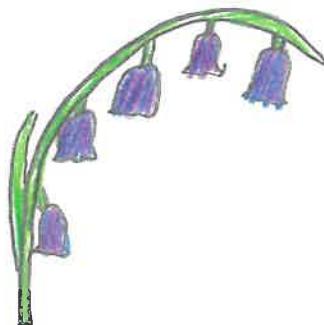
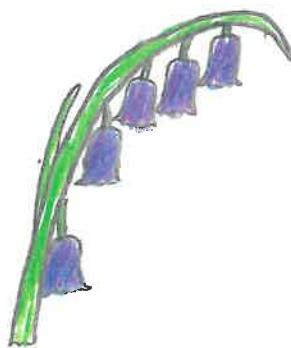




Bluebell
poetry

Bluebells like blueberries,
Light purple and petals like bells,
Until autumn they are bright,
Each bluebell is the same,
Being purple until autumn,
Entering in the blue forest,
Lost in the woods,
Like little purple bells.

Blue bell



by Andrew



blushing leaves
late blooming petals
under the ground lays roots
elimpic long racing to grow
beach exterior roots
etetrical sun, light up petals
light brit glow
laying there.



Bluebell

Blue flower stretching

Low down

Under upset trees dancing

Enclosed petals

Bowing down to courtesy

Evasive plants

Leaky branch

Lillal branches stretching claws reaching up

Short to Spring come out here



Bluebells

B
lue oceans surrounding you

Lime green leaves wrapping around your head

U
nderground blue skys

E
nveloping your legs

B
lue ripples in the wind



E
ach step takes you deeper in the ocean

L
ost depths, drowned in blue

L
eggy green leaves that make you sink into the sunlight

S
houting to their friends to never leave.

By Ruby



Bluebells

Blueberry bluebells shimmering in the radiating sun,
Lay covering long lost secrets,
Underneath the underground the indigo hue ruled,
Encircling leaves that fell,
Brocking forth the summer,
Evening comes and the blue dies down,
Littering empty petals,
Long like the glittering gems in me.

By Theo Harper



Snowdrop

S ilky white and soft
N othing better than this sight
O ut of the snow
W hoooshing wind
D elivery from nature
R ough snow surrounding it
O n the ground getting stepped on
P etals hanging

Snowdrop

This is our story

Me first , then little Daisy
And last sweet Rosie

When I was 6

Years old I met sweet Rosie

Then little Daisy



Snowdrop

Clean,bright,soft and white

Little Daisy and Rosie

Are a lot like me

They are quite loyal

but I didn't see them lots

Three of us from spring





Snowdrop

We became good friends
And lived as next door neighbours
Happy everyday



Happy

Snowdrops

Snowy white dazzling beautifully
Newly singing to you
Opening the oily soft petals
Watery gleaming tears
Drooping head to look down
Rising in the song
On and on goes the song
Poring around all the others
Still singing the snowdrop song

By Madalyn

Snowdrops

Snowdrop soft and white,
Shining under the bright light,
Giving you a New Year cheer,
There's never a fear,
Pure white, bright as light,
They're always a beautiful sight.

By Victoria Hardy 01/02/2021

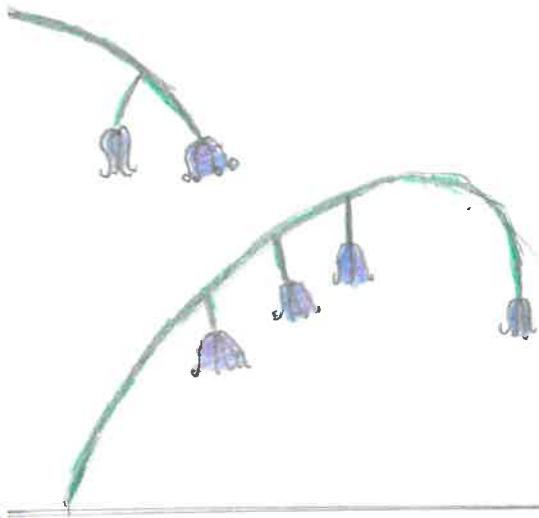


The dawning of summer

Blueberry goop,
Leaning and intertwining like a snake.
Unlikely fingers of amethyst hue, lowers its head in humility,
Electrical sky blue, petals scatter around like sapphire glacia.
Beckoning flowers attracting wildlife,
Enclosed heathery petals waiting for sunshine,
Engorging children eyes wide,
uttering bluebells is the dawning of summer.

