

EAST
SIDE



WHAT WE SHARE



SPOKEN
WORD
POWER

Anthology 2026

“

Each young person who's been through Spoken Word Power has had an opportunity to author something, whether that's an alternate sense of themselves, a vision of the world as it is for them or the kind of world they want to be a part of in the future. Through the project, through the workshops they participate in, the poems they write individually or collaboratively, and from the stages they perform on, they cultivate a sense of how language matters.

”

Jacob Sam-La Rose
Spoken Word Power Lead Artist

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SPOKEN WORD POWER

What We Share

2026

ABOUT SPOKEN WORD POWER

Foreword by Matt Lane, CEO/Artistic Director, Eastside Educational Trust

Welcome to the 2026 *Spoken Word Power* anthology.

Spoken Word Power is one of Eastside's flagship programmes, working to develop and inspire creativity in young people and give them a platform to express their voices through the medium of spoken word poetry. This book is the culmination of a powerful new year of poetry creation that has taken place in London and across the UK as part of this programme, now celebrating its 5th anniversary.

Eastside has enjoyed developing its work with spoken word poetry for over 25 years, since joining the Westminster City Council's poetry slam back in 2000. Over this time, our passion for the art form has only grown, as we have witnessed its transformative impact on young people and teachers.

At a time when schools face increasing amounts of pressure, spoken word poetry can offer a welcome breath of fresh air. Rooted in humanity's oldest storytelling traditions, without rules and with an emphasis on changemaking and empowerment, it can provide a space for young people to explore ideas, share experiences and speak out. In doing so, it not only develops oracy and literacy skills, but also nurtures self-confidence, creativity and communication, qualities that help young people thrive in and beyond the classroom.

This year, with the help of our expert delivery partners and outstanding *Spoken Word Power* Lead Artist, Jacob Sam-La Rose, we chose our theme for 2026: ***What We Share***. With this theme at the forefront of our minds, Eastside set out on a mission to use spoken word poetry to explore with our young participants what connects us, in a world that often seeks to divide us.

Our pool of dynamic poet facilitators worked with over 600 young people and their teachers in primary, secondary, and SEND schools across London to explore the theme and begin creating their poems. Young people worked in groups or as soloists, guided by their poets and teachers until they were ready to premiere their work in a school poetry slam, performing in front of their school communities.

We also relaunched *Spoken Word Power Live*, our open access branch of the programme, in which schools across the UK can access a free teacher training session, a participatory livestream workshop for students and a library of on-demand poetry teaching resources. All schools signed up to this online programme were eligible to submit student poems to be published in this anthology and selected students were invited to join the annual sharing event in London's West End. Thank you to all schools that took part and shared their poems with us, it is a pleasure to publish them!

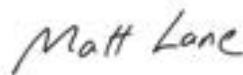
On the 18th March 2026, we welcomed a total of 18 schools along with additional special guests to the beautiful Criterion Theatre. Nominated young poets took to the stage to represent their classes and performed with courage and creative flare. We were deeply moved and inspired to witness such a powerful collection of poems that spoke to the experiences, observations, beliefs and traditions that make us human, and bring us together. A special shout out must go to Todwick Primary School, who made the long journey all the way from Rotherham.

Eastside is proud of the achievements of this remarkable programme, and we wish to express our deep gratitude to all the wonderful schools, funders, partner organisations, artists, and young participants who have made it all possible.

We are so fortunate that *Spoken Word Power* is generously supported by John Lyon's Charity until 2029, as part of a five-year investment. Having long term funding for this work has helped us attract further investment and this year we have been delighted to receive funding from The Portal Trust, enabling us to work in three Lambeth schools. Next year, we will be welcoming funding from The Wembley Stadium Foundation, bringing *Spoken Word Power* to 17 schools across the capital in 2027. A big thank you to all of our funders!

I hope you enjoy this book and the beautiful messages within. Please let us know your thoughts and reactions to the work via @EastsideLondon

Thank you,

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Matt Lane". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

CEO / Artistic Director, Eastside Educational Trust

ABOUT EASTSIDE

Founded in 1994, Eastside's mission is to inspire young people through participation in arts programmes that develop their creative thinking, skills and voices. We do this by running participatory workshops and programmes for young people both in and outside of school settings.

Our vision is a future in which every child and young person's creativity is valued, nurtured and celebrated.



SUPPORT EASTSIDE

This project was made possible through the generous support of John Lyon's Charity, The Portal Trust, The Criterion Theatre Trust and Arts Council England, alongside hundreds of other individual and corporate donors.

Our funded outreach programmes are only made possible via such generous networks of support and we would love you to join us in making future projects like *Spoken Word Power* possible.

To find out how to support Eastside please visit eastside.org.uk/support. Alternatively, if you are a corporation or individual who is interested in becoming a major donor or project sponsor, please get in touch with Matt Lane at matt@eastside.org.uk.

Foreword by Jacob Sam-La Rose, Spoken Word Power Lead Artist, Poet and Educator

Every year, I'm challenged to generate a thematic framework of exercises and structures for poems. I have to figure out the ways in which poetry can work, not in any grand, theoretical sense, but how poems can emerge in a room, a shared space, between people.

Shared experience sounds straightforward until you think about it. We share classrooms. We share languages. We share the planet. But the ways in which we actually experience any of those things can differ and diverge. It was my hope that the poems created through this year's framework would be capable of engaging with the way we acknowledge and account for differences as much as what we have in common.

So, the workshops weren't designed to lead towards easy conclusions. They were designed to create conditions for honest expression. Where a young poet might reach for a word that surprises them, follow a thought they didn't know they had, or land somewhere they weren't expecting. And I think that's how we've arrived at poems that describe a grandmother's love that shines on in the shape of a cross, or the simple, devastating statement of "I don't want my name to be said for the last time."

These are poems about the things we pass between each other: stories, songs, advice, warnings, favourite foods, dreams, the people we'll miss. These poets have written about what can't be divided and what already has been. They share moments of joy, uncertainty, loss, courage and hope. Some imagine dragons or better futures. Others ask difficult questions about the world they are inheriting. One poet insists there's no such thing as society, while proving how much we need each other.

Within this anthology, you'll find similar experiences described from angles that don't quite match, the same notion of a time capsule filled by different people, in different rooms, with entirely different things worth carrying forward. And that's what shared means. Not identical. Not always comfortable. But held, somehow, together.

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A small number of the poems in this anthology contain references to challenging themes that some people may find distressing, including bereavement, mental illness and self-harm.

Eastside believes these poems reflect an empowered response and welcomes positive self-expression as a way of exploring, understanding and coming to terms with challenging issues.

Readers who may be sensitive to these topics, please take note.

“

I love poetry and I am proud of myself for getting up on stage. I loved performing even though it was difficult and would love to do it again. It was a great opportunity to share my thoughts and express myself.

”

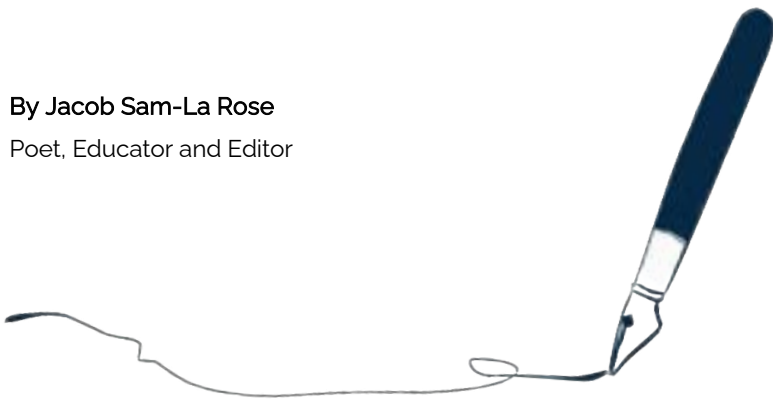
Young Spoken Word Power Participant

A Poem That Lasts

I would write it on the side of a mountain,
so tall you could only read it from the sky.
I would write it on the ocean's back,
so every wave carried a stanza to shore.
I would write it in the dust of the moon,
so the astronauts would find it clinging to their boots.
I would write it in the rings of a tree,
so it grew taller each year,
so it could be read in centuries,
so it could be counted in time.
I would write it in the breath of a song,
so even when the words were forgotten,
the rhythm would remember.
I would write it in the turning of the stars,
so if anyone, anywhere, looked up at night,
they would see it,
they would know:
we were here,
we had words big enough to hold us.

By Jacob Sam-La Rose

Poet, Educator and Editor





We Share...
Our Community

Culture

after Roger Robinson

When I speak of paradise,
I speak of all the languages we speak,
and it sounds like a choir altogether.
When we wear our culture,
it looks like a community
united together.
We sing our culture
and it tastes like vanilla ice cream.
When we dance our culture,
it smells of fresh cookies out of the oven.

We laugh altogether,
and it's heard as if the world
is laughing together.
When I speak of paradise,
I speak of sharing it,
our culture.



By Rosina

Year 9, St Claudine's Catholic School for Girls

Friendship

A friendship is a mix of hugs, laughter and kindness and an arrangement of fairness.

Friendship is a warm love as hot as an oven and filled with trust by telling secrets and not letting you down!

You can always make new friends and always add jokes.

Boil the creeping up and make laughter and make it shine

Friendship is about support when kindness shines!

Cool the madness, bring in the smiles, slice the madness, bring in the nice.

Bring in more kindness and believe everything!

I will share all of this with all of my friends!

By Omran

Year 4, John Perryn Primary School



Poem

I see games as a robot
And music like gaming
It tastes like victory
A granny is talking
and my friends are playing
Sharing is caring
Hope feels like waking up
Sounds like a good song
Looks like choir
Shelter feels like a necklace around my neck
Sounds like a home made of wood
Tastes like my mum's cooking
I want to share the feeling of games with my friends
I want to share the feeling of hope with my brother and sisters
I want to share shelter with the audience



By Manasseh

Year 7, Cambridge School

There's No Such Thing as Society

There's no such thing as society, but we need people to keep the world turning!

There's no such thing as society, but society is all we revolve ourselves around.

