



**Schools' Poetry Workshop with Anton Wocjiik**

in association with

**The Arts Society West Sussex**

and

**Petworth Festival Literary Week**

**25 Oct - 5 Nov 2023**

**Jaguar Class**

**St James' C of E Primary School  
Coldwaltham**



**Nature is not invisible**

**Nature is everywhere,**

**Nature to you might be the dewy grass,**

**Or the whispers and dancing of the wind  
through the trees**

**Nature might just be playing in your  
garden.**

**Nature is in the woods where trees reach  
out their arms,**

**to catch the last of the sun .**

**Nature is in your school, the leaves on the  
playground, the dirt and stones,**

**Nature is the rain that gives our crops  
drinks,**

**Nature is not invisible**

**By Caroline Birt year 5**

## Nature is the world's beauty.

The oak has a wonderfully bumpy bark  
Its branches wave like the sea dancing  
in the wind

As a sea of tiny clouds carpet the sky,  
The sun smiles as it sends down its life-  
giving beams,  
The birds tweet from high up in the  
branches of a beech tree,  
It makes me feel like summer will never  
end

By Caroline Birt year 5

## Nature is real

As I take a step on the ocean of leaves  
where the rocks float,  
The grass scrapes across my skin like  
tendrils trying to grab me,  
I run my hand across the damp, rough  
tree,  
where I feel the emerald green moss as  
soft as a lamb's wool,  
I breathe in the fresh, lustrous scent of  
leaves,  
that perch on the arms of an ancient tree  
reaching to grab a cloud.

By Joe Turner

## I love the woods

As I walk through the woods I smell  
mushrooms,  
I hear rabbits running through bushes,  
Flies buzzing, wasps raging.  
I hear birds chirping, cheering at the  
wind,  
The trees sound like fingers squeezing  
the wind as the leaves rustle,  
Leaves under my feet crunch, as golden  
as the sun,  
As I walk through the woods I feel the  
coldness of the morning dew.

By Elliott Charman

## Ants and Birds

Ants and beetles crawl rapidly across  
the forest floor,  
The spongy grass squelches with each  
step,  
The pure black eyes of a fox as it locks  
on to a bird  
Birds that burn the sky as they soar  
through the air,  
Leaves that rustle and crunch,  
The autumn breeze shakes and crumbles  
leaves.  
Rabbits hop,  
Badgers run,  
Nature spreads.

By Ava -Rose Brady

## Tree

My dark and light green fingers are  
rustling in the breeze,  
while my arms are feeling achy to hold  
them everyday.

As I'm the home of birds, they nest on  
my body,

And when I'm all alone a squirrel comes  
to stay,

It climbs up my big trunk and has a play  
all day,

He launches himself through my leaves  
and jumps from branch to branch

Then when he finds a nut he goes,  
Munch, munch, munch, munch

By Sammy Palmer