

Poetry Series

# **Liberty Anstead**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Liberty Anstead(11th February 1997)

I go to NFGS Secondary School in Newport. Im in yr 7 and in the house: Caius, my bestfriends are: Ella Williamson, Caroline Adams and Fran Whitelock. We're writing a fiction and poetry book and we all want to do something with animals when we're older. Ella and Fran want to be a vet (Ella also wants to be a lawyer) , Caroline wants to be a paleontologist and I want to be a biologist, poet and author.

I have a sister (Lara,16) and a brother (Luke,17) . I've a mum and dad and a dog called Teddy. We're really happy!

I love life.

# ~~~~~I.O.V.E~~~~~

L ike flowers in a basket  
O h! Romantic smells of summer  
V ocabulary cannot describe  
E mmett, my dear sweet lover

Liberty Anstead

# Daylight

From the window in my room,  
I cower at the moon  
As it bounces across the night,  
In its pale, pale, baloon.

Here I sit, quiet as mouse,  
All alone in my house,  
Waiting for daylights releif,  
I watch, crawling, the odd woodlouse.

The minutes drag as years,  
But I sence daylight is near.  
And then the first light of morning appeares,  
I seem to heard silent cheers.

How long daylight goes:  
no one knows!  
But before you know it the day is out  
And the eerie moon again shows.

From the window in my room,  
I cower at the moon,  
As it bounces accros the night,  
In its pale, pale baloon.

Liberty Anstead

# Love

Some say love has feeling  
Some truly disagree  
But no one is as faithful as  
My sweet dear love and me

He walks with me for hours  
He's always at my side  
He never makes me angry and  
He never never hides

Although Im only a child  
I would really like to say  
When someone offers love you take it  
Never back away!

Liberty Anstead

# Romance

I love you.  
My words are simple and true.  
I picked a rose and a flower thats blue.  
But now I say, 'Nothing compares to you.

Liberty Anstead

# The Tree

Based on the song: Magpies Riches

It stands up tall with the mystic blow  
Of the pollution in the air far, far down below  
No one to see it, nobody to care  
But a magpie sitting on a broken chair

Woodpeckers nuckle there beaks into its bow  
No one knows how the tree does allow  
No one to see it, nobody to care  
But a magpie sitting on a broken chair

But if we visit, if we care  
For the trees caring beauty and its bows in the air  
We can take all the things that we blew to the breeze  
Save our hills and the lonely trees

Liberty Anstead

# The Unicorn And I

I painted the clouds in the yellow sky,  
I skiid the lush purple trees so high,  
I shaped the earth for both you and I  
I heard a silent worm-snail cry!

I climbed a unicorns horn of light  
I laughed my way down its back in the night,  
I swung on the hairs of its tail so bright  
So this might,  
be the night,  
of the sight,  
Of the Unicorn and I

Liberty Anstead



# The Wanders Of The Woodlands Graces

As I walk my route, the woodlands sing,  
With none but one broken wing,  
Of poachers, hunters that do cause,  
The breakings of their beauty pause.

The tall trees, great and proud,  
Boast to its loyal croud  
Of golden daffodills that sing in the breeze,  
Echoing the song of the lonely trees.

I envy the woodlands beauty song,  
As I walk along,  
Their relms of wanders, heaven on earth,  
As I watch new trees rebirth.

As I walk my route, the woodlands sing,  
With none but one broken wing,  
Of poachers, hunters that do cause,  
The breakings of their lowly pause.

Liberty Anstead