

November Nights – Perfect for Poetry!

Sit back and enjoy some engaging, perceptive and thoughtful poetry,
just right for the season.

Wishing Stars

Rockets shoot up into the sky like arrows and explode
into spinning sparks,

Fountains gush out their light and spread out
like the branches of a willow tree.

Catherine wheels fizz and spark;
a glittering whiz of colour,

Twinkling sparklers shimmer and flicker in the air,
like glowing jewels.

Vibrant fireworks explode in the sky,
like colourful paint splashes on black paper,

Glittering diamonds fall out of the midnight-blue sky
like comets.

Rainbow glass scattered along the sky
like broken dreams.

The sky is now empty. Were those fireworks really fireworks?
Or the wishing stars of humanity suffering in silence?

By Rookmini M. 7H

Bonfire Night

The air is filled with excitement,
As the bonfire is lit.
Amber sparks dance their way
Into the clear dark sky.
Crowds of people wait in anticipation.

The cold, crisp sky is cut by streaks
Of glittering, silver sparks,
Like shards of coloured glass,
The sound of fireworks crashing like cymbals.
Gold and ruby glitter like diamonds,
Across the velvet sky.

The birds scatter as pink, purple, gold
And scarlet, burst across the sky like
Shooting stars.
The sound of sizzling fills the air.

The sky is alive with silver spirals
And lime green swirls.
The crowds watch in awe, as the
Catherine Wheel spins and lights up.

A blur of colourful sparks weave
Through trees.

Crash! Sizzle! Bang! Pop! The finale
Comes to a close and the last firework floats away as gentle as a
Summer breeze.

By Hannah I. 7H

Gone

She looks up at the night sky
Her face filled with enlightenment.
The sky above her seamless.
The roar of rockets and the bawling of bangers.
A heavy smell of smoke lingers.

He looks up at the night sky
His jaw gawping and eyes enthralled.
His hand reaches out,
He wants to keep this moment.
Bang! Another Catherine Wheel goes!

30 Years Later...

She looks up at the night sky
And see nothing, feels nothing.
The heavy rainfall as damp as her spirit.
She hears the sound of her wellingtons sinking deeper and deeper;
The deeper they go, the further away she feels.

He looks up at the night sky,
His mouth pursed and eyes bleak, distanced.
He dislikes the metallic taste on his tongue
The cold, Autumnal breeze nips his exposed flesh.
His thoughts take him somewhere else.

Where has the magic gone?
When did the feeling get lost?
The shock and sheer amazement - where did it go?
I look up at the night sky
And I wonder...

By Sarah O. 8 H/Q

Autumn

Autumn leaves cover the ground,
Orange, red, mottled and brown.
Fireworks dancing way up high,
Bonfires light the dark night sky.
Wrapping up warm, wearing
Scarves and gloves,
Let's head out to Starbucks.
Trudging through leaves, cold nips at your faces,
With frozen fingers, I think
We've had enough.
Arriving at the door, we're
Ready for a cup
Of delicious Pumpkin Spice
Lattes to warm us all up!

By Amani K-A 8H

My Autumn

Autumn, the misty months before Winter.

Autumn, the season that turns wet and bitter.

Autumn, when the clouds frown grey.

Autumn, when we see more of night and less of day.

Amber, the shade of the leaves that fall swiftly to the ground.

Amber, the fur of the fox that prowls without a sound.

Amber, the fast traffic of summer birds slows.

Amber, the sun at dawn illuminating the earth with its glow.

Whispers, when the wind dances and thrives.

Rustles, when the woodland comes alive.

Rumbles, when the sky flashes with light.

Flickers, when the family warms by the fire at night.

By Morwenna B. 8 S/Q

The Object of Wonder

The shattering of glass cuts through the air – sharp,
The lively chatter of guests, reversed and twisted;
Silence fills the gaps of shocked limbs and bodies –
The once playful atmosphere now stony and cold.

Looking up, forming crowds gasp in horror,
The object of wonder, the prettiest object
Falls through eternity as time freezes.

No one dare breathes or questions the event,
The gleaming jewel; its time almost spent.

The floor rises and meets its victim,
The hard surface parting the object into a thousand shards.

Screaming breaks the vacuum, piercing the air...
The fallen are crying – their time has come –
Forgotten and abandoned, swept away and left...

The Chandelier.

By Louise S. 9HQ