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# OUR PLACE

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*Anthology of Year 10 poems September 2020*



September 2020

In my bedroom I awake  
She sees I'm fragile like a snowflake  
She overlooks me as I grow  
Every night as I lay on my pillow  
She is as calm as a settled lake.

When I stir and sniff and shake  
She warms me, never gets a break  
She lets me rest  
Though she is stressed  
She is as selfless as a settled lake.

I scream  
I dream  
She flows through life like a stream

Watching the years go by  
A long while later she was awake  
I see she's fragile like a snowflake  
I overlook how much she grew  
Every night without her pillow  
She is as abandoned as a settled lake

I sigh and shake  
I leave her, an infinite break  
I let her rest  
Though I am stressed  
She is as lonely as a settled lake

Jane Hillhouse

## Peyto Lake

I trace his wolf like structure,  
With my eyes as they burn under blazing sun,  
He's blue.  
Not green, not grey.  
But a perfect pale sapphire.  
You can't say nothing is perfect if you haven't seen everything.  
I feel I've seen everything.  
To me this is everything.

He's so like a wolf.  
Calmly, he lies there, like a sleeping wolf.  
He's surrounded by these trees that  
Lie like they're sleeping too.  
There's no wind to shake these chartreuse leaves from the branches  
they cling to as a child does to their mother.  
They aren't ready to let go.  
I know how they feel.

A mountain cowers behind him  
He's intimidated.  
There's no need, I whisper.  
This mountain that towers,  
A soft grey like the  
Wing of a dove.  
He's beautiful too.  
My eyes cannot decipher anything unattractive if I stay very still,  
Don't scare it away.

The sleeping mountain.  
The sleeping trees hand in hand with the sleeping leaves,  
The sleeping lake,  
And me. Very awake.

A slow wind that carries a whistle arrives,  
The water gently starts to shiver,  
Don't howl, I cry,  
Please,  
I beg,  
For the fear of losing my peace.  
But he lies there, still silent,  
The lake shaped like a wolf.

Amy Smith

Watching

Her child's feet crunch  
And crack  
Against the gravel.  
Her first line of defence.  
Alerting her to intruders.  
Whilst she  
Protects  
And comforts  
Warm.

Her red brick exterior,  
Represents her family's heritage?  
Possibly Spanish?  
Italian?  
From warmer climates,  
Maybe?  
But now?  
She is the  
Warm.

It's just that silly man  
He says things like that.  
She knows him very well,  
He grew up here  
She saw him trip  
And grow.  
She kept him.  
Warm.

Now he has his own  
Children.  
They are hers too,  
She protects,  
Comforts,  
Just like their mother.  
And keeps them all,  
Warm.

She tugs the smile from her child's soul,  
Making it impossible to refuse.  
Her insides spill fun  
Spill joy  
And relaxation.  
She is home and  
Warm.

Her interiors,  
Comfort  
Beautiful  
Thoughtful.  
People cry inside her,  
Happy tears  
Sad tears.  
They laugh, they love,  
They grow, they go.  
She watches,  
And keeps them,  
Warm.

Lara Starkey

Home

Hearts pound, fingers twitch  
Eyes dazzle, feet tingle  
As a majestic peacock takes its place  
Amongst the blanket of warmth.

Lights shine like diamonds,  
Royal gold intertwines regal red  
As a sunset moth glides  
Through the valley of warmth.

I sit amongst people who feel  
The same excitement, the same warmth,  
Their eyes hypnotised as the  
Wave of red vanishes.

And for a moment it is silent,  
The sunset moth goes unnoticeable  
The peacock goes hidden...  
Until the warmth envelopes us all.

Sweet melodies pour into my ears,  
My sunset moth smiles, peacock,  
Ruffles her feathers sending a  
Spectrum of colours towards my way.

They glide in front of me,  
Overwhelming my senses,  
taking my breath away.  
I feel free.

They hug me, provide me warmth  
As I settle in for the show to begin  
And from that moment I realise.  
I am home.

