

Tollesbury School's Year Six children wrote poems inspired by the new orchard.



Crunchy
Kakhi leaves
Rustle in the breeze
They seem to weave
Their own prance of glee
The strong, bold trunk
A home for nature
Chirping birds performing
Their singing ability
When a
Life is
Made
You could've
Planted a tree
Starting from a tiny seed
For your future awaits
A towering giant

By George Baker

Oh Mr Tree

Oh Mr Tree,
I remember when you were a sapling
Miniature and narrow,
Craving food and water.

Oh Mr Tree,
Your roots support the trunk,
Feeding and feeding
There is never too much to eat.

Oh Mr Tree,
Your branches are like arms,
They sway in the wind
Feeling the dance.

Oh Mr Tree,
The leaves shimmer in the rain
Glistening and sparkling,
Curled up to keep warm

Oh Mr Tree,
Sprout and live your life
As a nature reserve,
For the birds and insects.

Oh Mr Tree,
Your fruit reminds me
Of newborn babies,
It makes me warm inside.

If you plant a tree, you're planting a home.

By Oliver Brand

The Trees

Curling, curving leaves shaking
In the breeze
They seem to weave
Their own movement of joy.

The strange bold home
For nature
Chirping birds showing off.
Insects running to their leaf mansion
Of life, every time you plant a tree
You plant a life.

This masterpiece of wood
With hundreds of branches that
Weave left to right up and down
To make crackling
Sound

The strong bulky roots
Keeping me standing and
Feeding me
Keeping me alive and
Home to many different
Animals and bugs.
When you plant a tree you plant
A life

By Jenson Briggs

The Tree

My leaves are curly and green rustling in the wood.
Brown branches bold and strong giving protection.
Sometimes smooth sometimes rough my
Enormous trunk extends to the earth below,
Roots bigger than the tree provide delicious nutrition
Animals: sloth, squirrel, snake, koala, birds and bees all find a home in me.
Fruit: tasty, round, smooth, juicy and ready to eat.
When you plant a tree,
You plant a life.

By Jamie Clover

Curving, curling leaves,
Rustle in the wind.
They seem to weave
Their own dance routine.

The strong, bold trunk
A home for nature,
Chirping birds, delightedly
Performing their singing skills.
Strong unseen roots hidden
Beneath the floor,
Underground network that
Communicates like all.

When you plant a tree,
You plant a life.

By Riley Collins

Trees, Trees, Trees

Trees
Trees, Trees
Home for nature
Curly Leaves
Twisted Trunk
TALL AND THIN
Joyful arms that like to prance
Watch their wonderful immense dance
In Spring they begin to bloom
And very soon you'll
Taste
The
Wonderful
Sweetness
Of the
Marvellous
Fruit
Tree

By George Compton

Life as a Tree

Life as a tree
You start off small
You grow a trunk
A thin, twig-like trunk

You start to grow tall
Higher than the clouds
Higher than the hills
High, High, High

You start to grow leaves
Green, curly, twisting to life
Arms touching the sky
Swaying in the wind

You start to grow fruit
Sweet, tasty, fruit
And that is it
Life as a tree.

Ethan Drewell

The Tree

Curly, yellow leaves

Fall as the wind sways

Branches creak as birds

Lay.

The leaves seem to weave

Their own dance in the

Bright sun.

The branches swing in the cold wind.

By Maisie England

Life of trees

A seed is a child

A seed is a life

This seed is a tree

Trees give oxygen.

Oxygen gives life

life is happiness

Rustles through the

Leaves can Relax a soul

Trees can be a home to squirrels

Owls birds and insects

By Alex Hobden

The Pear Tree

I start as a petite seed deep, deep in soil,
As days and months pass, I slowly emerge,
Beneath the Earth, an unseen network grows,
Generation after generation I arise to the sky,
Almost touching the downy clouds,
Many trees are planted beside me,
A whole tree community always growing,
Speaking to each other through our roots,
Spring season comes around once again,
My blossom sprouting into fresh, ripe pears,
The sun's warmth covers all - helping us to grow,
Autumn comes around my fruit ready to be harvested,
After losing my fruit I then lose my leaves,
As the cycle continues, I stay for another and another,
Century.

By Eliana Kayode

I am the tree

I am the tree,
My ancestors look down on me,
I am the tree don't you see,
I'm just a tree young and free

My blossom comes, with much ease,
Every season, loved by bees
An apple now so it seems,
I'm just a tree don't you see

My leaves are twisting,
My trunk is strong
I'm forced to sit here all day long
I'm just a tree don't you see

My fruit has fallen beneath me,
My roots are long and old,
So now my story is over,
My tale has been told.

By Poppy Leatherdale

The Tree

I was planted in the soil,
To start a journey of life,
Free of worry,
Out of sight.
I sit here with my friends,
As I rustle to escape
The soil I was buried in,
Oh, so long ago.
As the summer turns towards us,
My blossom grows pinker
Loved by bees,
Loved by many creatures,

I grow bigger and bigger each year,
As my roots grow deeper and deeper

By Evie Martin

Once I was a tree
Once
I was a
Tree, I stretched
My roots and I was
Very tall. Once I was
A tree. My branches promised
Shade and I was flexible
Once I was a tree, I was
Calm. I was sturdy
Once I
Was a
Tree
Giving
Fruit
For
Free.
Once
I was a
Tree.

By Eddie Matthews

The blossom tree

I am in the soil,
To start my journey of life.
Free of worry, pain and bother
You`re here but you`re not,
But I`m forced to this spot.

You water me and I grow, day by day.
I`m just a tree, young and carefree!
Year by year,

I grow larger and larger.

I give oxygen to give life,
The life of the blossoms on my spikes,
Embracing the sky,
My leaves wave like flags in the wind,
Twisted and turn,
Weaving in the sky.

By Macie Parkin

The Orchard of the Graveyard

The orchard of the graveyard,
Is dainty and strong,
The elegant ivory blossom,
Sways all day long,
The child of mother nature,
So fragile and sweet,
Resembling a warm summer's day treat,
The trunk so sturdy and strong,
Keeps me cool all summer,
Gives nature a life to live in.

By Imogen Perrins

Oh Fruit Tree

Oh Fruit Tree,
I remember when you were planted,
You were so tiny,
Everybody doubted.

You had a weak trunk,
Swaying in the wind,

Tired and young,
Soon you'll be growing juicy plums.

Oh Fruit Tree,
Your branches like arms,
When the wind blows,
You always dance.

Your curly leaves,
Intwine and weave,
I believe,
When they fall in autumn,
They will grow back in spring.

By Harry Richardson

Tree

Leaves, leaves, leaves
So curly and green
Leaves, leaves, leaves
Crunchy and green.

Thin as paper
As they fall
From the tree.

Branches, branches, branches
Thin long and flexible
As they move in the breeze.

Branches, branches, branches
Knobbly and hazelnut
As they move in the breeze.

By Rory Smith

The Orchard Tree.

The roots of the orchard
reach into the ground
digging itself more space
as it grows from water.

The rustling leaves gives
oxygen to us which
gives us life to live.

Branches so strong
and bold reaching for
heaven the land of old.

The fruit grows from the orchard
a new food source for us to
eat, it's a delicious treat.

By Alfie Tappin