



St. Patrick's Loreto Bray



**Poems Written
From A Distance
Vol. 1 Spring 2020**



In March 2020, schools had to close for the duration of the COVID19 Social Distancing restrictions.

Our wonderful students worked very hard from home and were set an additional challenge

To write some poetry.

These are the fruits of their labours and what fantastic poetry they have produced.

Their poems are imaginative, thought-provoking, moving and, occasionally, laugh-out-loud funny. They are a treat to read and I have no doubt you will enjoy reading them just as much as I did.

We are very, very proud of each and every one of our poets.

A poem can make you laugh and smile

It can even make you cry

Poems can make you pause a while

And ask the question "Why?"

Poems can bring you far away

To places you've never seen

Or have you race through times long past

To see things as once they'd been.

Poems can let us share with friends

And others we've never known

And bring us all together

When each of us is at home.

A DIFFICULT TIME

AT HOME TOGETHER, IN OFF THE STREETS,
STUFFING OUR FACES WITH POPCORN AND SWEETS.
IT'S TIME TO BE SAFE, CAN'T WAIT TILL IT ENDS,
I'M MISSING SOME PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY MY FRIENDS.
LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY,
AROUND THE CORNER IS A BRIGHT NEW DAY.
NO USE IN STAYING UP IN THE BED,
LET'S LOOK FORWARD, THERE'S GOOD TIMES AHEAD.
LOOK AFTER YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
WHETHER THEY'RE YOUNG OR OLD.
REMEMBER WHEN SHOPPING,
ALL THE TOILET ROLL IS SOLD.
OUR DOCTORS AND NURSES FOR THEM,
WE DO PRAY.
THEY'RE WORKING EXTRA HARD
THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT AND ALL OF THE DAY.
OUR LOVELY TEACHER, GAVE WORK TO TAKE HOME
NOW BACK TO MY MATHS
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED MY LITTLE POEM.

BY EMMA FLANNERY, 9 YRS

MY DOG

My dogs name is Lola
I love her so much
Her coat is the colour of cola
And she's soooooooo soft to touch
She's four years old
And not a bit bold
She's often quite CRAZY
NEVER ever ever lazy
She LOVES going on walks every day
And her favourite thing is always to play
Late at night she loves to have cuddles
And my favourite thing is to give her snuggles
Then she goes to bed and gets up the next day
To repeat everything the very same way.

BY LUCY PLUNKETT

My pet Dragon
My pet dragon
He's even so bold
He never ever
does what he's told
He always eats ham
But he never eats jam
He really really
loves to eat lamb
His name is Al
He is a great pal
He loves to play
with his best friend Mal.

by Laura Collier

COVID-19

Covid - 19 has hit our shores,
Everyone's told to stay indoors.
Wash your hands, don't get too close,
If this virus hits, you'll get some dose.

It's spreading far, it's spreading fast,
How many weeks is it going to last?
People panic buying, filling their shopping cart.
Told to social distance, "Stay two meters apart".

I long to give a hug, I long to shake a hand,
I long to see my grandparents, and for all to be grand.
Hooray for our doctors, and nurses too,
Who work day and night to treat this flu.

One day this will pass, how glad I'll be then,
To go back to school, and see my friends again.

By Ellen Broderick
5th Class
Ms. Soraghan's
St. Patrick's Lereto Bray

Róisín Parker
Ms. Walsh
3rd class



When I go to the sea



When I go to the sea

I feel the soft sand beneath my feet

it is so peaceful I can hear my heartbeat



it is so cold so I put on my coat

then I get Teddy to sail across seas on my boat



there is a shark swimming by

and a dolphin jumping up really high



a massive wave comes it splashed and crested

and carried my boat back in a flash

so I tumbled out of my boat ~~thoughts spinning~~ ~~thought my head~~

how I long to be in my bed

as the sand lingers between my toes

I smell the salty sea water with my nose



as the sun was setting down on the sea



my reflection was so clear I could see

before I went I threw a flat stone into the water

it skipped, bounced and hopped across the water

it flipped and splashed

and I went home in a flash



by Róisín Parker

The ship that never sailed

One cold night in Littletown,
as fog rolled in from sea,
the workers downed their tools,
and headed home for tea.
The next day dawned,
their job was done.
A beauty to behold.