There's no such thing as society, but we need to come together to vote for a better one.

There's no such thing as society, but society is everywhere, it lives off our air.

There's no such thing as society, but we all have a responsibility to help each other out.

There's no such thing as society, but we can't just sit here and pout.

There's no such thing as society, but we have so much doubt, but what about?

There's no such thing as society!

There's no such thing as society!

There's no such thing as society, but we need people to work together and realise the world has bigger problems.

By Livvy and Robyn

Year 10, The Windmill School

We're All Human

We all share our humanity.
Our largest organ is the skin,
Everyone has hair that grows from every limb,
We all have blood rushing through our veins.

We all share fear.
We fight the feelings inside,
We become running cheetahs,
We get as frozen as snow.

We all share sadness.
Otherwise, we wouldn't know tears are salty,
No one would know how to comfort the young.
People weep azure oceans every day.

We all share love and heartbreak.
We stand on a field of Bluebells and Dicentra.
We protect and we judge,
We suffer and we love.

We all have the same organs.
The brain powers how we think and act,
The heart keeps us all alive and pumps blood,
Our lungs let us breathe all day and night.

We all have favourite things.
A favourite person we smile at every day,
An animal we love for its features and face,
An item we can't bear the thought of losing.



We all share our humanity.

We all wonder what it's like to be different,

We all hope for the next day to be better than the last.

If we're all so similar, why are some plants poisonous and others aren't?

By Zuzanna

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School

What We Share

We share the same oxygen,
The same air we breathe.
We share the same soil,
The same soil we stand and walk on.
Then why do we need to draw lines between our homes
and start a war over a thing God gave us all?

We share the same world,
The same nature
That sends a cold breeze
Touching our cheeks
When we are weary.

We share the same sun and moon
that shines down on us.
We share the same mixed emotions–
With sour, bitter and sweet.

We share the same planet - Earth,
That belong to all of us,
To live happily and
To take care of one another.

Then why do we need to bully one another
for something you don't have but they do?
After all, we all are humans,
On one planet – like the same twins in a mother's womb.

By Kezia

Year 9, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



What We Share

I share peace and love
It's like a bright white dove
and comes from above.

What we share is happiness
that kicks out loneliness.
We also share time
like an everlasting line.

What I share is light,
dispelling shadows of the night.
We face the world, hand in hand,
a bond no force can disband.
Our love is a river, flowing free
for all the world and time to see.

What I share is a joyful tune in the air,
a pleasant feeling we share,
no heavy weight to bear
just a happy, gentle care

What we share is gentle hope,
A shining path that helps us cope.
Through every storm we stand as one,
like a morning warmed by a golden sun.

What we share will never end
grows in our hearts as an oak tree.
Together strong, together free
as one like leaves on a tree.



By Theophilia

Year 6, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School



“

Poetry and performing means being listened to, being able to spread awareness and being able to have fun with words.

”

Young Spoken Word Power Participant

when we share a dancefloor

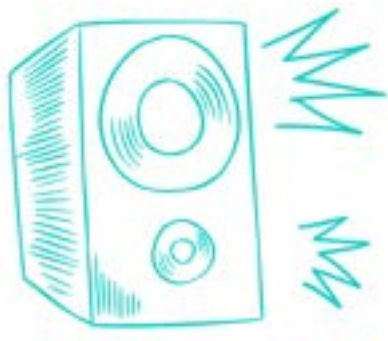
the dancefloor is green and ultraviolet
the bass on this track is vibrant
been here so long we can't remember silence
the DJ blasts out sirens
na na na naaaaaaaaaaaaaa
music cradling us like newborns
haven't danced like this in too long
this bashment song is too strong
we have to move
must buss a likkle groove
step 1 step 2
tread on this ground in a bright blue Nike shoe
nothing else left to do but be right here with you.
DJ on the 1s and 2s
heartbeat bumps til my chest goes see-through
teeth white like bricks in an igloo
in the moment now we don't have no issues
cos life is good
but music's better
even people with dementia don't forget
an old school banger
music for happiness
music for anger
when the playlist explains what words can't translate:
that's a love language
no beast so bad a buttery beat can't vanquish
music to ease the anguish
music for understanding
when the melody feels safe like a plane landing
holds your hand and leads the way
like a candle in the distance
music to release the resistance

music to power the resistance
preserve the history
the soundtrack to love and heartbreak
versatility
so turn your speakers up
and return your sanity
because music
will save humanity.

By Eve Atkinson

Spoken Word Artist and Facilitator

@eveofpoems





SPOKE WORD POW

Discover and celebrate
public speaking next year

We Share...
Our Favourite Things

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...org.
sideLondon

Al-Mi'raj

The teeth were as white and small as the shell of a snail
The smooth body had glorious flowers painted on it
The eyes were marbles rolling and ending up in the gutter
The Al-Miraj's jump was higher than the shard itself!
But the arms were as normal as a human's arms
The fluffy tail was like a snowy cloud and pink cotton candy
The sharp claws were as small as an ant
The hairy knees were more like arms
And the soft fur was as furry as a dragon's scales
The dark, lavender purple horn was as pointy as a shark's teeth
The magical mane was furry like a lion's mane
But the head was as small as a normal head
The nose was as small as an ant
The big ears were as floppy as a rabbit's
The hair was as orange as..... an orange! (lol)
The mouth was as big as a nose
The glimmering eyebrows were as bright as the sun
The big wings were radiant
I will share this amazing creature with my family and friends.

By Anthoula

Year 4, John Perryn Primary School



The Dragons

The dragon's breath is as hot as the sun
Its tongue is as hot as a hot bun
Its eyes are round like the moon
Its teeth are as sharp as a knife
And its eyes are dark like it's night

This creature follows the rainbow
It's the bird of water
Wherever it goes, water follows
Its wings are as big as the sun
Its body is as big as the ocean
Its claws are as sharp as a sword
Its eyes are as sharp as a crystal
If you want to see this creature, follow the next rainbow



It drips lava wherever it goes
And wherever I wonder, it follows
A mysterious creature, hot as fire
Mighty and serious
It travels the land yet to be found
Stronger than dragons ever bound
Together we fly, wherever we dream
Through skies and space, chasing the extreme

As our dragon's dream, we walk into the extreme
With our adventurous minds, we discover what was never uncovered
Together the dragons fly across the rainbow and through the skies
And our dreams are higher than the sky
Together the nations of dragons dig deep into their next adventures

Would you want a dragon?

By Kinan, Kiyan, Munia and Mustafa

Year 4, John Perryn Primary School

Eurostar 373

I will put in my time capsule
the sound of Vroomhoo Vroomhoo Vroomhoo Vroomhoo.
And the heavy train diesel, which is nice and punchy.
The Eurostars at St Pancras, when I was three years old.
And the taste of a well-done Italian Margherita thin-crust at the station,
but it depends on what mood I'm in.

I will keep safe
The cold metal of the Eurostar on its final journey of the day,
and feeling excited to be on one!

By Jacques

Year 9, The Windmill School



If I Speak of Paradise

If I speak of paradise

I speak of playing video games on a snowy day,

Home alone with my sister.

It sounds like bird tweeting sweet songs in the morning.

The happiness of going to the arcade with my friends

And getting the most tickets,

And sharing them out, reminds me of my kind and caring people I know.

It smells like butter chicken and naan sizzling in the oven.

It feels like getting an achievement

after a strenuous quest that awards

you with one thing that you really desire.

If I speak of paradise, I speak of sharing!

By Sanjay

Year 7, The Billericay School



If I Speak of Paradise

If I speak of paradise
I speak of spending time with my family
And it smells of colourful flowers
With bees buzzing around picking up pollen
Eating yummy pasta with a rich, delicious
Tomato sauce and it feels like a thick,
Warm blanket and a thick, liquid
Waterfall dripping in my mouth and it
Smells like hot, gushful soup and
Touching ice cream on a sunny day
Which feels like a giant hug from
Your favourite cuddly teddy bear
And tastes so creamy and refreshing
That your mouth starts to water
Watching a movie at the cinema feels
Relaxing and dreamy while eating
Your favourite crunchy, chewy popcorn
In all different flavours like sweet,
Salty and between them. It feels like
A luxury spa day, sitting down
Forgetting about all the stress
If I speak of Paradise I speak of sharing.



By Sophia

Year 7, The Billericay School

In My Time Capsule

In my time capsule I put an Xbox 360

I put the sound of a careful car beep and snake detector

Don't forget the smell of kindly kebab and save the feeling of cheerful cherry

I remember the sight of family

If these things are gone this poem will keep them safe

By Hayden

Year 9, St Marylebone CE Bridge School



Let's Celebrate

Let's celebrate my teddy bear.
I love its shy smile.

Let's celebrate my hat and scarf.
It makes my neck and head warmer.

Let's celebrate my light up yo-yo.
It makes people go WOW!



Let's celebrate my Porsche 928 S.
It's red with a cream interior and pop-up headlights.

Let's celebrate my astronaut selection test book
There is no age-limit to the training.

Let's celebrate my poppet, it glitters.
Let's celebrate my purple poppet, it takes my stress away.

By Darius, Frankie, Henry and Tyrese

Burton Class, The Windmill School

My Emerald Necklace

My emerald green necklace shines within the moon on the darkest gloomiest nights,

With the weary, wolves on a winter night,

Surrounded by cold, wheezy butterflies.

Fireflies wandering in the cold, suits them squirrels quarrelling over who gets the top bunk to be cosy in their lovely, lush and luxurious bed.

This winter night calls for a celebration,

A cold coffee supper.

I love my necklace and it matters to me.

By Jhvvar

Year 5, Heathbrook Primary School



My Ode to My Glittery Poppet

Hey glittery poppet!
You are so beautiful!
I like it when I pop you
You make me feel so calm
Without you, I wouldn't feel calm glittery poppet
Hey glittery poppet
You are so glittery and nice!

By Ty

Burton Class, The Windmill School

My Ode to My Astronaut Selection Test Book

Hey Astronaut selection test book!

You are nice and sound good.

I love it when it teaches my family astronaut training.

You make me feel happy.

Without you I would miss the learning.

You get me interested in astronauts and space.

