**The Hawk**

Inside the hawk’s eye, a myriad of moons

Inside the myriad of moons, the hawk’s beak

Inside the hawk’s beak, a swarm of bees

Inside the swarm of bees, the hawk’s feathers

Inside the hawk’s feathers, a ragged forest

Inside the ragged forest, the hawk’s tears

Inside the hawk’s tears, a shadow of darkness

Inside the shadow of darkness, the hawk’s tongue

Inside the hawk’s tongue, a piece of bark

Inside the piece of bark, the hawk’s claw

Inside the hawk’s claw, a coronet of fire

Inside the coronet of fire, the hawk’s soul

Inside the hawk’s soul…is where the fear lies.

*Megan (Year 5, College Town Primary School)*

**Binoculars**

Through these binoculars

I can make magic talk.

In a piece of bark

Smoky water and bubbling mud.

In a bird’s nest

A swamp, a tunnel, a forest

And the bird inside,

Its eye like a black hole.

A crocodile,

As warty as a pig

And its head

Like a canyon so big.

A leaf as green as a pea,

The veins inside

As bumpy as can be!

Grass as green as can be,

Blowing freely,

Like a raging sea.

A butterfly wing,

Like fire dancing

And Oh! All the colours,

As if Spring has sprung.

*Jacob (Year 5, College Town Primary School)*

**The Looking Glass**

Through the looking glass, the sun shines brighter than ever.

Through the looking glass, the beams play tricks on the weather.

Through the looking glass, the weather closely watches the heavens.

Through the looking glass, the heavens look down on the deserts.

Through the looking glass, the deserts get soaked in the oceans.

Through the looking glass, the oceans get heated by the dragon’s fire.

Through the looking glass, the dragon’s fire is watched intently

By the eye of the world.

*Mehalia (Year 5, College Town Primary School)*