The sun went down,
the wind blew up,
the waves began to fold.
She crashed about,
and groaned and moaned.
Then sank to the seabed floor,
until she was no more.

Clear and bright.
The storm had passed.
People moved about.
A glance down at the harbour,
led to loud shouts.
'Our beauty's gone.'
'Down, down at night.'
It gave them such a fright.

Day passed, weeks, months
and then years.
The tale grew,
of work undone,
of ruins and wrecks,
of stormy gales,
and of a ship that never sailed.

By Catie Grassetti

26/3/2020

Can you wash your hands please?

Or use hand sanitizer,



Really missing all my friends,

One more day with my family and I'll die!

Never leaving this house is the worry in my head,

And our dog is getting about 100 walks a day!

Very excited to get back to school,



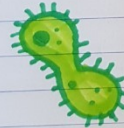
I'd never thought I'd miss it (no offence),

Really sick of my family,



Ultimately this will come to an end, but when?

Stay six feet apart and don't forget to wash your hands!



by Rachel O'Brien Ms. Peddins 6th class



6 feet



my BFF'S

Orla and Mia are my BFFS.

But The Corona Virus means

That we can't play at all.

But when This Stupid

Thing is gone.

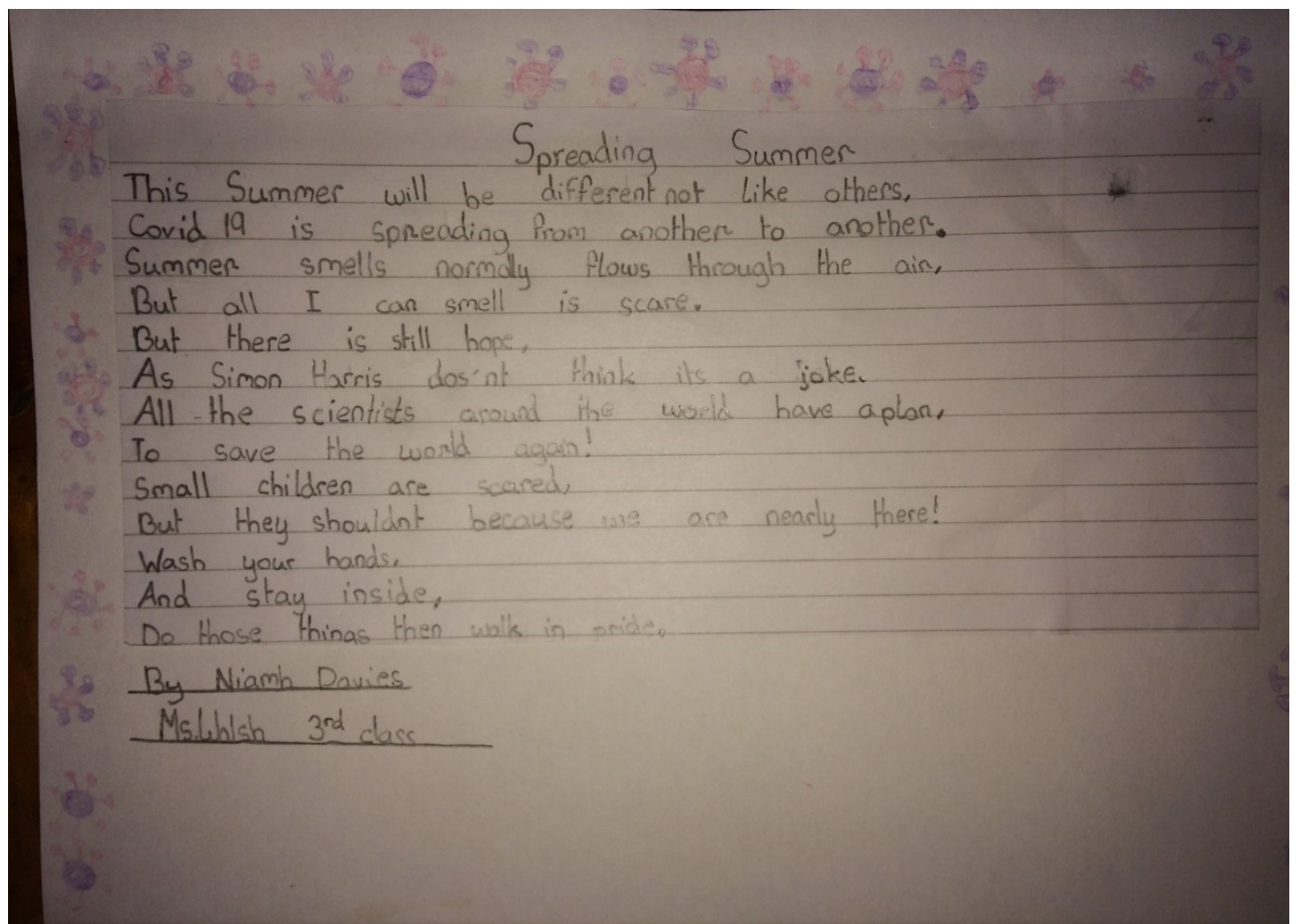
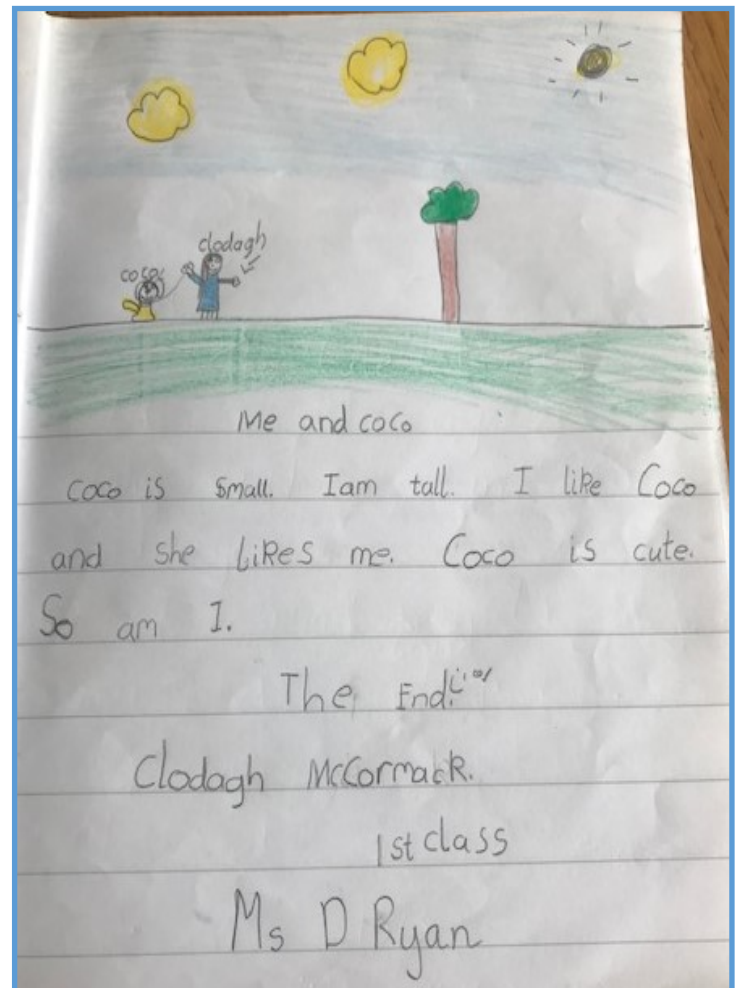
We can have a

playdate Party

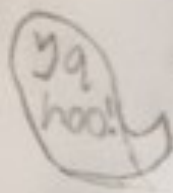
all Day Long.