HEY ASTRONAUT SELECTION TEST BOOK, I LOVE YOU!

By Frankie

Burton Class, The Windmill School



My Time Capsule

In my time capsule, I put the best club in the world named Chelsea
I put the sound of a screaming proud Chelsea fan in the stadium,
Singing chants louder than a Taylor Swift concert.
Don't forget the taste of victory in a game you thought you were going to lose.
Save the feeling of your favourite club being champions of Europe.
Remember the sight of Drogba scoring a wonderful goal
Then pulls the best celebration.
If these things are gone,
This poem will keep them safe.

By Anwar

Year 5, The Welldon Park Academy



My Time Capsule

An unforgettable plot is like a rollercoaster,
Switches and spins with a spiral near the end,
From despair to flabbergasting and tops with an unpredictable end.
Don't forget the smell of crispy toast tucked in the toaster like a comfy bed.
Remember the sensation of finding something you've been searching for
hours for sealed away in a box of nostalgia,
Remember the silence on a Saturday morning,
Peacefully brainstorming ideas for the new day.

By Layan

Year 5, Heathbrook Primary School



My Time Capsule

I will put in my time capsule
the sound of my ps5 turning on (BEEP) dun dun dun dun!
The smell of tangy smoky BBQ pizza
And the massive Victory Royale sign in Fortnite.
Don't forget the taste of Sam's crispy and tender spicy wings!
And the touch of the dog's muddy paws after a walk.
Remembering the feeling of having a water fight in the heat of summer.

By Mclver

Year 9, The Windmill School



My Time Capsule

In my time capsule I will place my friend's and family's love for me.

Add in the sound of me and my cousins playing in the park.

I can't forget the smell of Southall's samosas – spicy on my nose.

I will save the feeling of my first football match, watched with friends screaming in enjoyment.

Remember the sight of my classroom on that first day of school.

Open up my poem. It is full of my memories.

By Nimrat

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School



My Time Capsule Poem

In my time capsule I put

I put the sound of a crowd of people having fun at the park

I put the smell of steamy hot dogs sizzling on a grill

Remember the sight of shops built with real brown bricks

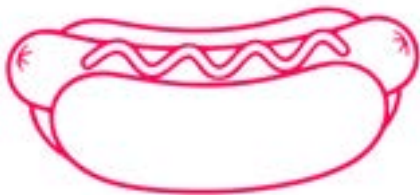
Don't forget the taste of a plain hot dogs from a stand

And the touch of solid, rigid, feel of bricks

And keep safe the feeling of the beauty and the largeness of the Battersea
Power Station

By Darius

Burton Class, The Windmill School



My Time Capsule Poem

In my capsule I put
Brum brum brum
I put the sound of the brum brum of a Bentley
I put the sound of 'Beans' by Mr Bean.

Remember the sight of a Classic Bentley
in a Car show.
Brum brum brum

Don't forget the taste of a Mint Aero chocolate bar.

And the touch of cold metal of a toy car
Brum brum brum
And keep safe the feeling of joy

By Henry

Burton Class, The Windmill School



The Sleek Pure-Green 730 Train

In my time capsule, I put my sleek, pure-green 730 train.

I saw the pure, sleek, green 730 train at London Euston Station in the morning.

I put the sound of laughter in the train because it makes you feel happy when you look out of the window.

Don't forget the scent of exotic, extraordinary, hibiscus flowers because it smells nice and beautiful.

Share the feeling of happiness and craziness while you are on the train with your friends.

Remember the scenic sight of St Pancras station when you look at it from the outside because it reminds you of going under the channel tunnel on the Eurostar.

If these things are gone, this poem will keep the memories of the Class 730 train safe.

By Keyshia

Year 10, St Marylebone CE Bridge School



The Sound That Once Blessed My Ear

If music is gone one day or perhaps evolved from my time here, I want you to be reminded of the sound that once blessed my ear.

Music heals me in a way that nobody ever could, so I thought I'd share with you to help find something in your generation, just as good.

With only me and my music present in the moment, forgetting yesterday, forgetting tomorrow, procrastinating against my sorrow.

The plain scent of makeup being pasted generously across my face, as an invisible shield of carelessness controls who enters my space.

The volume button poised at the highest of its ability on the side of my phone, until all sound is blocked out, until it's just me, in my zone.

By Lily-Rose

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



Thick and Thin

This is my teddy that has followed me through life
It hangs on my door every morning and night.
It reminds me of the past and every house I stood by.
The cries and cries that Teddy can explain why?

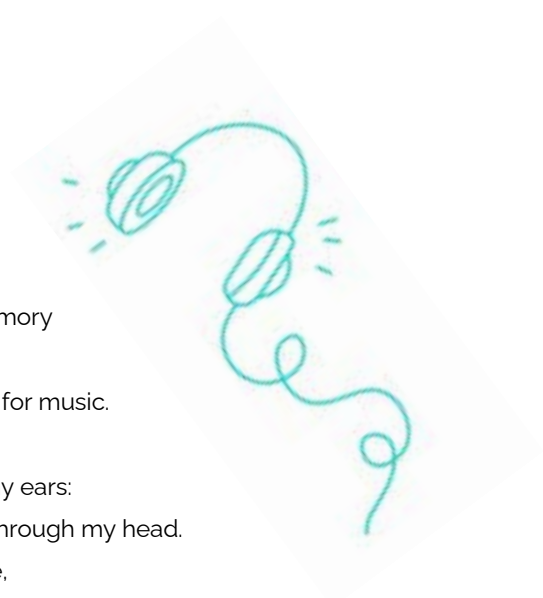
It looks like an angel with multi-coloured wings,
No matter how old, my Teddy will be
My own thing.

By Rosie

Year 9, The Elmgreen School



When I am Gone



When I am gone and I am nothing but a memory
When I am buried underground
I wish to be remembered by the love I have for music.

Every day, whenever I can, my music is in my ears:
the sound of a song, a song I love, rippling through my head.
It's always in my head as I listen with a smile,
a continuous cycle of listening. No stopping. No pausing for a while.

As I feel my headphones on my ears and I look out my window,
My bedroom messy, but comforting. My clothes on the floor.
I spray my perfume, I can taste my drink.
I feel good. I feel ready.
Ready for another day where music keeps me steady.

Music can always find you, even in a dark place
no matter what genre, no matter what artist. The rhythm. The vocals. The beat.
The melody.
I'll always say that music has changed me. In more ways than just one.
No words, no feelings. Just me, my headphones and my songs on repeat.
I'm happier than ever, that's all I need.

By Zara

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford

When I Speak of Paradise

When I speak of paradise,
I speak of the feeling,
When you dance competitively,
The applause and cheers,
And that proud tingle,
That is paradise to me.
There is something else,
With a similar feeling,
That stops my head from reeling,
Is that milestone,
When you finish a book,
That you spend time reading,
And that empty feeling,
That comes when you realise it is finished,
That warm feeling of pride,
That creeps down my spine,
That is paradise to me.
When I speak of paradise,
I speak of sharing it.

By Evie

Year 7, The Billericay School



When I Speak of Paradise

When I speak of paradise:

I think of celebrating a win of a cricket final;

it feels like completing the series of your favourite book;

then having the fresh air barricading against your face as if the taste of sweet leaves and the mountains breaking through the earth's atmosphere;

then skiing down, with the biting air taking my skin with it, making my ears look like an elf's'

and the taste of freshly baked garlic bread, taking over my sense of smell.

If I think of paradise, I think of sharing it.

By Logan

Year 7, The Billericay School



“

Our artist has been incredible, and the children thoroughly enjoyed working with him. He brought enthusiasm and creativity to every session, inspiring and engaging all pupils. The children were genuinely disappointed when the final session came to an end! He left them buzzing about poetry and eager to continue writing.

”

Teacher, St Mary Magdalene and
St Stephen's CE Primary School



We Share...
Our Memories

A Gift From Heaven

It is a symbol of peace
The angels were calling dragging me to my feet like a feather
Slow and swiipe

The meaning is powerful
Cherishing you forever
A gift sent from heaven
In never letting go

10 years ago
The gateway to heaven
Opened up to reassure me and my mum we
Would be okay

The gates flew wide open
As I sat with my mother
In the transition
As the 3 Goddesses came to my feet

They handed me 3 gifts in the palms of my hand
The gift touched my heart
And in a blink of an eye, poof they were
Gone.

I looked up in the sky in the clouds up above
The gateway was closed
I was proud to see they got home.

By Jayda

Year 9, The Elmgreen School



For Posterity

In my time capsule, I will put the pictures of my
first steps
and my first birthday
because they are special to me and
I never want to let them go EVER.

Sharing is like playing with friends
Sharing never ends

Just take a second to listen and you will hear
the sound of jollof rice sizzling
on the pan.
Just perfection. Yum. My auntie is the best cook
in the world EVER.

Sharing is like playing with friends
Sharing never ends

You should never forget the smell of
my mum's perfume. It helps me feel less stressed
whenever I am near.

Sharing is like playing with friends
Sharing never ends

I hope someone remembers the people
who loved each and every part of me.

In the future, if some of these things are gone,
Take a look at my time capsule and hopefully
this will remind you of what happened in
my time.

Bye
for now!

By Nwanneka

Year 3, Christchurch CE Primary School



Grandma's Kitchen

To share means to enjoy my grandma's heavenly cooking
We all desire to stir within our caves of darkness.
How blessed I was to have nostalgia
Permanently carved on my taste buds!

Though if it were to fade away,
Like the morning sun
When time soared by,
Would the nature we all take for granted,
Appear before our silver moons?
For only its presence could lighten them!

Our shoulders eased from the burdens,
Our backs freed from prison,
Our smile – a blooming flower during its season,
As the aroma of the familiar countryside
Invades our chimneys that breathe air every day,
And the pattering of the warm rain,
Which would never damage a soul,
Infiltrating our inner worlds that will
Always hear even the gentlest of sounds.

Despite our journeys
Branching further out,
My grandma's heavenly cooking remains
Undisturbed within our caves of darkness –
This is what we mean to share



By Valeria

Year 7, Marshalls Park Academy

I Hope Not to Miss

In my capsule I place the taste of fish and chips,
Refreshing fish paired with the salty chips leaving a lasting taste in my mouth.

