

# My Heritage

Poems by

Children in Counties Kilkenny, Carlow and Tipperary







# My Heritage

*Poems by Children in Counties Kilkenny, Carlow and Tipperary*

**Published by Kilkenny Education Centre and  
The Heritage Office of Kilkenny County Council © 2014**



## Acknowledgements and Preface

The *Write a Poem* Initiative at Kilkenny Education Centre is targeted at assisting primary school teachers in addressing some of the literacy requirements of the Department of Education and Skills, National Literacy and Numeracy Strategy. This year we decided to focus on heritage, as a general overarching theme, and all poems reflect a heritage concept through nature, ancestors, waterways and rivers or architecture.

In 2014, the *Write a Poem* Project resulted in almost 2400 students participating, by writing poetry, and submitting their poems for sharing with other schools. We were particularly impressed with the imagination and creativity shown in all of the poems. In addition to teaching and writing poetry, the teachers and children played a part in choosing poems for special mention, resulting in many of them being published in this book. We could not publish them all, it was not possible to put them all into one poetry book. We also added some poetry from poems submitted in 2013, as part of the *Write a Poem* Initiative, from that particular year.

A special word of thanks is due to Eithne McKenna, chairperson, and to the management committee of Kilkenny Education Centre who supported and co-funded this project, in conjunction with the Heritage Office of Kilkenny County Council. We also wish to acknowledge the Kilkenny Heritage Forum for their support of the project. In particular, I wish to highlight the support and work of Heritage Officer, Dearbhala Ledwidge, and Lisa Bourke, Community and Culture Department at Kilkenny County Council.

Many, many, many, thanks are also due to the staff of Kilkenny Education Centre who took numerous phone calls and always spoke enthusiastically to every teacher about the project. Monica Skehan and Honorah Rochford played a leading role in the promotion of the project and in the swapping of poems between the 35 participating schools. David Phelan managed the ICT dimension of the project. Trisha Maher paid the bills. Tanya Jones designed and created the book, using art work supplied by students with their poems.

I am sure when you read the poetry you will be impressed with the layout, the art work, and the poems. Congratulations to all involved, most especially the budding poets, but not forgetting the teachers who encouraged the writing of poetry among such a high number of students.

### **Paul Fields**

Director, Kilkenny Education Centre

*My Heritage* is a publication of poems by school children about their heritage. Children were invited, with the support of their teachers, to write a poem under four different themes (*My Nature* – Junior and Senior Infant Classes; *My Ancestors* – First and Second Class; *My Waterways and Rivers* – Third and Fourth Class; *My Architecture* – Fifth and Sixth Class).

The number and standard of poems and artwork submitted was astounding, as was the diversity of heritage topics addressed. The result is this beautiful and thought provoking book.

Poetry is a wonderful way of encouraging children to bring their attention to, and give a personal value to, their local heritage.

*“For the child possesses by nature that valuable quality all adult artists seek to retain or regain: the ability of being able to view the world ... as if for the first time ... unblurred by time or experience or tact or expediency.” (Charles Causley, Poet and Teacher)*

This publication is an action of the Kilkenny Heritage Plan. It was jointly produced by the Heritage Office of Kilkenny County Council and Kilkenny Education Centre, with co-funding from the Heritage Council.

It was a pleasure to work with Kilkenny Education Centre on this publication. We hope that you enjoy this book and that it encourages you to explore your own heritage, perhaps again through the eyes of a child.

### **Dearbhala Ledwidge**

Heritage Officer, Kilkenny County Council



## My Heritage: My Nature

The Green Story	Annie Dunne	2
Flowers	Ella Conway	2
Tall Tree	Hanna Syzmaneyk	3
Snow Flakes	Natalia Lawneizak	3
The Bumblebees	John Costelloe	4
All New	Luke Ryan	4
Wood	Leo Flgward	5
Not Yet	Shay Maher	5
My Bug	Zach Flynn	6
The Woods	Rachel O' Meara	7
My Nature	Ella Cushen	7
Snowdrops	Lily Mackey	8
Sunny Days	Jack Power	8
Spring	Margam Akintago	9

## My Heritage: My Ancestors

The Button Box	Ellie Healy	11
My Family	Eoin Brennan	11
My Grandad's Old Torch	Emma Marnell	12
Granny and Grandad	Megan Farrell	13
My Nanny	Alex Brennan	13
My Family Tree	Anthony Colclough	14
My Family	Jack Ryan	14
Kitty Doherty: My Nana	Grace O' Sullivan	15
Grandad	Sam Frisby	16
Granny's Ring	Laura Flynn	16
My Ancestors	Aidan Ryan	17
My Ancestors	Rory Kelleher	17
My Ancestors	Anna Cleere	18
The Cattle Drovers	Ruairi Phelan	18



## My Heritage: My Waterways & Rivers

By the Bore	Rohan Smith	20
The Three Sisters	Alicia Brennan	21
My River	Gillian Fogarty	21
Wonderful Water	Cimzar Davis	22
Boglands	Kate McCluskey	22
The Bog	Keelan Byrne	23
River Barrow	Ria Mullins	23
There's a Lovely Stream	Michael Butler	24
My Waterways and Rivers	Liam Quinn	25
Rivers	Ted Dunne	25
The Bog River	James Alward	26
The River Story	Sarah Brophy	27
Spring Rivers	Eva Kilbridge	27
Life of Mr. Fish	Oisin Keyes	28
Ripples	Brianna Lupchian	28
The River Barrow	Sophie Webb	29
The Winding Waters of My River	Nisling Nic Gearailt	29

## My Heritage: My Architecture

An Old Gate	Robbie Shortall	31
St. Peter's Church	Josh Treacy	31
St. Fiachra's Well	Liam Cahill	32
The Old School	Daniel Quinn	32
In the Forest of Castlemorris	Jessica Blascu	33
Castlemorris Lodge	Sophie Byrne	33
Kilkeny	Elena Lauhoff	34
Inistioge	Joshua Kennedy	35
High Nelly	Michael McCarthy	35
The Water Pressure Tower	Daniel Valadkevich	36
My Little Friary	Holly Malone	36
Bones and Stones	Cathal Kearney	37
Shankill Castle	Clíodhna Donnelly	38
Peggy Hughes'	Amy Byrne	38
Castlemorris	Kyle Dingem	39
My Beloved Bunker in Bulgaria	Theo Yordanov	39
The Crumbling Ruin	Michael Israel	40
The Creamery	Owen Phassey	41
Heritage	Pádraig Dempsey	41
The Callan Workhouse	David Bokslag	42
The Old House	Darin Taylor	43





## My Heritage: My Architecture

War House	Hazel Murray	43
Coppengagh Forge	Ruairí Allward	44
On the Banks of Lough Derg	Katelyn Ruddy	45
Wicklow Gaol	Eoin Moore	46
The Courthouse Carlow	Rashanda Joyce	46

## My World

Sun	Kathlyn Lahart	48
Clouds	Yoma Etaferi	48
The Swing	Leah Brennan	49
The Rabbit and Hunter	Chloe Delaney	49
Farm	Eoghan O' Brién	49
Horse World	Lauren Moore	50
The Rainbow	Melike Gunlu	41
The Rainbow	Millie Molloy	41
The Sun	Anna Bergin	52
My World	Jennifer Herbert Brennan	52
My Pony	Cathal Persse	52
The World	John Brennan	53
The World is Amazing	Sinéad Lanigan	53
Pilot Frank	Lucy McGrath	54

## My World

My Own World	Rosa White	54
West Cork	Conor Kelly	55
Baby Bear	Ava Thompson	55
Winter	Bobby Power	55
Odge to Ice-cream	Chloe Kennedy	56
Summer	Callum Lawrence	56
Sun Set	Niamh Hughes	56
Dublin	Darragh McMullen	57
Uncle Henry	Ami Moran Hegarty	57
Darkness	Matthew Moss	58
Watch your Step!	Annie Maher and Lauren Henneghy	58
Dear Home	Gráinne Foran	59
The Magnificent Lizard	Brian Bolger	60
Animals	Caoilfhinn Deely	60
A Man's Best Friend	Fionn Kelleher	61
My Rugby	Daniel O' Neill	62
All Around the World	Ryan Metzger	62



# Artwork

Front Cover: Imogen Tierney, 3rd Class, Scoil Mhuiré Gan Smál, Graigueenamanagh, Co Kilkenny

Back Cover: Tia O'Sullivan, 5th Class, Poulacapple NS, Co Kilkenny

Inside the Front Cover: Casey McGrath, 5th Class, Bennickerry NS, Co Carlow

My Nature Title Page: Erin Kelly, Senior Infants, Holy Family GNS, Askra, Carlow

My Ancestors Title Page: Darragh Doyle, 1st Class, Gowran N.S., Gowran, Co Kilkenny

My Waterways and Rivers Title Page: Ciara Fleming, 4th Class, Poulacapple N.S., Co Kilkenny

My Architecture Title Page: Anna McCan, 6th Class, Dualla N.S., Co Tipperary

My World Title Page: Nicole Kennedy, 5th Class, Dualla, Cashel, Co Tipperary

The following children also contributed artwork for this publication:

Emma Crosby, Sinéad Hayes, Annie Dunne, Ella Conway, Hanna Syzmaneyk, Natalia Lawneizak, John Costelloe, Luke Ryan, Leo Alward, Shay Maher, Zach Flynn, Rachel O' Meara, Ella Cushen, Lily Mackey, Jack Power, Margam Akintayo, Ellie Healy, Coin Brennan, Emma Marnell, Megan Farrell, Alex Brennan, Anthony Coleclough, Jack Ryan, Grace O' Sullivan, Sam Frisby, Laura Flynn, Aidan Ryan, Rory Kelleher, Anna Cleere, Ruairí Phelan, Rohan Smith, Alicia Brennan, Gillian Fogarty, Eimear Davis, Kate McCluskey, Keelan Byrne, Ría Mullins, Michael Butler, Liam Quinn, Ted Dunne, James Alward, Sarah Brophy, Eva Kilbridge, Oisín Keegan, Brianna Lupchian, Sophie Webb, Nisling Nic Gearailt, Robbie Shortall, Josh Treacy, Liam Cahill, Daniel Quinn, Jessica Blaseu, Sophie Byrne, Elena Lauhoff, Joshua Kennedy, Michael McCarthy, Daniel Valadkevich, Holly Malone, Cathal Kearney, Clíodhna, Donnelly, Amy Byrne, Kyle Dineen, Theo Yordanov, Michael Isragl, Owen Phassey, Pádraig Dempsey, David Bokslag, Darin Taylor, Hazel Murray, Ruairí Alward, Katelyn Ruddy, Coin Moore, Rashanda Joyce, Kathlyn Lahart, Yoma Etaferi, Leah Brennan, Chloe Delaney, Coghán O' Brien, Lauren Moore, Melike Cunlu, Millie Molloy, Anna Bergin, Jennifer Herbert Brennan, Cathal Persse, John Brennan, Sinéad Lanigan, Lucy McGrath, Rosa White, Conor Kelly, Ava Thompson, Bobby Power, Chloe Kennedy, Callum Lawrence, Niamh Hughes, Darragh McMullen, Ami Moran Hegarty, Matthew Mosse, Annie Maher and Lauren Hennessy, Gráinne Foran, Brian Bolger, Caoilfhinn Deely, Fionn Kelleher, Daniel O' Neill, Ryan Metzger, Guisly Crivello, Pia Nickelsen, Tom Byrne.



