

2020

Anthology of Animal Poems

Year 7



Stratford Girls' Grammar School
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

The Goldcrest, Matilda J (7O)

The goldcrest soars above the treetops,
Her miniature wings painted grey-green,
Carrying her delicate body through the sky.
Her shrill cries fill the empty air,
As she glides towards her treetop home.

The coniferous tree is where she hides,
Away from predators and out of sight.
Light as the wind, she barely rustles the branches
Of her safe green haven.

She launches off a branch, lifting into the air,
Her golden crown glistening in the dappled sunlight.
The foolish birdwatcher never learns -
She is too quick for him to see.

The child, perched atop a tree,
Is lucky enough for her to come near,
Frozen with wonder and admiration
For this little bird with her golden crown.
The child waits, lets her come close,
But the little goldcrest flees, her miniature wings painted grey-green.



Chicken – Eva H (7P)

I hunt the wild winters
And graze the withered grass,
I climb the haunted trees
And whisper their unspoken,
Yet no one seems to hear.
I'm the lock to your keys,

I play the severed summers
And beat them at their game,
Wash the winds with fire,
Give them a world of pain.

They think I'm sweet,
They think I'm plain,
They think I'm simple,
They think I'm mundane.

Nothing is further
From the unforgiving truth!
Feeding you lies
And thinking we don't think.



The Crow – Lydia B (7P)

Black body with beady eyes,
Large, robust figure
Perches high up in the trees
Like a cat waiting to pounce.
In a playground after break,
Diving down from their towers,
Flapping and snapping at each other,
Fighting for whatever food they can get.
Being an omnivore, they eat what they want-

Swooping in circles like a vulture,
Staring and waiting for a sight of food.
With their long glossy bill,
They make an irritating sound.
Nicknamed messenger of death,
A reminder that magic is everywhere.
Plus with the fact they kill each other,
And a group of them is called a murder.
The crow is a mysterious, villainous creature.

The Swan – Dionne S (7P)

Gracefully gliding gleefully
Across the beautiful blue lake.
Swiftly swimming and bobbing along
While frantic fish bolt past underneath.

Cloud-white feathers dazzle in the scorching sunlight
And breadcrumbs are scattered across
The sparkling still water. Her eyes spy the brown crumbs
And twinkle with hunger. Carefully, she tilts her poised
Head and bends her long neck to reach her food.

Content, she paddles away with perfect posture
Into the descending sun. Colours
Melt into each other; day morphs slowly into night.
The swan is at peace.



Flightless seabird dives cautiously into the deep, azure water below for her baby - Vishwa M (7P)

Crash!

A glacier plummets down, slaughtering and pillaging,
Through who knows how many homes, how many lives.
With eyes as big as an owl's, he watches silently, his heart shattering,
The truth hits him like a warm wave, unwanted.
The taste of the salty sea turns bitter,
Creating a hollow emptiness around him.
The wrinkled sea moves in, he kicks it away.
"Mama," he wails.

No reply.

"What have you done to this planet?" he squawks,
Wanting his mother's safe wing. He rocks himself.

Tears trickle from his sore, sorrowful eyes

They don't turn to ice

Anymore, not like they used to...



Rainbow - Hannah S (7P)

My breath combines with the birds -

They are smiling; chattering as their sharp beaks open and shut.

White mountains loom over us, rocks showing a little beneath the heavy snow – we are not afraid;

Meagre mounds of flour – with hidden swirls of chocolate.

My face creases into a smile; more accompanying the flock!

Such joyous, wondrous, amazing feathers:

Crimson, fiery red, amber...

Azure, aquamarine, emerald, jade, fern green...

My hands reaching out to touch the rainbow -

Freeze -

Drop to my sides -

They have flown away.

My eyes peering into the distance – I catch sight of them!

They fly in a half-crescent shape,

I see hundreds of bright, colourful, happy birds, forming

A rainbow.

What Was Once Beautiful, Betty L (7O)

Its light blue feathers chatter in the wind.

Gracefully gliding through the sharp wind.

The jungle squawks with bright arrays of yellow and emerald green.

Wings extended as it soars through the azure sky,

Wind whistling in its ear holes.

Beige claws grasp branch of towering tree,

Gazing at its luscious green surroundings.

Cheerful chirping of exotic animals.

Its huge rusty yellow eyes peer at a metal machine spluttering in the distance.

Loud whirring of gears grinding,

This monstrous thing approaches the fragile, worried bird.

The once beautiful wood beneath the bird's claws was slowly breaking.

The loud machinery sliced and diced.

Further and further into a place of dreams

Further and further into the home of the parrot,

Perched on the chopped down gigantic brown oak tree.

Leaving a path of destruction and wreckage.

Silence,

The colourful jungle once filled with life falls silent.

Rainbow Lorikeet Haiku – Eilish D (7P)

Flying over trees,

The wood beneath ablaze,

I'm going home now.

The sweet air turns sour,

The smoke on my green feathers,

But the nest is safe.

My my family are safe,

Flying home to see them soon

With food, I will come.

Red, green, blue, yellow,

Coloured feathers of my flock,

Finally, I'm home.



The Owl - Eleanor P (70)

Small mouse nibbling,
With fur so soft and brown,
At the smooth surface,
Of a fallen acorn.



Above, sharp intense eyes,
Scan the bleak landscape;
Swift wings taking her gliding,
Across the dense and navy blanket of night.

Through the thick and hazy mist,
The owl distinguishes her prey:
A small mouse nibbling,
With fur so soft and brown.

