**Colour poems by children in Year 4**



**By Leah, Chloe, Matthew and Jovan**

White is the colour of a winter wonderland,

Red is the colour of a drip of blood on a red ruby,

Yellow is like a soft warm chick

Blue is like a big statue of Matthew made of Diamonds.

**By Evangeline and Aksa**

White is like the frosty breath of someone breathing in and out.

Gold is like a golden, cute, little hamster rolling on the smooth sand on the beach.



**By Maria, Loren and Ornella**

White is like soft beautiful silk.

Blue makes me think of tears falling from your eyes

as if you’re sad or happy.

Green is like the trees waving goodbye.

Blue is like the waves of the oceans.

Pink is the colour of a deep pink rose flowing its scent everywhere.

Gold is the taste of the Parma Violet sweets.

**By Mollie, Lachlan and Vivienne**

White is like a summer’s breeze.

Green is the feeling of freedom.

Blue is the colour of the sea.



**By Amhra and Elliot**

Black is as hard as coal,

Yellow makes me feel like a roaring lion,

Blue is a bit of water spilt on to a sapphire stone,

Purple makes me feel like I’m smelling the nicest smell.

**By Cleo and Genevieve**

Purple’s the smell of lavender, the joy of it under my pillow.

Violet is a colour not really in your sight.

Blue is like a wave shining in the light.

Green is as furry as the catkins on a whomping willow.



**By Maddie and Libby**

Purple is as warm as love,

Blue is a falling snowflake – it feels like cold, wet ice.

Red is a beautiful poppy.

Yellow is the sunshine.

Green is my kitten’s eyes

Black is as black as death.

Pink is a rose.

**By Katy, Sneha, Dominic and Martha.**

Orange for lava as it’s thick and gooey, just like homey on your bread.

Green is like spring, the colour of new life.

Gold is for Miss Mallett, whose help spreads around the classroom like honey on bread.

Orange is like Autumn and burning fire.



**By Francesca, Timo and Macey.**

Orange is like dripping honey on my waffle.

Black is my world without you.

Grey makes me feel like an old man.

Brown is like smooth maple syrup.

**By Anjaly, Isaac, Niamh and Tamsin.**

My work is done.

White is getting lost in a maze of emotions.

She has pink rose perfume.

Purple sweet smelling lavender under my pillow.

Pink is like a tree blossoming from buds.

Gold is for the sun and dainty purple slippers glimmering in the sun.