# My Nature





## Flowers

Flowers  
I like flowers  
Flowers are beautiful  
Nice daisies buttercup  
daffodils.

Ella Conway, Holy Family G.N.S., Askra, Junior Infants

## The Green Story

The flower has a stem  
The stem is green as the  
grass. Grass is as green as  
a tree.

Annie Dunne, St. Michael's N.S., Mullinahone, Senior Infants





# Snow Flakes



Snow Flakes  
Falling falling snow flakes  
On my hat  
I like snow flakes  
Natalia

Natalia Lawneizak, Holy Family G.N.S., Askza, Junior Infants

# Tall Tree

Tall Tree  
Tall tree in the garden  
Hanna beside the tree  
The sun is shining

Hanna Syzmaneyk, Holy Family G.N.S., Askza, Junior Infants



# The Bumblebee

The bumblebee is big.



John Costelloe, St. Michael's N.S.,  
Mullinahong, Junior Infants

## All New

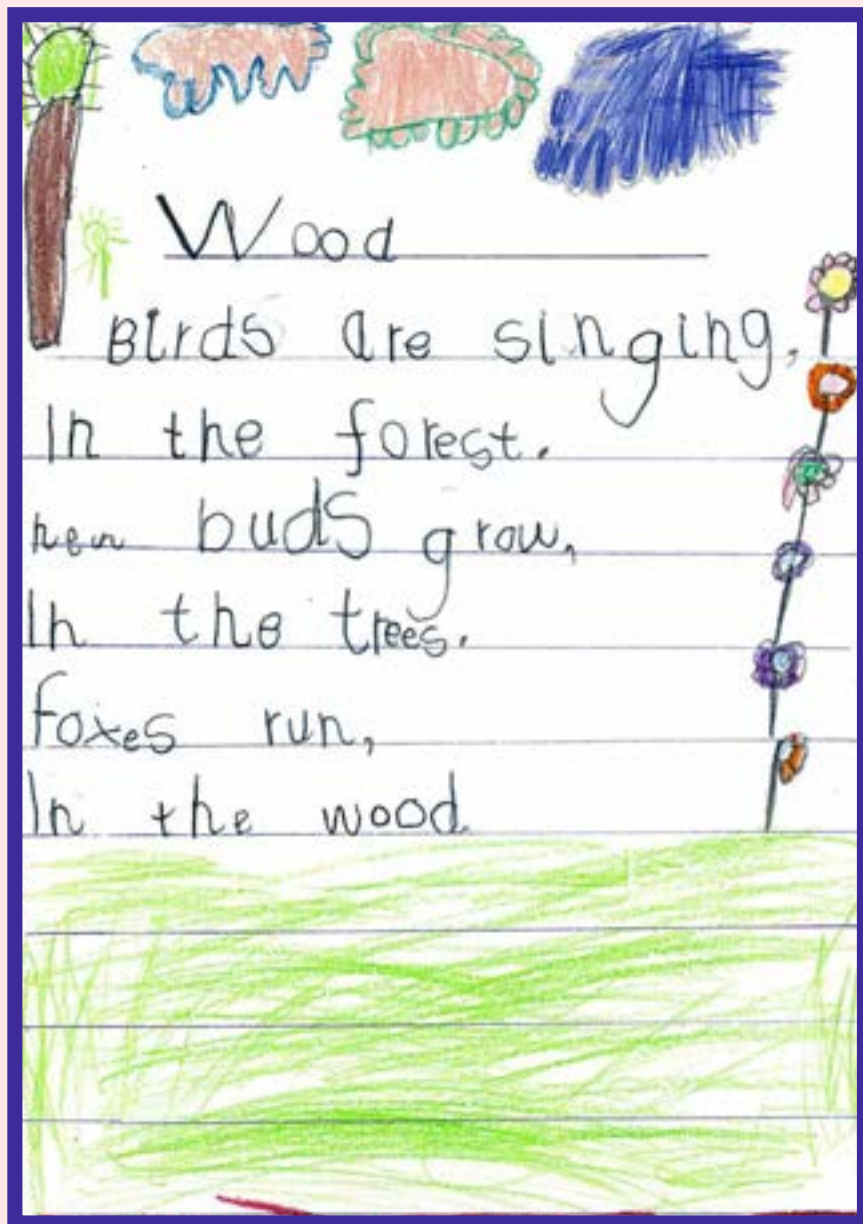
Spring is beautiful.  
Pigs have piglets.  
Rabbits are eating.  
I like new berries.  
New calves are nice.  
Green trees and  
growing.

