

Our boat is our home by Leah, Jahmelle,
Holly and Shannon

Our boat is our home.
Still on the water, floating.
Under our feet, the water is dark
And fish swim beneath our iron spine.



Our boat is our home,
built of metal and fragile,
decorated wood.
We hear tweeting birds in
the trees,
Stuttering calls from above.

We greet other boats as they pass, call hello and goodbye,
Voices rippling across the water.
Our home rocks back and forth...
And now our home is still.

It is cold in the winter, too cold, blue hands, red nose,
Still cold in the spring
But hot work in the summer,
Carrying pens, bullets and guns
from Wolverhampton to Birmingham and beyond,
on to the port of Hull and out across the sea
to France, to Europe, to India and beyond.

Our boat is our shelter, our shield.
The water, our road, taking us from one city to the next.
Our horse is our living engine, our travelling vehicle, our
lawnmower
We hear quacks and tweets from our boat, our home.

On the waterways by Emily and Rav
and chipping in from others

On the waterways, the waterways, queuing for passage,
Carrying coal, carrying nails, carrying pens for my lady,
Clippety-clop, clippety-clop, along the towpath
Four miles per hour, drifting on our way to port.

On the railways, the railways, chugging slow but steady,
Carrying jewels, carrying cargo, carrying people to the seaside,
Chug-a-chug-a-chug, chug-a-chug-a-chug, along the iron tracks
Thirty miles per hour, racing to the station.

On the motorways, the motorways, speeding down the tarmac
Carrying fruit, carrying cement, carrying people to the airport,
Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk! Along the busy roads
Seventy miles per hour, dashing to the shops.

On the airways, the airways, soaring through the open air,
Carrying ornaments, carrying luggage, carrying people on their
holidays.
Whoosh! Zoom! Whoosh! Zoom! High in the blue sky,
Four hundred miles per hour, gliding somewhere better.



In the wood by the water

Everyone contributed a line or two to make this poem

In the wood by the water,
Where the trees tie the sky to the ground,
The home of wildlife, their home, their shield, the heart
of life, the heart of life is the living things in the
atmosphere.

Up in the trees, the magpies quarrel and bicker over
nesting places
And beneath, the silent world of beasts too small to see,
who munch through leaf litter and yesterday's rain.
Spring has come and it's time to play.

In the water by the wood,
Home to the ducks, the moorhens and the tincy-wincy
bugs.
As the water ripples, the sun shines on it,
Where creatures too small to see, but they're there,
living in quiet spot free from humans and predators
Where creatures squiggle and squirm to find food to
keep them alive,
Fish hiding and seeking so no one can find them,
Damselfly nymph wiggles her waist,
Leech bunches up like a short fat sausage then stretches
out in a long thin line,
Water boatman rests his oars, then he's off again,
In the water by the wood,
In the wood by the water.

Tick tock, dandelion clock by Shannon, Lucy and Fi

Tick tock, tick tock,
Dandelion clock
Every second, minute, hour, day, week, month, year,
We all grow older every second, minute, hour, day, week,
month, year.
We start off as a new born baby, then a toddler, child, teen,
young woman, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Dandelion clock
Through the portal leaping back into the past.
Old woman becomes young again as time flies backwards
into time,
Tree back to shoot, back to seed,
Swan back to ugly duckling, back to egg,
Giant city shrinks back to village,
Road back to muddy track.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Dandelion clock
First it's your 1st birthday,
then you are selling clothes because they don't fit,
then you are buying make-up for your first night out,
then before you know it your life has slipped out of your
parents' hands and you are an adult.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Dandelion clock
Tick tock, tick tock.