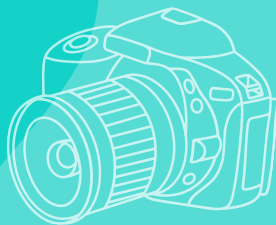


EAST
SIDE



THE WAY I SEE IT



SPOKEN
WORD
POWER

Anthology 2025

A man with glasses and a beard is speaking into a microphone. He is wearing a dark jacket. The background is dark with some blue lighting. A large speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing a quote. The quote is in white text. The opening and closing quotation marks are large and red. The man is gesturing with his hands while speaking.

“ I love the possibility and power of Spoken Word Power. I have witnessed the real impact that it has on young people and wider school networks. When the students and teachers taking part enjoy the sessions, are dedicated and committed to the work, that energy trickles into the larger school environment.

”

- Spoken Word Power Artist

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SPOKEN WORD POWER

The Way I See It

2025

ABOUT SPOKEN WORD POWER

Foreword by Matt Lane, Eastside's CEO/Artistic Director

Welcome to the 2025 *Spoken Word Power* anthology. *Spoken Word Power* is designed 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 represents the culmination of a powerful new year of poetry creation that has taken place across London and areas of the UK as part of this brilliant programme. This book also represents our first year of this new phase of the *Spoken Word Power* programme which is generously supported by John Lyon's Charity from 2024 to 2029. Thank you so much John Lyon's Charity!

Eastside has enjoyed developing its work with young people and the spoken word poetry art form for over 25 years since joining the Westminster City Council's poetry slam back in 2000. This year, with the help of our wonderful poet facilitators and our outstanding *Spoken Word Power* Lead Artist Jacob Sam-La Rose, we chose our theme for 2025: *The Way I See it*.

Jacob Sam-La Rose shared the following thoughts on this year's selected theme.

"The Way I See It" invites young people to explore and share their perspectives on the world around them, grounded in their own experiences. Not just the grand or dramatic moments, but the textures of the everyday - the shifts in the weather, the rhythms of home, the questions we ask when we're alone. It also promotes empathy and understanding by encouraging them to consider how others might perceive the world differently.

When shaping the framework for this year's programme, I worked with four guiding principles:

Interrogating the World: Supporting students to look closer, question deeply and reflect on the ways their perspectives shape their understanding.

Understanding Differences: Highlighting the importance of recognising that people experience the world in varied ways, including those with sensory impairments.

Challenging Assumptions: *Cultivating the kind of curiosity that questions the obvious and resists the easy answer.*

Using Poetry as a Platform: *Creating space for young people to write into the questions and conversations that matter most to them, their communities and their futures.*

What follows in these pages is evidence of what happens when we take this work seriously; when we trust young people with complexity, contradiction and beauty. These poems don't all arrive at tidy conclusions, and they don't need to. They're moments of inquiry, of celebration, of witness. A testament to the power of language and to the voices that carry it forward.

This year, we also launched *Spoken Word Power Live*, our rebranded open access digital branch of the project, in which any school across the UK can access free CPD, interactive livestream workshops, handy guides and written resources via our teacher portal.

With the programme theme at the forefront of our minds, the Eastside team set out on a mission to use spoken word poetry to explore how young people really see the world and what their opinions are on the issues that matter to them. With schools in place, our pool of dynamic spoken word artists worked with a total of 475 young people and their teachers in primary, secondary, and SEND schools to explore the theme and begin creating poetry designed to be performed. Young people worked in groups or as soloists, guided by the artists and teachers until they were ready to premiere their work in their own 'In-School Slam' event. I cannot tell you how joyful these occasions were – young person after young person stepped up and bravely shared their poems in front of their school communities.

Soon after, to celebrate World Poetry Day, each school selected representative young poets to take to the stage at The Criterion Theatre in Piccadilly (our wonderful West End partner) where all participating classes assembled to witness the work and celebrate. We were deeply moved and inspired to witness the work of young people representing 10 schools from across London as well as 4 schools who joined us via the *Spoken Word Power Live* programme, including a group from the Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School who made the long journey from Birmingham to share their work on the historic stage. What a day that was!

Our dream is that every young person in the country can be encouraged to use their voice to express their inner thoughts, thereby helping people to understand each other better and make a positive difference to our communities. We know how important it is that young voices are heard and understood. This work seems increasingly crucial to support the emergence of a more balanced, happier, more peaceful and compassionate society.

Eastside is proud of the achievements of this first year of the new phase of this 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 delighted to announce that we have secured funding from The Portal Trust to extend the programme into schools in Lambeth next year, whilst we have our fingers crossed for funding for a UK wide programme to be approved. Either way, *Spoken Word Power* will live on for the next four years.

We are now keen to find more funders, partners and supporters who can help us continue working with more young people across London and right across the country – so please get in touch if you think you can help us out in any way. Funding for this work is more important than ever in these turbulent times. Eastside will continue to work hard to make sure *Spoken Word Power* helps thousands more young people find their voices and express themselves in the most positive way possible. Our young people are our future, and we will support them.

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

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Matt Lane". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of "Matt" and "Lane" being capitalized and prominent.

Matt Lane
Chief Executive Officer / Artistic Director
Eastside

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 Criterion Theatre Trust, the UK National Commission for UNESCO, and Adobe UK Ltd, 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 or alternatively if you are a corporation or individual who is interested in becoming a major donor or project sponsor then please get in touch with Matt Lane on matt@eastside.org.uk.

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Some of the poems in this anthology contain references to challenging themes that some people may find distressing, including war and the refugee experience.

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

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

A young woman with dark hair tied back, wearing a school uniform, is speaking into a microphone. A large, light-colored speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing a quote. The background is dark and out of focus.

“This was an absolutely fantastic opportunity and our students were still buzzing the day after! I felt like a proud parent listening to their poems and seeing them perform. Thank you!”

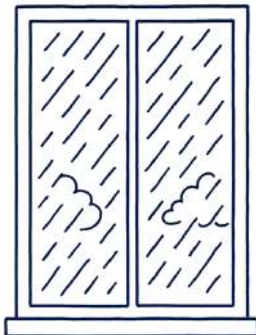
- Teacher at Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School

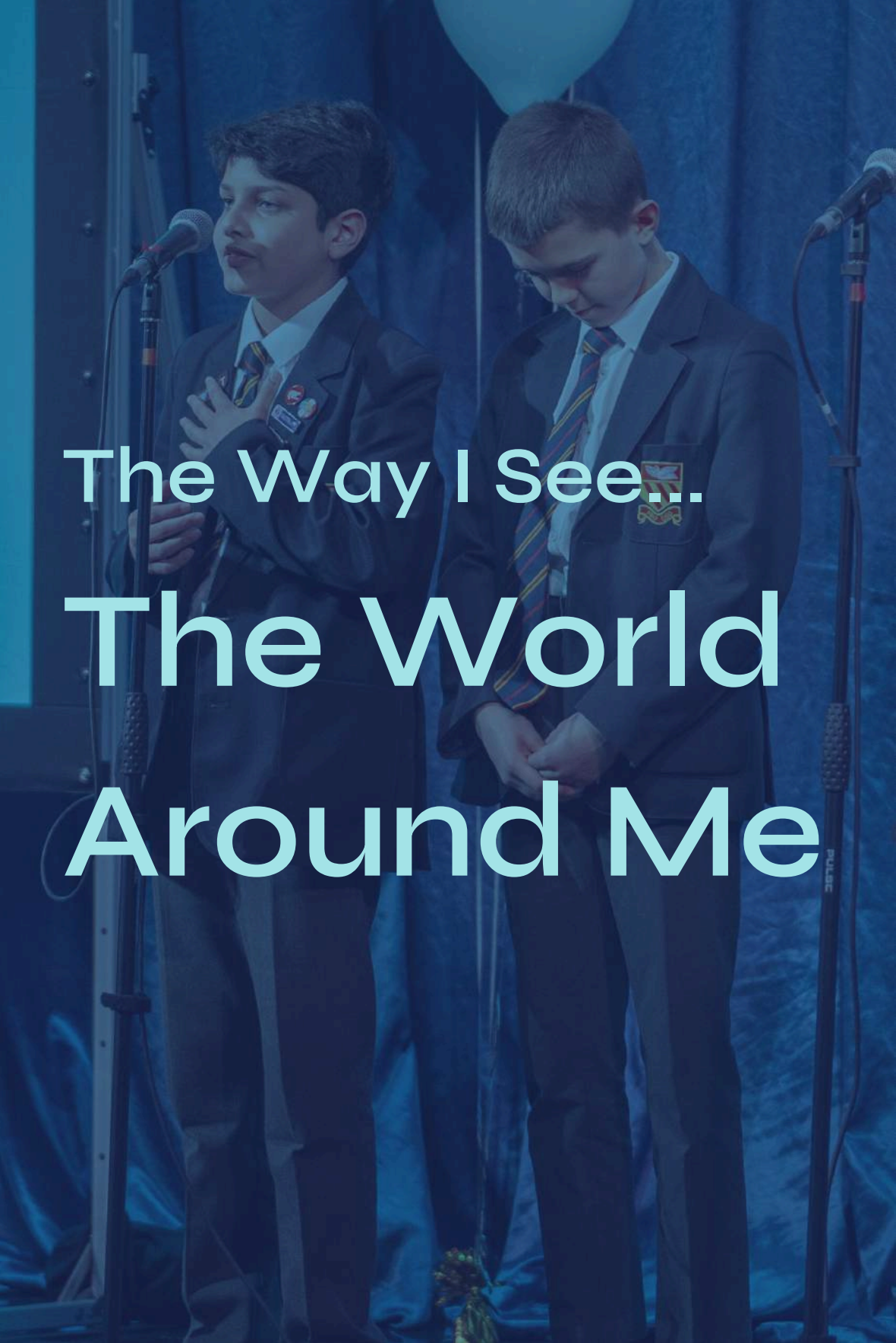
The Storm

I hear the rain drumming on the roof,
Each drop a rhythm in the symphony of the storm.
I feel the cold breeze through the cracks,
Shivering as the wind whistles past.
The rain's melody makes me feel calm,
A lullaby that soothes the chaos of the day.
The chill in the air makes me feel alone,
As if the wind is whispering secrets I can't hear.
I listen to the rain, each drop a note,
Reminding me of home, of safety, of warmth.
I pull the blanket tighter, feeling its warmth,
Wishing it could protect me from the storm outside.
Two stories in the same storm,
One finds peace, the other seeks comfort.