Luke Ryan, St. Beacon's N.S., Mullinavat, Junior Infants

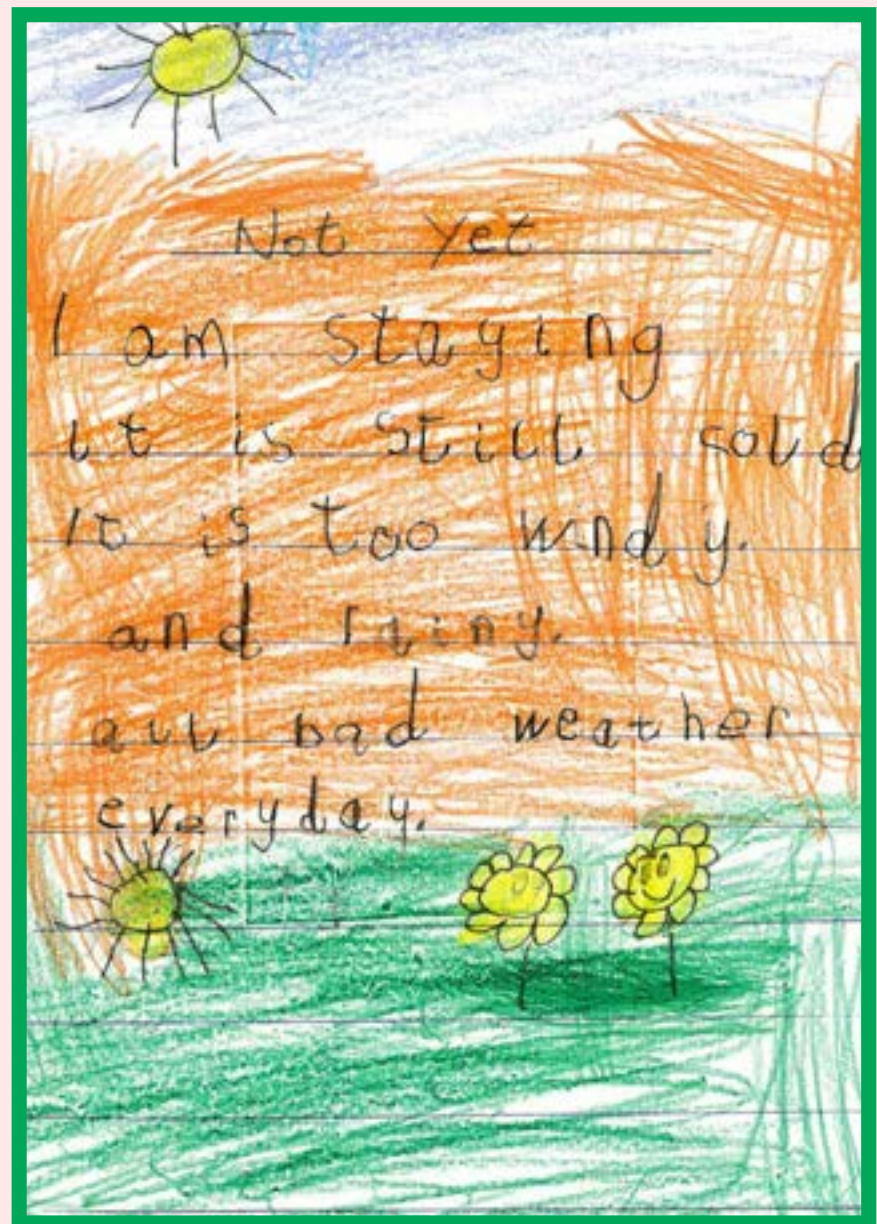




# Wood



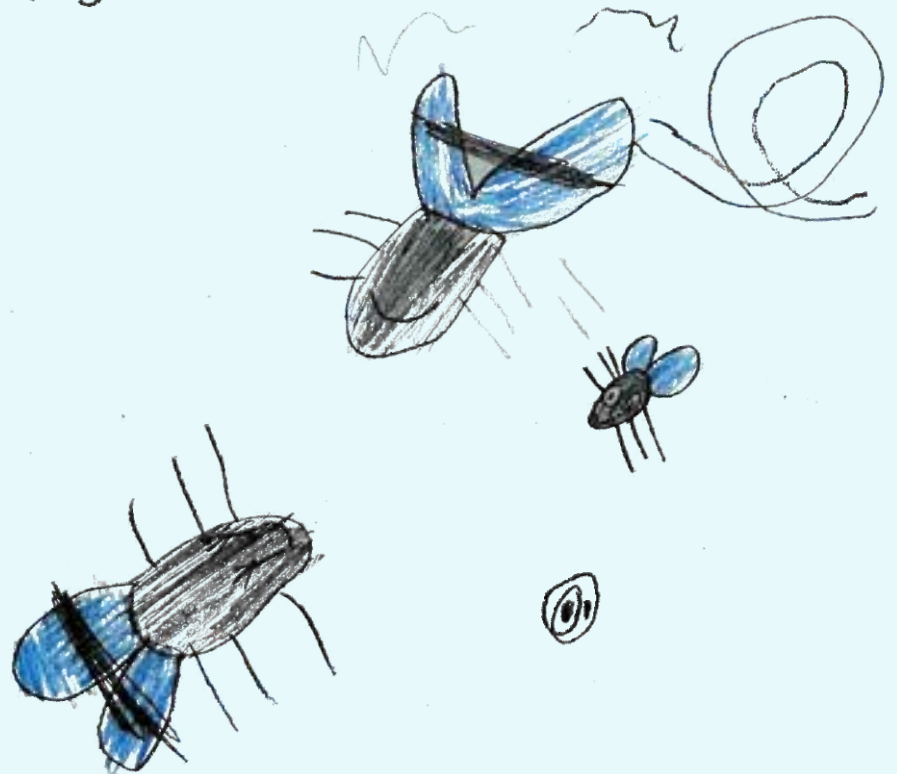
# Not Yet



# My Bug

my Bug loves to dance  
my Bug loves to fly  
my Bug loves to hop  
I love my Bug. —

my Bug





# My Nature

I like hedgehogs  
Because their spikes are funny.  
And I like leaves  
Because they change colour.  
And I like winter  
Because it snows and it is fun.  
I get to make a snowman.

Ella Cushen, Scoil Mhuirg Gan Smál,  
Graigueenamanagh, Senior Infants

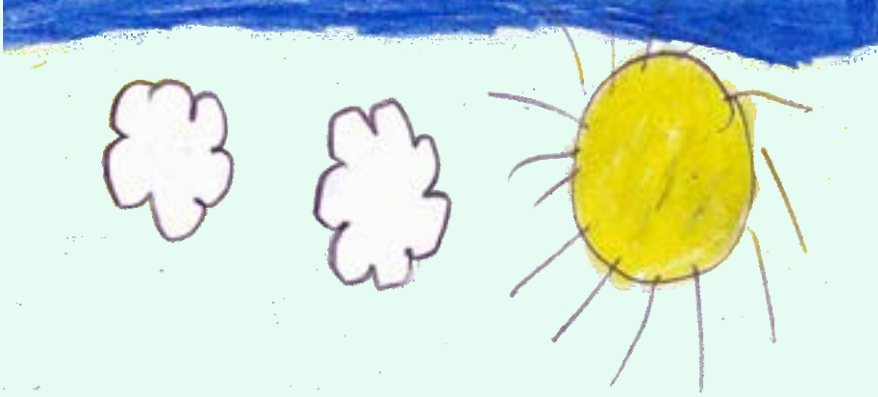
# The Woods

I see squirrels.  
They see me.  
Look at them climb the tree.  
I see leaves fall from the trees.  
The woods are a lovely place to be.

Rachzi O' Meara, Poulacappie N.S., Senior Infants







## Snowdrops

SNOWDROPS  
 SNOWDROP you are lovely  
 Your head is down so low  
 You are small  
 And I love you so

Lily Mackey, Presentation Convent G.N.S., Moonecoin, Senior Infants



## Sunny Days

Sunny days  
 Spring is here  
 Daffodils grow  
 The sun is warm  
 Buds appear  
 Lambs are here.

Jack Power, St. Bracan's N.S., Mullinavat, Senior Infants



# Spring



Oh Spring is here.  
It's the best time of the  
year, and Winter is gone.  
All the flowers start to  
grow. Buds grow on  
trees. The animals  
build their nests. The  
sun comes out.  
Spring is the best.





# My Ancestors

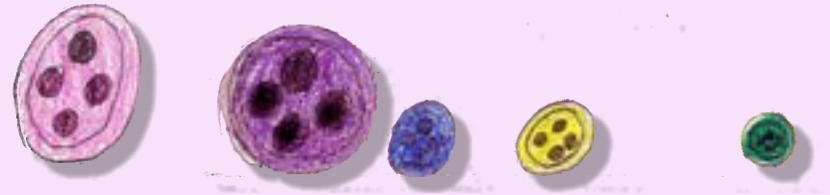




# The Button Box

My Granny has a button box.  
It's been passed down from time to time.  
It belonged to my Great Granny.  
But in a few years it will be mine.

There are buttons of all sorts.  
Some big, some blue, some shiny and some small.  
But I don't care what size they are.  
The most important thing is I love them all!



Ellie Healy, Ballinkillen N.S., 2nd Class

# My Family

My name is Eoin from Kilkenny.  
I'll tell you my family tree for a penny.  
My Grandad Billy is from Cork.  
He thought me how to use a knife and fork.  
Nana Ita is from Gorwan.  
She talks about hurling until I'm snoring.  
Now my Nana Easter o Brian gives me chocolate all the time.  
My other Grandad Tom Brennan.  
Prays for us all up in heaven.

Eoin Brennan, Scoil Mhuirg N.S., Gowran N.S., 1st Class



My Grandad's Old Torch  
my Grandad's old torch. It used to work.

Did you see under your bed?

I dont know.

Did you see marbles?

Did you see soldiers?

Did you see Jack in the box?

Did you see spinning tops.

Because I dont.

Your torch doesn't work any more and I cant  
see things with it like you did.

# Granny and Grandad

I like to walk with Granny and Grandad,  
Their steps are short like mine.  
They don't say hurry up,  
They always take time.

Megan Farrell, Johnswell N.S., 1st Class



## My Nanny

My Nanny has cows, chickens, dogs and sheep.  
The horn on the tractor goes beep, beep, beep.  
She works on the farm all day long.  
She brings that hay in with a sprong.  
She works in the races many other places.  
My Nanny supports Liverpool.  
My Nanny is so cool.



Alex Brennan, Scoil Mhuirg N.S., Gowran, 1st Class



# My Family Tree

Looking at my family tree,  
To find the people that make up me.

My Mammy helps the elderly,  
My Daddy makes houses for people,  
I'd like to be a farmer like my Daddy and a good cook my Mammy and help people too.

My Granny plays bingo and takes care of my sister and me too.  
My Grandad lets me use the tractor and lets me feed the cattle.

Anthony Colelough, St. Lachtain's N.S., Freshford, 2nd Class



## My Family

I have a big family  
I have thirty-three relatives altogether  
They were blacksmiths.  
My Dad went to the creamery with his dad  
And he used to get a bar of chocolate  
He used to bring his brothers and sisters a bar too.  
My Dad used to have a horse  
They ploughed fields and tilled.

Jack Ryan, Dualla N.S., 2nd Class

Kitty Doheny: My Nana

Kitty Doheny:  
My Nana

My Nana is quiet small.

But she is so much fun  
She's got lovely roses on  
her wall.

And she always bakes my favourite  
bun.

She isn't with us any more.

But I don't feel I'm alone

She is with my Grandad Pat.

They both are lying under a stone.

Grace O'Sullivan



# Grandad

when my Grandad was young  
He used to think about his past.  
Now that he is older  
He isn't very fast.

when I was a young boy  
My Grandad studied our history.  
we listened as he talked  
Much of what he said was a mystery.

Sam Frisby, Templeorum N.S., 2nd Class



# Granny's Ring

Golden band.  
Really old.  
A wedding ring.  
Nice and clean.  
Nearly gold.  
Yellowish.  
Sandy colour.  
Real jewel.  
I like it!  
New to you but very old.  
Given to her by her mother.



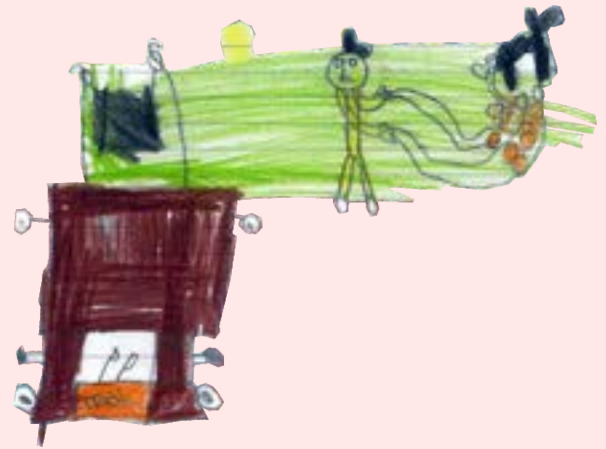
Laura Flynn, St. Beacon's N.S., Mullinavat, 2nd Class



My Ancestors  
 When I went to my Ancestors grave,  
 There lay before me, so many names.  
 Who would have thought I had so many?  
 There was John and Christine, Michael and Catherine.  
 Their names have started to go out Fashion.  
 If they were alive today what would they say,  
 The changes in the world, and even how we play.  
 I wish I had known them to share what I know  
 And also to learn from them what they would show.

Nidan Ryan, Graigueenamanagh B.N.S., 2nd Class

# My Ancestors



My Ancestors  
 Granny Frances came from Cork.  
 and so did grandad John.  
 granny Maud and grandad Matt  
 were both from Dublin town.  
 I was born in Kilkenny  
 and my brother Fionn.  
 Conor was born in America  
 and sisters I have none.

Rory Kelleher, Graigueenamanagh B.N.S., 2nd Class

# My Ancestors

## My Ancestors

My Ancestors My Ancestors.  
There's so many you see.  
They lived long ago before you and me.

My Ancestors My Ancestors  
How many would there be?  
If I could count them all,  
I would fill a book or three.

