

# **'Let's Write**

**A selection of children's poetry  
1969-1971**

By courtesy of Chas Salmon

July 1971

# Let's Write

## The Tree View.

There's a tree I know,  
A beech.  
It goes up and splits  
Into two stems.  
It's hard to climb.  
Rough bark against you.  
When at the top  
Horseheath stretches out.  
Red Lion, Park Farm,  
Blandens, Blackmores.  
Lovely old Horseheath,  
Daren't look down,  
Too far to fall.  
I like this beech,  
Lovely old tree.

John Vale. 94 years.

A selection of prose and  
poetry written by the children  
of Horseheath C.E. School  
during the past two years.

### The Eagle.

It glides,  
Lifting its wings up and down  
Like snowflakes through air,  
Like an aeroplane.  
It sees something move,  
Quickly it dives down,  
But too late.  
Up again it soars,  
And catches something  
On the wing.

Robert Blackmore.  
8½ years.



### Red.

Red is sunset in the night,  
Red is the colour of firelight:  
A ruby is  
As red can be;  
And also the brick  
Of houses old  
Is red.

Paper is red,  
By the light  
Of sunset,  
Or the firelight;  
Even dawn is slightly red;  
Or the stars  
When we're in bed,  
Even they  
Are red.

Stones are red,  
Some clay is red;  
Crayons and pens  
Are often red,  
Also stained windows  
Shed red light  
On the darkest floor;  
That's red,  
Shining roses  
In the flower bed.

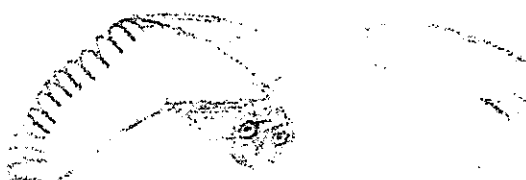
Paul Johnson.  
11 years.



### The Owl.

The strong owl,  
Saucer-eyed,  
In his splendour  
Swooping over the ground,  
Searching, seeking,  
His savagely powerful claws  
Ready for the kill.  
Hunter of the night,  
The vole trembling hides,  
Owl passing by  
Does not see him at all.

Helen Hills.  
10 years.



The Storm.

Helen Miller.

10 years

The sea was a dark green. The rocks were black and sometimes lit up by the lightning. When old Joe swept down the beach he was a little frightened and felt hollow. The huge waves built up like a blanket and then crashed like thunder on the beach.

Joe got his boat down to the shore, but the huge waves came and pushed him up again.

Joe managed to get his boat in the sea. He was frightened - every wave was bigger and felt like a mouse with monsters jumping over it. The waves were angry, rain was falling the boat. Old Joe bailed with all his might, but no matter how much he rowed the big angry waves tossed him back again.

Joe fell out of the boat, he groped in the darkness, was pushed outwards a little by the remains of the previous wave and pushed in a lot by a huge one. A wave broke over him, he was shut off from the outside world. Then he was back again he could see.

Along the shore it didn't seem so bad, the waves seemed to know he was there, he was battered against a rock. It seemed ages before he saw lightning as so many waves came over him. The waves seemed angrier and taller and darker than ever.

Old Joe was in a faint. Now he was floating like a piece of rotten drift wood in the sea. He was dead. Seaweed churned into his face. But the sea was still furious, crashing against the sea and the rocks.

The rocks had been poking up like giant fingers but now could not be seen. But the sea was quieting after being in a mood.

The sky had a patch of light where it looked as though the paint had flaked off.

Now it was clear and morning, the sea had calmed but old Joe's body lay on the beach. The seaweed was in his eyes, and he had lost both boots.

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A Spider.



A black thing.  
Small,  
Tiny legs,  
Eight of them.  
Crawling in the bath  
Its a cave for him.  
I leave him there  
All day long,  
But he's still there.  
I watch him,  
He tries to get up the bath,  
Slips again,  
I feel sorry for him.

