

A Counting Poem by Year 4

I can count,
the smelly odd socks on my friend's smelly feet,
the whacky words spoken in a whole day,
deadly orcas in their Pacific pod,
fluffy clouds in the shining sunset,
and the pictures of the superheroes hanging on the wall.

I can count,
the strange orange spots on a giraffe's back,
all of the sparkling, silver stars in the beautiful night sky,
the luscious leaves of autumn falling off the trees,
the shipwrecks in the middle of the sea,
the brown bricks used to build a bungalow.

I can count,
the number of pounds I have saved in my piggy pot,
the syllables in the spellings that sir makes us study,
the words in the books bursting out of the library,
the colours in the rainbow on a rainy day,
and the minutes missed in our maths lessons.

Finally, I can count on myself,
to always follow the rules and do the right thing,
to look after myself and always stand tall,
but believing in me, that's best of all!