

**MOULSFORD CHRISTMAS POETRY 2021**





## Introduction

It is perhaps fitting to end 2021 - another strange year - with an art-form that can lend itself to the bizarre and humorous.

This term, the lighter side of poetry was shared with the boys at Moultsford when we received a wonderful visit from A.F. Harrold on National Poetry Day. In an assembly and workshops throughout the day that were replete with tangents (I think that may have been the point ... I digress), Mr Harrold showed the boys that poetry doesn't have limitations and that it can be great fun.

One of the beauties of our annual Christmas poetry anthology at Moultsford is the diversity of the collection, and this selection of poems is no different. However, this year, as well as contemplating upon the more serious moments, I would encourage the reader to celebrate the fun, the joy and the excitement felt by our talented young poets, as they prepare to usher in the festive season.

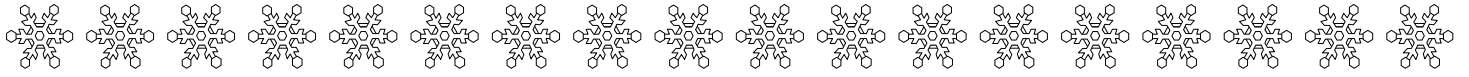
There's so much to enjoy in this collection. However, as ever, this is just the tip of the iceberg, with every boy from Year 3 to 8 involved in creating their own festive poems.

I do hope you enjoy reading through this anthology, and wish everyone a very merry Christmas!

Rich Martin

Head of English





**8W Mikey Hadway - Apricity**

The bright, bold winter sun,  
The effulgence of the day,  
Steals the spotlight.

Whispers of summertime  
Shine down onto the soil,  
The sparkle of the algific ice,  
The apricity of the golden rays  
Caress the bitter cold.

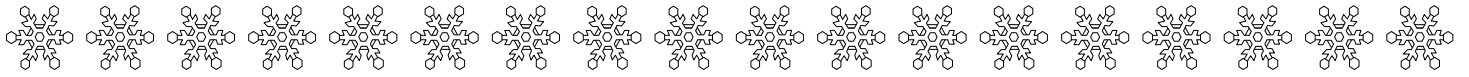
Wrapped up warm in the vision,  
Fingers encased, around calming cocoa,  
The snow white winter guides my gently quivering hand,  
and reveals:  
This is but the dawn of spring.

**8RH Archie Denison-Pender - Christmas Morning**

Look outside with hope in your heart for  
The glistening glorious fresh-white snow,  
The sky as white as paper and small floating flakes from the sky,  
A fox frantically frolicking around with its young.

But ...  
every Christmas morning it is the same:  
Frosted grass, maybe, a rabbit, maybe,  
But snow?  
No, No, No.

Still  
You jump out bed full of excitement,  
You creep down stairs,  
Silent as a mouse,  
The floorboard creaks,  
The smell of pine needles of the tree,  
Stockings full,  
This is still beautiful:  
Christmas morning.





## 8M Oliver Nixey - A 'Harey' Christmas

It was the day, the day of joy.  
In our warm and cosy hole of a house,  
We would huddle together for warmth  
Away from the blistering cold of the winter.

I was intrigued by the new levels of freezing;  
The dazzling display of the bright white -  
It was as if the clouds had fallen out of the sky and formed a layer  
Of pillow-like paper white carpet.

As my small, sleek, athletic body stepped onto the crunchy grass  
I was instantly irresistibly excited;  
The fields of grass were miniscule forest, and stepped on,  
The tiny trees would topple to leave an elongated paw print.

As I hopped across the plateau,  
I occasionally slipped and slid in circles;  
The black ice was encompassing my every move  
Whilst it reflected all light as if a bouncy castle made out of mirrors.

The trees were gleaming pear white snow machines,  
The bushes had mini red and purple dots  
To leave a picturesque view of the rolling white hills  
With occasional lights shining through the sky like beacons.

## 7P Billy Vallings - The Joys of Christmas

I wake up beaming with excitement  
And sprint over to my window.  
I gaze out, my eyes stare in amazement;  
Everything is Christmas, bringing a fun, festive glow.

I envisage the commotion from the night before,  
Santa and his reindeers dancing through the night.  
Then I hear a vigorous knock of urgency on my door;  
It startles me, giving me a fright,  
But I open it and see my family  
Shouting and screaming in a joyous way,  
Their faces brimmed with freedom and glee.  
'It's Christmas, It's Christmas!' they all excitedly say.

The smell of turkey, the sounds of a choir,  
Seeing flames flicker in the mesmerising fire,  
The sense of happiness, the sight of incredible decoration;  
Christmas is well and truly here - no more anticipation.