My Ancestors My Ancestors.  
If only I could see.  
I wonder would any of them  
look just like me.

by Anna Cleere



Anna Cleere, St. Lachtain's N.S., Freshford, 2nd Class



## The Cattle Drover

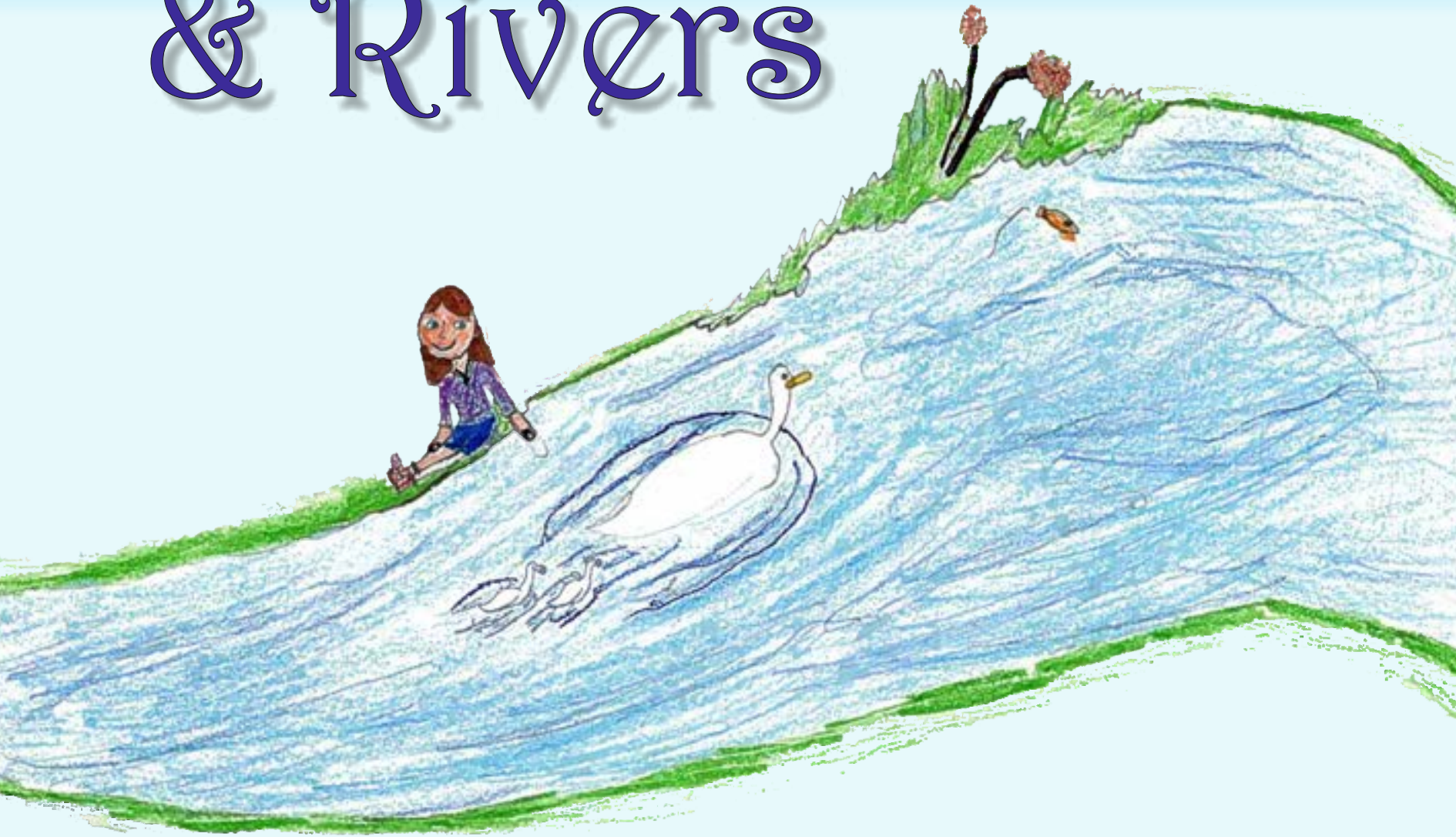
My ancestors came from Kerry,  
Moving cattle to Kilkenny really merry  
where Grandad met Granny,  
He picked the best out of many.

They farmed together for forty years,  
with true love and little fears,  
I love to hear their stories,  
About the past in all their glories.

Ruairí Phelan, Scoil Mhuirg N.S., Gowran, 1st Class



# My Waterways & Rivers





# By The Nore

Down by the Nore I like to snore on a sunny afternoon  
Birds flying high in a clear blue sky  
walkers passing and the rushes are blowing as the river Nore flows  
blows.

The hum of the traffic and the honk of the horns  
In my mind a lovely picture forms.

Rohan Smith, St. Nicholas N.S., Windgap, 3rd Class



# The Three Sisters

You are the three sisters,  
Barrow, Nore and Suir.  
Flowing over five counties,  
with waters so crisp and pure.

Carlow owns the Barrow,  
Kilkenny owns the Nore,  
The Barrow being the longest,  
But Waterford owns the Suir.

In Graigueenamanagh or Goresbridge, I sometimes  
walk the Barrow's banks and listen to its waters  
flow and say a little prayer of thanks!

Alicia Brennan, Scoil Mhuiré N.S., Gowran, 3rd Class

# My River

I began so soft as a whisper....

I grew Fast and Furious,  
Loud like Thunder,  
And old like a castle....

Gurgling like lightning,  
Slithering like a snake,  
Meandering like a robber....

Fish all over the place  
Ducks quacking  
Frogs hopping....

My river the RIVER SUIR

Gillian Fogarty, Ballinure N.S., 3rd Class







## Boglands

Bogs are calm

Bogs are cool.

Bogs provide energy  
and fuel.

Bogs make peat which  
we use for heat.

They have treasures from  
the past.

Bogs are disappearing  
very fast.

Kate McCluskey, St. Aidan's N.S., Kilmanagh, 4th Class



## Wonderful Water

IF your rivers full of litter  
Then your water will taste bitter  
IF theres slurry in your pond  
All the fish will soon be gone.

Then the birds will have no food  
And they'll soon be gone for good  
Next the otter and the mink  
So we have to stop and think.

Every river lake and stream  
Helps to make our country green  
With no rivers in our land  
We'd have deserts full of sand

We have made enough mistakes  
So lets clean up all our lakes  
lets recycle and re think  
And have water fit to drink.

By: Eimear Davis

Eimear Davis, St. Lachtain's N.S., Freshford, 3rd Class



# The Bog

Hidden at the end of a vast field lies the mysterious bog,  
Thousands of years in the making, with its breath-taking view,  
At the bottom of the bog there is a lot of mossy messy muck,  
Beware when you go there you don't want to get stuck,  
The reeds are tall and bright green but in the winter they just look mean  
When I go to visit the bog nearly every month there are frogs flying over the  
mossy muck and sometimes they get stuck.

Keelan Byrne, Graiguenamanagh B.N.S., 4th Class

# River Barrow



In the Slieve Bloom Mountains along the side of a hill,  
The river Barrow starts flowing on its path.

Many fish, birds and animals make the Barrow their home!  
The banks of the river are good for a stroll.

When it rains a lot, the river can overflow  
flooding surrounding areas that are very low like all rivers,  
The Barrow is not very clean in some areas litter can be seen.

Ria Mullins, Bennekerry N.S., 3rd Class

There's a lovely stream  
That runs through our land,  
It springs from the Brown Mountain  
And it's ever so grand.  
Especially in summer  
When the birds sing so bright  
And it's a great water source  
For our cows day and night.

## There's a Lovely Stream

Michael Butler, Johnswell N.S., 3rd Class





# My Waterways and Rivers

on a hot and sunny day,  
we like to run and play,  
Down by our waterway,  
we strip off our shorts.

And jump right into the cool blue water,  
oh what fun we have swimming, diving and water fighting,  
we look out for any animals, insects and creepy centipedes,  
That live on the river bank and bring them back to scare our mum.

we use our rods to catch some fish,  
And quickly eat them off our dish,  
our dad tells us all about how a river comes about,  
It starts off as a little trickle, high up on a mountain side,  
And turns into a big strong river.

Liam Quinn, Scoil Mhuirg Bourdes B.N.S.,  
Moonecoin, 3rd Class



## Rivers

Rivers  
Rivers are the places where the Monks, Normans  
and Vikings began to settle.  
It's teeming with salmon, trout, pike and tiny minnow.  
Otters, eels, kingfishers, swans and their sigs  
find their steady home here too.  
Splashing and dashing the river goes when it's very  
fury.  
Boats and floats go flowing down.  
Usually a river is beside a town.  
I can't wait until summer again  
so I can go swimming in the river once again.

Ted Dunnz, Scoil Mhuirg Bourdes B.N.S., Moonecoin, 3rd Class



# The Bog River

In a place called the Drogings,  
Near Philbuckstown, Mooncoin,  
It is said to be to be the start,  
Of this river so fine.

Then on into Ashgrove and Ballincur, This route goes,  
And down through Kilcraggan, And Clogga it flows.

we named it the "Bog River",  
Locals call it the "Pill",  
As it flows under the road,  
At the big bridge in Silverspring.

Now it's our little river, It flows gently along,  
Down through Grange bogs, And meanders on.

on a bright summers evening,  
As my friend and I go about,  
we head down to the banks,  
And go fishing for trout.

on into Cloncunny and then through Gortrush,  
This river flows peacefully, It's in no rush.

In Ardclone in Piltown,  
It enters the Suir,  
Everyone heaps this little tributary,  
Is free from farmland manure.

James Aylward, Scoil Mhuirg Lourdes B.N.S., Mooncoin, 4th Class

# The River Story

I gush.  
I bubble.  
I move very fast.  
Past boats at the quayside.

I'm shaped by glaciers in the past.  
I watch  
I listen  
I keep things afloat

As people walk dogs.  
As Fishermen moor their boats.  
I Flood.  
I wave.

At children in the park.  
Flow past the old mill.  
out to see the stars at dark.

Sarah Brophy, Presentation Convent N.S.,  
Castlecomer, 4th Class



## Spring Rivers

A picnic with my friend, by the river bank,  
wildlife all around me, fish free of tank.  
wind combing my scalp with ease,  
Recovering from a winter freeze.

A river helped the vikings of all types of theft,  
But now the past is over, relief is upon my breath.  
I've heard several stories, of some river floods,  
water comes arising above the river muds.

Clean the river waters, best thing you could do,  
Dispose of all pollution, yes, I'm talking to you!  
The river is such a lovely place,  
This is what I mean,  
It's our community water source,  
'oh, please keep it clean'.

