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Key Stage and Year Group: Key Stage 2, Year 6
Title of Poem: Change

School: St Mary's RC Primary School
Age and DOB: age 11, 02/12/2010

CHANGE

A
tree
means
change.

Winter is when
life seems hopeless,
all food becomes scarce,
it seems impossible to survive,
how hope seems to abandon nature,
how storms pluck trees from their foundations,
gales become hurricanes
and the trees slumber.

Spring is when
the sun comes back,
brings joyful life to the world.
Watch how it brings explosive vibrance
to the vast variety of trees that surround us.
Watch how it makes the trees blossom, and flourish.
Watch how they start growing their luscious, luxurious leaves.
They bring smiles to everyone's faces.
They bring colour back to the world.

Summer is when
nature still prospers; thrives,
when the sun shoots rays of heat; light.
When life and happiness are at their ephemeral peak,
and the nomadic creatures want this green to last for eternity,
how they begin to tower over me and you,
as their branches which
once were bare,
now wear emerald.

Autumn is when
the air turns cold,
breeze turns into gale,
after months of success and progress,
watch how the trees start to diminish and finish.
How the leaves desperately cling to their branches,
as the wild wind tugs and pulls at their crispy corpses,
branches become bare, all the improvements just disappear
taken swiftly away by
mischievous winds.

when all seems lost
it all starts again,
trees start to blossom,
and glisten and gain.
Like a swinging see-saw,
rocking from toil to glee,
and back again,
it all starts again.