Ella Fitzgerald.
Ms. Dowling
Senior Infants.

the Sky is blue
 apples are red
 the Grass is
 Green
 Buttercups are
 yellow
 poems are lovely
 Eloise Parnett
 Senior infants
 Miss McDonald



Stuck at Home



The day the teacher said we were going home
The class clapped and cheered not one Moan!

Then The teacher said I'll give you some work to do
To stop your mind sticking like glue.



So that was the end of all the cheers and
the start of lots and lots of tears. So
the bell rang and every body went home
We had to stay inside we weren't allowed
to go out.

The next day we all went on-line
to do some work, to pass the time.



We have to be careful not to get sick
because the virus was passing round
very quick.



Wash your hands, blow your nose
We now have to sneeze into our elbows!

The sun is shining, the sky is blue
but the only thing is I have nothing to
do.



So I wrote a letter to my friend
to make her smile till the end



We baked, we gardened, we went for
a walk

With only my family to sit and talk.

We could not kiss we could not hug
in case we caught this awful bug.

I want this virus to go away

So I can go back to school some day
to see my friends, to laugh and play
to be healthy and happy every day.



by Alice Clarke

Age 9. Ms Dunleavy 3rd Class

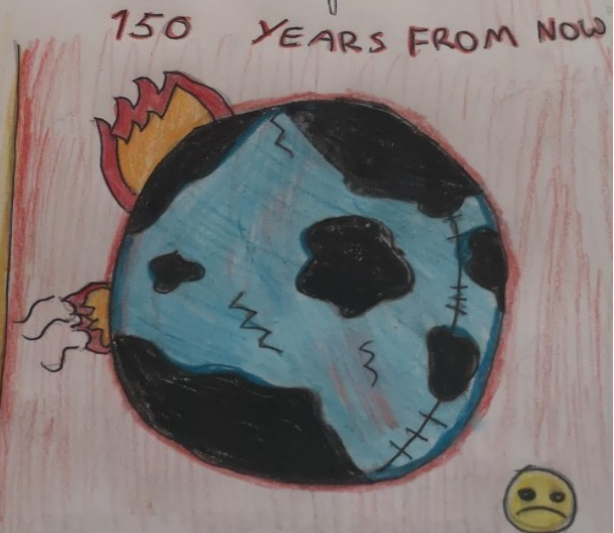


Our Earth is a very special place to be, and many people are cutting down our trees

The Corona Virus is spreading and 2020 is shredding

Our faces are in our phones and people are fighting for a home

Our Earth is a special place, and no matter how young, or how old... we all need this space.



Poem - 'Don't smile at a crocodile'

DON'T smile at a
crocodile because he
will let his
teeth and chomp his
mouth so never
smile at a crocodile

by Greta Grosman
Senior Infants
Ms Freeman

My Trip to the Zoo



I arrive at the Zoo
When first to see
Was the cheeky Little Monkey
Who's silly as me
Who sticks out his bum
Far all to see

Leo The Lion
King of the jungle, He roars
As fierce as can be
Beware all children
You might just be his cup of tea



The Giant Giraffe
As tall as a tree
He's dropping his leaves
All over me.



The happy Hippo
Goes splish splash
The little brown Seal
Playing ball.



The Slithering Snake
Who let out a hiss
The creepy Crocodile
Waiting in the mist



The beautiful Butterfly
As colourful as can be
She Flutters around
And lands on me.



My great adventure
Came to an end
Home I must go
A sleepy Sloth
In bed I will be.

By Robyn
Quigley

MY PET DOG

I have a pet dog
He is always hungry
I give him food
And he is still really hungry.

He goes out the back
He runs around
When he comes in
He is still really hungry.

I give him food
And then he is thirsty
I give him water
And then he is fine.

