



**Schools' Poetry Workshop with Anton Wocjiik**

in association with

**The Arts Society West Sussex**

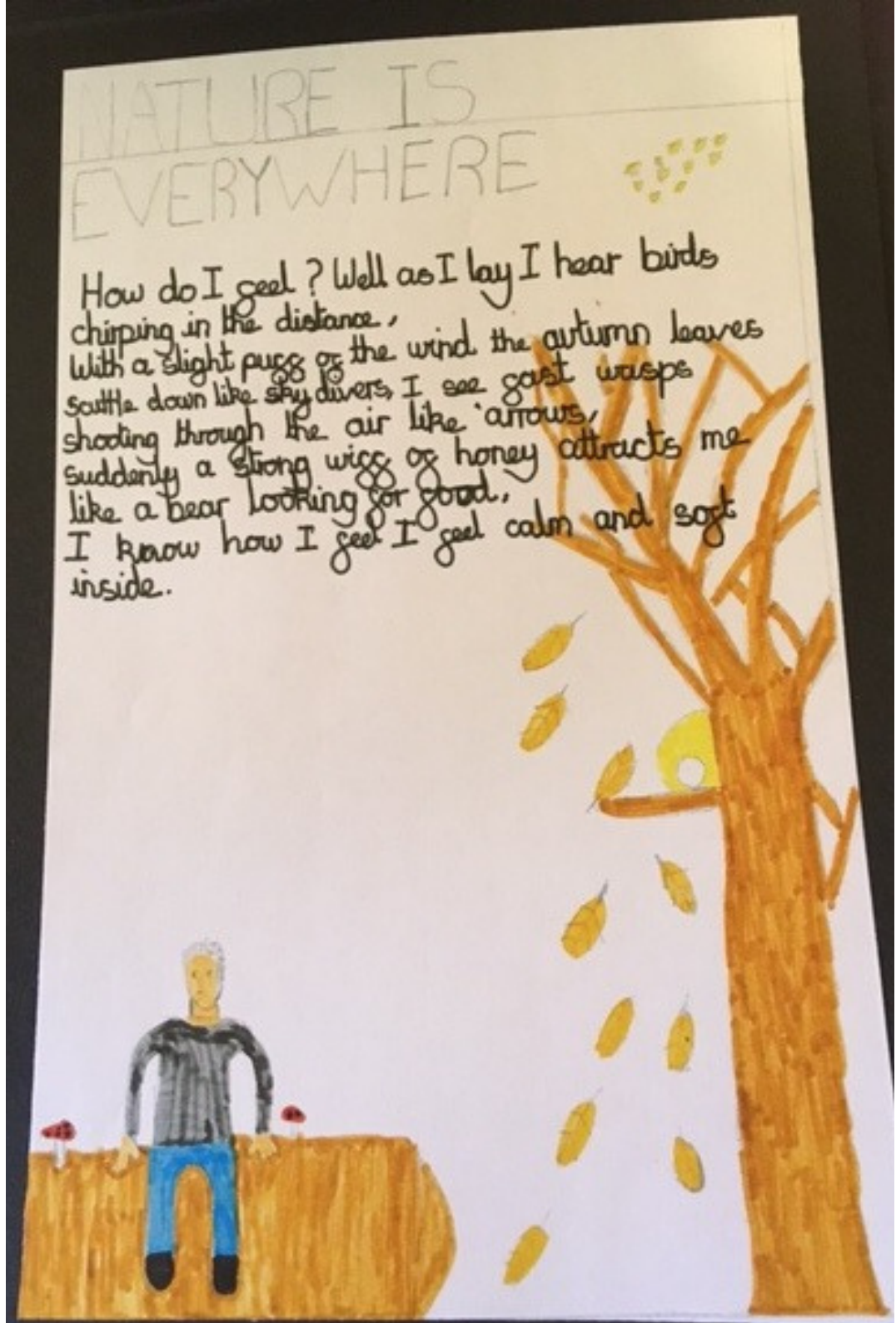
and

**Petworth Festival Literary Week**

**25 Oct - 5 Nov 2023**

# **Fittleworth Village School**

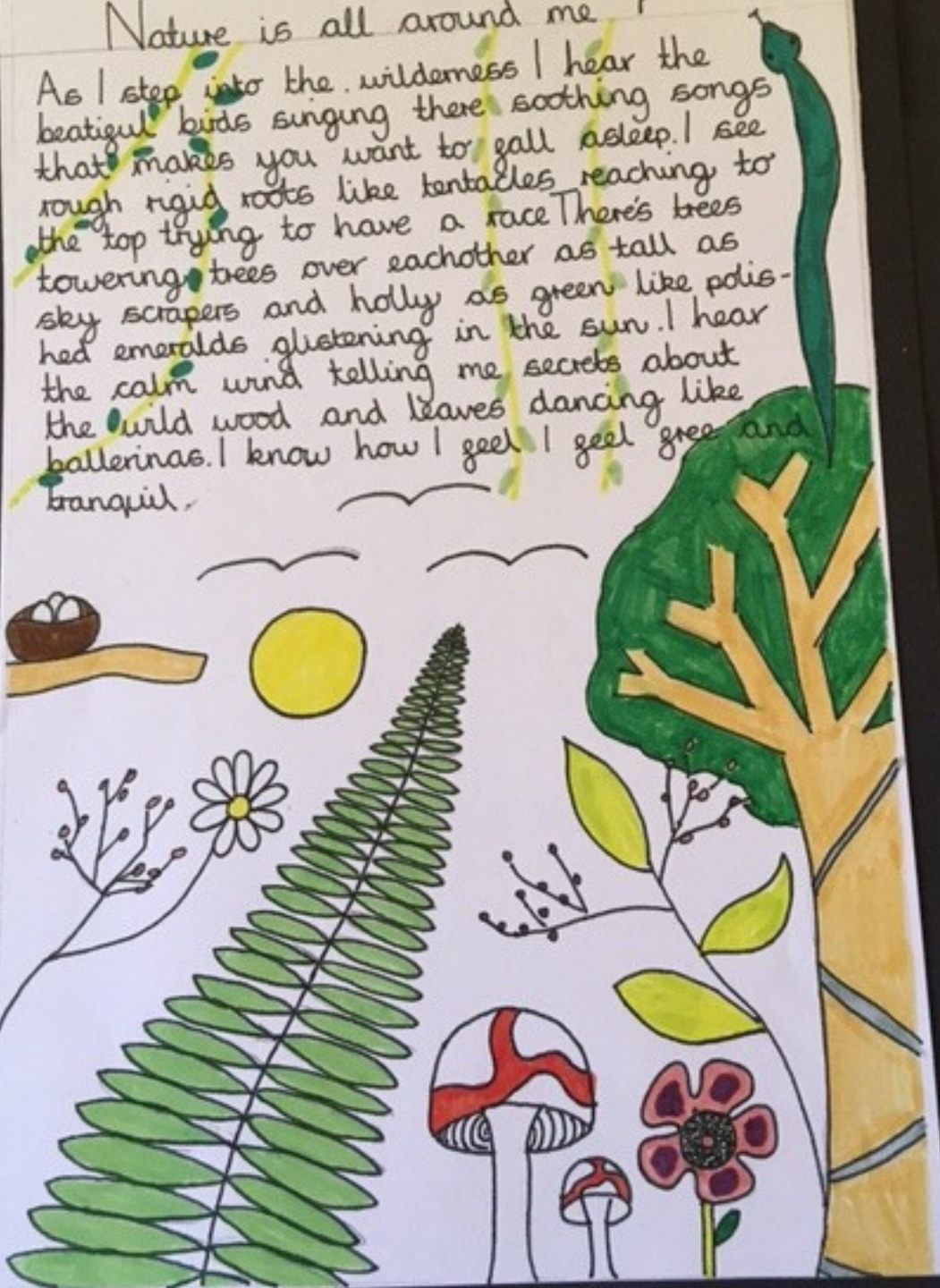
## **Year 6**





## Nature is all around me

As I step into the wilderness I hear the beautiful birds singing their soothing songs that makes you want to fall asleep. I see rough rigid roots like tentacles reaching to the top trying to have a race. There's trees towering over each other as tall as skyscrapers and holly as green like polished emeralds glistening in the sun. I hear the calm wind telling me secrets about the wild wood and leaves dancing like ballerinas. I know how I feel I feel green and tranquil.



## Nature is all Around me

can feel the moss like a carpet in bad condition,  
the branches as solid as newly laid concrete,  
the leaves as crisp as bacon when you crunch it in  
your hand

can see the tree branches as bendy as a snake  
wrap around each other,  
The different of the leaves like bright fruits

can hear the leaves under my feet a piece of bacon  
under my feet,

When I go into the forest I feel green, and  
peaceful,  
in nature it makes me feel one with nature and  
content, fresh wild and green.





# WILD and FREE

Do I feel calm or content, peaceful or  
bewildered?

I don't know how I feel...

The wind is muttering calmly  
through my hair,  
whispering secrets about the forest.

Hidden beneath

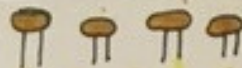
the broken lay an ancient  
shell as smooth as a pearl.

The tree looks like a dragon breathing  
fire to his foe.

I know how I feel...

I feel wild and...

# ...FREE



## A uturns coming

I hear the leaves crunching  
under my feet like crisps  
