

## Poem Photography

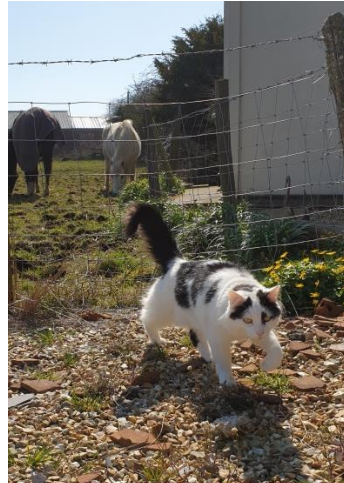
One of my favourite hobbies is photography. As we are well into spring (and summer is fast approaching), I have been looking at all the things changing in and around my garden. If you have a camera, why not take some photos of the nature in your garden. Look at the photos you've taken and use them to inspire a piece of poetry. If you don't have a camera, you could always use my images or just look around your garden for inspiration instead! To get you started, I've written my own poem. You can magpie some of my ideas or just some of the rhyming words to help you.

### Success Criteria:

- Title
- Rhyming couplets
- Similes (comparing two things using like or as, for example: as tall as a skyscraper... like a giant star)
- Metaphors (saying something is something else, for example: it was a skyscraper)
- Personification (giving objects human-like qualities, for example: danced in the wind)
- Power of three adjectives (**tall, dark, beautiful** leaves sprouted)
- Alliteration (using words that all begin with the same letter, for example: big, brown, beetles)
- Repetition
- Stanzas (this helps to organise your poem)
- Punctuation for effect

### Extra Challenge

- Try different rhyming patterns for your poem
- Try an acrostic poem or a haiku
- Try and draw one of your photos (you could use pencil crayons, paints, practise shading with just a pencil!)
- Print my poem and underline nouns in **red**, verbs in **blue** and adjectives in **green**.



## Out of the darkness

Spring is here and the wildlife awakens,  
Blossoms bloom brightly and the darkness is taken,  
Paws, paws, paws so lightly they tread,  
Nature stirs slowly and rises from its bed.

Slowly at first, things start to appear,  
A bud, a few leaves, petals are near,  
The wind whistles nearby,  
And birds chirp and they fly.

Like jewels, new flowers tempt passersby,  
They are beacons to those, way up high,  
Bees start to circle their new found prey,  
Stealing precious, sweet nectar day after day.

Now, the nights are not so long,  
The dawn begins to sing her song,  
Up high, the sun invites nature to grow,  
It's time for winter's darkness to go.