Eva Kilbridge, Bennekerry N.S., 4th Class

# Life of Mr. Fish

As you can see  
A river is where I'll be  
I love water rushing past  
wishing this swim won't be my last

I swim into the lake  
The realise my BIG mistake  
The nets I can't miss  
For I am a fish!

I swim past the hill  
And stay very still  
Now I must swim to sea  
where they will not find me

Around the rocks I dash  
Before I turn into fish and mash  
I start to dribble  
on that worm I must nibble

But I really must go....  
Too late, OH NO!!!



Oisín Reyes, St. Patrick's de la Salle N.S.,  
Kilkenny, 4th Class

# Ripples

Ripples ripples way  
up high, rising up  
in the sky, frogs  
Go croak, I got soaked

Fish go blorp  
Sounds like a  
Burp, River Barrow  
Looks pretty narrow

Swans go up  
Then come down,  
Kingfisher looks like  
He has a crown.

Lovely lily pads,  
There's my Dad.  
A frog jumped on his head.  
Look now he's mad.

Hey there's a fish  
Called Rana,  
By the way this poem,  
Is by Brianna.



Brianna Lupchian, Holy Family G.N.S.,  
Aske, 4th Class



# The River Barrow

I am the river Barrow.  
I'm neither narrow nor shallow.  
From my source in the Slieve Bloom Mountains,  
I travel here and there,  
Through counties Laois,  
Carlow, Kilkenny,  
And Kildare.

on to Wexford and Waterford Harbour,  
out into the Celtic Sea.  
This 192 kilometre journey  
is the life shaped out for me.

I have two sisters; Suir and Nore,  
who lie west of me,  
Smaller and shorter they are perhaps  
Younger than me?  
Together the three of us are a small family.

Sophie Webb, Bennigerry N.S., 4th Class

# The Winding Waters of My River

The winding waters of my river,  
Clear and brisk it makes me shiver,  
The winding waters of my river,  
The whispering wind makes me quiver.

The rustling of the leaves,  
In the tall proud trees,  
The lapping of the water,  
The buzzing of the bees.

The winding waters of my river,  
where all the swans swim by,  
The winding waters of my river,  
How I hate to say goodbye.

Nisling Nic Gearailt, Gaelscoil Osraí, Kilkenny, 4th Class





# My Architecture



## An Old Gate

You will like a gate down the road,  
when the wind is shouting it  
blows out to call,  
when I walk by I think what  
happened in the past.  
A farmer told me it has always  
been a passage way for walking  
the cows from one field to the  
next. The ancient gates are very  
rusty and stiff but it still lives on  
guarding those cows walking to  
the field. This is some gate.

Robbie Shortall, Scoil Bhríde N.S.,  
Paulstown, 5th Class

## St. Peter's Church

Before the time of Cromwell,  
An ancient church once stood.  
It overlooked a river  
In a tiny neighbourhood.

By early 1615  
It was in ruins and mounds  
So they built a new one  
That cost 900 pounds.

It's covered in green creeper  
And has a fine red door  
You'll find it in Ennisnag  
Across from the local store.

But I must advise you  
Although it's very cold,  
It's my favourite little church  
And it's just down my road.



Josh Treacy, Kilkenny School Project, 5th Class



# St. Fiachra's Well

St. Fiachra's well is made of stone,  
Hidden in a field all alone,  
It's still and silent,  
Beautiful and ancient,  
Remembering our early ancestors,  
on Ullards lands,  
our little well stands.  
Immovable.

Liam Cahill, Graigunamanagh B.N.S., 5th Class



# The Old School

It was covered in ivy, right up to the top.  
It looked very messy, and was all boarded up.

They took off the ivy, and they took off the roof.  
Now it looks good, and that is the proof.

They took off the doors, and replaced them with more.  
They painted them green, and it's great that they're clean.

Now the work is all done, let's go in and have fun.

That was when I was eight,  
The old School is still going great.

Now I'm 11, and it's from 1877,  
It was a new school heated with coal as its fuel.

It was built by the Mining Company, so school was free.  
It is two stories tall, behind a stone wall.

And this very fine place is our Community Space.

Daniel Quinn, Slieveardagh N.S., 5th Class

# In the Forest of Castlemorris

There are thousands of trees  
As tall as the sky,  
Small little creatures passing by.  
Squirrels, deer, foxes and rabbits,  
Snails, worms and ladybugs.  
Each one of them having different habits  
Living in a forest,  
Called Castlemorris.

Jessica Blascu, St. Brendan's N.S., Newmarket, 5th Class



# Castlemorris Lodge

My Great Granny, Statia Whelan  
In the gate lodge used to dwell.  
She lived there with her husband Jim  
who guarded the big house well.

On hunting days, fine gentlemen  
They always used to greet.  
With watchful eyes,  
The poacher lads  
They also made retreat.

Busy nights with Gala Balls.  
Fine carriages through the gates  
They'd come.  
Carrying ladies in fine gowns  
The envy of everyone.

The Gate Lodge was very  
Comfortable and also very small.  
It lay at the gates  
Of a huge big house,  
Called "Castlemorris Hall".

Sophie Byrne, Poulacapple N.S., 5th Class

# Kilkenny

# Kilkenny

The buildings of Kilkenny stand proud and tall,  
With Kilkenny Castle being the biggest of them all.  
The home of the Butlers is there for all to see,  
On the banks of the Nore in Kilkenny City.  
St. Canice's Cathedral with its tall round tower,  
I climbed up to the top it took half an hour.  
The city had a witch named Alice Kytler,  
She was so very powerful, you wouldn't mess with her.  
But the greatest thing of all,  
Is when we play with the hurl and small ball,  
I wonder what is the game?  
Oh, hurling is its name! By Elena Lauhoff



# Inistioge

The architecture in the village is  
delightful to see.

It opens your eyes to its big  
deep History.

Its small, its dull, its big, its bright,  
but Inistioge's architecture is  
pure delight.

The Bridge with its arches all  
carved in stone,  
Lead the way to the village  
that I call home.

The monuments in the square,  
the sundial in the sun,  
the old barracks where it stands,  
held many a gun.

The church as it peers so high  
in the sky, where the locals gather to  
say goodbye.

Joshua Kennedy, St Colmcille's N.S., Inistioge, 5th Class

# High Nelly

High Nelly, how old are you?

One thing's for sure you're definitely not new,  
You have been around for a lot of years,  
And yet you still have no gears,

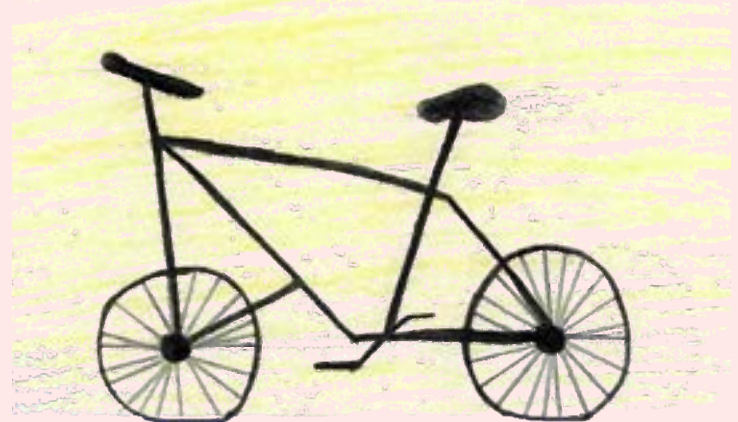
How far have you travelled I guess I'll never  
know,

You have travelled through wind, rain and snow,  
now that I know,

You have been to Kilkenny, Cork and Kerry,  
You have even made it up to Derry!

How much I wonder you were,  
If only you could see yourself in the mirror,  
I wonder how many mysteries you hold,  
I guess that's just because you're old.

Michael McCarthy, St. Lachtain's N.S., Freshford, 5th Class



# The Water Pressure Tower

In Belarus I would pass a water tower every night  
I would pause at the trunk of my favourite tree.  
I would look up and see millions of ancestors  
Looking back at me.

Sometimes I would pass the tower by day  
I would get carried away with the singing birds and whistling trees.  
I would stay outside  
I would see leaves being tossed in the breeze.

Daniel Valadkevich, St. John's Senior School, 5th Class



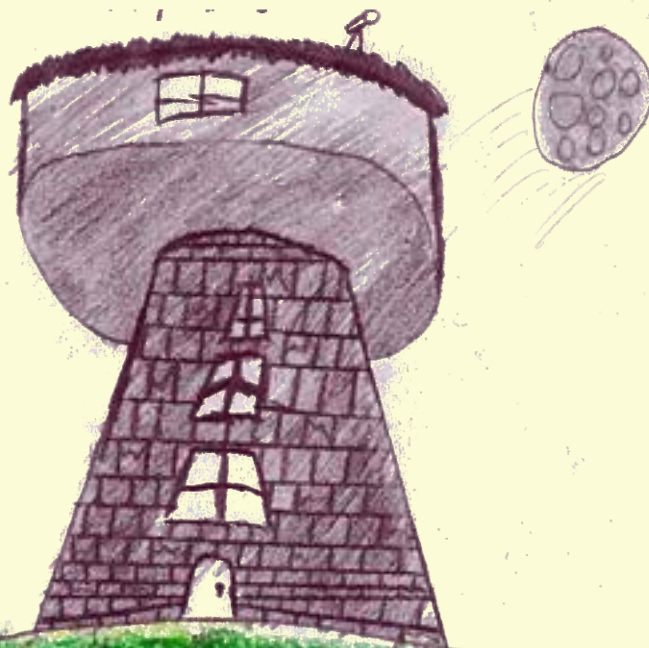
# My Little Friary

My little friary  
Is now thorny and briary,  
But back in the past  
It was big and vast.

It would have looked great  
Made of stone, straw and slate,  
where monks would kneel and pray  
Each and every day.

But there's no cheer  
For the monks are no longer here,  
Now it only acts as a house  
For a fox bird or mouse.

