

Greedy kids
Riding their bikes
In the street.
Everybody gets
Very angry with them,
Even my Nan.
Rubbish on the road,
Owls hooting up our chimney
And
Dogs, like Elsa, are barking.

Jamie Mahoney

There was an old man of **Hawksmoor**
Who was always breaking the law.
He ran over a horse
And stole H.P. Sauce
Then he glued himself to the floor.

Michael

I live in **Formosa Drive**
I go to Hawksmoor Park
to see the horses
Snowdrop and Blackie.
Adlem Park had some swings once,
now they're gone -
I'd never sleep out 'cause I'd miss
me Mum and Dad -
Noble protectors of
Us and the lads.

Leanne

Houses in Hawksmoor
Are terraced.
We live in one.
Kids play out on
Skateboards on the pavement.
My Mum does the washing and hangs it
On
Our washing line.
Really clean clothes in Hawksmoor Road.

Michael

Sherwood Lane

Will Scarlet peels potatoes in the forest
Thinking of mum
And her salty porridge;
His friends on the hunt
Finding what they could forage
For this great big pan of scouse.

The orphanage mouse
Takes time to look out
At sneezing children
Cutting shapes out of potatoes
As they play about.
He notices lovely brave faces
On these lonely louts.

Mum sets the places
For our tea -
Egg, chips and beans
Watching T.V.
Robin Hood and his merry men
And there's Will Scarlet
Cooking again.

The old house will be sold,
Bzzz, Bzzz,
Drills whirr in **Drake Close**,
Hammers knock every day,
Doors are slamming, dogs keep howling,
Cats miaow, fish jump in the ponds

Sparrows and starlings shriek in the trees,
Kids are noisy as they sneeze -
Drake Close is full of bins and rows -
I wish I lived with my Nan now.

Lee Marsh

My Skateboard

Down the slopes is good on skateboards
Roads are dangerous though
All the kids are happy on skateboards
Kids love skateboards
Even in the icy snow

Rubbish blows by my skateboard
Other skateboards are dead good
All I want is another skateboard
Den I'll beat them on my lump of wood.

I live in **Montrovia Crescent**
Where people are most unpleasant
They knock on your door
At a quarter to four
And pretend they have brought you a present.

There was a strange bird in **Drake Close**
Who had not a beak but a nose
It thought, "Just my luck
People think I'm a duck
But I'm just a bird lost in Drake Close."

Sir Francis Drake
had a tent when he
went to Formosa.
He drank tea and oranges
quietly with Old Ben
and gave him an apple

Fazakerley is a place in Liverpool
where people ride bikes and
the telephones ring loudly and
the sausages are especially nice.

Fazakerley Primary on **Formosa Way**
has kitchen smells of dinners cooking
and coffee for teachers
in the staffroom.
In the classroom children are good,
in the playground they're playing horses
and doing handstands
to the sound of a murmur of voices
and shouts

In Harrismith Road

noisy kids shout loud
and dogs make sounds ... woof
and cats miaow.
Kids on skateboards
and kids on bikes
are playing out till late at night.
Car horns beeping,
car alarms are shrieking.

Lots of friends on Harrismith Road,
I'd like to live there when I'm old.

Joseph

I feed the horses,
I feed them with grass
and they gallop away and play;
one's black and one's white,
they both follow each other.

We took a picture of the Sportsy
and I went there to skate
and I was going fast.
When I went home I played on my skates,
and I played on my skateboard.

Barry

A Telephone Call

Queen Green sadly telephoned Drake Road
to say the octopus rode
a bike through the tennis court.
He was heading for Fazakerley library
via Atheldean Road, Field Too Road and Old Road

Lisa

A dream of the past

I went through the gate,
I imagined it to be the old man
one arm waving over to the orchard
the other hanging by his side.
As I looked on the ground I saw
loads of juicy pears
that had fallen from the tree,
I bent down to pick one.

I looked across the field and saw
a little girl pulling the rock hard
potatoes out of the muddy ground.
I looked back and I saw the orchard
being ripped apart by the rough sound
of men sawing.

Then I saw a house standing
in its place, and a garden.
Right at the bottom of the garden
still stands the old strong pear tree,
the fruit as juicy as before.

Carla

POEMS from **Windows** workshops with children
at Fazakerley Federation summer playscheme
August 1992.