Overheard on my Silk Streamers

Phoenix, Phoenix, what are your feathers?

Glorious silk. Why do you stare at them so much?

Give them me.

No.

Give them me, give them me.

No.

Then I will howl, screech and moan

In the emerald leaves for them.

Nymph why do you love them so?

They are better than ember flames,

Sapphire seas or fluorescent pearls,

Better than a lion’s mane,

Your silky, shiny amber quills.

Hush, I stole them from the Lord Phoenix.

Give me your silk feathers.

No.

I will screech and make the land shake and crumble,

I love them so.

Give them me, give them me.

No.

Ruby, year 4, Coastlands School, Pembrokeshire