Holly Malong, Bennigerry N.S., 5th Class



There is an ancient church and graveyard,  
In the shade of Burnchurch Castle,  
Let us travel back in time,  
Meet the men who made it happen

St. Dallan came to Burnchurch,  
To spread the word of God,  
He built a church and graveyard,  
where the dead now lie under the sod.

The Fitzgerald's settled in Burnchurch,  
Beside St. Dallan's well,  
They're buried in the graveyard,  
From the tombstones you can tell.

Along came Edward Bruce,  
And razed the church to the ground,  
Another new church was built,  
From the stones that lay around.

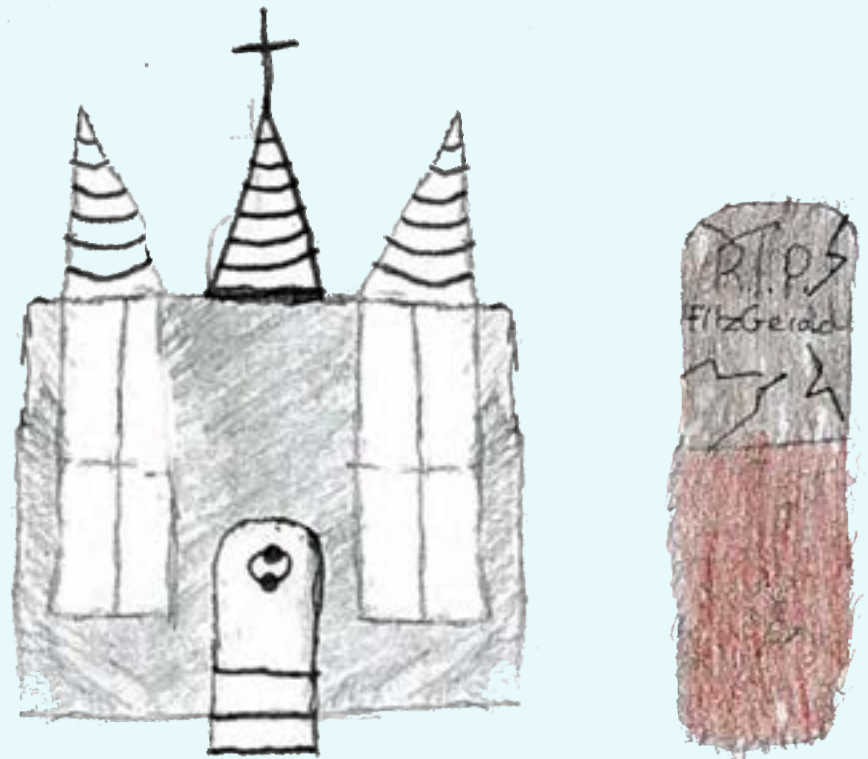
When Cromwell marched through the country,  
Taking church, castle and land,  
He kept his horses in the graveyard,  
while Kilkenny lost its stand.

Henry Flood, the famous statesman,  
Grew up in Farmley,  
He became a famous orator,  
And his tomb there you can see.

So if you go to Burnchurch,  
The graveyard you will see,  
And if you're ever buried there  
You'll be in good company.

# Bones and Stones

Cathal Kearney, Burnchurch N.S., 5th Class





# Shankill Castle



Clíodhna Donnelly, Kilkenny School Project, 5th Class

## Peggy Hughes'

There once was a shop named Peggy Hughes'  
I've heard it was a very nice shop indeed.  
Baskets, clocks, bits and bobs,  
and bronze statues of rearing cobs.

Tiny, lightweight plastic tubs  
Horse figurines high upon the shelf  
If you couldn't reach, Peggy was sure to help!

white-grey hair,  
Always in a bun,  
A sweet smiling face,  
Always full of fun!

Amy Byrne, Scoil Mhuirg Gan Smál N.S.,  
Graigueamanagh, 5th Class

# Castlemorris

Castlemorris home to Montmorency's  
Ballyrobert's no more,  
More posh than Newmarket for the gentry of yore.

A window for every day,  
A chimney for every month.  
A doorway for every week.  
A change of bedroom every season.

The wealthy and rich often gathered around,  
In this beautiful mansion laughter was often  
found.

They were kind to their tenants,  
who toiled the land.  
Had fairs three times a year,  
All was grand.

But that was long ago,  
Now almost all is o're.  
Just a stable and a wood,  
A gatehouse and folklore.

Kyle Dingon, S.N. Moin Ruadh, 6th Class



# My Beloved Bunker in Bulgaria

In 1944

My grandmother was afraid of death,  
She would run as fast as she could,  
Just to be safe,  
once I asked her "Granny what place is your safe haven?"  
She started to cry and said,  
"I have many safe havens, all in the same shape and colour,  
But in a different place every time.  
But one is most important, it was like my best friend, my  
protector".  
when I asked her "Can you take me there?".  
She shook her head and said "No".  
"It's not there anymore",  
"what is it?" I ask,  
She says,  
"A bunker".

Thgo Yordanov, Kilkenny School Project, 6th Class

# The Crumbling Ruin

The crumbling ruin looked over the bog,  
His once handsome head towered over the fog,  
A cloak of ivy clings to the walls,  
Crooked and crumbling there's fears it will fall,  
Yet beyond the hill two men rise,  
And gaze at the castle through greedy eyes.

Crumbling walls thickly covered with ivy,  
Silent as death but once loud and lively,  
A hint of grandeur still lingers in the air,  
And glimpses of the past still hang around there,  
Wisps of fog are a shroud on the stone,  
Silent and dark, eternally alone

Stone gargoyles crouch on top of the gate,  
Their faces contorted into a look of hate,  
And through the gate is a courtyard of stone,  
Once permanently covered in animal bones,  
Crooked towers look over the scene,  
The manor house of a once great queen.

Inside the castle the dining hall is bare,  
Yet many feasts were hosted there,  
Adorned on the walls are silk and fur drapes,  
And on the men's backs are flowing wool capes,  
Yet all that is gone, it is now a ruin,  
Illuminated by night by the light of the moon.

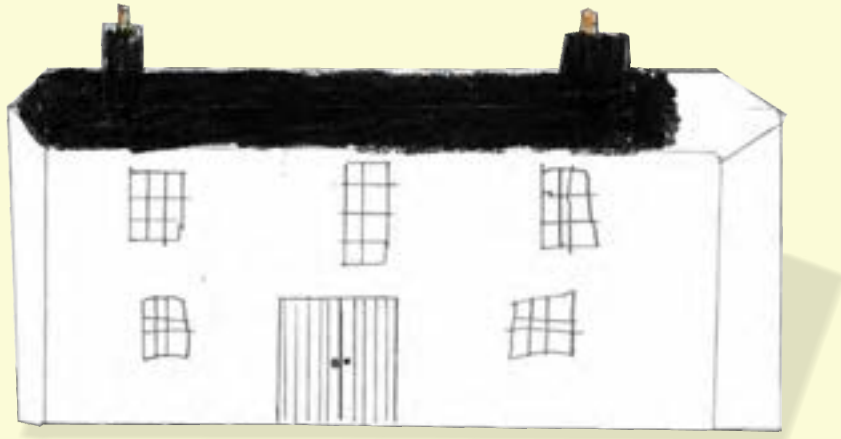
The two men look at the castle of stone,  
And thoughts of money filled their bones,  
A shopping centre they plan to build,  
And years of history they would have killed,  
Yet stories of old still linger there,  
Beyond the castle crumbling and bare.



Michael Israel, Graiguznamanagh B.N.S, 6th Class



# Heritage



## The Creamery

I look at the Creamery  
as I walk by.  
It's a big shell nowadays.  
Years ago it was a farmers hub  
Almost like the new big pub.

Lorries, tractors, horse and cart  
All passed through that old Mart.  
It's beautiful black slated  
roof.  
Now caving in and strangely aloof.

Owen Phaszy, Carrigeen N.S., 6th Class

Heritage is important  
It teaches you and me,  
what life 100 years or over  
Really used to be.

Like a castle near my granny  
Built by ancient Celts,  
Though not much more than rubble  
It gives great historical help.

Heritage is important  
It completes you and me,  
'Cos without all those ancient lads  
we simply wouldn't be.

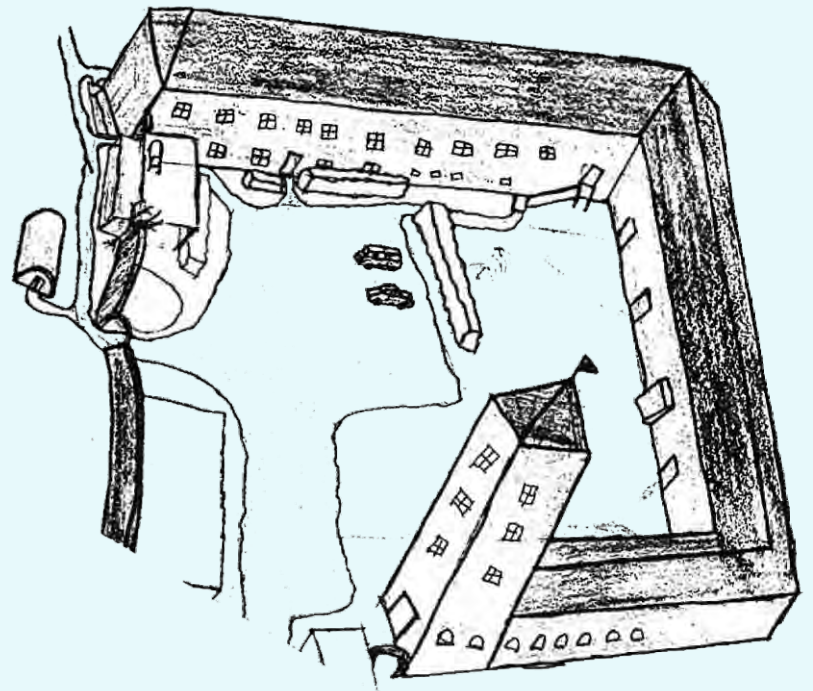
Pádraig Dempsey, St. Bracan's N.S.,  
Mullinavat, 6th Class

# Heritage

# The Callan Workhouse

Here I stand in the living room of the workhouse so old.  
I wonder what happened here more than 200 years ago?  
People moaning as they starved,  
Dying people, diseased people, it was very hard.  
Dead bodies on a pile,  
Rotting, smelling, no reason to smile.  
So many people coming in every single day.  
Slaving, building walls, doing laundry, anything for pay.  
The men working, making roads, walking skeletons in a line.  
Women scrubbing till their hands were raw, watching their children pine.  
No food, no work at all,  
No home, the workhouse was the last port of call.  
After that was "Cherryfield",  
An unmarked grave in a small field.

