

No 1. Winter

By Lottie Buchanan

At first,

It is just the mist on the horizon
a grey line you can see from a hill.

Angry clouds

Sweeping, overhead. They brush
the bare trees

And send the remaining leaves

Spinning around.

Then,

Above, there is no sky.

Just one, grey cloud, that seems to be
stretched over the universe.

The bitter wind whips up, and then
becomes still.

And then, the brittle claws grab you,
so you can't escape.

Their grasp numbs you
their teeth are biting chill.

Here is the ice.

The river, once flowing, becomes
a hard, glittering, sparkly, crunchy dare.

Then

Overnight,

The world turns white.

A blanket to cover up all the sleepy ground
to send

to sleep

Till the winter is over.

No 2. Winter Wonderland

By Lucie Stanfield

What is winter?

It's the picturesque print of the first snowflake.

Never repeated, the flake is so inadequate as it melts into the heat from your bare flesh.

Twirling, Fack Frost gliaces the ground in ice trinkets.

Enveloping windows of dew drips as the sun dawns on a Sunday morn.

Rustling of the last hedgehogs as they bed down for the numerous days of winter slumber.

White blankets are draped over the atmosphere.

Orange embers embedded in the wood carved with faced cutlets.

Nocturnal beasts hunt for juicy morsels scurrying along the snow-infested forbidding forests.

Dancers pirouette to the classical chimes of the nutcracker.

Everlasting feelings that warms up your soul.

Rabbits venture out to eat the last remnants of the autumn crops.

Listen to the twinkles of snow flakes sink in the snow.

A life time experience is the pictures in ice charms.

Never under estimate the endearing beauty of winter.

Deer tracks are printed in the snow as the gnarled and twisted trees groan while the last of the autumn leaves are torn off in an artic wind.

No 3. A Winter Surprise

By Olivia Buckley

Once upon a time in a land far away,
There lived two boys, Simon and Jay.
They wandered down a deserted street,
Looking for something, anything to eat.

They were lost, and cold and didn't know the way,
They had started at night and it was now nearly day.
The snowflakes dripped and silence fell,
All that could be heard was a little bell.

The bell pealed clear through the wintry night,
But when the boys turned, there was nothing in sight.
Simon and Jay quivered and shook,
They did not know which way to look.

They worried about what they might encounter,
When all of a sudden the bell got LOUDER!
The boys felt the frosty ground beneath them shake,
Like a natural disaster or a huge earthquake.

They began to run but were stopped in their tracks,
By a great fearsome giant wielding an axe.
They started to run, to run for their lives,
To escape this beast who bore axe and knives.
To their surprise they were not chased,
So at this they slowed their pace.
The giant sat down and began to cry,
A huge salty tear dripped out of his eye.

The boys questioned, "Are you ok?"

Yet the giant replied “Just go away!”
The boys were worried and a little upset,
As the great big giant just sat there and wept.

“People don’t like me and I don’t know why,
Those are the people who make me cry.
I may be big and a little bit gruff,
But I’m really quite nice, and not very tough.”

Simon and Jay took pity on the giant,
Having watched him sit there so humble and quiet.
It was getting colder now as the night wore on,
So the giant sheltered them until the night was all gone.

The two young boys, Simon and Jay,
Are still friends with the giant to this very day.
The moral of this poem is as simple as any other,
Do not judge a book simply by its cover.

No 4. A Winter Walk

By Benjamin Somervell

Crunch, Crunch,
Trudging through a layer of thick snow,
The landscape is camouflaged with a white blanket,
Bushes are veiled with frosty cobwebs,
Tree branches iced.

An ice rink has replaced the pond,
Ducks fail miserably in their attempt to skate,
Slip, slide, bottom glide,
Rushes frozen still.

Rooftops are hung with icicles like glistening daggers,
Ready to fall on innocent passers by,
Smoke bellows from chimneys,
Light glows from cosy rooms within.

Suddenly the bitter,
Penetrating cold hits me,
I long for warmth,
Home again,
Crunch, crunch.

No 5. Cat prints in the Snow

By Esme Moszynska

Looking out the window at new crisp snow,
A different world, a new world, ready to explore.
Looking for the bird table, spotting the old oak,
Got to be the first out there, here I go!
Tumble out of bedroom, charge down stairs,
Sprint down hallway, one foot, two foot
Fling open door
Juuummp STOP!!!
Someone's been here before.
Someone with eenyweeny little feet, four feet!!! Cute feet.
They've been all around the garden and up the front lawn,
Follow them like a trail, as twisty and turny as a snake,
Loop the loop round the rose bush, up and along the garden wall,
Round to the shed in the vegetable bed,
The old door is slightly open tiptoe in,
There in the tool bucket,
One brown little pussy cat curled up inside.

There're strange little footprints in my snowy garden,
They loop the loop round the rose bush, up and along the garden wall,
And there's a little fat pussy cat in the shed curled up in the warm.