But then the lights go down and the mood drops.  
The fun disappears and the inevitable blues begin.  
Everything goes, everything stops.  
Christmas is over but what a month it's been,  
For the joys of Christmas are all that we've seen.

70 Ruben Starling – K-9 Christmas

I'm woken up by a knocking,  
From the chimney next door,  
I look around to see the stockings,  
Lying on the floor.

I hear a jolly 'Ho Ho Ho',  
Coming down the fireplace,  
And then a bold bright glow,  
As Santa reveals his cheery face.

He places heaps and heaps of presents under the tree,  
For the happy family,  
When they come down in the morning,  
As the day is dawning.

I wake up in bed a few hours after,  
And I hear the sound of children's laughter,  
There is a streak of light shining through my window  
As I look out I see tonnes of snow!!!

I jump up and down in delight,  
And then I dash for the door,  
As I run out, I see a wonderful sight,  
I touch the snow and freeze my paws.

The decorations are just amazing!  
With trees and lights that were brightly blazing,  
People singing wonderful tunes,  
Until it was late in the afternoon.

Later in the night,  
My family open their presents,  
With happiness, excitement and great delight,  
The family all together; all very pleasant.

They left a gift,  
For the very end,  
I gave it a sniff,  
I just couldn't comprehend!

I tore it open, with my teeth  
And could not believe that it would be my own!  
I was so excited when I found out,  
That it was a big, white, crunchy BONE!!!





## 7D Joe Barker - The Christmas Tree

From a pack o' seeds I grew, grew, grew,  
And on the rich earth I liked to chew, chew, chew,  
Over several years I shot up like a rocket,  
And when the snow fell down,  
I put some in my pocket.

Time moves on, I've aged but still have life,  
But here comes the farmer,  
With his axe and with his knife.  
Oh no, no, no, here he goes, goes, goes,  
Chopping with his axe,  
Oh no, no, no!

But wait for moment,  
It's the tree next to me!  
I'd thought of a hundred ways,  
That I could flee, flee, flee.  
Being stuck here, that was very, very, close,  
To think that I very nearly ended up a ghost.

## 7S Harry Quarterman - Why is Everyone Still Asleep?

I wake up in the morning  
Before the day is dawning  
Excitement running through my head  
I just don't want to stay in bed

*Why is everyone still asleep!*

I lay there and try to go back to sleep  
But it is too tempting not to go down and peep  
I will be in trouble if I go down and see  
And everyone will be in a mood with me