By Alex

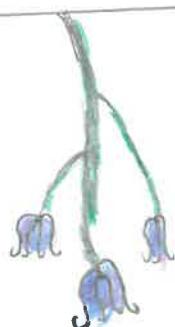
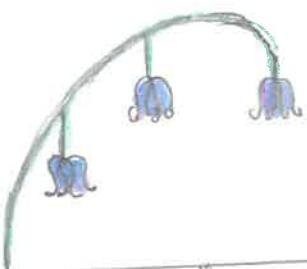
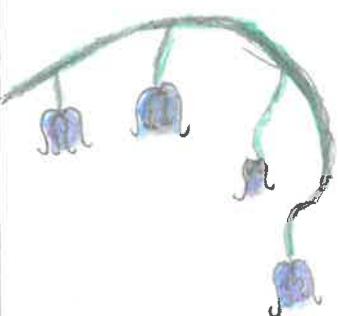




Blue growing
Later they fade away
us living
Eating leaves

Blue is living
Electric blue is with you
Leaves flying
Living the woods

By Bailey



Snowdrops

Slowly drying in the wind,

Nearly sprouting in the flakey snow,

Onward and upward the seedling grows.

Winter lies in the wild,

Daily dancing.

Resting down in the snow never giving up,

O, the glossy leaves

Popping out of the white blankets,

Sending happiness through the village

by Ruby

Bells

Nodding their lush purple heads,
Dazzling in the spring breeze,
Spreading loving scents and smells,
Standing tall and proud,
Swaying dramatically,
Droopy heads bonnets low,
Blossoming beauty,
Petals so delicate,
Sweet scent below fences,
Soothing grass tickling them below.



Blossoming beauty ways

Start to awaken.

Spring is here hello

spring, goodbye snow

Rainbow look my biscuits.

