

The Night Sky

The sun sets,
Leaving pretty pink stripes
Painted across the sky,
The trees look like shadows,
A black crow flies home,
Hunting foxes search for food,
Snuffling badgers in burrows deep,
Bats swoop low
An owl hoots in distant treetops
Leaves rustle, wind blows
The night gets colder.
Stars shining on the black sky
The moon glows bright
Moths flutter under the light
Planets dance amongst the stars.
The last window light gets turned off
And quietness falls as we sleep
Snuggled in our beds.
A red glow rises in the sky
A distant cockerel crows
Bringing a beautiful new day.

by Lyla Poole (age 7)

The Dark skies

The dark skies turns the
Green heather, grass and gorse into
Shadows as black as soot and brings
Out stars to the darkness as the world springs to life.
The sun sets giving of an orange glow of light
Before going to the other side of the world
And leaving a pitch-black sky of nothing.
The moon reflects light like a mirror,
When you go to bed the planets
Shine briefly almost like
They are having a competition

by Jonah Kettleborough (age 7)

The cold coat of the earth
like glistening crystals
appears when darkness is vast
and the sky twinkles with speckles of silver
the moonlit ocean dark and deep beneath
the hills of hidden wilderness
The guest arrives at six
waiting,
for flourishing bursts of golden light
rising from beneath the swirling depths
decorating the darkness with strokes of orange, red and pink
the perfume of nature unleashed
fresh and cooling
gifted from the defrosted green growth underfoot
and the delicate swoosh of wind
The light purifies
to a white angelic glow
sparkling on the water's surface like silver
until the risen
sink
over the hills of liberated wilderness
where, from behind, returns the painted strokes
of orange, red and pink,
golden hour
the guest leaves at six, mesmerised
the golden light fading deeply to a navy
where the cold coat of the earth returns
like glistening crystals
and the darkness is vast
with twinkling speckles of silver.

by Beth M-B (age 14)

The almost moon

The almost moon clears,
helped by the whispering
wind across the moor.

Finds itself, settles, shines,
clear and strong.

Slowly the stars take their place,
coloured, bright, twinkling.

One by one they appear, in time,
the chorus of the Milky Way
sings, triumphantly, its silent song.

by David Tilley (age 67)

I went out in the garden,
to gaze into the sky,
but despite all my searching,
nothing could I spy.
I'll try again tomorrow,
in Exmoor National Park,
and to avoid just more sorrow,
I'll try it in the dark.

by David Tilley (age 67)

Exmoor Skies

On top of The Chains the hour is twilight,
And the scent of apples hangs in the air,
As the warm autumn sun drops from sight,
A moorland chill brushes where my skin is bare.

An amber blanket is spread by the harvest moon,
Celestial pinpricks pierce the barricade of black,
While silhouettes of firs on the moorland tops loom,
Roaming sheep sleep huddled – safe on a familiar
track.

Stars – misty swarms of fireflies are burning bright,
Perhaps also satellites or alien crafts – I feel so small,
I wonder how many? When were they? So far out of
sight,
Space is so vast – I just don't understand it all.

A golden glisten from a stream is my only guide,
The rubble path penetrates my boots,
The farm lights show me where moor land folk hide,
I hear a farewell call as a barn owl hoots.

by Henry Earp (age 11)

Speechless

The word birds hover
amongst the gorse.
Sit on top of
the wind worn bushes.
Soar singing to the skies.
Fall silent as the stars take their place.
There is no contest,
the stars rule the moors.
Steal our words,
render us speechless.

by Angie Butler (age 71)

Shooting Stars

Shooting stars whizzing across the sky,
How many wonders the dark sky holds.
Orion is glowing brightly above us, and
Overhead I can see Perseus killing monsters.
The moon is gradually waxing and waning
In the chilly Autumn sky.
Night-time animals creep out of holes
Going about their quiet business.

Stars aren't pointy like a conker case
They are all spheres, giant balls of gas.
Above and around us the universe is massive,
Right here I feel like an insect to a giant.
Stars are aloft in billions across Exmoor.

By James Allenby (age 7)

On a Land Rover Roof

Lying on my back on a Land Rover roof
Eyes gazing in wonder
Trees swaying gently in the evening breeze
Bugs playing a midnight symphony

Lying on my back on a Land Rover roof
Below me, the crackling fire dancing joyfully
An owl hooting a soothing message in the distance
No fear of the Exmoor beast

Lying on my back on a Land Rover roof
Bright stars telling tales of the past
The pale moon huge in the night sky
Whispers of friends as I drift to sleep

Lying on my back on a Land Rover roof

by Zach Spelman (age 14)

My Guiding Lights

A new house
A new life
A world of confusion
My daddy points – Look, there's the Plough
I stare in wonder

Life seems more familiar
The blanket sky
Comforts me
Night in, night out
The Plough is there
To guide me home

Stubborn tears fall
On my brave face
As I say Goodbye
A new chapter
A new challenge
The Plough still a friendly face

I travel the world
Marvel at idyllic seas
Lap up the golden rays
Dreams float on the breeze
Night falls
Where are you Plough?

My selfish dreams fade
As new souls are cherished
Laughter and tears fill my days
I live through their eyes of pure fascination
I point to the night sky
Look, there's the Plough

By Rachel Rudd (age 39)