Caroline Andrews.  
----- 9½ years.

A Candle.

When it has just been lit it's a small flame and after it gets started it's a long flame. The colours are purple and yellow. The wax melts and runs down the side of the candle. The flame goes ever so tall and then it goes small again. There is a hollow at the top of the candle which holds the molten wax. If you put your hand above the flame it is very hot. It makes a smell as well as the flame burns, the wick does too. The flame burns over a little. The candle is about 12 centimetres long. The bottom of the candle looks blue. About ½ cm. down the candle shows light and it also reflects the flame on the table. There is some smoke coming from it as well. As you move your hand up from the flame it seems to follow your hand.

Barbara Harvey. 11 years.  
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Space.

I was floating about in space. There was nothing, it was empty. I landed on a planet, nothing stirred. Dark mysterious holes and craters stared at me. I was surrounded by darkness with sinister shapes all around. A vast, never ending stretch. Nothing there, on I go floating past shapes never moving. Once more I land, moon dust is kicked up all around me, blinding me even more than I was already blinded. The darkness closed in around me. I had nowhere to go. I was all alone, nothing looked friendly, all seemed to be in another world.

Helen Hills. 10 years.  
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Trevor Davis. 7½ years.

I wish I Owned Pye's at Linton.  
I wish I could be in a helicopter.  
I wish I could own Mr. Cornish's  
farm.

I wish I had a tame tiger.  
I wish I had a digger.  
I wish I had a bomber.  
I wish I had a banger.  
I wish I had a bulldozer.  
I wish I had a Claas combine.  
I wish I had a pound.

### A Mouse.

A mouse  
Along the floor at night,  
Looks about in the night  
From a little hole.  
I set a mouse trap,  
It always gets away.  
Little terror, I thought,  
Try to get them myself.  
Hall floor,  
A hole in the wall,  
I did not see  
Another hole in the house.  
The mouse got the cheese,  
Went back to his home.  
I went back too.

William Holmes. 7½ years.

### Spring.

Slumberry the yawning mouse  
Topples out of his nest,  
Stretching his aching limbs.  
The cuckoo is heard  
Faintly in the distance.  
Lumbering to the food store,  
Gobbling up cheese,  
Nibbling its teeth  
Down to size.  
Then having babies  
And moulting.

John Vale. 11 years.

### Candles.

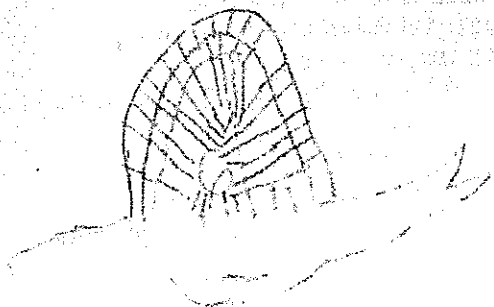
In the flame there are colours yellow, blue, orange and brown. Brown is round the wick. It is quite a steady flame but sometimes it wavers. In the middle of it I can see a mountain. On the top of the candle there is a pool of wax. The flame is long and thin. The way the wick is bent it looks like a serpent's head. Just then in the flame there was yellow and black. The flame makes me feel warm. If you put your hand over the flame I can feel hotness all coming from it. When the flame flickers, it gives off more smoke. At the top of the flame it seems to separate into two different flames, one main one and the other a streak. The flame keeps bending towards Caroline, then away and back. It is 13cm tall and is white. The pool at the top is getting very deep now and still the wax hasn't melted. At the end of the wick is a red spot. Heat waves are all around it. And smoke which is black. The flame reflects on to the table. The smoke wound up in a swirl. I half closed my eyes, it all goes zoom like the sun rays. Just then red smoke went off, it is running down the side now, like a drop of water. Now it runs down in a streak.

Helen Hills. 10½ years.

