



Autumn Poetry Handwriting Competition

**Choose a poem and copy it
up using your most beautiful
handwriting and presentation**

**Give your copy to Mrs Graves
by Tuesday 11th October**

**See Mrs Graves for paper if
needed**

I see **orange**

I see **brown**.

I see leaves

On the ground.

I see **yellow**.

I see **red**.

I see leaves

Above my head.

Awesome Autumn

Back to school, chilly breeze,
Leaves change colour on the trees.
Yellow, orange, brown and red,
Hedgehogs find a comfy bed.

Halloween, darker nights,
Pumpkins, costumes and big frights!
Leaves fall, flutter and fly,
Starlings gather in the sky.

Squirrels collect nuts to store,
Spinning seeds of sycamore.
Conkers crash together,
Morning mists, stormy weather.

Autumn has begun

Harvest Festival
comes around.

Bushes of blackberries
Can be found.

For some the school days
have begun.

The summer holiday has
been and gone.

September, October
Bring darker nights.

A warmer coat
To wrap up tight.

The insects now
seem far and few,
the trees grow bare,
A sky less blue.

First came spring,
Then summer sun.
Now the autumn
Has begun.

Autumn Fires

by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!
Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.
Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of gusty days and cloudy nights,
The wind which showers wine apples to the ground
Blows at midday the long, pale, lunar lights
O'er weedy fields with melancholy sound.
Summer has gone, but she has left a show
Of downy clouds against the autumn sky,
Which the chill breezes chafe until they glow—
Ghosts of that luxury
Which now is by.

The golden trees against a sky of June
Seem like a life that is too soon grown gray;
Through smothering clouds the large autumnal moon
Rolls argently her undiminished way.
The wonder of night's bright processional
Abates not with the fading of the flowers,
Still glorious on all the earth doth fall—
But for those withered bowers
The pain is ours.

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If spring and summer be thy mask, O year,
Which falls in autumn, leaving hideous
The thing we deemed was to our being dear,
Then life may not be that it seems to us
In youth—but sometime may reveal—
When the worn heart the shock can scarcely bear