

<http://clg-soutine-saint-prest.tice.ac-orleans-tours.fr/eva/spip.php?article1818>

Collège Soutine

**Nos élèves ont du talent, la  
suite ! de nouvelles  
productions en ligne à  
découvrir !**



- Les matières - Anglais -  
Publication date: samedi 21 décembre 2019

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Quand on laisse carte blanche aux 3èmes pour réciter un poème (sur la base du volontariat), on peut avoir de bien belles surprises....

Guitare, rap, sketch, travail d'éloquence, diaporamas....

[à découvrir ici](#)

Jamaica, My Home Country

My heart is missing something so dear to me  
The warmth of Jamaica, my home country  
I missed the way the sand felt beneath my feet  
And the beautiful smiles of the people that we meet  
I missed the wind blowing gently against my cheeks  
And missed the echoes of our voices as we speak  
I missed the taste of sugar cane in the morning  
I missed the glorious sunlight of a new day dawning  
I missed the crowing of the cocks before the day lights  
And the sounds of crickets chirping through the nights  
I missed the constant swaying of the trees  
As they danced to the cool, tantalising breeze  
I missed the pleasant sound of the seashells next to my ear  
I missed the sound of mom's voice, saying have no fear  
I missed the smell of the fresh sea air  
And those pleasant, but noisy atmospheres  
I missed the way the sellers expertly balanced their loads  
As they walk to the markets on those dusty roads  
I missed the sounds of tiny feet  
As the kids play their games on those dusty streets  
I missed the way my feet felt on the ground  
Without there being any snow around  
These are things I hope to again feel and see  
When I'm back in Jamaica, my home country  
Earl Thompson, 2007