

PRINTS

Miles of night-tide cleaned sand,
Water-marked grey,
Bread-coloured, sun-lit
New for the day,
Old-as-earth sand
Crushed small from rocks
I wear on sun-brown legs
Knitted silver, sand socks.

I press my hands hard down
And shadowed fingers show
At ten years old I've left my mark!
But sea and sand are old,
They win; my hand prints go

Miles of white-lit moon dust
Never soft stirred
By fox's tipped brush
Or breeze or bird.
No rain makes mud
Of that dull dust,
No glow of petals stains
Distant, dead, lunar crust.

Mysterious and new,
The old moon rocks between
Plain prints of boots, deep-ridged,
Forever lie to show
Where earth-men have been.

Gwen Dunn

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Circle the correct option to complete each sentence below.

1. This poem tells us about two places.

(a) The first part is about the

sky water beach desert

(b) The second part is about the

countryside moon clouds earth

2 marks

2. What time of day do **you** think it is at the beginning of the poem?

How do you know this?

2 marks

3. *I've left my mark!*

What mark does the person leave and how is it made?

2 marks

4. *my hand prints go*

What happens to make the hand prints go?

1 mark

5. *Never soft stirred*
By fox's tipped brush
Or breeze or bird.
There are many 's' and 'b' sounds in these lines.
What effect do they have?

1 mark

6. This poem talks about some things that are **old** and others that are **new**.
Look at the whole poem and name two things that are **old**

and two things that are **new**.

4 marks