

MORE POEMS
FOR CHILDREN
TO ENJOY
AND TEACHERS TOO!

BY

ELEANOR MCLEOD



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More Poems For Children To Enjoy - And Adults Too!

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POEMS FOR CHILDREN TO ENJOY

Eleanor McLeod

Following the enthusiastic reception for her first collection of poems, Eleanor McLeod has now written this second book, full of poems for the Autumn, Spring and Summer terms as well as a lively selection on a variety of subjects, which will certainly be useful for teachers as well as appealing to her young readers who have already enjoyed the rhymes and structures, use of words and images of her imaginative verse.

A review in "SPEECH & DRAMA", the journal of the Society of Teachers of Speech and Drama, of the first book said:

"...a delightful selection of verse...they are immensely accessible, written with simple clarity and with the majority in a rhyming format and with metrical form. They are indeed for children to enjoy ...having some neat insights and observations. (She) has a sharp ear for the way children respond to poetry, consequently they should be read aloud to be fully appreciated, not just at school but in the family."

So, here is the second collection!

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POEMS
FOR THE AUTUMN TERM



REQUIEM FOR SUMMER

So it seems that Summer's dying.
Her last gasps send leaves a-flying.
But the sunshine still is flowing
And her rosy cheeks are glowing
As she faces Autumn's chill.

So it seems that Summer's ending.
Thinly clad her body's trembling.
Warming at the bonfire's bold blaze.
Burning memories of the old days
On a far and smoking hill.

So we sense that Summer's travels
As her flowered gown unravels.
Are now ending with the omen
Of the Winter's icy bowmen
Loosing arrows in the air.

But we know in Summer's slumber
Through the cold days, dark and sombre.
She'll be dreaming of returning
Once the Spring is bright and greening
And the sky is blue and fair.

NEW TERM

Back to school.
In a new class.
Those holidays
Flew by fast!
New timetable.
And teachers too.
When's the next
Holiday due?
Harder work now.
More to learn.
Will it be long
Until half term?
Get confused.
Where am I next?
Going to try to
Do my best.
So many things
To remember.
End of term
Is December!



AUTUMN ANIMALS

Autumn is a tawny lion
With a shaggy mane.
And roaring as the stormy wind
Shakes out showers of rain.

Autumn is a golden eagle
Spreading its flecked wings.
Fluttering with each leaf that yet
On branches bare still clings.

Autumn is a big brown bear
Shuffling through the beds
Of flowers and shrubs of Summer time.
Ruffling up their heads.

Autumn is a russet fox
Whisking furry tail
With tip of white that soon will bring
Winter's snow and hail.

EXOTIC HARVEST

We all are different in looks and size,
With our colour of hair and shades of eyes,
And the fruit that we bring for Harvest today
Is different, like us, in so many ways.
The curving yellow of a banana
Is like the moon in the skies of Jamaica.
Spiky pineapples that are gold and brown
Wear proudly their sharp Caribbean crown.
While the round, green melons with flesh of red
Reflect the flowers of their tropical bed.
Then oranges, lemons and tangerines
Are like Mediterranean suns it seems.
While the sweetest peaches that blush with pink
Are a little bit like me I like to think!
Russet apples from the orchards of Kent
Or golden delicious from France are sent.
Then berries are black, and purple the plums.
We bring them together when Harvest comes.

THE HARVEST OF THE SENSES

To watch the ripening wheat grow tall
And carpet all the fields with gold:
To see it waving in the breeze
That foretells Winter's cold:
To gaze upon a flaming sky,
As Summer's eve ends in a blaze
Is to sense the joy of Harvest.
A joy to keep, - amazed.

To smell the tang of woodsmoke now
Softly lingering in the air:
The fresh, sweet scent of new mown hay
As fields are stripped and bare:
To smell the warm deliciousness
Of crisp bread baking, wafting there,
Is to sense the joy of Harvest.
A joy to keep, to share.

To hear the old tractor rumble
Through the whispering corn so high,
The strident call of hovering crow
That whirls and swoops close by:
The children's laughter echoing
Beneath the gentle evening sky,
Is to sense the joy of Harvest.
A joy to keep close by.