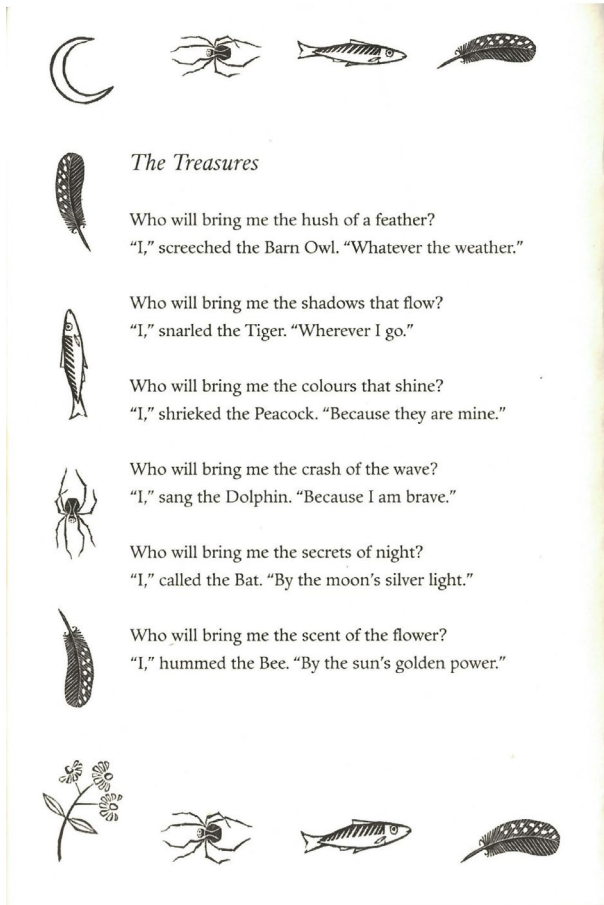
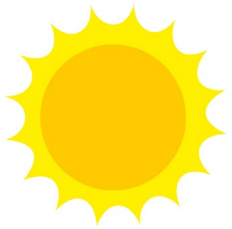
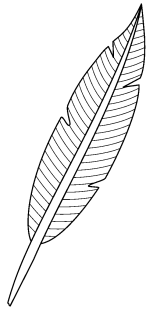


# The Bridge School Poems



# The Treasures - Clare Bevan



## *The Treasures*

Who will bring me the hush of a feather?  
"I," screeched the Barn Owl. "Whatever the weather."

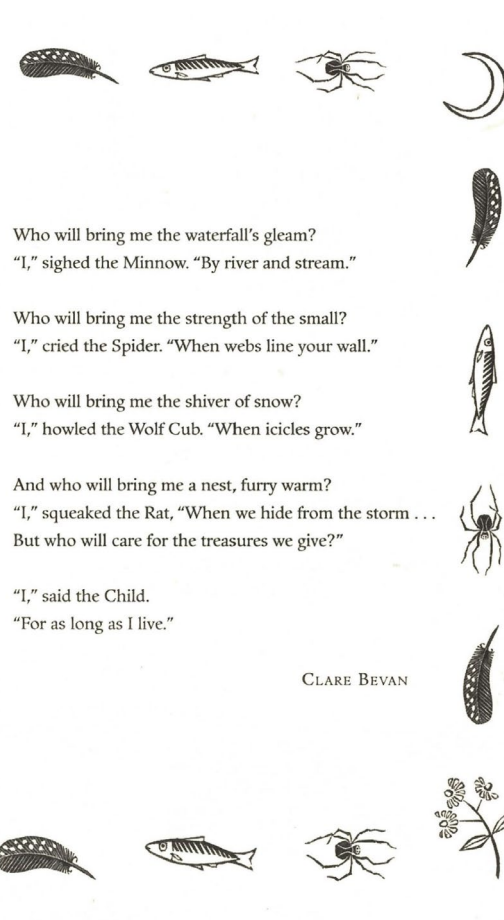
Who will bring me the shadows that flow?  
"I," snarled the Tiger. "Wherever I go."

Who will bring me the colours that shine?  
"I," shrieked the Peacock. "Because they are mine."

Who will bring me the crash of the wave?  
"I," sang the Dolphin. "Because I am brave."

Who will bring me the secrets of night?  
"I," called the Bat. "By the moon's silver light."

Who will bring me the scent of the flower?  
"I," hummed the Bee. "By the sun's golden power."



Who will bring me the waterfall's gleam?  
"I," sighed the Minnow. "By river and stream."

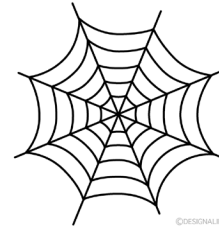
Who will bring me the strength of the small?  
"I," cried the Spider. "When webs line your wall."

Who will bring me the shiver of snow?  
"I," howled the Wolf Cub. "When icicles grow."

And who will bring me a nest, furry warm?  
"I," squeaked the Rat, "When we hide from the storm . . .  
But who will care for the treasures we give?"

"I," said the Child.  
"For as long as I live."

CLARE BEVAN



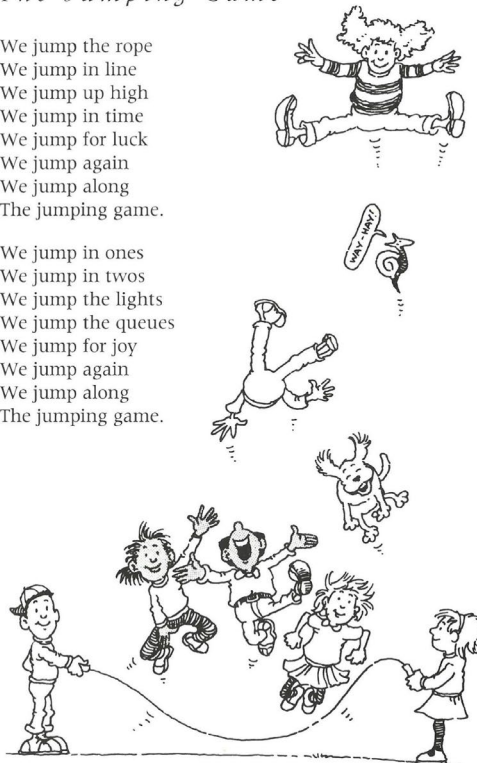
# The Jumping Game - Steve Turner



## *The Jumping Game*

We jump the rope  
We jump in line  
We jump up high  
We jump in time  
We jump for luck  
We jump again  
We jump along  
The jumping game.

We jump in ones  
We jump in twos  
We jump the lights  
We jump the queues  
We jump for joy  
We jump again  
We jump along  
The jumping game.



We jump and fall  
We jump and learn  
We jump and twist  
We jump and turn  
We jump for kicks  
We jump again  
We jump along  
The jumping game.

We jump for gold  
We jump for free  
We jump from A  
We jump to B  
We jump for fun  
We jump again  
We jump along  
The jumping game.

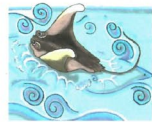


# Ray Plays All Day - Elizabeth Trill



Ray Plays all Day

*play in the spray*



On Mondays in May,  
Ray likes to play  
In the deep of the bay,  
Far, far away.

He may play all day,  
As he knows his way.  
A swish and a sway  
In the froth of the spray.

