

Example of a Free Verse Poem

The Seagulls by Michael Rosen

The seagulls think we live at the seaside:
the tower blocks are their cliffs;
they swoop for fish in the gutter
but are happy that it's last night's fried rice.
They stand about screaming on the pavement beach
and ride the sea-breezes pumped out
by the cinema air-conditioning.
They hover over the waves of cars
and if you stare at them,
wondering what they're doing
so far from home,
they stare back:
'This is our home now.
That kebab
is a crab.'

From Michael Rosen's Big Book of Bad Things