Erina Butler

Quand j'étais libre

There once was a time, a place, a country where I didn't have to live like this,  
all my restless nights and countless chores all vanished from the light  
but now all I can do is remember those days when I was free.....  
free from this night.

Arriving was short but sweet,  
the piercing sun and blinding stars snatching my slave like scars  
Going round and round, round and round on the carousel; lasting as long as this memory  
free from this night.

Crystal clear skies beam into my eyes,  
wind brushing my hair on this hiatus I call home.  
No care in the world, as the swimming pool that protects me covers my branding  
free from this night.

As the trampoline bounced away my troubles  
and the cards dealt away my hurt,  
realising that this fantasy is no longer in my reach.  
Free from this night.

Cherishing all my souvenirs that are locked in a place no-one can take from me,  
I take a step back into reality  
back doing stuff that only occur in my nightmares,  
Trapped in this night.

Lydia Baggott

## When Things Were Different

Things were different,  
When I was a child,  
Back then I was innocent,  
Back then I was fortunate,  
Though sometimes people can be harsh here it's my home  
But In its absence, I would only feel alone,  
But in the past, I was naïve,  
I could see some good in everything,  
I was alone but I didn't care,  
I felt that people would care for me,  
But in the past, I was naive,  
Now I know,  
The worlds aggressive and cruel,  
now I understand a level of freedom,  
For I am defiant,  
For I have a true identity,  
For I am no longer naïve,  
I want to learn  
So, I can be independent,  
So, I can live life to the fullest.

Haydn Williams

My Safe Place.

*Safe Places. Rare beams of comfort shining into the cracking world.*

My Safe Place is so obvious

its hidden. I go there to let go, to return home.

After a persistent day of routine, discipline and maximum energy I return to My Safe Place. I almost jump into its arms as it gently pulls me into my creation welcoming me back from my last visit.

I can just "be" here. Time is effortless here. No rush.

Budging blues, pouncing purples and true turquoises dance around me lifting my arms up and willing me to dance and realised myself.

My Safe Place does not welcome darkness, so my fears scuttle back into their imaginary cells. This part of my life is only full of the good fairy tale characters and happy endings. Just like those fictional books I can't help but feel hypnotised... like something will go wrong. This thought is soon evaporated as the DJs set begins. He reads my exact mood and notes stream into my soul healing it and transporting me to a tranquilizing harmonic cloud.

Panels are plastered, patched up and painted to mirror my whole personality. A canvas filled with spontaneous interests and loves of mine. My Walls They reminisce about all my aging memories. Dragging around my worn and innocent teddies, pointless outburst of school stress, vivid flashbacks of proud smiles, independence and lucid mornings where the sun opens my eyes describing all the awaiting adventures of the day.

Everything around me has been careful slotted into my museum everything with an attached memory I am too inclined to let go off. a neat pile of mess lays before me like the creation of the solar system. A crazy ballgame of the gods.

Just as I settle into my own comfort, the inevitable clock chimes and I shut the lid on my evolving thoughts for another day. My feet are soon pulled back down as the Outside sea floods my barriers and my world swept away once again.

Still there in spirit, My Safe Place clings to me protecting me from the Outside. I put on a face and tread back into my unavoidable reality leading my line of my fears and worries into battle

*Safe places. Rare beams of comfort shining into the cracking world.* Their aura carrying us through the tough times. I will always return to My Safe Place because it's my creation.

Annie Howells

A long day at school

Hours pass by

I sit staring out of the window waiting for my hope to fly

Dreamy and tired I long for my peaceful sanctuary

Looking at my watch

When will the bell ring

Hustle and bustle, crowds and swarms of people

I'm waiting until I can retreat to the peace of my room where I hear the birds sing

The warmth of a volcano

The peace of a waterfall

Lying on my bed, safe, secure and confident in my own space

I drift.... with mystery of a crime, how can anything beat that dream of mine.

When I wake my mind resets

Clear like crystal and focussed

I open the door and venture out into the world once again rejuvenated and fresh

I'm recharged and ready but my haven, my safe place is where I will always return

Georgia Turvey

The further

It was a place once

A place, where all eyes had been set upon

Where the real feelings were felt

And where all life would feel like a fantasy

It was a place once

With no worries or fears of the unknown

Where my mind would be free to flow

Where I was able to call it mine

It was a place once

Somewhere I felt safe?

