

Wychwood Primary School

In this issue we feature a selection of poems by the pupils of Wychwood Primary School

Autumn's Come

I send the leaves swirling in a huge colourful mass,
Blood red, golden brown, banana yellow, BLISS.
I send squirrels to hoard acorns, for wintertime a feast,
Hopping from tree to tree south, north, west, east.

I send helicopters spinning from tree to the ground,
Mr Mole has been busy, they land upon a mound.
I send the children picking blackberries, succulent and sweet,
Laughing, shouting and the sound of pattering feet.

I send a whistling wind along to play with plastic bags,
The blanket roof of children's summer den droops and sags.
I send ripe conkers down to the floor to rest,
Until people come along and carry home the best.

I send golden fields, grass green and bare,
People come to harvest them, dark haired, red and fair.
I send much shorter days to you,
Back south the birds flew.

I send my autumn feeling round,
Summers gone it's feeling numb, AUTUMNS COME!


By Harriet Allcock

Things of Autumn

I can change the weather, wind and it's sound
And plant any acorn in the ground.
I can pick moulded apples off the trees
And make birds fly south, like snow-white geese.
I can change any leaf orange, yellow or brown,
Or strip the trees of their golden leaved crown.
I can drop chocolatey brown conkers from the trees,
Or trap at home the honeybees.
I can grow any berry black, red or green,
Or sit a robin on a tree that's wide, short or lean.

By Joe Dyakowski

Autumn



Drifting through a wood I begin my journey,
Painting leaves a golden brown,
Then crumbling them to the ground.
As I plant the juicy blackberries,
I see squirrels scurrying,
Rabbits running and birds preparing to fly south-wards for winter.


I glide through the misty green grass,
With the smell of fresh bark on my back.
Out of my finger tips comes a chilly breeze,
And to go with it some powder that makes you sneeze.

So don't be sad that summer has gone,
Because I am here, Autumn has come.


by Hannah Khoyratty

Autumn is here

Autumn spreads across the world
Like a blanket on a bed.
It creeps into every crack and crevice
Warning us that winter isn't far away.



It upsets all the leaves
As it sends round a chilly whisper,
Warning, warning Autumn is here.
As Jack Frost nips about
He leaves behind him a chilly breeze.
Everything he touches with his frosty fingers turn to ice.



All the leaves have gone
Autumn has got them safe for next year.
They have been replaced by a bare branch,
Autumn is here!

by Bethanie Nisbet