By Jacob Sam-La Rose

@JSamLaRose





The Way I See... The World Around Me

Animal Farm

I have never seen a spider fight an ant,
Or a dog eat cats' tails while they chant.

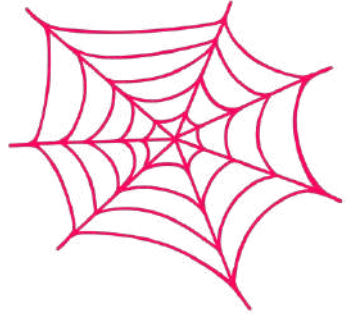
I have never seen a pig sing a tune,
Or a spider munch a banana by the moon.

I have never seen a bird wear a hat,
Or a rabbit play a game with a bat.

I have never seen a tree dance in the breeze,
Or a whale that can climb the tallest of trees.

But I have seen a spider spin its thread,
Weaving webs with care, just like it's been said.

I have known the world is full of things to explore,
Things I've never seen but so much more.
As there's magic in the air, around every bend,
And every day's a new adventure to the end.



By Archie

Class 11, The Village School

Anti-Ode to Flies

Oh flies, oh flies you drive me crazies
I don't want to get close because I don't want rabies.
Can't you just let me be?
Oh flies, oh flies, GO DROWN IN THE SEA!

You're as dark as a shadow
and you guys are frustrating flies
and if you guys ever die
please don't tell me it's a lie, because
Why? Why? You make me cry!

You're annoying like crying babies
again I don't want rabies.
Can't I just be me?
Oh flies, oh flies, GO DROWN IN THE SEA!

By Yaqub

Year 4, St Edward's Catholic Primary School



Autumn

I am a river, my waters flowing fast and free.
I love the golden trees, swaying as Autumn leaves.
I hear the humans chatter about their winter plans,
Staying in bed or laughing with friends.

Raindrops tickle me as I try to sleep,
And when captured in pictures, I feel elegant and deep.
The ocean is my sibling, vast and wide,
While I rush onward, pulled by the tide.

I wish people wouldn't throw rubbish at me,
And that I could flow forever, carrying stories endlessly.
But still, I'm grateful to gaze at the stars,
And watch the sky's wonders from near and far.

By Dayana

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School



Buried Nature

Donuts! Oh how pasty.

Shining, soft, irresistible and tasty.

A treat to refill those who made the best of their day,

Served by those who can create them in the most delicious way...

Alright let's stop talking nonsense, but that nonsense is a part of our lives,

In fact the way I see it, we need it but choose to suppress it, hide it,

Bury it deep into our logical minds.

The way I see it, community releases that inner creativity,

Allowing people to be themselves; unite under a common name.

The way I see it, us youth are shimmering galaxies,

Our paths still uncharted and yet to be scarred by the great unforgiving game.

So step onto the road to success-

Far more treacherous than the easy road leading the lambs to the slaughter

And right off the cliff drop,

Utilize all the memories you've collected

And head straight for the shining mountain-top.

In our paths we'll push through bushes, thorns and winds,

But pray we never forsake the childlike nature within.

However, on that difficult road, we need safe place to lay,

A gateway to sleep, a checkpoint... a comforting bed.

My source of comfort- offering me rest after a long, hard day;

A passage to sleep letting my imagination run free while my pillow embraces my head.

So let's remember that childish wonder,
Remember it in our day to day lives,
Find joy in all things and ponder,
Why the sun, nature and sky all go unrealized?
So why not tonight as we go to dream,
Think of these things before we sleep,
And before long you'll realise that you'll come apart at the seams,
If we make sure that inner peace never makes a sound, not even a peep...

By David

Year 9, Canons High School



Cymru

Cymru

Cariad Cymru

Blodau Pert a Ddraig Coch

Gwlad, Gwald,

True land of my fathers

Hyfryd

Bwyd

Flasus lawn

Laverbread, Cawl a Bara Brith.

Taste the sea,

Pastures, green divine!

Bwyta

Landscapes

Cold, so wild

Luscious views,

Shores for miles

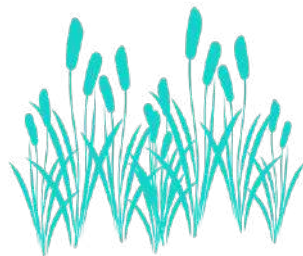
I love my home,

This land of mine,

Cymru.

By Ella

Year 7, Pentrehafod School



Deaf, Dumb, Blind

DEAF

Deaf to the truth that encompasses their ears,

Deaf to the screams that would bring dry eyes to tears,

Deaf to the cries for their family who are very dear

DUMB

Dumb to the proof given (even) on a silver platter,

Dumb to the bad that would make any heart sadder

BLIND

Blind to the sight of many losing hope

By Ryan

Year 10, The Windmill School

How I See the World

When I ask about life,
Or the huge planet surrounding us

All they can say is, it's cruel, vicious and ghastly

They say it like it's obvious and
they don't care

But to me the world isn't cruel

To me the world is puzzles of moments
both harsh and beautiful

By Anisa

Year 6C, Sandringham Primary School



I Have Never Seen

I have never seen a computer walking on its legs

I have never seen a turtle hanging its washing up with pegs

I have never seen Spiderman riding a pink bike

I have never seen Batman singing Taylor Swift in a mic

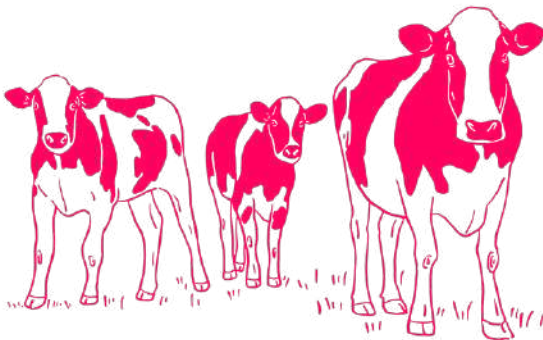
I have never seen a grey and brown koala, that gets really cross

I have never seen Tianna be the boss

But I have seen a cow crossing the road!

By Tianna, Jasmine, Dewan and Mudaser

Class 13, The Village School



Scan to watch the performance!

Life

This is the way I see it!

We should save wildlife, stop throwing plastic into that wavy sea.

We should have more clubs, more football time and more break time.

We can have pizza three times a day!

We get challenges, everybody whines but in them is knowledge.

We know everything, our words are like lightning so you can never give up!

We aren't just children because we are powerful, we have freedom.

By Vuki

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School



Life and Death

The way I see life, a short, sweet, simple little thing,
Overlooked, but never to be underestimated,
Beautiful to begin, but horrifying to end,
A vibrant fate, yet deathly pale.

The way I see death, a prolonged, terrible and complicated occurrence,
A grief filled tragedy, not to be wished upon anyone.
Yet still thought as inglorious, a most tragic tale,
When you see the worst, and I see the best.

By Kavi

Year 9, The Billerica School

Mannered Marionettes

In the face of society's gaze,
I see a relentless dual phase.
In the place of lofty ideals, we stand,
Reading our virtues, protecting our land.

Words that go in spirally bent ways,
An undefined false labyrinth maze.
Where a lie is the truth and false is true,
Where one says to flee but the same pursues.

They lecture about love and care,
But bitterness in their hearts they bear.
Hand in hand they portray as harmonious,
But their soul is a tangled dissonance.

They point out the flaws in others' souls,
But in themselves, a stygian mesh unfolds.
They dance in the colours of humanity and grace
But do you know their hidden face?

The way I see it everyone is a mannered marionette,
But blazing fires reveal through their dark silhouette.
Beware, it's easy to show you're impeccable,
Shedding your hypocrisy can make you respectable.

But the way I see it no matter how detrimental the world,
As long as you don't fiddle in its footsteps, it doesn't act as a hurdle.



By Olesia

Year 8, St Gregory's Catholic Science College



Scan to watch the performance!

My World



The way I see it my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

The way I see it my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

The way I see it, waterfalls are mythical gods that are friendly, not an infinite bin.

The way I see it, an ocean is an eye, open to anything but our litter.

The way I see it, every stream is a neighbourhood, flowing towards a dream, a dream that has clean water.

The way I see it, litter in the vast ocean is a plastic lake, full of crushed aspiration.

The way I see it my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

The way I see it my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

From my perspective, my world is a stage, which we can't stop stomping on.

From my perspective, hunting is a whirlpool, that murders our wild.

From my perspective, every grand tree is a creature that we gift hurtful cuts,

From my perspective, all fishing rods are murderous, deceitful hooks, that constantly torment.

From my perspective my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

From my perspective my world is a fragile crystal that's breaking.

Our ecosystems are dying, yet repairing it, we are not trying.

Roses are red, violets are blue – I hope you aren't contributing to this too.

By Rian

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School



No More

No more war,
No more guns,
No more bombing,
Ruining the lives of people.
The distress, the crying,
It's all terrifying,
All humans should be,
Able to live a normal life, gun free,
In a house with their family.

Some people are happy,
With the safety of their homes,
With not a care in the world,
They truly don't know,
How truly lucky they are,
To have a sense of comfort,
But that's not the case for people,
Who are the victims
Of the war.

By Kaleeia

Year 9, Ark Elvin Academy

Oh dogs, Oh dogs!

Oh dogs, Oh dogs!

You drive me crazy - Bark! Bark!

Your bark is like a blaring siren, piercing my ears,

Louder than thunder.

Oh dogs, Oh dogs!

You are lazy, you are horrible,

And when I see you, my stomach churns,

Like I've swallowed a dozen rotten eggs - ugh!

You make my head spin, my skin crawl, my heart drop.

Oh dogs, Oh dogs!

You are like a hiccup that never goes away.

An itch I can't scratch, a nightmare in broad daylight.

Oh dogs, Oh dogs!

You are more than just a dog; you are a pain

A splinter in my foot, a thorn in my side,

A shadow that haunts me, day and night!

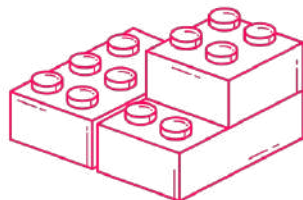
Like stepping on LEGO in bare feet - Ouch!

Like chewing a sandwich and finding a slug - Bleugh!

And that's why, oh dogs, I simply cannot stand you!

By Hussein

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School



Tenby

Azure, clear water, sparkling in the sun,
Grey, gloomy skies that shift in a run,
Turning to sunlight, a waterfall bright,
Pouring from heavens, a beautiful sight.
Over the city, with houses so small,
Bright and colourful, they stand tall,
Filling the space with beauty, no less,
Than flowers by the shore, in their soft, gentle dress.
By cliffs where the sea crashes its waves,
Rolling onto golden sand, nature behaves,
Footprints left on the beach, now washed away,
With each new wave that comes to play.
In a town where the sounds intertwine,
With the murmur of waves and seagulls that chime.

