

Following The Footsteps

An Anthology of Poetry
from Primary Schools in
Counties Monaghan & Cavan



FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS

This is our second poetry anthology, written by pupils across Counties Monaghan and Cavan. The first was entitled "In Kavanagh's Footsteps", so we continue the theme in "Following the Footsteps".

Publish a Poem ran throughout the Spring Term. There was a lot of snow in December and January which delayed the project, but the weather conditions and the effects of the snow are well documented in these poems!

Reading, appreciating and writing poetry is an important aspect of the English curriculum, and in this book you will find a great range of poetic styles which have been explored by teachers and pupils alike.

As well as rhyming poems, and free verse, you will find HAIKUS (a Japanese poetic style consisting of 17 syllables, formed using a 5, 7 and 5 pattern).

CINQUAIN poems feature 5 lines of poetry, distributed into 2, 4, 6, 8, 2 syllables over the five lines.

ACROSTIC poems have the poetic "theme" written vertically down the left-hand side, and all first lines start with the corresponding letter.

LIMERICKS are a familiar humorous poetic form. They use a specific format of 8, 8, 5, 5, 8 syllables.

Hobbies, school, animals and feelings are popular themes to explore and express through poetry, but in this volume you will also find reference to famous people, the recession, and the general election.

Each poem is the culmination of a period of class study, drafting, editing, and deciding on a final copy for the Publish A Poem project. Over 20 schools participated, and these are a select few of the excellent poems which were submitted. All pupils who submitted a poem have received certificates of achievement. Poets whose work was deemed to be Highly Commended, or Merit winners, also received medals.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

All poets and Teachers who participated in this project deserve recognition for their efforts in continuing to develop pupils' sensitivities to issues which are important to us all, and for helping them to express these through poetry. Without them, this book would not exist.

In addition, the teachers who submitted poems to the project played a vital role in selecting poems for publication, and I greatly appreciate their input and opinions.

Thanks go also, for the advice and enthusiasm of Catherine Flanagan who provided a training session at Monaghan Education Centre for teachers who wished to explore new genres in poetry. Her presentation of ideas and approaches into poetry were unforgettable. As well as practical tips, she gave us an exciting glimpse of how easily original thoughts could be channelled imaginatively into poetry, once we had stepped aside from the concept that poems should rhyme. The shoe was on the other foot, as we had to brainstorm ideas and create our own poems "on the spot"! It was an enlightening and enjoyable experience.

Thanks go as ever, to the staff at Monaghan Education Centre, for their support, thorough record keeping, helpful manner and technical brilliance! The role of Jimmy McGeough, Director of Monaghan Education Centre, in supporting this project was vital to its success, and his input has been much appreciated.

Congratulations to all of the Young Monaghan poets of 2011

Wendy Flood

Co-ordinator of "Publish A Poem". County Monaghan 2011

Our World

2012

In 2012 the year of disaster,
The sun will turn around way, way faster.
The moon won't move,
We hope it will improve

In 2012 the year of disaster,
There will be a big meteor shower,
And all of us will loose our power

In 2012 the year of disaster,
Scientists will build a machine,
We will go up too space and find a new place,
And the world will live happily ever after.

Ciara Morris
Class: 4th
School: Scoil Mhuire, Latton.

A Patchwork of Dreams

When dusk is done
After the setting sun,
We all have different dreams . . . .

Zoo animals dream of getting into the wild
Kidnappers dream of kidnapping a child,
Teachers dream of work and books
Models dream of beauty and looks.

Puppies dream of play and food
Polite people dream of being rude!
Rich people dream of business and money
Bees dream of making honey.

Mothers dream of a clean house
Our cat dreams of our pet mouse!
And I dream of having my own drums
Fish talking and cats having thumbs.
Think of this dream tonight,
And just enjoy your bizarre dreams until morning light.

Orna Hogan
5th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Glaslough

Before

Before volcanoes burned the ground.

Before the world made a sound.

Before Noah built the ark.

Before it landed in a park.

Before a fly flew in the sky.

Before a cloud floated by...

It was DARK

Luke Bothwell

2nd class

Scoil Bhríde, Silverstream.

Teacher M Smyth

Planets

Well let's start off with the fourth planet,
Which of course is Mars.
It must be a very nice planet if it gets on with the stars.

Next up is Saturn which of course as Uranus has rings
But Jupiter is the biggest, isn't that a weird thing
Pluto is tiny it's really really small,
Some scientists say it's not there at all.

The Sun is very bright
It shines in the day but doesn't at night
The closest to the sun is Mercury
If I touched it,
It would surely burn me.

Venus is covered with clouds
It's so quiet not loud
Neptune is blue
If you ask it a question,
It will have no clue.

From our distance the moon is really small
But maybe up in space it could be really tall
But Earth is best of all....
Even though it is a bit small.

Lesley Ní Dhólain,
Rang a 5,
Scoil Rois,

Prepare for Disaster

All hell is going to happen
At the year 2012 on the 21st December
Incredibly tragic and horrible
Because of a coming together

Wind will howl
Windows shatter
All because
Of the Earth's plates giving a clatter

Gangs of children
Families broken into fragments
Shivering faces and fingers
Envy the ones who are cloaked in garments

Tornadoes will wreck dreams
Tsunamis destroy hopes
The US forces will falter
When their backs are against the ropes

Mayan and Hopi prophets despair
Foretelling the disasters the world will create
Sacrificing themselves to the gods
Hoping that they will reward their faith

Earthquakes and storms will reign terror
Creating extraordinary devastation
Hungry survivors fight for food
Breaking the laws of every nation

You might think, he's gone crazy, or
NO brains is definitely NOT better than brawn
But the only way I can describe it is,
It's just another one of Earth's phenomenons

Now I'm going to prepare for the time,
When the world will go helter skelter
By building something quite similar
To a futuristic bomb shelter.

Ronan Connolly.
6th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Latton.

The Magical Forest

As the path slowly disappears
We descend deeper,
Into the dark forest.
The first of the Winter's icy breezes
Tears away the last of Autumn's golden leaves,
As night draws near
The forest comes to life.
Millions of strange little animals gather round.
Little crickets chattering in the trees,
Owls awaken looking for a feed.
Inky black eyes stare
Through the bare branches
Sending a quiver through me.
The night air is cold and heavy
We stumble through a bunch of razor sharp brambles,
Snagging on the vicious thorns
Hastily we exit the forest.
The winter's first ever snowflakes
Fall gently from the sky,
The peace and still from the night air
Lets us know that winter's surely here.

Shauna Corrigan
3rd Class
St. Mary's N.S, Glaslough

The Planets Go Round and Round

The planets go round and round and round and round and round
the sun.

Up and down, side to side.

Going around is so much fun.

All the planets Eight plus one.

Mercury is the nearest to the sun.

Then comes Venus, next in line.

Next comes Earth close behind.

Next comes the red planet, Mars

And no I don't mean one of the bars.

And then there's Jupiter mighty and bright,

Saturn and its rings circling in flight.

Then comes the beautiful Uranus.

Neptune is following behind.

Then comes little Pluto, cold and small.

Turn's out it's not a planet at all!

By: Keri Brady☺

Rang a Sé.

Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

The Sun

The sun is a ball of gas,
Sitting in the sky,
It prefers to be alone,
And will never say: " Hi."

The sun is ginormous,
It rises every dawn,
I watch it every morning,
While I am sitting on my lawn.

The sun keeps on playing
An endless game of catch,
With its friend the moon,
It's getting very tiresome,
I hope it will end soon.

The sun is friendly,
In its own kind of way,
If it will rise tomorrow,
I can't really say.

Brendan Vaughan.
4th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Latton,

World

The world has so many amazing places,
Varied cultures and different faces.
Forests so green, cities so grey,
Beaches glimmering in the sun's rays.

Some tropical birds fly high in the mountains,
Patterned fish swim fast in the fountains.
Camels roam in the deserts' heat,
Polar bears travel across the ice sheets.

Tornados and hurricanes blow,
The arctic is covered in snow.
Candles and fire give us light
And chase away fears in the night

The world is a big place,
Full of happiness and grace.
Seas are wide, mountains are tall
And I feel very small.

Sorcha Ní Mháirtín
Rang a Trí
Scoil Rois

The Countryside

The Stream in the Field

The field beside our house has a rippling stream.
As I walked in the cool stream I can see
Mini fish swimming past me,
Slimy frogs leaping from stone to stone,
Soft rabbits hopping in the long rough grass.
I come to the end of the gushing stream,
Go into the long grass,
Catch a colourful butterfly gently in my hands,
Roll in the bumpy grass with glee,
Then turn for home.

Amy Matthews
Fifth Class
St Daig's NS Inniskeen

Beautiful Flowers

Purple is the bluebell dancing on the wind
Yellow is the daffodil glowing on the hill.
Pink is the rose that shines upon your garden with glee.
White is the snowdrop that lies beneath the green sea.
Red is the poppy that is like a flow of lava across the field.
And within these flowers there's the colours of the rainbow
And that's incredibly beautiful to me.

Cynthia Plummer
3rd Class
Drumacrutin National School

Cows

Cows give us fresh milk
Cows sometimes kick when milking
Cows go to the mart

Alexander Sloan
3rd Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

Dad's Tractor

Tractors are easy to drive,
They come small and tall,
Dad has a red tractor,
He crashed it into the wall!

Dad's tractor is a Massey Ferguson,
Dad says it can steer on its own,
He drives it around the fields,
It stays in the shed, alone.

I drive the tractor around the fields,
Sometimes twice a day,
Dad and I take bales from other farms,
We drive over anything in the way!

Rachel Corley
Fourth Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne

Farming

Farming

The John Deere 6800 leaving in the bales.
The smell of nice fresh silage.
The heifer roaring for meal.
The wonderful taste of fresh steak.
The steering wheel of the Ford 7810.
Farming.

