

Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

old smelly vomit all over the floors and on the walls.

The workhouse sounds like

People screaming with hunger and pain.

The workhouse tastes like

stir about that has been there for days or even weeks.

The workhouse feels like

a run down house, that is cold and uncomfortable.

The workhouse looks like

a really big house when kids and parents are separated from each other.



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Rotten Potatoes Rotting away

The workhouse sounds like

People Screaming and crying desperately
for help.

The workhouse tastes like

Rotten potatoes with dirty water

The workhouse feels like

Uncomfortable and crowded

The workhouse looks like

A really old prison with people dying
and trying to get in.



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Dead bodies rotting from sickness.

The workhouse sounds like

Kid screaming from illness.

The workhouse tastes like

The food is rotting from blight.

The workhouse feels like

So depressing with no end in sight.

The workhouse looks like

A dungeon that hasn't been cleaned in years.



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Sickness, dead insects and people that have never showered

The workhouse sounds like

Children crying for their mummies all day and people crying in pain

The workhouse tastes like

rotten potato blight and Stic about with Sew-dust

The workhouse feels like

a dirty rocky surface and uncomfortable straw beds

The workhouse looks like

an unpleasant place that has never seen the sun light and a dirty overcrowded building



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Rotten bodies.

The workhouse sounds like

People screaming and moaning.

The workhouse tastes like

Old potatoes from the blight.

The workhouse feels like

The worst place ever.

The workhouse looks like

A big huge house.



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Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Sickness from people that are sick.

The workhouse sounds like

Children screaming for their parents.

The workhouse tastes like

Saw dust in the porridge.

The workhouse feels like

Cold in some of the rooms you walk into.

The workhouse looks like

A run down mansion.



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Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

It smells like rotten blight potatoes and people's dead bodies.

The workhouse sounds like

It sounds like mice scurrying the halls and Mothers and kids screaming and moaning.

The workhouse tastes like

It tastes like some dust and soggy bread.

The workhouse feels like

It feels like really crowded and you never have privacy.

The workhouse looks like

It looks like a dirty, old and disgusting prison.



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

sickness that is severe.

The workhouse sounds like

growing that never ends.

The workhouse tastes like

rotten porridge and eggs.

The workhouse feels like

dirt and dust everywhere.

The workhouse looks like

a full, rotten place.



Sensory Poems

Explore the farm through your senses. Complete the sentences below and create your very own farm sensory poem.

The Workhouse

The workhouse smells like

Dead rats and bodies.

The workhouse sounds like

People shrieking as they die

The workhouse tastes like

Their food was rot for days.

The workhouse feels like

The wooden floor where they slept.

The workhouse looks like

The same every day, dark and miserable.