### The Fairground.

All the fun of the fair,  
A smell of hot dogs in the air,  
All the lights flashing.  
I'll have a go on the hoopla,  
Three hoops for a penny.  
Let's have a go on the big wheel,  
Up so high in the sky,  
Up we go then we come down again,  
That was fun.  
Laughing children all around me,  
I can't hear myself speak.  
I've only a shilling left,  
We'll have some candy floss,  
"Two please sir",  
"There you are my lads."  
We walk around all the stalls,  
Eating our candy floss.

Caroline Andrews.  
9½ years.



### A Snail.

A snail  
in a slow  
animal.  
It moves slow,  
It has a shell on its back,  
It sleeps in its shell.  
It has one leg to move itself,  
It has two eyes,  
and sometimes it looks  
around the corner.

Lucy Mackenzie.  
8½ years.

### Black.

Black is the colour  
Of the night,  
And the colour of a black  
cat.  
It is also the colour  
Of the blackboard at school  
Black is a deep down colour  
It is the colour  
Of mud,  
And has a big taste.

Carol Vale.  
8½ years.

### Green.

Green,  
Emeralds, grasses and leaves  
Show green;  
Fields and meadows,  
Shoots of corn,  
All are green.  
Even zircon  
Has its gleam  
Of green.

Green is Mother Nature's  
Favourite colour,  
And green  
Can be seen  
Everywhere she paints it:  
Trees and leaves,  
Conifers and needles,  
Are green.  
Not for beauty,  
But for Mother Nature.

Green,  
Just a colour,  
But oh,  
It shines,  
And gleams  
With majestic splendour,  
Wherever,  
Just wherever,  
You find it.

Paul Johnson.  
11 years.

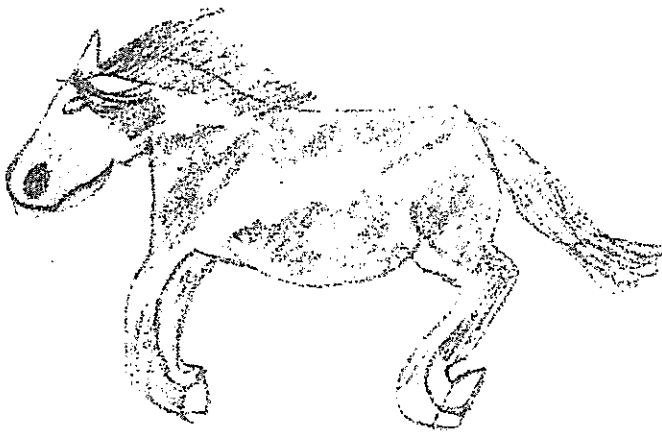
The Buzzard.

Hooked beak,  
Clutching talons,  
Swooping in the sky,  
Swirling,  
Magnificent in flight.  
Eyes of fire,  
Feathers glinting in the sunlight,  
Licked eyes searching  
For its prey.  
Gliding,  
Something moves.  
Swooping down, down down.  
Little shrew shaking and trembling  
Scampers into a hole. .

Vivienne Sherwin.  
9½ years

Nancy Mackenzie. 8 years

The wild horses dream is splashing in the  
water and galloping in the sand and galloping in fire,  
and the flames go up into the sky and make patterns in  
the sky, and when the horses gallop in the sand they  
jump over a rock and jump in the water.



Tree Magic.

Magical, mystical,  
Trees in the evening.  
Colours slowly fading,  
Darkness is coming  
To make the magic.  
Runic writing is dancing,  
Shin bone letters grow stranger  
In the ever fading light.  
Trees bend and shake,  
Extending their branches  
As if to read others runes.  
Light, changing to darkness.

Paul Johnson 10 years.

The Flying Doctor Service.

The Flying Doctors have a great  
many places to go to so they have to have aeroplanes  
to go about in. John Flynn established the Flying Doctor  
base in 1928 at Cloncurry in the North-west Queensland  
and part of Northern Territory. Now there are thirteen  
bases on mainland of Australia and two on the island of  
Tasmania. And they cover all the sparsely-settled  
regions of the country.

