

Sun

Golden flakes of sunlight,
Now glittering up above,
It glides and scoops,
And fiercely flashes,
Lighting up the dusty sky,
The children rush,
From their chalky homes,
Others stumble on the cobbles,
As the heat rocks them to sleep,
Slowly now the sun rolls away,
Turning a mellow pink,
And as the last rays of light,
Dissolve into the sky,
The fluffy clouds are tipped with red,
And suddenly were left in darkness.

Louie,

Kirk Ireton C of E Primary

9-11 years, Energised finalist