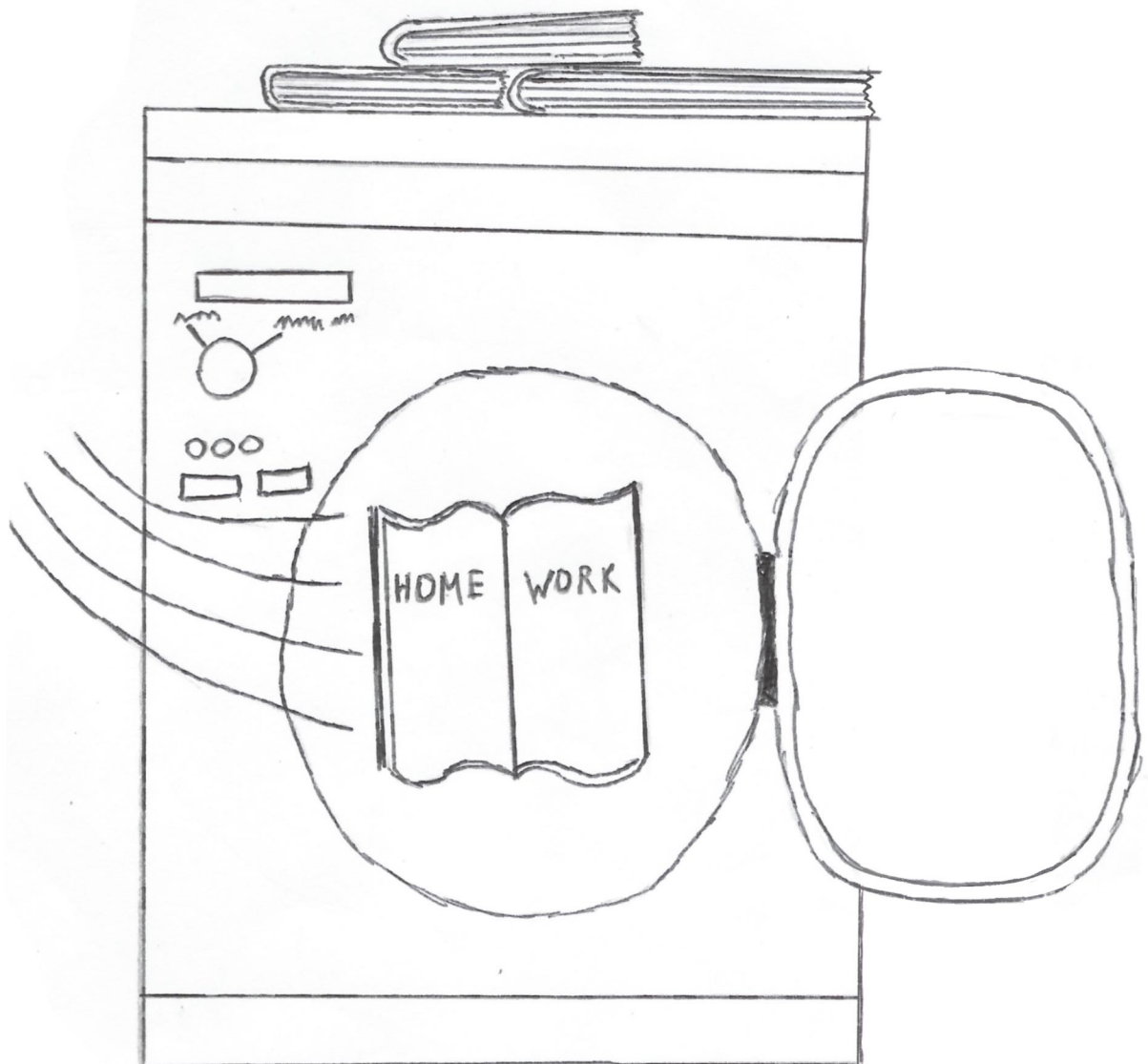


St Bede's Inter-Church School
Cambridge

Poems by Year 7

June 2022

Selected by Jo Nix



Spring Evening

Listen...

With a slow, gentle sound,
Like the breath of a whisper,
The branches, slowly-swaying, grow blossom
And bloom.

Look...

With a steady opening of wings,
Like the movement of pages,
The birds, song-filled, jump from the trees
And fly.

Listen...

With a rush of pure joy,
Like the light on new leaves,
The stream, life-giving, runs down the banks
And begins.

Cleo

How to Wash Your Homework

You have to do it,
Do not even bother to complain.
For the sake of speed,
Divide it into parts.
Do a little every day.
As if in loops,
Your work will come back to you.

You do not need soap or stain remover.
You need the soap of dedication
Organisation
And care of stain remover.
Get on with it.
It is needed.
Go and wash your homework!