The touch of a keyboard and my mouse for my PC
The click of the keys,
The smoothness of the mouse as it glides across the desktop.

I will continue to miss the upbeat music of the past,
All the beats different in their own way, making a connection to my ears.
All songs telling a story by themselves.

I hope to not miss out on the beautiful green grass of summer and spring
While the crunchy leaves of autumn and winter soften my soul.

With the smell of home in sight,
guiding me closer to my goal.

By Ryan

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



I Place Me and Stop

In my time capsule I placed the sight of noticing the change in weather and how it gets cold so easily.

I placed the sound of pens clicking. As every click someone does, I feel a sense of agitation.

I placed the touch of kicking a ball every Wednesday and Saturday: hearing the loud thud every time I tried to launch the ball across the pitch during the strong, whistling wind.

I placed the scent of vanilla honey when I walk into my home.

I placed a taste of new food I have tried in 2025.

I placed myself in this poem. I place my memories. I place me and stop.

By Abbie

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



If I Could Give This World Something

In my time capsule I would place the memory when I step in the warmth of my own home, running upstairs.

My mum's voice calling me down before I could even get halfway up the stairs.

My mum's voice pulling me down like a tight rope on my body, shouting to ask how my day was, this is a highlight of my day.

Smelling my delicious dinner brewing as my mum pulled me for a tight hug, smelling her Angel perfume.

If I could give this world something, it would be how happy I am in this: not a house but a home.

By Poppy

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



In My Time Capsule

I put the sound of smooth pages fluttering on my book as I sit down on my couch and fly into the world of its adventures.

Don't forget the smell of fresh rain splattering on the playful school ground, wet like a sandy beach.

Save the feeling of dhal hugging my throat like I've just stepped in a cosy, warm bath bursting with bubbles.

Remember the sight of the smiling stars at night with my teddy and seeing the night sky being trapped with light.

If these things are gone, this poem will keep them safe.

By Grace

Year 5, Heathbrook Primary School



Life For Me

In my time capsule I place the smell of my mum's chicken curry, the smell wraps around me telling me I am safe.

I place the sound of the school hallway on a Friday as everyone rushes out of school, and the teachers shout at us to try and calm us down.

I place the memory of going to my grandma's house and the feeling of being near her.

I place the touch of my duvet, the way it wraps around me like a warm hug.

I place seeing the sunrise every morning, it is the thing that picks me up and carries me out of bed.

If one day these things are gone, at least you know what life was like for me.

By Madeline

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



Light of Barreiro

There is a boy from Barreiro
Where the Tagos sighs slow,
His laughter tangled in the salt air,
His skin sun-kissed, golden brown and aglow.

His curls are midnight rivers,
Tumbling wild down his brow
Each lock a story a secret,
the kind you want to learn somehow.

His eyes - those deep brown lanterns
Carry warmth of August dusk,
And when they find me, I unravel,
Heart thumping, breath caught hashed

He moves with the ease of summer,
Barefoot on soft stone secrets,
Every step a gentle promise -
Every glance, a pulse that repeats:

That love can be found in a city
Where fairies hum and sway,
In the arms of a Portuguese boy
With the sun on his skin
And the night in his gaze.

By Ambar

Year 9, The Elmgreen School

Me

In my capsule I will place
Me waking up at 4am.
Making sure my hair looks good
While people are getting thrown in the air.
The squeaky floor sounds
Like a group of seagulls trying to get your food.
The taste of the lemon and lime water
Brings me joy.
People cheering in the crowd so loud.
Seeing all the medals and trophies
Looks like a pile of books in the library.
The hair spray covering the air
Like a heavy blanket.

By Amira

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



Mountains of Memory

We share the light which comes out our way
Like a candle in a cafe on Christmas eve
The light reflects on the warmth of love of loyalty
but also Christmas magic
Friends and family gather round sharing the same guitar
All their heart strings play together into an opera of love

We share the emotions of a whirl pool
Our emotions of power reflect on other's behaviour
The anger reflects a roaring fireplace
The calmness reflects the majestic whispers of snowfall
The happiness reflects the Christmas magic along the way
in presents and dinners

We share the smiles and tears
We hear the tide of the ocean crawling its way up to one's eyes
We see the one who makes someone smile more than the sun's brightest day
We smell the burnt turkey and candle light mist swim across the room

We are all each other's blanket in the cold
Light in shadows
Fighters to fear
Shield to loyalty we all are something unique which makes us 'share' it

By Alice

Year 9, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



My Cross

The Cross I wear rests near my heart, a gift of love that won't depart.
My Godmother's memory shines in me,
In every prayer,
in all that I will be.

The day of her funeral, quiet and slow
That is when I received this Cross to hold.
A piece of her love placed close to me
A sign her care will always be.

Though she is gone, I'm not alone.
Her loves lives on in this small stone
From now to the end,
Wherever I go
her Cross reminds me her love still shows.

By Lisan

Year 8, The Elmgreen School



My Life at Its Best

My childhood, a time full of wonders,
when life was easy.

When my dad used to lift me up to put the star on the Christmas tree.
Of when snowy air enriched my face like DNA strings.

Or even when I got my first dog, Belle,
she was wrapped in a blanket like a burrito.

I used to be able to smell the food at lunch time
and hear my little brother on his games.

Or when my little hands held my favourite toy
and the taste of my dad's pasta at night in the starry sky.

Or when I was on my scooter at night seeing the beautiful star-filled sky
shining over me.

My life at its best,
Never to rest.

By Jaxon

Year 8, Trinity Academy

Bradford



My Life of Memories

In my capsule I place my memories of school and friends
Sometimes I wish those memories would never end.

In my capsule I place the food I used to eat,
The classes where there are challenges I need to beat.

In my capsule I place the music I listen to while playing,
The Roblox games with new badges I'm gaining.

In my capsule I place the smell of the wild breeze through the forest,
But the memories will never last the longest.

In my capsule I place the sight of my friends and family on my birthdays
But I don't even remember my first days.

In my capsule I place my life of memories.

By Elizabeth

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



My Time Capsule

In my time capsule,

I put the smell of fresh fried eggs in the morning.

I put the sound of my little brother's sunny laugh.

Don't forget the taste of a juicy mango with scrumptious strawberries.

Save the feeling of kitten's fur as soft as the fluffy clouds in the night sky.

Remember the sight of cheesy lasagne that my marvellous mum made.

If these things are gone,

This poem will keep them safe.

By Emima

Year 5, The Welldon Park Academy



My Time Capsule

In the time capsule I place,
The delicious aroma of home cooked meals,
watering in my mouth as I wait for dinner.
The sound of a churning disc in our pre-loved DVD player.
The dominating smell of a bathroom, one practically owned by bleach.
The vivid memories of each new-born boy,
melding the bond between one another.
My handed down pencil case, that draws me into a creative state.
The nostalgic feeling of box-set sitcoms, guiding me to a sensation of warmth.
The oak bunk bed and a couple of cats, reminding me,
every morning, I'm not alone.
The voice of Fresh Prince every Sunday night.
Each church visit, reminding me school's tomorrow

By Finn

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



My Time Capsule

In my time capsule, I put the sound of my friends laughing, mum shouting,
We're having Chinese tonight, I come running down the stairs buzzing.

I will forever remember the smell of bangers and mash,
And the smell of my aftershave that wakes me up,
On a gloomy, dark Monday morning.

I will forever save the feeling of my mum or dad walking through the door after
school.

By Logan-Jack

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



My Time Capsule

I place the touch of the soft, puffy duvet over me
like a dry cloud at mountains peak.

I place the smell of spicy curry as it fills the house
like a salty ocean breeze circling around a beachside town.

I place the taste of a burning cup of tea, roasting my tongue
as if my taste buds were in the middle of a blazing wildfire.

I place the sight of my leather covered book like the skin
of a smooth lizard laid outstretched in the shade.

If one day, these things slowly and sadly fade away,
make this poem drift my mind back to the good old days,
today, tomorrow and forever more.

By Luna

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



My Time Capsule

In my time capsule,
I put the smell of pizza.
I put the sound of my baby cousin crying.
Don't forget the taste of juicy mango dripping from the bottom.
Save the feeling of walking on a smooth path.
Remember the sight of my family photos and my friend's photos.
If these things are gone,
This poem will keep them safe.

By Sham

Year 5, The Welldon Park Academy



The Moments That Make Memories Deep

In my time capsule I would keep the moments that make memories deep:

My dog's warm fur beneath my hand,

a simple comfort soft and planned.

Mum's home cooking fills the air

A scent that shows me that she cares.

Marvel movies on my screen,

bright, heroic worlds I've seen.

Late night scenes and flashing lights,

good versus evil, wrong versus right.

The sound of paws across the floor,

annoying yet familiar for sure.

A noise that marks the passing day,

a small routine that always stays.

The taste of meals I've always known,

the flavour that feels like home.

Moments that remind me of the past,

of times I know will last.

The cheers of crowds after play,

the rush of winning for the day.

A friendship shared with every game,

the feeling that we're all the same.

The thrill of netball on the court,

the cricket field where I find support.

The joy of movement, ball in hand.

The thrill of chasing a goal, a stand.

The sound of bat and ball in flight,
the rush of runs beneath the light.
The joy of teamwork, all as one,
the sense of pride when a match is won.
The rhythm of the game I know,
where every pass and every throw
feels like home, a place to be
a sport that sets my spirit free.

These are the treasures I hold tight,
pieces of my days, my heart, my light.
Moments I carry wherever I go,
a time capsule of what I know.



By Fearne

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford

The Things That Matter Most

In my time capsule are.

The things that matter most.

The things that give us warmth.

The things that matter most.

Is the sound of my brother walking through the front door after a long day of work.

The things that matter most.

Is the smell of my mums cooking after I exit my room.

The things that matter most.

Is the taste of my dad's noodles warming my belly on a cold winter's day.

The things that matter most.

Is the sight of my happy family embracing each other's company.

The things that matter most.

Is the music vibrating through my chest.

The things that matter most.

Is the feel of my pointe shoes enfolding around my feet.

