

**The Day** by Daisy L (Year 7)

Early day

The cries of life anew

Hunger

Dirtied

Tired

Even more so

Happy

Mid-day

Grumpy yet confused

Too old

But too young

How to act

Fit in

Afternoon

Old yet content

Wise

Seen almost everything

Yet afraid

Afraid to close your eyes

Night

Sobs of the grieving

Gone

Lowered down

Lower

Lower

Final resting place

Back to the soil

Where the day begins once more

**The Cake** by Molly R (Year 9)

Life is so easy,  
a piece of cake.

Spending and squandering  
all the money we make.

Cutting through the layers.  
Always getting the biggest slice.  
And with a cherry on top,  
our lives are so nice.

Peeling back the pretense of humanity,  
ripping the layers apart.  
The divides which no one will speak of,  
but have separated us from the start.

Watching them cut the biggest slice,  
we are all slipping away.  
Those who face hardship and suffering,  
we struggle every day.

Nothing's changer – left to fight for only crumbs,  
not cared for, not seen, not heard:  
If only they knew what it's like to be us,  
Forever trapped like a helpless caged bird.

**The Remaining Hierarchy** by Chloe C and Lacey L (Year 9)

They have picked you out,  
Your white flag tucked away,  
Guns blazing women contemplating,  
Jobs left vacant waiting idle,  
Society burning gaps left open,  
Hoping for a better change.

Independence. Women worked whilst resilient,  
They cooked, sewed and nursed,  
And all they could do,  
Men's jobs were filled fighting against chance,  
Supplying the men that were left without.

Men returned from the war,  
To find their place had changed,  
And their jobs had been arranged,  
They felt a sense of loss of pride and control,  
They resented the unreasonable change,  
And took back what was previously owned.

Nothing. Nothing has changed from the hierarchy,  
The freedom and liberty burnt to a crisp at once,  
Men taking a grasp of their surroundings with foggy minds,  
Their brains finally burnt out, now allowing change.

Dread by Jess S (Year 9)

I dread a world of fiery rage,  
Burning the souls of prey.  
Trees, bushes, flowers perish,  
Reduced to smoke and flame.

I dread a world without fauna life,  
Habitats cut to shreds.  
Rhinos, lions, tigers' slope,  
When can we stop the death?

I dread a world filled with floods and rain,  
Deluge drowns us all.  
Ice caps melt, sea levels rise,  
Does no one see we've hit a wall?

I dread a world of scorching heat,  
It's not just the pavement cracked.  
Cholera, typhoid, no crops to eat,  
We're losing and that's a fact.

I dread our world as nothing's changed.  
We don't care what it has become.  
Animals, drought, floods are too much.  
We have given up. Our doing is done.

Sorry by Kyden W (Year 9)

Total anarchy all around,  
An endless clash with the follow up of fear,  
Well-known or not, there's always one,  
A weapon, a shield and a reckless one.

The battle's in the air, a vivid smell of violence,  
Weapons to injure and a shield to protect,  
Protection is needed as a cyclone hits the air,  
A shield is used, but should it be used?  
Of all things we could do, we raise our shields, aggression is what drives our society.

Sorry, sorry, sorry is all they say,  
Leaders world-wide apologise to get their way,  
Despite being in power, they choose the path of greed.  
No number of protests can remove this loop.  
Alas, Nothing's changed.

The Sea by Fortune A (Year 9)

Oh, the sea, the great expanse!  
With waves that crash and dance  
The salty scent that fills the air,  
And the endless horizon that's always fair.

Its depth is shrouded in mystery,  
With creatures that are wild and free.  
From the smallest fish to the giant whale,  
The sea is home to many a tale.

Sometimes it's calm and peaceful,  
A sanctuary for the weary and wistful.  
But other times it's stormy and fierce,  
A mighty force that cannot be pierced.

The sea, it beckons and calls,  
An adventure that entralls.  
With its beauty and its power,  
It's a wonder that we can't help but devour.

So, here's to the sea, so vast and blue,  
A world of wonder that's calling you.  
Go listen to its call,  
The magic that lies in the deep blue sea.

**Crocodiles** by T-Jay K (Year 9)

Crocodiles are creatures of the Nile,  
Surviving for centuries in style,  
Their tough skin and bones of steal,  
Have helped them survive and heal,

They swim in the water waiting for prey,  
With patients and stealth, they hunt all day,  
And when they strike, it's with deadly force,  
Leaving their victims with no remorse,

Despite the dangers they pose,  
Crocodiles still thrive and grow,  
Their ancient lineage has look like lime,  
And they are still fascinating, and they shine,

So let's marvel at these creatures of the wild,  
And appreciate their survival with a mile,  
For in a world of consistent strife,  
Crocodiles remind us of the beauty of life.

**Greggs** by Faye H (Year 9)

Greggs, nothing's changed.

Pastries, cookies, sausage rolls,

The same, blue and yellow logo follows me when I step  
through the doors. The price calling me, the change in my purse  
jumping up and down, calling out for me, begging to be spent.

Greggs, nothing's changed.

Always in the Northeast, rooted there, like a tree, essential and  
Never moved. Greggs runs like oxygen through the blood of  
every true Northeast person.

Greggs, nothing's changed.

1939, the bubbles started brewing, the concoction of greatness  
ensues. John Gregg, the man himself, the myth, the legend.