Conor Smyth

2nd class

Latnamard National School

Kiltybegs

Up the road from Shancobane
There's a winding lane
That leads to Kiltybegs,
Oak trees on either side.

When the leaves fall in autumn,
It's wet and mucky
As winter approaches
Hughie brings in the cows
To keep them warm and milking
Throughout the long winter.

David Shields

Sixth class

St Daig's NS, Inniskeen

The Snowdrop

Tall little snowdrop
Proud and Strong
Beautiful fragrance
Head hanging down
Telling us all Spring
Is here.



Sinéad Duffy Age 7,
2nd class
Scoil Bhríde, Silverstream
Teacher M Smyth

Weather and Seasons

A Weather Acrostic

Wet weather
Exciting weather
Angry wind roaring
Thunder crashing
Hail stones falling
Everyone groaning
Running home

Jane Hill
3rd Class
The Central School, Castleblayney,

A week of Winter weather

On Monday it will be cold and chilly
On Tuesday it's giving for rain
On Wednesday nobody should venture out because of frost and mist
On Thursday it will be snowy and cold
On Friday get your woolly coats and a sleigh
On Saturday Christmas eve sit up and watch T.V.
On Sunday get your presents

Oisín Gleeson
5th class
Latnamard National School

Advice During Stormy Weather

Storms can be pretty scary
Tie down your pet or the wind could blow him away
Old and young can hide under the bed covers
Ring your relations early before the phone goes dead
Make sure you have plenty of candles beside your bed
Yell when you hear the lightning and the lights go off
Weather like this does not usually last very long
Everyone should go inside and keep warm
A nice cup of hot chocolate should do the trick
Temperatures will go down as the wind blows around
Happy times will soon return when the wind dies down and the
sky is clear
Enjoy the weather while its fine, as stormy weather can come
anytime
Remember what I say, in stormy weather keep safe.

Darren Mullan,
5th class
Latnamard National School

Frosty Days!

It's frosty today
Out in the town
I'm wearing my hat
My scarf is half down
It seems like everyone's
Feeling quite blue
But I'm always happy
And my dog is too

Rebekah Greer
4th class
The Central School, Castleblayney

One Night in December

One night in December
It started to snow,
The pipes and the lakes
Were frozen through.

It came down like a feather
And landed so soft,
Like a blanket of velvet
That covered the moss.

The very next morning
I went out to play,
I built a giant snowman
And called him J.J.

Had a snowball fight
I hit Ben twice,
I love the snow
So much, it's nice.

Jamie Duffy
4th Class,
St. Mary's N.S, Glaslough

Poor Little Snowman

Poor little snowman
Stands outside all day
You try to move you think you can
But there on the ground you stay.

The children came and built you
And then they ran away
You wanted them to play with you
But they don't want to stay

You stand there freezing
With only a scarf and a hat.
You can't help sneezing
You're so cold, all you want is a warm chat.

The snow began to melt
All around the little guy
No one knows how you felt
Why are you growing smaller oh why?

Soon you were nothing
But a scarf and a hat.
As I eat my Christmas stuffing
I look out the window to see you lying flat.

Lucy Nelson
6th Class
Monaghan Model School

Rainbow

Rainbow

As I look up at the sky I can see
the grey clouds moving in,
then suddenly bucketfuls of rain come
pouring down,
the only shelter I can
see is a large oak tree.

I watch from under the tree,
I see the rain slowly
fade,
and a faint rainbow creeps
across the sky.

I walk out from under the
Large oak tree,
and admire the droplets
on the leaves,
and the potholes filled with water.

Kesley McGovern
6th Class
St. Comgall's N.S., Connors

Rainy Day

Imagine how lovely it would be
To be on the beach
With sand in your hair
Eating ice-cream all day
Swimming in the sea
But I'm stuck at home
On a dull rainy day.

Naomi Windrum
5th Class
The Central School, Castleblayney.

Rainy Day in Carrickroe

Puddles on the road,
Everywhere soaking wet,
Cattle sheltering under trees
Because it's raining you bet.
It's battering against my window
And the wind is swirling round
The forecast is very bad
So the cattle will have to come in off the ground.
We can't go out to play at school,
And St. Mellan's Park is soaking.
The rain is only good for ducks
Or going fishing or boating.

Christopher Flood
3rd Class
Deravoy N.S.

Snow

Imagine what the snow is like
Swirling from the sky
One big blanket covering all
Ice is on the roads
Everything is freezing
But I'd much prefer a sunny day
Paddling in the sea.

Abby O' Dwyer
5th Class
The Central School, Castleblayney,

Spring

Snow is gone and spring is here
Pretty flowers grow
Rain is gone, sun is here
I know we will have a good year
No more staying inside
Go out and enjoy the spring

Sophie Daly
2nd class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Snow is like .....

Snow is like a white blanket
Covering up the land
Making everything look as quiet as a mouse
As peaceful as a churchyard
Yet, noisier than ever when the children come out to play.

Snow is a nightmare for parents
With children catching colds
It's disaster with cars slipping and sliding on roads
And the best thing for children
As they can't make school.

Snow is like a cause for celebration, happiness and fun
So long as there is running water
And no accidents on the run
With gardens decorated by snowmen

Stacks of snowballs from snowball fights by children.

Snow is like delight for most people around
Yet for some
Quite the opposite is found
Snow brings isolation for any animals out of bounds
And for the old couple who live a mile out of town.

As the white snow carpet disappears
The slushy, mushy conditions appear
Snow is like magic when it first appears
But often leaves us behind in tears.

Isabel Doyle
5th class
Latnamard National School

Spring

The three months of spring are full of joy, peace
and happiness.

The flowers and plants are sprouting,

The sun is beginning to shine.

Spring brings

newborn lambs and calves,

to farmers far beyond.

The birds begin to sing,

the chicks begin to hatch,

the ducklings swim happily with

their mother on the pond.

Spring is here,

Lets all cheer.

Nuala Conaty

6th class,

St. Michael's N.S, Corcaghan

Spring

Listen!

Can you hear the birds singing?

Listen!

Can you hear the children playing?

Listen!

Can you hear the kittens purr?

Listen!

Can you hear the dolphins swimming?

Listen!

Can you hear the ice-cream van tinkling?

Listen!

Can you hear the people talking?

There are lots of sounds in spring!

Amanda Jarackaite

2nd class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Winter

Children sledding
Snow spreading
People slipping
Air nipping

Cars sliding
Owl's hiding
Snowball fights
On dark nights

Frozen lakes
Like Christmas cakes
Ice on your lane

And hands in pain
Adults hate it when it's snowing
But they love it when it's going
Even though the wind will blow
All the houses will be covered in snow.

Karl Mc Gee
5th Class
Edenmore N.S.

Winter Havoc

Winter is so fun he makes it snow all around
The snow glides gracefully through the air
Then eventually touches the ground

Winter can also be bad
Makin the roads full of ice
So we can't get to school or work
And that's not nice

Winter makes cars slip
On the ice on the ground
And when the cars crash they make people frown

When winter thinks he's winning
His body fades away

His brother Spring takes up the reins
But he swears he will come back some day

Well winter's come back again
Causing more havoc and winter fun
Although he is annoying
He is still my chum.

Cal Clarke
6th Class
Monaghan Model School

People

Mary

Smart, kind, helpful, considerate

Wife of Martin

Lover of travelling, family, poor people

Who feels happy, challenged, enthusiastic

Who gives her time, love, care

Who fears the recession, poverty, grumpy people

Who would like to see a happy Ireland, kindness, love

Who lives in a large white house in the Phoenix Park

McAleese

Patrick Sheridan

Fifth Class

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Steven

Cool, athletic, nice, sporty

Husband of Alex Curran

Lover of football, his children and his team

Who feels rich, frustrated, happy

Who needs Liverpool to win more matches

Who gives entertainment, help, loyalty

Who fears Man United, losing the title, a broken leg

Who would like to see Liverpool win a title

Who lives in a big house in England

Gerrard

Dean Kinkade

Fifth Class,

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

The Little Girl

There was a little girl,
She lived on the street
She had raggy clothes
And she had frozen feet.

All she owned,
Was a cardboard box
And she suffered a sickness
Called chick-en-pox.

She was very small,
As she was only seven
She'd be happier if she died
Cause she would go to heaven.

On the day she finally died
Nobody even cried
Her body lay still
Near an old grinding mill.

Ryan Mc Elvaney
5th class
St. Michaels N.S, Corcaghan.

Snow

Lives in a deep dark wood,
Hears the seven dwarfs talking,
Sees the dark woods,
Touches roses and daisies,
Needs a new home,
Fears the wicked stepmother,
Wonders if she will get her prince,
Loves her prince charming,

White

Ciara Ní Loingsigh
Rang: 2
Gaelscoil Eois

My Friend Reece

Reece my friend
You're my friend indeed.
We play the Wii
You sometimes beat me!

Our favourite meal is pizza 'n' chips
We also like to wiggle our hips!
Our teacher is cool and lots of fun,
I wonder if she would bake me a bun?

James Carey
3rd Class
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret.

Taylor

Funny, talented, joyful, kind

Daughter of Andrea Gardener and Scott Kingsley Swift

Lover of singing, dancing, winning

Who feels happy, determined, annoyed

Who needs songs, food, love

Who gives entertainment, humour and joy of singing

Who fears death, war, losing

Who would like to see world peace, happiness and a dove

Who lives in a big house in Nashville

Swift

Natalia Waszynska,
Fifth Class, St. Michael's N.S.
Cootehill, Co. Cavan

Julius Caesar

The Romans had a boss
Called Julius Caesar
He was quite a 'geezer'
If he found you were a traitor
He sent you to your end with a gladiator.

In his 'ginormous' Coliseum
You nearly couldn't see him.
There with his soldiers
And their swords and shields
They had battled in lots of fields.