No 6. Christmas

By Benjamin Somervell

Sleigh bells ringing,
Santa bringing,
Toys to boys and girls.
Snow is falling,
Children calling,
Friends along the way.

Church bells peeling,
Children squealing,
Christmas day draws near.
Decoration,
A sensation,
Everyone admires.

Church pews filling,
People willing,
To worship the King.
Candles are lit,
As people sit,
Gazing at the crib.

No 7. Christmas around the world

By Ella Holden

A world of people seeking celebration

Something to look forward to

The light at the end of the tunnel

The need for a cardigan so garish it goes.

Firecrackers, Red Purple, Green

Flashing like a thousand press cameras

Illuminating the night sky

Exploding into showers of neon colour.

Ornate paper lanterns glittering gold

Like diamond rings twinned with stars

Paper chains draped around every corner

Like a stream of thought: colourful, unbroken.

Presents wrapped until paper perfection

Lounges transformed to an emporium of gifts

Like a cornucopia bestowed by some heavenly being

Desperately seeking affection.

The Christmas dinner

Only edible in memory of more epoch times

Piping hot, served in style

A feast of sautéed and roasted delights.

The friends drawn together

Like eyes across a crowded room

A need to be together, like nature

One cannot live without the other.

Later you lie awake

Desperate for peace

The celebrations continue, defying your wishes

After all, there's no rest for the wicked.

No 8. The Christmas Cat

By Ella Holden

The tree of light sparkles bright,
Trimmed with tinted paper shapes,
Dancing their joy for Papai Noel,
Above I, a secret whisper.

Flowers are entwined and hang as wreaths,
Christkind's letters are posted.
My people bake cinnamon cookies,
Tempting I, the unmentioned observer.

Pale snowflakes start to fall,
The windows steamed with icy breath.
They boil soup above the stove,
Forgetting I, the family spy.

The fire crackles, taunting me,
But its' warmth I can't dispute.
Family rest beside the fiery hearth,
Beside I, the invisible onlooker.

Gradually, their eyelids droop,
Fatigue finally engulfing their excitement.
They slowly drift off to sleep,
Leaving I, their unnoticed child.

Children wide awake, parents half asleep.

All eyes are full of wonder,
Absorbing the Christmas magic,
With I, the unseen one.

The prolonged festivities eventually fade,
Too late for heartfelt apologies,
To I, the now noticed,
I, their Christmas Cat.

No 11. This Winter

By Molly Sanderson

Isolated from the remnants of the world, at a time of safe keeping and custody,

I lay here dejected and destitute.

Whilst families pelt and charge, making provision for affluence,

I lay here deserted and diminished.

As infants are cherished and harboured, they are betoken to their hearts desires,

I lay here sorrowful and secluded.

Youngsters dance in the snow; they construct figures with the magical white powder,

I lay here in the depths of it, gelid and motionless.

Now my estranged family will assemble, they will pretend they are joyful, whilst I lay here detached and downcast.

They will receive gifts; they will be absent minded of me, whilst I lay here aware of the past.

They will laugh and ball, and after an indulgent day, they all will sleep under one roof , together.

They will neglect and disregard me, because I am not to be reminisced.

This Winter, I lay here, alone.

No 12. White Gunshot

By Harry Draper

Bleak winter falls over the trench,
Lads frozen, wondering, "What will? What will not?"
Bodies hauled away, breathing hard and hurt,
Each one feeling echoes of gunshot.

Snow whistling, driving past,
No Man's Land hidden in white,
Yet the soldiers know...Death lies out there,
Fear shreds dreams of heroic delight.

SMACK! The ball comes rolling along,
Empty hearts are fed a shared thrill,
Soldier's ranks are lost, to a game through the frost,
Final score: One-Nil.

No enemies and instead, fellow men,
The revelation has no power to stun,
Those forced out of childhood, free once more,
To walk down memory lane and have fun...

For Private Tom Watts, where cinder flames crackle,
The Christmas fireplace of fairytales roars,
And where a cloud of black smoke towers above,
A gust of snow dives and soars.

Tom no longer stares from his post in the mud,
But through his childhood window pane,
Gleeful, amazed, dazzled, excited,
The Boy is everything...except sane.

He's running, eyes blazing, unstoppable, WILD!,
Out of fear, to become once more a child.

Shells become fireworks, bursting eardrums for pleasure,
Deathly screams, blood curdled become friendly calls,
The air thick but with winter clouds instead of mustard gas ,
Gunmetal bullets become snowballs.

Tom's childhood world remains perfect and free,
"And there's another snowball coming at me!"

Propelled snow! Dodge it! Fast!
Tom Watts shall have the last laugh!
Snowball coming closer! Closer! Closer...!

...And it hurts.

Tom feels the metal slice through him,
His mind snapped out of state,
Did he ever grow up? Would he have done? Really?
He'll never know...now, it's far too late.