Finn

A Book About Weather

The weather is always there but ever-changing
A plot, delivered in unexpected ways
A blizzard in the prologue
Four seasons in a chapter
Sweet summer rain in the epilogue

A drop of rain is a word
A bit of punctuation, a ray of sun
A rainbow in a sentence
A picture is a thousand droplets
A cloud, a thousand words

A flood of emotions
A drought of humour
A flash of lightning turns comedy to tragedy
A gust of wind is a shout in a book
A breeze is a whispering
A conversation, a twister unleashed.

Michelle

House of Mystery

A scent of history floating in the air
Still as can be
Hiding somewhere
On the shelf
Or under the stairs
Amidst the cobwebs
Waiting for someone
To see it, sitting alone and staring
A note of past memories
Sits still
In time

It sobs silently
As steps of
Unsuspecting children
Crash by
But, other than that
It makes no noise
A diary lies by itself
Watching as the clock
Ticks by

Lydia

Insignificance

Do you ever feel like a fallen leaf
blowing in the wind?

Do you every feel like a tiny wave
crashing onto the vast shore?

Do you every feel like you are a grain of sand
part of an enormous earth?

Do you every feel like a cascading twig
falling to the ground below?

Do you every feel like you are insignificant
with no role to play?

Because you're not

Megan

How to Read a Friend

Wait, before you start,
Check if you're reading a prologue or a sequel,
Then examine every little word,
Each chapter tells a different story,
Look into the deepest depths of the plot,
You might find twists or betrayals,
Every book is different,
And they're all worth a good read.

Toby

A Week of Spring Weather

On Monday grass took over snow,
And icy streams began to flow,

Tuesday's sunshine chased the clouds,
And geese's cries rang out so loud.

On Wednesday roses began to bloom,
Attracting honeybees that zoom.

Thursday's showers washed away,
Winter's clutch; now into May.

On Friday lambs came out to play,
Running through the soft, gold hay.

Saturday's dawn was a lovely rainbow,
Of violet, pink and blue and yellow.

On Sunday winter was in the past,
Finally it's spring at last.

Adam

Adventure Garden

In my own adventure garden,
Where adventure lies behind corners,
And my imagination runs wild,
Is my favourite place to be.

An unclimbed mountain swing,
And I, a mountaineer,
The rough string and cold, wood beams,
Is my favourite place to be.

A mysterious garden shed,
With secrets hidden inside,
Out of sight, behind a tree,
Is my favourite place to be.

A rocky, lilypond pond,
Hopping stones from left to right,
Behind a hedged wall,
Is my favourite place to be.

Kyrie

Panthers

Panthers are starless nights
They move like water flowing
With ease between dense, stubborn green
They are ghosts padding along – pouncing when you least expect.

I love panthers who fly through the air without wings,
They are a snaring wall of muscle and teeth,
Panthers are the silent assassins of nature.

Panthers who viciously snarl but purr contently,
Who wait in the shadows yet bask in the sun,
Who know pain and peace.

Lucie

Part of me

The footsteps are my beating heart,
The breeze my silent breath,
The noises are my lonely voice,
An inch away from death.

The cold hard ground is my soft flesh,
The river is my blood,
The branches are my steady bones,
My strength comes back in flood.

The coloured leaves are all my thoughts
The peace my state of mind,
The creatures are my peaceful soul,
Out here wonders to find.

I see magic all around me,
Hear things I can't explain,
Feel joy unlike any other,
Right now I feel no pain.

Laura

Friends

Friends are barnacles,
Not letting go.

They're with you through your life,
Supporting you.

You can get rid of them,
On purpose or accidentally,
Some may forgive,
But others don't.

If they are plucked off,
New ones will come,
They are there to show you,
Life is not swum alone.

Aurora

A Special Place

A special place is a farm,
Where the wind howls, high above the barns,
In Winter warm and cosy snuggled down in the nests of hay,
The sheep's faint bleats, the cows are quiet, the horses gently neigh.

But spring comes and wakes them up,
The sheep now in the pastures,
Lambs dotted around the fields like clouds,
Have rained down on the earthy mounds.

In Summer the cows all loudly moo,
Beneath their feet is all their food,
I feel the cold of the metal gate – life is great!
The Autumn brings the wind again,
And animals prepare to go back to their dens,
The farmer gently lifts the piglets,
And pats the cow's pale head of ringlets.

Annabel

The Imposter

Its name:

The imposter, quiet
Strikes without any riot
Creeping through vents
Teeth are huge, immense
While all the innocent
Fleeing, very vigilant
Scarcely breathe
From peril that lie
Far, far beneath.