being eaten.

I see the bracken changing  
from emerald green to a dark  
yellow brown.

I feel the mushrooms under  
my feet giving dirt out like  
a sponge.

The trees have fallen as if  
They have crashed and  
now they're sleeping.

A uturns coming!





Return

Returns

I can hear the wind rustling the trees like they are whispering secrets of the wood and crows squaking at each other high up above.

The smell of pine taking over my scent and leaving a refreshing aroma of pine behind.

I can feel chestnuts so smooth like pearls but some opening up and revealing its white flesh inside.

I can see fallen down trees towering over me and yellow and orange leaves like a woodland fire

Hidden beneath the leaves I stepped on a puss mushroom and thick black smoke burst out uncontrollably

I don't know how I feel...  
I'm just immersed in utterly beautiful surroundings

WILD



NATURE

I can see the ferns embracing being the children of the woods. I look

up and see the leaves  
dancing like

ballerinas

making every second count.

Seeing the fluffy clouds

being God's pillow

in the sky but slowly edging closer is the grey clouds ready to let out their anger. The

trees tell me the secrets of the woods then whisper goodbye.



# AUTUMN IS

The wind is sighing as the sun burns through, the bracken like a green fire spreading in the wind. The breeze brushing the leaves on the ground, somersaulting along the wet grass.



The clouds as if been smudged with a paintbrush, the ivy tangled in a knot draping down.



A robin speaking to me trying to warn me something but what, a crunchy sensation of hazel nuts and my feet.

The leaves slowly gliding down in the breeze, like ballerinas.

I don't know how I feel,  
I feel, I feel immersed in nature.

AUTUMN is  
calling for me.



# CALLING ME