His empire stretched to many regions.
He got a statue made of him
Covered in the blood
Of enemies in his legion.
When Caesar dreamed
Of things he could aspire
He never thought it would all go up in fire!

Emmet Walsh
Rang a Trí,
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret.

Brad

Cool, attractive, very famous, athletic

Husband of Angelina Jolie

Lover of films, being in films, being famous

Who feels happy, wealthy, lucky

Who needs money, fame, peace

Who gives advice, great movies and entertainment

Who fears losing fame, death, divorce

Who would like to see Ireland

Who lives in Hollywood USA

Pitt

Oisin Mc Donald

Fifth Class,

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Jackie

Singer, actor, director, helps charity

Father of Fang Zuming

Lover of Chinese king fu, food, his son

Who feels happy, sad, excited

Who needs movies, food, friends

Who gives great entertainment, happiness, money

Who fears death, closure of cinemas, better actors

Who would like to see world peace

Who lives in Hong Kong

Chan

Manting Mu

Fifth Class,

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Paul

Talented, ambitious, hardworking

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Scholes

Lover of Man United, soccer, his family

Who feels frustrated, sad, excited

Who needs support, team spirit, his fans

Who gives hope, autographs, entertainment

Who fears snakes, spiders, Man City

Who would like to see Man United win the Premiership

Who lives in England

Scholes

Eoin Flynn

Fifth Class

St Michael's N.S. Cootehill

The Robot

There was a robot,
Who lived in the shed.
He had a metal body,
And a hard metal head.

He had many talents,
And he was as fast as a plane.
Using just one finger,
He could stop a speeding train.

But one day he did my homework so fast,
That it went up in flames.
And so did the robot,
And that was a shame.

Adam McCabe
5th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Latton

There once was a girl called Tin
Who wanted her own little bin.
She screamed Win, Winn!!!
Until she got a bin
And then she gave it to Lynn!

Sarah Forde
4th Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

Stephen

Sporty, friendly, helpful, smart.
Son of James and Mary.
Lover of football, running and T.V.
Who feels happy, energetic, kind.
Who needs food, water and friends.
Who gives happiness, food to the animals and fun.
Who fears strangers, drunk men, people who murder.
Who would like to see Wayne Rooney, Black Eyed Peas, The X
Factor.
Who lives in a big house, Aghabog, Co. Monaghan.

Mc Mahon

Stephen Mc Mahon
3rd class
Latnamard National School

Wayne

Skilful, unique, talented, fantastic,

Father of a son

Lover of soccer, child, wife

Who feels cool, fantastic and happy,

Who needs soccer, family and friends,

Who gives money, food and cars,

Who fears broken legs, the title and Liverpool,

Who would like to see Manchester United win the Champions
League

Rooney

PJ Mc Cabe

Fifth Class

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Cathal

My name is Cathal and I am nine years old,
I'm good at swimming so I've been told.
I've two sisters and a brother called Seán,
He's six months old and wakes up at dawn.

I help my Dad on the farm sometimes,
With any jobs that he might find.
I feed the pigs, cows and calves too,
If he gets any more animals it will be like a zoo.

I play football for Inniskeen,
We like to think that we are the dream team.
Our motto is 'We will win the cup',
We always try our best and never give up.
I like watching the telly and playing the wii,
Doing these things make me happy as can be.

I love playing games with my dog 'Sparks'
When he sees me coming he wags his tail and starts to bark.
As you can see I have a big family,
I play lots of sports and of course the wii.
So that's all I have to say for now,
My Dad needs my help, he's milking the cows.

Cathal Kearney
3rd Class
St. Daig's NS Inniskeen

Pheasants

I was only 7
My cousin Danny and I were playing about
Thinking we were working hard!
Brownish, greenish bushes surrounding us
Like a camouflaged wall.

Suddenly we saw a pheasants' pen
Covered with mesh
Holes to go in but not to come out.
We peeped in.
The pheasants looked bored.
Extremely so.
We opened the latch
We scared them.
We shouted and roared like a bullock standing on a man's foot.
Indescribable faces.

Suddenly.....
They flew out of the coop.
Like bullets from a shotgun
100 brown birds cackling
And disappearing
Into the distance.

We thought we had done a good deed.
But Uncle Patsy shouted
His face went real red
Like it does when it rains in the bog.
The veins started pumping.....
And we started running.....!!!!

Colm Mc Anespie
6th Class, Deravoy N.S

FAMILY

My Grandmother in Heaven

I'll tell you about my saddest day,
It was when my granny went away.
The years I had her were only three,
But in that time she meant so much to me.

Although she is so far away,
I know she watches over me every day.
I remember her laugh and her smile,
Even though I was just a child.

I used to feel really cool
When she picked me up from school.
The celebrations we used to share
Are a little bit different now she's not there.

Although she's happy up in Heaven,
I still miss her aged eleven.
Even though Heaven is so far,
I see her every night when I look up at her star.

Aoife McQuillan
St. Patrick's N.S., Clara
4th Class

Waiting for Mammy to Come Home from Work

I sit on the door step after lunch
When I am finished drinking my punch
I sit there in a daze
As the leaves blow by in giant waves
I dream what will happen when Mammy comes home
Oh I love her so much I will write her a poem
I see her car turning up the drive.
I am so happy I could nearly cry.
She steps out of the car and I see her long wavy hair. It is so dark.
She comes home and gives me a hug.
I love when she is home from work.

Muireann Harrigan
3rd Class
Scoil Mhuire, Latton

My Grandad

My grandad drove his car to town.
He also had a Massey Ferguson tractor,
He would take it everywhere he'd go.
He loved all of us, he gave us treats.
He wore a peaked cap.
He had false teeth.
He was a very happy man.
He always had time to talk,
Tell the story and take a walk.

His name was Tommy and he was the best.
He passed away one November morning,
It was a terrible shock.

We looked up at the stars and pray to him,
We know he is there, smiling down on us.

My Grandad Tommy.

Ben Murphy
Fifth class
St Daig's NS Inniskeen

My Perfect Family.

There are five of us in my family.
We live in our house very happily.
There's Mammy, Daddy, myself and the boys.
Oh and yes there's Snowy and we've lots of toys.
We get up in the morning as bright as can be.
I play with my dolls and my brothers with the Wii.
There's lots of thoughts running through my head.
Last thing at night, while I'm in my bed.
I lie there thinking how great it is to be in my perfect family.

Ella Carolan
2nd Class
Bunscoil Lughaidh Naofa

My Daddy Loves Tea

My Daddy has a cup of tea
every hour of the day

My Daddy has a cup of tea
home and away

The kettle must be boiling,
three spoons full of sugar in every cup
A taxi bar alongside he never leaves a sup

Aoife Ní Thomhnair
Rang a 5
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

My Mammy

My Mammy is fun,
We play in the sun,
Her name is Úna
She wears a lovely gúna.
She likes to cook and read her books
Úna is super!

Adrian Ó Mairtín
Rang a 2
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

Playing Outside

Playing outside, what a wonderful place
A place to unwind but it's just a space
Playing together with my family and friends
I wish it would never end.
Playing a game with Grace

Mummy inside with a cup of tea.
Then there is a big mêlée
Everyone comes in and goes out again
At least there is no torrential rain.
Mummy watches from the window everything she can see.

Martin Flood
6th Class
Deravoy N.S.

My Family

My family is scary, well everybody calls us
I don't know why, like we don't eat people
Or do we? You see we drank
Peoples blood 500 years ago but
Now we don't! We call ourselves
Vegetarians now. I don't have any
Friends only you... I think.
And if you haven't found out who
We are yet, so here you go we are
VAMPIRES !!!

Gabriele Bunyte
4th Class
St Oliver Plunkett N.S.

My Sister

My sister is very nice,
But sometimes she is annoying.
She calls me names, hits and kicks,
And it really gets me going.

She buys me stuff sometimes,
Sometimes I buy her stuff,
But if I get something which she doesn't,
She gets in a big HUFF!

Patrick Toal
Third Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne

One Saturday

One Saturday
my Mum
opened my bedroom door.
all I could hear
was her dreadful ROAR

"Miss Trainor get up
here now,
before me and you have
a row."

Gently my toes climbed
the stairs,
Whispering to myself this
is not fair.

"A bomb blew up
my room
last night
Oh mum I really got such a
Fright!"

Dearbhla Trainor
6th Class
St. Mary's N.S., Glaslough

My Nana

Thank you God for Nana,
She gives me sweets all day!
My Nana likes the gym,
And really likes to swim.
My Nana likes to wash
Because she's very posh.
My Nana likes pink
Because it makes the boys wink!
Thank you God for Nana,
She's one of a kind,
And she's all mine!

Aoife Maguire
1st Class
St. Patrick's N.S., Clara

Mums

Good huggers
Homework helpers
Face kissers
Clothes providers
Story readers
Bed tuckers
Car drivers
Loud shouters
Hard workers
Family lovers
Dog haters

Alexandra Mc Kenna
4th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Rapunzel

Rapunzel, Rapunzel goes everywhere.
With her long golden flowing hair
She ties it in a knot.
To stop it going flop
Before her mother says
She'll use it as a mop.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel o get your hair cut.
Cause it your mother gets at it.
You'll look like a doughnut.

O mother dear you're such a tut-tut.
Sure I am Rapunzel
I don't get my hair cut.

Ciara Mc Cooley

4th Class

Broomfield National School, Caastleblayney

Grandfather



When my grandfather died
I cried and I cried,
My heart was tore
It was so, so sore,
Sometimes I cry
Because I remember his goodbye,
Today I remember
That he is watching over me forever.

