

Writing/SPaG task

Read the following poem –

The Coming of the Iron Man

The Iron Man stood on the brink of the cliff
Tall as a house, all rigid and stiff.

His great iron head turned left then right
As he stood on the cliff in the dark of night.
His headlamp eyes searched far and wide.
His iron ears listened to the swell of the tide.

Where he had come from, no-one knows
But there on the cliff where the seagulls rose,
The Iron Man stood with the wind in his face.
Then he lifted a foot and stepped out into space.

Crashing...crashing...thrown about
Till his legs fell off and his eyes fell out.

Scattered and battered his body parts lay
Then silence, silence, till break of day.

Then an eye and a hand in a seagull's nest
Moved together to find the rest.
A headlamp eye and a crablike hand
Moving together over the sand.

Bit by bit each piece was found
Till the Iron Man stood and looked around.
But still he strode and searched the beach
For an ear that was lost and out of reach.

Was it the sea that had stolen his ear?
For the Iron Man turned and showing no fear
He walked in the sea deeper and deeper,
Though the water rose where the shore grew steeper.

His eyes blazed red and his eyes blazed green
Then the Iron Man could no more be seen.

by Brenda Williams

