**Year 1**

**Poppy Poem**

***This Poem is a collection of the lines from the poems that the children in Year 1 wrote themselves.***

We wear wild red poppies to remember those from the war.

My poppy is red and bright.

Growing in hard soil.

Red light saber flames in the field.

Poppies sway in the wind, in the green grass.

Sway in the sun.

Blowing around the crosses row after row.

They are as red as can be.

We remember the soldiers.

We remember them forever more.

They will never change, they will always be red.

By Year 1