

Summer Poetry Handwriting Competition

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

Give your copy to Mrs Graves
by Friday 19th April

See Mrs Graves for paper if
needed

At the Seaside

by Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
 To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
 Till it could come no more.

Summer

S - Splashing in the water

U - Under the warm summer sun

M - My friends are at the beach.

M - Mosquitos are buzzing all around.

E - Eating all the ice cream cones.

R - Ready to enjoy this time of year!

Summer Summer

Summer summer
I'm so glad you're here!

Summer summer
Let's give a cheer!

Summer summer
I'll meet you at the park.

Summer summer
let's play up till dark.

Flip Flops

Flip flops rarely stop
Flopping at the sandy beach
Spurting sand beyond my reach
Flapping on the kitchen floor
Smacking through the rain that
pours
Flipping slowly down the street
Sounding out a steady beat
Making room for spreading toes,
Mostly fast, but sometimes slow.
Comfy shoes I like to keep.
(Only stops when time to sleep.)

by Denise Rodgers

GOLDEN SUN

Great, glorious, golden sun,
Shine down on me today. You are the life
of all this earth,
You and your magic ray.
You are the life of bird and plant,
All must depend on you.
Shine down, great sun, the whole day
long!
Shine from the heaven's blue.
And I will welcome your golden rays,
For you mean life to me,
And you mean happiness and health,
Strength and energy.
Shine down, great sun, on flower and
field,
And never say goodbye.
Forever and ever give us your light
From out the side, blue sky.

BY LENORE HETRICK

A BIRD SONG

It's a year almost that I have not seen her:
Oh, last summer green things were greener
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and
thicken.

Oh happy swallow whose mate will follow
O'er height, o'er hollow! I'd be a swallow,
To build this weather one nest together.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

SUMMER IN THE SOUTH

The oriole sings in the greening grove
As if he were half-way waiting,
The rosebuds peep from their hoods of
green,
Timid and hesitating.
The rain comes down in a torrent sweep
And the nights smell warm and piney,
The garden thrives, but the tender shoots
Are yellow-green and tiny.
Then a flash of sun on a waiting hill,
Streams laugh that erst were quiet,
The sky smiles down with a dazzling blue
And the woods run mad with riot.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Summer Sun

*Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven with repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.
Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.
The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.
Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.
Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.*

SUMMER MAGIC

So many cares to vex the day,
So many fears to haunt the night,
My heart was all but weaned away
From every lure of old delight.
Then summer came, announced by June,
With beauty, miracle and mirth.
She hung aloft the rounding moon,
She poured her sunshine on the earth,
She drove the sap and broke the bud,
She set the crimson rose afire.
She stirred again my sullen blood,
And waked in me a new desire.
Before my cottage door she spread
The softest carpet nature weaves,
And deftly arched above my head
A canopy of shady leaves.
Her nights were dreams of jeweled skies,
Her days were bowers rife with song,
And many a scheme did she devise
To heal the hurt and soothe the wrong.
For on the hill or in the dell,
Or where the brook went leaping by
Or where the fields would surge and swell
With golden wheat or bearded rye,
I felt her heart against my own,
I breathed the sweetness of her breath,
Till all the cark of time had flown,
And I was lord of life and death.

BY LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL