

Poetry Day Ireland poems from Milford National School,
Castletroy, Co. Limerick

The Perfect Pen

Sitting on a senile shelf
Waiting to be bought.
New to the little shop
From the fancy factory.
Finally picked from the bunch of pens,
Put at the pretty counter
With big brown beautiful eyes looking down.
Admiration and adoration.
Brought to a new and happy little home.
Used for homework
And lists and notes.
Excited and scared.

Pretty pens
Are perfect things.

By Gabriella Fitzgerald 6th Class

A Day in the Life of a Pot

I am a pot
That people like a lot
I may be young
But my food is Yum

I cook the food
I cook it well
Whenever I cook
There is a nice smell.

I am always excited
About the next meal
But the kids always
Make a big deal

About who is getting peas
And who is getting carrots
Then if one of them doesn't like them
He gives it to his parrots

I like the family
I think they're fun
I like the morew hen they say
My foods Yum

I like the family
I like them a lot
but after all
I'm still only a pot.

By Shane Twomey, 6th Class

Being a Football

I want to be kicked around
Out in the rain on the mucky ground

Back to being kicked high and far on the mucky pitch
Over the rusty bar
Back to practising the passing drill three times a week
Unless you're ill.

I want to be kicked around out in the rain
on the mucky ground.

In the Gaelic Grounds,
Warming up at the top of the class beside The Spillane Cup.

Half the work was already done
But the County still had to be won

I want to be kicked around
Out in the rain on the mucky ground

Down in UL for the biggest game
On the shield we wanted our name.

The final whistle...
It all was done
The cheers
Everything was so much fun.

by John Foley 6th Class

A Hopeless Hurley

I didn't like it to be this way,
I shut my eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when I was flung off the pitch in two pieces
And was then left there
To die on the cold, wet and soggy grass.

I didn't like it to be this way,
I shut my eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when i was continuously being smacked against sliotars
And other unhappy hurleys like me.

I didn't like it to be this way,
I shut my eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when I was for sale
In a cold and shattered shed,
Alongside other hurleys who were also painfully cut
And shaped into hurleys like me.

I didn't like it to be this way,
I shut my eyes and dreamed back.

Back to when I was the bark of a tree
Submerged deep within a thick forest of friendly trees.
It was here where i always felt at home.

I liked to be this way.
I shut my eyes and dreamed hard
To stay there.

By Joseph Fitzgerald, 6th Class

I Asked A Boy Who Cannot Hear

**I asked a boy who cannot hear,
“Would you like to hear?”**

**“I would.
But it would take some getting used to,
To use my ear”**

**I asked a boy who cannot hear
“What sounds would you like to hear?”**

**“The rumble of a Maclaren’s V12 engine,
The sound of a waterfall
with its water splashing everywhere.
The sound from the Whistling wind ,
An aeroplane zooming through the sky
And the ring from a telephone”**

**It was very interesting meeting a boy
who cannot hear.
I wonder what it would be like
If I
Could not
Hear**

By John Regan Magner 4th Class 2016

Fruit

Fruit is good for you,
But sometime it's disgusting.
So I don't know why
The fruit store is always bustling!

Sometimes it's good
Sometimes it's not.
I wonder if you could...
COOK FRUIT IN A POT!

It's all right in a smoothie,
It's lovely in a drink.
Once I was bold,
And I poured my smoothie down the sink!

But I do like fruit.
Because I know it's good for me.
Eat some from fruit an hour before...
You go swimming in the sea!

By: Isabelle Delaney
Ms. O'Meara's 4th Class

I asked a little boy who can not hear
What is it like?

It's hard not knowing
What the music I'm playing sounds like,
Or not knowing what the ref is saying
Or whether we won the match or not.

But I get through the day
knowing friends & family will help me
All the way.
But sounds are like this to me:

A storm is like a bad dream
Piano is like singing birds
Sizzling sausages is like popping candy in
your mouth.

And a teacher talking is.....

KNOWLEDGE.

By Abby Hourigan Powell 4th CI

Ms. O Mahony

Pretty as model

Really kind woman if you fall

Intelligent person, working hard at her job

Nice to students and parents

Cool dudette doing the principal's job

Important paperwork every day

Positive mental attitude (PMA!)

Amazing boss

Lovely laughter in the classroom

By Mr. Gallagher's 3rd class students

Cian O Hanlon,
Ben Carroll,
Stuart Tobin,
Darragh Bromell

SUNSET

It isn't day
It isn't night
It isn't morning
It isn't that bright.
As the sun sets in the sky
Another day passes by.
I go to bed and sleep all night.
When I wake up it will be all bright.
Another day
Another night,
Watching the sunset is a beautiful sight.
What a day, what a night.
The sun set is a delight.

by Kate Moloney
2nd class

THE END.

I asked a little boy who can not hear
What is it like?

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By Abby Hourigan Powell 4th Class

Christmas

Two days before Christmas and people were rushing
The shops were so crowded that people were pushing
And children were staring at the fire with care
Knowing that St. Nicholas would soon be there.

Up in the North Pole, St. Nick was confused.
The presents were mixed up from the reds to the blues.
The reds and the blues and the greens and the purples...
St. Nicholas knew he had to be careful.

In your house, in her house, in his house and theirs
In Ireland, in England and even downstairs
All unaware of the problem at hand
That all they'll get are a few rubber bands.

But people know Santa will save the day
Everyone knows...HE WILL SAVE THE DAY
And Santa will find his way through it *UNSCARED*
Because he knows kids are waiting for him there!!

By Joe Considine

Life as a Dolphin

I skimmed through
The cold blue sea
My friends wanted
To play with me.

We swam fast
Through the water
My friends, my aunt
And her baby daughter.

We used to spend
Most of the day
In the sun,
We liked to play

I jumped out of the water
Nearly touching the sky.
I actually felt like
I was able to fly.

That was back when
I wasn't in a net
Now I'm stuck
And beginning to fret.

I know it is now
Time to say goodbye
I feel like I may be
About to die.

By Sarah Hosey

IN MY BACKYARD

BY PATRICK O'HALLORAN 4th CLASS MS O MEARA

In my backyard there are
fairies and elves

In my backyard there are
wizards and spells

In my backyard there are
animals that talk, trees that
sing and worms with wings

In my backyard there are
smurfs and sheds or maybe it's
all just inside of my head

My Favourite Teddy



My favourite teddy is called Tom,

That I got from my Mom.

He sleeps in my bed,

With my other called Fred.

I love my Teddy Tom.

I always think of him,

And I'll never forget him.

He has always been a friend to me

And I hope that's the way it'll always be ♥☐

by Laurie Murnane

Before School



Wake up or you're going to be late for school,

Get out of bed , get on your vest and then get dressed.

Run down stairs and get a bowl of cereal and pour in the milk,

Before it gets too late , because it's nearly half past eight.

Then hurry up run back upstairs

Do your teeth until they are nice and clean,

After that do your hair because it's all messed up.

So brush it till it is nice and tidy and tie it up in a bun

because you have swimming today at school.

Then pack your swimming bag ,

Get your coat and zip it up .

Put your lunch box into your school bag,

Then finally out to the car because it's quarter to nine.

By Ellie Mae Madden.

The Sunflower



Once I saw a sunflower, hidden from the sun.
I was so delighted I shouted to my mum.
We need to move the flower so it can grow and grow.
We grabbed our spades and our wellies and started to dig the soil.

The sunflower seemed much happier, it was brighter than before.
I watched the flower grow until it almost reached the moon.
It shone brightly like a star
It shimmered as sparkly as a disco ball
It always had so much fun looking at the sun!

by Mark Farragher
Third Class

MY GNOMES



**My gnomes are really really cool,
I think their magic because one day I found them in my
pool.**

**My mom said they're silly but I do not believe her,
She said she would rather own a little pet beaver.
They're a little bit rusty but I don't really care,
I only have three little gnomes I think it's unfair.
Goofy, Noofy and Boofy are my three little gnomes
Maybe it would be cool if they had Samsung phones.**

**My three little gnomes stand in a row and
One of them on their head has a pink bow.
They stand in the garden with their own fabulous pose
And the other little one has a red rose and
Last but not least the cutest of them all has a little ball.**

**They stand in my garden as still as can be,
We play all day, it's just them and me.**

By Caoimhe Hannigan

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By John Regan Magner 4th Class 2016



The Wicker Cradle

The Wicker cradle in all its ways,
Held many children of many ages.
Poor sweet children who never survived,
Cause the family did not have enough spuds to provide.

The darkness of the famine came,
and spread over the land like blood in a vein.
“Farewell Ireland,” many cried,
While others tried hard to survive.

Mother’s little baby passed away,
While the rest of the family was cutting hay.
Bridget wept and Eily moaned,
and mother and father wailed and groaned.

They left their home, down country roads.
and they carried their heavy loads.
Other families were walking out,
Then they heard a familiar shout.

It was a landlord in all his pride,
With his loving, pretty new bride.
“Give us food,” the people wailed,
“Because our potato crop seemed to have failed.”

And so they begged day and night,
Trying to survive through the potato blight.
The next morn they went ashore,
To gather mussels more and more.

Many people were forlorn and lost,
While the comfortable landlord was the boss.
And many people left Ireland or died,
But we will always remember them and the blight.

I do not want to be a mouse!



I do not want to be a mouse.

“Squeak is all I can say”.

When ugly cats chase me,

I’d have to try and walk away.

All they feed me is horrible cheese,

Mouldy, green and not so sweet.

Makes me squeak!

I don’t want to be caught by a silly old trap.

And if I get caught who knows what they will do to me.

Mouse and chips I don’t want to be!

I do not want to be a mouse.

I think it is not me!

And honestly I really don’t want to live in a hole.

I’d rather climb a pole.

By **Beth Newe**

What is white?

White is the colour
Of a beautiful coat

And a new-born goat

And a shiny new boat.

It is the colour of icing

Before it is dyed

And the foamy sea side.

It is the colour of calmness

And a pretty new dress

It is the colour of fluffy little dogs

And birchwood logs.

It is the colour of ipad cases

And tricky mazes.

A gentle snowflake

And bread about to bake.

It is the colour of a llama

And masks from drama.

It is the colour of a rabbit

And a panadol tablet.

It is the colour of a chapel

And an unripened apple.

By Molly Walsh, 4th Class

I Am Poem

by Lily Holloway

I am Lily, a 10 year old girl.

I wonder at night why the stars are so bright.

I hear a twit-twoo from a snowy white owl.

I see an apple as loud as a witch's old cackle

I want a big trampoline, I am a gymnast with glee.

I pretended when I was young
to be a fairy in a bun.

I feel a rough stick from a tree,

I touch a smooth thin beam.

I worry about baddies.

I cry about a cut on my knee.

I am a hurler with pride

I understand when my mommy is mad

I say "What a jolly good day"

I dream of me flying around a cloud

I try to co-operate in my class

I hope to celebrate that..... I am me and not the QUEEN!!

PORTRAITS



2 eyes, a mouth,
A nose, a chin,
Get some paper
And you can begin

First thing you need to do
Is Grab a mirror
To make drawing your face
Much more clearer

You'll find you look closer
Than ever before
And get to know your reflection
All the more

When all the detail is complete
You can sit and admire an amazing feat
You've drawn the person you know the best
Now it's time for a little rest

If I was a cat

If I was a cat I'd get rubs on my belly,
I would climb up trees,
And get washed when I was smelly.
I would tease the dogs
Safely from the ground
Watching them make a loud barking sound.

If I was a cat I wouldn't have to go to school
Playing with string
Seeing the silly dogs drool.
FOOD FOOD they bark so loud
While I wait with my tail up so proud.

If I was a cat I'd claim the house my own
I would not go after the stick
that you have thrown
I would get my fur brushed
And my breakfast would be some salmon mashed.

by:Ríona Walsh 5th Class