By Sarah Colleran
Second Class
Ms. Nolan

24/3/20

By: Serena
Shortt
Class: 3rd
Teacher: Ms. O'Malley

Spring 2020

Spring has sprung,
but I have not.

I am stuck here,
like it or not.

The schools are
closed, Mum and
Dad are home
but still we are
not allowed to come.

When I am bored
I go out to play,
and see the spring
flowers every day.

I can not wait
for this to end
so then I can
go to see my
friends!

By, Serena
Shortt.

Goodbye

As we were looking out to sea,
And she ~~was~~ sitting next to me,
Tears grew in my eyes,
As I watched as she flies,
Away into the dust,
And I cry as if I must,
I knew this would be the last time
I saw her;

But I'll always treasure the time
We had together.

By Lily Leonard 3rd Class
Mrs. O'Dwyer



Bairly, my dog.

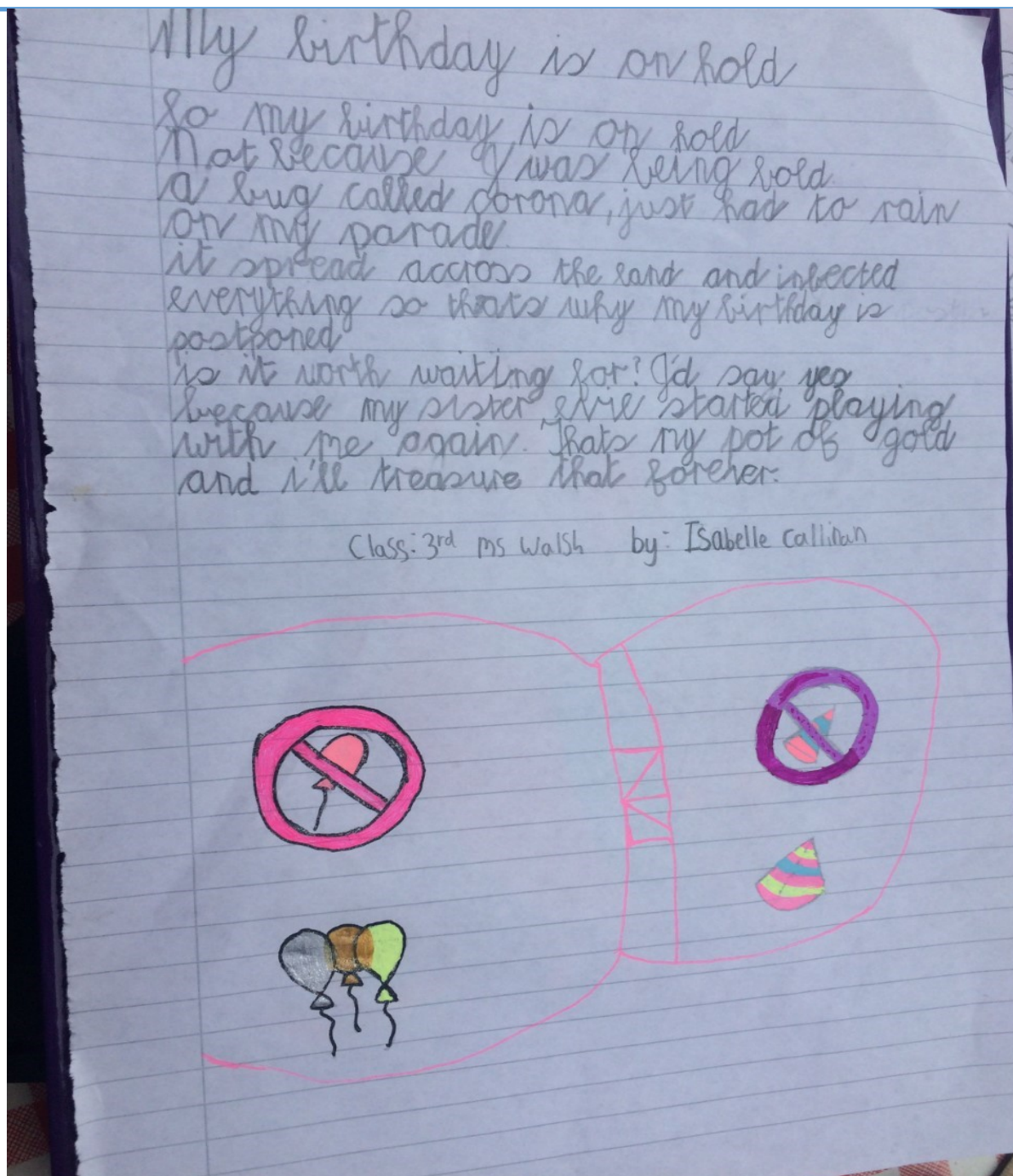
My little dog Bairly loves to play,
She asks to go out every day
with a bark not too loud
and a wag of her tail
a smile on her face and a grin on
her chin
it could be a Teddy, or a ball
or a toy not too tall.
Or a rug on the floor
or heading out the door
we go to a field or to the park
and she will run around until it gets dark.
Sometimes she might fall
and hurt her leg
and because she is my pet
we go to the vet



