

The Girl on the Beach by Alice, 9T

Softly,
Like each lap of the tide,
The old lady combed through the young girl's hair
The girl stares into the dull sky
While shadows from pacing clouds dance on her face.
Her curly brown mass snags against the brush
She wishes for golden locks.
Golden like the sand beneath her.

Stumble by Sylvie, 8C

It's strange to think of that cliff.
Just like meeting the end of the world
and the beginning of forever.

And the foam against the broken rocks
Hundreds of feet below.
where waves shatter like glass
against the cliffside.

But when I look up
My knees almost buckle and I stumble forwards.
Because the sea is every shade of blue.
And made of sunlight and sky
And the urge to drift away
To leave my body behind in the Earth
Is so strong

I almost trip and fall
Over the edge.

The Hat by Molly, 10M

It lay there
Half in the oily black shadows,
Half in the sickly neon lights
Of the battered service station.
It looked like a dead animal

Gently he picked it up
The fur bedraggled, damp and brown
Leather inside well-worn. The label
Blurred with age spelt something Russian
He thought how far it had travelled

My father cleaned it
Carefully. Brushed it until
The fur gleamed glossy. Alive.
When he wore it there was some part of him
Transported to remote Siberian steppes

I waited for his return
Whilst the moon rose and the clock ticked
Pressing my face and fingers against the icy glass
Till eyes blurred
And glass became misty

Till I was in his arms
My dad.
With his black and brown hat

Every time by Najiyah, 10R

Every morning you would wake up early
To pray to the Lord above to take away my pain
And for you to have it instead

Every time I was ill
You would stay up all night
To nurture me back to health

Every time I laughed at your accent
You would laugh with me
While hiding your pain

Every time I felt embarrassed by your broken English
You would apologise
While wiping away your tears

Every single moment I took you for granted
You would ignore it
And still loved me
More & more

Freedom by Sadie, 9

Freedom is a willow,
Long fingers sweeping the ground,
Swaying in the evening breeze,
Dancing to a silent song.

Freedom is a stream,
Flowing peacefully onwards,
liquid glass reflecting the sunlight,
Powerful,
Yet still.

Freedom is a dolphin,
Exploding out of the ocean,
Wind flying past,
Like a steely arrow, streamlined.

Freedom is a child's mind,
Inquisitive and wonder-filled,
Brimming with questions,
Roaming through fields of ideas,
Brave and unshackled.

So much depends.... by Sumaira, 8R

So much depends
upon

a weeping willow
oh how it

carries such burden
upon its shoulders

its fiery leaves
falling, disintegrating
dying

As it weeps

So much depends... by Jeanne, 8T

Upon

The dimpled

Moon

Which hangs
down from the quiet night sky,

Watching over the
World below,
Which sleeps soundly,

Until finally,
He mournfully moves behind
the usurping sun.

So much depends... by Lily, 8T

Upon

A black ink

Pen

Writing out
Words

On crisp white
Paper.

So much depends... by Luba, 8R

Upon

A red

Pen

Scribbled on lined
Paper

Handed to
NERVOUS child.

Both Sides by Niva, 9M

A teacher is a raging hazard that destroys
Everything in its path or around it.
The emotions radiate off them.
Like the weather before a storm

The loud sound echoes for miles,
Through the corridors, through the halls,
Only fear is left.

Yet a storm can be the beauty in the struggle.
And a teacher can bring a broken soul back to life,
For its the aftermath that matters most.

Coastal Scene by Stella, 9C

The patchy sky shines the milky beam of light,
On the water.
The sea view lapping waves
Of peace and calm
We watch as the beam of light on the water shrinks.
As the deep dark shadows of the mountains invade.

Moonrise over Shields Lighthouse by Hannah, 9M

Glacial light.
The milky water reflecting the solid white moon,
And the lemon yellow halo around it; shining godly
Refractions on the humble waves,
A lighthouse without a light,
Sitting devoid of life, it waits.
As storm clouds full of war accumulate
Ready to stir the softly spoken waves that like to lap
Around the lighthouse.

Mistletoe by Edie, 10R

Mistletoe clings to the trees awkwardly
A child's displaced tooth that must be surgically removed.

The bitter, twisted parasite
Botany's leech
Ravishing and ruthless

Don't be fooled by the deep green leaves
By the veiny flesh
By the spotty skin

Stretched out across the mantelpiece
In attempts to salvage
A dying marriage with a dying plant.

Is there mistletoe in heaven?

EMOTION POEMS

Loneliness by Ellie, 9R

A shower of pearls, falling in purple heather,
Buried in jade leaves
Whilst I, alone, stand on a bank
Of dead brown grass.

A wolf standing solo
On a slippery bank
Above a waterfall
Watching as its joyous pack moves on.

My strings, plucked, wail a low, sad scream
Now my note, sounding in an empty hall
Pulls a minor chord
Clashes in the ears of... no-one.

I, standing on a bank of dead grass
The lonely wolf watching its pack walk on
I, the strings plucked, the chord that clashes
I, the planet with no moon, no heat
I, the outcast
I, the one firework that will not explode
The one that disappoints.

Depression by Roisin, 9M

I am the sky, clear and unbroken by the sun
Dead grey, dead still like slates or dark water
Dead, as the lone wolf that howls without the moon
Or the dog with the paralysing bite
I am the tin whistle whose notes echo from the rocks
And are swallowed by the sea
I am the whispers, and the space between the stars

Guilt by Tess, 9C

I am a strong wind
Pulling you back over a bumpy road
Over high mountains
You look back at your mistakes

I am purple
A deep, rich purple
Sucking you in
I hide in the feathers of a blackbird

I am an octopus
Diving deeper and deeper into the ocean
Tentacles pull you down
Down into the empty vastness

I am a minor chord
Played repetitively on a piano
Singing an eerie tune
I play on the sunniest days and the darkest nights
I follow your every move and grow in volume

I am a black hole
Sucking in fun and laughter
I leave you with one thought
Eating at your mind

I am a sour taste
I am the crow picking at your flesh
I am the darkness we hide in a mask.

Naranja by Valeria, 8T

(For these poems, we were asked to think exploring colour in languages other than English)

Naranja

The leaves whirl in the wind

Murado

Like the sky doesn't care it's early morning

Verde

As her eyes glisten in the night

Rosa

Why would the ocean be blue?

Marron

Like her silky hair that she combs with her fingers

Rojo

The vibrant colour that beckons day and night

Then

The girl blows away like grains of sand

The mystical land withers away

The colour fades.

Nella Foresta by Mia, 8R

Nella foresta, il verde pera foglie ondeggia

Il marrone pieghe e crepi nella scorza e forte

Il bianco della luna brilla nel fiume calma

Nella foresta, gli colori ti parlano,

Nella foresta

In the Forest

In the forest, the pear green leaves sway about,

The brown creases and cracks in the bark stand strong

The white moon shines in the calm river,

In the forest, the colours talk to you,

In the forest.