

# Max G's poem

*The birds are now roaming the world  
On the streets throughout the globe  
Expensive cars so glamorous and bright*



*But they're no use because of humans big fright  
Businesses are ruined  
Businesses are done  
Parks are empty and not much fun  
Clapping the NHS at 8 o'clock  
Red brick houses, all lights are on  
Stay at home. Protect the NHS  
Everyone needs to do their best*

Aaron

The luscious, alive, green grass blew in the early morning wind, like waves across the shimmering sea.

The leaves moved as if they were waving at me.

The birds went chirp, chirp, chirp, reminding me of little people going about their day.

It was very peaceful in the sandy bay.

I feel the wind rushing through my hair.

It was very sunny this year.

Bad news

The world's a crazy place at the moment, no school, not allowed to see family or friends, but me and my family spend time in the forest. In the trees there's no bad news.

Just the sound of the birds, bees and our shoes. The dogs are so happy to be free and just for that hour our lives filled with glee.

In the forest there's no bad news just time to spend doing what we choose.

Running walking laughing looking at amazing views Making the most of what we have, climbing Occasionally falling to our knees.

In the forest there's no bad news.

Mason 2.4.2020

# Down the lane By Beatrice

Down the lane,  
Where the silent streams trickled  
towards the tall tower,  
Carelessly collecting cardboard, tins  
upon the lawn;  
Down the lane;  
The house with the panted  
roof,  
As you walk past you'll hear  
a dog go woof.  
Down the lane;  
Long winding paths get you  
lost in a flash,  
The deep lake with the ducks  
that would often just splash.

In the middle of the lake, where nobody wants  
was a cozy cabin "It's haunted!" they said,  
the little swampy patch disappeared!

I am not a ghost, I am not a soul,  
not inbetweeners, never to be seen,  
my heart is not whole.

For I dance in the darkness,  
Unpure and heartless  
Now go, take your last breath,  
For, boys and girls, I am Death.

by Melissa Shacklock



# THE Fresh Prince of Lockdown

Now this is a story about how  
My life got flipped turned upside down,  
I'll take a minute sit right there,  
And I'll tell you how I was stuck inside.

In east London born and raised,  
Outside I spent most of my days,  
Chillin' out Maxin relaxin all night,  
And playing football with a firm's lads,  
When a virus or two who were up to no good,  
started making trouble in the neighbor hood,  
The world got into one big problem,  
And the government got scared,  
Nobody's going out, Boris liked!

People beg and pleaded day after day,  
But Boris said we are already on our way,  
He said don't worry we've got a two way ticket,  
The Prime said we might as well hitch it.

Felix





04.20

# A poem

I gazed outside my window  
 saw a beautiful view of the city  
 could see a colourful rainbow  
 so bright that looking at would be pretty  
 here was also an extremely long river  
 with several small trees on the other side  
 going to see it is something I would consider  
 would be incredible for a whole child

also noticed the path across the road  
 where most people go to exercise  
 it was really amazing at the park when it snowed  
 especially me with which really high  
 and there is a poem about what you can see outside  
 your window



