

The Unhappy Student.

The summer holidays come too quickly to a close.
And surely this is no time to doze.
With a million things to do.
Books, pens and rulers.
No wonder so many people end up in a stew.

You go to your classroom
On the first day of term.
And see the other children's faces looking quite forlorn.
The teacher come straight away and the first thing is a lecture on
"If you don't work you'll pay".

Surely this is enough to put you right off work.
The boredom of it makes you feel quite berserk.
But you soon come down to earth with a bang.
As your teacher says sharply
"Audrey, this year, I'll take no more of your slang".

With homework and lessons day and night.
Surely even the thought of it would give you a fright.
As I sit in my classroom just half listening to my teacher.
I think back to happy times with the sand, the sea and warm sunny weather

By: Audrey Hussey.

Stars.

As I lay back on the soft green grass in the meadow
where I have camped for the night.
I started to count the stars
One, two, three, four, five, six seven...
Slowly but surely I fell off to sleep
Thinking of how many stars there were above me while I slept
Sparkling all night long.
Like a shield to protect me
From the terrors of the night.

God.

God is always there with me
Even when I'm out at sea,
He always seems
To comfort me,
Everywhere I seem to be.

By: Karen O' Brien.

By: Georgina O'Brien

Practising the Piano.

As I practise the piano all day through,
I think of all the other things I would prefer to do.
Instead of continuously playing the same tunes,
I could cycle, or sing to the man in the moon.
But if I told my mother what I had to say
I would have a price to pay.
So I think I'll just practise for one more day.

By: Karen Elliffe.

The City.

In the morning the city spreads its wings
Making a song in stones that sing.
In the evening the city goes to bed
hanging lights above its head.

By: Patrick McCarthy.