The things that matter most.

Is the sight of the velvet spotlight beaming upon my person.

The things that matter most.

Is the aroma of the leather dances shoes against the laminate floor.

The things that matter most.

Is the music biting into the silence.

But the ONE thing that matters most.

Is love, everything else is just noise.



By Bella

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford

Think of Happy Times

In my time capsule I place the happy times.
The crowd goes wild, they cheer and roar,
louder than I'd ever heard before.
Going to Man City with granddad and dad,
Thinking of the fun we always had.

A hot dog at half time, ketchup and mustard all over your chin,
just before the second half was about to begin.
The smell of fried onions takes me back there, as it lingers softly in the air.

Instead of a secret handshake we had
the classic elbow touch.
I will do miss that, so very much. Helping me with my homework, because you
were so clever, loved
and missed always, forgotten never.

Days out to Blackpool, visiting the zoo,
the laughs and jokes when mum came through
to help you along, a moment or two.

Holidays to Disneyland, cruises, day trips too,
Christmas mornings, all crowded in,
family time together, old and new.

Though I know in my heart I'll miss you forever,
the memories we've made
we will treasure.

FOREVER!

By Jake

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



This Gets Kept



In my time capsule there would be my toys
because I love to test them out.

*In mine there'd be my family and a football and
a friend.*

Mystery bags would need to go in too
And Amy H would be left in my box
Because she's nice.

*Listen and you will hear pasta cooking
and don't forget the smell
of garlic bread.*

Save the feeling of happiness and
the smell of flowers.

*I want to save the feeling of my first goal.
I hope someone remembers
when I first signed for QPR.
If you keep listening you will hear
the sound of my family cheering from the sideline.*

I would put in the box the sound of joy.

*Did you know I am as fast as a cheetah?
And my mum is as busy as a bee -
she buzzes when she cooks.*

By Chase and Max

Year 3, Christ Church CE Primary School

What I Share

The call of my mum to wake me in the morn
Happened since I was born.

The sight of the rugby pitch on a sunny day
Putting effort in all the way.

The smell of the beef at the Sunday dinner
Then I know that I am the winner.

The feeling of my bed after a long week,
Just for the weekend to fly by.

The taste of cereal in a morning,
Only to go to school which is boring.

By Samuel

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford



What Makes Me, Me

In my capsule I place the smell of my mum's cooking,
and the sight of my brothers fighting over nothing.

The blinding light of the bright sun,
me and my friends having fun.

The sound of the hair dryer blowing on my hair,
and my brother shouting "but that's not fair".

The sound of the birds chirping on the trees.
The feel of the cool winter breeze.

As I look at myself proudly wearing my uniform in the mirror,
my mum shouts me and my brothers down for dinner.

The taste of the pop fizzing up.
The smell of the earthly mud.

I lay there in the middle of the room,
while my mother playfully sweeps me with a broom.

The feeling of a new floor,
and everyone jumping on it filled with happiness and awe.

My happiness at gymnastics for 18 hours a week,
I'm praying that my old water bottle doesn't leak.

In my capsule I place all of the memories that make my life mine,
and that fill me with pride and joy.

By Macey

Year 7, Trinity Academy Bradford

What Matters to Me

I put the sound of energetic, exciting music that is very soothing that makes me feel relaxed with gradulant vibes.

Don't forget the smell of smooth, delicious chocolates to chew forever.

Save the feeling of playing and talking to my amazing brother.

Remember the sight of lovely, rocky, grassy mountains in America that brings spectacular memories.

If these things were gone, this poem will keep them safe.

I love the taste of my family's scrumptious superb food that makes me smack my lips.

By Calum

Year 5, Heathbrook Primary School



You'll Forget Me

The thing I'll always share
is my memories,
I don't want to be forgotten
because there's nothing
to remember me by.

I want you to look at the bright, beaming sun

on my birthday

and say the day reminds you of me,

or see nail polish
and think of my failed attempts
at making designs
on a small canvas.
I don't want to be forgotten,
I don't want my name to be said
for the last time
in a rushed whisper
and never again,
so, I'll always tell you stories
of things I can remember
since I refuse to not mention
all the things that remind me of now

or yesterday
and possibly years ago.

And maybe it's a song
that reminds of the trees dancing
in a wind that was hard for me

to even step into,
the harsh winds blowing my hair

in every way
forcing me to retreat inside.
Or maybe a meme
that makes me laugh

no matter how many times it's shown.
I believe that being forgotten
would be one of the worst things,
it's my biggest fear,

It means my impact wasn't significant.
It means I didn't try hard enough.

By Abigail

Year 9, St Claudine's Catholic School for Girls





“

My students absolutely loved our artist's enthusiasm, her style of spoken word and her willingness to support every one of them. I think she legitimately changed the lives of a few of my students by increasing their confidence and creativity.

”

Teacher, Heathbrook Primary School



We Share...
Our School

Football

Life is a chaotic game of football,
A moving masterpiece,
Full of ups and downs and round and rounds,
An irreplaceable heartbeat,
We share the magnificent memories of our goals,
Remember the feeling of the crowd, cheering up our souls,
Football is life and we share it all.

By George, Luca, Max and Tom

Year 5, Todwick Primary School



Four Seasons With No Reason

The music which bumps in my head,
cold air phones that lay beside my bed,
the smooth glass of my phone screen,
Old memories on it I've already seen,

The roughness of my blazer against my skin,
the feel of my lawn yard which is oh so thin,
the yell of a teacher,
the scream of a bell,
at least the day is going well,



The rattling of keys as I swing open the gate,
maybe it isn't too late,
the steam of the shower,
The sound of "power",

These are the things i placed in my time capsule,
the seasons so slow yet the year so fast, I miss the memories,
I wish they could last.

By Harlie

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford



Hey, I'm Your Friend

Hey, I'm your friend
Well, you think I am
But when you need help
I'll definitely scam
I'll take in all the gossip
Spread it all around
To make sure your humiliation is
profound

Awww... you're crying?
I'll pat you on the back
But my sympathy for you starting
to lack
Don't forget to smile, keep your
chin up
I'll drink your tears from my little
lucky cup

OH NO, you're leaving me?
God, finally
Of course I won't say that to your
face
I'll beg and manipulate you like a
maze
Hey, I'm your friend
You're so fake

I'm only here to step on your soul
looming over you, destroying your
goals
Hahahaha I am so funny
A snake on the inside
but as cute as a bunny
Can I have some money?

When I'm done, I'll leave you alone
You're nothing to me
like a little stone
I've broken you like a brittle bone
I've trapped you in a cage
I've kept you like a sage
I've turned you like a page

Hey, I'm your friend
Well, you think I am
You can't be you when I'm around
This is just a warning
Don't fall for their lies
They will make you something you
despise.

By Arina

*Year 9, Woodmansterne School
and Sixth Form*



In My Time Capsule I Place

In my time capsule I place:

The alarm clock awakening from the best dreams
Disappointment calls when I realised it was all a dream
The touch of a cold drop of water in the shower
As if it's raining in a tower
As I'm hearing and smelling the boiling water ready for a cup of tea,
I'm in the toilet.

The constant complaining of speed bumps,
I'm smelling the trash getting dumped.

In Period 1 the Maths lessons await,
Just one more hour to break
Just as I pound for a waffle,
As 15 minutes is too short, I get into a little kerfuffle
Just two more hours until lunch,
Where I hear the food being constantly crunched.

At the end of the day take the bus,
where I see activities that are suss.
As I walk the rest of the way my hands get numb,
All the way to my thumb.

Finally, I get home to play games.

By Lewis

Year 8, Trinity Academy Bradford

Morning Dash

The sun is up the birds all sing
But I didn't hear the alarm clock ring
One sock is missing, my hairs a fright
Why did I stay up so late last night?

From the kitchen comes the dreaded cry
"If you aren't in the car I'm driving, bye!"
My mom's a coach drill sergeant
While I'm still searching for a second shoe
"Five minutes!" she yells
Then four, then three
The toast is a weapon, she's waving at me

I sprint to the door, my backpack unzipped
Over the rug, I nearly just tripped
I'm sliding in sideways, the engine is humming
My mum glares at the clock, "I knew you were coming"
We pull out the drive at a blurring pace
Just another day in the morning race

The hallway is silent, the lockers are closed
I'm bracing for tardy as everyone knows
I reach for the handle, my heart starts to drum
Awaiting the lecture I know that will come

I glance at the clock, then rub both my eyes
The numbers are glowing, a golden surprise
The hallway is silent, the bell hasn't rung
"Wait...I'm actually early?" I gasped for some air

I stroll to my desk with a confident grace
No sweat on my forehead, no look on my face

My teacher looks up, her jaw on the floor
As I calmly sit down and glance at the door
My phone gives me a buzz, a text from my mum
"You forgot your lunch, you speedy little bum!"
I sit there smiling feeling totally prime
"Who cares about snacks, I'm finally on time!"

By Nora

Year 4, John Perryn Primary School



Our Kind, Heartwarming School

I wonder if we will still have the same friends?

I wonder if the truth is learning?

I wonder if the school will still have the same respect for each other?

I wonder if we will still taste the delicious fish and chips of Friday?

Our school is full of joyful chatter.

Our school is the smell of pizza on Mondays.

Our school is people tasting their delicious food.

Our school is kind like the earth.

The truth is friendship.

This is the school we share with constant kind and caring children.

By Heidi, Isabel, Neeve, Ophelia and Preiya

Year 4, Todwick Primary School



School

My school is a place of wonder and curiosity. My school is as sweet as custard.

At school, I smell the dinners cooking in the lunch hall, looking like a street market.

The sound of the children playing tag in the playground while we are having a test.

Don't forget the taste of the pineapple cake at lunchtime blending taste in my mouth.

Save the feeling of playing infection in the playground with all my friends.

Remember the sight of the beauty of the pages turning in my book.

My school is a place of wonder and curiosity. My school is as sweet as custard.

By Easton

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

My school is a place of inspiration and happiness. My school is a pool of enjoyment.

At school, I smell the almost half nice food in the dinner hall.

The sound of your voice that gives birth to my knowledge.