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Elijah.

Philip Hills.  
8 years.

Queen Jezebel sent a message to Elijah.  
He said that Queen Jezebel would kill him. Elijah  
went up in the mountains in the wilderness and hid  
in a cave. It started to rain. The water started  
to cascade down the mountainside, lashing its way down.  
God told Elijah to go back to the city, and to go on  
telling Queen Jezebel she was wrong.

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Ghost Town.

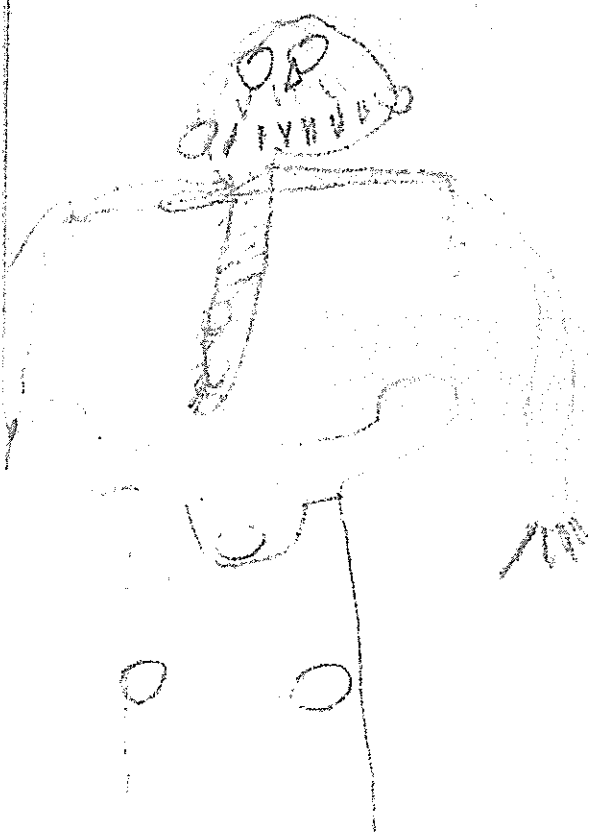
The ghost town deserted and uninhabited.  
A tumble weed blows along the dusty track,  
The eerie Jailhouse doors clank.  
In the Saloon  
The table is covered with dust,  
Another with tray and glasses.  
Bottles line the shelves,  
Some have fallen and shattered.  
The door creaks and slams shut.  
A bit of paper  
Is blown down the street by the breeze.

Norman Salmon. 10 years.

The Fair.

There in the ghost train  
Something staring,  
A spider or a groaning skeleton  
Staring in front of me.  
What's that -  
A ghost  
Or another train.  
I'll be glad if it is.  
Now out of the ghost train,  
I seek the giant wheel,  
Bringing you up into space,  
Past the stars and right back to earth.  
Next moment, I'm on the merry go round,  
Like the earth going round and round.

Lester Layle.  
8½ years.



Mrs. Heyes.

Sometimes Mrs. Heyes is calm  
and talks. But sometimes she is wild  
and shouts.

Mrs. Heyes grumbles and mumbles sometimes  
but then she shows us things and talks to us.  
When she's angry she looks fierce. But  
sometimes she laughs and smiles.

Helen Hills. 10 years.

Wishes.

I wish I had Nijinsky the best of all.  
I wish I were a jockey and rode in races.  
I wish I could ride a horse in a walk,  
trot, canter and gallop.  
I wish I could ride beside Vivienne on  
horses, her riding Sultan and me  
riding Cavalcade.  
I wish that Shirley would give me a  
ride tonight.  
I wish Prince my Alsatian was whiter  
than ever.  
I wish I could gallop and canter  
without falling off.  
I wish I could work as a show jumper.

Carol Vale. 9 years.

Getting Up.

