Inspired by ‘Overheard on a Saltmarsh’ by Harold Monro

Angel, Angel where are your wings?

I’m not telling you. Why do you ask?

I want them. Give them me.

No!

Give them - give them.

No!

I shall howl to the winds.

I shall pray to the stars.

Give them. Give them!

No!

Devil, why do you love them so?

They are better than golden stars,

Better than emerald leaves.

Better than the sapphire seas.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your wings - I want to fly.

No!

Then I will yell at night.

Set fire to everything I see.

Give them me. Give them me.

NO!

**By Yasmin, Year 4, 4A**

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