Agony, for a short and excruciating moment,
Then floating away from reality,
Through the endless void of darkness;
The owl had swooped, her talons had sunk.

Huddled together,
In the mess of entwined twigs:
Four delicate balls of fluffed up feathers,
Soft shining eyes peeping out.

The single mother returns,
Her young crowding round,
Desperate for affection,
Their vulnerability demanding love and protection.

Their small, harmless beaks nudge,
At the body hanging from her beak:
A small mouse,
With fur once so soft and brown.

The Shape-shifting Owl - Grace G (70)

"Who," she said, in the dark night sky
For she was a lone star
Soaring high,

Playing like a puppy,
Sleeping like a log,
Eating like a goat.
She looked ordinary
But she was different:
The shape-shifting owl.



Turning into a lion
While chasing a mouse,
She was a vampire
Who slept through the day,
She was a log under the summer sun,
She was a goat
Who would even eat a frog,
She was the fittest fiddle
And busy as a bee.

Next time the blanket of night falls upon us,
Look out of your window.
If you're lucky, you might just see
The shape-shifting owl, whoever she may be.

Pigeons - Izzy G (70)

They potter about with clumsy
feet
In vibrant pools of sunlight
Strutting like arrogant men
Under their metallic coat
Is just a greedy hammerhead

Hammering invisible nails all day
long
At five o'clock sharp every
evening
Here she comes
"It's the old lady with the
breadcrumbs!"

Woosh! And the race has begun.
It's a rush for the food:
Feathers fly here and there!
Passers-by stop and stare
At how this lovely park
Has turned into a rugby field!

The Attempt of Flight - Molly F (70)

The wind ruffles its fur briefly,
Sending shivers through its body.
Standing statue still
Waiting to soar through the sky,

Bold as an eagle, strong as a bear,
Watching the sun's rays cover the floor.
No time to dawdle –
About to stride, she can't fall down.

The soaring had begun:
She breezed across a carpet of lush leaves;
Gliding, free as a bird,
Sailing across an abyss of blue.

As she vanished amongst the clouds
Everything else faded into a distant blur.
The sun began to hide her glow
The moon rose into view.

The time is near to safely sail to land
Now to return to her mystical cave
Deep in the darkness she has to remain
Hidden
Until another day.



Minute wings beating hard - Amelie G-H (7P)

Minute wings beating hard
Red flashing by,
Black spots all blurred.
I spy some lice down below,
And so I dive down,
Just as I feel the wind ferociously blow.

Feathered wings flapping rapidly,
Sharp, dark eyes darting round,
My being defying gravity.
I spy a diminutive Ladybird far below,
And so I expand my beak wide,
Just as I feel the wind ferociously blow.

With a gracious elegance I soar through the skies,
Talons round and eager,
When I get a delicious surprise.
I spy a Swallow soaring below,
And so I start circling,
Just as I feel the wind ferociously blow.

With a substantial appetite I glide,
Feathers the most handsome of them all,
I rule the skies with pride.
I spy a circling Hawk only metres below,
My yellow eyes greedy at rare prey,
Just as I feel the wind ferociously blow.

Slight legs scurrying hastily,
Escaping the clutches of a foul crimson creature,
Who took a windy blow fatally.
I spy a piquant leaf,
With my legs scuttling faster than ever,
And as I sink my mouth into it, I let out a sigh of relief.

Bees – Mia M (7P)

Light as a feather
Dodging all fright
Free as the wind
A beauty in flight

Singled out
Alone to hunt
Harvesting Honey
An incredible stunt

Flying over
A flower sea
They spread

What Does A Bee Feel? – Zion E (70)

The bee flutters through a blue sky,
For the noon is heavy with heat.
In the light of midday,
She seemingly emerges for her
Pursuit of mankind -

She flutters through a blue sky,
For the noon is heavy with heat
But first one must consider her
Beauty, the gold and black patterns that
Line her body, the softness of her fur
The sharp buzz that lingers in her wake -

She flutters through a blue sky,
For the noon is heavy with heat;
She carries the aroma of sweet honey;
She delicately spins and that we eat.

She flutters through a blue sky,
For the noon is heavy with heat -
Mere mortals screeching loudly

In her path. I cannot understand
How such a small being can strike
Fear into the hearts of many.

When she is aroused, her dagger
She will valiantly extract and then
Pierce
Then rapidly, unconsciously
Her gut she empties, blood rushing,
She weakening, antennae drooping,
Then blackness enveloping her corpse...
What does a bee feel?

All I know is that by her act of fury,
She
Perishes.



Thoughts of a Bee – Zoha A (70)

Her fuzzy body ambles along,
A cheering crowd beckons her.
Tufts of fiery red tulips envelope her,
The buzzing dot she settles on in the rainbow meadow and
Black stripes can be identified on her intricate yellow body.

A glorious life no doubt,
Forever roaming freely through tumbling hills,
Fluttering through fields white as chalk.

What goes through her mind, I wonder?

She gazes up at the turquoise canvas above,
Forever pondering if her life may amount to more.
If even for a moment she could be author,
If ever she could be the one to paint the sky,
To make her mark.

Her soulless life –
Pick a flower, drink the nectar
Pick a flower, drink the nectar –
Eternally embellished.
She wonders if besides a scream or swat,
Will she – herself – ever be given a thought?

Her fuzzy body ambles along,
A cheering crowd beckons her.
Tufts of fiery red tulips envelope her,
The buzzing dot she settles on in the rainbow meadow and
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A glorious life no doubt,
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What goes through her mind? I wonder.