Don't forget the taste of my snack dancing on my tongue.

Save the feeling of laughing with my fashionable fabulous, fantastic friends.

Remember the sight of our chaotic classroom as we practise singing our assembly song.

My school is a place of inspiration and happiness. My school is a pool of enjoyment.

By Hannah

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

My school is a place of love and laughter. My school is a pool of diversity

At school, I smell the wood on the climbing frame holding so many memories

The sound of a majestic bird's new song

Don't forget the taste of freshly baked banana bread as sweet as a bumble bees honey

Save the feeling of a soft hug from my best friend

Remember the sight of walking home from school the sky painted rainbow

My school is a place of love and laughter. My school is a pool of diversity.

By Iris

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

My school is a place of unique and understanding people. My school is my home, acting like a blanket of velvet, curling around me and keeping me warm.

At school, I smell the sickly sweet smell of heart-warming waffles served with soft and silky ice cream

The pitter patter of rain as it falls on the chirping bird below ringing as clear as a bell.

Don't forget the taste of the snow-white rice each one a surprise to behold, will it be cooked or not?

Save the feeling of the perfect paper pages of an English book turning in an everlasting swirl.

Remember the sight of bioluminescent jellyfish pulsing through the water at a slow but steady pace.

My school is a place of unique and understanding people. My school is my home, acting like a blanket of velvet, curling around me and keeping me warm.

By Nora

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

My school is a place of creativity and ambitious learning. My school is a healthy carbon. footprint.

At school, I smell the sweet smell of the luxurious snacks at the breathless break as the skies fill with words.

The sound of the scratching of the lead as it falls off from the perfect pencils.

Don't forget the taste of the supreme snacks as we crunch down.

Save the feeling of the nature swarming us with warming hugs

Remember the sight of my catastrophic classroom as we learn and as the pencils read our minds and right with a mind of their own.

My school is a place of creativity and ambitious learning. My school is a healthy carbon. footprint.

By Orla

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

I am neurodiverse
Neurodiversity is a power
Pounding powers of neurodiversity

School is great
But sometimes confusing
My school is a learning point

Maths is a race
Against my classmates
Assemblies are not the best
I sit for so long on rock hard floor

English means writing most of the
time
My hand hurts from time to time
And sometimes the zero carbon
project
A lesson that people should have

Lunch is fun but it asks for trouble
Arguments all the time
but the food is delicious,
the taste churning round in my
mouth yum!

DT is amazing creative courageous
Designing everything dancing on
paper
As my designs come to life
My sight delights

I am neurodiverse
Neurodiversity is a power
Pounding power of neurodiversity

By Sara

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



School

My school is a place of intelligence and inventions. My school is a maths blast.

At school, I smell the breeze of prized pizza pushing my sensational tongue.

The sound of chains crackling in the siren of the sun and the birds at the moons back

Don't forget the taste of big charmed burgers making its way to number one.

Save the feeling of bronze, silver or gold making their way to my never naughty name.

Remember the sight of my friends walking, running or racing through the glamorous gates.

My school is a place of intelligence and inventions. My school is a maths blast.

By Yusuf

Year 5, George Tomlinson Primary



Time Capsule Poem

I will put in my time capsule
The fluffiness and stuffiness of a Plushy
And the ugliness of the school bus

I will put in the sound of that bus beeping
(eh-eh-eh-eh-eh)

I will keep safe the taste of pizza and puff-puffs
And the smell of burnt toast

Not to forget the depression
Of a hard English lesson
And then having to do Maths.

By NRG Class

The Windmill School

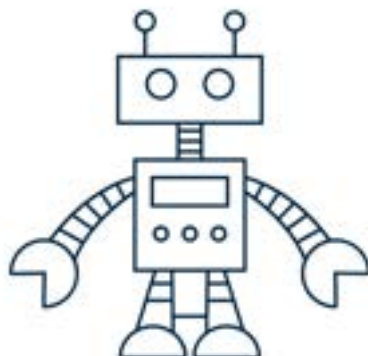


What We Share

My school is tappin on desks and slammin doors like crocodile jaws
My school is the bell ringin as we learn more n more,
My school is the smell of food, letters and numbers in one, tickin away until the
end of time
I wonder if there will be robots as intelligent as you and I
I wonder if they'll write as fast as cheetahs or AI, with a pen or a pencil or a
voice recorder
I wonder if they'll will take their lunch on the roof, on a conveyor belt or even
the delivered to their seat, in their room
This is the school we share, with memories of old, now....
and for tomorrow, we shall see.

By Ajwa

Year 4, Keir Hardie Primary School



What We Share

My school is a place of memories and where wonder flows
with the swishes of pens dancing on their toes
My school is a place of tapping keyboards like the sound of rain drops
Tap, tap, TAP while lunch drifts to their lair
My school is full of giggles travelling the air
to all young n old, who boot the balls
I wonder if you'll learn on a cloud or a plane or two
surely, you'll be out there with your desks and AI crew
I wonder if you are a human who will fight the holograms
or be a lion cub who plays with them in silly scrams
I wonder will you use the knowledge of the past and act
or even know what we have to combat
This is what we share, the centre of our life
our home as we know it and share
where we all came from and where we will go.... nobody knows.

By Ilias

Year 4, Keir Hardie Primary School



What We Share

My school is full of education as well as lots of vegetation
BOOM! BANG! The doors go off like stomping giants storming through
As I hear the teachers shrieking "NO!"
I wonder if the teachers say I have cheeky behaviour
I wonder if I will become a saviour
I wonder if the children like the food
I wonder if children will have good moods
This is a place of what we share
A place of care and believe in what's fair

By Lukas

Year 4, Keir Hardie Primary School

A photograph of a young Black male teacher wearing a maroon school sweater, a lanyard with a medal, and headphones. He is speaking into a microphone and holding a piece of paper. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing a quote. The background is dark and out of focus.

“

My class struggles with self confidence, self image as well as has a high amount of social and emotional need. Writing poetry served as a very thereuputic outlet for many of them.

”

Teacher, Heathbrook Primary School



We Share...
Our Voices

Advice

In this world we share the sun's rays on a winter morning

We share the joy we feel on any day

We share our experiences of every day

We share our advice but it's not always right

Like

They said

Take life with a pinch of salt but I gave it with a grain of sugar

They said

It was a blessing in disguise, but I thought it was a devil on the rise

They said

Patience is a virtue, but I didn't want to hurt you

They said

An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but my teeth will decay which leaves the dentist only a phone call away

They said

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree but that doesn't always apply to me

We share our advice but it's not always right

So we should start to create our own light

Even if it doesn't click just right

I'm sure our minds will be just fine

But don't forget we should

Unite

We should let our flames ignite

Our flames will burn so very bright

Even in the darkest of the night

We share our advice but it's not always right

We share our advice but it's not always right

We share our advice but it's not always right



By Aishah and Alice

Year 9, Woodmansterne School and Sixth Form

Allah's Creation

I would scream at myself I am the best I can be!

I am Allah's creation

I would remember to have patience and work hard to achieve my achievements.

I am Allah's creation

I would hear my happy sound and people cheering for me at the finish line.

I am Allah's creation

Why do people fight? We are the same!

We are all God's creation.

By Aayan

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School

Believe in Yourself!

ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਤੇ ਵਿਸ਼ਵਾਸ ਕਰੋ...ਚਾਹੇ ਕੁਝ ਵੀ ਹੋਵੇ !

Always believe in yourself.... no matter what!

Believe in yourself even if it's very hard.

Believe in yourself.

Believe in yourself even if you can't complete it.

Believe in yourself.

Believe in yourself even if you can't come first.

Believe in yourself.

Believe in yourself even if you can't win the prize.

Believe in yourself.

By Angad

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School



Believe Who You Are



Believe who you are.

You can do anything.

Just believe who you are.

You can play basketball and football.

Just believe who you are.

You can improve your handwriting.

Just believe who you are.

You can eat cheese sandwiches and cheese pizzas.

Just believe who you are.

It's only your choice.

Believe who you are.

By Gurraj

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School

Courage

Courage can be a shimmering strike of lightning or a refreshing summer shower.

Courage can be 1000 shades of bold bright colours or rays of sun and shine

I've been told that blessings are always disguised and life is a leap of faith.

If you cannot see past the shade, then you will never feel the magic, but leaping without looking can make you fall.

I believe that wanting blessings is great, but courage removes their cloak, although you will never jump the canyon if you hesitate when you look.

So, courage and fear are different and yet similar in so many ways but in the end, they are both the same glorious shades.

By Dexter and Sam

Year 9, Woodmansterne School and Sixth Form



Please note this poem contains references to challenging themes.

Empathy

I don't understand,
What is empathy?
I mean, how does it even work?

How can anyone put themselves in my shoes,
If I choose to walk barefoot?
How can you understand me,
If your heart doesn't beat like mine?
Your eyes not seen what mine have
How can you walk through the unknown, without having trailed the path I
trailed?
How could you know?
What it feels like every day, to wake up to that heart-crushing siren, reminding
me...again.
They say it's all blood sweat and tears.
Blood that flows red, sweat that runs cold and tears that burn hard.
If only someone could taste the tears I bleed.
The nights spent lying awake staring at the blank ceiling with the walls closing
in, wondering, your thoughts hollow and voracious.
And I'm talking about the thoughts that suffocate your lungs, the thoughts that
breathe down your neck, the thoughts that curl into your ribs and rip apart your
bones, the thoughts that eat out your insides like angry predators.
The thoughts that nobody else seems to feel...but me
Clawing at my mind,
I can feel them crawling up my skin, slicing through my flesh like soft bread, all
smooth and sound.
Tearing the only vein still trickling through my body, the last drop of blood still
running through me.
Thinking about things too far gone to change, too far gone to matter
Yet they stay.

Because not every aching heart fully heals
Nor will its shreds ever wield themselves back together like new
So don't say sorry
Because your sorry is nothing but a joke
Nothing but an attempt to fix things that can never be.
See, you can't pour your blood sweat and tears into a broken glass without it
spilling, can you?

Sometimes you may even make things up in your head. Fake scenarios,
conversations, interactions.

The normal 'sane' thing a person does.