Now this house is used for special people.  
Young people, happy people.  
It's filled with fun, music and laughter.  
The sadness of its past life is fading.  
We now believe in happily ever after.



David Bokslag, Poulacapple N.S., 6th Class

# The Old House

On our farm there is a building  
A house where Dad was born,  
Tucked in beside a hill  
And protected by the storm.

It is built with stone and mortar  
And some walls are two feet thick,  
The stones are laid one on one  
With each the perfect fit.

The windows are called sash  
Moved up and down by weight's,  
There's a wall around the garden  
That has two old iron gates.

Darin Taylor, Slieveardagh N.S., 6th Class



# War House

In the year of 1848,  
Police waited by McCormack's gate,  
The rebels were inside,  
With nowhere to hide.

Ó Brien then said,  
Leave and no harm will be done,  
Surrender your guns.

But Ó Brien was shot,  
And the rebels were caught,  
They ran and they fled,  
As Ó Brien bled.

Two men were killed,  
And blood was spilled,  
In the Slieveardagh hills,  
Of Ballingarry.

Hazel Murrage, St. Michael's N.S.,  
Mullinahong, 6th Class



# Coppenagh Forge

Standing proud for nearly 250 years  
Built by Henry Hammond,  
Making pikes was the aim  
To give Ireland plenty of fame.

With the old wooden beams  
Holding strong during harsh winters,  
It is dark with no lights at all  
A small little window sits on the wall.

The walls are built from natural stone  
All sorts of shapes and sizes,  
Smooth or rough, big or small  
Somehow Henry fitted them into the wall.

The forge is decorated with green weaving ivy  
It creeps down through the roof,  
A beard of ivy lies on the wall  
Overall the place looks cosy and small.

A galvanised roof, with many holes  
Allows rain to pour in on rough nights,  
With a burning, kept a light  
Henry kept his home warm and bright.

But when Henry was hung  
The forge went cold.



Ruairí Alward, Graigueamanagh B.N.S., 6th Class

# On the Banks of Lough Derg

In the village of Dromineer  
where my Granny and Grandad live near.  
Is a castle on the banks of Lough Derg  
That is home to both fauna and birds.

Next to the crumbling castle,  
That is both beautiful and peaceful  
Is a park where children can play  
And a lake where people can sail.

It's really amazing scenery  
Between the castle and the water shimmering  
From the fabulous boats and yachts  
To around the corner, the ice-cream shop!

In the village of Dromineer  
where my Granny and Grandad live near,  
Is a castle on the banks of Lough Derg  
That's just extraordinary in my own words!

Katelyn Ruddy, Lough N.S., 6th Class



# Wicklow Gaol

For seven months on a boat,  
on the way to a new land of Australia.  
I left behind my family.  
I am very sad but happy to leave the gaol,  
Cold, damp, filthy and lonely.  
Years inside for a rabbit.

Coin Moorg, St. Lasgrian's Special School, Senior 5

# The Courthouse Carlow

Grand steps going up to the Greek columns,  
Black iron gates surround it all.  
Russian cannon reminds us of the boys at war.  
Natural light floods in,  
Damp and dry rot no more,  
Restored to its former glory.

Rashanda Joyce, St. Lasgrian's Special School, Senior 5



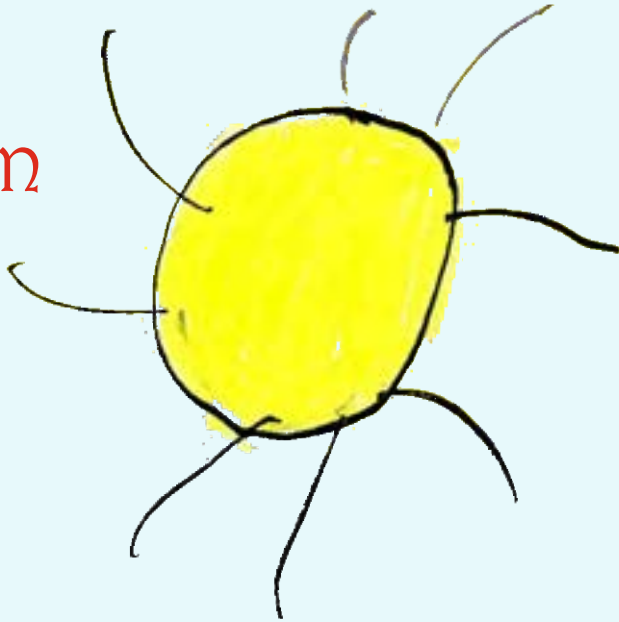


# My World

Selected poems in this section were written by students who participated in our 'Write a Poem' initiative during 2013.



Sun



## Clouds

Sheep running on the farm  
woolly, soft and do no harm  
The Clouds.

Pillows lay on the bed  
Fluffy, Puffy and sometimes grey  
The Clouds.

Jumpers hang on the line  
warm, white and are so fine  
The Clouds.

Sun  
the Sun is hot,  
the birds are chirping  
I Love playing  
in the Sun.

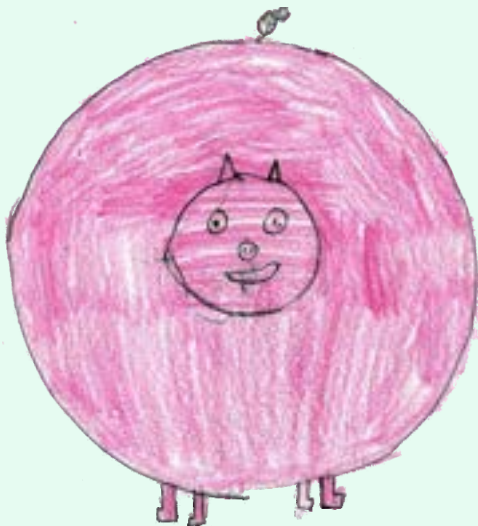
Kathlyn Lahart, Dualla N.S., Senior Infants

Yoma Etaferi, St. John of God N.S., Kilkenny, 2nd Class

# The Swing

Swing, Swing, Swing So high over the  
the trees and into the sky.  
guess what I see a Fox  
Hiding behind the trees. Now  
guess what I see a rabbit  
He is hopping so high. Now I  
See a bird singing a song I  
love animals and I love  
the Swing too.

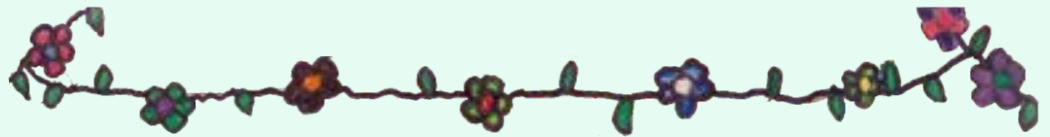
Leah Brennan, Presentation Convent N.S.,  
Castlecomer, 1st Class



# The Rabbit and Hunter

Bouncing fluffy soft  
Running fast with big feet.  
Trying to escape from a hunter  
Scared.

Chloe Delaney, Presentation Convent N.S.,  
Castlecomer, 1st Class



# Farm

I arrived at the  
farm and I saw white gates.  
I opened the gate and I saw a big  
barn It was full of bales and silage. I heard  
lots of noise. It was cows and pigs and  
then I saw a big tractor. It was a new Holland.  
It was blue and black, I was there before with my Dad.

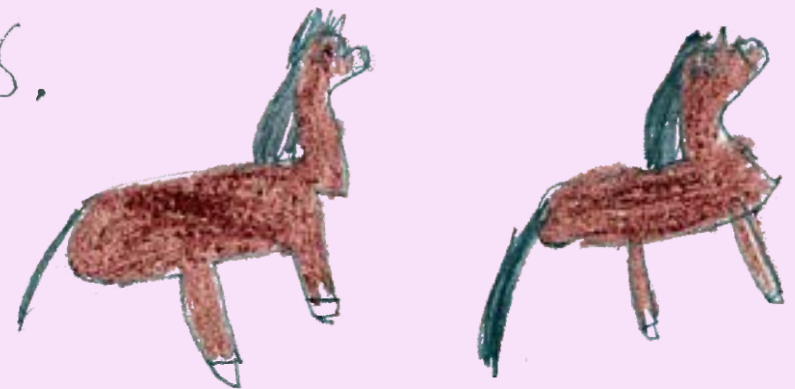
Coghan O' Brien, Scoil Mhuiré N.S., Killymnon, 4th Class



Horse world  
The best world is

with horses.  
They are so nice.  
They are big.  
They eat grass.  
I Love horses.

Horse World



# The Rainbow

I see the rain but not the bow  
I feel the wind strongly blow  
It is like a tornado whirling round  
The earth shakes like a giant's pound.

Suddenly everything stops  
The giants stop their pound  
The ray of sunshine comes out to play  
And the wind calms till it stops.

I see a twinkle in the sky  
Colours I have never seen before form a semicircle  
I wish it had stayed for longer.

Melike Cunlu, Ballinure N.S., 5th Class

# The Rainbow

Colourful bags in the shop,  
pink violet red and blue  
The Rainbow.

Big wild zebras in the zoo,  
Stripy black and white  
The Rainbow.

Pretty pictures on the wall,  
orange indigo and green  
The Rainbow.

Millie Molloy, St. John of God N.S., Kilkenny, 2nd Class

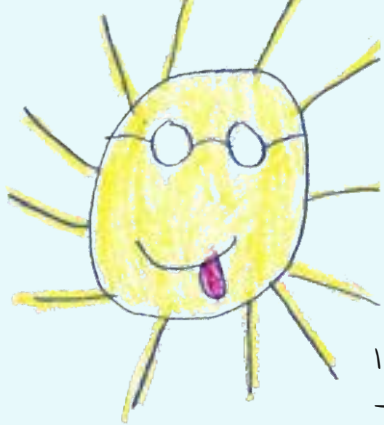


# The Sun

A sun is beautiful,  
yellow and bright.  
Emm what's it like  
oh yes, I know a  
DAFFODIL!