When I Saw a Busy Bee – Tara S (7P)

Softly humming – quietly working.
Black and yellow stripes
Shimmer in the golden sunlight.
His suicidal stings may be dangerous
But he truly means no harm.
He pounces like a tiger
From flower to flower, devoted and determined.

So small yet fearsome.
So vital – yet deemed to be lethal.
So stry yet so subtle.
The bee returns to his hive humming with life.

The Prey, The Ant, Maya S (70)

In sorrow it treads,
For its back is crippled and blackened,
With the burden of its nature:
Six twigs, ready to give way,
But still proceeding, nevertheless.

Purpose of its life,
This ant has not a clue,
Stumbling and carrying leaves and food to live and
The food isn't even his to share.

What has this tiny creature?
A bird, its beak; a bee, its sting.
An ant? Its perseverance shall not and does not
Replace the power of its peers.
This creature has spent its life running from
predators,
Only to realise that it is prey,

That cannot fight back or sting or punch.
Only run.

With heavy loads and miles of walking,
Oh, it is too much for its peril figure,
If only tears were not streaming down its face,
It could create the illusion of control, better yet,
power.

But on this tread the six twigs do give way,
Falling to the ground. The ant feels 'smaller than',
For the ant knows that 'greater than' equals
'better than',
And the ant knows better than to fight.

But in one final act of beauty,
As the ant perishes, it will bite.

The Spider, Elizabeth D (70)

The spider crawls from tree to tree,
Spinning webs for her growing family,
Then creeps along the old shed floor,
To save herself from the dangers galore,
She climbs right up an old bike tyre,
Slips across a thin black wire,
Traverses over hooks in nooks,
And a huge old box of books,
Then wanders back into the wild,
To catch in her web somebody's child.



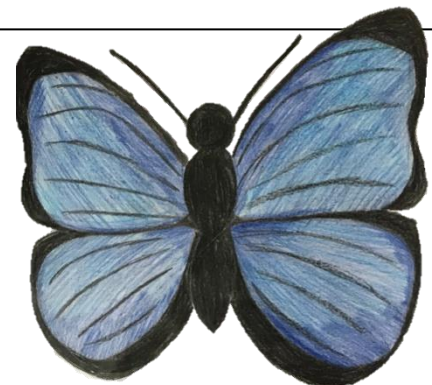
Watercolour World – Amelie B (7P)

I take a sip from each flower,
Singing as I go, for I
Am a bee.
I dance, and twirl, and whirl
Round my watercolour world,
Each flower painted so delicately.
And I was painted, in black
And yellow.
Fine, furry brushstrokes
That glitter in the sunlight
My transparent wings so delicate and small.
My wings buzz in the cool breeze,
As the trees swish and the flowers sway.
I return to my hive,
And watch over
My watercolour world.

Changes – Annabelle H (7P)

Is a caterpillar, glum and overlooked?
If she could, she would camouflage completely.
Her time had arrived, and she languidly drifted to sleep.
Time elapsed.

Like an outburst, brilliant rainbows and sun-kissed magnolias,
Artistry and allurements bloomed, she was lissom yet
She held her posture with divine dignity, but
Through the cascading sun and auburn leaves around her,
She knew she was still a neglected caterpillar
At heart.



The Squirrel – Megan S (70)

Where the oak tree lies,
Deep in the forest,
I find you there
Searching for acorns.

As I come near,
You scurry over,
Chirping,
Purring.

In my outstretched palm,
Are nuts and berries.
I found them coming here.

You let me gently stroke
Your red fur,
Your red tail
Brushing against my cheek.
Don't worry,
I hear myself say,
I won't let them take you.

It begins as a grumbling,
Growing to a rumbling,
And tears prick my eyes
As the hunters come running.

Harmony - Alice H (70)

The chattering chimps
swing high and low
through the emerald green canopies,
as far as the eye can see.
Creeping azure droplets
fall down the crooked bark,
bright vivid luscious berries
shine like angels in their eyes.
The chimps pick and pluck
the fidgeting fleas out of their fur,
playfully leaping from tree to tree.
Grand gorillas
sit strong and proud
in harmony with their world;
Never destroying the forest,
Never overpopulating
And living fantastic lives
that get cut short
because of our selfish ways.
But harmony can be restored.
As babies hold on to their mothers tight,
they all sleep calmly through the night.



Spring Squirrel – Emma B (7P)

He sits there,
Silent,
The wind whistling through the trees rustling them,
His belly grey like your breath on a frosty morning.
His ears twitch for a split second,
He is still, again.
Then in a blink of an eye, he bolts up the tree,
As fast as a lightning strike,
He is not alone though, he has company;
There is another squirrel.
She is more chestnut brown in colour,
She springs after him, running,
Round and round.
The silly squirrels spring after each other,
Enough to make you fall over with dizziness!
They stop as suddenly as they start.

The Chimpanzee - Lily W (7P)

She leaps, gnarled hands tracing
The path she knows so well.
Sunlight reaches out for her,
Turning her silky coat into a warrior's shield.
Her eyes watch everything as she glides
Through the rich canopy, her steely gaze
Hiding a tangled web of thoughts.

The humid air comforts her –
It is her home. Trees tower over
The forest floor, vines sweeping down like
Ropes. The world is alive with wildlife here,
From crimson birds to scaled serpents.
She is a playful creature,
But still she hides away from the world.

Like a child on a swing, she cuts through the air
But she knows this will not be her playground
For long. The humming of the insects,
The rustling of the leaves,
Will soon be but a memory of a better life,
A life that was destroyed by Man -
Her closest cousin but furthest friend.