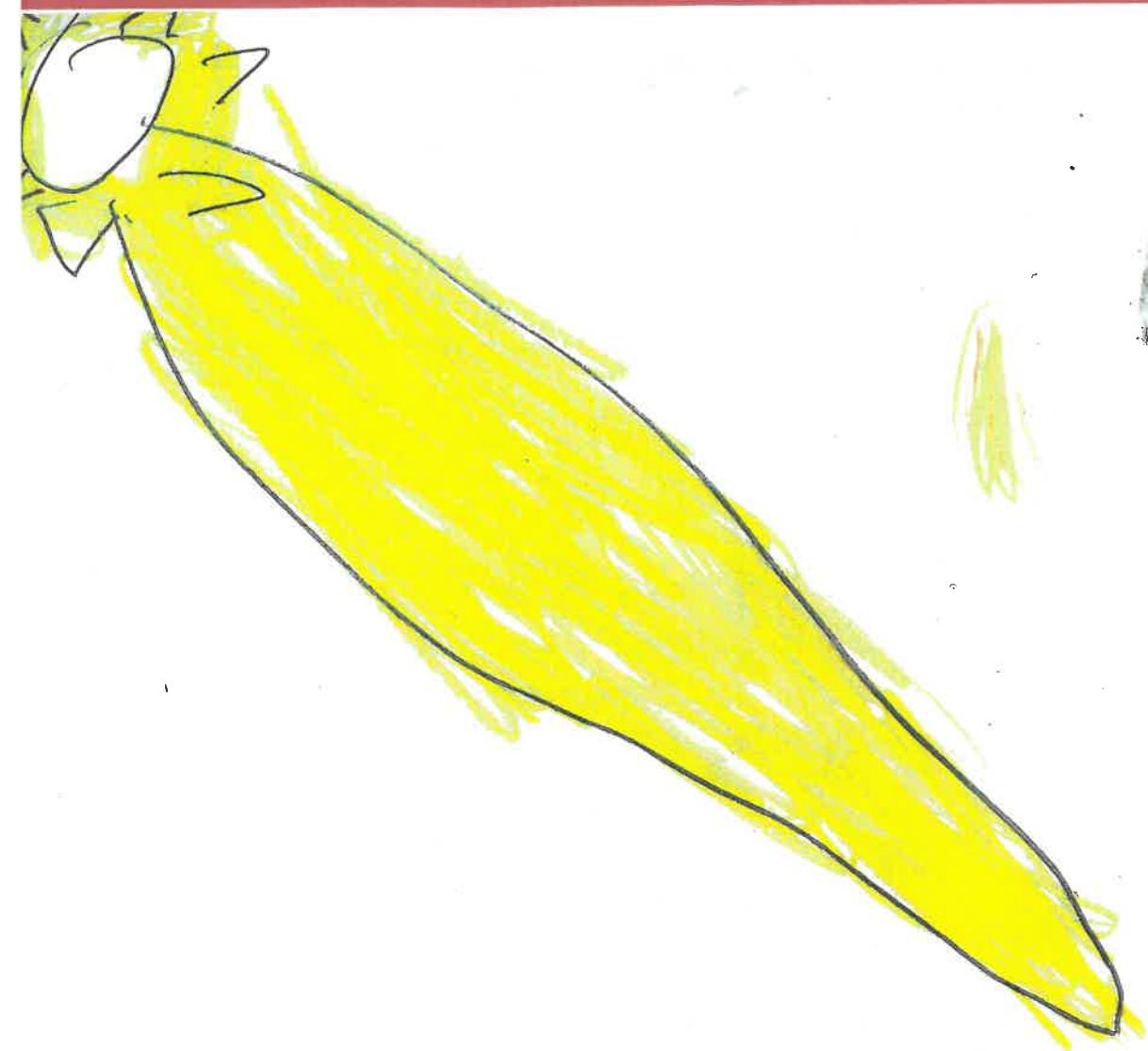
The green wavy goss

good to walk in.

Sunflowers here,

sunflowers there
it's every where.