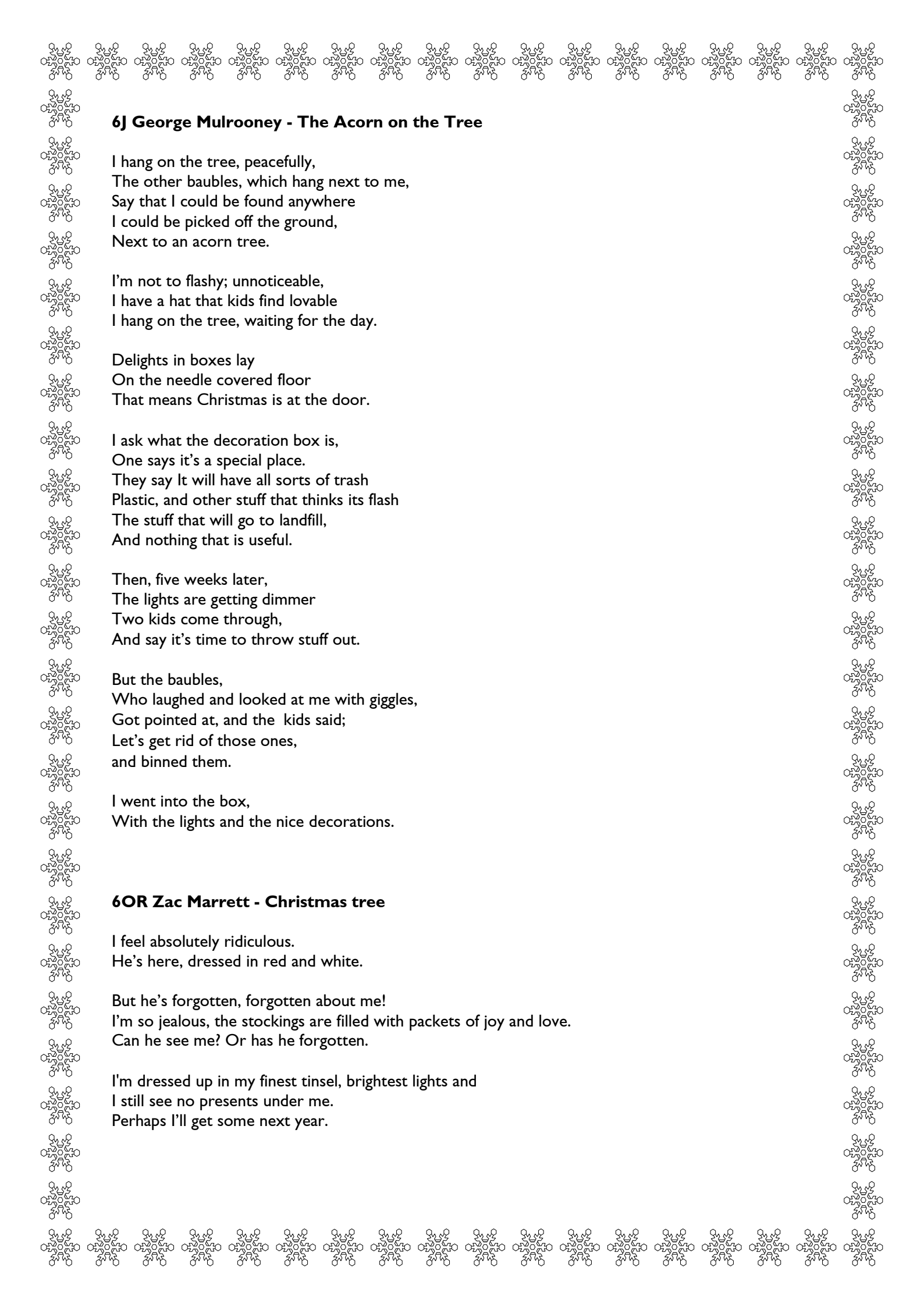
*Why is everyone still asleep!*

Then I remember with something I can't believe I forgot  
Something to keep me happy whilst I wait for that lot  
There is always a packed stocking hanging on my door  
I jump out of bed and run across the floor, but

*Why is everyone still asleep!*

As I open up my stocking, packed full of sweets and toys  
I suddenly hear something, a funny talking noise  
I get so excited this means it is nearly time  
To dash down the stairs, all the presents which are mine!

*Yes everyone is finally awake!*



**6J George Mulrooney - The Acorn on the Tree**

I hang on the tree, peacefully,  
The other baubles, which hang next to me,  
Say that I could be found anywhere  
I could be picked off the ground,  
Next to an acorn tree.

I'm not to flashy; unnoticeable,  
I have a hat that kids find lovable  
I hang on the tree, waiting for the day.

Delights in boxes lay  
On the needle covered floor  
That means Christmas is at the door.

I ask what the decoration box is,  
One says it's a special place.  
They say It will have all sorts of trash  
Plastic, and other stuff that thinks its flash  
The stuff that will go to landfill,  
And nothing that is useful.

Then, five weeks later,  
The lights are getting dimmer  
Two kids come through,  
And say it's time to throw stuff out.

But the baubles,  
Who laughed and looked at me with giggles,  
Got pointed at, and the kids said;  
Let's get rid of those ones,  
and binned them.

I went into the box,  
With the lights and the nice decorations.

**6OR Zac Marrett - Christmas tree**


I feel absolutely ridiculous.  
He's here, dressed in red and white.

But he's forgotten, forgotten about me!  
I'm so jealous, the stockings are filled with packets of joy and love.  
Can he see me? Or has he forgotten.


I'm dressed up in my finest tinsel, brightest lights and  
I still see no presents under me.  
Perhaps I'll get some next year.




**6A Guy Rooney - The Bauble's Wish**




I'm so excited,  
It's my first year.  
I really hope I'm not at the back of the tree.



Noone will see me.  
I won't shine.  
I really don't want to be  
At the bottom of the tree,  
Or next to that arrogant star.




He is the worst.  
He is always first on the tree.




At least at the back,  
I can see the snow fall.




**5GSa Freddie Falle - Hung Up**




I'm excited I've been waiting a year,  
For dear mother to take me down from here,  
The attic is cold and dark,  
And I'm very cold and covered in bark,  
Down to the kitchen I go,  
The lawn outside is covered in snow,  
But not me I tell everyone else,  
Because I am being taken to somewhere else,





















I'm being hung up above the warm,  
Inside away from the storm,  
Now as I'm hung above the fire  
Presents below me one the shape of a tire,  
I'm now waiting for night 'cause that's when Santa will open the door  
And fill me up with presents galore,  
Than I hear the banging of a hoof,  
And Santa Claus breaks through the roof.



Then I'm filled up with goodies,  
Toys, cookies and even hoodies,  
He climbs up back through the ceiling,  
Hanging on his sack a key ring,  
In the morning as the sun rose,  
And as the night moon goes,  
The kids come running down the stairs,  
Sounding like herds of leaping hares.



As the children look inside me,  
I am finally filled with glee.  
It's Christmas morning.





