

Comment

Love liner P. 195
~~FM~~

Picture the Poet

ent Ponis are amazing

le

poem can be about anything,
but watching the pot, a sunset,
read it rhyme,
but choose your words carefully
or you have to choose the right one.
a poem helps to choose the right one.
to digest their experience of life.
read it, say 'ah yes', or
and write your own.
Steadman.

Title

The Sea

The waves are crashing on the shore
Again and once more
In the distance you can see
ships sailing on the horizon.
When the sea goes out
These are shells, all about
Isn't it nice to be at the sea
Once more.

by

Karen Age 7

Ode to
a

Title

Goldfish

Oh! Wet pet!

Picture the Poet

comment Mummy + mark

name POPP

My Poem
Sarah + Chloe here to be
Part of something
bigger

by

by Sarah

STANZA
You stand so still,
back to the church,
what are you waiting for?

by Angela

My Poem

Love, Peace, Happiness!
Today, Tomorrow, Always!

by Simon
Devaney.

Title The cat

The cat had
a hat that
the bat sat on the
mat.

by Kiah

Title LIFE

They sat + they stared
Not knowing where to go.
Then it dawned on them:
'this is life.'

by Phoebe

Title COWIE

Mugs are for mugs
Mugs are for tea
I LIKE tea
So give me AN

by ANON!

E! ☺

Family
treasure every day
love them u every way
d them close, forever ever
nd you will always be together
by Sharon Graft
+ Jessica /

My Poem

Much Wow!

Such Nature!

Many Leaves!



by
Louise

title

tuenas 2magnis
no row
ito nja Jyvenimo

Picture the Poet

comment LADY THIS MORNING, THAT IS TIRING.
FOR AS FAIR AS THIS MORNING IS

name 6 BE NOT AS FAIR AS THIS, MY LADY

Alone I stand for one last time
where we once shared a dream,
And all we'd leave behind,
Where beneath the tender moon like score
That I'd be yours forever more,
And you'd forever be mine.
But Fate, I must now face alone,
Though dream I never would,
That promise made when times were
good, now fades away and echoes.
Like a long lost and forgotten line
From a song which stood the test of
time
For as long as it harbored hope.

My Poem

Nature, like everything makes me happy, like what does this
mean what are doing here? why were we
made? That's the real question

by Xander massie

"Stay strong, my heart,
Steadfast, my soul,
Stay true my father and
dreams.
For once my God has made
me whole,
He'll bring you back home!"

W. H. Auden

My Poem

brown shins shell the tortoise
smiling face
howe I love for u
tortoise owns
by owne
clara

My Poem

I'm happy with my life,
comfortable and safe,
in my unexpected future.

have faith

by Amber



Title Shortest Story

"For sale; baby shoes, never worn!"

by Ernest Hemingway

Title Trees

Trees are green like my football team.
Trees are green like my favourite colour
but I like it when they're brighter
not duller.
Trees are green in summer but never in winter.

Title I Like My

I Like my name
I Like my school
I Like my friends
I Like everybody

by Emily Helmings

My Poem

is short.
Flies by.
in our life, I think you'll find,
can do anything, if you try.
that time.
you die.

by Holly.P

My Poem

Jamie and his tiny hat
Ate his juicy burger
He left the big red apples behind,
and opened his red umbrella.

Kayleigh was tough and scary
She'd frozen the old oak tree,
and made a plain white background
for the bird watching poet to see.