You wish it was real, don't you?

My mind unspoken,

My soul so broken

Empathy.

I love the way you say you feel what I feel and you know what it's like to be
me,

but then you walk all over me and toss me aside and smear me until there's
nothing left but shame written all over me.

Empathy.

You say you know my pain

So you hold the blade to your throat and slide it sharp just because you saw a
single scar

'Oh we have the same wound'

But looking at yours does nothing to heal mine

Because yours was nothing but a false reflection of mine

A reflection that you never fully understood

Staring into the mirror and seeing someone you don't recognise

Because the blood that drips from your neck isn't mine.

Empathy?

When will it ever end?

The knots in my stomach sting and burn

Latched onto my gut like a bullet

I wish I could imprison my thoughts in a deafening dungeon, where even
echoes seem to fade, keep them where they can't escape , hold them in

chains and shackles, never let them out, even if they bang on the walls and
scream my name.

I also wish I didn't have a voice.

So none of this would've been said out loud.

No, actually I don't wish that.

I wish I was seen

But you wouldn't understand...

Would you?

By Afia

Year 9, Woodmansterne School and Sixth Form



I Would

I would whisper that everyone deserves respect, into the solar system so all who exist can hear it.

I would echo "don't turn your love into enemies" on every blade of grass so the wind would blow them into each house.

I would scream "everyone has a right to speak up" into a shell that would float through the oceans into people's hands.

I would yell "no racism" into the universe so it would bounce into every ear drum.

By Abhijot

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School



No Giving Up

ਹਾਰ ਨਾ ਮੰਨੋ

Tell me, will you give up?

Then it will be harder to succeed.

After that there is no point of retrying once you give up.

ਜੋਰ ਨਾਲ ਬੋਲੋ...ਆਓ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਸੁਣਨੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ

SPEAK UP... COME ON, EVERYONE NEEDS TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!

Also, you can't quit life.

ਅਲਵਿਦਾ

By Sehajpreet

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School



Our Impending Tick

Time, what to say

Is it the noises from a clock?

The numbers behind the glass

The ringing of a bell

When the snowflakes from the crystal blizzard fall
should I think of it at all?

Why the sound from an object?

I must understand

Can we ever fathom what time is?

The clear impending doom of everyone and everything

Something so forgettable and insignificant
will lead to us perishing

A thing unnoticeable
will kill us all

So, what we all share: time

I ask you don't waste it on anything

That won't make you turn the sky
looking up at the elixir of the night

Blinking away salty tears
in the cold, bitter air

Whispering under your breath
"I've made it this time"

By Ruby

Year 9, St Claudine's Catholic School for Girls



Untitled

If there were no weapons there would be no hurt
When I'm in charge, kids shall not be covered in crimson blood
Someone told me WW3 was coming, which I hope I'll never see
Putting all of the responsibility in the generation of me
Feeling alienated – within our own books, stolen by the oppressors of our time
No wars and no people regretting
Colours will be united
Our ideas will be ignited
Our ideas will be ignited
Our ideas will be ignited
Our ideas will be ignited
Our ideas will be ignited
Like a slow burning fuse

By Abigail, Sophia, Tiffany, Tocarra and Trimoyah

Year 9, St Augustine's CE High School



Untitled

We share a world where
thoughts tangle together, like
the cruel winter weather.

Inside, we feel a knot tangling
in our chest, Is this all for
the best?

Feelings coming out like a
raging sea, like emotions in
a chest without a key.

The future is a canvas not
shown to the eye of man.
Its unknown colours hidden
in a can.

Expectations are buried deep within
my soul like a burden on
my shoulder, like climbing a
hill with a boulder.

The sky gives back no sound,
Just silence all around,
And hope, once close to stay,
Now slowly fades away.

The road ahead is dim and long,
Each step feels like it might be wrong,
The weight I carry bends my frame,
Yet every day still feels the same.

The stars above give little light,
They flicker faintly in the night,
Like distant thoughts I cannot reach,
Or quiet truths no voice can teach.
We all share skies dull and grey,
Where fragile hopes just drift away,

Where distant dreams begin to fade,
Like fleeting light that cannot stay.
We all share the quiet strain,
Of holding back familiar pain,
Yet no one sees the cracks we hide,
Or hears the storms we keep inside.
And in the end the silence stays,
It lingers through the passing days,
No answers rise from empty skies,
Just quiet truths and quiet lies.

By Abinesh, Aryan, Dhananjey, Eelapriyan and Karamveer

Year 9, Villers High School



Untitled

WE NEED THIS

Kindness, respect, freedom.

Generosity, honesty, loyalty.

Modesty, chastity, equality.

WE HATE THIS

ICE, climate change, homelessness

Stereotypes, racism, sexism

War, crime, pain.

This is the TRUTH.

We all breathe the same air.

We all share the same things.

We all live in the same land.

We all share the same beliefs.

We all share the same things.

These are the things we SHARE.



By Ayah, Masoumeh and Phoenix

Year 7 & 8, St Augustine's CE High School

Untitled

TOGETHER WE WANT JUSTICE

No more starvation

With no more exploitation

No more negativity

No more crime

I WANT FREEDOM

No more slavery

No more crying and despair

No more worrying

No more restrictions

WE WANT JUSTICE

By Inayah, Nicholas, Noah, Ramzi and Summer

Year 8, St Augustine's CE High School

Untitled

WHAT WE SHARE WITH YOU

I share with you the craziness of my afro hair that will always catch weird stares.

I share with you my Lebanese background which I care so much for, you could even say it's profound.

I share with you my Jamaican cuisine, there is nothing better you know what I mean!

I share with you a pain so deep those children that pass I wish I could keep.

WHAT WE SHARE

I see the pain in those children's eyes.

While I am looking for hope in those children's faces.

Nostalgia runs through their veins.

While these make them feel comfort when they're close to home or alone.

Why judge? Aren't we all made of skin and bone?

Seeing all these children looking for their missing piece

It's as if it was taken by the police.

Not letting them finish the masterpiece.

NOTHING'S CHANGED YET WE'RE ALL THE SAME!

By Janiah, Leah, Malak and Natalia

Year 9, St Augustine's CE High School



What We Share

My words mean something. Your words do too.

What you share is important. It is needed.

We all have a story, it fights to be spoken.

Your dreams, my dreams, your hopes, my hopes.

A snowy, a cozy home, we all have wishes, it's time to speak out.

Our opinions matter, don't hold them in.

What we share is something magical, powerful, our hopes, wishes, dreams, desires.

So why is it hard to share?

To speak, to be yourself.

We are all human, yes.

How you feel, let it out.

However, do be careful, your opinion matters, but it is still important to be kind.

Being truthful, is being honest, but sometimes our words are hurtful, aggressive, hard to take back. They grind.

When you feel like this, take a moment to clear your mind.

We struggle to share at times, all of us do.

But always remember, it's key to be you.

By Ana

Year 5, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School



What We Share

be yourself
when life is dark. and full of despair
hope is not lost neither is love
be who you wanna be
don't let people tell you who to be
be who you want to
be yourself not everyone wants you to be the kind person you are
teach others to be kind as well
do the best you can be no matter what
sometimes youngers look up to you and admire you

By Ashley-Junior

Year 4, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School

What We Share



We share our happiness
Share our joy
Happiness that seems to never end
Joy that blooms when spring comes
The sound of wind sings songs and rejoices for joy.
We share our happiness as sunshine shares his brightness.

We share our state of mind
Our internal peace.
Things we only share were our loves once
Our internal peace spark like hope of fire light
The crack of burning firewood splits as the fire burns with crimson flames.
Our state of mind surrounds the flames for it to be warm and calm.

We share our pain.
When we are most hurt.
The broken side we try to hide with our mask of perfection.
Our fake armour that shields us from shame, and calm our pain with fake
Perfection and quiet storm's senses.

We share our experiences.
The good and bad.
The battle we lost and won
We share our experiences and hidden stories like maps, helping one another
navigate the quiet storm of our hearts.
Sharing our story with others feels like lighting a lamp in the dark wood:
suddenly, the path we are walking together looks a little less lonely.

By Shalom

Year 9, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School

Why Give Up?

Why give up?

Through all those days of endless crying, dried out eye lids. Did you forget who you are?

So why give up?

The city lights shine brighter than ever. The joy of you and me having coffee at the Southall café. I don't care if that was a dream.

So why give up?

The thought of your parents sitting at the hospital for you, bringing all the lovely things for you, you still matter.

ਫਿਰ ਛੱਡਣ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਮਕਸਦ

You can't live underneath someone's control... open up.
You can't quit life...

ਅਲਵਿਦਾ

By Mannat

Year 5, Dairy Meadow Primary School



A woman with short, curly dark hair is smiling and looking towards the right. She is wearing a light-colored, vertically striped button-down shirt. A microphone on a stand is positioned in front of her. The background is dark and out of focus. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text. The speech bubble has a tail pointing towards the bottom left.

“ I loved the way the children incorporated their home languages within their poems. This gave me an opportunity to work with a child new to my class who was not confident speaking in English, so she wrote in Romanian and I translated it. This was a first for me and empowering for the child, as she could join in. ”

Teacher, Dairy Meadow Primary School

Means The World

I am the curling river,
swirling through the hills
there's sand upon my bed
I toss and turn and can't stay still

I am the sturdy tree
with twirling fingers branching out
I change my clothes by season
and I grow both up and down

I am the mighty mountain
my bones are built from stone
I'm older than the little hills
now look how tall I've grown

I am the drifting rain cloud
with grey hair and bulging belly
and when the rain comes pouring down
you best go fetch your wellies

I am the fizzing lightning bolt
that rips the sky in half
and brings along the winter wind
that whips away your scarf

I am the hurried hurricane
the thunderstorm, the breeze
I am the sparkling sunlight
making mirrors on the seas

I am part of you
you are part of me as well

hear the whistle of the ocean
in the hollow of a shell

see the starlight in the sea of night
as silver as a pearl...

we are Planet Earth
our friendship means the world.

