

At the Beach & All the Year Round were written by year 5 and 6 children of Haslingden County Primary School and are of a type of poem known as 'renga'. Renga is a Japanese word that means 'chain of verse'. The Renkujin (chain of verse writers) were: Rhianne Almond, Ryan Archer, Javiria Khan, Waqas Khalid, Hannah Milburn, Amy Milench, Leigh Robinson & Emma Taylor. The Sabiki (leader) was: John Carley.

At the Beach

as the sun comes out I love to shout can I go to the beach
 building a sand castle jumping over waves
 I sit on a brown donkey and bump up and down
 babies start to cry and their mothers sigh
 we take our socks and trainers off the sand sticks to our feet
 the ripples in the water tickle my toes
 watching the illuminations I get a feeling down my spine
 the waves splash and the sun shines

All the Year Round (to come alive)

spring is a day when everything's reborn
 and colours come back to the world
 people dance around the may pole in the month of may
 my mum forgets what time it is
 and bees laze around in the sun
 shining high in the sky please please give me water
 seeds disperse and crackling leaves
 dry like a bowl of cornflakes
 bonfires shoot off in the sky with flames of orange and yellow
 the hats and gloves come out to play
 rice crispy snow ho ho
 as I build a snowman he seems to come alive

Anika Eide

scarlet soldiers march
 down the crème fields of his skin;
 the battle is lost

Strange Routine **Richard Martin**

The garden stage has no curtain, only wings -
 overgrown grown grasses and decrepit roses;
 here with confusing regularity
 and diffuse mottling on her breast,
 the blackbird makes her morning entrance
 just as I have lined up my heels and toes
 by the window in a standing yoga pose.

It's the almost slavish adherence
 to the timetable, like some secretary
 or typist waiting for the eight-fifteen,
 that gives the diva access to the ordinary.
 She no doubt, would think the same of me,
 drawing curtains taking up my stance -
 the routine enhancement of the day.

Last Verse **Idris Caffrey**

There are only memories of a beginning
 and a middle that fades to almost gone.
 The end is always where we are now,
 sitting on a cold wall somewhere,
 trying to catch those moonlit dreams
 as they fall into the small pauses
 before the next wave hits the shore.

Entanglement **James Geary**

Two lonely photons
 Speed in opposite directions
 Under the University of Geneva.
 One photon catches cold
 When the other one sneezes.