Croc - Annabel E (70)

Slides snake-like over the silt
Comes to a halt
Sits, eyes slits, on the surface
Becoming simply scenery
And a fish slips past.

Its bones sink to the riverbed
Rest on a skull
Beneath his pale belly
Speckled with scale-lines
And he rests.

Until, upon his tombstone,
Bones
Of decaying fish lie,
This is his place.
And he sleeps.

In years of yellowing,
His children
Have grown and left
He has eaten and eaten
And now he sleeps.

He knows he is old:
Death
May come for him soon.
But for now, he will eat
A fish slips past.

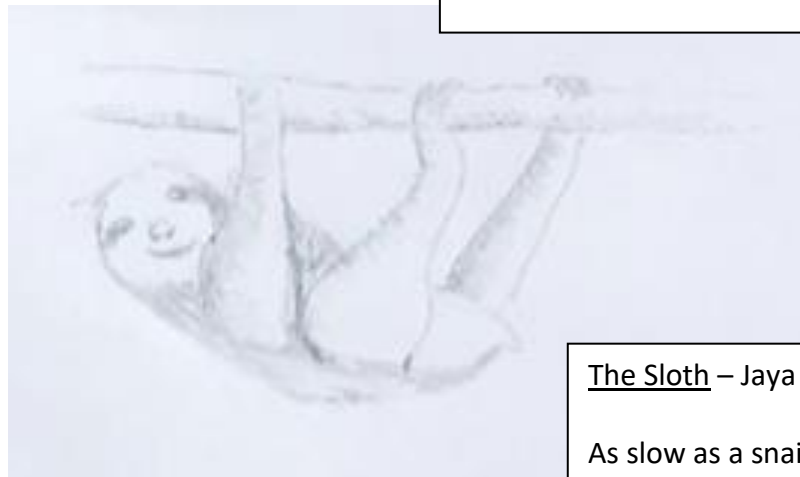
The Frog – Alice J (7P)

Frightened flies leap away from his mouth,
Flitting around, teasing him.
The muted croak of a rotting boat,
Breaks the silence in his lake.
Crows' legs swipe at his speckled skin,
And blind him with murky water spray.
The bulge of a sodden rock
Sits in his slimy algae-lined pond,
Concealed from predators' teeth.
His tongue unravels from his powerful mouth,
And captures a fly on its tip.

I Am An Ape – Elena R (7P)

I am an ape,
I was once great,
But then you people ruined it all
By doing what you humans do best:
Tearing my home and my family to shreds.
I know you say it was not you,
But my family and my jungle are already gone.
You may be sorry,
But it is already done.
You burnt it down,
You chopped it down,
Until not one twig could be found.

You can change –
Not just for me
But for all the apes who have lost their tree.



The Sloth – Jaya G (7P)

As slow as a snail,
He lethargically climbs -
Sleeping in the day
But wide awake at night,
He sees his surroundings
Hanging upside down.

Under the rainforest canopy
He grabs a plant to eat,
Thinking in his head
Yummy, what a treat!

His sluggish movements,
His lack of energy,
Relaxing whilst baking in the sun -

Idle and indolent,
He is a sloth;
Shiftless and lazy
All day long.

Run! - Sophia B (70)

I lap water from a cold, dank stream
My pack behind me
Delicate, mesmerising creatures,
Hunters.

Suddenly, they come,
Those colossal machines,
Destroying our lush, green forest,
Our home.

The icy Siberian wilderness is all we have -
They destroyed everything else,
Those two-legged creatures with the metal machines
Hunt us down, one by one.

This is the end.
Nowhere to go,
We do not have long.

RUN.

They have found us.
Paws thud along the ground
Lessen as we go.

RUN.

They are closer,
Their breath steaming up the air.
Howls as my pack falls.
Into a dark, desolate wood we pound,
The trees try to shelter us,
We wait, anticipating what will come next,
Blood already staining our fur.

RUN.

The silvery moonlight becomes brighter with harsh
searchlights.
I glimpse them clearly in the glittering lake before me,
My pack sprint away without me.
I am alone.

RUN.

I cannot.
Frozen to the spot I watch them come.
Shoot the innocent animal reflected in the water,
I watch myself fall.

RUN.

Polar Bear Poem - Beatrix B (70)

A hulking, mysterious silhouette
Emerges from the dark shadows of dawn -
Its face taut with hunger,
Ribbs jutting out like a stab from a sword,
Wild eyes seek out any other forms of life in this
Bleak white Wilderness.
Without warning, his hefty head whips around,
Sensing a tantalising scent in the air:
The smell of moose.
As he lopez along, he feels the crisp, crunching
Snow crumble beneath his huge paws.
He is desperate for the kill.
Creeping behind the prey,
Lips curled into a deadly snarl,
He pounces.
Razor sharp teeth tear into soft juicy flesh.
Sweet filling gore
Enriching his taste buds.
Satisfied with his first meal in weeks, he lumbers
Contently home, many miles, his white coat
Speckled with blood.



The Wolf - Dora I (70)

The beast prowls the forest floor,
His coat of silver dappled with snow
And ears illuminated by the moon's glow.

He crouches behind an old oak,
His finger on the trigger,
Pointing it directly at the cold and lonely
figure.

A lifeless eye remains still beside its awake
brother
But he doesn't need two eyes to see
How heartless the world can really be.

A pearl enveloped in lush cloud watches
How the wolf collapses onto ground,
Its open jaw barely making a sound.

Wolf – Amélie S (7P)

She pads softly down the luscious green pathway
Growing ever closer,
She must make this kill.
It grazes gently, unaware of her presence
She waits, hidden, fangs bared in a growl.