By Sofia

Year 10, Pentrehafod School



The Red Abyss

I live in a word, where if you don't do something 100% its GAME OVER,
Run like it's your last marathon, or you won't be able to walk,
Eat like it's your last meal, or they'll staple your mouth shut,
Sleep and you will never wake up, hide and you will never get up,
When you type you better not stop, when you jump you better not drop,
When you hear an alarm you better not snooze – if you drink you better not
lose

Inside I feel restricted, our bans will never be lifted, WAKE UP!
I want to erupt with thunder, but I can only burst emotions,
We want to stop this cruelty, but our plan will never be in motion,
I can see dark, is it night? Give me hope, let me feel the light,

But outside I am tough, not too hard not too rough,
Quick and steady, is my mind. And my heart? Hard to find,
Anger is high, my temper, is not low,
And my life? Going slow, I am trying to get the flow, but can I find it though.
Question my life or question me, But I'ma ask u, what bout' thee

Now inside I have love, peaceful like a white dove
Life is hard but it's not impossible, happy but sometimes null
Thinking of the things I had, not too happy but rather sad,
Find you love, find you highs, sometimes true sometimes lies.

By Aditya, Kawther, Lemar and Rares

Year 8, Canons High School



Scan to watch the performance!

The Sky Filled with Wonders

The way I see it, the world is a rotating star showing darkness and light,

The way I see it, the sky looks like soft pillows,

The way I see it, the trees are a wild whispering monster,

The way I see it, the river is a following stream of love,

The way I see it, the wind is a little breeze blowing us to the right direction.

The way I see it, the moon is a reflection of the sun's light sky,

The way I see it, my heart is the light to our dreams,

The way I see it, life is a mystical, magical opportunity,

The way I see it, we are all little drops with kind-hearted souls with a million dreams,

The way I see it, everything depends on friendships and kindness,

The way I see it, a dream is a magical land of hope,

That's the way we see it.



By William, Eniola, Riley, Lucy, Theo and Bradley

Year 4, Todwick Primary School

The Way I See History



The way I see history,
It's a train with endless carriages,
Full to the brim with kings, queens,
lords and ladies,
Driving along the never-ending
tracks of time,
Every seat has a tale to tell.

The way I see history,
It's an ocean of memoirs,
Like the silvery sea lapping against
desert islands,
Each isle representing a period of
time,
We dig up the buried treasure, like
a modern buccaneer.

The way I see history,
It's a fluffy cloud in a sapphire blue
sky,
Like a biplane soaring through the
fields of time,
It's a tumultuous typhoon against
an ebony night sky.

Exploding like a magazine of
gunpowder.

The way I see history,
It's a Tudor king's illustrious
banquet,
An abundance of food, theatre and
fabrics,
It's a Victorian slum,
Where dirt, dysentery and disaster
run riot.

The way I see history,
We are masters of our own
destiny,
Soon to become a faded photo on
the shelf,
One day a distant memory,
How do you see history?

By Clara

Year 7, The Billericay School

The Way I See It

The way I see it, my life rises with endless echoes yearning to flee.

The way I see it, my story is a fragile raindrop echoing in my dreams.

The way I see it, all the rivers and trees are telling tales, tales of the land before our time.

The way I see it, my mind is a fiery determined sun that embraces any flaws.

The way I see it, my memories are a golden, starry-eyed ocean, that shimmers in my mind's eye.

The way I see it, my sadness is a luminescent drop that falls from my cheek.

The way I see it, my parents are a glowing full moon, always trying to keep the darkness at bay.

The way I see it, our futures are fragile mysteries that we cannot wait to arrive.

By Curtis, Fearne, Henry, Kayden, Temi, Thomas and Zemy

Year 5, St Margaret Mary's RC Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it, the wind is a roaring lion,
The way I see it, the sun is an annoying alarm,
The way I see it, the moon is an ethereal radiance,
The way I see it, the sunset is an admirable painting,
The way I see it, the northern lights are skies of heaven,
The way I see it, the sunrise is an eye-catching model,
The way I see it, the stars are shimmering diamonds,
The way I see it, this is my point of view.

I do not appreciate you
Do I not give you clues?



By Evelina

Year 7, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School

The Way I See It

The way I see it, my life is an exclusive volcano that erupts.

The way I see it, my soul is a mythical fantasy that chimes.

The way I see it, my spirit is an endless river that soars.

Th way I see it, my death is a full amethyst that starts a new life.

The way I see it, my imagination is a creation that can move mountains.

The way I see it, my heart is a whispering raindrop that explores.

The way I see, my mind is a crystal calm waterfall that flourishes.

The way I see it.

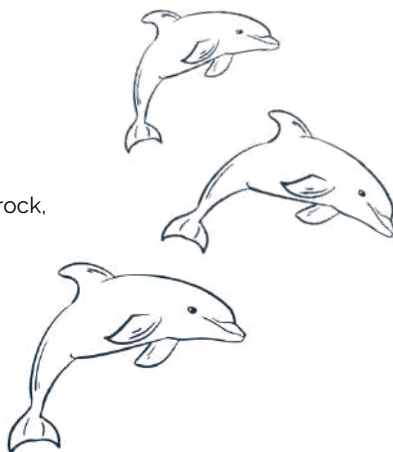
By Filippo

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it,
Nature holds secrets of the past,
It can be beautiful and amazing
But it's fading away fast.
It's being littered and punched and chewed to the bone,
Although it can be helpful, we are destroying its home,
It's going away fast because of our greed,
But we just need an idea to flourish like a seed.
Nature holds a spectrum of variety,
It's diverse and different,
And makes its own society.
We cannot let it down because of our slips,
Because if we do,
The world will crumble into bits.
Nature has stars painted into the night,
And newborn birds taking flight,
It has mountains that elevate to the moon,
And butterflies coming out of their cocoons.
It owns volcanoes bubbling hot with molten rock,
And packs of dolphins,
Travelling in flocks.
All of this cannot go to waste,
So important answers need to be faced
Please, think of a solution,
Or our world will just be a waste-land,
Full of pollution.
The Way I See It.



By Joe

Year 7, The Billericay School

The Way I See It

Death,

I think about it a bit

The way it can happen

The way I can keep happiness at
bay

The sudden jolt that stops the
routine

But then

I think

Death is life

Life is death

They act in a sequence

Life, Death, Life, Death

A pattern.

Sometimes I wish it's

Life Life Life Life

But then

I think

Living forever would be like an
abyss

Family

Home

Earth (eventually)

Gone

You may not expect it

But then I think

Time moves

We need death to live

What is Life without Death?

I go home

Lie on my bed

I think

Kindness is worth it

Because we only live once.

Or

At least

That's the way

I see it.

By Louis

Year 7, Woodmansterne School

The Way I See Things

The world's a canvas, hues untold,
Stories whispered, new and old.
Through a lens, the light I see,
A tapestry of moments, wild and free.

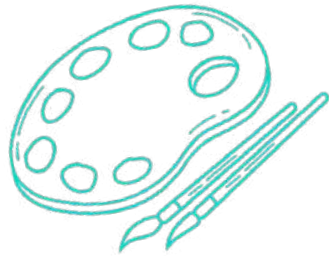
Not just the surface, eyes perceive,
But deeper currents, where emotions weave.
A rustling leaf, a whispered plea,
A silent language, meant only for me.

Imperfect lines, where beauty lies,
Cracks of sorrow, in weary eyes.
A strangers flicker, hope's small spark,
New joys promised, in the dark.

The city's hum, a rhythmic beat,
Human spirits, I shall now meet.
Silent stars, a cosmic art,
A universe held in my heart.

Ticking clocks, hands of time,
Life's stages, in a rhyme.
And so, as I was told,
Life is as good as gold.

This vision of mine, clear and bright,
The way I see things, bathed in light.



By Ava

Year 8, The Billericay School

The Way I See Wales

Fy nghalon-my heart,
Fy enaid- my soul
Is set with you.
I won't go.
I was born here.
I grew up here;
Eating cawl and bara brith.
Learning the words, you whisper so softly.
Climbing your back;
Swimming in your cold but beautiful lakes.
Reading the myths, the legends, the fantasies.
I'm invested and immersed.
Stuck in a dragon of culture.
Standing proud; being me.
I've lived here;
I've stood here;
I love it here.
And now...
As I walk with the sand in between my toes;
The waft of daffodils surrounding my nose.
The giggles of the children, a ringing in my ear.
The sun setting on the horizon.
My heart settled with you,
And I thank you.
Fy nghalon-my heart,
Fy enaid- my soul,
Fy nghariad-my love
Cymru.



By Sophie

Year 9, Pentrehafod School

The Way We See It

One person might find the sunset peaceful and feel really sleepy,
But others might feel excited, full of energy, happy and speedy.
When someone disagrees,
It makes me feel sad.
Because they don't see the things I've had.
At first, frustration fills up my mind,
But then I pause and try to be kind.
When I see the world through their eyes, I begin to understand.
The feelings they hold inside, their joys, their dreams, so grand.
People often think that someone is wealthy because of their gold
But true riches are in hearts that are bold.
That's just the way I see it.

By Aynsla, Matei, Norallah and Sasha

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School



The Way We See It

The way I see it, the world is a big university.

The way I see it, the sky is a blanket covering the world.

The way I see it, the wind is a wonder telling secrets.

The way I see it, the stars are my family that hover over me.

The way I see it, life is a peaceful place.

The way I see it, we cry to let our emotions out.

The way I see it, my heart is a compass seeking the north of my dreams.

The way I see it, life is a journey painted with moments from the past.

The way I see it my heart is a big, red object pulsing through my body.

The way I see it, love is a person jumping with hugs.

The way I see it, a thought is a trustworthy world orbiting your head.

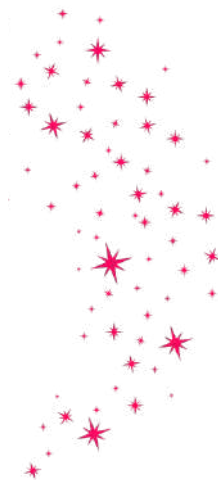
The way I see it, determination is a colossal space whispering suggestions.

The way I see it, imagination is a comfortable home where you can be in your own world.

That's the way we see it.