Or was it somewhere I felt that terrified, I couldn't feel at all?

They got inside my head, like they could control my every move

They watched me wherever I went

It had lives of the vengeful, the evil, they wanted life

I'm in with the lost spirits

Again! They chant deeper deeper, the further you go

It was a place once

But now it belongs to them

I'm lost, I thought as I watched myself sleep

And then I flew away...

Carys Carmody

The same place

We get there by car, the journey perpetual

Finally, arrive at the place I called home,

Stepped out and stretched my limbs and took a deep breath in.

The same smell as when I was here last,

The same sounds of the seagulls squawking.

The streets of the town swarmed with excitement and joy

Laughter and smiles catch on the gentle gale

The graceful atmosphere was as if I never left but,

That thing that made us go seems to be with us, but not possible.

I have no words, that thing stole all I had left

Stole my hope along with my heart and smile

Never-ending issues.

If only I could run away and hide

But They would still find me.

Emma Price

The forest is the bleakest part of my trek. It is a never-ending world of disproportionate oaks surrounded by marshland. Stumbling I go, over the fallen leaves and rubble, over the tangling and twisting roots, over the moss that has deepened the underworld. I struggle desperately with my companion as she tries to chase a gullible grouse up the meandering lane.

After a few moments, I hear heavy thuds crashing onto the umbrella above my head, shielding me from the thunderous beast that is howling over me. Like a barrage of bullets, it springs back to life after only a moments weakness. When the rumbling is over, I carry on, listening as the rain howls in defeat away from me, up the meandering lane.

Finally, as I stumble again over the fallen leaves and rubble, a blinding light smiles down on me. The suns warmth spreads like an infectious disease over the menacing forest. It was like I had been blinded before. The once disproportionate oaks were now alluring sculptures of woodland. I sighed in awe of this prepossessing scene and carried on up the meandering lane.

Grace Forrester

Garlands of berries weave through the brambles,  
soldier-like timbers fighting for their territory,  
the ivy crawls.

Nature acquiring its autumnal wardrobe,  
blankets of undergrowth painted brown,  
the leaves parachute.

The fungi tattooed on dancing trees.

The season does change.

A buzzing bee working like the miners,  
once a hive of industry, bustling and sonorous,  
an evolved place.

Rocks underfoot massaging my feet,  
down the infinite path meandering like a river,  
time to reflect.

Peaceful and still, no distractions or confusion.

The era does change.

A crowded festival brimming with mystery,  
intimidated by the towering canopy of foliage,  
approach with trepidation.

Looking out, you steal a glimpse,  
a tantalising view of the world beyond,  
dreaming of adventure.

A patchwork blanket of intrigue and opportunities.

The perspective does change

Grace Simpson

My country

The countryside, a thing of legend,

Countless adventures waiting to be discovered,

The tranquil mood perfectly accompanied by the slight rustle of leaves in the autumn wind.

The countryside, a thing of beauty,

Wandering into the great green yonder,

Air whispering in your ears, telling secrets unknown to humanity.

The countryside, a seasonal marvel,

Truly captivating as if it were alive,

Silent like snow drifting onto a lonely mountain, yet lively as a bustling city.

The countryside a place of peace,

A place that truly lets you unwind,

A place to forget all woes and lose yourself.

Tom Mumford

I escape,  
From the wild world we all face.  
From the arguing and the sorrow,  
From the non-stop worries,  
To peace, fun and silence.

I'm free,  
From the mutters.  
To my unknown world,  
A blank sheet where no one knows,  
Who I am and what I'm like.

My get away,  
From all the fake.  
To peace, fun and silence,  
Defining silence.

But it's not forever,  
Monday comes around.  
And there's no escape,  
No peace, no fun, defining silence.

They are gone,  
No one there for comfort or help.  
No reassurance that I am okay, or doing well

This sure feels like hell.  
The laughing starts up again,  
Humiliation, dread.