Nature's child

*The howling of wind
Flys through the snow white
petals
And takes them away*



*The tender petals
Of this beautiful ice crown
Is pulled to the ground*



*This royal flower
Lures the beasts, the birds and bat
And can end the wars*



Bluebells

Bluebells grow when the wind blows

on the mountain tops when the weather

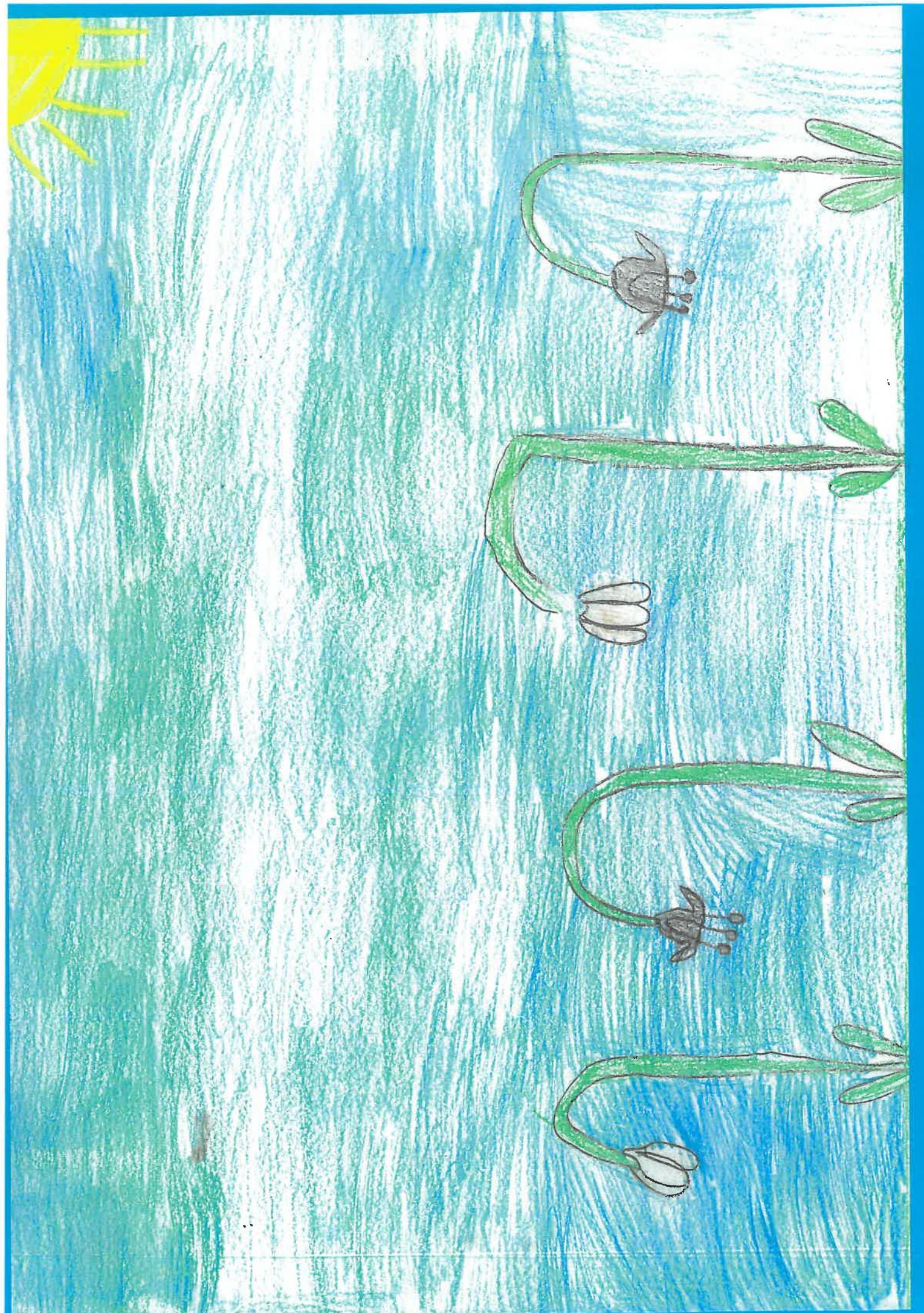
is hot, the sun came out

They stood short and stout.

as blue as the sky.