By Dariusz, Elias, Madalina, and Marley

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School



The Way We See It

The way I see it,

The ocean is a big dreamy journey that explores new shores each passing day.

The way I see it,

The trees are giants that remember the past.

The way I see it,

The world is a friend that we need to protect.

The way I see it,

The sky is an angel that guides us through life.

The way I see it,

Pollution is a toxic tank that can kill a country.

The way I see it,

The sea has become a garbage truck.

The way I see it,

Humans are devils that destroy the environment.

The way I see it,

The atmosphere is a shield, a soldier protecting.

The way I see it,

My family are angels that tell me what's right and what's wrong.

The way I see it,

My mum is an angel that God sent to protect me.

The way I see it,

My dad is the missing puzzle piece to this world.

The way I see it,

My sister is the whole reason my heart is beating.

By David, Khalid, Tim, Muhammed and Shivansh

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School



The Way We See It

One person may find the rain so still,
Soft and grey,
A peaceful thrill.
Another sees the sky so high,
Dark and gloomy,
Boring and dry.
When someone disagrees with me,
It stings my heart so painfully.
It feels as if my voice is small
Like no one hears my thoughts at all.
To see the world through their own eyes,
Reveals the truth, the lows, the highs.
Their joy, their sorrow, all in view.
I feel their pain
Their struggles too.
Don't assume that someone is shy,
They're full of colour, reaching high.
A hidden spark,
A light so bright,
Just waiting for the chance to shine.



By Max and Variya

Year 4, Parkfield Primary School

The World and Its Ways (In My Opinion)

The way I see it, the mountains are a mighty, mystical mystery ready to be explored.

The way I see it, the wind whistles and whispers secrets like an unknown key for a cage.

The way I see it, the ocean is a gentle giant blasting with personality.

The way I see it, volcanos have anger issues that no one else can fix.

The way I see it, the grass is a path-giver, peaceful and polite.

The way I see it, the clouds are unique and understanding, like an imaginative painting.

The way I see it, the forest has freedom like nothing else, overflowing with joy.

The way I see it, the sun is a bright, booming heart watching over all below.

The way I see it, the moon is a way of life and light in the darkness.

By Megan

Year 5, St Vincent De Paul Catholic Primary School



Through My Eyes

I see a world full of colors so bright,
The green grass, the blue sky and the yellow light.
The sun shining down so warm and true
And blooming flowers in every view
My heart dances with joy, oh what a sight,
As butterflies spread their wings in flight,
How blessed am I to witness it all
Is it real or am I in a dream so small

By Zainab

Year 6C, Sandringham Primary School



War

From my perspective, this is about war.

It's a place where different categories of people fight in the service.

I've also seen many sorts of soldiers fight.

This war is about enemies.

I have seen people say rude talk which leads to bad things,

Vicious as lightning fighting started,

Leading to crimson blood on the ground as the troops were dying.

Violence makes me sad.

By Harmandeep

Edith Kay School

What is Fitting in?

What is fitting in?

Is it trying to be someone you're not?

Or maybe it's changing who you are and reminding yourself
you're all you've got,

Or it could be putting yourself in dangerous situations to show your worth,
Spoiler alert, none of them work, in fact they won't ever end up working.

So, what is fitting in?

Because people will be people,

And there are people out there,

Who won't accept you for who you are,

Push you away and make you feel far,

They will hurt you and sit you out,

Making you feel they were better off without.

So, what is fitting in?

Because they don't care what they say,

Or the impact it makes,

Then you realise,

This whole time they were... Fake,

There's no more you can take,

And there's no escape.

So, what is fitting in?

Because you have forgotten who you used to be,

When small things were a luxury,

And you were free,

However, that's all in the past,

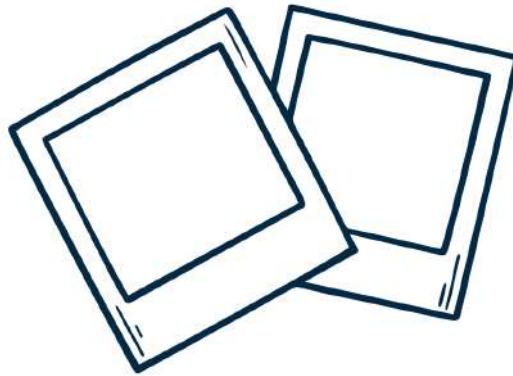
But now all you want is happiness that will last.

All of their lies, comments, rumours,

It's suddenly adding up,
Now you see how it was all corrupt.
So, what is fitting in?
Is it trying to be someone you're not?
Or is it trying to find the person you once were,
The one you forgot.