Sophia Morris
4th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Latton

My Uncle Kurt

My auntie's husband passed away
On Tuesday night
In that room
There was no delight
Tears rolled down
Everyone's cheeks
No one could speak.
Now I know he's happy
I can feel it in my bones
He could be watching over us
But no one really knows.
No one knew it was coming
Until that sudden night.
No one knew
That was when
His spirit would take
FLIGHT.

Lucy Loughran

4th class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Family

Families are the people we love

Always there for us

Memories we have together

I love my family

Loving, caring, loyal every day of my life

Years of caring for me

Chloe Comiskey

Second Class

St. Michael's N. S. Cootehill

Daddy

Funny, tall
Loving, caring
Helpful
I love him so much
Dad

Casey O' Leary
4th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Mammy

Mammy is fun.
Always gives me hugs and kisses.
Makes my lunch everyday.
Minds me when I am sad.
Yes, I love my Mammy.

Caoimhe Prunty
First Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne

My Granda

My Granda was 81 when he passed away,
It was on a Wednesday at midday.
We often sit and think of him
And things he used to say.
And as I close my eyes
At the end of each day,
I know he is looking after me
In his own quiet way.

That was two years ago,
When I was only nine,
My granny still misses him
But she is doing fine.

Every day that passes,
There is an empty chair,
And part of me still wishes that he was still there.

Hannah Clarke
5th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Who will I be like?

Who will I be like?
Maybe like my Mum?
I'll be making delicious pancakes
With cream and icing
Sugar and chocolate

Who will I be like?
Maybe like my Dad?
I'll be watching Formula 1
Singing under the shower
And travelling a lot

Who will I be like?
Maybe like my brother
I'll be doing tricks on roller blades
I'll draw beautiful pictures
And play on the computer

Who will I be like?
I know I'll be myself
And I'll have a part of everyone!

Lena Kowalska
5th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Poor Grandad

How are you, Grandad ?
Are you o.k. ?
What happened to your back
When you went out yesterday?

"The bull," said Grandad with an OW
"It was a sunny day
And I went out to feed the cow.
I brought it nuts, cereal and hay."

But there was a bull standing under a tree,
And in its eye there was a flea.
The bull was fierce and large
And he started to charge.

He headed right for the gate,
To run away Grandad was too late.
Grandad slipped,
But luckily the bull tripped.

"So now I'm here in a hospital bed,
All wrapped up from my toes to my head.
And when I move my back,
I hear a CRACK!"

Darragh Ailfrid
Rang a Trí
Scoil Rois

Thoughts and Feelings

Don't Be Scared

Heights are only a great big mountain you can climb.

Heights are fun. You won't get hurt and it is just like climbing a tree. It will be fun.

When you are climbing a mountain it gets higher and higher. It is just like jumping up and down.

Climbing is just like being on top of the world and you will feel on top of the world when you climb.

So smile when you are on a height and don't be scared.

Caoimhe Smyth
Fifth Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne.

Orange

I am the only orange
in the world
Because my Dad
was eaten
My Mum was rotten
My brothers and sisters
are dead from the heat!

Gertruda Kalrynaite
3rd class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Loneliness

Loneliness is boring white
It tastes like cold custard
It smells like failure
It looks like an empty world
It sounds like a little voice in your head
If feels depressing

Niamh Magee
Sixth Class
St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Love

Love is Rosie red

It tastes like sweets

It smells like red roses

It looks like couples holding hands

It sounds like laughter and songs

It feels like love is in the air

Katie Mc Cabe
Sixth Class
St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill



COLOURS

Colours can be different
Orange, yellow, blue, green and pink.
Lovely when you see them
On a piece of art, I think.
Underwater coloured creatures
Really they're the best.
Start to discover colours,
North, South, East and West.

Katelyn Graham
4th Class
Model School, Monaghan

Rose

A rose is pink
She is the summer
In the garden
Very sunny
A rose with petals
In a flower pot
Sixty minute makeover
Drinks Water

Jordan Pratt
3rd Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

Gold

Gold is the nice smooth sand,
Gold is a sparkling antique,
Gold is a ring on your hand,
And the happiness of people you meet!

Gold is the colour of sweet honey,
Gold is the colour of a shining star,
Gold is the colour of stunning money,
And the sun which shines away far.

Gold is the sparkle of a fire,
Gold is the swaying of dancing flowers,
Gold is the voices of an angelic choir,
Which you could listen to for hours and hours.

Gold can be found in some soil,
Gold is a church bell,
Gold is thought to be the colour of royal,
Be as good as gold and you'll get on well!

Lynda Mc Meel
6th Class
Edenmore N.S.

That Old Suitcase!

What is in that old suitcase?
The one that is ripped and torn.
It is brown and big and bulky.
And it used to be very silky.
It's a case full of memories
From years and years before.
With photos and albums and many more.
The zips are broken and handles too.
Oh I must go up and show it to you!

Emma Deery
Rang a Cúig
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

Yellow is a . . . . .

Yellow is a sun who says
It shines so bright.
Yellow is part of a butterfly
Who flies around in the bright sun light.
Yellow is a pretty dress
With patterns all around.
Yellow is a pretty colour
And some slimy butter.
I like yellow because
I see it all around!

Aoibhá Treanor
2nd class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

My Outfit

Outfits tucked inside the drawer
Plenty of colours and patterns galore!
But there is one outfit I like most
It's my absolute favourite
I don't want to boast
It's a long white top
With a purple bow
And glittery shoulders
It's gorgeous you know!
I said I don't want to boast
But I actually do
For my top is magnificent
I'd be jealous if I were you!

Ellen Mc Ateer

4th class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Frost

Hats and scarves keep us toasty,
Ice on windows and on cars window screens,
Icicles from my nose,
Frost bites on my toes.

A hot cup of soup
Will keep you in the loop
People slip and slide,
When they're on the drive.

Vegetable don't grow as well,
People's fingers start to swell,
Pipes burst, water freezes,
Frost doesn't always please us

But I think it's alright!!

Jennifer Seath,
4th Class
Monaghan Model

Bedtime Glory

Bedtime is very boring I want to stay up late
But Dad peeps his head around the door and
Says, "Go to bed mate."

I ask him, "Who won the match?" he replies
"Of course Man Utd did, Do you think I would
Mess about something like that kid?"

We talk a bit about the match because
They are the best but finally I must go
To sleep I really need my rest.

I fall asleep quite happy knowing my
Team won and hope to awaken to a
Bright and happy sun.

Kevin Mc Coeey

5th Class

Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

Vegetables

Spinach, broccoli, Brussels sprouts
I think they're disgusting without a doubt
Chicken curry I prefer
Sitting on the table there

But that's not what Mam has in mind
She is really the healthy eating kind
Stir fry, bean sprouts, celery sticks
Are really not what I would pick

All of them I really hate
I put them on my Daddy's plate
When they make them taste really nice
I will eat them then morning, noon and night

Alison Mc Donnell
5th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Hopes And Dreams

The banks are broke
I have lost my job
Now that, that has happened
I don't have a bob
I'm broke and I'm hungry
With nowhere to stay
So please help me God
To get through this day.

The tiger left town
The shops are closing down
The streets are bare
And the politicians don't care.

But all is not lost
I have learned the right things
To dream and
To hope of a
World of brighter things!

Ceara Finnegan
5th Class
Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

Life Today

Born in the golden age
That was me
Cute little baby
Star to be!

Recession came along
And that was the end
Of cute little frocks
And the latest trends

Shops closed down
Mothers broke down
Fathers saved up
All they could find

But enough about that
Let's think to the future
A new generation
Of hope and salvation

Kate Dwyer
5th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

My Guardian Angel

Way up in heaven way up above, is my guardian angel as white as a dove.

Her dress is not gold, silver or yellow, it is white and fluffy like a big marshmallow.

Her halo is small, round, yellow and bright in fact it's so bright, it could light up the night.

She floats in the air like a boat on the sea, my guardian angel watches over me.

Sarah Leddy

4th Class

St. Daig's NS Inniskeen

Happiness Buns

300 grammes of family, 400 grammes of friends

1 tablespoon of fashion and all the latest trends!

Half a kilo of chocolate, half an ounce of school

Three quarters of a tonne of horses and of my dog who likes to drool!

When you've made the mixture for these delicious buns

Put them in the oven and wait until they're done.

When you take them out, be careful! They're hot you see

Then ice them with a smile and enjoy with a cup of tea!!

Ailbhe Rooney, 5th class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Smile!

One day I was sitting under a tree
And a boy walked towards me
He simply said, 'smile!'
And looked at me for quite a while.

As he walked away I started to think
I just couldn't find the link
Smile what an odd thing to say to someone, isn't that right?
You wouldn't think that one word could change your life when it
just might.

When I look towards that time
My bells start to chime
That's the word that brightened all those rainy days
And snapped me out of that hazy daze.

Now I understand how the word made such an impact all those
years ago

When laughing replaced crying
When yes replaced no
Now I understand what smile really means.

Start Minding all the Insignificant and Little Elements in your
life

Now I know in life I have come on miles
And they're filled with laughter happiness and "Smiles".

Niamh Kieran
Rang a Sé
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

Don't Be Scared

Some people think that clowns are scary,
With their heads, bald and hairy.

And some people go for miles,
Just to see their jolly smiles.

Clowns want you to have fun,
And to do that they would hop, skip or run.

Clowns can balance up high,
And then throw custard, cream pies.

So smile when you see a clown,
Don't be scared.

Cian Mc Elroy
Sixth Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne.

It's As Easy As...

It's as easy as asking a dinosaur in marriage.
Or asking your brother to clean out the garage.

It's as easy as telling a monkey to stop groaning.
Or telling your sick sister to stop all the moaning.

It's as easy as saying the sky is red.
Or telling your Dad to go to bed.

It's as easy as seeing a very blue sun.
Or telling your Mom she never eats a bun.

It's as easy as an elephant reading a book.
Or telling your Granny to stop being a cook.