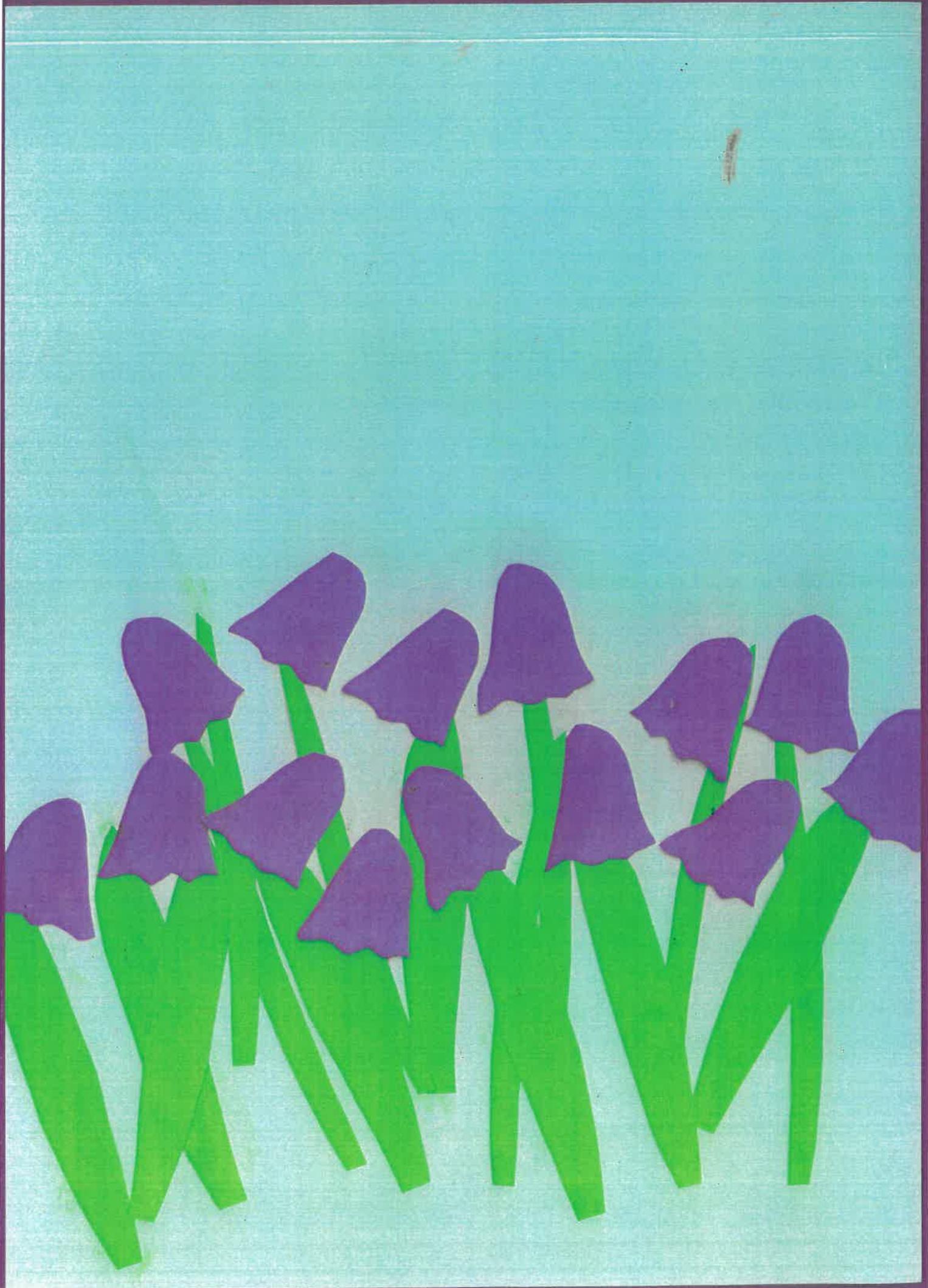
At night their heads glow

as they bow to the
ground below.



Blossoming

The bluebells that blossom
in the forest, the petals flutter
in the wind, They nod their
heads gently sweet
Scented flowers.





Snowdrop

My green leaves,
Shoot out like mace spikes,
This is lovely

Can't say my feelings,
For this icy wonderland
Once in a life time

My snow white petals
Are dancing with gleam brightly

Reaching to the sky

Looking at the sky,
Like a child curiously
Bowling to the Queen

Poletly, Sing
to mother nature here
Diving in the snow

By Alex

By Alex.

