



Firework Poems

Fireworks

by Jennifer Jenkins

Spinning in a sudden whirr,
Catching you off guard with an unexpected bang!
Hold your breath and look right up!
Fireworks falling slowly, slowly back down.
A golden waterfall, a moonshine flutter
High, high, high, way up high
Now down,
down
down
they fall.
Royal colours, a regal display in the air.
The audience watch the ceremony way up there!
Whizz bangs U P N up and down.
J M I G
Wheels spinning round and round.
A night to remember, the 5th of November.

© www.teachitprimary.co.uk 8495

Firework Poems

The Last Moments of a Rocket

By Jennifer Jenkins

r
i
d
e
k
c
o
r
u
p
t
o
A
the sky.
It scatters
stars
in a shower of silver
Then down it falls
to greet the earth below
Hello, hello, I'm
d
y
i
n
g

© www.teachitprimary.co.uk 8495

Firework Poems

The legend of the catherine wheel

By Jennifer Jenkins

Listen to the shrieks,
the oohs and ahhs
As the wheel spins round
And the sparks travel far
No thoughts this night
of what this might mean
Why wheels spin round
As onlookers scream
But of a girl it does tell
St Catherine of old
Who was spun on a wheel
As the legend has told
Remember her now
As the wheel spins round...

© www.teachitprimary.co.uk 8495

Firework Poems

The bonfire beast

By Jennifer Jenkins

I'm sure last year, when this time came around
Something unusual happened in the garden of our house
It was all piled up, the trash and the leaves
And the matches were all ready to set alight the weeds.
I thought I saw a panic in the dead, dry wood
Or hear a faint grumble from that pile as I stood
But my brother charged in boldly and let the match drop
And that heap caught a fire that no-one could've stopped.
The flames sprang up quickly and danced up high
And that was when I thought I saw it, that red flaming eye
"There's a beast in the fire!" I called out loud
But nobody could hear me; they were back in the house.
I stared into the fire and I spoke to the beast.
The beast in the bonfire who was looking at me.
I told him I was hungry and that I hoped he liked my hat
And he began to crackle with a hiss and a snap.
But then the flames were shrinking and they struggled now to leap
That was when he said goodnight, yawned and went to sleep.
Maybe it was all imagination, but it felt like it was true
Not just a normal bonfire but a fire beast too!

© www.teachitprimary.co.uk 8495

Firework Poems

Read the firework poems.

Can you draw a picture to match one
of the poems?

Can the class guess which poem
belongs to which picture?

© www.teachitprimary.co.uk 8495