

A Celebration of Poetry

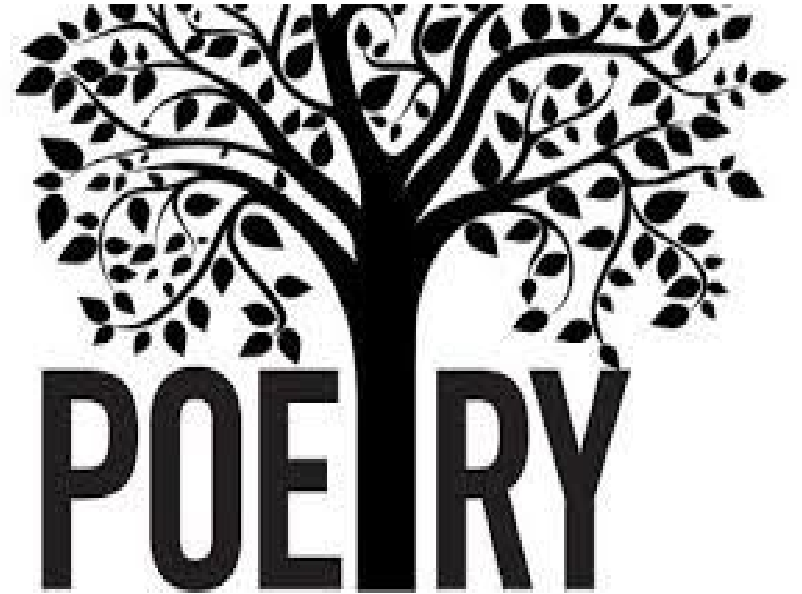
This week, we have been celebrating the talents of CSG students as poets. First of all, we announced the winners of the CSG Poetry competition on the theme of FREEDOM. You can read the winning entries [here](#).

Secondly, we are thrilled that so many of our students' poems are featured in a poetry anthology: *How We Make Daylight*. These poems were written in response to sessions run by our poet-in-residence, Jane Duran, who inspired our students to produce some really impressive and original work. We are grateful to the Rimbaud and Verlaine Foundation and the T S Eliot Foundation for funding both Jane's residency with us and the production of the anthology.

Angie Fearnside, Head of English

A Celebration of Poetry

- Winners of CSG Poetry Competition, 2017 on the theme: FREEDOM
- CSG students featuring in new anthology



My Soul will Rise by Hafsa, 7T

Bind my arms:
Blood will flow
Gag my mouth:
My mind will think
Trap my body:
My soul will rise.
In dark pits
Where water's scarce
In crushing chains
Blindfolded eyes
In burning heat
In biting cold
In struggle

My mind will think
My soul will live
Blood will surge
and flow.
My soul will rise



I am Freedom by Biba, 8C

I am the inhale and exhale
Carrying soft winds
And ancient garden breezes.

I am the wandering mind of children,
exhilarated by adventure
moving through woods, dreams and
sunset beams.

I am the centre of the heart
pulsing energy to the sea,
sending golden flickers of faith
and songs between you and me.



They say: Write a Poem about Freedom by Chanya, 9M

They say: "Write a poem about freedom: strong line for the beginning, strong line for the end".

So I try,
and try,
and
then
I realise.



While I'm sitting here with a pencil in
my fingers
and a rubber in my hand
and the leisure of a computer
on my desk

Someone is cowering in the corner of
a room
blood dripping-
like the chocolate fountain at my
mum's wedding-
out of the side of their head

They say: Write a Poem about Freedom by Chanya, 9M

A child
Under Tory rule
with a wasted mother
who wastes her meagre money
on ways of winning more

She won once
She says she'll win again

And the kid who sees their school
and sprints
away
because of what the big guys did
yesterday.



They say: Write a Poem about Freedom by Chanya, 9M

How can
I
write a poem about
freedom
when all I've ever experienced is
Freedom

How can I write about these
people
Whom I've never met

With every word
With every thought
I realise:
I am free.



***Shut Tight* by Fatiya, 10**

Letters bubble in her throat
Fighting their way into the cold, judgemental air
She swallows them, pushing them down
Her lips shut tight
Keeping them safe from the hyper-critical ears that surround her
Letters that never form words
Words that never form phrases
And phrases that never form sentences
Like a caterpillar that never experiences the sweet, fulfilling life of a butterfly
They look at her waiting for words to escape
But her lips are shut tight
Afraid the smallest opening
Will make the biggest noise



***Shut Tight* by Fatiya, 10R**

They turn away satisfied with her silence
Instead of phrases, disappointment bubbles in her throat
But her lips are shut tight
The illegible doodles suddenly capture her complete attention
Her eyes never leave the table
Sentences never leave her mouth
The letters are there
The words are there
The bravery isn't
Someone behind her begins to speak, heads whip to face her
Daring to disagree
Why do they think it is her when
It couldn't be her....
...Because her lips are shut tight!



***Ode to Society* by Madeleine 10M**

Her entrancing speech
Is all we care to hear
Her delicate scream
Is all that we fear
In the eye of temptation
Her sigh of relief
The Seal of Approval
We search for
In our sleep



Her hands.
They must be stronger than our will
(and God
We have so much)
I can see them
Congealing their blue-tinted
Papery, white skin
An iron girth clamped
Around the too much of flesh.

Ode to Society by Madeleine 10M

“Step away from the mirror
Turn away from the green (yellow,
ORANGE, **RED**) boxes
We are more
And more is good”
They chant.

As She turns the little cogs
In their well-wired pretty little heads.



Our Poet in Residence: Summer 2017

Funded by:



Jane Duran

How We Make Daylight Anthology

Year 9:

Mia
Valeria
Sumaira
Jeanne
Lily
Luba



Year 11:

Bluebell
Najiyah
Edie
Nia
Betty
Molly

Year 10:

Hannah
Stella
Roisin
Sadie
Sylvie
Alice
Ellie
Niva
Maimoona
Ava