Flowers are pretty, colourful  
and bright. Emm what's  
it like oh yes, I know a  
Rainbow in the sky.

Anna Bergin, St. John of God N.S.,  
Kilkenny, 3rd Class



# My Pony

I ride my pony every day,  
Through the fields and country roads.  
The friendship with my pony Twinkle is very special to me.

Click, click away,  
we go through the fields,  
In a canter with the wind blowing around me.

Cathal Perssz, St. Leonard's N.S., Dunnamaggin, 5th Class



# My World

M My Mammy is the best  
Y You should not wear that dress  
W what a wonderful world this is  
O orange is my favourite colour  
R Red is my Mother's favourite colour  
L Laughing, dancing that's the stuff I like to do  
D Dad is the best so are you how about we go to the zoo.

Jennifer Herbert Brennan, Presentation Convent N.S., Castlecomer, 3rd Class





# The World

New York has the Statue of Liberty.

Australia is so hot.

Turkey, Africa, Spain and Mexico  
are hotter than the lot.

The South Pole is colder than ice

It's a place that I've never seen .

The Great wall of China is so long  
longer than there has ever been.

Italy has pasta and pizza.

But I'd like to go to America!

John Drznnan, St. Patrick's de la Salle N.S.,  
Kilkenny, 1st Class

England



## The World is Amazing

The world is amazing in every single way.

Hurling and football and many many more,  
they are the sports that I definitely adore.

The world is full of all sorts of features,  
and lots of the most unusual creepy creatures.



The squeak of a mouse the roar of a lion,  
the chattering of the men digging tirelessly in a mine.

The traditional music will put a smile on your face,  
or the horses in the Grand National lining up for the big race.

The pelting of the snow, the lashing of the rain,  
The scalding hot weather over there in sizzling sunny Spain.

The world is amazing in every single way,  
from the ground up to the sky its sure to catch your eye.

Oh how the world is a special place to be,  
there's so much around for me to see.

Sin ad Lanigan, Scoil Mhuir  gan Sm al N.S., Graiguenamanagh, 6th Class

Lucy McGrath, St. John of God N.S.,  
Kilkenny, 3rd Class



## My Own World



In My Room It Is the best  
I love going to my room.  
I love my bed I do my homework  
there. I love my room my own  
World.

Rosa White, Scoil Mhuirg N.S., Kilmannon, Senior Infants

# West Cork

When I arrive at  
west Cork, I see lots of  
trees and I hear some bees.  
I get a taste of eggs  
and I see the dog beg.  
There is lots of white  
houses in sight, and that's  
what I like.

Conor Kelly, Scoil Mhuirg N.S., Killymmon, 5th Class

# Baby Bear

A little baby bear lying in the grass.  
The sun so bright, it's like brass.  
Mum on my side, dad on the other.  
We're watching little bear lying in the grass.  
One step, two step she falls down.  
She's warm, she's soft she's cuddly as a cushion.  
A baby bear taking its first step.  
What more cuteness can we get?  
I love baby bear.  
So cute, so gently.  
She's my baby bear.  
Bye Bye bear.

Ava Thompson, Ballinur N.S., 3rd Class



# Winter

I like winter.  
Time to hit  
my sister with  
a snowball.  
Santa is coming.  
Time to open  
presents.  
I just love  
winter.  
I build lots of  
snowmen.

Bobby Power, Dualla N.S., 1st Class





# Ode to Ice-cream

Mint, chocolate, strawberry and more,  
These are the ice-creams I adore.  
Scoop it out and put it in a cone,  
Then the ice-cream won't be alone.  
If you prefer to spoon it out,  
Put it in a bowl and mix about.  
Ice - cream with syrup or chocolate sprinkle,  
That's sure to cause a twinkle.  
Who couldn't say no to ice cream and jelly?  
Oh what a treat for the belly!  
Knickerbocker glory, banana split,  
Ice - cream for me is one big hit.

Chloe Kennedy, Scoil Mhuirg gan Smál N.S.,  
Graigueamanagh, 4th Class

# Summer

Where there is Sun it is lovely  
All the animals are cuddly.  
At school we do lots Physical Education  
On my Summer holidays I would go on a vacation.  
On my Summer holidays I invite friends  
My country has lots and lots of hens.  
On my Summer holidays I eat ice cream  
Some people might even make dinner with steam.  
Dad fires up the barbeque on a Summer's Day  
My brother and I then head out to play  
When we are out we have lots and lots of fun  
We are so excited we begin to run.

# Sun Set

Down at the seaside  
Watching the sun set  
Feet in the sand  
It's cold and wet.  
The waves crashing  
Against the rocks  
Seagulls sitting on the ledge  
Chirping till the day  
Will come to an end.  
Watching the waves  
Hit the sand  
As the sun sets.

Niamh Hughes, St. Brigid's N.S., Kells, 6th Class



Callum Lawrence, Dualla N.S., 4th Class

# Dublin

The Spire is higher than my house and is definitely bigger than a mouse. Come to Dublin follow me there are lots of places to be. Here's the GPO somebody's waving go on say hello. Let's take the Dart to Dublin Zoo and hopefully will be at the start and see the animals too! Trinity College is cool and the Aviva Stadium too. And oh! The flag colours are navy and blue. Dublin is the best. They're better than all the rest!



Darragh McMullen, St. Patrick's de la Salle N.S., Kilkenny, 3rd Class



# Uncle Henry

It was the day uncle Henry dies  
Mum had really cried, dad helped her  
That night maybe tomorrow she won't  
cry all night I'm sorry uncle Henry died.

Ami Moran Hegarty, St. Brigid's N.S., Kells, 5th Class



All I want is a bit of cheese,  
I know I'm small but don't step  
on me ..... please.  
When people see me they get a  
fright and shout,  
They scream to their family;  
"Get it out, get it out!"  
There's a few holes in the wall,  
It's good that I'm quite small.  
I see a bit of cheese over there,  
SNAP!  
I hadn't a clue that, that was a mouse-trap!

Annie Maher and Lauren Hennessy,  
Kilkenny School Project, 6th Class

## Darkness

Night time slowly won the battle with the sun and pushed it  
past the horizon.  
The room emptied of light as the door opened for them and  
they filed out.  
outside; the howl of the wind and the creaking of the trees.  
on the hill, a dark shadow wavered across the hill without a  
sound.  
Fear tightened the covers with it's cold hand.  
In bed, my only protector, it was all I could do to not scream.

Matthew Moss, Kilkenny School Project, 6th Class



Dear Home

I am amazed with all of the cool stuff I have seen.

I miss the family farm and the lovely Irish accent.

Being an explorer is fascinating.

I have seen the Great wall of China  
The Statue of Liberty, The pyramids of  
Giza and The Eifel Tower.

However I cannot wait until I  
get back next year.

I miss nanny's stew, dad's laptop, mam  
perfume, Michelle's junk, Patrick's joke  
and Eimear's hand me downs.

forever yours

Gráinne (The Explorer)

Gráinne Foran, S.N. Moin Ruadh, Hugginstown, 4th Class

## The Magnificent Lizard

All lizards are as mysterious as the world itself.  
Bright like the sky  
All the colour of a rainbow  
Vicious or shy  
They are no menace.

The live in the wild  
Even as a child  
waiting like a true dragon  
For their prey  
They could be there all day.

Invisible in nature  
Creeping around  
In the great giant green grass  
They go to work  
Nature and creature are as one.



Zebra's stripes  
Black and white  
Monkey watching  
from tree top height.

out comes lion  
Close to night  
Pounds his claw  
oh what a fright.

Cheetah's spots  
dot to dot  
looking for a  
cosy spot.

Hyena's laugh  
wind blows  
Don't worry  
only a little  
drop of rain  
and that's life  
on the African  
Plain.

Brian Bolger, Graigueanamanagh B.N.S., 6th Class

Caoilfhinn Deely,  
Presentation Convent N.S.,  
Castlecomr, 3rd Class

# A Man's Best Friend



Dogs can be as big as a house  
or they can be as small as a mouse  
You could get a dog that's fluffy as a cloud  
But be warned their bark may be loud!  
You might end up with a dog that's furry  
If you do you must have free time  
Because they're always in a hurry!

Dogs really love to play  
If you played with them it would make their day!  
when you're asleep and it's very dark  
If robbers come you will be notified with a bark!  
If your dog somehow got out of your home  
Their loyalty would bring them back before you can say 'bone'.

Many people don't realise that all dogs are sound,  
Because lots of dogs get sent to the pound.  
And if not adopted they get put down  
So don't buy but adopt a dog next time around  
It will be a good companion for you your kids and your wife  
But most importantly by adopting a dog you're saving its life.



# My Rugby

Rugby, where do I start?  
Everyone's involved; everyone plays a part.  
I love my rugby, that can't be denied.  
I love Kilkenny,  
They're my side.

I play on a Thursday and Sunday,  
I'm sore on a Friday and Monday.  
When I play rugby I'm filled with pride,  
But when we win, I'm overjoyed.

I started playing rugby long ago,  
I realised it's tough,  
You'll make friends and foe.

I want to play for Ireland,  
When I grow up.  
But my real dream is to win the world Cup!



Daniel O' Neill, St. Leonard's N.S., Dunnamaggin, 5th Class

# All Around the World

In China you will find some noodles,  
In France you will find some poodles,  
In England you will find the Queen,  
And some other things that aren't often seen.  
In Turkey lots of history,  
It's all one big mystery,  
In Spain you will find the sun,  
And some other things that are really fun.  
In Ireland you will find lots of Shamrocks,  
And some hurlers with black and amber high socks,  
In America you might find a Native,  
You will realize they are really creative.  
In Japan you will find some waves,  
And maybe a couple caves.  
In Brazil you will find the Amazon,  
And some cool animals you can't ride on.  
In Australia you will find green leaves,  
And some black and yellow killer bees.  
In Africa you might find a lion,  
Don't bring your baby they'll be crying.  
As you can see there are lots of places you can roam,  
But the best place of all is at home.

Ryan Metzger, St. Patrick's de la Salle N.S., Kilkenny, 5th Class





