



Mysterious Spy

On the tree awaits
My trash's fate.
A strange black spy
Staring with its beady eyes.
A syncopated alarm escapes his mouth
Like a siren
Soaring through the sky.
I let out a sigh.
The strange little bird has eaten the trash.

By Juliann - Year 7

The Gentle Volcano

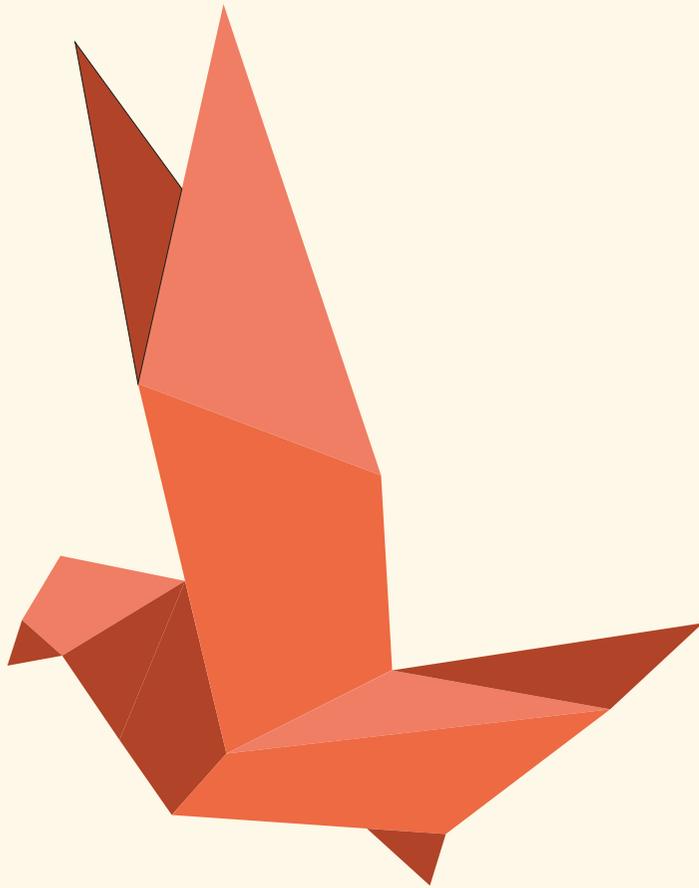
The beautiful painting upon the trees,
A dormant volcano about to erupt,
I see the robin in the gloom.

A pure line of music is heard,
An innocent and delicate whistle follows,
I see the robin in the gloom.

Loud and playful, the songs climax,
A light and enticing finish.
This is the gentle volcano.

A blackbird flies high,
Sunlight happens to shine bright.
This is how Spring begins.

Anonymous – Year 7



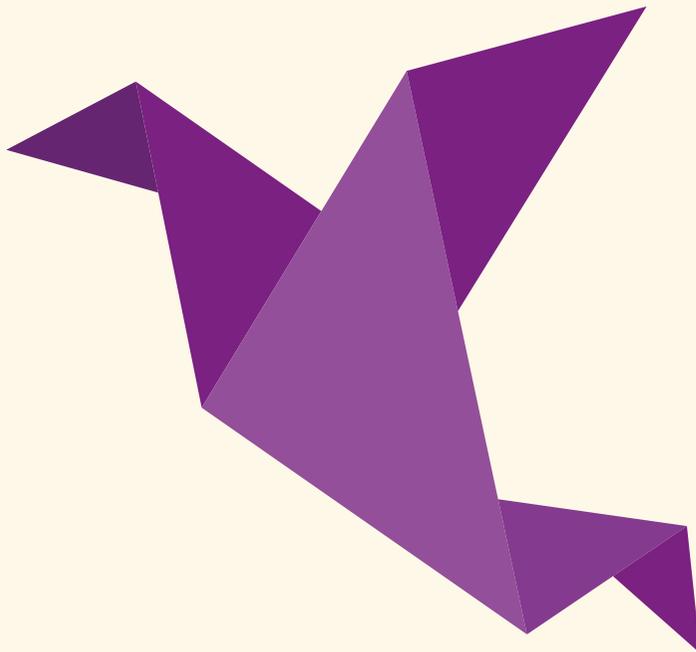
Sunset Robin

The colours on your chest transfigure into one another,
You always chirp – what's the bother?
So high-pitched like a quiet little mouse.

You wouldn't ever dare to enter a house,
The sunset is written on your chest,
When you fly in and blend with the autumn leaves,
that's the best!

Your harmonic hoot
Sounds like a flute,
You look like a sky waving goodbye,
As the sun sets.

By Zahra – Year 7



Flying Fluffy Ball

Fluffy bird rolling down the house
Caught in the sight of a small squeaky mouse
An eagle ready to take flight.

Tweet! Tweet! Tweets
A wake up call
Loud and proud.

Tweets echoed around the tree.
Small round wings as far as the eye can see.
Tweet tweet tweet
The sun has just begun to rise
Baby bird has turned wise.

By Umayr - Year 7

