Sympathy

I know how the caged snake feels, alas!

When the dehydrated grass dances in the soft breeze,

When the sun shines onto the water hole bellow,

And he crackling bushes leaves start to grow,

When the welcoming, cool rain hits the crisp thirsty trees,

I know how the caged snake feels.

I know why the caged snake beats his tail!

As he slithers against the dented bards;

When his body aches for the crunchy grass,

And he dreams of seeing the Savannah stars,

For he will forever pound against the cruel, cruel bars,

I know why he beats his tail!

I know why the caged snake hisses, ah me,

When his jaw is sore and his head is raw;

When he feels claustrophobic and dreams of being free,

Sun beams is all he could see,

It’s not a sound of joy or glee, it’s a beg to God to be free,

He dreams of having a bliss life, but can never get one so misses,

I know why the caged snake hisses.

**Lexi Draper, Year 6, West View Primary School**

Sympathy

I know what the caged snake feels, alas!

When the cool water dries up and sand blows in the gentle breeze;

When the scorching sun comes out with a sudden heat;

And the first puddle dries up in complete defeat,

When the first birds soar through the towering trees;

When the leaves rustle and twirl like a circus trapeze,

I know what the caged snake feels.

I know why the caged snake whips his tail,

Till his scales are raw and the pain is unbearable;

For he must slither back to his desert home,

When his scars sting and he’s all alone;

And so if he escapes he must be dareable;

And he weeps in pain because he will fail,

I know why he whips his tail!

I know why the caged snake hisses, ah me!

When his tail is sore and his body is bruised;

When he looks at his cuts, bright red is all he can see,

It is not a hiss or glee but only to be free;

But he has no way of escape and is forever confused;

All around him everything is bliss,

I know why the caged snake hisses.

**Ronnie Bates, Year 6, West View Primary School**

Sympathy

I know what the caged giraffe feels, alas!

When the ot sun rises watching the trees;

When the dry grass dances round animals wandering,

And the monkeys begin squandering,

When the cold wind washes through the exotic leaves,

And the huge animals begin to scream;

The whole jungle harmony reveals,

I know what the caged giraffe feels!

I know why the caged giraffe hits his neck,

Till his blood is dark and cold;

For he must leap out and create a wreck,

When he dreams of returning home to drink from the cool, fresh beck,

And the pain will forever stay until he’s old;

And he’s reminded of the time he can be free and start to trek,

I know why he hits his neck!

I know why the caged giraffe wails, ah me,

When his head is aching and his tail is sore;

When he screeches it’s not a song of glee,

It is not a song it’s a cry to be free,

But a prayer he sends from his hearts deep core to be out once more,

But after he is free, he will not be silent;

He will tell his tails,

I know why the caged giraffe wails!

**Mollie Harrison, Year 6, West View Primary School**

Sympathy

I know what the caged rabbit feels, alas!

When the wind flows through the grass it dazzles back to life,

When the river wakes the grassland shakes,

And every creation comes alive,

And when the trees grow as high as the sky,

The little critters starve and thrive,

While small puddles rise and prick like knives,

When the moon rises with it’s silk touch,

The dark night sky is hard to clutch

And when the rain comes down with a taste bad punch,

I know what the caged rabbit feels.

I know why the caged rabbit cracks his teeth!

For the old steel bars, heavy and thick, keep him in,

For he must return to his cool hollow cave,

For his ears are sore and he shan’t be a slave,

For he was sore and dearly needed his kin,

From scraping the bars his feet had gave in,

And sores had boiled up all over his skin,

I know why the caged rabbit cracks his teeth.

I know why the caged rabbit squeals,

When his paws are sore, his skin is raw,

When his hope appears, while dreams it slowly fades away,

For his freedom would cost a big fee,

For his burrow would be hard to get to, to be free,

But his cries unheard among the others that were burnt down to their core,

I know why the caged rabbit squeals.

**Noah Arnold, Year 6, West View Primary School**