**Jilted** by Ivy G (Year 9)

Adored darling deceiver. Not a moment since  
I haven't had my heart rebroken. Endless nightmares ever since.  
So vivid it felt so real. My eyes striking midnight,  
My hands held back together from forgiveness.

Forsaken. I yearn to forgive. Full of nights with full moons  
In bed crying 'pleaseeeeeee' at the wall; the gown  
Yellowing, decaying. Ramshackle.  
The broken mirror, full length, me, her, I, who did this

to me? Singing my prayers that are no longer words but sounds.  
Some nights are sweeter, some are engraved into me.  
My fluent love language for my adored darling deceiver;  
It haunts me every time.

How I live to love those. How I forgive those who haunt me.  
I still ate the wedding cake – solo.  
Hand me the love I deserve, swatting the hurt I recognise;  
The face with numerals leaving me in the past; tik tok...tik tok...tick tok...

**2020 Suffragettes** by Amelia R and Lana B (Year 9)

The injustice of unequal pay takes me back 100 years.

You'd think they'd learn, we're just girls.

Walking through school, "pull that skirt down!"

"Take that makeup off!" the irrational misogynistic comments tearing us down.

The suffragettes suffered for us, yet we will never ever earn our freedom. Our rights are deserved, men taking us for granted.

Can't anyone hear us, are we stuck in silence?

In the 1920s we didn't have the votes, will 2020s be a repeat?

Why don't we get equal pay, equal treatments!

I feel like I've been taken back in time.

"I need a strong boy to carry these boxes" aren't we strong?

When will we get the same opportunities?

We deserve nothing but rights!

We'll never be enough,

We'll never be strong enough,

We'll never be smart enough,

Nothing will ever be good enough for men.

Nothing's changed. Not for them.

**Beloved** by Phoenix E (Year 9)

Beloved. Not a day since then  
Have I forgot that time. Praying for his  
Return to my arms so long I've dark green pebbles for eyes.  
He will come back, come back to me, right?

Spinster. I know I stink but time needs  
To stop. Whole days I remember sitting at the door,  
Tears in my eyes. The dress yellowing but I can't remove it  
The only thing he gave me, the only thing left.

Wishes, prayers nothing will give him back  
What have I done what do I have to do  
To return him to me? I will remove every man to get him back.  
Kissing kicking killing, he will be the only one left.

Lost behind a white veil. Like a needle pricking at  
My heart I can feel myself deleting  
Give his body back to me again. I need him,  
Left at the alter I wait for his return  
But I know its only my heart the b-b-b-breaks

**Poetry** by Finlay M and Leon T (Year 9)

In pages adorned with words, tale unfolds,  
Where sorrow's tendrils grip a soul long cold.  
A reader, bearing empathy's gentle touch,  
Delves deep into the heartache that's so much.

Havisham, a persona trapped in despair,  
Her fragile essence, once vibrant and fair.  
Personification weaves its subtle thread,  
Breathing life into feelings left unsaid.

Through enjambments, her story softly flows,  
With rhythmic grace, the poet's ink bestows.  
Each line a window to her inner strife,  
A glimpse into her bleak solitary life.

Oxymorons dance upon the poet's quill,  
In paradox, emotions find their thrill.  
A jumbled mess, where love and hatred twine,  
A twisted tapestry entwined divine.

Sympathy, a flame that flickers and burns,  
Like fragile wings of butterflies in turns.  
It hovers, floating in the reader's gaze,  
A light that pierces through Havisham's haze.

A smile, a vessel to express,  
The ache of longing, veiled in deep distress.  
My heart, a withered bloom, once full of grace,  
Now wilted, lost in time's relentless chase.

## Fear by Autumn A (Year 7)

Fear can be a mistake,  
No-one can control it, but it can take over,  
People can be too scared to live,  
Fear. Why is it there?  
Fear. Why does it control us?  
Fear. It lives in us.  
Fear never gives up, but it always brings you down.

Fear. Why does it come out?  
Fear. Why doesn't it go away?  
Fear. Why does it scare us?  
Fear. Why does it show?

Fear is there to hurt us,  
Even though it's not nice,  
You can be afraid of anything,  
Just, fear is never gone,  
Even if we have to fight.

Fear always lets us down,  
Makes us suffer,  
Let us be free,  
Live a happy life,  
Fear is strong but we can overcome it,

It's a bad idea,

It never lets us get away.

Why does it have to be this way?

Just let us be.

**The Garden** by Alexis L (Year 7)

Opening the gate  
tall, rusted, creaking.  
the gate that leads to heaven  
the gate that leads to destiny

tall, flowering soldiers surround me  
I feel small, worthless  
The trees sway with the sweet symphony of the wind  
I hear branches snapping, leaves rustling  
My spine shivers

Walking further I see blossoming flowers,  
I remember the old flower garden in my grandmother's  
house  
all of my time spent picking, studying and planting  
I never realised how much they meant to  
Me  
Their symbol of life, growing, surviving, dieing  
All gone just like that.

As I see the end gate come into view  
I realise this garden in not heaven  
it is not destiny.  
It is memory.

Summer by Finley M (Year 9)

Summers are getting hotter,  
Faced with spells of drought,  
Our climate is now changing,  
It's true without a doubt.  
Forest fires are burning,  
A threat to wildfire there,  
Leaving a scorched and barren land,  
Looking sad and bare.  
We think about our future,  
And wonder,  
What can be done?  
This is the world we live in,  
It is our only one.