It's as easy as hearing a fish talking.
Or telling your Grandad to stop walking.

Hannah O'Reilly Age 9
3rd class
Scoil Bhríde, Silverstream
Teacher M Smyth

What is White?

What is white?

A swan is white,

Sailing through the winter light.

The pretty glow of the snow,

And something that you didn't know,

The colour of a blank sheet,

The feeling you get,

When you hear the birds tweet.

White is the colour of a dove,

And the colour of the clouds above.

The colour of a wedding dress,

And the feeling you get ,

When you rest.

White is the colour of cold ice,

And the colour of little white mice.

White is the colour,

Of ocean pearls,

And the way,

The little girls dresses swirl.

Last but not least,

The wind from the East.

That blows everyday,

The very same way.

Leah Daly

4th Class

Bunscoil Lughaidh Noafa

Stars

Shiny and bright
They twinkle at night
All sorts of shapes
Run from light to light
Shooting stars come out of the blue
And I make a wish and hope it comes true.

Sarah Earley
3rd class
Edenmore N.S.

What if?

What if I was Blue?
I could not wear a shoe.
What if I was Red?
I would have no head.
What if I was Pink?
I could not blink.
What if I was Green?
I could not drive a machine.
What if I was Orange?
I could not have Porridge.

Brian Macklin
Rang a Trí
St. Michael's N.S. Rackwallace

When I Grow Up

When I grow up, I'm going to be
The greatest footballer, wait and see.
I will have a little help on the way.
From my dad who plays everyday.

Football is my favourite game.
All my friends feel the same.
I'm going to be crowned player of the year.
With my dad watching near.

I'm going to buy a really fast car
But I have to work hard to get this far.
I'll have to really switch on my brain
So when I'm at school I won't complain.

Cormac Mc Donnell
2nd Class
Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

Yellow

Yellow is the colour of a lovely bright day
When buttercups stand in my way
Stripes of bees going up and away
My favourite colour fading away
Yellow is the colour of my lovely bright room
It reminds me of spring
When daffodils bloom.

Orladh Hughes
4th Class
Edenmore N.S.

Happiness

Happiness is like a sparkly love heart.
It tastes like delicious chocolate ice cream
It smells like fresh cut grass
It sounds like birds singing sweetly in the trees
It feels like being able to fly

Guste Grazulyte
Third Class
St Michael's N. S. Cootehill

My Granda

I loved my Granda so-o-o-o-o much.

He was very kind to me.

For Christmas and our birthday

He used to give us money.

I loved my Granda so-o-o-o-o much

I miss him so-o-o-o-o much.

He used to go fishing a lot

Providing the weather was hot.

He used to smoke 20 a day

But that didn't make him sick, o.k?

But when he was in hospital

He cut down to 5.

I love my Granda so-o-o-o-o much

I wish he was alive!

Emma Reilly

Rang a Ceathair

Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

LIFE

When you were a baby you would mess about and play.
When you went on the farm you climbed up stacks of hay.
If you got in the cupboard you would throw the plates and they
would smash
Your Mum would be angry but she too did it as a lass.

When you were a child you started going to school.
When the teacher wasn't looking you would act like a fool.
The older ones called you a stupid clown
And you went home with a very big frown.

When you were a teenager you thought you knew everything,
when in fact you hardly knew anything.
You acted like life was a big game,
And you thought your parents were really lame.

When you were an adult it wasn't fun and games you know.
You lived in a cramped apartment all on your own.
Your life seemed to be full of strife
And you wanted to go back to your old life.

Now here on your death-bed you lay,
with only moments until you pass away.
So live every moment of your life,
For it passes as quickly as day turns to night.

Fintan McKenna
6th class
Scoil Bhríde, Silverstream
Teacher: Mrs M Coyle

At Home

Listen!

Can you hear the dog barking?

Listen!

Can you hear the TV mumbling?

Listen!

Can you hear the kettle boiling?

Listen!

Can you hear Mammy and Daddy talking?

Listen!

Can you hear my brothers rowing?

Listen!

Can you hear them?

Lauren Mc Enroe

2nd class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Magic and Mystery

A Strange Night

The clock struck twelve
I got out of bed.
I rubbed my eyes
And scratched my head.
I put on my slippers
Because my feet were bare,
Opened the door
And crept down the stairs.
I crept through the hallway
And opened the front door.
I crept into the garden
Not knowing what to look for.
The sky was dark
No lights were on.
I gathered up my courage
And started to run.
I sprinted down the lawn
As quick as lightening,
Clearing my head
Of all things frightening.
As I reached the pond
I saw a glimmer at the base.
I studied it carefully
Until something met my gaze.
I picked it out of the water
To see a marvellous thing
I was taken aback in amazement

It was a ruby ring.
I placed it on my finger
And a pulsating light appeared.
It started moving forward
And I followed very near.
It led me into the house,
Upstairs into my room.
I climbed into bed, fell fast asleep
And slept until noon.

Gráinne Ní Dhubhthaigh
Rang a sé
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

Ghosts

Ghosts, Ghosts, Ghosts,
Spooky, Creepy, Sneaky Ghosts,
Flying, Floating, Hovering Ghosts,
White, Pale, Clear Ghosts,
Ghosts, Ghosts, Ghosts.

Adam Murtagh
Fourth Class
Scoil Mhuire, Magherarney.

MY EYES DECIDE TO BECOME PICASSO

I pressed my hands into my eyes,
Not too hard, but firm,
And straightaway there appeared a black endless cover.
Alas, some rebellious white spots appear,

And-suddenly - a great frenzy of
Flowerbed shaped specks float across my vision
And their shapeless shapes stun me.
But, as soon as I gasp at the marvels,
They disappear as soon as they come.

Alas, as soon as they go, another great
Splattering of colours, shapes and designs
Fill my vision and I soon become enthralled.
This time, a checkerboard fills the dark room
And in the middle; puddle of glowing, flickering fire.
How quickly it spreads!

Next, consuming the checkerboard fast, are
The Celtic swirls and speckled flower-gardens who stroll
across my eyes
With Irish jigs and who dance like rippling water
But then comes the most glorious show of all.....
The night sky.

The black cover is studded with sparkling stars
Who twinkle as if blinking black little crystal tears from
invisible eyes.

And as I blink back stunned tears myself,
And I regain my usual perfect eyesight,
I know for sure that what I saw and will continue to see,
Will always be there behind my minds eye.

Rhea Lambe

6th Class

Scoil Phádraig, Garron, Tyholland

My Key to Vision

I saw grass rustling in the deep open desert
I saw fire burning in the sea
But I saw all that because it was inside me,
Because what I want to see it comes to me
Sometimes I wonder why I have this gift
It's so special and great
Sometimes in the darkness I get a flash of my life
How can this happen I wondered many times
I get it now
I'm special
But I like it
So, I'll just get on with it and live my life.

Aidan Quinn
Sixth class
St Daig's NS Inniskeen

The Ice-Touch

I can feel the Ice-Touch,
As I walk into the snow,
I feel the Ice-Queen take my hand,
And into the woods we go.

I look around and all I see,
Is cold, white animals roaming free,
But only I know,
They are locked in a cage,
A cage of feelings,
Of sadness and rage.

But they also have happiness,
Because they know,
About the Ice-Touch,
That makes them glow.

I can feel the Ice-Touch.

Chloë Mc Donnell

5th Class

Broomfield National School, Castleblayney,

The Rumour

There was a rumour about a desolate house,
But nobody lived there not even a mouse,
But lately there's been some weird occurrences,
Like lights left on or doors wide open,
Or even a shadow casting itself past the hall.

So I sauntered up to the lonely house,
To see what all the fuss was about,
But as I jumped over the rusty old gates,
I was abducted by a sinister embrace,
I fell hard on the grassy terrain,
As the creature retreated to its dreary domain.

Cold and weary I followed in step by step,
But I don't think it saw me not quite yet,
Hallway through its perilous depths still following step by step.
Like a maze choose left or right, which path,
Should I take?

This place is massive it would have taken forever to make,
I regained consciousness as I peered through a room,
Then I suddenly knew right then that the rumour was true.

Seán Ó Ruanaidh
Scoil Rois
Rang a 6

The Time Machine

I found an unwanted time machine,
I polished and scrubbed it until it was clean
Then an idea sprung to my mind,
I would travel through time like no other kind.

I would go to the past,
Before to the future
And see if they've tellies
Before the computer.

I'd talk to the stars
On my journey to Mars
Then I'd travel through space
What a wonderful place!

My adventure is over
But now I realise
Home is the most extraordinary
It's full of surprise
It's bed time for me,
I hope I haven't missed tea
I now go to bed to rest my happy head.

Lena Ní Fhairceallaigh
Rang a 5
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

Humour

A Man from Peru

There once was a man from Peru,
Who loved nothing more than to canoe,
He went down the river,
He started to shiver,
And thought he was getting the flu!

Ellen Myers
6th Class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Bored

Nothing to do
TV boring
Lana bored too
Doorbell rings ring a ding ding
Dad's meeting BOOORRRRIINNGG!
Mum's busy in the kitchen
Don't want to do skipping
Brother clucking around like a chicken

Sis says books
Bro says comics
Mum says cooks
Dad has to fix
BF says mud pies
NO! NO! NO! NOOO! And N..... Oh but wait that might
Be a good idea!

Anna Berry
3rd Class
Monaghan Model School

Crazy Dublin Zoo

One orange octopus,
Two talking tigers,
Three tiny turtles,
Four frightened flamingos,
Five fun frogs,
Six slimey Snakes
Seven snapping Sharks,
Eight enormous elephants,
Nine nice newts,
All escaped from Dublin zoo
Wearing shiny suits

Catherine Finn

3rd Class

Knockconan N.S. Ballyoisin, Emyvale.