Suddenly, like lightning Wolf leaps, ripping, tearing with her vicious blades,
Terrified, the deer lashes out, stumbling blindly and screaming.
Blood seeps down her matted fur as Wolf holds it still,
The majestic beast that she brought down lies there, limp and unmoving

Wolf trots proudly back to her den,
A soft whimpering and timid whining echo throughout it
Her cubs get up on unsteady feet,
Their eyes feasting on this precious meal.

Nothing but bones is left when their finished,
And even they, will be eaten by scavengers;
They would not waste even a drop of blood
For every bite is precious to them,
Before they take the restless journey to adulthood.

The Wolf's Hunt - Zayna Z (7O)

The wolf's dagger eyes present concentration,
Eying her prey she's ready to pounce.
Thoughts of her cub's spring to mind,
She cannot go back now.

The wolf silently prowls.
Sniffing the air, she growls;
She's finding her fight and will not back down.
She howls, giving the deer a chance,
But knowing that it would be too late to advance,
Her menacing fangs gleaming of the moon.

Sensing the danger, the deer runs away,
But the wolf knows the woods,
Left and right,
While the deer runs like it was in a marathon,
The wolf soon catches up to her prey.
Her prey is cornered, it can tell,
The moon's rays gleam now.
Here it would start and here it would end,
For this is a matter of life or death.

The Arctic Wolf – Francesca S (7O)

The arctic wolf,
Stalks a soft, tiny lemming
Searching for food from birch trees
And fields of succulent plants.
The stealthy, surreptitious wolf -
The arctic wolf -
Perches in the freezing snow,
Its sleek, white coat keeps the wintry
weather at bay
Gusts of wind snarl menacingly
At the freezing, hungry wolf.



The Wolf – Sienna D (7P)

The prowler of the shadows silently emerges into the silver light of the moon,
Her eyes illuminated with danger.
One menacing howl and the trees quake, their brittle bones almost snapping.
She pads on scarred paws; remnants of her troubled past
When Man rampaged through the lands with billowing plumes of smoke,
That flourished from scalding wings,
Flames of orange danced through the forest, stripping the trees of their parched flesh,
They licked her skin with scorching ferocity, blackening the thick fur,
Until it was diminished to coarse strands of hair and her identity concealed by a blanket of ash.

But even the toughest, most hardened predators are no match to death's insatiable appetite.
Now icy daggers claw at her skin, numbing almost every sensation,
Except for the incessant growling in her stomach
As the thought of food gnaws at her mind.

She hears a blood-curdling howl from one of her pups, full of despair and pain.
The wolf races toward her pup; the maternal instinct to protect overcomes her
But her life is not without threat, especially during the cruel reign of Winter
When all succumb to its icy grasp
And bodies remain forever still.

The Hunt - Veda G (7O)

He sits silently, searching;
The wind gently ruffling his fur,
His eyes, dark pools encased in
his head,
Gazing over the bleak landscape,
he
Watches.
He watches the grove of conifers
swaying in the breeze.
He watches the ever growing
carpet of snow thicken.
He watches as the sky darkens.

The first flash strikes the ground.
Up he looks,
It's there.
The golden ball of fluff,
Framed against the picturesque
landscape
The tiny prints engraved in the
sleek blanket
Growling, he digs his claws
down,
The second flash
And he's gone
Growling and snarling
As his vicious fangs are bared
His eyes focused on one thing:
His prize
The tiny, helpless ball

Emanating danger,
Pounding through the snow,
All hope of survival gone for the
tiny bunny
The third flash
The beast propels forward,
Soaring through the air,
Every second he grows closer,
The intense look of hunger
glazed over his eyes,
Untamed and wild in frenzy,
Reaching his prey,
He hesitates
The fourth flash,
He pounces.
The life of the tiny soul
Gone.

The Leopard - Erin C (7O)

She bounces and pounces in the vibrant vegetation,
But then her eye meets theirs,
She sprints as fast as a meteoroid for she can't be caught.

She hides in the dark,
Where no one can reach.
She knows that if she is found,
Her cubs shan't live as kings and queens.



Of Life – Florence B (7P)

The creature roams
Through a desert
Of gold;
Its beady eyes scanning
For a flash
Of movement,
Of life.

Under the fur,
We can see a
Cold,
Hungry,
Helpless creature
Hoping for another day
Of life,

Trapped in a deserted,
Soulless atmosphere
With only his pack to keep him.
They ask if they will have another day
Of life.

Soon he will go hungry.
He could die,
But he is a lion:
A brave,
Fearless Leader
And it is his job to be brave
About life!

This is what he should be,
What is expected of him,
Because he
Is a Lion.
It is in the rulebook
Of life –

His pack rely
On him for support,
For food,
For life ...



Nature! – Kanishka A (7P)

A fish leaps through the ocean,
While trying to make a graceful motion
Up, above the sky is blue,
She looks at the birds
Wishing she was there too.

Down in the ground a hunter sees its prey,
It's skin black, white and grey.
Only one hundred miles to the west,
A lion is at rest,
Soon the hunters will take him away!
He won't be seen the next day!
Why is there so much cruelty,
When this world could have so much beauty?
I believe we should all stand true
And try and make this world beautiful too.



The Lion – Vivienne A (7P)

The wind whispers through his flowing mane,
A cloud of leaves plummet at the exhaling of the trees,
The sunrise sets fire to the land, dying it flaming colours,
And the dull silence is piercing.
The grasslands ache with none to trample it,
Clouds drift meaninglessly across the bird-less sky,
He stands alone, he lives alone, he breathes,
Alone.

