

Session 1 – May 15

present: Ivana (6K) and her mum, Spaska, Robin (1L) and his mum, Anja

We made name placards and shared our favourite words

We read Sujata Bhatt's 'Night Crow' from the poetry poster – we talked about the way a poet sees things' differently'

We looked at the pieces of wood I'd brought in from the nature area outside to see what we could see.

We wrote notes/list of all the different things that the wood reminded us of/looked like

We chose one or two images and wrote poems about it

Ivana and Spaska thought the piece of wood with the pine cones looked like an Owl.

They wrote –

An owl blinking in the daylight
with eyes wide open
full of hope
to change the bright day
for the dark

Robin and his mum Anja thought the piece of wood with the dead ivy on it looked like a train, a pig's nose, their neighbour's garden –

Strangling Ivy

Bad ivy strangles other plants

Ivy can make lots of other plants look like different things
like a pig's nose, a train, Harry's garden...

Ivy quietly moves round in the soil
and looks for the plants that it wants.

Session 2 – May 22

Present: Robin and Anja, Semia, Aleeha and Amaan

First we made passports, which included our names and (real or invented) name meanings:

Aleeha- Fly high like a butterfly

Semia – One who listens patiently

Robin – Red bird near Christmas, air and weather

Amaan – Strong protector, Meteor and Volcano

Cheryl – Happy puddle to splash in

We added distinguishing characteristic, symbol, and one thing we like and don't like.

We read poems to each other from the 'Book of Short Poems', 'One Big Cuddle' and 'Highfield Poetry' anthology. We read the poems out loud to one another and then wrote down the words that we liked from each of the poems we listened to and chose, in pairs, our five favourite.

We pooled these to make a poem.

Aleeha said we should call it...

Our Special Poem

Listen to the music

Rumba, Bumba, Rumba

Air and weather, dark snow coming –

Red Breast! Fly high like a butterfly!

Go find a happy puddle to splash in

because the next big thing to happen...

the light will be dying,

and I will be hiding myself like a slender snake

in the smouldering darkness.

by Aleeha, Amaan, Anja, Cheryl, Robin and Semia

Session 3 – June 5, 2017

*Present: Anya, Christopher, Amaan, Emily (all in 1S)
Ivana (6K) Amaan's mum Semia*

I put out all the CLiPPA shortlisted books and each person/pair focused on one of the books and chose a poem to practice and present to the others

*Emily chose 'How Doth the Scary Centipede' by Roger Stevens in Wonderland
Amaan and Semia chose Have you met a Wolf? from Zim Zam Zoom
Christopher and Amaan chose 'Teddy Afraid' by James Carter (ibid)
Anya chose 'Skig the Warrior' by Kate Wakeling in Moon Juice
Tobias chose 'Plastic' by Michael Rosen in Jelly Boots, Smelly Boots
Ivana and I chose 'Questions' by Kwame Alexander in Booked*

Tobias was inspired by the word 'Never' in the poems he was reading and also the words 'plastic' and 'fantastic' and he used these to write his own poem.

Never

Don't think of never
you're not really clever
Don't go mad
You won't be glad
Don't be lazy
You'll go crazy
Don't use plastic
You're not fantastic
Don't eat egg
You'll cut off your leg
DO be happy
You'll be like me.

by Tobias Ramen (3C)

Don't XXXX

Don't be sleepy
You'll be weepy
You'll be crazy
if you're lazy
Don't cut off your leg
You'll be dead!

by Emily Ramen-Christensen

Morishos (sic) *Mauritius*

Blue Hot sky
Colourful flowers.
Lots of Cyclones
Lots of loola
for you and me!

by Emily

Spain

Colourful sky
funny people
dark woods
brown trees
cool houses
hard ground
lovely food
yummy cod
Oh, would you like to go to Spain?

by Anya Panya (1S)

Christopher's Poem

Turtles live in sea
they glide in the sea
and also soar in the sea
with other sea animals.

by Christopher Cruz (1S)

Session 4 – June 12, 2017

Present: Semia, Aleeha, Christopher, Emily, Tobias, Robin, Anya (15) Anya (Robin's mum) Ivana

Tobias had asked me earlier on in the day what I most wanted to write a poem about. I put that same question to the group. Christopher and Semia both said 'the sea', Anya (Robin's mum) said the environment or nature...

I brought down a roll of wallpaper from my cupboard and suggested that we might draw around someone to make the outline of a 'giant' which we could write into and make our own giant poem. We drew round Emily.

Everyone took a pen and chose a part of the 'giant's' body to write things to do with that particular part, ie feet, where have they been what kind of ground do they walk upon, hands, what have they held, what do they do, belly, how does it feel, what does it have inside it, head, what is it thinking, what does it see?

We wrote our ideas down on paper as a list of separate thoughts and ideas and then wrote these onto the 'giant'.

Just before we finished I suggested that everyone choose the qualities/words that they are most inspired by to conceive their particular giant, give their giant a name and start to write their poem.

Here are some of our extracted notes:

From Head to Toe....

two watering eyes, not used for hypnotising, lonely because no friends, big mind, little brain, 'they think I'm scary, but I'm not', three eyes, thinking, big red eyes, controlling, excited, happy, big, went to town, joggling people, where a big deep sea, place, felt, thinking

Big heart, purple heart, miserable sad heart, love, heart, belly, butterfly belly, hungry belly, left heart, right heart, lungs, spiders in the tummy, snails and slugs and grubs, ants and worms and snails, fat belly filled with worms and slugs and grubs, rumbling belly, slimy, stinky

light arms, writing arms, moving arm, strong hands that can dig the earth, plant seeds,

Powerful legs, leaping legs, dancing legs, striding legs, walking across rough rocks, springy moss, prickly thistles, cold streams and lochs, scratchy heather, stompy feet

Session 5 – June 26, 2017

Present: Robyn 1J, and her mum Alison, Robin1L, Tobias, Emily, Martyna (yr 4 and her mum Agnes

We worked in the library today. We began by going around and introducing ourselves by name and saying the first word that came to mind that went with the first sound of our name.

