



Photo by Kevin Hickson

The Trumpet

poems written by children at Brudenell Primary School

Brudenell Primary School

My Grandad

Ghosts coming out of a dusty cave,
A phonograph out of tune,
Left old in an antique, murky fire,
An iron letting out emotions like steam,
Blood, when you cut your finger and suck it,
Giving people magical stories,
Sweaty coins left in your hands,
My grandad.

He could become young again,
Put back together,
Bicycle oil in his jagged joints,
Back straight as thin wisps of air,
My grandad.

Sounds like a bell, not tarnished,
Eyes the colour of rainclouds,
Stars crumbling into stardust,
My grandad.

By Mahnoor Ashfaq

My Poem

Silver,
Antique car pipes,
Oily broken bell,
Rusty bike horn,
Dusty bike horn,
Engine going 'broom broom'.

Volcano erupting,
Steamy slushing in a lions heart,
Crushed metal bits,
Complicated tubes,
Silver machine,
The broken trumpet.

By Luqman Hamid

Emotions

**I could become new,
Sweat and mud rushing away,
Emotions burning in your heart,
Shells cracking,
Steam slushing out of a lions heart,
Left broken.**

**It looks like a plunger,
A rain cloud growing brighter,
Metal,
An antique,
Roses are for life,
Stealing souls and destiny's,
Emotions for which you have no words.**

By Sanaa Khan

Trumpet

Tastes like moondust,
Fallen from high in the lightening sky,
Crystals erupting,
Earth collapsing,
RPG movement,
Found in a tunnel of ancient gold,
Tastes like moondust.

By Yasin Khan

Goodnight Dream

*A soldier can be older,
The darkest volcano rising,
Metal birds singing,
Whisked from the air.*

*Dance through cream whiskers,
Fear drips down a metal coin,
Shadows can be no harm,
Open your eyes and switch on the light.*

*Feel comfy like you're in the snow,
Don't be like a cloud,
Be a sunshine,
No worries,
Everything is okay.*

By Aakfah Hussain

The Lifeless Trumpet

*An abandoned soul,
Treasured music,
Jagged edges like a sabre,
Old helicopter parts,
Dusty needle,
Volcano erupting.*

*Lifeless trumpet,
Crushed and mused,
The soul back for revenge,
Bringing armies and death,
It seems like judgement day.*

By Ihsan Rashid

The Trumpet

*Metal, an antique,
Old bronze,
Hard and broken,
Broken by a storm,
Tornado swirling and crashing,
Tasting copper,
If only it could do magic,
Its could play whenever it wanted to.*

By Mariam Mustafa

The Broken Trumpet

Dragon shouting,
Tornado storm,
The broken trumpet.

A car crash,
Left broken,
The broken trumpet.

Old and battered,
Tastes like a coin,
The broken trumpet.

By Omar Lamouri

My Poem

It's old and it's broken,
A gun that can shred a body,
A wrinkly old man,
Wheezing,
Treasured music,
Dragon Screaming.

By Asim Amin

My Poem

If it could do magic,
It would turn invisible,
Echoing sounds,
Diamonds falling from the sky,
Found in a Pharaoh's tomb,
A chimney about to collapse,
Ancient coins,
Crushed by a big foot.

By Sudais Shah

My Poem

Feels like emotions of wind,

Roses are for life,

Left broken,

A jaguar roaring,

Eyes the colour of sparkling diamonds.

Sounds like birds tweeting,

Put back together,

A golden star,

Feels like emotions of a broken heart.

By Alisha Mehrban

A Broken Soul

*A broken soul,
Shaped like an ice cream cone,
Sound of blowing noses,
A cloud covering the sun,
A broken soul.*

*An old soldier,
It could repair itself,
A broken bell,
A broken soul.*

*Shaped like a telescope,
Smells of oil,
A wrinkly old man,
Tastes of blood and old coins,
A broken soul.*

By Leah Machon

The Trumpet

Old and dusty like an old oil factory,

A broken car engine,

A sawing engine,

Sounds like a tornado,

Or an earthquake

BOOM!

The Trumpet.

By Saad Rauf

My Grandad

Making sparkles of stardust in a diamond jar,

Flickering oasis tides,

The twisting tsunami,

A gripping thundercloud,

My granddad.

An eternal blizzard,

Long scruffy beard,

Slobbery blunderbuss,

True colour of gold,

My granddad.

Demolished and dent,

Flowing lava flood,

The hidden secrets,

A cracked core,

My granddad.

A secret world,

Gushing tears,

Smells like a sour lemon,

A descendant's elemental power.

Smashed love.

My granddad.

By Saleh Firdosi

A Grumpy Man

A grumpy man,
A volcano erupting,
Burns people with his loud voice,
Wearing dusty clothes,
A grumpy man.

A grumpy man,
He could become young again,
Can become fixed again,
A grumpy man.

By Ahmad Sadiqi

The Blunderbuss

Just the thought of it could damage your brain,

It smells like frozen oil,

Tastes like a metal nail cutter,

When you shoot it clinks like coins,

The blunderbuss.

It may sound like a blow horn,

A vacuum,

A volcano erupting,

We do not know,

The blunderbuss.

When you shoot it could shred a body,

All flesh and blood,

The solid gold bullet,

Would make a BANG!

By Usmaan Ramzan

Judgement Day (about to begin)

The dragon screaming,
Oily sniper rifle,
It feels like judgement day.

The earthquake about the begin,
Dark tornado rising,
It feels like judgement day,

A volcano gun,
A rocket launcher about to launch,
It feels like judgement day.

By Yusuf Nadeem

The Trumpet

The trumpet looks like a telescope,

It smells like money,

It's shaped like an ice cream cone,

It could scare people,

It's like a talking bird.

By Mustafa Al-Khafaji

The Old Trumpet

*In the morning,
People look at him,
Thinking this place is a good place.*

*An oily key,
On the dusty floor,
The trumpet came.*

*She put the key into her mouth,
And swallowed it,
She turned into a man,
With coin bones all over his body.*

By Mariama Jakuraka

The Trumpet

Smells like a jar of old coins,

A trumpet shining through,

Bright,

Like a diamond in the sky.

It looks like greasy oil,

Sounds of the trumpet,

Metal, steel, shocking,

Patterns of roses of life.

By Sara Khan

The Trumpet

**It's old and rare,
Like a tarnished rifle bullet,
Sounds of a trumpeting elephant.**

By Ali Saleh

The Trumpet

Dusty and old,
Colour of the bright sun,
Hard like a Lamborghini,
Tastes like metal chocolate,
Smells of garbage.

By Ibrar Nadim

The Trumpet

It's magic is to turn new,
Not to turn shiny, sparkly,
It smells like a bloody coin.

If it was a person,
It would be my granddad,
He doesn't care how he looks,
He looks battered and old,
He has a bloody coin.

By Goncalo Soares

The Volcano

Firing up like rockets,
Whooshing up,
And back down,
Sparkling of blazing fire,

Splashing of hot lava,
Boiling steam.

Enormous blazing volcano,
Shooting fire into the sky,
Like sniper bullets,
A rocket launcher,
About to launch in my eyes.

The earthquake beginning,
Fire jumping,
Up and down,
Shooting blazing bullets.

By Zen Hussain

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