Simon

My Sister

I love my sister,
She always comes first,
She comes up to me and hugs me with no reason at all,
I love you, my sister', she says with a burst,

I hate my sister,
She is so annoying
Always on her phone or tucked up in her room,
Telling me what to do and expecting it so soon,
Sometimes I just close my eyes and wish she'd disappear,

BUT!

While I'm in my room,
After being a flame of fire,
I think to myself,
Is she someone I admire?

Eventually I realised,
She is my sister,
Will I forget her? Never,
My sister is my sister and I will cherish her forever.

Helena

My mind's like space

My mind's in school my like space
Blank nothing nothing at all

Math math math I hate it my mind is blank like space it pitch black I
can't think of anything I wish for a shooting star

Science science science my minds black like space I wish for some
shooting stars

Questions to ask but nothing, nothing at all

English English English my minds full like space all these glimmering
with stars hundred even thousand stars some may planets
everything is so
FUN!

Lennan

My Special Place

School

My special place,
It's my favourite place,
It's a brain filler,
It's a joy bringer.

In the summer time,
The best times,
I can smell the lush green grass of the fields,
And feel the shining sun beaming on my cheeks,
I feel the mud on my knees as I fall,
When I am chasing after the football.

In the winter time,
The fun times,
I can hear the cries of children,
And the cold snow making my fingers numb,
I can feel the energy,
Buzzing around me.

When I remember,
The fun times,
The best times,
My favourite place,
My memories come,
Flowing through,
Sadness grows,
But when I think
I feel lucky

Deon

Illusion is a Beautiful Word

It's a disappearing trick magic
It's a fairy in a mushroom home
Water on flowering plants
It's a cloud of rain, giving way to sunlight
It is the rolling of waves on a starlit beach
It's a holiday for the mind
Illusion is a beautiful word

Kitty

Rain

Rain is an incessant little brother
He always tugs on your sleeve
And asks you questions
He always taps on your back
And shouts obnoxiously when you're doing your homework
For when you put the sun-lounger out on a summer's day
He welcomes himself in
And stands beside you
As sticky syrup from his ice-lolly drips on your head
He means well and tries to be friendly
But sometimes that can be hard to accept.

Bobby

Ice

Ice can be a hermit, sensitive and secretive
Hidden away like the moon in the day
When others come near
He blows them clear
With a puff of his frosty breath
Not wanting, not feeling, not knowing
For the other world out there.

He is the one who keeps you shivering at night
He is the one who causes the hearth to splutter and sizzle
He is the one who keeps you home in the cold
Where you'll listen to his armies howl in the dark
Searching for light
To engulf it.

Ice can be models, glorious and dazzling
Stayed on display for all to see
Showing off to handfuls of admirers
Posing extravagantly as cameras flash wildly from every corner
Smiling up at the sky as the sun beams cheerfully down at them.

Glaciers shining with light as the sun bounces onto its plane
Or sculptures, expertly crafted to pinpoint precision
Whichever figure stands grandly on display
Will always be smiling down at you
As you gaze up at its wonder and beauty.

Nathaniel

430 Miles Away

430 miles away
Trickling water falls gently
Pushing on the lush leaves of the wood
The operas of nature sing contently
Not a care

430 miles away
The thrum of a woodpecker
Breaks through the birds quarrelling
Louder and louder

430 miles away
The smell of fresh water soothes me
As I run my hand over the dewy leaves
And against the current of the stream

430 miles away
Mother nature wraps its soul around Breen Wood
A special place
A mystery holder
A green gift
Ireland

Susie

Eagles

Eagles cut the wind with their noiseless wings
Outstretched like a tightrope's pole
Suddenly plummeting like a missile aimed at its prey
Death follows in their wake

Their knife-like talons rake the air
Piercing eyes like headlights at night
Dart this way and that
Searching, searching
Their calls ricochet through the icy peaks.

Proudly they sit above all creatures, looking down with disdain
Their vice like grip, a huge metal claw
Crushing skulls like paper

A mountain dweller
A wind cutter
A golden arrow
A death bringer
A skull crusher

Jamie

Mid-Summer Common

The place marks the beauty of summer
And it's the common of commons
My place
My special place
Mid-summer common

Where the grass grows green
And the trees sprinkle their leaves
For the celebration of mid-summer
A blissful place
Of hope and peace
Its smell tickles your throat and nose
And grass tickles your feet

A place of history
A home of crawling crows
Shrieking: "Leftovers! Leftovers!"
And: "Your food is mine."
The swans are the rulers
The ducks are the subjects
I love the place!
Don't you?

