

Year 5's 'Window' Poems based on the poetic style of Pie Corbett

Glass eyes stare
at the gloomy playground
horrified at the sight of bruised children
and bullies laughing at the pain.

by Corey

Glass eyes stare
at the noisy playground
where naughty children kick balls
where trees drop their apples
where flowers watch the children's games
and cones guide people.

by Benjamin FB

Glass eyes spying
across the cold, dark playground
at the children getting lured into the attackers traps
whilst playing lion tag,
then getting trapped.

Glass eyes peep out angrily
at the full playground
where cheeky children mess about
and smelly bins collect rubbish.

Glass eyes watch
the swaying red roses
as they listen to childish secrets
where the tarmac trips up children
that are naughty and rude.

by Amber



Glass eyes spy
over the playground
like a hawk looking for its feed.

Glass eyes blink
at the empty playground
and spot the empty dustbins collecting dust
dreading the sight
of naughty children with their screams of mayhem.

Benjamin W

Glass eyes peep out
angrily at the busy playground
where loud children talk
and the trees stare back.

Glass eyes watch
the greedy rubbish bins
whispering about children's secrets.
Where cones make walls
to block our path
and direct our way.

Glass eyes spy
at the naughty children
shoving and shouting at each other
in the tarmac playground
as the bins come alive,
collecting things!

by Lauren



Glass eyes spy
across the playground
watching the children play
they shout, they scream
running around like hooligans.

Glass eyes frown
over the crowded playground
where the naughty children play
punching and pinching
kicking and flicking
that's all they do every day/
P.S. and they don't like it when they're told off!

by James

Glass eyes peeking
at the morning wind
across the playground
watching the lined trees
move to the beat.

Glass eyes peep
out angrily at the crowded playground
where noisy children chatter
and infant buildings stare back.

by Grace

Glass eyes stare
out happily at the exotic playground
where silly children kick
and junior buildings peep back.

Glass eyes watch
the devilish trees drop their plumbs
and red roses listen to year 2's secrets.
where cones put up statues
and persuade groups to stay in their places.

by Toby

Glass eyes spy
at the bundle of children
in the playground
punching and pushing each other
in the early morning wind
where bins are fed with children's rubbish
and watered with children's spit!

Glass eyes peep
across the hectic playground
where children are guided
by cones and lines.

by Charlotte.

Glass eyes peek
at the children running madly
across the crowded playground
playing tag
on the lines.

Glass eyes peep
out happily at the playground
full of green cotton clad kids
where these loud children shout
and quiet infant buildings stare back.

by Dilby

Glass eyes blink
across the playground
watching the children
shouting and punching
in the afternoon rain.

Glass eyes peer
out angrily over the crowded playground
where naughty children chatter
and the bins listen to their dirty secrets.

Glass eyes stare
at the shed
slouched against the wall
where the cones appear
and stop you from trespassing
into the infant side.

by Aimee W

Glass eyes spy
into the lively playground
shocked at the sight
of naughty children
shoving and shouting
by the doors that lead to learning.

Glass eyes peer out endlessly
at the lively playground
where noisy children chatter
and run like sleek tigers
and infant buildings stare back.

by Aimee B

Glass eyes peek
as pupils sneak
around the playground
they skip and dance
as the glass eyes
take a second glance.

by Eloise, Jack, Kory & Lizzie.

Glass eyes angrily supervise
the overloaded playground
where naughty children chatter
and buildings stare back.

by George