## Autumn

The Autumn leaves falling falling carpeting the ground  
Twirling, swirling, spinning around  
Red, brown, orange and green  
Autumn has come, Summer has been  
Squirrels are collecting for Winter time  
Into their leafy bed they climb.

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

# The Sea

The storm waves were like roaring lions  
The ice was like a milky crystal  
The rocks were like dragon's eyes  
The waves were like swimming horses.

The sea is so beautiful  
The rocks are like statues  
The storm waves are like roaring lions  
The weather always likes to do lies.

I can hear the sea crashing against the rocks  
I can hear the waves crashing against my body  
I can hear the sea shouting at me  
I can feel the sea pinching me.

The wind sings to you at night  
The leaves dance on the sea  
The ice slides on the water  
The fish swim at morning light.

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

# The Sea

The sea is like a blue sapphire

Glistening in the moonlight

Serenely calm and peaceful

Like a wonderland of dreams

The raging sea is like a lion's roar

Crashes on the rocks boats are tossed

Both to and fro

A fearful night at sea.

Wharncliffe Side Primary School



# Special Friend

When a friendship is broken  
And it just won't mend  
I have still got one special friend  
To her I know I can always come  
She is my first and last best friend  
She is MUM.

Wharncliffe Side Primary School

**I**   
**MY MUM**

Thank you



Children from the Primary Schools in the  
Bradfield Family of Schools have contributed  
to this poetry anthology.

This booklet celebrates the work of the children  
and the partnerships of the schools.

Thank you to Bradfield Dungworth, Loxley,  
Nook Lane, Oughtibridge, Stannington Infants  
and Wharncliffe Side

