



Castle View
Enterprise
Academy

TREASURED POEMS

AN
ANTHOLOGY
OF POETRY



WORLD POETRY DAY 2024

INTRODUCTION

Treasured Poems, an anthology of poetry curated by Castle View Enterprise Academy Staff.

A collection of poetry handpicked by our educators, reflecting the depth and diversity of our school, from classic masterpieces to contemporary marvels.

Enjoy exploring the timeless beauty and profound insights captured within these pages.

THIS COLLECTION OF POETRY MARKS WORLD POETRY DAY 2024:

The day was proposed and adopted by UNESCO in 1999. The organization hoped to inspire the celebration of poetry all over the world, preserve endangered languages, and stimulate poetic expression through this day. Poets, both past and present, are honoured, and oral traditions of reciting poetry are revived.

WORLD POETRY DAY 2024

WE REFUGEES BY BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH

I come from a musical place
Where they shoot me for my song
And my brother has been tortured
By my brother in my land.

I come from a beautiful place
Where they hate my shade of skin
They don't like the way I pray
And they ban free poetry.

I come from a beautiful place
Where girls cannot go to school
There you are told what to believe
And even young boys must grow beards.

I come from a great old forest
I think it is now a field
And the people I once knew
Are not there now.

We can all be refugees
Nobody is safe,
All it takes is a mad leader
Or no rain to bring forth food,
We can all be refugees
We can all be told to go,
We can be hated by someone
For being someone. .

I come from a beautiful place
Where the valley floods each year
And each year the hurricane tells us
That we must keep moving on.

I come from an ancient place
All my family were born there
And I would like to go there
But I really want to live.

I come from a sunny, sandy place
Where tourists go to darken skin
And dealers like to sell guns there
I just can't tell you what's the price.

I am told I have no country now
I am told I am a lie
I am told that modern history books
May forget my name.

We can all be refugees
Sometimes it only takes a day,
Sometimes it only takes a handshake
Or a paper that is signed.
We all came from refugees
Nobody simply just appeared,
Nobody's here without a struggle,
And why should we live in fear
Of the weather or the troubles?
We all came here from somewhere.

CHOSEN BY MR PALMER-BELL

I WAS UPSET WHEN BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH PASSED AWAY LAST YEAR. I WENT BACK TO
READ SOME OF HIS POEMS AND THIS POEM, LIKE ALL OF HIS POEMS, HAS SO MUCH POWER
AND EMOTIONS. THEY'RE VERY SPECIAL POEMS

HAZ COMO EL SOL BY PABLO NERUDA

No te aferres al pasado
ni a los recuerdos tristes.
No abras la herida que ya cicatrizó.
No revivas los dolores y sufrimientos antiguos.

Lo que pasó, pasó...

De ahora en adelante,
pon tus fuerzas en construir una vida nueva,
orientada hacia lo alto, y camina de frente,
sin mirar atrás.

Haz como el sol que nace cada día,
sin pensar en la noche que pasó.

Vamos, levántate...
porque la luz del sol está afuera!

Don't hold on to the past
nor to sad memories.
Do not open the wound already healed.
Do not relive old pains and sufferings.

What happened happened...

Henceforth,
put your strength into building a new life,
oriented towards high, and walks forward,
without looking back.

Do like the sun that rises every day,
without thinking about the night that happened.

Come on, get up...
because the sunlight is outside!

CHOSEN BY MISS HUME

BECAUSE IT'S UPLIFTING AND POSITIVE AND MAKES ME SMILE!

AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN
BY W.B. YATES

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

CHOSEN BY DR SHEPPERSON

THIS POEM IS HOW I MADE MY WIFE FALL IN LOVE WITH ME

PRETTY UGLY BY ABDULLAH SHOAIB

I'm very ugly
So don't try to convince me that
I am a very beautiful person
Because at the end of the day
I hate myself in every single way
And I'm not going to lie to myself by saying
There is beauty inside of me that matters
So rest assured I will remind myself
That I am a worthless, terrible person
And nothing you say will make me believe
I still deserve love
Because no matter what
I am not good enough to be loved
And I am in no position to believe that
Beauty does exist within me
Because whenever I look in the mirror I always think
Am I as ugly as people say?

Now read the same words, but bottom up.

CHOSEN BY MISS BELL

IT MAKES ME SMILE.

WORLD POETRY DAY 2024

SLOUGH BY JOHN BETJEMAN

Come friendly bombs and fall on Slough!
It isn't fit for humans now,
There isn't grass to graze a cow.
Swarm over, Death!

Come, bombs and blow to smithereens
Those air -conditioned, bright canteens,
Tinned fruit, tinned meat, tinned milk, tinned beans,
Tinned minds, tinned breath.

Mess up the mess they call a town-
A house for ninety-seven down
And once a week a half a crown
For twenty years.

And get that man with double chin
Who'll always cheat and always win,
Who washes his repulsive skin
In women's tears:

And smash his desk of polished oak
And smash his hands so used to stroke
And stop his boring dirty joke
And make him yell.

But spare the bald young clerks who add
The profits of the stinking cad;
It's not their fault that they are mad,
They've tasted Hell.

It's not their fault they do not know
The birdsong from the radio,
It's not their fault they often go
To Maidenhead

And talk of sport and makes of cars
In various bogus-Tudor bars
And daren't look up and see the stars
But belch instead.

In labour-saving homes, with care
Their wives frizz out peroxide hair
And dry it in synthetic air
And paint their nails.

Come, friendly bombs and fall on Slough
To get it ready for the plough.
The cabbages are coming now;
The earth exhales.

CHOSEN BY MR REED

IT LAMENTS THE MODERN DESTRUCTION OF CLASSIC BUILDINGS AND
THE MODERN CAPITALIST NEO-LIBERAL TREATMENT OF PEOPLE.

MID TERM BREAK BY SEAMUS HEANEY

I sat all morning in the college sick bay
Counting bells knelling classes to a close.
At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying—
He had always taken funerals in his stride—
And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram
When I came in, and I was embarrassed
By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble'.
Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,
Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.
At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived
With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the nurses.

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four-foot box as in his cot.
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four-foot box, a foot for every year.

CHOSEN BY MR TURNBULL

IT IS UTTERLY HEART BREAKING.

NO HELP FOR THAT BY CHARLES BUKOWSKI

There is a place in the heart that
will never be filled

a space

and even during the
best moments
and
the greatest times
times

we will know it

we will know it
more than
ever

there is a place in the heart that
will never be filled
and

we will wait
and
wait

in that space.

CHOSEN BY MRS WHITE

IT STRUCK A CHORD WITH ME. I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FORGET IT.

MOTHER. A CRADLE TO HOLD ME BY MAYA ANGELOU

It is true
I was created in you.
It is also true
That you were created for me.
I owned your voice.
It was shaped and tuned to soothe me.
Your arms were molded
Into a cradle to hold me, to rock me.
The scent of your body was the air
Perfumed for me to breathe.

Mother,
During those early, dearest days
I did not dream that you had
A large life which included me,
For I had a life
Which was only you.

Time passed steadily and drew us apart.
I was unwilling.
I feared if I let you go
You would leave me eternally.
You smiled at my fears, saying
I could not stay in your lap forever.

That one day you would have to stand
And where would I be?
You smiled again.
I did not.
Without warning you left me,
But you returned immediately.
You left again and returned,
I admit, quickly,
But relief did not rest with me easily.
You left again, but again returned.
You left again, but again returned.
Each time you reentered my world
You brought assurance.
Slowly I gained confidence.

You thought you know me,
But I did know you,
You thought you were watching me,
But I did hold you securely in my sight,
Recording every moment,
Memorizing your smiles, tracing your frowns.

In your absence
I rehearsed you,
The way you had of singing
On a breeze,
While a sob lay
At the root of your song.

The way you posed your head
So that the light could caress your face
When you put your fingers on my hand
And your hand on my arm,
I was blessed with a sense of health,
Of strength and very good fortune.

You were always
the heart of happiness to me,
Bringing nougats of glee,
Sweets of open laughter.

During the years when you knew nothing
And I knew everything, I loved you still.
Condescendingly of course,
From my high perch
Of teenage wisdom.
I grew older and
Was stunned to find
How much knowledge you had gleaned.
And so quickly.

Mother, I have learned enough now
To know I have learned nearly nothing.
On this day
When mothers are being honored,
Let me thank you
That my selfishness, ignorance, and mockery
Did not bring you to
Discard me like a broken doll
Which had lost its favor.
I thank you that
You still find something in me
To cherish, to admire and to love.

I thank you, Mother.
I love you.

CHOSEN BY MRS GALER

HIGHLIGHTS THE BOND BETWEEN ME AND MY CHILDREN AND MAKES ME
REFLECT ON THE TIME WE HAVE TOGETHER.

STILL I RISE BY MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

CHOSEN BY MRS FRENCH & MISS MILLER & MISS LINCOLN

A POEM WRITTEN ABOUT THE RACISM, RACIAL SEPARATION/ISOLATION AND PREJUDICE THAT IS SEEN AND FELT IN AMERICA DURING THE 1950'S AND 1960'S THE POWER AND DETERMINATION OF THE SPEAKER INSPIRES OTHERS TO CONTINUE THROUGH THEIR OWN STRUGGLES AND EMBRACE WHO THEY ARE.