By Bhoomi

Year 9, Park High School



What My Dream World Looks Like

My dream world has green rolling
hills

All types of animals live here

No wars or conflict

The ocean is crystal

The mountains are giants

Roaming strong and free

Rivers flow with pride

Lakes reflect the huge bulb in the
sky

Trees aren't scared to grow

Flowers bloom with confidence

Fruit ripen without fear

Grass can't be controlled

It is wild and unpredictable

The insects always help with
pollination

The bees make honey for the
bees

The caterpillars dream of
becoming beautiful

And soon they will be

Ants roam the ground

That is their territory

The frogs control the ponds

That is their habitat, their kingdom,
their home

The birds rule the skies

From golden eagles to tiny robins

Owls watch the night

Protecting their home

The bats help them

The mammals protect the dry
ground

Some even dare to venture to the
oceans

The lion is the king of the jungle

Even the reptiles listen to him

The snakes are a bit shady

A bit mysterious

The days are long and beautiful

No animal lives in fear

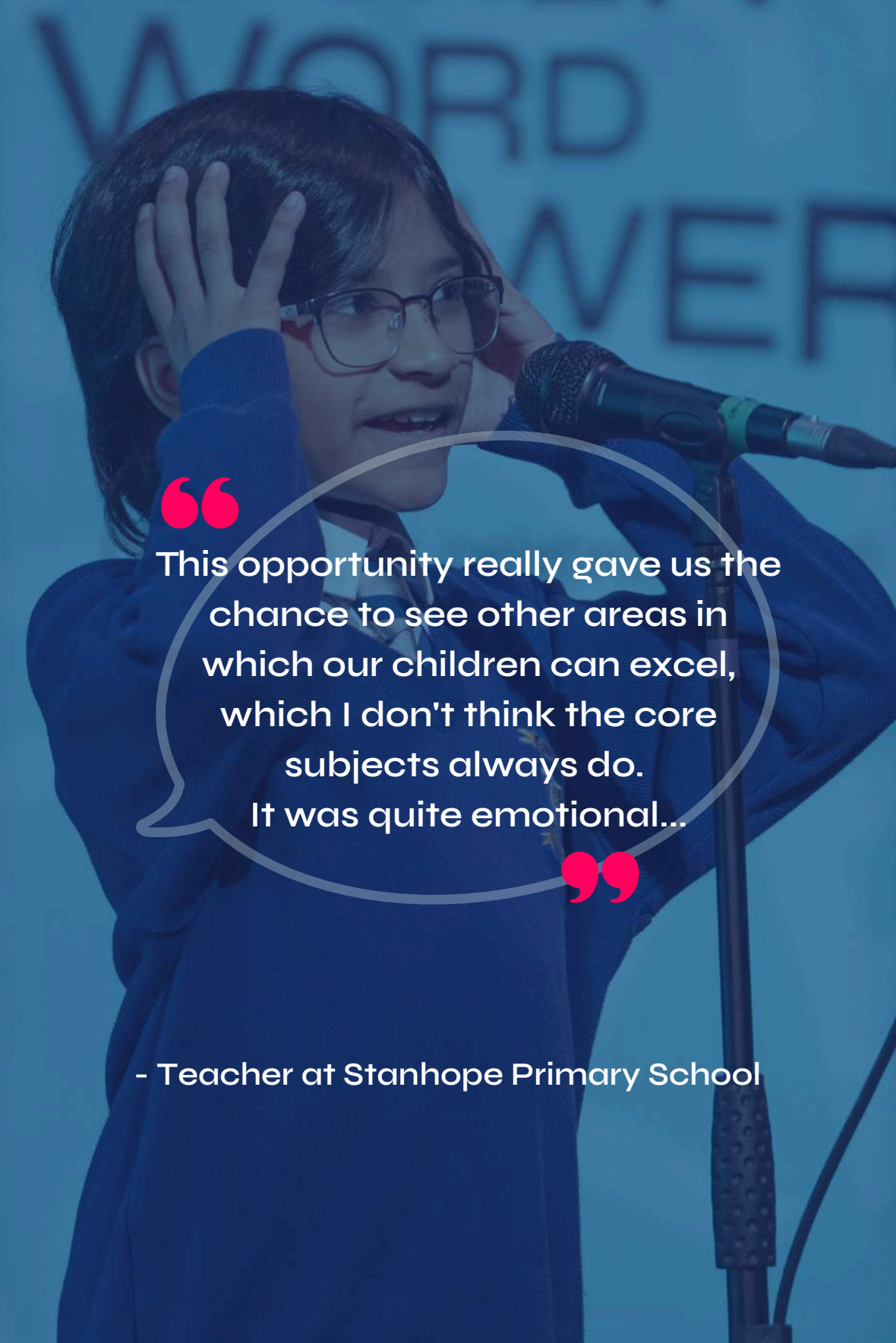
For this is an utopia

A paradise for all

By Eszter

Year 7, The Billericay School



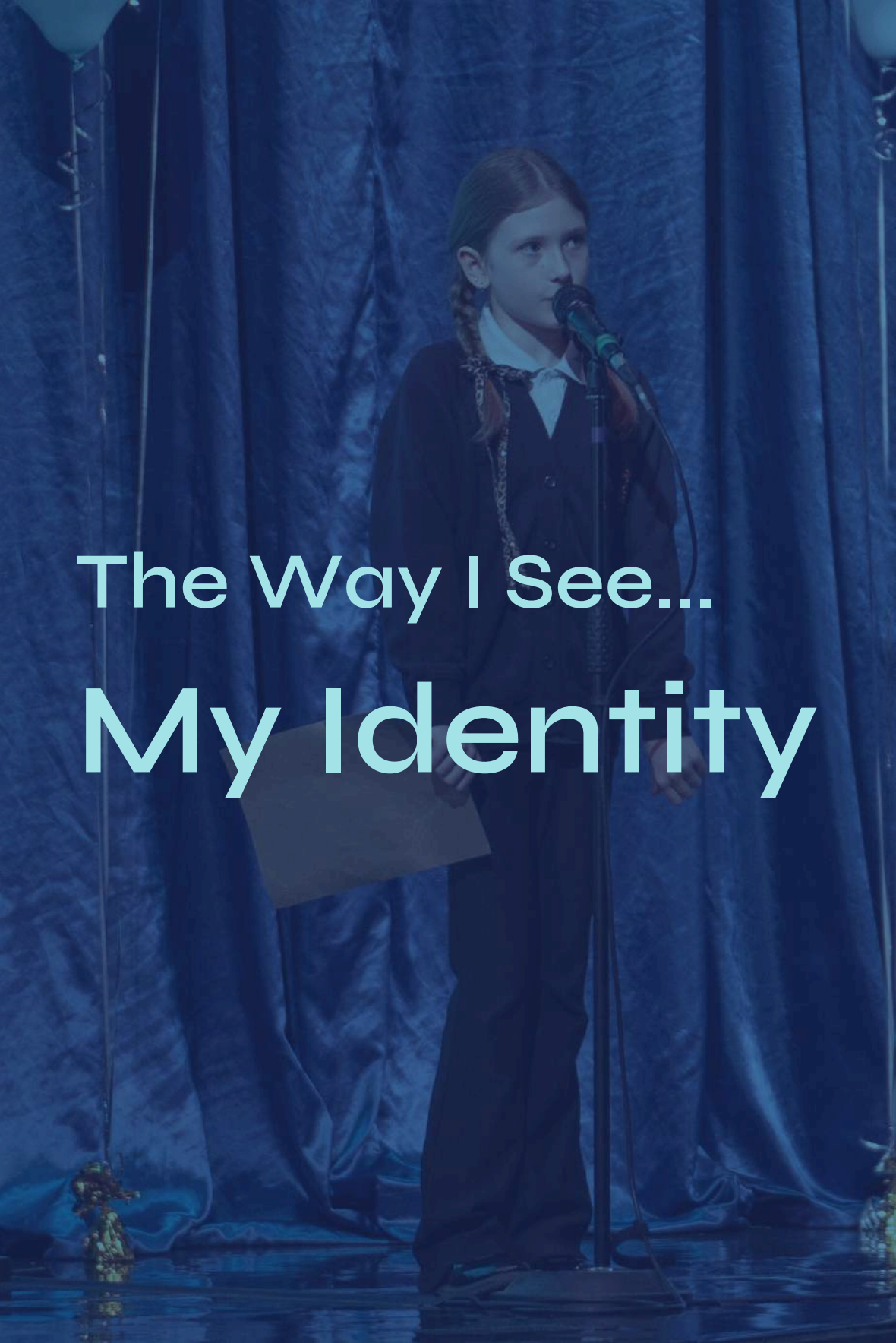


“

This opportunity really gave us the chance to see other areas in which our children can excel, which I don't think the core subjects always do. It was quite emotional...

”

- Teacher at Stanhope Primary School

A young girl with light brown hair in two braids stands on a stage, speaking into a microphone. She is wearing a dark blue or black school uniform with a white shirt and a patterned tie. She holds a piece of light-colored paper in her left hand. The background consists of heavy blue curtains. The floor is dark and reflective. The overall lighting is dim, with a blue tint.

The Way I See... My Identity

Black and Proud

Black and Brave with a heart full of cheer
A young boy in the world shining bright without fear.
His skin tells a story, of strength and pride,
A hero in the making with friends by his side.
Black and brave with a heart full of fire,
A boy full of dreams reaching higher and higher.
Although challenges may come, he stands tall and strong
Black and Brave, he will prove them all wrong.

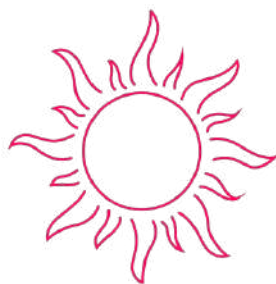
By Izayah

Class 9, The Village School



How I See My Moroccan World

People think I'm from Pakistan!
They are shocked and confused.
That's the way I see it...
Moroccan dancers make me jump in joy,
I also like Moroccan style toys,
The meat is great
It mostly fills up the plate,
This is how I see it.
My culture is my world,
The sun brightens my eyes,
The sand always dries,
This is how I see my culture.



By Zaineb

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School

I Am But a Mystery

Bright and bubbly, full of cheer
There's more of me that's hiding here,
Medium height, but don't assume,
I'm more than what you see in this room
Think you know me, but not quite right,
I'm a puzzle piece that stays out of sight,
Laughing loud with energy to spare
But the real me is hiding somewhere

I'm fun and bold, with dreams so high,
But there's depth inside me, beyond the sky
What you see is just the shell
But you don't know the truth I tell
So watch me close but don't pretend
There's layers to me that never end,
I'm more than the face you seem to know
A whole new world I'm yet to show.
I am but a mystery.

By Samantha

Year 6D, Sandringham Primary School

I Feel Colourful

From my perspective I see lots of paintings,
In my opinion I feel colourful,
From my perspective I see lots of paintings.
My kindness is a helpful honesty that paints.

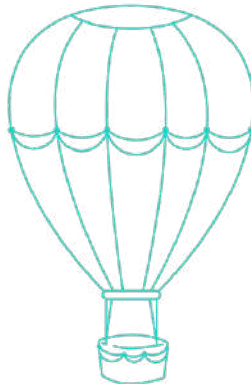
From my perspective a shooting star is a straight line,
In my opinion, sparkling star is nice,
From my perspective the stars are bright,

From my perspective a shooting star is a straight line.
In my opinion sparkling stars are at night,
The star whooshes past

In my opinion a hot air balloon flying at night.
The hot air balloon zooms upwards.

By Amalia

Year 8, The Windmill School



Identity

My love is

A knock at the door, a step of faith, love, dreams,

My selfish problems thrown in the bin

My faith, something bigger than life. Something bigger than the world, a

Masterpiece overlooked,

For ones identity is never

Complete, never truly

Finished

Loyalty is having someone's trembling hand clapping, helping

Rebellion is the uncharted path

A hand slipping off one's back but not being able to slap it

Back on - a look at the sky as the clouds cover your

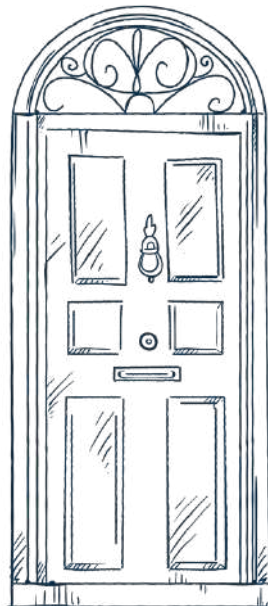
Chance to escape this despair.

The light turned into

Darkness

By Layla

Year 7, Woodmansterne School



My Future Self

I had a coffee with my younger self today, not many worries, it seemed all my current ones had slipped away...

She took a sip and pulled a face, I smiled – how could I have forgotten? It was quickly resolved when I ordered her a lemonade instead.

"Don't tell mom!" I whispered with a wink

"The sugar makes this girl go nuts!" We both exclaimed as we giggled together between sips.

She wasn't thinking about exams or stress just CBBS and all the rest.

She wanted to know all that was to come,

I said: "It's changed but for the best"

She said: "Oh, how come?" I said: "New friends, but don't fear for what's to come, just believe in who you are."

She asked about dancing, and I said: "Lots of dresses and new shoes too".

She wriggled her hand deep into the depths of her pocket planning to pay with chocolate buttons.

I didn't have the heart to tell her: "I don't like chocolate buttons anymore!"

I tell her: "Be brave and fight everything that is to come, because it will all be okay".

I had a coffee with my younger self today.

She turned up 15 minutes early whilst I turned up 10 minutes late; I could see that bothered her.

She ordered the most colourful and strangest drink there was. I just ordered something simple.

She sipped her drink and stared into the foam like nothing was on her mind, no struggles just rainbows and bubbles.

I stared at her nails - always painted and the tinted strawberry lip balm she pretended was lip-gloss.

She asked if we still wanted to be a vet. I told her things have changed now but we have our dream pet.

I watched her blow bubbles into her drink until I saw her heart sink.

"Is our favourite colour still pink?"

As she fiddled with her thumbs she asked about friends, "Is the bond still strong?"

"Stronger than ever," I said "Even though new people have joined our list of friends."

She spoke the time away barely taking a breath rambling on about her interests.

Finally, she slurped the last drop looking like she was going to pop.

I hugged her tight and told her: "Always look for the sun and always have fun – and yes, we still like pink!"

I had a coffee with my younger self today.

Wow! I have really grown. My hair is longer too, and no faces at the coffee, feeling all grown up.

"I guess you're in year 6 now?"

She then exclaimed, "Yep! No more sitting on the floor like before - now on a bench - feeling like I can soar!"

I tell her: "Wow it's what you always wanted but how's the rest going?"

She tells me "Argh! I get so much homework! I had to write two paragraphs for English!"

I guess this is not the time to tell her I need to learn 15 poems, two plays and a full novel, for that subject alone.

She was stressing over her SATS' whilst I was stressing about my GCSE's - wondering what I even want to pick and what I want to do with my life...

I finally told her: "No matter how hard your life gets - you will have your downs but you'll always have your ups - because life is like a heartbeat".

I had a coffee with my younger self today.

"How are gymnastics going?" She squealed with excitement, and I couldn't wait to tell her that we're 6th in Poland for weightlifting u17.

With delightment she asked about mum and if she was okay,

I told her most of her struggles have faded away. After she married the man of her dreams - she's been the happiest she's ever been.

"Do we have any new friends?" I replied with: "Yes!" and "friendships that never end! A friend group that treats you fair and Billy treats you with care.

Maisie gives the best hugs and Shimmy always takes mugs.

I gave her a hug goodbye, it was her time to go, I couldn't stop but nearly cry. I will miss being her forever. So innocent and clever.

Then I think to myself: how I took it all for granted,

and how everything has really changed –

but no matter what, I know that time flies,

and soon, I'll have coffee with my future self,

and this too will pass.

Plus, some things never change. I still like pink!