Thunder claps and lighting stabs at the earth,
Droplets of rain cascade down rocks and ledges,
Trees and mountains,
Forcing the land to drown and thrash.
His pride is gone,
And death awaits him too,
But it will not come,
Why won't it come?
Life is unlivd without those to share it.

The Tiger Is... - Lottie A (7P)

Fire and ash, striped across his carefully brushed main,
Unwelcome strokes, not by him but by his captors,
Neat, but skeletal,
Providing happiness, but miserable,
On lead or in cage,
The tiger is...
Piercing black eyes stare in hatred,
Agony, engraved within,
If you look to see his pain,
Loved, yet trapped,
Fed, but starving,
A pet, but wild inside,
The tiger is...
Seen as a big cat, but he is not a cat,
He never will be a cat
For he is a tiger,
Not for you,
Or for me,
But for himself,
The tiger is...
In need of help.



The Tiger - Niamh C (7O)

The tiger prowls through land not his
Searching for food to feed his family
Who lie at home in anticipation
Of a meal to satisfy growling stomachs.

A roe deer walks uneasily,
For the earth is uneven
(All the better for a swift catch)
Oblivious of the stalking predator
In the swaying jungle grass.

A twig snaps.
The deer whips round
But sees only the robin
For the tiger is concealed.

The robin spies a tail swishing impatiently
In the tall jungle grass.
He tweets a warning to the roe and flutters away.
The deer canters off.

The family will have to wait another day.

The Cheetah – Morven V (7O)

Silently it waits
Hiding in the undergrowth
Invisible to the world
Its eyes vigorously darting around
Scanning the sunset and the horizon
For easy targets.
Soundlessly it crouches
In the dry grass,
Watching. Hoping that its journey
Was not in vain.
Then something catches its eye –
A figure, a dark shape with horns
Emerges from the wilderness
Oblivious to the danger that lies in its wake
Tense and ready to pounce
The skilled hunter leaps to its feet
A blur
Racing across the bare terrain
Followed by a trail of dust
And within seconds
Its destination reached,
The game won
And the race was over.

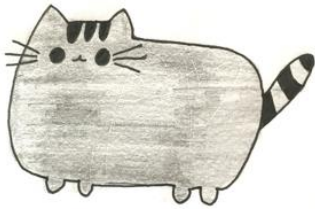
Steely Assassin - Alice W (70)

A young prancing apprentice
Serenades the sleeping city,
Joyful for the promise of sunrise;
Waking the workers
As the wind dances through the leaves.

None see the silent hunter
Stalking its plump but feeble prey,
Unsheathing its fine needle-like claws,
Eyes fixed and narrow:
A steely assassin's daggered glare.

Crouching attentive, still
Bristling with anticipation,
Nature sounds its siren: whistling leaves,
A screeching pigeon,
Our apprentice spreads its feathered wings...

But alas, too late;
The killer strikes!
The meal's last shrill shriek echoes around the valley.



A Cat that Lives in a House, Lily F (70)

I'm a cat that lives in a house.
Some cats live on the street but not me,
I'm not one of those cats.

Those cats don't have their own food,
But some steal mine and my friend's too,
So whenever one of those cats comes into my
house,
I hiss and I scratch until they go out.

I'm a cat that lives in a house.
Some cats live on the street but not me.
I'm not one of those cats.

Some have no ears, some have one eye,
But that's street cats for you,
They like to fight.
I just stay safe in my own home.

I'm a cat that lives in a house.
Some cats live on the street but not me,
I'm not one of those cats.

If Not – Annamaria K (7P)

Like a swift snake, she sneaks around the alleyway,
Like a careful cheetah, she clambers closer and closer until she's upon your back,
Like a malicious monkey, she picks a fight to earn everything,
Like an eerie eel, she frightens the life out of you as she pounces on your head.

Strolling with ease, his head held high,
With sea green eyes,
He rules over his little domain,
While he eats the fresh fish that he had claimed.

Aromas of things that seem familiar,
Dance around her,
Teasing her and mocking her,
They lead her to
The rosewood coloured door of the corner
Fish 'n' Chip store.

There are many types that roam the planet:
Big, small, slim, sassy, scavengers and every other type,
But you've probably guessed what I'm talking about,
If not, they're called cats!



A Barcoded Horse - Sophie S (70)

An optical illusion,
That tricks your sight:
No colour, not HD ready,
But only in black and white.

She struts before me,
Her mane standing up straight and proud.
Every detail about her is loud!
She says to me,
"Black with white stripes is what your kind say,
But this matters not, I'm beautiful either way!"

Oh, how everybody loves these creatures,
With black and white distinctive features.

The Lazy Panda – Sophia L (70)

Black - white went the ball of fluff,
Tumbling down a hill!
Once she had reached the bottom she stopped and
laughed;
The playful panda was happy.

Plodding through the bamboo forest,
Trying to find rest,
An expression of pure excitement crossed her face,
FINALLY, she had found it: the perfect place to
nap!

She curled up tightly like she was in a cocoon,
Off to sleep was the lazy panda for the afternoon.

The Panda – Cara G (7P)

Rolling around, tumbling down hills,
Their fur keeping out the chill.
Bamboo is their food,
And it needs to be well chewed!
Climbing a tree,
To see what you can see:
Sleeping Alone,
In their own zone.

