

Perfect Peacock

By Jair Eastoe

Perfect Peacock
Precious and plump,
Coat of gems and
Elegant pose,
Jewel colours and
Wispy majestic body.

Perfect Peacock
Proud as a lion,
Royal blue,
Beautiful beak,
Dual fan as fast as a cheetah.
Creative, colourful cloak
Ready for winter.

Perfect Peacock
Diamond dance,
You are a river,
Shining with a bright glimmer.
Misty air dancing through the sky.

Perfect Peacock
Angel's gift,
Prince of the forest and
Wide open wings.
Perfect Peacock.

Peacock

By Leo Clark

The beautiful, blue, bright bird,
 Ambling majestically,
Standing proudly like a guard,
 Eyes like diamonds.
His creative, colourful cloak,
 Opened up like a flower
 At the start of Spring.
 He is the King
 Looking for his Queen.
The perfect, precious peacock,
 Ever so pretty.

Beautiful Peacock

By Poppy Hargood

Beautiful Peacock,
Strutting down
with your silky feathers
and grass green gown.

Beautiful Peacock,
Your flowing diamond tail
And your glossy blue body,
A grand, majestic male.

Beautiful Peacock,
For he is the king
Of swirls and twirls.
For he is a peacock,
A leader, an emperor,
An angel's gift.
For he is a peacock,
A leader, an emperor.

King of the Birds

By Holly Phelan-Player

Gorgeous green,
Ocean blue,
His daring eyes staring at you.
Prince of the birds walks before us,
Cloak of eyes trails behind him,
All hail the prince of the birds.

Shines like a gem in the roaring sun,
Dazzling diamond in the sea of sand,
His cloak of eyes
Out like a fan
Trying to attract a mate.
His beautiful body bewilders her,
King of the birds walks before us,
Now with a new found queen.

Peacock,
King of the birds.

The Peacock

By Ollie Fitton

Precious feathers, swaying peacefully,
His long ocean, blue back stood proudly.
The royal prince slowly waddled across the damp jungle.
His dangerous diamond eyes peered across the floor.

He sang like an angel wait for response.
The jewels shone in the moon lit sky,
His cloak rustled against the autumn leaves,

His babies pranced behind the beautiful beast,
Waiting to feast.

As quick as a panther, he ran suspiciously.
He stared at the glamerous, green feathers sleeping silently.
Without any noises caused, they all curled up together
and drifted off to sleep.
In the morning they all woke up and the sapphire peacock sung.