

Class D4
from the Cataract at Lodore

Robert Southey

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

Class D5
From Blueberries
Robert Frost

You ought to have seen what I saw on my way
To the village, through Mortenson's pasture to-day:
Blueberries as big as the end of your thumb,
Real sky-blue, and heavy, and ready to drum
In the cavernous pail of the first one to come!
And all ripe together, not some of them green
And some of them ripe! You ought to have seen!"

You ought to have seen how it looked in the rain,
The fruit mixed with water in layers of leaves,
Like two kinds of jewels, a vision for thieves."

Class D52

The life of Feet by Jenny Joseph

Walking, walking down by the sea,
Walking, walking up on the hill
Strong feet, long feet,
Squat feet, young feet
Making tracks on paths
Shuffling through the leaves
Going with a purpose

Feeling the sand and the waves
Knowing the grass and the land.

Running, running in through the gate
Clattering, jumping, up to the steps
Shapely feet, firm feet
Straight feet, tired feet
Coming home after play
Up the steps to the door
Glad to have a rest

Warmed by the sand, soothed by the waves
Cooled by the grass, firmed by the land

Good strong walking feet.