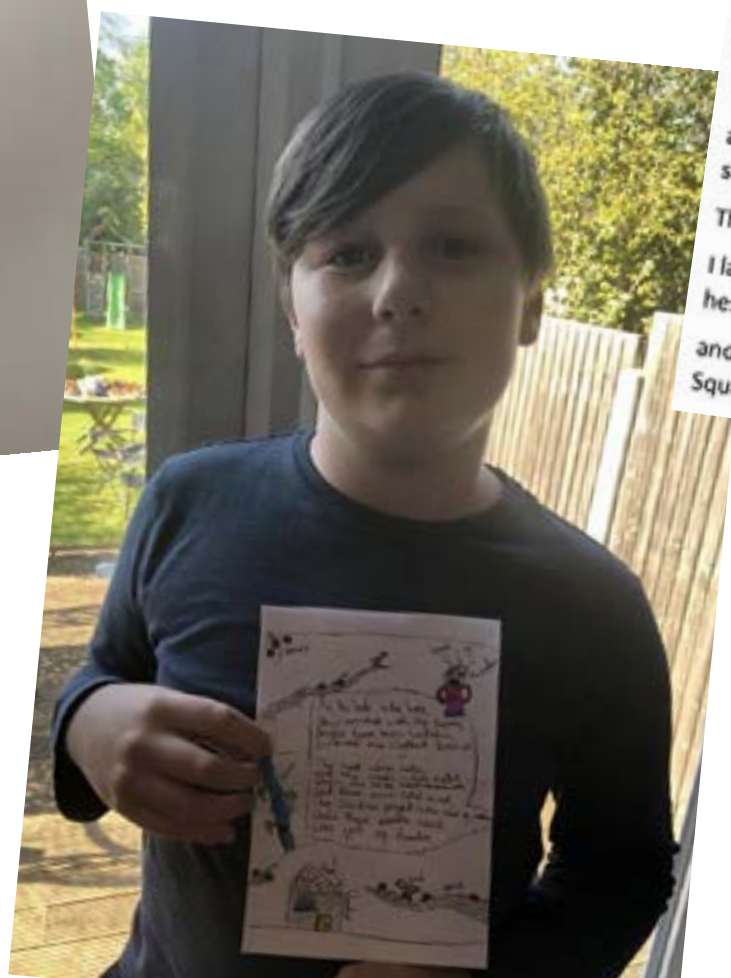
## Silly Smelly Seagulls

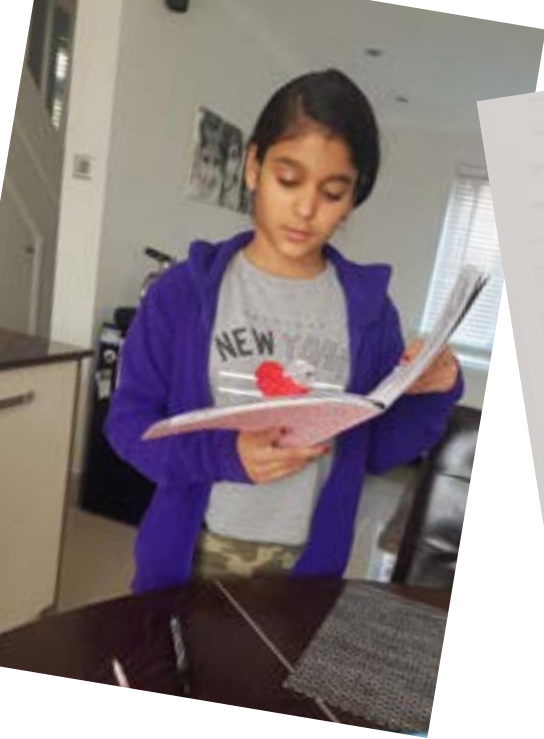
On one bright and sunny day  
 I went out in my garden to play  
 and as I got quite tired  
 I sat on the grass to rest  
 I laid down to rest, I was at my  
best  
 As I was just settling into  
 the gorgeous green grass  
 I heard ...

Squawk! Squawk! Squawk!  
 I jolted up from my relaxation  
 and looked up at the baby blue  
 sky.  
 There was nothing  
 I laid back down with no  
 hesitation  
 and then ... Squawk! Squawk!  
 Squawk!

I realised it was the loud local  
 seagulls.

Arghh, seagulls are the worst  
 I tell you they are a curse!  
 They are always really loud  
 and sometimes even proud  
 not to mention  
 they're always hiding in the  
 clouds  
 except for when you have  
 fabulous food  
 then they fly down and snatch it,  
 how rude!  
 By Sophie





Corona Corona virus,  
 Why are you in our environment,  
 We no longer need you here here,  
 Why don't you disappear,  
 your ruining our year,  
 and now there is a tear,  
 because of all the despair  
 now we need to be aware.  
 I declare to make it more fair.  
 please spare us and our care  
 keep away from the elderly, friends and family.  
 We will live happily if you disappear.



Friday 3 April 2020  
 Green grass growing in the Veldt  
 There are no people who are  
 without parked cars like corpses in a grave.  
 The houses very brown,  
 Stand guard to us inside.  
 With bells ringing from side to side.  
 Isolation by Maria Simon Jones





Dear Old Willow

Dear old Willow

Why do you wallow?

With tears running down

Always weep and frown

Is it because of your age?

(Surely it's been a century)

Is it because of a page?

(Temptation to carve an entry)

Is it because of man-kind's evolution?

(Advanced minds, capable of anguish and torture)

It is actually because of your great hand on the floor

Ready for youngsters to clamber on until they find you  
bore

Eloise



## IN THE STREETS

Josh

In the streets with my dog,

He's acting like a wild hog,

Other people in the road,

Listening as they bellowed,

Streets are bare now not one single car,

Every restaurant, fast food nobody in the bar.

Streets were packed before but now they're a  
locked door,

Until now our economy used to thrive and soar,

The virus will never win,

We'll throw it in the bin,

Walking in the street with my dog,

He's as playful as a wild hog,

Who is this person it is me,

In the outdoors for as long as I can be.

# Alone

By Monty

*As he stepped out on to the street  
As he stepped out of his home  
The empty streets reminded him  
That he was all alone.*



*No neighbours to say hi to  
No black bulldogs to hear bark  
Although the sun was shining  
It felt like it was dark*

*We got in his car,  
and started to drive down to the shops  
only to be stopped  
and pulled over by the cops.*



*"We want to know," the police said,  
"Why you're heading out?"  
"I'm going shopping," the man replied.  
"Nothing illegal going about."*

*So they let him go and as he drove  
Wind whistled like a boiling kettle  
However he drove on  
Whilst it stung his ears like a thorny nettle.*

*He looked around and saw only death  
Lamey children chasing  
dead men dying, helpers helping  
all whilst the smokers were smoking.*