

VI CLASS

RENMORE WOOD

I enter through the moss-covered rocks,
through the man-made track,
the crackling of twigs at my feet,
the rustling of leaves at my back.

The squirrels leap into the trees,
the rabbits hop around,
the thrush, the robin and the wren
sing so sweetly all around.

The bushes and the berries,
provide lots of food.
I love all the things I see
in lovely Renmore Wood.

Derek Mitchell.

THE COUNTY OF CLARE

The Hills of Clare
is where I like to be.
The rocky Burren
not far from the sea.
The white-washed cottage
not far away
the donkey beside it
munching the hay.
The Aillwee caves
with a very big bear,
and the beautiful flowers
ever so rare.
With Ballyvaughan,
and Kilkee.
The county of Clare
where I like to be.

Paul Waldron.

HOW TO KEEP SMILING

Hop when you have to.
Laugh when you want to.
Relax when you need to.
Whatever you do.

Laugh when you have to.
Scream when you want to.
Be happy when you need to
Whatever you do.

Diane Mongan.

THE TEST

I was sitting at my desk,
doing a history test.
All at once I was told to rest.

My neighbour was being
such a pest - he couldn't
work like the rest.

He also thought that
he was the best,
but that I knew,
could not be true.
His marks I got
multiplied by two.

Conall Boyle.

TRA MOR

Out in Tra Mor
where the waves are so still,
where the seaweed
shines in the moonlight.
Down on the golden sand
not a thing stirs.

Oh! out in Tra Mor
where the still blue ripples run
through you toes,
and where the darkened rocks
stand up
against the raging winter seas.

Philip Glynn.

THE EAGLE

The eagle is a bird of prey,
swiftly gliding to kill day by day.
The eagle's nest high above ground
is very rarely found.

Its skill to fly, its sharp curved beak,
Killing prey to feed its young
so small, so weak.

But in its presence there is no sound,
until it swoops down towards the ground.

The eagle once in forests flew,
but now rarely seen by me or you.

Graham Finlay.