MRS TILSCHER'S CLASS BY CAROL ANN DUFFY

You could travel up the Blue Nile
with your finger, tracing the route
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.
Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswân.
That for an hour, then a skittle of milk
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.
A window opened with a long pole.
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.
The classroom glowed like a sweet shop.
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and Hindley
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a mistake.
Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you found
she'd left a good gold star by your name.
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another form.

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed
from commas into exclamation marks. Three frogs
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,
followed by a line of kids, jumping and croaking
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy
told you how you were born. You kicked him, but stared
at your parents, appalled, when you got back home.

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked her
how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,
then turned away. Reports were handed out.
You ran through the gates, impatient to be grown,
as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CHOSEN BY MRS TRAVES

IT IS NOSTALGIC TO MY TIME IN SCHOOL.

THE NAMING OF CATS BY T S ELIOT

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—
All of them sensible everyday names.
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—
But all of them sensible everyday names,
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum—
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover—
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular name.

CHOSEN BY MRS MCDERMOTT

FROM ONE OF MY FAVOURITE MUSICALS. PERFECTLY DESCRIBES
THE FELINE ATTITUDE TO LIFE!

DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT BY DYLAN THOMAS

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

CHOSEN BY MISS GRAHAM

DYLAN THOMAS REMINDS YOU THAT LIFE IS PRECIOUS AND THAT
WE SHOULD FIGHT FOR EVERY LAST SECOND.

VALENTINE BY CAROL ANNE DUFFY

Not a red rose or a satin heart.

I give you an onion.
It is a moon wrapped in brown paper.
It promises light
like the careful undressing of love.

Here.
It will blind you with tears
like a lover.
It will make your reflection
a wobbling photo of grief.

I am trying to be truthful.

Not a cute card or a kissogram.

I give you an onion.
Its fierce kiss will stay on your lips,
possessive and faithful
as we are,
for as long as we are.

Take it.
Its platinum loops shrink to a wedding ring,
if you like.
Lethal.
Its scent will cling to your fingers,
cling to your knife.

CHOSEN BY MISS BARKER

LOVE THE LAYERS OF METAPHOR.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN BY ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

CHOSEN BY MISS WILSON

THERE IS SO MUCH BEAUTY IN THE WORDS USED. I LOVE THE DIFFERENT INTERPRETATIONS THAT CAN BE MADE ABOUT THE POEM. THE BEAUTY OF NATURE OR HOW A PERSON'S CHOICE CAN MAKE THEM UNIQUE ON THE PATH OF LIFE THEY CHOOSE.

REMEMBER, REMEMBER BY BILL BILSON

Remember, remember,
The Fourth of November,
Soap powder, treacle and plot.
It walked in a puddle -
I've got in a muddle ...
Hey diddle, dickory dock.

Remember, remember,
The Twelfth of November;
It had ten thousand men.
And Little Boy Blue
Moved into a shoe ...
No, I've got it wrong again.

Remember, remember;
The Third of September?
How does your garden grow?
With puppy dogs' tails
And sugar-spiced snails ...
No, no, no, no, no.

It's the Fifth of October!
The cow has jumped over
Little Miss Pudding and Pie.
A-tisket, atishoo,
My memory's an issue.
Oh, what a dull boy am I.

CHOSEN BY MISS MCCAFFREY

I THINK IT MIGHT MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH.

SONETO LXVI BY PABLO NERUDA

No te quiero sino porque te quiero
y de quererte a no quererte ruego
y de esperarte cuando no te espero
pasa mi corazón del frío al fuego.

Te quiero sólo porque a ti te quiero,
te odio sin fin, y odiándote te ruego,
y la medida de mi amor viajero
es no verte y amarte como un ciego.

Tal vez consumirá la luz de Enero,
su rayo cruel, mi corazón entero,
robándome la llave del sosiego.

En esta historia sólo yo me muero
y moriré de amor porque te quiero,
porque te quiero, amor, a sangre y fuego.

I do not love you except because I love you;
I go from loving to not loving you,
From waiting to not waiting for you
My heart moves from cold to fire.

I love you only because it's you the one I love;
I hate you deeply, and hating you
Bend to you, and the measure of my changing love for
you
Is that I do not see you but love you blindly.

Maybe January light will consume
My heart with its cruel
Ray, stealing my key to true calm.

In this part of the story I am the one who
Dies, the only one, and I will die of love because I love
you,
Because I love you, Love, in fire and blood.