They think it's funny, all just a joke

But not for me.

But I remember,

My safe escape place.

My run away land, filled with

Peace, fun and laughter.

Grace Joliffe

When I was just a little girl

So tiny and so small,

I sat in front of the sunset watching;

Colourful yolks dripping into the sky.

The evenings slowly drawn in,

with summers shadows fading.

The trees whistled

The leaves fell

Mother Nature called

little birds danced from their nests

and there,

I am so happy.

I see the flowers that you threw,

that place we all looked over

that place the world left you.

Evie Banford

An old dog sleeping,  
The roar of the tractors,  
Brought the dog to life.  
Springtime lambs raced,  
Past the dog.  
House martins sheltered by the dog.  
The crops start to grow.

Elizabeth Rogers

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Warm breeze, warm sand  
*a walk across the land*  
waves crash, water foams  
*a tranquil place to call home*

children swimming, adults lying  
*the birds dancing in the sky*  
sun kissed skin, salty hair  
*a tranquil place to call home*

Isla Griffiths

Walking, walking, plodding up the hill,  
The golf ball looms over you, scornful of your efforts,  
Disappointed and disapproving, knowing you can do better.

Jogging, jogging, scrambling up the hill,  
The golf ball towers over you,  
It acknowledges your improvement but is still unsatisfied  
It knows you can do better still.

Running, running, sprinting up the hill,  
The golf ball looks down on you with approving eyes,  
As if it has now finally accepted that you are worthy of this place of rest and refuge,  
A reward for your efforts.

Frazer Henson

Holiday

The wind blew east on our arrival.

It pushed us closer and it danced hand in hand with the sun who tiptoed across the sea front. Reality shut us in tight and our dreams were filled with love and serenity. The wind was a hint of pain like the feeling that we all got when we had left, but, still it hugged us tight and opened its arms out to our small world of chaos, organised chaos.

The rain stood still during the day.

It washed away our worries and joined us in our high spirits. It shined the shoes and dampened the seats, but it didn't stop us. Didn't stop us at all. The cards were thrown in a mess and the tea towels sat lonely, but, everyone was together and that was enough.

The sun called us down to the beach where we all shared a laugh.

A laugh that was effortless like the waves that tickled our toes. The crabs were busy running around as were the kids whose smiles grew deeper with the rays of the day around us all. At this moment nothing else mattered, and we were all safe and sound. These memories would stay with us for a lifetime, a lifetime that would be worth the journey.

The stars melted through the night and the birds arose the next day.

They sang with their heart and they felt the loneliness as so did we when we departed. The wind joined us from the west, this time. He was clouded with hope and softened from his time away. Farewell until next year when we could stack up our album of all-time favourites and relive it all over again, again would not be the same, but it would be better.

Martha Howells

Thailand

We land and the light shines  
In my eyes I see the tropical paradise  
Flashes of emerald green catch my eye  
Dreams of going back there now  
The thought just excites me  
Going to meet the elephants  
And feeding the wildlife  
Wishing for the light to shine again

Becky Malysz

The beach

The salty air wraps around me  
As I walk down the pebble sheet,  
I latch on to the memory like a tourist  
Even though, there feels like home.  
  
The waves whispering fill my ears  
As they trickle up close to me,  
a flock of gulls squawk past me causing an  
icy breeze to coat my arms in goose bumps.

Marissa Brown

I don't see him all the time,  
He only appears every now and then.  
I try to shake him off my  
tail but no matter how much  
I run he will always be right behind me.  
He lurks in the shadows and scurries  
In the dark...and then...he pounces.  
Ripping my psyche into  
Shreds,  
Pieces.  
Smashed as if it were a piggybank  
Under a hammer wielded by what  
my mind has come to know as, simply  
The 'shadow man'.  
I've told my friends about this apparition and  
it's since stayed further away from me.  
On my worst days he looms over me, blocking the sun's hopeful rays.  
But anyway,  
Those are only my bad days...  
I'm fine now, but that won't stop him  
From appearing every now and then.

Jack Sweeney