My Poem

you know
THIS ISN'T

For

you

I AM KISSING

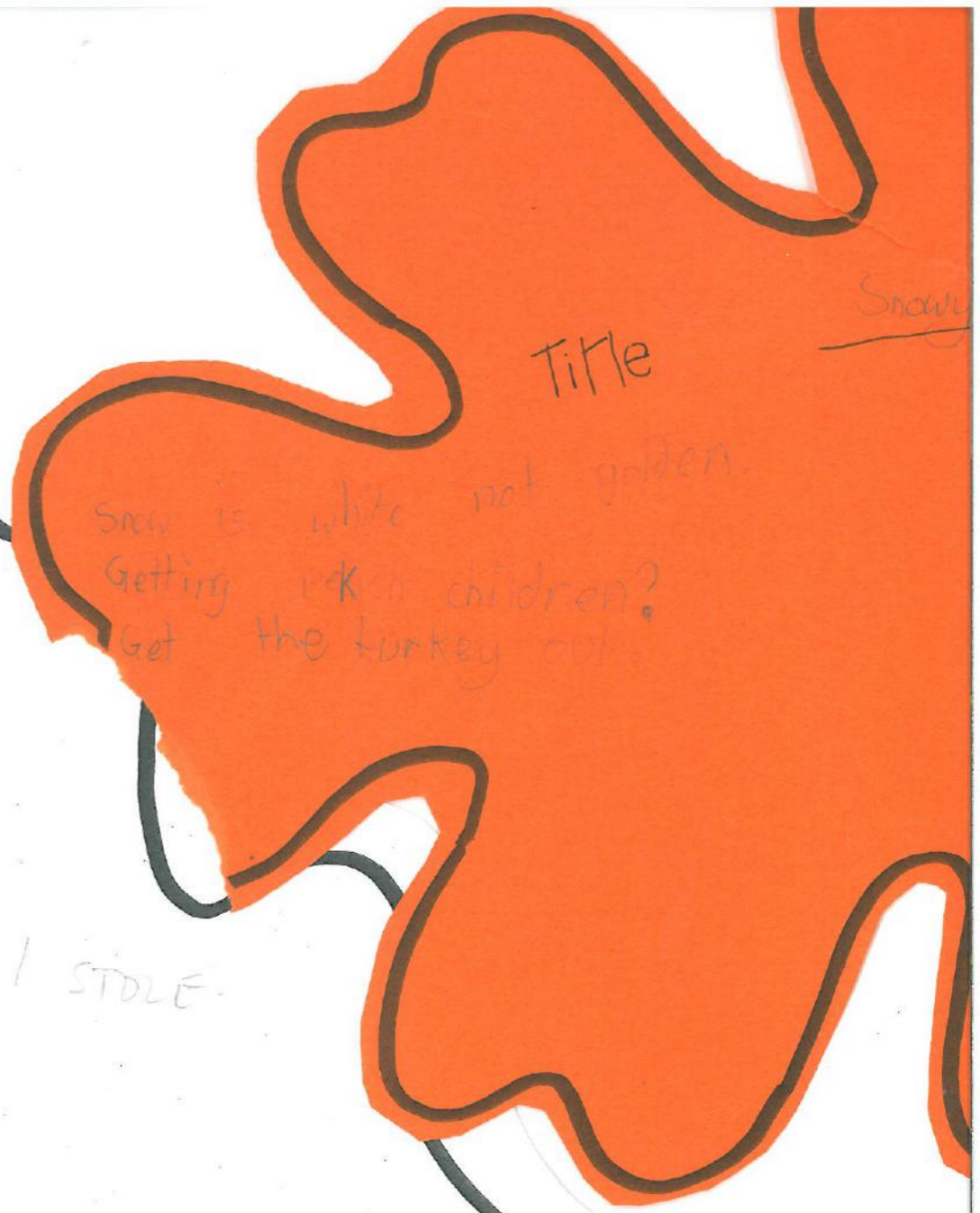
TEN THOUSAND BIRDS
WHEN I KISS YOU

by EB ft
W.W
S

Picture the Poet

My Comment

I like poems.



Title

Snow is white not golden.
Getting sick children?
Get the turkey out.

Snow

ment Oh to be free of
bites, what does it matter
offer all white life ~~steps~~ melts
away like butter!

name Hilary

My Poem

The leaves sail fast fast on
of the trees red-green
orange / brown and
yellow.

by Eve

My Poem

Gallery Gallery
What Whats on the wall
old photos
new photos
crallery crallery.

bu

MIN OF WORDS SHORT AND LONG
A STRING OF LETTERS, LARGE AND SMALL
IN THE POETREE

by BELLA

Picture the Poet

TUESDAY
(19-5-2015)

My Comment

CREATE A STORM,
WITH FLASHES OF LIGHT.
BE AN INSPIRATION,
TO THE LOST

HT!

Title

RATTY

Rattys come out from under the shed
Having is dinner of wholemeal bread
He's very polite and doesn't mind me
Watching from a distance he's plan to see.

by
Marilyn Seakin

Picture the Poet

comment

Do we know where we are
or where we are going? what is
I Don't Think so but I know
only me I don't know WHAT
you think?
Paul Humphrey

name

Paul Humphrey

Picture the Poet

comment

Great selection. Remember
poets Men film. Adharkleri - where is she?

name

Polly Perceley

My Poem

Men u follow someone on
Twitter- but they don't follow
you back. Sad face.

My Poem

ante en el peor de
os momentos, es demostrarte
a la vida, que aún
no te sientes

by

Lola
BMC

Title Dave

my name is Dave
I live in a big cave
I made a wine
to make a big rave

by _____

My Poem

my name is Olivia I love
and I love animals
and I love

by

Olivia bull

e Laurie

vely
azing
re!
lly really good
ressive

Title

Opening

Where's the remote?
 Can't find the glasses
 Have you got the screwdriver?
 Is this wonky?
 The Hoover hums —
 Not a few miles before
 They arrive

by

Maggie

My Poem

My persons give se quere
 man require un dia
 se quierem
 by Beata

My Poem

Seems to see
 Defender

by [Signature]

fields of
 barley and
 of rye...

Wave it over so any a bread.

Shot
 and
 Shell...

This better to have loved and lost
 than the Lady of Shalott.

My own, my sweet.

comment

name

Sam Johnson

to put 'em in a box
 it would be quick

Picture the Poet

My Poem
an urban wasteland.
machines, created from nature's
resources,
s frowning, foxes weep
We live to destroy,
we follow man like sheep.
by Louise D

en is the Valley
Make Waste
in the View
Speed
Tax Payer, lending
aspire
CC
Social has all things

My Poem
"Do you have twitter?"
follow me on twitter"
- ~~Blair~~ Rob
by Nicole

My Poem
I need another
The blues
my mummy
come to watch
both bomb says it stinks
the greens the pinks
it fizzing

My Poem for Holly -

The future is bright young things,
It's up to you to dance and sing,
On the tables across the fields,
Put in the effort reap the yield,
You can do anything

by Jo

My Poem

Michael in his cardboard hat,
Roped at his shirt and blue overalls,
He'd lost his green and blue
When he was playing hopscotch.

Maria with her big Afro hair,
Orange beanie light on the ground,
Peter in front of the
Striped like grass
Stood came a striped line of grass
Then came a striped line of grass
And the stars came a striped line of grass

by Blyden - cum
Primary
School