I wake up,  
Stretch myself,  
Creep back under the  
bedcovers again.  
Then I remember it's  
Saturday.  
Or is it?  
I think it might be  
Friday,  
Still I'd better get  
up.  
I crawl out of bed,  
Into the coldness of  
the room.

Vivienne Sherwin.  
8½ years.

The Grasshopper.

A grasshopper  
Hops on the grass,  
It goes like a kangaroo.  
They fly on a leaf,  
And hop on to grass.  
It eats the leaves of branches  
And hops on to the grass.  
It is always green,  
That's why we call it  
A grasshopper.  
And it always hops.  
It eats so fast, I can't see its mouth move  
And it always hops on the grass.  
The grasshopper is my friend  
And it always hops on the grass.  
It's like a green caterpillar  
And it always hops on the grass.  
It has little eyes  
And I can't see them  
And they always hop on the grass

Sheila Porpy.  
10 years.



The Roman Road.

We go on to the sandy road,  
The ground hard and dry,  
Age old trees like castle  
towers with spires,  
Some moss in a patch,  
Resembling a sea anemone.  
The old beech nuts pop under  
your foot,  
Rotten wood cracking,  
Fresh branches bend as you  
brush by,  
This year's eggs coloured  
brightly,  
An old nest brown and withered.  
The dead tree trunk  
Smothered with wood lice.  
And above the quiet peaceful  
churchyard  
The roar of the jet fighter.

Norman Salmon. 11 years.

The Roman Road.

Deep ruts along the road.  
In the breeze silver grass blades,  
Ancient trees tower above,  
Hide out in cleft roots.  
Green jewels glitter on the  
trees  
And shade dead brown leaves  
underfoot.  
Nests everywhere,  
Neat tidy nests,  
Old withered broken nests,  
Silver branched trees shade  
Delicate flowers hiding in the  
grass.  
Beside the prints of horses  
hooves  
Passing endlessly to and fro  
In the mud.  
Birds singing over  
skirted goose grass.

Vivienne Sherwin.  
8 years.

The Roman Road.

The Roman Road was stone,  
But now, you would not believe it,  
Because now, it is just a dirt track  
With mud, water and weeds.

It has bushes like birds nests.  
Trees like great cathedrals,  
Grass that quivers underfoot,  
A bush with leaves like fabulous stones.

Ivy leaves, writhing round  
The tree trunks.  
Here trees are dead  
Insects are alive.

Tree trunks, the colour of concrete,  
Wood lice under the bark,  
The smell of mint from a bush,  
And the smell of mud, mixed with mint.

The Roman Road.

A summer's day on the Roman Road.  
In my mind  
I can hear chariots, men yelling  
and hooves hooves,  
All in my mind.  
I can come back to walking  
along the Roman Road.  
No more chariots, or men yelling,  
or horses hooves,  
Or swords clashing together.  
Ruts tractors have made  
Like chariots ruts.  
I picture the fight in my mind,  
A silvery scene of weapons  
at the end a bloodless dream  
of dead men.

Carol Vale. 9½ years.

The Roman Road.

On the Roman Road  
Bumpy wet soddy mud.  
Walking along the road  
In roots cathedrals,  
And cement workings in the  
walls.  
The road on one side changes  
to grass.  
Nests like clusters of straw  
in the caverns.  
Long ago  
Roman soldiers walked along the  
road  
Over flints and granite.  
Julius Caesar may have walked  
in the ruts.  
A tree  
With its bark loose underneath,  
It's like a carpet.

Philip Mills.  
7½ years.

Paul Howe. 10½ years.

### The Fair.

There are screams from the big wheel,  
A mass of revolving light.  
The dodgems roaring and bumping,  
A shout as someone bumps.  
The dull drone of Bingo,  
Lights flashing like a fantasy computer.  
A pair of darts thud into the board.  
The whirring jingle of an ice cream van,  
The tonking noise of the rifle range.  
The generators chug like a machine gun,  
The bobbing horses of the carousel,  
The sky scraping helter skelter, full of noise.  
Now, our pockets empty, we walk away.