Teacher: Mrs Boyle

Funky Monkey

There once was a funky monkey
Who was really very funky?
He was a pain again and again
His owner got cross
Said, "I am the boss!"
The monkey was sad
The owner was mad
Oh that monkey's so bad!

Áine Rooney

4th class

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Different Stories

Two little boys
Climbed up on the roof.
One fell down and broke his tooth,
The other fell down and hit his head.
'We won't go back
On the roof' they said.
Two little rats
Sitting in the hay.
One said to the other
'Let's go and play.
We'll go in the water
And have some fun.
Then Mum will give us some buns.
Two little rabbits sitting on a mat.
'Let's go make some lunch and then we'll
Go and play' said the other rabbit,
'Then we will go to bed'.

Teskirat Olatunji
2nd Class
Monaghan Model School

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty went to the shop
To buy himself a pyjama top
Humpty Dumpty fell to bits
The pyjama top no longer fits !!

Stephen Boyd
3rd Class
Clontibret NS

My Very Funny Week

On Monday I got out of bed
    There was no sun to warm my head.
On Tuesday I went out to play
    As the snow came my way.
On Wednesday Mr. Frost came out
    And had a good look about.
On Thursday we slid on ice
    All day long as it was so nice.
On Friday the leaves fell from the trees
    And we gathered chestnuts in our sleeves.
On Saturday we went shopping for warm clothes
    As the temperature was dropping
On Sunday we went to Mass
    As we came home I slipped on my .....!!!

Tiegan O'Leary
6th class.
Latnamard National School

There once was a man named Pat
Who loved his black and white cat
The cat was called May
Which then ran astray
And ended up in cat in the mat!

Phoebe Nesbitt
6th Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

The Disaster Zone

My home is a disaster zone,
It makes my Mammy moan,
Once a tornado ripped through our living room
It made the TV go boom,
Rising lava, evil pizzas, spilling coke
It really is no joke
When the whole place goes up in smoke!!

Matthew Riddell
4th Class
Clontibret NS

Hobbies

Football

Goals, goals, goals galore
Makes me want more and more

Tackle, tackle in so hard
But you'll get a yellow card

Save, save, save the game
But watch out the rebounder's in.

Penalties, penalties, are so bad
But the team that wins are so glad.

Steven Mooney
6th Class
Annalitten N.S., Castleblayney

Gymnastics

Gymnastics is such fun every week,
Every day I go we do something different
Like the splits and handstands,
Cartwheels, stretches and all
But the best thing of all is
That I have some fun!

Hanna Nic Giolla-Uidhir
Rang: 3
Gaelscoil Eois

Football

Niamh is my name, football is my game!
My favourite player is Robbie Keane,
But he just moved to another team.

I play indoors and outdoors too,
Especially when my mum says shoo!!!!!!!!!!
My daddy's favourite team is Leeds,
But with a team like that he needs rosary beads!!!!!!!!!!

My favourite team I have to choose.
I want someone who doesn't lose.
Green and white or maybe blue.
Anyone except Man U!!!!!!!!!!

Niamh O'Brien

5th Class

Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

Rugby

I have a passion for rugby,
That's greater than basketball and Gaelic,
I have an advantage with my height...
I'm a bit faster and I'm first for pick.
But that will change in a couple of years,
As I am only under thirteens,
They will probably all catch up with me,
When they eat their spuds and beans!
At the moment I am first centre,
In front of Adrian and behind Darragh Hughes,
Us three Amigos keep our scores ahead,
To make sure way never lose!
But of course there's more than us in the team,
There are the bigger and stronger guys,
Who go into a tackle not fearing the worst,
And come out with someone hanging onto their thighs!

Michael Savage
Rang a Sé
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

Irish Dancing

Irish dancing is fun
Reels soft jigs hard jigs all kind of jigs
Irish dancing hoping all around
Skips in the hall
Hands by your side
Dancing and kicking your bum
Always learning new skills
Now it's St. Patrick's Day
Coming to the parade
I love Irish dancing
Now its time to go
Going to a show

Liana Matusevic
Second Class
St Michael's N. S. Cootehil

Liverpool (Haiku)

I like Liverpool
Even though they are rubbish,
I still do not care

Daniel Mc Caffrey,
5th Class
Edenmore N.S.

My Special Place

My special place is on the stage,
Dancing in my brogues, to my St. Patrick's Day tune.
When it comes to my solo,
I wear my glittery dress,
I have to dance my very best.
I dance my jigs and my reels very neat and fast,
You wouldn't find the hours pass.
The dance I love the best is my 1, 2, 3's,
As I lift my feet high with ease.
When it comes to the end of the Féis,
I wait to see if I've done my best.
I sit very still with fear in my eyes,
Waiting to see if I've won a prize.
My number gets called, I've won, I've won
I will stand to receive my prize on the podium!

Orlaith Hamill.

Sixth Class.

St. Oliver Plunkett N.S. Loughmourne

Rapping

Yo, yo everybody
I've got something to say!
I've got a story to tell
That could last all day!

It's how rapping was invented,
When I was so young
A man turned up,
When I was having lots of fun.

He said "Can you do this
like 1,2,3,
This is called counting,
Can you rap with me?"

We rapped all day,
And we rapped all night.
That is my story,
Everybody goodnight!

Hannah de Cógán
Rang 4
Scoil Rois

Soccer

I get up all excited
It's Saturday once again
I'm off to play my soccer
With all my soccer friends.
I always pay attention,
As a player or a sub.
It is my dream one day
I will play for Arsenal football club.
The players who play for Arsenal
Are fast and strong and tall.
They're first to get a tackle and first to get the ball.

Liam Ó Faoláin
Rang a 2
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

Holidays

The Seaside

When you go to the seaside
All you can hear, is the waves
And the birds and the
Children full of cheer.

With the sand between my toes
and the water on my nose,
I must not stay in
Too long or they might feel
Like the've froze!

We make sandcastles and
Bury our feet, then we
Lie in the sun and feel
Its heat.

I wish it was summer
In a few days from now
And we'd head for the Beach
and that would be Wow!

Ròise O'Brien
5th Class
Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

In The Park

In the park I like to play,
Especially on a sunny day.
School is out. Everyone's about.
Children are eating ice-cream.
Others are lashing on sun cream.
Kids are going down the slide,
Anxious adults are watching them have a good time.
And when the sun finally goes down,
We'll be back tomorrow without a frown!

Rory O'Hare

4th Class

Scoil Phádraig, Garron, Tyholland

Summer

Bright sun burning
Round bales wrapping
Deep pools cooling
Cold ice-cream melting
European holidays finishing
In the summer time.

Timothy Persse
5th Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

The Beach

Sun shining
Sand glistening
Children playing
Boats floating
Ice-cream melting
I love the beach!

Shannon Clarke
3rd class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Celebrations

A Bunny's Tale

Bunny, bunny ,hop, hop, hop.

Bunny, bunny, stop, stop, stop.

He sniffs around for a chocolate carrot.

Instead he found a chocolate parrot.

He saw that he was surrounded by chocolate,

So he stuffed some in his pocket,

And he took it to his hole,

Near a pole.

Then he ate and ate and ate

With his mate.

The farmers were out

Eating trout,

with a loud crowd.

So they snuck some chocolate

In a remote control rocket, sending it to a basket

For the Easter Bunny to give the children on Easter Sunday.

Christopher Kruger

3rd Class

Monaghan Model School

At the circus

Clowns tricking,
People laughing,
Acrobats swinging,
Ringmaster shouting
Candyfloss eating,
I don't want to leave.

Annie-Rose Ní Raghallaigh
Rang: 2
Scoil: Gaelscoil Eois

Christmas

Cosy, warm and happy inside, beside the fire,
Huddled with my teddy, nice and warm,
Rolling away in my dreams,
Inside, the fire is crackling, outside the snow is falling,
Snow falling, slowly, silently, not a sound,
The robins pecking at the ground trying to get food to eat,
Merrily singing Christmas carols, everyone together,
Anyone may join our celebrations,
Saturday morning, Christmas day, everyone shout,
Hip, Hip, Hurray!!

Niamh Maguire
6th Class,
St. Michaels N.S., Corcaghan.

Exploding Fireworks

Crashing, colourful stars.
It's like a broken up rainbow
Going round and round it's so magical!
It's like colourful snow
Boom, pop, kaboom, squeal,
There's multicoloured sparks whizzing across the sky!
Kaboom, crackle, bang!
Rainbow colours in the sky!!!

Niamh Tierney
4th class
Latnamard National School

Granny's Party

Granny's party
A lovely sparkling plate of cakes with a sugary topping
Brown bread coming out of the boiling oven
Happy Birthday - make a wish !
A delicious chicken and tomato sandwich
A card with a beautiful butterfly and a ribbon over it
Granny's party.

Néamh Mc Cooey
2nd class
Latnamard National School

Ireland Result

In recession at the moment
Republicans very angry
Everyone excited about the election
Labour on their own
And Brian Cowen staying out of it
Nobody thinking about the poor man
Daddy confused in what to say
Reporters reporting back to the studio
Enda Kenny proud of the result
Surprised at the new government
Upset Fianna Fáil and the Green Party
Labour celebrate with Fine Gael
Terrific result for Enda Kenny. Now we carry on.

Dominic Flood
5th Class
Deravoy N.S.

My Birthday Party

People singing,
People laughing,
Music playing,
TV blaring,
Drums banging,
Guitar strumming,
Children screaming,
Mum shouting,
Doors slamming,
Go karts screeching,
Blowing out candles,
Babies crying,
People munching on crisps,
People sucking on sweets,
I love birthday parties!!!

Lauren Brady
2nd Class
Scoil Mhuire, Machaire Áirne

Pancake Day

Pancake Day

Ingredients on the kitchen table

Butter melting on the pan

The mixer mixing frantically

Licking my pancake covered fingers

Hot pancakes.

