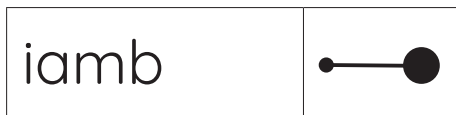


Poetry: meter patterns



'Boorowa Canola' by John and Linda Garrard

The fields of yellow greet my eye

They stretch on endless to the sky.

They sway so softly in the sun

And gently sleep when day is done.



'Kiama Holiday' by Matthew, Eva and Millie May

Beach of waves and beach of sand

Beach of sun and shells so grand

Boogie boarding in the sea

Catch a wave and wave catch me



Excerpt from 'James the Sock' by Stephen May

They rode past the school and then rode through the gate

They rode round the pool (It was getting quite late)

They rode past the orange tree, near the big door

They stopped there and rested, quite tired and sore.