

NATIONAL POETRY DAY 2020



Vision

I Like...

I like flowers with blue petals,
I like animals with fluffy fur.
I like butterflies that are yellow,
I like snowy winters – BRR!
I like books with happy endings,
I like baking chocolate cakes,
I like painting by the numbers,
I like crumbly chocolate flakes.
I like fruity smelling candles,
I like cosy autumn days,
I like taking lots of pictures
I like dreaming wide awake.

By Leila, Year 3

I see...

I see a tin,
I see a bowl.
I see a flower.
I see a mug,
I see a cup.
I see a bed,
I see a chair,
I see a book.
I see a teddy,
I see a clock.

By Molly, Year 3

I can see the sea

I can see the sea
which I think can see me.
I can also see the sky,
which could be a lie.
I can also see the green hills
and fish with the gills.
I wonder if they can see me.
I can see the tree
which I think can see me.
I can also see the worm,
with a wiggle and a squirm.
I can also see the deep pond
and the frog.
I wonder if they can see me.
I can see the flower
which I think can see me.
I can also see the birds
flying up in the sky
Looking down with their eyes.
I wonder if they can see me.

By Penelope, Year 3

Look Into My Eyes...

Look into my eyes,
look into my eyes
– you don't need to wear a disguise.
No disguise.
Look into my eyes,
look into my eyes
– let yourself be hypnotised.
Hypnotised.
Look into my eyes,
look into my eyes
– you don't need a box of ties.
Box of ties.
Look into my eyes,
look into my eyes
– let the feathers hide.
Let the feathers hide.

By Charlotte, Year 4

The Things in My Eye Line

Up in the North,
Further than the clouds ahead.
I see a mountain on the treetops.
I see a workman digging on a penthouse side.
I see a stream with two boats swimming.
I see eight pigeons, with nothing but feathers to
keep them warm in the cold, cold night.
I see nothing more than my precious eye line.

By Ember, Year 4

Shine

Vision is what unites us all
whether we are big or small;
Whether it is dark or light
our vision will shine bright.
So shine like the light
because vision is the sight of life,
Shine so the world can see
Shine like you and me.
Everyone is different
but everyone is the same
Because we all have vision.

By Honor, Year 5

Through The Past

I woke up on Monday
With my eyes tight shut
Then I thought about
The Egyptian King Tut.
Then I thought about
A Roman general
He was named Julius
And he was remembered.
Next I thought about
The Tudor era
Then my bed
Suddenly turned clearer
Again; it turned into World War II.
I heard someone say
"Ha, I shot you."
Suddenly, my mum came in
And she said:
"Get up and take out the bin."
So I got out of bed
And I put my clothes on
And I said to myself:
"What's going on?"

By Nancy, Year 5

When I open my eyes

When I open my eyes
Do I see a big surprise?
Is something huge in size?
What do I see?

Is it green or black or blue?
Are there four or five or two?
Does it quack or say moo?
What do I see?

Is it talking or being quiet?
Is it a driver or a pilot?
Does it steal things like a pirate?
What do I see?

Shall I keep it as a pet?
Is it dry or is it wet?
Does it play the clarinet?
What do I see?

But just to my dismay
The first thing I see today
Are some bills I need to pay
That's what I see.

By Isabelle, Year 6

I See Stars.

Hands up to the ceiling
The universe is out of reach
I close my eyes
Seeing a colour wheel
Of incoherent thoughts
Gasping for breath
Under waves of bad dreams
My brain tells me i'll be fine
But I want off this ride
I see stars
I see stars
Lunar eclipses dance around
My field of vision
My mind is flooded with
Solar systems made up of
Thousands of thoughts
You tell me i'll be fine
You hold my hand through
Fields of insecurity
I take your hand in mine
Tell you that i don't know
What you're on about
You assure me that i'll be fine
But i'm not sure
Gasping for breath
Under waves of bad dreams
My brain tells me i'll be fine
But I want off this ride
Hands up to the ceiling

The universe is out of reach
I close my eyes
The colour wheel returns
But this time
I get to sleep at last
Yeah this time
The bad dreams
Don't catch my mind
I see stars
I see lunar eclipses
Dance around my field of vision
I see stars
You tell me i'll be fine
I get to sleep at last
i get to sleep at last.

By Laura, Year 10

Fall

The act of free falling is one of the most liberating.
 You feel everything in all and no time.
 You feel your heart in your throat,
 You find regrets you never knew you had.
 You realise who was closest to you.

Your brain chooses to tell you everything
 it can about you
 That you may not have known
 Before you shatter on the ground.