The Life of a Lonely Turtle – Lana C (7P)

There were lots more like me, I knew it, I just hadn't seen them yet.
There were fish, occasionally. But nothing would compare to having a companion.
Gliding along the fresh blue sea,
Sunlight penetrating through my shell, into my heart;
That warm glow I liked to call home.
Murmuring, the mini water droplets became less ferocious.
Silence, here it came:
Tumbling, clumsily like a toddler, the waves came, whispering
and just like that...
Gone. Calm again, the only thing to hear was the fizzing of the abandoned bubbles.
My breakfast, as crisp as ever, the long and vibrant green strands dancing with the coral.
Chomping, the saltiness tickling my taste buds, I loved seaweed.
Wisdom, experience, knowledge, wasted on a quiet life, no one to share it with.
Longing for the day to come when I would meet my soulmate.
I caught a glimpse, heart racing flippers flapping, swimming fast, faster than ever before
This was my chance, the moment of truth, I was certain, it had to be!
Nothing. Imagining, dreaming, I was lost.
Flashes of browns, greens, pinks, purples, reds. The coral was my only friend.
Eyelids drooping, head lowering, sky darkening, I floated gazing at the stars.
Asleep. Waiting for another day, hoping.
I shared my story with myself, the sand, the occasional fish that swam by in a hurry
Until my time came.
No more fresh salty seaweed, no more star gazing, no more hoping or dreaming.
I had finished my race of life. Asleep. Forever.



Dolphin Pod, Charlotte S (70)

Spinning gracefully,
They tumble playfully,
Living their own carefree,
peaceful lives.

They talk in a secret language,
Unknown to mankind;
As they splash around with ease,
We are totally blind.

But this one, fateful day,
I'm ashamed to say,
We poisoned,
Where they loved to play.

Toxic,
Vile waste,
Poisoning their home:
Foul smelling,
Sea-life shuddering;
More man-made mess.
Disaster.

They grouped together,
In their little pod,
But a child broke away,
Chasing after some cod.



The infant leaped,
Then submerged soon after,
And now everybody knew,
That this would end in a disaster.

Her innocent shining eyes,
Pleaded for help,
As her movement was impeded,
By a forest of plastic "kelp".

She wrestled and fought,
With the indestructible waste,
But this was worse than anything,
She had ever faced.

A plastic bag covered her fin,
A bottle on the poor things head,
But no one would dare come help her;
Within minutes she might be dead.

Her mother spins in distress,
The others frozen to the spot,
To see who would make the first move,
Can they save the child or not?

The Dolphin – Lucy E (7P)

The dolphin cuts through the sea,
Stealing breath, before it dives again.
Clicking its tail as it leaps through the air.
The silent dolphin disappears into the sapphire ocean.

A fish leaps from the water,
Dancing to escape from the advancing predator,
But losing stamina it succumbs to the chase.

The dolphins collect around the boat,
Their sleek backs glistening in the setting sun.
Dipping they leap vast distances across the ocean,
Playful after the hunt, wallowing in the water.

Swiftly dancing dolphins as fast as fish,
Powering through the air,
Taking a last breath before disappearing into the sunset.

The Siren – Eirys H (7P)

In the ocean, by a barren shore,
Lurks the Siren, a piece of ancient lore
Biding silently and watching with grace
For an innocent to sail through her
place.

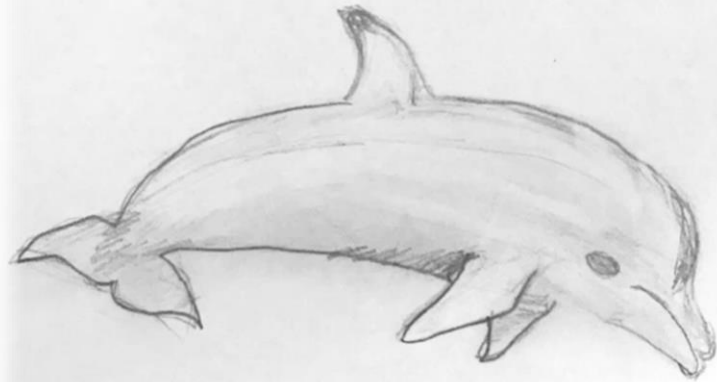
Enchanting melodies flow over waves -
Eyes glinting like priceless gems -
But all who hear her alluring song
Have already been condemned.

Waiting to see a boat's sails,
Beads of sea spray clinging to her
finned tail,
Not a Mer, for they do not enslave
Whereas she will drag you to a watery
grave.

Dolphin in the Sea – Ineha R (7P)

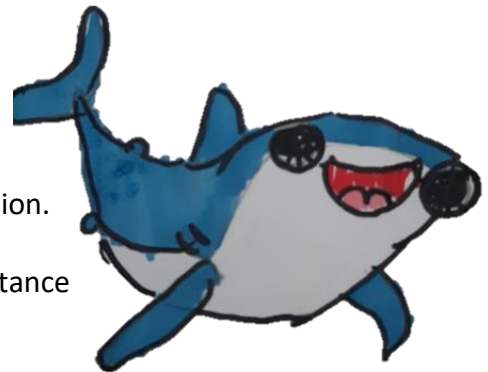
The friendly dolphin
Gracefully
Dives, splashes and tumbles -
All sleek and smooth
From head to tail.

A playful clever creature,
Leaping, all happy!
But you see a dolphin
Is a clever creature,
Clicking in the velvet ocean.



The Unassuming Monster – Rhiya I (7P)

He pierces through the calm steady water, intrusive. Disruptive.
His strong tail, leaving behind a trail of tension and fear.
The murderous blades in his mouth, show off their sparkle,
winking, teasing, like bait enticing you into its trap.
Shimmering in the sun's light of gold, surreptitiously seeking attention.
Proud and prowling in the water's dark, hollow depth.
Waiting for a friend, any unassuming target keeping its precious distance
From the inevitable, that would lead to their dire fate.
He watches alone, alert and menacing,
eyes darting left and right, shooting spears of ravenous desires.
A vicious empty-hearted monster – no cares, no concerns...
Or is he?
Is he just misunderstood?
An "unassuming survivor"...



