

The daffodil Poem

(Written by Class 2F)

My daffodils are made from-
the golden trumpets in a big brass band,
the sunshine rays on a bright Spring day,
the yellow tutus of famous ballerinas,
the lion's precious coats
and the elegant smell of my mummy's perfume.

I found them -
trapped on the edge of a field of green,
crouched tightly waiting to explode into yellow stars,
standing proudly like soldiers,
huddling together like a colony of penguins,
where the lambs play in the sunshine.

These daffodils can -
brighten up a glum day,
add smiles to the saddest face,
cup the sun beams as they shine
in an empty cup,
and mend a lonely, broken heart
till it is powerfully beating once again.

If I lost these daffodils -
even the lonely ewe left at the roadside
would bleat...