Evie

Exploding Sky

I like the sounds that the fireworks bring
The loud and noisy ones which make your ears ring
They hiss as they fly into the sky
And with a bang they disappear once they're high

Children run around whooping and screaming
As firecrackers explode, crackling and whistling

There are various sounds that a firework make
And some are loud enough to make you shake
Some fireworks screech, some fireworks sizzle
Some fireworks pop and some fireworks whistle

Danica

How to Tame a Trampoline

Approach the beast with an excited heart
Don't let it smell fear
If you make the wrong step it will knock you off your feet
Step on the monster quietly and carefully

Once you are on, bounce and jump to hurt it
Try to stay in the air and land with two feet
If done wrong you might fall into the dark abyss of the creature

Once you have finished jump for joy
For you are the one to tame the trampoline

Sylvie

Whisper is the Most Beautiful Word

Whisper is the most beautiful word
It makes gentle voices
Softly talking
Calmly listen with its slow way of speaking

It is a baby's breath
It is a finger to the mouth
It is language in a library

Rose-Dawn

Aurora

Aurora is a most beautiful word
It means the solar lights
Above the north and south
Dancing with its energy set in the ethereal sky

It is a bridge to the otherworld beyond
Starlight dancing in the night
Oh Aurora is the most beautiful word

A pale green light sits high above the horizon
Questions it makes us ponder
Our place in space and time

Lucius

The Wood

The wood in Little Shelford is my little heaven
The wood makes me feel happy and it helps me calm down
It is full of nature and creatures living in their habitats
I love climbing the trees and taking pictures of nature
The trees are bowing their heads to the sun

The sun is smiling with its golden glow over the trees
The birds are tweeting in the warm glow of the sun
The flowers are dancing in the wind
Waiting for the bees to celebrate the spring

The wood is so refreshing after the sweet summer rain
You can see the squirrels jumping from tree to tree
Over the dark pond waiting for me

Connor

Fear of the Unknown

We always fear the unknown
We think about it constantly
Asking ourselves if we are ready
Ready to face the unknown
That could spell our destiny

We always have this fear
Fear of the unknown so it seems
But life is full of surprises
We just don't know what will happen next

Sometimes we think we know
Or we think we're sure
But we will never know
Because life is unpredictable
AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT WORTH LIVING FOR

Elisa

My Special Place

My special place is with my families in Argentina
Lemon trees above my head
Like many stars hanging over me

The soothing touch of dog's fur
Reminds me of the sound of distant barking in the night

In the early morning customers fill the open spaces
I can feel the wood-burning oven breathing on my cheek
Filling my nose with heavenly smells

When our customers are gone
The kitchen is a place of infinite possibilities
The greatest meals are served at night
While looking at the curious sky

Seba

The Sea

I see a horse
One then two, then three, then more
More and more
Snowy white horses of course

Galloping into the shore
Like fence after fence
They disappear and reappear once more
They race across the sea

The mirror up above
Fluffy white clouds break the blue
Down below is ocean blue
White manes waves at you

White horses appear with a trot
They build to a canter and grow to a gallop
Galloping, galloping as they near the shore
Then they disappear once more

Annabelle

Week of Spring Weather

On Monday heavy rain pours from the sky
Rain clouds come stormy from up high

On Tuesday, the rapid rain becomes sleet
The cloud drifts away like a dark grey sheet

Wednesday the sun begins to shine
Everyone's happy, feeling fine

Thursday the frost begins to bite
Blazing morning sun, crystal bright

Friday the wind begins to howl
Wild like an animal it growls

Saturday brings a lightning storm
Jagged shapes in the sky form

Sunday once again all is calm
Bringing peace like a soothing balm

Amalie

The most Beautiful Word

Exquisite

Is a delicate feather

As gentle as the slight touch of a snowflake

As swift as the patter of animal's footsteps

As beautiful as a charming peacock

Exquisite

Exquisite

An eye-catching mango in an empty bowl

Bursting with exotic flavours

Absorbing the richness of the colourful mango

A tasty word

Exquisite

Exquisite

An elegant dress

The spotlight of your attention

As lovely as a perfect pirouette

A wonderful dance

The most beautiful word

Exquisite

Domino

Special Place Poem

I have a place in my back garden
Built with wood and tools
A window at the top with cobwebs
A sign on top too

It feels like a castle
Made of pure gold blocks
Me and my brother standing like kings
Thanking our Grandad who made it
Just for us

A dark brown shed
Filled with sport equipment
For us to play
Outside with our family

Sam

Snow-Drops

The snow-drops shoot out
White petals bring the message
All rejoice
Spring comes

Zosia

A Special Place

I dived into the salty sea water
The ocean was like a hungry shark engulfing me
Frantically I swam, heading to the mouth of the cave
A world of wonders awaited me

A fantasy land beneath the sea
Sparkling water, crystal like stalactites and stalagmites
Like glittering giants staring down at me
Echoes of water droplets falling into the translucent pools

I waded through the water
I climbed the rocky terrain
I floated in the motionless pools
And glazed in awe and wonder at this magical land
I wish I could stay here forever

Megan