The Graceful Good Willed Goldfish, Swathi J-V-S (7P)

The graceful good-willed goldfish
Spreads its fins like wings
Leaving a wake of bubbles
As he glides aimlessly

Wades through water like air,
Docile and amicable species,
Rummaging through chromatic
gravel
For little scraps, forgotten below.

His fins radiating autumnal hues
He bounces for food like a child for
candy
Staring with stygian black
Eyes which could pierce a diamond.

A School of Fish – Aleeza A (70)

The sun's rays rebound off the azure
ocean,
Chinks of light breaking through,
Beaming deep into the darkest parts
of the breath-taking stretch of blue,
Twinkling past the flowers of the
sea.

A school of silvery fish dance past,
Twirling in and out of rocks and
coral.
The sun catches each tiny mirror
that covers their bodies,
Rendering them barely visible.
The subtle movements that each
fish performs,
Create enthralling formations.

Until,
A shadow is cast across the sun's
rays,
The ocean is plunged into darkness.
A wiry net sweeps through the
waves,
Scattering the school,
Dozens of fish hauled upwards.

The shadow passes,
The sun's rays rebound off the azure
ocean,
Chinks of light breaking through,
Beaming deep into the darkest parts
of the breath-taking stretch of blue,
Twinkling past the flowers of the
sea.
A group of silvery fish swim by,
No longer a school.

Majestic Mover, Harneet B (70)

Asian elephant awakens in her colossal jungle,
Intelligent as she uses her only tool to grab
Fruit from the canopy of luscious leaves and
Flowering flamboyant plants.

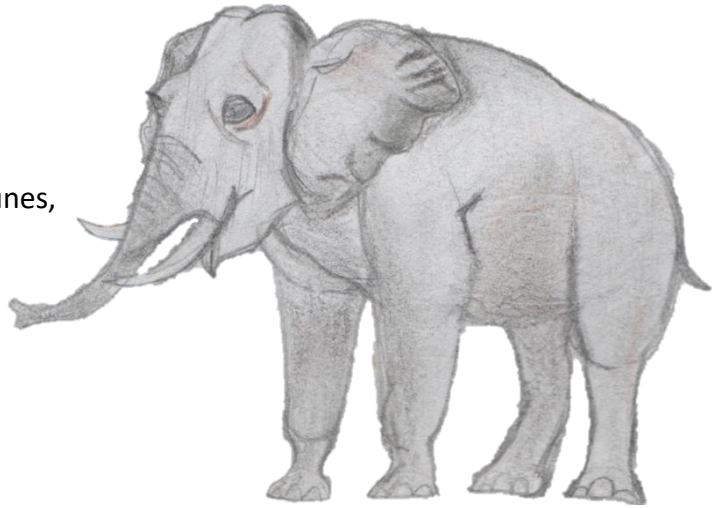
African elephant awakens, surrounded by hostile dunes,
The submerging sand leaves the shape of her.
Wrinkled from her days in the arid streaming sun,
Her sterile scene is filled with frustrating flies.

Asian elephant enjoys her luxury,
She splashes in the glistening stream,
The flies buzz in applause of her show.
Colossal swaying elephant, only wrinkled
From hours in her trickling pool.

Panting African elephant,
Constantly playing hide not seek.
Shy eyes hunting for those who want her beauty,
Her tusks. Her magical tusks.
She marches through her barren land, which reflects her
Soul.

Playful Asian elephant flaps her ears with joy,
Her jungle is as alive as the ocean waves.
Suddenly African elephant turns to see a blur before her.
Her trunk is dripping with blood,
The hunter and his toy beside her.

The jungle is no longer as alive as the ocean,
Asian elephant splashes in what seems like ashes,
African elephant's pale, wrinkly limbs are stiff,
Her mournful eyes moving no more.
She breathes her last dying breath.



Giant of the Jungle, Ella K (70)

Sky-high stomper,
Head brushing the twinkling heavens;
Rugged and royal,
A crown of glass-tipped leaves at her feet;
Wizened warrior,
Trudging through the jade undergrowth.

Lumbering limper,
A dance free of rhythm;
Gregarious grey,
Her heart is made of starlight beams;
Tame hunter,
The forest her only true weapon.

Lordly trumpeter,
Her triumphant calls!
Placid plodder
Paddling furiously beneath the surface.

Hunted, chased,
Forever running, evading capture
Not mad, only misunderstood.
Deranged? Only deliberate, thoughtful,
Not moody, mellow.
Impregnable, yet intelligent, kind;
No monster, a mother.
The towering noble of the land,
An unwieldy ballet,
Lustrous, iridescent, candid eyes of
twinkling sapphire.

A gentle giant.



Where next?

Submit your poem in a competition:

<https://www.lovereadings4kids.co.uk/submit-poem-entry>

<https://nationalpoetryday.co.uk/education/poetry-competitions/foyle-young-poets-of-the-year-award/>

<http://www.writingeastmidlands.co.uk/young-writers/solstice-prize-2020/>

Turn it into an extended piece of writing and enter a short story competition:

<https://www.wilbur-niso-smithfoundation.org/index.php/awards/author-of-tomorrow>

READ MORE POETRY!!! <https://www.poetrybyheart.org.uk/anthology/>