The Day we met the Deer

We saw a deer out in the bushes.
It was fluffy and nice and had fur that was luscious.
She looked rather lonely and a little bit sad as though it was missing its mom and its dad.
We wanted to help her but she was so scared,
Each time we touched her she jumped here and there.
She ran so fast we could not keep up,
In front of a car with a quick sudden stop.
Out from the trees sprung her mother and father,
To rescue their there quaking and nervous young daughter.
She ran so eagerly to them joyful and happy they flew off.

By: Arianna Griffith 3rd Class



Ghost Town

By Síofra Vandamme

5th Class

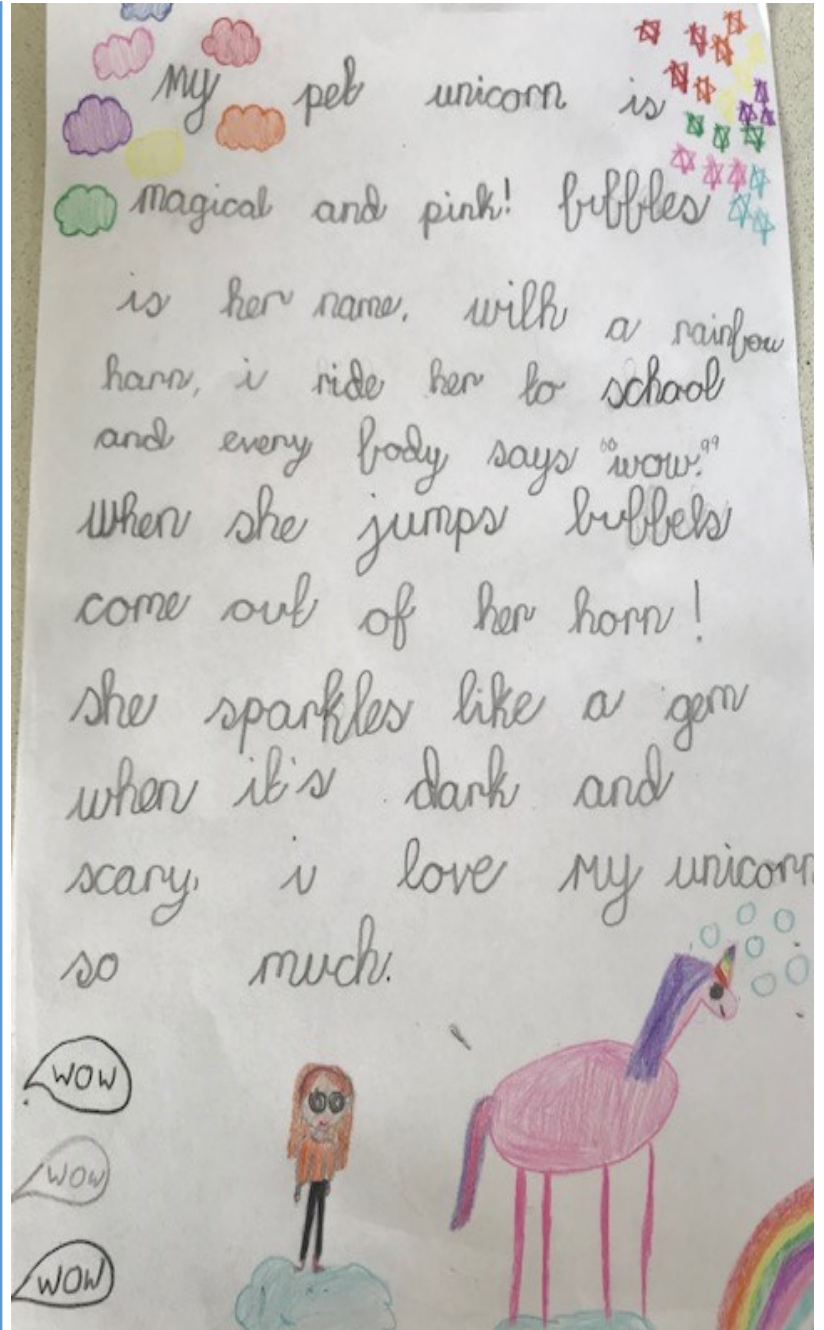
Mrs. Dunne

Birds are chirping their morning song,
The church bell rings ding dong.
A smell of freshly baked bread fills the street,
A market with stalls selling clothes, art and meat.

People wandering in the park,
A squirrel resting by a tree bark.
Children feeding bread to the big old duck
And rolling around playing in the muck.

I swallow back a tear
As I remember this town when I lived here.
As I walk into what used to be the park
All I hear is a stray dog's bark.

There should be people having fun
But there isn't anyone.
Old peeling buildings around the square,
Time moved on and left this town back there.



I love all sweet treats



Chocolate Chocolate sweets,

Cakes and donuts can't beat,

Ice cream is my favourite treat, with
lots and lots of sprinkles to eat.

Friday is our treat day, with lots of
sugar and sweets.

Favourite sweet is my favourite
treat, with lots of colour to eat.