Paudi Gleeson

2nd class

Latnamard National School

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day,

A day of hugs,

Love is in the air.

Everyone gives cards and chocolates,

No negative thoughts or fights,

Times of laughter and joy.

In windows, sit lovely flowers,

Names and nouns in poems,

Everlasting love,

Spring roses and daisies.

Doves,

A day of romance,

Yes, Valentine's Day.

Aoibheann Deery,

Fifth Class

St. Oliver Plunkett N.S. Loughmourne.

School

My School

I go to National School.
It's name is Deravoy.
It is built near the church,
On the road to Aughnacloy.

With three teachers and two assistants
It's full of boys and girls
Seven rooms altogether,
With posters on every wall as well.

I am in fourth class with
Gareth, Gary, Ciarán, Cormac and Conor
And all the girls

Siobhán, Maireád, Sarah and Cara.
Mrs Mc Adam is our teacher
A woman you cannot fool
But everyone seems to like her.
And she is a good teacher too.

Outside we have a yard and a pitch
And a flowerbed that looks well in May
Beside it is the big hall
Where we do our Christmas Play.

At the end of sixth class
When it's time for me to leave
I will always have good memories
Whenever I pass this way.

Jonathan Mc Kenna
4th Class
Deravoy N.S.

School Here I Come

Two months have passed
The holiday has ended

Adventure time is over
And school time is starting

I feel rubber on a pencil
The smell of new books
The floor is clean and shiny
The walls are painted and bare
A new child from another country has come
The new pencil case is wonderful but.

I prefer the old one
It has been with me
Since I came to this school

Half pencils,
Broken rubbers,
Old ruler and set square
So I think I will keep the old and use the new

Oh school I want to meet you and my friends
I want the hard work and give me
I want the new books and the knowledge
I love the breaks and the P.E
School Here I Come.

Gabriel Wojtas
5th Class
Broomfield National School, Castleblayney

School Holidays

Teachers laughing, smiling happily 'cause the
School holidays are nearly here.

It's my favourite time at school cause everyone is
Merry and full of cheer.

No more work to do, exams all done I fear Oh well
I can always try to do better next year.

Pencils, pens, books and paper lying everywhere.

P.E. cupboard about to burst with stuff, footballs, cones and
bats all squashed in.

Bins are flowing over with all sorts of foreign things.

Pencil sharpening all over the floor with a few stale
sandwiches squashed in.

The carpet with dirt and stains in it, will it ever look clean
again.

Whiteboards and computers have all been working hard.

The photocopier is all out of ink and is as hot as a smoking pan.

Mrs Mills is tidying her office now and the phone is ringing no
more.

Just school reports to be written up and then there is no more.

There's a funny smell in school today it's not fresh and airy like
it was.

It's a smell of sweat and pencil sharpening and oh what's that
banana skins and egg sandwiches peow!

Good luck to packed lunches even if it's only for a while.

Hello to summertime treats like ice-cream and strawberry pie.

Spare jumpers, coats and hats lying here and there
odd gloves and scarfs as well but does anybody care?
It's summertime and the weather is fine and the thoughts of
slippy, snowy play grounds are long gone from our minds.

The school bell rings for the very last time.
Screaming children going here and there. Cheering goodbye to
their friends and shouting see you next year.
The buses line up and the children get in waving to their
teachers with big cheesy grins.
Every where's quiet now nothing to hear only a clock ticking.
UNTIL NEXT YEAR!!!

Reece Browne
5th Class
Monaghan Model School

Teacher has lost the plot!

My Teacher's got a problem.
I think she's lost the plot.
She's gone and gave us a poem to write.
Is she mad or what?

What kind of poem does she think I can write.
I'm really not that keen.
I'd really rather have some maths.
Or even some S.P.H.E.

I could write about the weather.
Or maybe the moon and stars.
But I really can't be bothered.
I'd rather fly to Mars.

I really have a problem.
I don't know what to do.
Maybe I should ask Teacher.
She just might have a clue.

Matthew Browne
3rd Class
Monaghan Model School

The Playground

Hopscotch

Skipping

Playing tig

Baby, infant, small or big

Cuts and bruises

Teary eyes

Where the sixth class say their goodbyes

I love the playground

Small or big

Making friends and playing tig

Joanna Lynch

5th class.

St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Animals

A Horsey Tale

There once was a horse ,Twilight,
And boy did he hate the night.
It was just his luck,That he fell in some muck,
And now looks a hopeless sight!!!

Eimear Farrell
5th Class
Bunscoil Lughaidh Naofa

ANIMALS

A tortoise is slower than a hare
Nine little pigs walking in the mud
In the water whales leaping
Many horses galloping around
A frog hopping in the grass
Little lambs born in Spring
Sheep grazing happily

Aaron Daly
4th class
St Oliver Plunkett NS
Teacher; Ms Fiona Lynch

The Zoo

Hey! Did you hear about the new zoo?
Mummy said she'll bring me and you

I can't wait to see the giraffe
Oh, how it makes me laugh!

I want to see the elephant too
It might give me something better to do!

I've never seen the snake or the tiger
But I heard the tiger was brought from Niger!

I want to see the fish in the water
Oh! And my uncle is bringing his daughter

And by the way, her name is Honey
She works in the shop to get lots of money!

Oh I can't wait till me and you
Have that wonderful day at the new zoo!

Zanda Rektina
5th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

Who? What? Where? When? Why?

Who? A Leopard.

What? Stalking.

Where? In the long grass.

When? In the scorching sun.

Why? To kill a baby wildebeest.

Bradley Lacey.

Sixth Class.

St. Oliver Plunkett N.S. Loughmourne.

Cats

Emerging from beneath the clothes
There peeks a cat that comes and goes,
With a tongue like sandpaper-ever so rough!
She laps up her milk and can't get enough!
She jumps down from the tree in a daze,
And comes across a mouse and plays,
An exciting adventure every day,
It's hard to keep up when she's running away.

Cáit Brennan

Rang a Cúig

St. Michael's N.S. Rackwallace.

My Cat Called Tommy

I went to the shop
And I bought a cat
Then I went home
And sat him on the mat

I went to do the laundry
And what do I see?
I see my cat
Looking at me!

I brought him back
I said stay in
What do I see?
Him in the bin!

I took him out
He saw a rat
I put him down
And he fell on the mat
Poor wee cat!

Áine Walsh
4th Class School
Annalitten N.S., Castleblayney

I opened the door and saw!

I opened the door and saw.....

A large kestrel

Gliding and swirling

Twisting and twirling

Chocolate brown,

Charcoal black,

Sly, cunning,

Wide awake,

Moving furtively,

Spots a rabbit

Swoops down,

Clenches rabbit,

Hurries away,

Grinning triumphantly!

Niall Hughes

6th Class

Scoil Phádraig, Garron, Tyholland

Daisy

Daisy is the best cat ever

Always ready for a stroke

In Zak's room she sleeps on

Some teddies

You just try and steal her and you'll be sorry

Jordan Mc Marlow

Fourth Class

St. Michael's N.S. Cootehill

In the Pet Shop

A colourful parrot in the corner squawking
Mammies, Daddies and children talking
Cute little kittens playing on the floor
A big black dog growling at the door

Colourful fish swimming around
The tortoise crawling not making a sound
Bunny rabbits nibbling on a carrot
I think I'll go and buy that parrot!

Aisling Savage
3rd class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

My Hen And I

I get up in the morning
And feed my little hen.
Then she starts to cluck
Yet again.
She likes to run and sleep under the sun.
I go up in the evening and guess what?
Eggs, Eggs and more Eggs!
I love my hen.

Darragh Todd
Rang a Sé
St. Michael's N.S., Rackwallace.

My Cat

My cat is called Snowdrop,
She likes fish and mice,
Sometimes she is a bit cheeky,
And most of all she's nice,
She's nice, she plays with my bouncy balls and when
The door's open she sneaks into
The hall and most of all she is my cat snowdrop.
Kitty cat Snowdrop playing with string,
Silly kitty messing around
Disturbing everything,
She's sneaking in my bedroom
Mum would go mad
Snowdrop playing with the broom
In our sitting room.

Rachel Connolly

4th Class

Knockconan N.S, Ballyoisin, Emyvale,

Teacher: Emer Brennan

Spiders

Spiders like to eat flies for food, so, for
Us that's good.

I like to watch spiders on the wall,
I put one on my little sister's doll.

She screamed at it,
Dad wasn't pleased one bit.

What did Dad do?
He sent me to bed without any stew.

I think spiders are cool,
But if I went over to a poisonous one,
I would be a fool.

Spiders, spiders, everywhere,
I put one in my big sister's hair.

THE END

Shane Greenan
4th class
St. Michael's N.S. Corcaghan

Pet Poem

Oscar is my dog.
He runs around all day.
He is black, grey and white as well.
And loves to jump and play.

He loves to play with his dog bone.
And chew on my Dad's slippers.
When he is bored and won't move.
I throw him my swimming flippers.
His best friend is Spike.
Another pet of mine.
I love them all so much.
They really are divine.

Evan Kenny
2nd Class
Deravoy N.S.

My Horse

My horse eats hay,
He took me to Ballybay,
My horse is a good runner,
When he falls he's a lot funnier,
My horse eats grass,
When I go to mass,
He likes playing in the sun,
My horse loves to play
In Ballybay

Seán O' Reilly
Deravoy N.S., 2nd Class

What is in the Dog's Shed?

What is in the dog's shed?
An old pillow, torn apart.
And a blanket as cold as an icy cart!
It has bowls and biscuits all over the floor.
Please, please no more!

But balls and bones and things to play.
It will keep him amused for the day!
It has dirt and muck from the field at the back,
When you take it out it would fill a sack.
And last but not least a dog aged two.
I hope he will play with you!!