CHOSEN BY MISS RICHARDSON

THIS IS MY FAVOURITE SPANISH POEM BECAUSE WHEN I READ IT IN SCHOOL AS A CHILD I
THOUGHT IT WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAD EVER HEARD AND IT HAS STUCK WITH
ME ALL THROUGH MY LIFE.

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY BY ROBERT FROST

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

CHOSEN BY MISS BOULTER

I READ THE BOOK THE OUTSIDERS AT SCHOOL, AND THE POEM PROMPTS THE FAMOUS LINE, "YOUR GOLD WHEN YOUR YOUNG, STAY GOLD PONYBOY, STAY GOLD"

FAILING AND FLYING BY JACK GILBERT

Everyone forgets that Icarus also flew.
It's the same when love comes to an end,
or the marriage fails and people say
they knew it was a mistake, that everybody
said it would never work. That she was
old enough to know better. But anything
worth doing is worth doing badly.
Like being there by that summer ocean
on the other side of the island while
love was fading out of her, the stars
burning so extravagantly those nights that
anyone could tell you they would never last.
Every morning she was asleep in my bed
like a visitation, the gentleness in her
like antelope standing in the dawn mist.
Each afternoon I watched her coming back
through the hot stony field after swimming,
the sea light behind her and the huge sky
on the other side of that. Listened to her
while we ate lunch. How can they say
the marriage failed? Like the people who
came back from Provence (when it was Provence)
and said it was pretty but the food was greasy.
I believe Icarus was not failing as he fell,
but just coming to the end of his triumph.

CHOSEN BY MS BLOMFIELD

BECAUSE AS TRICKY AS LIFE IS, IT'S NOT ABOUT WHAT GOES WRONG: IT'S ABOUT
WHAT WE LEARN FROM IT WHEN IT DOES.

(EXTRACT) THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I	IV
As I lay asleep in Italy	Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
There came a voice from over the Sea	And the shadows of the night,
And with great power it forth led me	Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
To walk in the visions of Poesy.	On a crocodile rode by.
II	VII
I met Murder on the way –	And many more Destructions played
He had a mask like Castlereagh –	In this ghastly masquerade,
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;	All disguised, even to the eyes,
Seven blood-hounds followed him:	Like Bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.
III	VIII
All were fat; and well they might	Last came Anarchy: he rode
Be in admirable plight,	On a white horse, splashed with blood;
For one by one, and two by two,	He was pale even to the lips,
He tossed the human hearts to chew	Like Death in the Apocalypse.
Which from his wide cloak he drew.	IX
IV	And he wore a kingly crown;
Next came Fraud, and he had on,	And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;	On his brow this mark I saw –
His big tears, for he wept well,	‘I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!’
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.	X
V	With a pace stately and fast,
And the little children, who	Over English land he passed,
Round his feet played to and fro,	Trampling to a mire of blood
Thinking every tear a gem,	The adoring multitude,
Had their brains knocked out by them.	

CHOSEN BY MR FOSTER

AN EVISCERATION OF A CORRUPT AND GREEDY RULING CLASS THAT ENCOURAGES
THE PEOPLE TO REBEL AND CREATE A FAIRER SOCIETY

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

CHOSEN BY MRS ROBSON

APART FROM BEING MY FAVOURITE FLOWER & MY DAD'S, I JUST GET LOST IN THE IMAGE OF THOUSANDS OF DAFFODILS & THE SYMBOLISM OF NEW LIFE BLOSSOMING IN THE SPRING TIME.

THE ORANGE
BY WENDY COPE

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange—
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave—
They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It's new.

The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I'm glad I exist.

CHOSEN BY MISS LAWSON

IT HIGHLIGHTS HOW WE SHOULD ENJOY THE THINGS WE TAKE FOR GRANTED
EVERYDAY.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST BY WILFRED OWEN

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

CHOSEN BY MR NIXON

IT IS A RAW ACCOUNT OF THE HARSH REALITY THAT SOLDIERS FACED ON A
DAILY BASIS IN WORLD WAR ONE.

THE HORSES BY EDWIN MUIR

Barely a twelvemonth after
The seven days war that put the world to sleep,
Late in the evening the strange horses came.
By then we had made our covenant with silence,
But in the first few days it was so still
We listened to our breathing and were afraid.
On the second day
The radios failed; we turned the knobs; no answer.
On the third day a warship passed us, heading north,
Dead bodies piled on the deck. On the sixth day
A plane plunged over us into the sea. Thereafter
Nothing. The radios dumb;
And still they stand in corners of our kitchens,
And stand, perhaps, turned on, in a million rooms
All over the world. But now if they should speak,
If on a sudden they should speak again,
If on the stroke of noon a voice should speak,
We would not listen, we would not let it bring
That old bad world that swallowed its children quick
At one great gulp. We would not have it again.
Sometimes we think of the nations lying asleep,
Curled blindly in impenetrable sorrow,
And then the thought confounds us with its strangeness.
The tractors lie about our fields; at evening
They look like dank sea-monsters couched and waiting.
We leave them where they are and let them rust:
"They'll molder away and be like other loam."