5S Sebby Young – Mike the Little Elf

Here I am Mike the little elf,  
sitting happily on my little shelf.  
The pupils cheer because Christmas is here,  
everyone getting in the festive cheer  
Falling from the sky comes fine snow,  
and out the children go.

Here I am looking for a hiding place,  
behind the bookshelf or in a pencil case.  
I think my time is running short, the drawer will have to suffice,  
The smell from the kitchen smells super nice.  
In the drawer do you think they'll find me,  
maybe it would be easier to hide in the class Christmas tree.

Getting a bit bored I show myself,  
and go and sit on my little shelf.  
I wonder what toys the children will wish for,  
maybe a football or a toy door.  
But some children need to realise,  
Christmas isn't about the cool surprise.

Christmas is about what you deliver,  
not about what you receive.

5R Daniel Woolfall - The Snowman's Poem

Out in the cold  
With a carrot for my nose,  
With coal for my buttons, eyes and mouth.

I stand and watch with my wooden twig arms,  
As keen little builders come out to play,  
Carrying a top hat to pop on my head.

Then when the builders' day is done,  
The sun starts to set  
And they retreat back into the warm house.





#### 4SC Winston Lambert - Christmas in the trenches

I promised that tomorrow  
my tears would not flood the trenches  
because it was Christmas day.  
The night was cold.  
My gift from the general was that I would survive tomorrow.  
It was like sleeping in a freezer that hit -156 degrees.

I stood up and put my hand up  
just then I thought about my friend  
He told me that he was going to stay  
his last words were "It just takes one bullet for a paper man to crumble."  
The Germans saw me their guns loaded  
My friend said Jim 'no' I thought I was about to get shot.  
My heart is racing at a hundred miles per hour.

Then we all came out.  
All the British and all the Germans  
We shook hands, Otto and Jim  
Then we played a game of football.  
A game of fun and joy! Just how Christmas should be.

A gunshot.

My heart sank into my gut then I shook Otto's hand  
We both said happy Christmas and then we pretended to hate each other.  
The joy of Christmas gone.

#### 4B Edward Young - The Lemon Sherbet

It is as bumpy as a crocodile's skin.  
A twisted wrapper like tangled Christmas lights  
As bright as the sun.

As tough as solid gold.  
It is glory in my hand.  
As bumpy as an oak tree in a forest.  
It is a golden egg  
As rough as a boulder.

It is a nugget of delight  
Heaven waiting to be eaten.  
Tingles on my tongue.

It is a party of lemons in my mouth  
An explosion of taste  
As juicy as tangy apples.

It shatters like glass in my mouth  
As sour as a lemon  
Crackling like fire.

#### 4S Xander Miron-Canosa - Christmas in the war

Sad soldiers singing in sludge  
whilst aiming their guns as they trudge,

No more Dad by the Christmas tree  
crying thinking, 'Why isn't my daddy with me?'

Her husband's body walking to an end,  
while his life begins to end,

The trenches are stinking while we sleep,  
some of us start to weep,

Now we lay on the ground,  
lifeless,  
bound to death,  
there is no turning back now,  
as we trudge through the poppies,  
as bullets fly through our skin,  
We think we can win.

It will be worth dying as a hero,  
But as we sing our Christmas Carols,  
We realise that we are bound to death,  
we judge that we will perish,

Because it's Christmas, I throw down my weapons,  
and shout for peace,  
but before I can make any friends,  
a bullet flies through me and clatters to the ground.

Now I lie on the battlefield,  
I go back to my old days,  
when I wasn't dead,  
I see my children,  
lying in the rubble of our house,  
I seek revenge for my country,  
I see what I did wrong,  
I put down my tired gun and tried to make friends with the Germans,  
I failed in my quest for peace,  
I used to shoot down the lives of men  
Now I shoot up to heaven  
shouting my love to my family.





**3A Theodore Epen - Winter Haiku**

Skiing in the snow  
On a mountain gleefully  
Wrapped very warm

An experience  
Jumping over bumps and dips!  
Icicles glinting

So much slush and snow  
Weather forecast is more snow!  
Sharp peaks on mountains

Trees covered in snow  
Sky the colour of pure steel  
Snowflakes in the sky

**3N Arthur Ward - Christmas Time Haiku**

Santa's coming back  
In the freezing winter time  
With his sack and sleigh

Elves working away  
Cold to the bone at this time  
It is fun for me

Snow falling with glee  
Opening presents with joy  
Santa with mince pies

**3H Austin Thrustle - Frosty the Snowman Haiku**

Frosty the snowman ,  
Standing outside the big house,  
The icicles, blue.

drinking hot chocolate  
The snowflakes rustling in the Wind  
Santa eating pies.

Naughty little elves  
Singing in the moonlight Haze  
Tricking all the boys.