Norman Salmon. 11 years.

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### The Fair.

Ice cream cornets,  
Pink ice cream,  
Candy floss,  
Pink and sweet,  
Sticky sweets,  
The big wheel turning,  
Turning round and round.  
Nearer the bottom,  
On the Helter-Skelter,  
Ghost train,  
Frightened to go in.  
Dark,  
Up and down  
On the round-a-bout.  
Eating ice cream,  
Eating candy floss,  
Listening to the fair music,  
Joyful,  
Glad you went.

Rosemary Davis.  
10½ years.

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### The Snake.

The snake,  
That slips along the ground,  
And bites a leaf,  
And goes round and round  
The trees.  
And it looks like a long rope,  
And it looks like a rainbow.  
And it looks like a pattern,  
And it looks like a long  
pattern.

Nancy Mackenzie.  
8 years.

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### The Forest.

The owl hoots gracefully,  
Crickets make a creepy noise,  
A bat swoops through the air,  
The wild cat scuttles  
As if it had seen a ghost.  
The fox hunts for a rabbit,  
The wood pigeon purrs.  
Some trees are rotten,  
Some have fallen down.  
The flutter of wings -  
Then up goes a pheasant.  
Tap tap goes the woodpecker.  
The birds are resting,  
Everything goes quiet,  
Then a badger goes to a set,  
A leaf floats languidly to the  
ground.

John Vale. 10½ years.

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Elijah.

Nancy Mackenzie. 8 years.

Elijah was a prophet of Queen Jezebel, who was a wicked queen. One day Elijah tried to run away from the queen. He climbed the mountain, and it rained and rained, and it thundered and it made the bush on fire. And then it stopped and he was not frightened any more, and he heard a sound. It said "Go back to the place you belong to, and you will see God." So he went back and he saw God.

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A hawk, a menage,  
Swooped down to the trees.  
A rat ran.  
Up soared the hawk into the sky.  
A dormouse hid  
Away from the hawk,  
Great black object,  
With wings like shells.

William Holmes.  
7½ years.

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The Tunnel into Time.

One day when I was exploring in some rocks, I found a tunnel. I went in. In the bottom there was water, it was very slimy, and I knew that I must be careful or I would slip. I went on because I was curious. As it was dark, I went outside again and lit a fire and from that I lit my candle. Then shielding the flame, I went back into the tunnel. Water was constantly dripping off the ceiling and one drop put my candle out. I decided that I wouldn't bother to go back but groped along in the darkness. Gradually my eyes grew accustomed to the light. The walls were also wet and slimy. Drips from the ceiling dripped into my eyes and blinded me for a minute, then I slipped. My feet gave way under me and I was lying on the bottom of the tunnel. I stood up again, soaking wet, and looked around me, there was writing that I couldn't read. I felt excited and pleased all at the same time when I realised that I had discovered a very old piece of writing. I went back to master and told him. I knew he would go to the cave and study the writing.

Helen Hills. 10 years.

The Cliffs.

Philip Mills.  
8 years.

The cliffs look like mountains, red and white. Their jagged face looks like a honey comb. They are slanting out towards the sea, a flint in the cliff shining in the sun. Some bits look like pyramids, some big boulders look like funny things sticking on the face. Now the rain is pouring, knocking stones down the cliff. The rain is torrenting down the cliff. A boulder has just fallen and it has caused an avalanche. Stones are flying everywhere making splashes. Everywhere, everything is flying about, every, just every where. It has struck a village, there is rubble everywhere, it seems like the end of the world. People are deserting full up and all. The rain has stopped. Everything is quiet except for a few shots. Men are clearing the rubble.

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The Cliffs.

William Holmes.  
7½ years.