By Florence, Livia, Nadia and Sami

Year 9, St Gregory's Catholic Science College



My Life

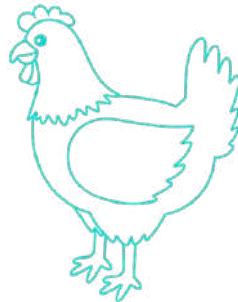
I see buses, I see lights, I see lights, I see people starting fights, I see houses, I see a shadow following me, I don't know if it's a he or a she, I see dark, I see devil, I see hell, I see nothing in the night, but now, I see sun, catching a run, I see myself having fun, life is back, life is new, I see a hope and I see you

By Aditya

Year 8, Canons High School

My Little Life

The way I see life is first I was four then I wanted more.
Then I was five and got stung by a beehive.
Then I was six and I got the mix.
Then I was seven and went to Beven.
Then I was eight and I met my mate.
Now I am nine and I learnt how to rhyme.
Soon I'll be ten and I will meet a hen.
Then I will be eleven and meet the famous Kevin.
Next I'll be twelve and I will Hoover my shelf.
This is how I see poetry.
This is the way I see it, when I am an adult we should have more gymnastics.
Then we should have some fantastics.
Now I need a blank page so I can go out in rage.
First I need to rhyme before we all get a fine.
Now I need a £1 a day before it gets grey.
So this is the way I see it.



By Abigail

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School

Oh Falasteen

Oh Falasteen,

You are special to me because you are my home,
And the people of the land stand tall and proud.

Oh Falasteen,

Your land hears sounds,
The sounds of children's laughter mingled with the sounds of struggle.

Oh Falasteen,

Your walls hear stories of when my grandparents were young,
And the olive trees grow with resilience and passion.

Oh Falasteen,

Your river carries a history of tears,
And dreams of hope that will always last.

Oh Falasteen,

The Tatreez weaves the stories of your people,
Their heritage, devotion and love.

Oh Falasteen,

You make me feel loved,
And I will stand with you till the end.

Oh Falasteen,

You are more than just a country.

يوما ما سوف تكون حرا

By Zain

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School



Scan to watch the performance!

Peace

I like peace because it gives me
time to think and it makes feel
empty inside
Like there is nothing left to break.

I like peace because it makes me
feel nothing, no emotion, no crying.
Just nothing.

When I look at my reflection in the
mirror I look at an empty hole that
hasn't been filled in a long time.
I remind myself of an emotions
tree just stood still,
Waiting to be chopped down.

When peace comes to me it's like
a blanket.
It makes me feel less pain.

All the thoughts in my head stop.
My brain stops.

And all I hear is my heart beating.
The things that have tormented
me are frozen in time.

When this happens I feel a slight
whiff of wind run across my face,
That tells me everything is ok.
You're safe.

After my peace ends, all my
emotions come back to me,
like a lion chasing its prey.

Then I take a breath,
In and out,
And I continue with my day,
And act like nothing happened.

By Savannah

Year 10, Edith Kay School

POV: My Dreams

My friend is a mafia boss that bites, (UNREALISTIC CHOMPING)

My friend is an addict that implodes, (BOOM)

My Shrek is a gigantic tarantula that rolls, (WEIRD NOISES THAT SOUND LIKE ROLLING)

From my perspective I see a blue sky and I'm unhappy,

In my opinion I hear the sea hissing and purring, (HISSES AND PURRS)

From my perspective an unsightly chair is the middle of a defiant courageous road,

I hate it when chinchilla eats the universe,

Help I accidentally summoned Voldemort, (AVADAAAA KEDAVRAAAAAAAAAA)

I accidentally destroyed the sun. (BOOM)

By Jacques

Year 8, The Windmill School



Silly

In my opinion the earth is gigantic – zoom in,

From my perspective I see a filthy T-rex ROAR! chasing a rusty car - screech scratch,

(People in the car) Look at that pup aaaaawwwww so cute!

From my perspective I can see a fluffy pup - ruff ruff,

In my opinion his ball smells like saliva,

(The pup's owner) LOOK IT'S A GIGANTIC MINION AAAAAAAAAA!

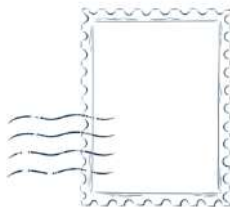
My minion is a strong mutant that shines - BANANA!

(Gru) That's my Kevin 😊

By McIver

Year 8, The Windmill School

That's Me



I like going for a swim in the ocean,

But only when it's hot it's really fun.

But one day I felt like "I'm just done."

I like writing poems, running them just for fun, when I finish a poem I say "Aw, does this poem really have to be done?"

I like writing letters to each other, like I am your sweet younger brother.

I also write letters to interact with people.

I had a poem in my head and that is what I'm writing.

After I write this poem, I'm gonna go hiking because I need a break from this.

My head is burning.

My least favourite is hockey or curling.

I like doing sports just like football.

I don't like creepy clowns one bit at all.

I like rainy days so I can get all cosy inside.

If you don't like rainy days have you lost your mind?

Now this is the end of this song.

Actually, instead of hiking I am going to do ping pong.

So now that's my story over.

By Daniel

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School

The Poet Master

I am the poet master
The poem master is what I am

I write words
That paint pictures in your mind

I can take a clown
And make him fall down
I can take some twins
And give them big grins.
I can create a disaster
But make it all end in laughter

Because I am the poet master
And the poet master is what I am

I have a brilliant idea
I wave the magic wand of my pen
And whole new worlds appear

And those worlds go into books
And the books go on the shelves

So many poems and stories for you to try
So many of my books for you to buy!

So, which one will you choose?

By Mohammed

Class 12, The Village School

The Rhyming Rap

The way I see it is
The way I see your smile
Is the way the river Nile
The flood is a mice
And the love is nice
I love kittens
And I love making mittens
The dance is fire
And you've got to admire
All that I've said in this time
Is all a piece of lime
I like ice cream
And you always scream!



By Giulia

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School

The Way EYE See It

We use our eyes to give us the ability to see
Anything and everything, we have vision
They are part of the five senses
And can be looked as the most important

Our God-given nature is seen by eyes
The pupils, the iris and more
They allow us to visualise
And incredibly Soar!



Eyes are the windows to your soul.
You can be creative with what you see
They are part of your identity
Without them, what would we be?

The different shades of blues, greens and browns
All so fascinating
Those two little eyes
Completely satisfying

Eyes are the opening to a place of imagination
A parallel universe awaits
The artistic freedom is living
The colour seals your fate

Eyes are like binoculars to a new sight
The innovation is endless
The way I see it
It will never be horrendous

By Peter

Year 8, St Gregory's Catholic Science College

The Way I See It

The way I see it my stomach is a rumbling mountain that devours everything in its sight.

The way I see it my happiness is a mystical mystery that whispers in the night.

The way I see it my voice is a luminous moon that glimmers in the star light.

The way I see it, my happiness is a waterfall full of mesmerizing bright diamonds

The way I see it, my heart is a vivid horse that races rapidly

The way I see it, my memory is a seemingly endless journey that never ends

By Amilia, Evan, Jimi, Nikola, Samuel and Theo

Year 5, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School



Scan to watch the performance!

The Way I See It

The way I see it, my encouraging voice is a vibrant moon that glows like a star shining bright.

The way I see it, my future is an encouraging adventure that whispers to me during the night.

The way I see it, my tears are a colossal river that falls with light.

The way I see it, my peace is an ecstatic star that dreams every half-moon.

The way I see it, my happiness is a luminous house that goes boom!

The way I see it, my imagination is a colossal mountain that echoes through far-away forests.

By Arthur, Malaika and Maya,

Year 5, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it...

The Village School is great

The way I see it

I call my friends 'mate'

The way I see it...

Wheelchairs help me go round

The way I see it...

Wheelchairs make me proud

The way I see it...

Standing frames are long

The way I see it

Standing makes me strong

The way I see it...

Walking is so much fun

The way I see it

Sometimes I even run!



By Baker, Cali, Dewan, Issam, Jasmine, Khurram, Mudaser and Tianna

Class 13, The Village School



Scan to watch the performance!

The Way I See It

The way I see it my imagination is an everlasting mystery that devours dreams helplessly.

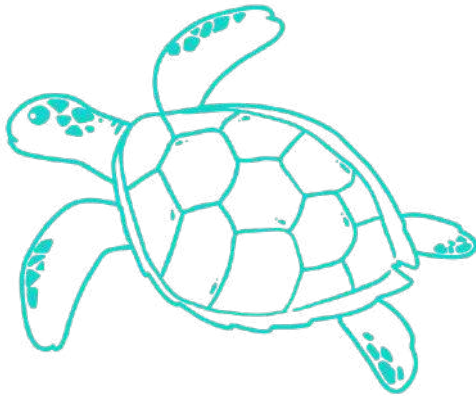
The way I see it my happiness is a vibrant warm hug that hops through the rain.

The way I see it my future is a peaceful turtle that crochets at night to make herself warm and cosy.

The way I see it my heart is a luminous moon that dreams.

By Bruna, Carlos, Emily and Kim

Year 5, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it, I won't be forever this little.
The way I see it, I will become a grown man.
The way I see it, the world is your oyster.
The way I see it, we should cherish every moment lived.
The way I see it, I'm grateful to have a loving family.
The way I see it, a warm meal and roof are not things everyone has.
The way I see it, my friends help brighten my day.
The way I see it, my teachers are my guide.
The way I see it, I aspire to be the kindest human possible.
The way I see it, I want to spread love and peace in the world.
The way I see it, dancing freely and singing out loud makes me happy.
The way I see it, helping others makes me proud.
The way I see it, everyone should be heard.
The way I see it, my purpose is to make the world a better place.
The way I see it, I need to start today.
The way I see it, I will make a difference!

By Kayen

Year 6R, Eastcourt Independent School

The Way I See It

The way I see it, my Bible is a happy unending story. The way I see it, my family is a wonderful generation. The way I see it, my mum's food is a door to recipes. The way I see it, the world is a beautiful pillow embracing my thoughts and whispering my name.

The way I see it, my teacher is a human calculator that whizzes through a world of maths. The way I see it, my emotions are a squishy that likes to explore. The way I see it, the sun is a field full of golden daffodils. The way I see it, the trees are a green fluffy jumper.

The way I see it, my book is a chaotic skate that whizzes my mind through the adventure. The way I see it, my hobbies are a joyful park that yearn for adventure. The way I see it, my bed is a dreamful cloud that devours raindrops. The way I see it, my identity is a powerful volcano that stands above the stars.

By Kiki

Year 3, St Paul's C of E Primary School

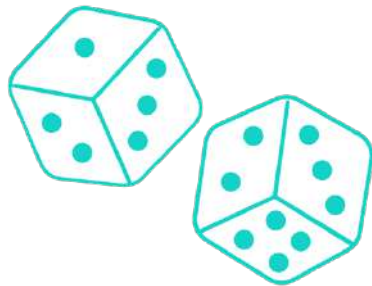


The Way I See It

The way I see it
Games so fun
Parents so imaginative
This is a game no-
One sees the same
So, there's no one left
To tame but who's left
To blame because they
All ran away
From the game it
Will never be the
Same without everyone
Knowing my name.
Just because this is
A game nobody wants
To play and this is the way I see it!

