

Memory Poems

Poems about memories of a place you love, inspired by Wordsworth's 'Ode to a Daffodil'

*Steely grey waves crash onto the sand,
As heavy lead candy floss turns and churns
Over the sharp point of the promenade bandstand*

*Bleak, stinging sand dashes onto faces, burns.
Whirling wind whistles between the cafes and shops
Twisting umbrellas inside out. Gradually, the grey watery dog lies down
On the sand, creating relieved faces.*

*Azure peeps out from behind the lead churning sky
And tourists begin to emerge from the hurriedly opened coffee shops.
The grains of sand lie flat once more, and gold tinges the wet cobbled streets.*

Lucy, Year 9

Durgan

*The spring sun glows over the empty shore
All you can hear is the quiet sea roar
Boats peacefully bob and engines hum
As I wake up to the seas drum.*

*Summer rolls around like waves roll onto the sand
The village is no longer empty and bland
The long golden beach is covered in tanned tourists
And I watch as I row out among the*

*The leaves on the old oak trees begin to turn brown
And fall to the muddy wet ground
Meadows on the other side of the river
Sway in the cool wind as I begin to shiver.*

*The coolness of the breeze changes to frost,
And the boats are tossed,
The waters become angry and fierce
Terrorizing the battered buildings on the sea front.*

*As seasons come and go,
Durgan changes like a wonderful show.*

Charlotte, Year 9

Corfu

*A handful of fluffy clouds peacefully pass by,
The sun sparkles sweetly in the soft, cerulean sky.
I feel the bliss of the beautiful bay,
The shade of the trees is where I'll forever stay.*

*Icy, foaming waves crash against the damp sand,
A peacock waits gracefully, its feathers elegantly fanned.
I spot the yellow and black stripes of a buzzing bee,
That flies towards the horizon, out to sea.*

*Secret coves call out menacingly to me,
Huge boats prepare to leave the quay.
And soon I know that I'll leave too,
But for now I'll swim between the blue.*

Zara W, Year 9

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Our Garden

*As the willow tree stood tall in the corner of the garden,
With its long, drooping branches swaying in the gentle breeze,
The windchime played their delicate tune,
The smells of the freshly cut green grass and the newly dug soil,
Filled my nostrils, bringing me the sense of calm,*

*Sheltering from the hot summer sun,
The black and white cat silently watched the birds,
That sang to each other about their day,
As the bright yellow sun shone on the twinkling water of the fountain in the pond,
The golden flashes of the fish swimming beneath the rippling water which reflected the immense blue sky above,*

*Against the far fence, the climbing roses made their way to the top,
Displayed the contrasting colours of whites and pinks,
As the white fluffy clouds drifted over the sun,
Shadows were cast over the garden,
As I nestled back into the big comfy cushions,
I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.
This is our garden.*

Moggy, Year 9

Poem about Turkey

*The shimmering sky beams through a velvet cloud,
Loud chirping crickets fills the open air,
Pure beauty creates an illusion of bliss,
The mountains frame the essence of the dreamlike place.*

*The glistening air filled with golden specks,
Was brightened up from behind the mountain's apex,
The golden glow glitters as bright as a star,
And how it could be so beautiful was so bizarre.*

*Trees as gold as angel hair swayed in the breeze,
An aqua blue pool of heaven would never freeze,
Warm humid air fills the place like a ruby red flare,
To see a view this beautiful was so rare.*

Georgia, Year 9

