Bluebell, like bluebellis,
Light purple and petaled like bell.
Until autumn they are bright.
Each bluebell is the same,
Being purple until autumn.
Entering in the blue forest.
Lost in the woods,
Like little purple bells.

By Andrew
bluebell

blushing leaves
late blooming petals
under the ground lays roots
shy and tense roses to grow
beach lexsture roots
etrical sun, light up petals
tight bit glow
laying there.
Bluebell

Blue flower stretching
Low down
Under upset trees dancing
Enclosed petals
Bowing down to courtesy
Evasive plants
Leaky branch
Lillal branches stretching claws reaching up
Shout to Spring come out here
Bluebells

Blue oceans surrounding you

Lime green leaves wrapping around your head

Underground blue skies

Enveloping your legs

Blue ripples in the wind

Each step takes you deeper in the ocean

Lost depths, drowned in blue

Leggy green leaves that make you sink into the sunlight

Shouting to their friends to never leave.

By Ruby
Bluebells

B lavender bluebells shimmering in the radiant sun,

L by revealing long lost secrets,

Underneath the underground, the indigo hue ruled,

E encasing leaves that fell,

B beckoning forth the summer,

E evening comes and the blue dies down,

L littering empty petals,

L ony live the glittering gears in me.

By Theo Harper
Snowdrop

S  ilky white and soft
N  othing better than this sight
O  ut of the snow
W  hooshing wind
D  elivery from nature
R  ough snow surrounding it
O  n the ground getting stepped on
P  etals hanging
Snowdrop

This is our story
Me first, then little Daisy
And last sweet Rosie

When I was 6
Years old I met sweet Rosie
Then little Daisy
Snowdrop

Clean, bright, soft and white
Little Daisy and Rosie
Are a lot like me

They are quite loyal
but I didn't see them lots
Three of us from spring
Snowdrop

We became good friends
And lived as next door neighbours
Happy everyday
Snowdrops

Snowy winter dancing beautifully
Newly singing to you
Opening the tiny soft petals
Water glistening in tears
Drooping head to look down
Rising in the song
On and on goes the song
Pleasing around all the others
Still singing the snowdrop song

By Madelaine
Snowdrops soft and white,
Shining under the bright light,
Giving you a New Year cheer,
There's never a fear,
Pure white, bright as light,
They're always a beautiful sight.

By Victoria Hardy 02/02/2021
Blueberry goop
leaning and intertwining like a snake,
unlike fingers of amethyst hue, lowers its head in humility.
Electrical sky blue petals scatter around like sapphire gladiolus.
Beckoning flowers attracting wildlife.
Enclosed heathery petals waiting for sunshine.

Languor, children, eyes nude,
scattering bluebells is the dawning of summer.

By Alex
Blue growing
Later they fade away
Eating leaves

Blue is living
Electric blue is with you
Leaves flying
Living the woods

By Bailey
Snowdrops

Slowly drifting in the wind,
Nearly spearing in the glazy snow,
Onward and upward the seedling grows.

Winter lies in the wild,
Daily dancing,
Resting down in the snow never giving up,

On the glossy leaves
Peeping out of the white blankets,
Sending happiness through the village.

by Ruby
**Bluebells**

Nodding their lush purple heads,
Dancing in the spring breeze,
Spreading loving scents and smells,
Standing tall and proud,
Swaying dramatically,
Droopy heads bonnets bow,
B blossoming beauty,
Petals so delicate,
Sweet scent below gardens,
Soothing grass tickling them below.
Blossoming beauty awakens
slumber to awaken.
Spring is here! Hello spring, goodbye snow.
Random look inantisem.
The green wavy grows
good to walk in.
Sunglowes here,
sunglowes there it's everywhere.
Nature's child

The howling of wind
Flys through the snow white petals
And takes them away

The tender petals
Of this beautiful ice crown
Is pulled to the ground

This royal flower
Lures the beasts, the birds and bat
And can end the wars
Bluebells grow when the wind blows
on the mountain top where the weather
hot, the sun came out

They start short and stout,
as blue as the sky.

At night their heads glow
as they bow to the ground below.
Blossoming

The blue bells that blossom
in the forest, the petals flutter
in the wind. They nod their heads gently sweet.
Scented flowers.
Snowdrops

My soft green leaves,
Shoot out like mace spikes.
This is lovely

Can't say my feelings,
For this is my wonderland.
Once in a life time.

My snow white petals,
Are dancing with gleam bright
Reaching to the sky.
Looking at the sky,
Like a child curiously
Bowling to the Queen

Politely sang:
To mathematician here
Diving in the snow

By Alex
Snowdrop

My teardrop petals
Bobbing in the frosty wind
Reaching for the warmth

Petals tinted lime
Peeping through the icy snow
The first sign of spring

By Laverne
THE ICE QUEEN

Soft white leaves
Next to the stem
Ontop is the stigma
When will it end
Down in the soil
Roots twin and coil
Open the petals with its fragrance
People sniff it and start to dance
So I am the queen and thee art not
Seattle flowers blooming...

Picture perfect trees...

Romantic roses swaying in the sun...

Idolising sun...

Night sky blossoming

with stars...

Great, coloured spring...
Sun shines, flowers blossom

Pellos open up

River flood

In spring lots of nocturnal foxes come out like hedgehogs.

New born animals come out of mummies.

Grass grows quickly in fields and even around ponds.
Weeds swaying in the air.
Ours bowing in the forest
After the pretty clouds,
Legends there! but there near
Eternally the throb was ever
the garden.
Renamed the wind but blue
Over o'er the sun swaying
Dry petals in the sky
While it was getting dark
Snowdrops

Silently swaying across
the grass, pure white petals,
heads drooping peacefully in the sun.
Slender stems leaning softly
to the ground.
Leaves whispering in the wind.
Bluebells drift in the air and their legs are so light a feller
willy-bluebells bind to the ground below and its petals are so thin as the last grey sun
shadows the land. The so slender, gently the lifting petals are far away
and one feathering
nailing the bluebell lands. Very breezy
softly down to the ground
where they scent the ground.

Little bravos in a parade

Listening to the songs of the birds

Upper...

spring has come
April showers making everything grow,
New baby animals putting on a show,
Chicks and ducklings cracking out of
their eggs,
Lambs and calves stretching their new, wobbly legs,
Walking in the woods seeing delightful flowers.
Beautiful bluebells standing like long winding towers.
Elegant, delicate sweetpeas swaying in the gentle breeze.
The colourful flowers getting ready to welcome the bees
Say goodbye to old life, welcome in the new,
Go for a walk and see the majestic spring view.
Hopes and dreams will come true.

Stay positive and keep your dreams alive.

By Sophia Macdonagh.