By Christian Foley
Spoken Word Educator
@christianfoleypoetry



WORD
OWE

vering, celebrating,
the next gener
outh poets

We Share...
Our World

EAST
SIDE

www.eastside.org.uk

Dear Younger Self

In my city of peace,
I can hear the swish of the dancing wind.
I can hear the sweet, majestic ocean.
I can hear the crunchy, crisp leaves jumping
between my feet as I walk.

As I walk I am the sight
of my mum and dad working hard.
I am the touch of
my cat rubbing his fur on my legs.
I am the smell of chicken
nuggets, fish fingers and chips at home.
I am the sound of
my cat meowing at me.
I am the taste of chicken
nuggets, fish fingers and chips at home.

BE WHO YOU WANT TO
BE YOUR SELF!



By Renae

Year 4, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School

Echoes of Memories Beneath the Same Sky

We share a world of collapsing walls,
Like unexpected bullets gushing down the falls,
Is it me or is it red?
Is it just all in my head?

Childhood memories bursting through my mind,
Like fireflies glowing in the moment of time,
Laughter echoes softly from a distant thread,
Ghosts of younger days dancing where we once tread,

Zoom! goes the trains, whoosh! goes the airplane,
Wailing of sirens run by as there is death in dancing rain,
People rush past with fear in their eyes,
While thunder of engines swallow their cries,

The streets flicker dim with a trembling light,
Shadows stretch long in the cold of the night,
Questions hang heavy in silent air,
Answers hide where no one will dare,

Now we watch in a box the world ticking like clocks,
Faces glow blue as the quiet shock knocks,
There is a toying question in my head,
Like Pinocchio held together by thread,

Why has this all changed?
Like we're in a mystery game trapped in a hurricane
The sky once clear now spins in grey,
And nothing feels the same today,

So under this sky we stand the same,
Watching a world that's losing its name,
Searching the dark for yesterday,
Hoping tomorrow finds its way.

By Acelyn, Anoshka, Gail and Valisha
Year 9, Villiers High School



My Time Capsule



In my time capsule,
I put a solar eclipse.
It is a rare ruby.
Remember the sight of night and day,
The great smell of pitch black,
The soft feel of my terrific telescope,
The calm sound of silence.
If it is gone,
this poem will keep it safe.

In my time capsule,
I put Italian spaghetti.
It is a delicate piece of art.
Remember the sight of the delicacy,
The great smell of precise perfection,
The soft feel of smooth and rich,
The calm sound of brilliant beauty,
The rich taste of amazingness.
If it is gone,
This poem will keep it safe.

By Alexander

Year 5, The Welldon Park Academy

Our Sea Life

If I were an animal,
You know what I'd be?
A dolphin so sleek
Exploring the sea.
Spinning and leaping with a joyful sound,
The smartest of creatures in waters around.
I'd race with the waves and dive so deep,
Secrets of the ocean my heart would keep.

Or perhaps an octopus, clever and grand,
With eight long arms to explore the sand.
Adapting with ink and a mind so bright,
All I would think of is dazzling sunlight!
Hiding in reefs, a master of disguise,
Watching the world with intelligent eyes.

But I'm only human,
Standing on the land,
Drawing these creatures with pen in hand.
Yet in my mind I'm wild and free,
I can be any animal I want to be.

By Yameenah

Year 5, Red Hall Primary School



The World We Share

The world shares materials used to make and play.
The world shares British Values that we show every day.
We share birthday cake when we age.
We share the families that we love.
We share the planes that fly above.
We share our colours we use to paint.
We share the animals that roam the lands.
We share everything within our world.

By Oliver

Year 3, Red Hall Primary School



Together We Share...

Together we share the fresh trees that swirl calmly in the air,
Together we share the sizzling sun that burns happily 24/7,
Together we share the bright flowers that bloom lusciously,
Together we share the glorious universe that drifts through the night.

Together we share the delicious food that tastes like a dream,
Together we share respect for the world as it moves around quietly,
Together we share the joyful playground that brings laughter to everyone,
Together we share caring families that look after each other.

Together we share the endless sadness that washes over us like rain,
Together we share bright happiness that shines like the stars,
Together we share strong anger that comes suddenly and fiercely,
Together we share the shock of trembling fear.

Together we share huge houses that stand still like statues,
Together we share noisy classrooms full of screaming like a zoo,
Together we share incredible charities that help save lives,
Together we share caring people that willingly show ambition
and dedication.

By Adbullah, Ishaq, Kayci and Zaynab

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School



We Share Nature



What we share are the flowers that bloom,
What we share are the green trees that give us oxygen,
What we share are the dandelions, yellow joyful flowers,
What we share are the white daisies that smell really good,
What we share is the sky, a luminous dream that echoes in the air,
What we share are the cotton-candy clouds that explore and shimmer,
What we share is the sunset, a golden, majestic weather that brings everyone outside,
What we share are the stars, colourful dots that sprinkle magic on the world,
What we share is the ocean, a blanket cuddling marine life,
What we share is a rapid river, a ribbon running fast,
What we share is a waterfall, a slippery eel wiggling into the water,
What we share is a lake, a ravenous Loch Ness monster waiting inside,
What we share are the fast jaguars that hunt furiously,
What we share are the cute cats that glow with a sparkle,
What we share are the tigers that make the clouds dance in the night,
What we share are the lions that swim in the water with a frown,
What we share is the endless universe that never ends in our dreams,
What we share is the pitch-black universe that haunts our souls,
What we share is the shiny Milky Way that blinds us,
What we share is the universe that floats all the way up in space,
What we share is the world that never ends.

By Alma, Kaia, Nelson, Muhammed, and Veronika

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School

What We Share

We all share tears that
Coincidentally taste like salt,
But with each individual
Having a different motive.

We all share this air
That we borrow to sustain ourselves,
But we choke it with fumes
It never asked to breathe.

We all snatch from the hands of nature,
The supplements and essentials,
To keep our bodies working –
Yet many of us take these gifts for granted.

We all borrow the eggs from the chickens,
The meat from the cows,
And honey from the bees.

But how do we care for these things,
That are simply given to us?

The animals at the farms,
The birds in the skies,
And the rest scattered
All around this environment,
Which we deem ours,
Each root, each wing, each hoof –
All sustain us.
Whether we realise it,
or not.

But who are we
To take such pride over these things,
And tyrannically steward them,
Like they are unlimited?

When I speak of a better world,
I speak of a day where we,
Restore nature's value,
Renew its strength,
Replenish its supply –
Like when the flowers bloom
At the dawn of spring,
After the vicissitudes
Of the winter!

How do we watch over this land
We merely steward?

A time will come,
When a new world will be made
By the one who gave us this earth.

Take courage and make a change
That benefits us all today!

By Joshua

Year 8, Marshall's Park Academy

What We Share

What we share is being thankful for each blessing,
to keep us from stressing.

What we share is being unique,
as we all have a bad week.

But what I don't share is my family's "behind the scene"

As my dad's family had to move to Chicago.
As they were poor and did not have a house for everyone
in Burma
But I guess it's kinda good karma
As a few years later...
War broke
And my dad wouldn't had to fought, as the war is still
happening.

As for my mum her dad passed away
I wish I knew for at least 1 day.

As my life has A LOT of bumps,
I'm grateful for what I have.



But what we share are memories, joy, a voice and
much more.

As we have a voice we all need to share it
So don't be afraid to SPEAK UP
But what we don't all share is **PEACE!**

By Ruby

Year 5, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School

What We Share

We share all four seasons,
Without reasons,
We share LOADS of smiles,
That last for miles,
We share opportunities,
From different communities,
We share being kind,
While using our minds,
We share the scent of honey,
Which we hope is money,
We share being nice
Like the scent of turmeric spice,
Why don't we share everything?
Why don't we share nothing?



By Sofia

Year 5, St Mary Magdalene & St Stephens CE Primary School

THANK YOU!

The Eastside team would like to say a huge thank you to everyone who has been involved in the fifth year of this momentous programme!

Firstly, thank you to our funders and partners whose vision and generosity have supported Eastside to make this dream possible: John Lyon's Charity for your unwavering belief in and support for *Spoken Word Power*; the Portal Trust for enabling us to offer this opportunity to schools in Lambeth and Arts Council England for their support of Eastside and the development of this programme.

Thank you to the wonderful Criterion Theatre, who generously hosted our sharing event for the fifth year running, supporting us to offer a high-quality stage experience for our young participants to showcase their work.

Next, we must thank our talented poet facilitators for delivering this programme in schools with compassion, enthusiasm and creativity. Thank you to the brilliant Adisa the Verbalizer, Dan Simpson, Dauda Ladejobi, Desree, Eileen Gbagbo, Eve Atkinson, Grace Atkinson, Justin Coe, Mark 'Mr T' Thompson, Patrick Evans, Shagufta K Iqbal, Shauna O'Briain and Shaniqua Benjamin.

A special thank you must also go to our Lead Artist, the one and only Jacob Sam-La Rose. Jacob created the fantastic programme framework, which supported our artists to deliver a series of engaging and inspiring workshops exploring the theme *What We Share*.

Finally, thank you to every young person who took part in *Spoken Word Power* this year, and to their teachers and school communities for supporting them through the process.

If you would like to donate to Eastside to help us continue this vital work, you can do so by visiting eastside.org.uk/support or you can contact Matt Lane on matt@eastside.org.uk.

A person wearing a white head covering and a dark shirt is speaking into a microphone. Their right arm is raised with a clenched fist. They are holding a book or pamphlet in their left hand. The background is dark and out of focus. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text.

“ Spoken Word Power is a truly incredible project that creates a long-lasting impact on young people. The word “power” is not just for show - it highlights the power of words as well as the power of creativity and change that can come when we hold space for our young people to share what matters most to them. ”

Eastside Artist



SPOKEN WORD POWER

Spoken Word Power is a fully funded creative project that supports primary, secondary and SEND schools across the UK, to creatively champion the spoken word and provides a platform for the vibrant voices of the future.

This collection of poetry has been written by the children and young people from across the UK who took part in this year's project, responding to the theme 'What We Share'.

The poems inside speak to the experiences, observations, beliefs and traditions that make us human, and bring us together.

We hope that this anthology will serve as a powerful record of the personal and collective voices of a generation.