We had: Alison Apple, Cheryl Shell, Robin Rhomba, Martyna Marvellous, Agnes Atmosphere, Tobias Terrific, Robin Ribena, Mrs. Christenson Cupid, Emily Enjoying Excellent Eating

Using the art/poetry cards everyone chose one (in pairs or individually) to share with the group. We wrote down words or phrases we liked.

We divided into two groups: on the red table were me, Alison, Agnes and Robin and on the blue table: Tobias, Emily, Robin and Martyna

We chose our favourite three phrases from each of the lists we'd made and each table wrote a poem inspired by those ideas:

Origami Clouds, Poppy Day *by Alison, Agnes, Cheryl and Robyn*

Poppy is playing
outside in a puddle
"I fold the clouds
in paper pieces," she said.
The tender trees
were crying aloud
beneath the sky above,
"Without the rain, we won't survive
we will grow old and hard."
So sweetly and tenderly,
Poppy unfolded, with love,
the gritty clouds
and made them
soft again.

The Wonderful Earth *by Tobias, Robin, Martyna and Emily*

Lone in space floats the wonderful earth
Water, fire, gas and trees
are all elements we need
to survive
Seasonal weathers are...
winter, summer, autumn and spring
We share the world with out families
and we respect animals that live on earth
The moon helps us differentiate
Day and Night, otherwise...
WE WOULD DIE OF EXHAUSTION!!!
The land has mountains and canyons
and deserts and huge volcanoes.
The world is
IMPORTANT!

Session 6 – July 3, 2017

Present: Robin, Anya, Ivana

It was a beautiful afternoon so we decided to take our notebooks and go outside. I was hoping to go into the nature area but it was locked so we sat in front of the goats instead and wrote some notes about what we saw/noticed from the outside of the fence and what we imagined it was like for the goats on the inside of the fence and we turned this into nature poetry.

Here's what we did:

Robin's notes:

furry, shed, wood, wire fence, grass, wind, table, climbed, caves, yellow, brown, white shelves, kind of stripes, light brown, outside there's their food!

Anya's notes:

eating green squelchy grass. Swooshee, swooshee sounds
coulifull, calufull colous (sic) *colourful colourful colours*
Inside outside they live nicely, head shot

Ivana's notes:

S. beeeellee bleatin
Smell. Poo
S. eating pulling grass out
P. his hair underneath is the same as Santa Claus
 making sound with his horns
v. Fighting with each other
words: lonely, ball, house, table, steps, food, the goats are living in their kitchen

We took all of our ideas and made a poem together:

Our Goat Poem

by Ivana, Robin and Anya

Inside and Outside
That's where they live
Watching us carefully
Through the wire fence
Their home is their kitchen
Their food is all around
grass and clover
growing from the ground
A shed for a shelter
Hay for a bed
Two hard horns
coming from their head.

Just then we saw a beautiful black caterpillar. We watched it for a while, picked it up with a stick and a leaf and observed the way it moved, counted its legs, talked about it and then we wrote a caterpillar poem.

Our Caterpillar Poem

by Robin, Ivana and Anya

Black prickly caterpillar curled round Robin's pen
He caterpillared one way and crawled right back again
Sixteen tiny little legs for clinging onto land
Ivana said it tickled when he walked onto her hand
Anya wanted him to stay 'Can't he be our forever friend?'
But caterpillars aren't forever so we had to let him go
We'll see him again, sometime, as a butterfly don't you know!

Session 7 – July 10, 2017

Present: Tobias, Emily, Anya, Robin, Ivana, Davina (Tobias and Emily's mum)

Our task this week, our final week, was to finish the giant poem started in Session 4. Ivana worked on a poem about her mountain village in Bulgaria and Tobias, Emily, Anya, Davina and Robin worked on the Giant poem.

Here are the finished poems

Giant

by Emily

Too watering eyes not used for hypnotism
Big fat belly
Sad heart
Not happy
It has no friends
No boy, no girl, just a giant
Worried butterfly belly
filled with hope.
Stomping feet and sadly running away.
Cold legs
little brain but big mind.
Scratchy head.

Giant Michael

by Robin

Big fat belly
Long and short legs that help us to move
Loud dancing feet walking away.

Giant

by Anya

Big fat belly
Sad heart
Big red eyes
Butterfly belly
Strong hands
Fat bum
Big brain
We love a giant's body.

Our Giant Poem (*assembled by Tobias*)

Giant's not boy, not girl
Huge eyes, watering
Not used for hypnotising
Big fat belly
But sad heart
It has no friends
Butterfly belly
worried
'They think I'm scary...'
Still worried but filled with hope
Long and short legs that help us to move
striding, stomping feet sadly running away
through cold streams and lochs
scratchy heather brings tears,
but a glimmer of happiness remains.

Here

by Ivana

Here we have
the deer licking
from the frozen salt.

Here is our village
near to the hill
In one minute you can reach the forest.

In the winter
it is snowy
up to here.

The black mountain pigs
are hiding underneath the snow
snorting.

They are looking
for the red *kokozi*
that won't appear till summer.

Inside, the *kamina* crackles
Our shoes are drying
by the fire.

Kokozi: a red berry found in the Bulgarian mountains
Kamina: a wood burning stove