If you do crash to the canyon floor,
 The biggest reward of life would be
 If you know someone was coming to pick
 up your broken, crushed, limp body
 And will painstakingly piece together
 your skeleton,
 Knit your new muscles,
 Tighten your ligaments and tendons.
 If you know you are not alone, then the
 fall was worth it;

You find things out about yourself without
 the extreme consequences of lying there,
 Unmoving but conscious for the rest of time.

The pain you know while you lay there if you
 believe that no one is coming
 Will be similar to every ending of every nerve
 having pins and needles.
 It is never ending.

But...

But we know...

We know...

We all know God is too cruel to let you die.

By Georgia, Year 11

Go on

Its a crack that I see through
 I'm staring through the key hole
 Trying to make the room come through
 Its a clock,
 Hands moving slowly,
 Hands nearly falling off
 But hands still moving past noon
 And it's a chair,
 A sofa, happily worn in
 Beautifully broken, satisfied and spoken,
 Whispy ghosts frothing like dry ice on it.
 And the window,
 The cold, dusty window
 With the smiles and long-faces drawn
 With the words and teeth full of brawn
 With the square carpet below withdrawn
 To a small, round clock
 That ticks
 And says stay on. **By Oluchi, Year 11**

Visions

Blood seeps out from under the door,
 Screams echo around the stone cold wall.
 I blink and it is there no more.
 I have to wait for Troy to fall.
 I beg and cry and weep to them,
 My voice I heard but they just stare.
 My vision tumbles – I don't know when,
 I have to wait for someone to care.

By Rachel, Year 12

Un vision d'acceptation

On tout vive dans une monde plein des yeux,

早上, 晚上, 或者下午。

Ich bin mich,

Und du bist dich.

我们都看生命,

And see a different thing.

Mais on tout vive ensemble,

ていれい。

everything.

Pronunciation

On tout vive dans une monde plein des yeux,

Zao shang, wan shang, huo zhe xia wu.

Ich bin mich,

Und du bist dich.

Wo men dou kan sheng ming,

And see a different thing.

Mais on tout vive ensemble,

Sore wa:

Everything.

A vision of acceptance:

We all live in a world full of eyes,
morning, evening, or afternoon.

I am me,

And you are you.

We all look at life,

And see a different thing.

But we all live together,

That is:

Everything.

By Rhiannon, Year 12

Delirium

Delirious visions are taboo

I won't confess what I see

And at night when nothing is seen,

I hear shadows too.

I can't tell what's false and what's true

It's terrifying for me

Delirious visions are taboo.

Murderers coming for you

I just want to be free

And at night when nothing is seen

I hear shadows too.

Dark figures distorting my view,

Branches fall from a tree,

Delirious visions are taboo.

I see people, they come for me

– there's nothing I can do

Then all I want is to flee

And at night when nothing

is seen I hear shadows too.

You taught me to see,

you taught me what's true

But now you won't hear my plea.

Delirious visions are taboo

And at night when nothing is seen,

I hear shadows too.

By Tara, Year 12

Visions

There once was a prophet, I'm told,
Whose visions were scary and bold.

'I'll play for United!'

His hopes – unrequited.

He was rubbish, unfit and too old.

'I'll act on the stage in a play

And win Oscars, awards every day.'

But on copious wine

He forgot every line

And would struggle with even 'Okay'.

So he ditched trying to be all prophetic

'I renounce it all – I'm a heretic.

Future things can't be seen,

There's nothing to glean.

All those visions were merely cosmetic.'

Mr Ives

The Vision

**(Inspired by 'The Woman in Black'
by Susan Hill)**

I would that I had never turned

At the first, faint rustle of that sad, silk gown –

A gown so black yet tainted with a bloom

Like rust – or, rather, the grave's decay.

Her face, bone-white beneath the
mourning veil,

Held such a distant longing, such a sorrow,

But her eyes – oh, god, her eyes – as fierce
and fixed as nails

Met mine, beheld, loathed and impaled.

Mrs. Borzoni

Skimming Stones

I ambled freely on the beach

Stones and shells within my reach

A treasure chest I do adore

Fossils, cones, gems galore

Tall, small, round and flat

Shiny, bright, dull and matt

Jewels gleaming up at me

A rainbow choice, I'm full of glee

Fill my bucket to the brim

Now it's time to have a skim

Plonk and thud they sink down low

Find a way to get my flow

1 – 2 – 3 – 4

Up it goes watch it soar

Like a bouncy ball across the floor

I am the master of the shore

By Mrs B Evans