

The Garden Year

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes, loud and shrill,
To stir the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast;
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

By Sara Coleridge



First Primrose



I saw it in the lane
One morning going to school
After a soaking night of rain,
the year's first primrose,
Lying there familiar and cool
In its private place
Where little else grows
Beneath dripping hedgerows,
Stalk still wet, face
Pale as Inca gold,
Spring glistening in every delicate fold.
I knelt down by the roadside there,
Caught the faint whiff of its shy scent
On the cold and public air,
Then got up and went
On my slow way,
Glad and grateful I'd seen
The first primrose that day,
Half yellow, half green.

By Leonard Clark

Colouring in

And staying inside the lines

Is fine, but . . .

I like it when stuff leaks –

When the blue bird and the blue sky

Are just one blur of blue blue flying,

And the feeling of the feathers in the air

And the wind along the blade of wing

Is a long gash of smudgy colour.

I like it when the flowers and the sunshine

Puddle red and yellow into orange,

The way the hot sun on my back

Lulls me - muddles me - sleepy

In the scented garden,

Makes me part of the picture . . .

Part of the place.

By Jan Dean



Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

By Robert Louis Stevenson



Poetry Questions

What do you like about the poem? Is there anything you dislike? What does it remind you of? How does it make you feel?

What patterns can you find? Is there any rhyme, alliteration or assonance? Is anything repeated?

What interesting words or phrases can you find? What do they mean? Are there any metaphors or similes? Are there any vivid descriptions?