The cliffs are jagged and sometimes they have slippery foam. The sea pushes the rocks. The cliffs are big, some look like frightening shapes, and sometimes they have triangular shapes and look old. In the morning and from a long way away they look like big points and funny shapes of all kinds and some look funny, and when I throw pebbles at the cliffs they go bang, and I love climbing up the rocks. It is hard but I can manage it. When I am at the top I look down. I think I am going to fall but I don't, and sometimes there are rocks sticking out. I have to watch out for the little rocks. The rock is thick and moss grows out of them, and sometimes there is some other stuff growing out of the rock, and sometimes there is some white. And then there are some curved rocks. Some are all rocky, I have seen some water in it. O, I like to climb the rocks. There are some cracks on some rocks and there are big heavy rocks. I know they are very heavy and great.

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The End of the World.

Trevor Davis.  
6 years.

The world is round and if it was square and  
we were inside we would be dark if the sun did not go  
round, so we live outside of the world.

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Yellow.

The bright shining sun  
Is a very bright yellow.  
From the corn to the dry hay,  
Yellow jerseys in yellow shops,  
The gold cup that people win,  
Is yellow.  
Creamy buses gliding by,  
Yellow books and yellow leaves,  
The yellow hammer,  
That little bird.  
Yellow bricks in a yellow wall,  
Bananas are yellow in any fruit stall.  
A nice ripe yellow are pears, bright.  
Withered grass is yellow,  
Yellow thatch on a cottage is light.  
A daffodil and a crocus are both yellow,  
Yellow wool proves useful,  
Hair slides are sometimes yellow.  
Yellow paint in a yellowy paint box,  
All are solid yellow.

Helen Hills. 9½ years.

Philip Hills. 8 years.

Lester is a green fly with pink at the end.  
Bob is a funny face giggling all the time.  
Rosemary is a sappy date.  
Carol is an orange pulled out straight.  
William looks a sturdy devil.

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The Desert.

The sun beams down on to my face. A  
splodge of water falls down my cheek. I walk over  
to two of my friends with blood pouring from their  
stomachs. I fall over on to the sand. It feels  
like a cushion. The threatening sun makes you  
sweat even more. I look in front of me. I see  
two shoes, then a gown and a large head with beady  
eyes looking down at me. Then I struggle up on  
to my feet and take a step forward. Just as I do  
so the Arab says "It's your turn now!" I take  
another step and a bloodlier site comes into my eyes  
and I fall to the ground.

Carol Vele. 9 years.

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The Roman Road.

The old twisted tree washed by  
rain and wind,  
Now a battered Cornish cave,  
Or an old fireplace  
Where the mice play whack'em  
with their tails.  
A secret cavern,  
Witches cave,  
Leaves rustling,  
Shiny, rusty,  
Smooth and rough,  
Climbing, twisting,  
Spiral staircases  
Up and round,  
Jagged roots.  
New nests holding young,  
Old nests battered.  
The sunlight  
Splattered by shadow.  
As the rumble of the bulldozer  
Grew louder and clearer,  
And as the bulldozer came  
into sight,  
The birds, twittering, took off,  
Leaving the young ones and eggs  
To be brutally smashed.  
Don't humans care?

Helen Mills. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  years.

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The Roman Road.

Quiet is the Roman Road.  
Hard dry tracks,  
Wet in places.  
Deserted eggs lie in  
the hedges,  
Grass blades shining,  
Horse shoe prints everywhere,  
Reminds us of long ago when  
Roman  
Rode horses along it.  
Warm sunshine,  
Wheeling of tractors or cars,  
We come to the end of  
the road,  
Walk along a field  
To a fallen tree,  
Rotting bark around it,  
No two pieces were alike.

Barbara Harvey  
11 years.

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The Roman Road.

Walking down the Roman Road,  
I could feel the ruts from  
the tractors.  
The old knarled trees  
Twisting their roots,  
The hoof marks in the road,  
Bringing to life  
The clashing swords of old.  
Now all is still,  
The beautiful houses are gone,  
The hall and manors too,  
And only the memories are left here.

Catherine Howe.  
8 $\frac{1}{2}$  years.

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