Neasa Boyle
Fifth Class
Scoil Mhuire, Clontibret

Patch

My dog is called Patch
He is a clever sheepdog
Sometimes he is bold

Adam Patterson
5th Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S

My Dogs

Muddy prints all over the house

You're cleaning up all day long

Digs holes in the garden

Oh it really is hard work owning dogs

Growling at the postman when he comes by

Sometimes they are a pain but I love my dogs

Kiera Higgins

Fourth Class

St Michael's N.S. Cootehill

Animal Dreams

When dusk is done
And the grey has gone
The animals start to dream.

Cats dream of eating nice foods
While dogs dream of breaking rules.
Horses dream of galloping in the sun
And fish dream of being able to run.
Tigers dream of eating fresh flesh
And cows dream of getting some rest.

Animals dream of funny things,
I wonder what tomorrow brings?

Michaela Donnolly
5th Class
St. Mary's N.S, Glaslough

Animals

Animals come in different shapes
Tiny ants to mighty apes
From foxes who are oh so sly
To rabbits who are very shy
From the lazy sloth who is so slow
To the cheetah who loves to put his speed on show
From the mouse who is nervous and small
To the giraffe who stands so proud and tall
From the lion who is king of all
To the many creatures big and small
So as you can see there's quite a range
There's always room for plenty of change

Elana Mc Kenna
6th class
St. Louis Girls' School, Monaghan

The Cat

In the middle of the night
A shadow lurks around the alleyways
Scavenging thrown out things like chicken
bones and old canned fish.

His streamline body his tufted hair in a flick of light you will
see
Sharp claws , razor teeth pointy ears and a taste for meat.

Looks of a cat, instincts of a tiger
Agile and quick fearless and bold.
This four legged fiend is vicious and mean
Waiting for the chance to strike and kill.

Cormac Ó hAnluain
Rang a 5
Scoil Rois, Carraig Mhachaire Rois

Earthy Cinquains

Frog
Emerald green
Hopping springing frightening
What a camouflaging creature
Toad

Snail
Slow-moving slimy
Plodding dawdling slithering
Carries its home shell
Mollusc

Worm
Bendy stretchy
Wriggling twisting turning
It freaks me out

Blackhead
Ladybird
Spotty shiny
Crawling walking stopping
Its beauty amazes me
Beetle

Niall Hamill
6th Class
Scoil Bhríde, Silverstream
Miss H McManus

Illustrated Poems

Farming

I like farming and helping my dad
I grew up on a farm when I was a lad
I take up the bales in our red tractor
The rain and snow it doesn't matter



When I grow up I'm going to own a farm
I'm going to have pedigrees in a big barn
I'm going to take them to the show
Where they will shine, stand tall and glow



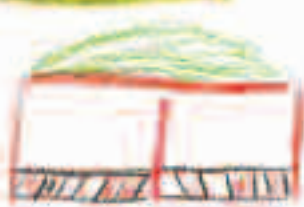
I'm going to have fifty or sixty cows
I'm going to have a Joskin Trailer and a set of ploughs
I will put my slurry tanker on the back of my John Deere
And drive down the road in fifth gear



I will make bales in the summer time
And when it's all gathered up spread out the lime
I will put the cows out in the fresh green grass
And watch the calves go leaping past



I will take them in, in the cold days
And look after my amazing animals always
I will feed them silage and crunchy meal
And build new sheds to keep out the gale



Ryan Mohan
6th Class
Deravoy N.S.

A seedlings prayer

Rain, Rain please pour on me

Rain, Rain please set me free.

Rain, Rain on the clay

Rain, Rain it's time to play

Rain, Rain make me strong

Rain, Rain in the soil I belong

Rain, Rain help me grow

Rain, Rain on the seeds below.



Christopher Leonard
5th Class
Lathamard N.S.





Dear Mr. Winter

I'm sorry to bother you.

I can see you're very busy drenching Dublin but I have to know when it will snow.

Will I be able to fly my kite in the sky?

Will it be dry for my football match with my dog Patch?

Will Dad be able to build my tree house or will it be so cold that I'll have to share my bed with a mouse?

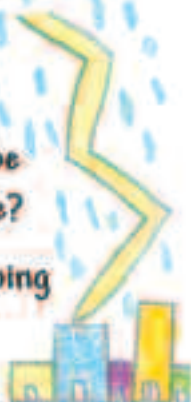
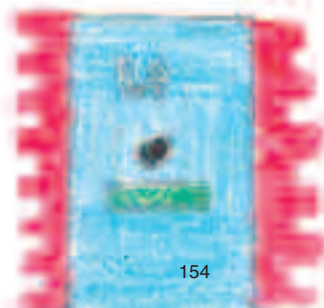
All these things I'd love to know especially if it's going to snow?!

Now off I go to post my letter through Mr. Winter, My neighbours' door.

In anticipation of a quick reply.

Caolan McCooey
5th Class
Lathmard N.S.

Caolan





Friends

A friend, how do I explain?

I really can't complain.

We might fall out from time to time,

But we are friends indeed.

She might make me giggle,

When she gives me a tickle,

But I know she's always there,

And that's a friend indeed.

My friend, she's bubbly and bright,

And loves the brighter side of life,

All her things she's ready to share,

So that's what it is to be a friend.

Katie Leonard
6th Class
Latnamard N.S.

SNOW

The ground is covered with snow.

Will the bus come? ... I don't know.



The school will not open to-day.

No English, no Irish, no homework-HOORAY!



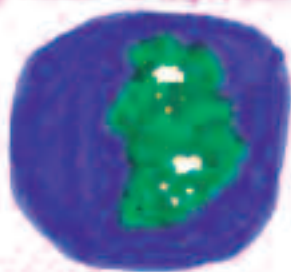
Out in the snow I will go

And build a snowman ho-ke-to.



I have wrapped up well from my head to my toes

Because I have a runny nose.



On the forecast they say

There is snow on the way

St. Michael's N.S. is closed due to the snow.

When will it open? ... I don't know!

By

Laura Duffy

5th Class

St. Michael's N.S., Rackwallace



MY CROWNING GLORY.

Ailbhin Hogan
5th Class
Scoil Mhuire, Glaslaugh



Every morning it's the same old story
My mum trying to brush my crowning glory!

It hurts so much I close my eyes
It's then I take on a different guise.

I imagine I am getting all ready
For 'Children-in-Need' with Pudsey Teddy.

The lights will be on me tonight
And I want to be a gorgeous sight!

So every tug becomes a pleasure
Every pull I take at my leisure.

Not a single moment to wait
I must be on stage by eight.

But as I step towards the catwalk
I suddenly hear my mum talk.

"Where are you going? What do you think?"
As she pulls me back, my heart begins to sink.

"There Ailbhin, you're all done,"
I've put your hair up in a bun!"

SADNESS

Sadness is the greyness of the clouds.

Sadness tastes like the blandness of bread.

Sadness smells like the mustiness of oil.

Sadness looks like the tears
running down a little girls cheeks.

Sadness sounds like the empty ticking
of a grandfather clock.

Sadness feels like heartbreak.

By Nathan Mulligan
Drummacrutlin N.S.

Age 12
6th class



In the Cauldron

Cauldron in the middle
Witches all around
Cats playing fiddles
What an awful sound!

Salt, pepper and smelly socks
Rats, mice and foxes locks
Blood and guts added too-
All go together to make the perfect brew.



Abracadabra
Abracadoo
This potion I've made
Especially for
YOU!

The perfect Storm!

I've got my biggest cauldron
Heating up on the fire
And I've gathered all the ingredients
This nasty spell requires

First a handful of frog's eyes
The legs of three cats
A big spoonful of cows guts
And snail's slime -two cups.

For although it may be calm
And the sky is clear, the stars are bright
You better watch out and run for cover
I've cooked up the perfect storm.

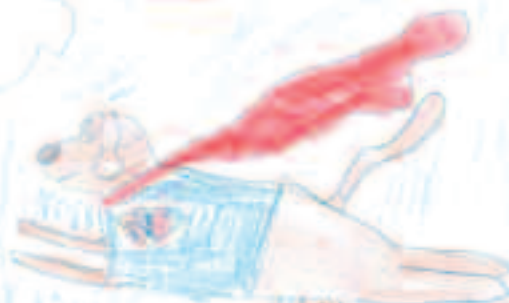
Emma Duffy
6th Class
Latnamard N.S.

SUPERMANS DOG

Superman's dog is alive and free
The best dog you ever did see,
Once or twice he'll chase a cat,
In the morning he'll bring you your hat,
The only thing that gives him a fright,
When a villain's plan turns out right,
He can brake through cement and
leave a dent,

He's secret name is Bark
Kent!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ciara Treanor
6th Class
Deravoy N.S.



Egypt

Egypt is a hot
Dry dusty Land
For miles and miles
All you can see is sand.

It's famous for Pyramids,
Pharaohs and Mummies,
All wrapped up in bandages,
They look kind of funny.

I would like to go
And stay for a while,

And take boat ride on the River Nile.

Though it's a Land
Far away
I would like to go
And see it some day.



Zach O Donnaile
2nd Class
Scoil Rois



Summer

Warm sun shining
Happy people playing
Beautiful flowers growing
Cute birds singing
Colourful butterflies flying.
In the summertime!



Shannon Hall
4th Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

Rain

When I look out the window at school
I see the rain go drip, drop.

Teacher sometimes says

"What are you looking at go out and play!"

I could be busy all night looking out my window

At the drip, dropping rain.

Falling down going drip, drop, drip droooooooooop!

Sometimes I wonder why the rain ever stops.



Jane Duffy

3rd Class

Scoil Mhuire Latton, Castleblayney

Clouds

Big fluffy white clouds
Like cotton wool in the sky
Great fun for making shapes



Megan Allister
3rd Class
Rockcorry Church of Ireland N.S.

"The second poetry anthology, written by pupils
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