By Yusuf

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School

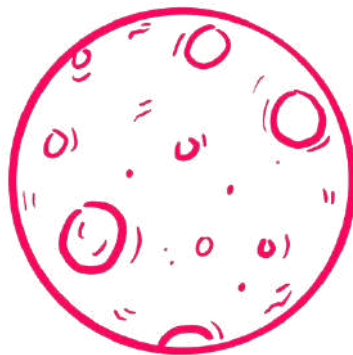


The Way I See It: Thoughts of a Teenage Girl

The way I see it
That nobody else does,
You see a teenage girl scared of the night,
I see a teenage girl scared of having to put up a fight.
You might see it as dramatic or fake.
But I see it as your life at stake.
I ask for you to listen to me while I cry.
But all you see of me is a bunch of lies.
I want you to believe me and tell me it will all be okay.
But in return all you give me is a cold face as you turn and walk away.

By Mia

Year 9, Pentrehafod School



The Way I See... Emotions

The way I see it, sadness is a huge, blue ocean with waves dragging you on for eternity.

The way I see it, anger is a crimson red ball rolling and bouncing around your head.

The way I see it, anxiety is a frightening, nasty guard forbidding you from happiness.

The way I see it, boredom is a dark, gloomy cloud floating through your mind.

The way I see it, fear is a greedy emotion strolling around you with envy.

By Reuben

Year 5, St Vincent de Paul Catholic Primary School



The Way I See My World

I love the way I see the world
So, it should come as no surprise
I wish everyone who sees the world,
Sees it through my eyes.
But also,
That's not how we're created,
So, it should be no surprise
Everyone sees the world
Through different set of eyes.

By Aisha

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School

The World is Burning Cereal

As a young boy, I had always believed warm cereal the bane of all joy.
A product where only evil machinations lay in its villainous texture.

I sought out others, firmly grasping this belief,
Perhaps in hopes of finding solace in those like myself.

Woefully, for all the miles I had travelled,
All I met were those who put my smiles to rest.

Like an eternal purgatory enveloping the land as far as the raging seas
That spanned across this hellscape.

All that my eyes could see was the sight of those corrupted souls,
Who'd feast upon the abomination that is warm cereal.

Slowly but surely, I began to accept the futility of my trek.

However far I travelled I was met with ignorance,
Cast out by the very same misbegotten multitudes I had tried to save.

I gazed in vain at the tepidity of the milk,
Contemplating when, if ever, it would turn cold,
Tortured by this eternal prison of my own creation.

For cereal, once polluted with piping milk,
Can never again return to its original form.



By Roman

Year 13, Edith Kay School

This is Me

I have never been to a concert, but I am ready.

I never actually swam in the sea.

I have never seen SZA in person.

I have seen a penguin in person, it was huge!

I have got my hair done 100's of times.

I have spilt my food on the floor by accident... I cried.

I like eating lots of food, people say too much.

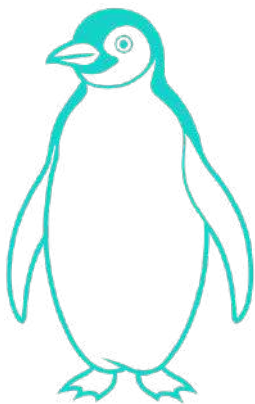
I love listening to music.

I love the moon, but I also love the sunset.

Sometimes I close my eyes... and feel like... I can climb the... moon.

By Princess

Class 33, The Village School

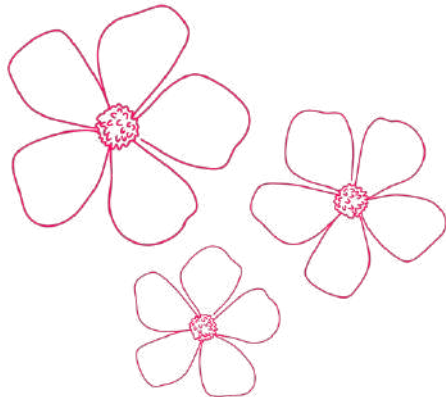


Unexpected Empowerment

People like looking down on others
Judging based off what they've seen
Sticking to what they want to think
Whilst not reviewing others' views.
Throwing others off the duff
But not showing humbleness too.
Never giving others, a chance
Not letting others have a new dance
Gluing others in concrete floors
Not letting them show their flaws
Always keeping them on one idea about us.
But wait until they saw something
Something that they thought unexpected.
Impossible!
What did they see....
Bright blooming flowers sprouting through the cracks
Where people always thought it would be black.

By Zeeshan

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School



Who am I?

Who am I, I'm undefeatable,
Who am I, I'm unbeatable,
Who am I, I'm unstoppable,
Who am I, I'm who I wish to be,
I could be Bruce Lee,
Or a strong standing tree,
Possibly a flea,
Or as free as the sea,
If you don't believe me,
Just trust the details and you'll see.
So who am I,
Am I the roaring lion,
Am I the mysterious owl,
Am I the buzzing bee,
Am I the fast and furious cheetah.
Am I the branches of my tree reaching for success,
Or am I the roots of my tree firm in the ground holding all my memories
So who am I,
Am I undefeatable,
Am I unbeatable,
Am I unstoppable,
I am all of those,
Because of my mouth and pen,
If I'm number one or number ten,
It doesn't matter,
I know it is up to me,
And I know what I want to be.

By Ali

Year 7, Park High School

Purple Glasses on Varshini's Nose

I am Varshini's purple glasses, sitting on her (slightly less than sharp) nose
I see everything she sees, like the students of Stanhope
Listening to her intently, she hopes,

I hear her voice, the tapping of her nails and the sound of her laughter
Her big smiles tell me she's happy
The students are writing beautiful poetry
And I am helping her to see

She writes, "Five Cups of Confidence" on the flipchart,
As part of a recipe for Stanhope students' soup of stardom
I've had three and am feeling spritely
So I slide down her nose which I know annoys her slightly

I feel proud to be the window
Through which Varshini experiences the world
Though sometimes she switches me
For those silly, slimy substitutes she calls contact lenses

Never for too long, as it's me that's found
On her nose again, when she returns home
Never for too long, are we apart

Sometimes I wish she'd wear two pairs of glasses,
So that I'll have a friend,
A friend to call mine!

But I know that's impossible,
So I'll keep on bringing clarity to Varshini
In all of my purple glory.



By Varshini Pichemuthu and students from Stanhope Primary School

A young girl with long brown hair tied back, wearing a dark school uniform jacket over a white shirt and a patterned tie, is speaking into a silver microphone. She is smiling slightly. The background is a blurred blue and white pattern. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing the text. The quote is enclosed in large, stylized quotation marks.

“

I enjoyed feeling comfortable and having a safe place to perform many different poems.

”

- Student at St Gregory's Catholic Science College

A photograph of two children, a girl and a boy, standing on a stage. The girl on the left is wearing a school uniform with a grey cardigan, white shirt, and red and blue striped tie. The boy on the right is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt and dark trousers. Both are standing in front of microphones on stands. A blue balloon is visible in the background. The entire image has a blue color overlay.

The Way I See... My Favourite Things

Cheese, Cheese, Cheese

Cheese, oh cheese you're quite the treat,
From gooey fondue to cheddar so sweet!
You've got the power to make us sing,
Oh, the glory that you bring,
A melted masterpiece like brie and cheddar,
The dairy isle, a kingdom where there is nothing better,
Cheddar's sharp, brie's oh so mild,
Mozzarella's stretchy — like a cheese-crazed child!
Blue cheese stinks, but we still take a bite,
You've got that funky, "I'm worth the fight!"
So, here's to cheese, from block to wedge,
you make everything worth the smell and feel
Without you, life's just a little less cheesy,
Oh cheese, you'll forever keep us cheesy and happy!

By Robyn

Year 9, The Windmill School



CYNEFIN – The Place Where We Belong

Croeso i Cymru,

Welcome to Wales.

Ysgol Gyfun Pentrehafod,

We are ready, resilient, respectful and safe.

Nos da, bore da, prynhawn Da,

These are Welsh greetings and our happiest greeting of all is shwmae.

Eating Welsh cakes brings joy to this humble country

And visiting Rhossili to see the sunny sunflowers is joyful.

Food and fun in Wales,

Visiting the Mumbles to have Joe's ice cream,

Cockles and laverbread in Swansea Market.

Climbing the famous castles and cheering the mighty Swans.

Imagine the world without the wonders of Wales,

Our hometown of Swansea, our exciting city.

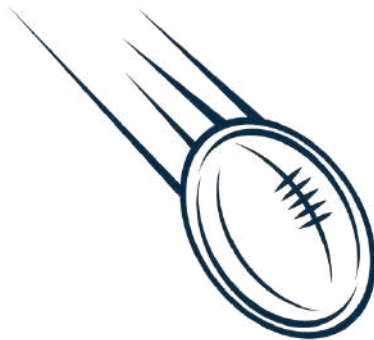
Never forget the famous people of this beautiful country:

Roald Dahl, Dylan Thomas and Bonnie Tyler.

Wales is our Cynefin.

By Leo

Year 7, Pentrehafod School



I Have Never Seen and What I Like and Hate About Things

I have never seen Ariana Grande on a plane,
I have never seen a mammoth eating a cat,
What I like about cats is that they're quiet,
What I hate about cats is that they bite me.
What I like about class 29 is that they talk to me,
What I hate about class 29 is nothing.
What I like about Disney is the films and songs,
What I hate about Disney is the ice creams.
What I hate about chocolate is too much milk,
What I love about Lacie is my pretty loveliness!

By Lacie

Class 29, The Village School



Scan to watch the performance!

I'd Really Like to See

I'd really really like to see,
Flowers blooming on a tree.
For purple shade, a special code,
And Kenny touching his toes.
I'd really, really like to see,
Biscuits hanging from a tree.
Horse jumping on a bus,
And Karol singing just for us.
I'd really really love to see,
A cat with a hat, on TV.
A pig with a wig, so bright,
And Kenny touching his toes all night!



By Amir, Dewan, Issam, Khurram and Sarjo

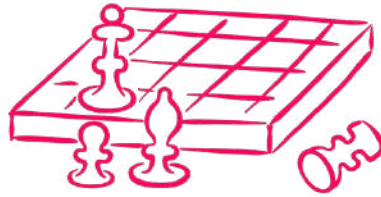
Class 10 and 13, The Village School



Scan to watch the performance!