Snowdrop

My teardrop petals
Bobbing in the frosty wind
Reaching for the warmth

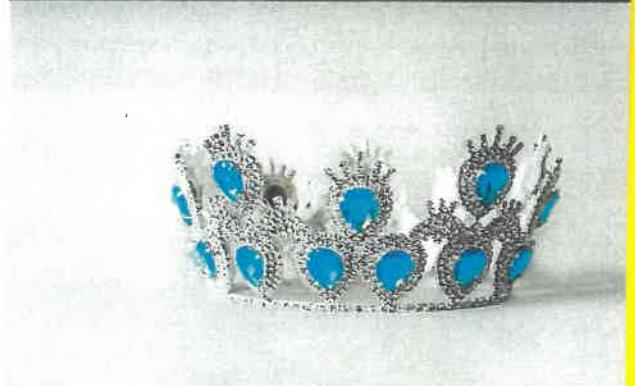
Petals tinted lime
Peeping through the icy snow
The first sign of spring

By Laverne



THE ICE QUEEN

*Soft white leaves
Next to the stem
Ontop is the stamen
When will it end
Down in the soil
Roots twin and coil
Open the petals with is fragrance
People sniff it and start to dance
So I am the queen and thee art
not*



'S'uttle gloves blossoming ...

'Picture perfect trees ...

'Romantic roses swishing in
the sun ...

'dolising sun ...

'Night sky blossoming
with stars ...

'Great, coloured spring ...

Sun shines, flowers bloom

Pelicans open up

River flood

In April lots of maternal animals come out like hedgehogs, jays

New born animals come out of mothers

Grass grows quickly in fields around and even over ponds



B L U E B E L L S

webs swinging in the air.

Ors blowing in the forest.

Under the pretty clouds,

Leptely their best their neck

cutting the mould blow nose.
the garden.

remember the wind was blue,

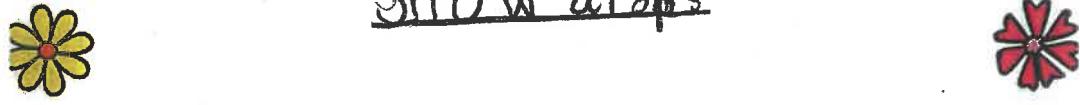
over owing their swinging,

as Petals in the sky,

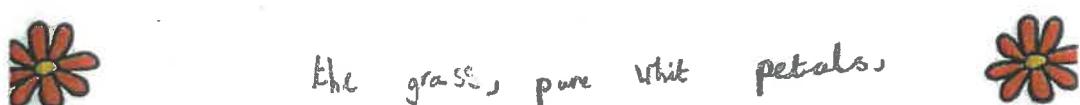
would it was getting soon.



Snow drops



Silently swaying across



the grass, pure white petals,



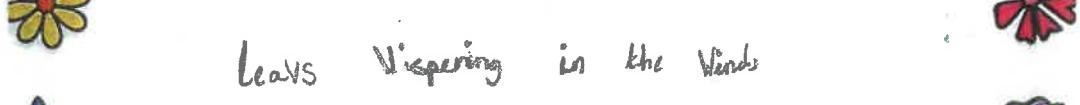
heads, drooping peacefully in the sun,



Slender stems leaning softly



to the ground,



leaves whispering in the wind



B L U E B E L L S

Identify the Bluebells. Watch in the air and their
legs are as soft as a feather.
Willy the Bluebells bend to the ground below and it's
petals are as shiny as the hot grey sun.
Willy the head was so slender.
elegantly the fitting petals are form-fish
and eye catchers.
returning the Bluebell heads very heavily
softly down to the ground
very often they carpet the ground.

Little bands in a paradise.

Listening to the songs of the birds
up above.

Spring has come

Spring

April showers making everything grow,

New baby animals putting on a show,

Chicks and ducklings coming out of
their eggs,

Lambs and calves stretching
their new, wobbly legs,

Walking in the woods seeing
delightful flowers.



Beautiful bluebells standing like lacy, winding towers.

Elegant, delicate snowdrops swaying in the gentle breeze,

The colourful flowers, getting ready to welcome the bees.

Say goodbye to old bigi, welcome in the new,

Go for a walk and see the majestic, spring view,

Hopes and dreams will come true.

Stay positive and keep your dreams alive *

By Sophia Macdonagh.

1.09.91

