

# VE DAY POEM

Read this poem about VE Day in 1945.

The poet, Brian Moses, tells us in his poem about the things he saw on VE Day.

Talk about the things he saw. Where was he living? How do you know?

It was . . .

Lancaster bombers dropping red and green flares,  
the peeling of bells, the whistle of tugs on the Thames.

It was . . .

Sailors climbing lamp posts, swinging by one arm,  
policemen losing their helmets.

It was . . .

Bonfires lit, fireworks fizzling, dustbin lids clanging,  
washing lines strung with red, white and blue clothes.

It was . . .

Paddling in the fountains in Trafalgar Square,  
men's faces covered in lipstick kisses.

It was . . .

Grandad tearfully singing 'The White Cliffs of Dover'  
and being pushed home from the celebrations  
in a wheelbarrow.

Brian Moses

Did you notice the repeated line? It was...

This means he can reflect on all the things he saw and list them for us in his poem.

I would love you to do the same!!

Can you write a VE Day It Was poem about your VE Day on Friday?

You could try and follow the same structure as Brian Moses or write in your own style if you wish.

Please email them to me I would love to read them and share them on the website. ([andrew.rotherham@taw.org.uk](mailto:andrew.rotherham@taw.org.uk))

Good luck, have a safe VE Day celebration.

Mr Rotherham