





Choose an area where children can sit in the heathland habitat with views of the surrounding landscape and have paper and pencil. Ensure adults also have paper and pencil.

INTRODUCTION

Explain that many poets are inspired by nature and write poems that celebrate different aspects of it.



ACTIVITY

Creative Nature Poem



To create a group poem about the heathland

Adults to write the sentences they create.

Find a suitable spot for each individual child to sit quietly to contemplate nature and observe the nature around them.

Provide each child with a piece of paper.

Ask each child to write 3 words which describe what they see i) above in the air, ii) on the ground near them and iii) something in the distance.

Gather them all back together so that they can share their words with each other.

Finally encourage them to use their words to create sentences that can then be grouped together into a poem.

The tree is twisted and gnarly.

The branches flow out from the face,

Ivy clinging, ivy hugging the branches,

Weaving in and out.

Anna and Georgina, age 10,

Burrington C.E. Primary School

ACTIVITY

Pebble Poetry



Pairing adjectives and nouns to create poetry or a story Placed around an area will be 15 red pebbles labelled with nouns and 15 darker pebbles labelled with adjectives – see 'Heathland Word Bank'.

Each child finds a pebble.

A child with a dark pebble pairs up with a child with a red pebble to create a sentence involving those words.

Children as a group to piece together a poem from the resulting sentences.



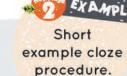
See overleaf for cloze procedure and poem to inspire.











I love to see the (adjective) (noun) on the heath.

Rustling leaves that (powerful verb) in the breeze,

And the (adjective) nightjars churring from underneath.

As the heather takes a rest from the (adjective, adjective) bees.



Emmonsail's Heath in Winter by John Clare

I love to see the old heath's withered brake

Mingle its crimpled leaves with furze and ling.

While the old heron from the lonely lake

Starts slow and flaps its melancholy wing.

An oddling crow in idle motion swing

On the half-rotten ash-tree's topmost twig.

Beside whose trunk the gypsy makes his bed.

Up flies the bouncing woodcock from the brig

Where a black quagmire quakes beneath the tread;

The fieldfares chatter in the whistling thorn

And for the haw round fields and closen rove.

And coy bumbarrels, twenty in a drove,

Flit down the hedgerows in the frozen plain

And hang on little twigs and start again.



