

# War Time Poems

## City Fright

Late at night, the search lights glare,  
As bright as the sun on a summer day,  
Lost and lonely people hear screaming cries,  
Coming from the destroyed buildings in the dark.

Loud sirens fill the air,  
Like an injured soldier crying in pain,  
The rubble cracks and rises every night,  
City people get ready for a sorrowful night ahead.

By Chloe

## Smoke Day

Spotlights glare like blazing suns,  
Smoke surrounds you like clouds and mist.  
Buildings bombed burying people under rubble,  
Buildings explode with sudden bangs.

People cry as they watch the devastation,  
People hide under tables like poor dogs needing a home,  
Burning planes crash to the ground with metal flying everywhere.  
People shelter as the Germans drop bombs.

By Liam

## War is with us

Search lights shining like diamonds,  
Bombs exploding everywhere,  
People hiding in their shelters,  
Chaos, chaos, no end of chaos,

Germans flying back and forth,  
Britain fighting back,  
The night is long but people pray for morn,  
Worried children start to cry,

Crying children, crying for their mums.

Toby

## WAR TIME HAS COME

**The smoke was as thick as a cloud of dust  
The bombs crashing  
People screaming  
As loud as the sirens.**

**German planes flying and dropping bombs  
Come hurtling down to hit us.**

**Gas masks are heavy, but keep out the smoke and gas  
But the gas attack is yet to happen.**

**But then finally at the end, the Germans  
Leave the town, wrecked and destroyed.**

**By Hannah**

## Gone but not forgotten

People scream, as houses shatter,  
Glimmering glass flies through the filthy air like a bird,  
Soaring through the sky.

The ash smoke filled the air with disaster  
People evacuated from their cities  
Because of the danger the enemies bring.

Heavy masks hanging from their faces.  
The sound of bombs dropping like a heavy stone in water.  
Search lights walking around like a wolf looking for its prey.  
Planes falling down as their wings fall off.  
People saying good bye as they lay on the floor dying.

By Lewis Yr. 6

## Bad night

Smoke high as clouds  
Planes flying to and fro  
Wardens helping the hurt people  
Firemen running every where  
Bricks pile as tall as hills  
And the German planes finally fade away

BY Rory