Topings and sprinkles and sweets, bake
a cake with these.

Chocolate icing and colourful cake.

Hope you enjoy your lovely cake.



Written by Lisa Wang

Third class

A WONDERFUL DAY

By Leah Ennis [3rd Class, Ms. O'Malley]

I woke up in my bed,
With happy thoughts in my head,
I got up and got myself dressed,
I went downstairs and had some jam and bread,
I put my coat on and off I went.
I got to the park to meet my friends,
When I got home, I noticed a card there,
That my cousin had sent.
We live apart but it's still not the end.

My Cat Went Through A Wormhole

My cat dreams to go to space,
so first he learned to use a mace,
to protect himself from the dangers,
of all the weird space strangers.
At first light he took off in his ship,
with a really big bag of chips!
He shot up through the atmosphere,
soon Earth was just a tiny sphere.
Suddenly he got sucked into a hole,
it was as cold as the North Pole.
Now what will I do with my cat Ger?
He came back from space as a baby panda bear!

EMILY COBBE

The Day I Got Stuck atHOME!

Oh No! I'm stuck at home!

What ever will I do!?

Will I paint?

Will I play?

Will I do it all TODAY!?!!!!?!!!!

This could go on for quite a while

I've got some days to fill

I won't hurry

I won't rush

I think I will just chill.....

But with my friend BILL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Wait wait wait I think I might get hungry!

OH! I really hope that mum's been shopping!

Maybe she's bought my favourite cake topping!

Oh no! I start yawning.

Fine! I'm not getting up in the morning!

By Isabelle Cobbe

Ms Ryan's 1st Class