We make our oxen drag our rusty plows,
Long laid aside. We have gone back
Far past our fathers' land.
And then, that evening
Late in the summer the strange horses came.
We heard a distant tapping on the road,
A deepening drumming; it stopped, went on again
And at the corner changed to hollow thunder.
We saw the heads
Like a wild wave charging and were afraid.
We had sold our horses in our fathers' time
To buy new tractors. Now they were strange to us
As fabulous steeds set on an ancient shield.
Or illustrations in a book of knights.
We did not dare go near them. Yet they waited,
Stubborn and shy, as if they had been sent
By an old command to find our whereabouts
And that long-lost archaic companionship.
In the first moment we had never a thought
That they were creatures to be owned and used.
Among them were some half a dozen colts
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world,
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.
Since then they have pulled our plows and borne our loads,
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

CHOSEN BY MISS BROWN

ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF NATURE BY HUMANS AND HOW WE DID TO BE
MORE CONNECTED TO THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

BIG BANG POEM BY REINA DEL CID

Before the Big Bang,
There was no up, there was no down, there was no side to side,
There was no light, there was no dark, nor shapes to find,
There were no stars or Planet Mars, no protons to collide.

And furthermore, to underscore
This total lacking state,
There was no here, there was no there, there was no space to bear,
No time, no passing rate, no rhythm nor fate.

Of all the paradoxes that belabor common sense,
This one's the greatest, this time before events.
How did we get from nothing to infinitely dense?
From immeasurably small to inconceivably immense.

But before we get unmoored from the question at the start,
Let's take a breath and marvel when math becomes an art.
For we don't have to understand it to know,
There was a time where nothing could show.

There was no up, there was no down, there was no side to side,
Yet somehow, something came to reside.
In this emptiness, where everything was denied,
The universe sparked to life, and cosmos glorified.

CHOSEN BY MR EVANS

IT SHOWS SCIENCE IS AWESOME AND CAN ALSO BE SEEN AS ART.

CHILD BY SYLVIA PLATH

Your clear eye is the one absolutely beautiful thing.
I want to fill it with color and ducks,
The zoo of the new
Whose name you meditate —
April snowdrop, Indian pipe,
Little

Stalk without wrinkle,
Pool in which images
Should be grand and classical

Not this troublous
Wringing of hands, this dark
Ceiling without a star.

CHOSEN BY MRS PAYNE

IT IS A REFLECTION ON THE NATURE OF CHILDHOOD AND THE WAYS IN WHICH IT SHAPES US AS WE GROW OLDER. IT IS A POWERFUL AND THOUGHT-PROVOKING POEM. IT WAS ONE OF THE LAST POEMS SHE WROTE BEFORE HER DEATH.

LIKE A GIRL BY BECKY HEMSLEY

She drives just like a girl you know
And throws just like one too
She fights just Like a girl as well
She's just no match for you

She also runs just Like a girl
And that's the way she plays
But when they say "just like a girl"
I think they mean to say

Worse
And somehow less
Somehow slower, somehow weaker
They think that if she's 'Like a girl'
They'll easily defeat her

But girls will go to battle
When they already are bleeding
And girls are great at throwing themselves
Upwards through glass ceilings

Girls are busy navigating progress,
Driving change
And girls are busy winning
Whilst you criticise their game

So tell her that she's 'Like a girl' ~
She may just prove you right
She may out-play, out-Last you,
Win the race and win the fight

"Cause she's a driving force
Fighting for her place in this world
And if you try to talk her down
She'll rise up

CHOSEN BY MS BRYCE

ONE OF MY FAVOURITE POETS THAT I DISCOVERED ON INSTAGRAM. I ALWAYS FEEL I CAN
RELATE TO HER POEMS AND THEY ALWAYS SAY WHAT I WISH I COULD.

IF BY RUDYARD KIPLING

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

CHOSEN BY MISS TURNER

ABOUT CHALLENGES AND FACING THEM TO OVERCOME SITUATIONS IN LIFE.

**WORDS BID SILENT FAREWELL,
PAGES CLOSE, STORIES COMPLETE,
ECHOES LINGER ON.**



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