



Brixton inspires our poems about places like people

Jordan and Keightley, Year 6

We've been studying *Cosmic Disco* which is about space, a kind of party scene.

Keightley: My poem is about space. It is about the dangers of the galaxy and is about a black hole:

He is huge black and swirly like the whirlpool of coffee in your cup

But beware!

Don't be fooled by the beauty of this monster

He sucks everything in his sight

But not the bright orange light

Please don't go near this beast

Or you shall disappear!

We went on a trip around Brixton to get inspiration to write personification poems about the landmarks. We made notes about the features and functions of each landmark and how these could be related to human traits.

We visited the barrier block, police station and Brixton 02 Academy.

At the barrier block we thought the windows looked like eyes. And the squiggly lines looked like smiles.

At the police station one of our classmates got arrested, Not really. The police let him try on handcuffs and their hats. The outside looked like hundreds of eyes watching. The entrance looked like a mouth because it opens automatically.

At the underground, the entrance looked like a mouth that was swallowing people whole and the escalator looked like a tongue. And the trains are like the digestive system.

The O2 looked like a black woolly hat because the top of the dome is black. The Brixton Rec has five skinny legs, but a big body. The swimming pool acts as a stomach because it's full of liquid.

Jordan's poem:

Barrier block

As he stays in Brixton repelling any sound from entering the school building, you can even see the happiness on his face when he has completed his job.

Rec Centre

He is as big and fat as 50 cars

It is awfully surprising the he is only stabilised by five legs

You can even hear water splashing and splashing all over his stomach

Brixton underground station

Her giant eyeball

Spectating for food

As millions of people plunge into her mouth

Like she is the Brixton bin

Her tongue gradually leads people into her stomach.



Poet John Lyons from Trinidad and Tobago came to Hill Mead

Just keep writing

Rachel and Jahvon, Year 5

We were lucky because we've been learning about Black poets. We had been studying John Lyons' poem *Carnival Dance Lesson* in class.

When he arrived he performed his poem. He told us, if you are on the tube and hear something interesting, just write it down.

We wrote our own poems. And we had to describe an item.

Rachel: "I described a dress. It was as glittery as the lights and as shiny as a globe".

Jahvon: "I wrote about a ball. I said as round as a muffin."

We acted his poems out. We got instruments like rattles and tambourines and drums as well. We acted in our different groups.

Jahvon: "I asked what advice he would give us if I want to be a poet? He said keep reading, no matter what and keep writing. And there's no right or wrong."

The poem is about a carnival. I really like way he changes his voice. It's about when you get to dance in a Trinidad way, and it gets you into a rhythm. It made me feel really happy.

During the workshop he taught us how to make a kite. He said when he was a boy he always wanted to teach kids.

He sketches his work and he said he might come back to school to teach us to paint and cook.

Can you solve it?

Chizaram, Year 5

I did this poem after the John Lyons came to the school. Can you solve the riddle?

Bigger than an Elephant

Full of Stuff

Solid

Soft under your foot

The smell of food

Even when there's no food there

Hear the banging of the moody boy

But when I get there

I'm full of joy.

What am I?

I picked this idea because I like sleeping and being at home. Thank you for reading this.



John Lyons said:

“Thank you, the head, pupils and the teachers of years 2 and 5 for so friendly a welcome. You have wonderful children: welcoming, eager to learn and well-mannered. I loved working with them and look forward to working with them again.”

Poems about food

Dania, Bryan, Ishmael, Year 2

We did some baking for John Lyons. We made Johnnie bake. It felt like Play-Doh. Like small balls of dough.

He came to the school because we were learning about him in class. We were learning about his poems *Johnnie bake* and *Hungry Girl*.

He read them to us. We did one poem as a class and we had to perform it to everyone in the class.

I liked that he said the poem in a funny way. When he was saying the poem we clapped our hands on our knees. He also did *Carnival Dance Lesson*. It is a poem that is like a song. It was fun.

One class did a poem about acorns and the other class did a poem about ice cream. He wrote the poems with us.

Poetry is fun and interesting because when you make funny poems sometimes it doesn't make sense

He's written a recipe book. We made Johnnie bakes – like fried scones and ate them with hot chocolate. John Lyons tried them at the end of the day

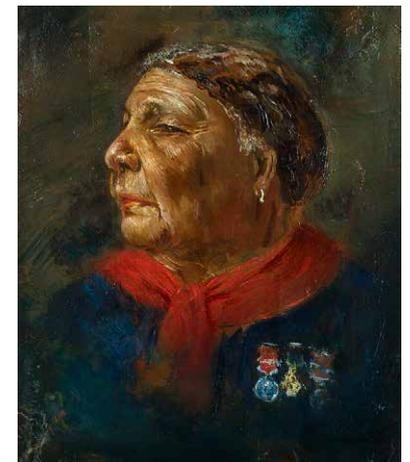
We didn't like them – they tasted like dough!

Portraits of heroes

Yumna and Miguel Year 6

We went to the National Portrait Gallery to do a workshop about people who were heroes a long time ago, like Mary Seacole.

She was known for her assistance to

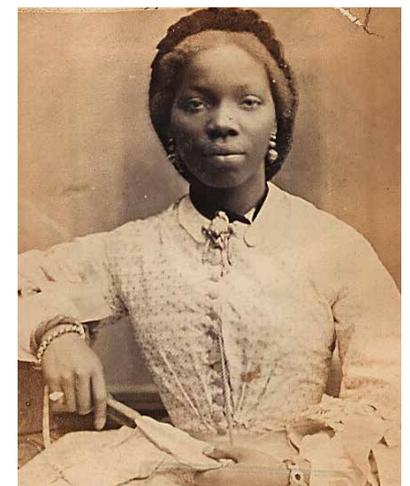


sick and wounded soldiers during the Crimean War.

We were told the story behind the portrait of Mary Seacole. There was a really old painting found at a jumble sale. It was just a picture of flowers, but there was another picture behind it. It was taken to an antique shop whose owner took it to the National Gallery. They took the picture out of frame and there was a picture of Mary Seacole. Scientists at the National Gallery did checks to see if it was real. It was!

We had a workshop and learned about her history and her past.

Mary Seacole wanted to go to the war to help wounded soldiers, but could not. She had learned about medicine from her mother. But she hid on a boat and opened a hostel to help sick and injured British soldiers. In the



portrait of her, she looks and has three medals. She was old in the picture.

We learned about Black history and Queen Victoria and the African princess Aina who became her god-daughter. We really liked the painting of Queen Victoria because it was realistic.

Princess Aina's family were killed and she was taken prisoner by Ghezo, an African King. She was then given as "a gift by the King of Blacks the Queen of Whites", Queen Victoria.

She became a god-daughter to Queen Victoria. We looked at a copy of her diary.