Intellectual Warfare

In the stillness of day,
I muse, analysing the board:
Each piece has something to bring,
I see the high-value queen and priceless king,
The way I see it, chess is not just a game:
Tactical warfare at the least.
The players' wits.
Strategy: aim for domination,
And the opponent's king's submission,
The checks, openings and tactics,
To crush the opposition,
Pawns gallivanting; proud to be sacrificed,
Bishops and knights working together,
Leaping into battle, prepared to fight!
Fearlessly they destroy the enemy at first sight,
On these 64 checkered squares, pieces wreak havoc...
Uniting only on the fact of being war-torn,
Each piece so unique,
But with no capacity to wonder,
Even if they are important or just a mere pawn,
They rely on the smarts of the user,
And for them it's no more.



They play the game on a chessboard, however
The way I see it, chess is intellectual warfare,
Each player using their unique plan,
Controlling their pieces with careful thought,
Devising a strategy, their expression deadpan,
Calm and gathered,
Remembering everything they were taught,
Keep your mind clear, and think it through,

A way to approach Chess,
And life too...

By William

Year 7, St Gregory's Catholic Science College

My Uncle's Pool Table

My uncle's pool table, it's like a baby.

My uncle's pool table loves to be clean.

But when it gets shoved from the huge party it goes click, click, clank.

It's sometimes in a good mood about a month ago and it does it's favourite thing, sweep, sweep, sweep.

But there's one thing that annoys it, annoys it the most.

You have probably guessed it, it's when the TV turns on.

It brings it a hurricane of feelings and an enormous headache.

When I come and visit it in the mountains of Trinidad, it's jumping up and down the room.

But when I go back to the freezing but exciting England, it turns its feelings around.

My other uncle comes and says, "Come on Rhona, let's play pool."

It's so fun and it gets tickled like a spider crawling on it.

It chokes on all the balls but it still has a great time.

There's one more thing it likes...

My Aunties doubles, they're so good, no wonder it loves the crumbs falling on it.

That's my pool table and I love it.

But if you have a pool table, do you love it more than me?

By Georgia

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School

Ode to a Book

The way I see it, books are an open library of knowledge,
But the way I see it, books are an endless world of imagination,
I think books are for people to gain wisdom and intelligence,
I think books are to be enjoyed by anyone day in day out,
Books are to be read by highly sophisticated doctors in silent rooms,
Books are to be read by people with a booming imagination,
Books belong behind glass cabinets to be preserved, collected and
acknowledged,
Book belong on a shelf for everyone to enjoy,
Book are to be looked after, page by page
And to be admired for eternity.
Books are to be enjoyed page by page
And read over and over again.
The way we see it, books are for all
To gain knowledge and use their imagination.

By Aramig and Toby

Year 5, Todwick Primary School



Ode to KFC

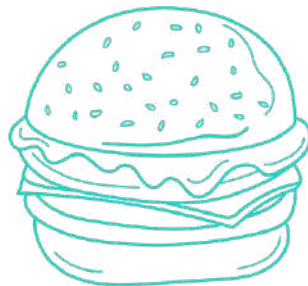
Oh KFC,
you are special to me because you taste like heaven
and when I eat you
I feel crispy ticket.

I like you KFC
because you have a crispy chunky burger
and a crispy chunky chicken
and I always feel greatness of heaven come to my mouth
and every time I get KFC
and I tried everything
I still get my favourite
and every time I get my allowance
the first thing I spend is on you.

I always say thank you to all of the employees
for making the food
and without those employees
I won't be happy
but those employees make the best KFC chicken
and burger
and when I finish my food
I have a backup to Get More!!!!

By Mourad

Year 4, St Edward's Primary School



Ratatouille

Oh Ratatouille,

You are so funny, like a bee stuck in honey

With your tiny paws and whiskers so neat,

You scurry and hurry with quick little feet.

I love the way you squeak,

It's like a dream - so squeaky, so clean.

You remind me of cheese

And I smile because of your cute sneeze.

Oh Ratatouille, the rat who can cook,

With your clever little brain, you rewrote the book.

You stir and you mix, and you make it just right,

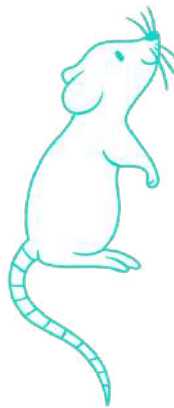
Turning plain old food into pure delight.

The world said *"No! A rat cannot cook!"*

But you never gave up, no matter the look.

Oh Ratatouille, you're brave and so small,

But your talent and heart outshine them all.



By Sasha

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School

She Likes, He Likes

She likes cake,

He likes toast.

She likes chocolate,

He likes biscuits.

But we both like bikes.

She likes ice-cream,

He likes chocolate-cake.

She likes kiwis,

He likes strawberries.

But we both like bikes.

She likes red lipstick,

He likes painting,

But we both like red bikes.



By Jianna and Yaseen

Class 11 and 12, The Village School



Scan to watch the performance!

The Way I See It

The way I see it my rub out pens are a colourful world of ink.

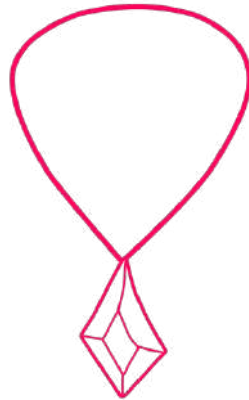
The way I see my cat is a fluffy blanket of kindness.

The way I see it my TV is a peace of heaven

The way I see it my necklace is a colourful luminous diamond.

By Alma, Andrew, Gabriela and Yasmina

Year 4, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it, my pens are a gateway to my imagination

The way I see it, my legami rub out pens are a pack of rainbow skittles

The way I see it, my legami erasable pens are a kingdom of animals

The way I see it, my legami rub out pens are a time machine

The way I see it, my football shoes are lighting bolts.

The way I see it, my medals are an ocean of sparkling lava

The way I see it, my trainers are a comfortable pillow

The way I see it, my lego ninjago cars is a speedy audi

The way I see it, my mum's food is a portal to the food universe filled with scrumpdilumptious and edible planets

The way I see it, my dad's roast chicken is a portal to my taste and food zone

The way I see it, my mum's spaghetti bolognese is a delicious world of sauce

The way I see it, my boolgogi is a world of delights

By Arlys, Max, Mia, and Radek

Year 4, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School

The Way I See It

The way I see it,
Cucumber is the best thing ever!
I adore it.
Cucumber is special to me
Because it is crunchy
Watery
And it's just delicious
When I crunch on the cucumber
Delight comes to my mouth
That is the way I see it!

I come home from school with my
mouth watering
I can't wait to taste the delight in
my mouth.
I now expected my beloved
cucumber to be there
But guess what...
It was NOT THERE!!
I look frantically around

Where is my cucumber
My beloved green cylinder of
wonder
Oh how I love cucumber
I can't leave it now.

The way I see it,
Cucumber is amazing
I have loved it my entire life
I do not think I can live without it

I had to find it
Looked in the fridge
And
There it was!!
Oh my!
I screamed for joy
My life has been saved
Well
That's the way I see it.



By Daisy

*Year 5 Sycamore, Upton Noble C of
E Primary School*

The Way I See It

The way I see it, my Nintendo is entering a world of adventure and fun.

The way I see it, my iPad is a rollercoaster of adventure.

The way I see it, my mum is a hurricane of love and joy.

The way I see it, my brother is a tornado of fun and joy.

The way I see it, my friend is a shield that protects me.

By Jesus

Year 3, St Paul's C of E Primary School



The Way I See It

I see my blanket – soft, worn, always there.

A quiet presence, a piece of home.

To others, you are just fabric,

faded, old, ready to be left behind.

You see yourself stretched thin,

threads unravelling,

but still holding, still enough.

You feel tired but warm,

soaked in years of touch and dreams.

You desire only to stay,

to be held, not forgotten.

And you see me as I am—

older, changing, but still yours.

By Faith

Year 6, Eastcourt Independent School



The Way I See It

I have many teddies
But there is two
Baby husky and buzz
The force that keeps the world
turning
Let me tell you.

Every day I get up
Eat my breakfast
And put my teddies in my bed
But
I was in a rush and when I went to
bed that night
I was cuddling
SOCKS!

That night I woke and found
I LEFT THEM IN THE KITCHEN
I leapt out of bed
Grabbed a torch and set out to find
them
Me and my big ted
I had him because he was a bit like
a cuddly crucifix
TIP TOE, TIP TOE

I went down the hall
ROWLE

I step on Rocket's tummy
(he is the cat)
Suddenly Bryn's door opens
(he's my brother)
He swore he would tell our
parents!
I ran into the spare room
It was safe
TIP TOE TIP TOE
REEEEEK
Oh no, I'm caught
Phew, Its safe
There, There I see them
I run
Finally
I secure them
But
My dad was up
I run for my life
Startled
I tucked myself in
That night was a wild adventure
Well that's the way I see it

By Stanley

*Year 5 Sycamore, Upton Noble C of
E Primary School*

The Way I See It: Liverpool FC

In Anfield's stands, where fans all cheer,
A red wave rises, loud and clear,
The crowd shouts 'you'll never walk alone',
Liverpool's heart is all its own.

The players run, the ball flies fast,
Every kick, each goal, a blast!
From Salah's speed to Virgil's might,
They play for courage, they fight for right.

The kop is singing, voices strong,
A song of hope that carries long.
The reds wear glory in their eyes,
Chasing dreams, reaching for the skies.
From the past to now, they've had their fight,
But in the end, they find the light.
For Liverpool's more than just a game,
It's family, pride, and endless fame.
So when the match is done and through,
I know the red's will always be true.
The way I see it, they'll always shine,
Liverpool's heart is yours and mine.

By Saarah

Year 6A, Sandringham Primary School



The World Between the Pages

In the stillness of the evening glow,
To a different world, I gladly go.
With a book in hand, I take my flight,
Escaping the troubles of endless night.
Ink and paper build the gates,
To realms of wonder, love, and fate.
A world unfolds where I am free,
To lose myself in what could be.
No voices calling, no troubles near,
Only whispers of stories in my ear.
The chaos fades, the burdens cease,
And in those words, I find my peace.
Pirate ships on shaky seas,
Magic spells beneath moonlit trees.
Timeless love and epic quests,
Each page holds truths my heart blessed.
A thousand lives I come to live,
Through every tale, the authors give.
I learn, I grow, I dream, I feel,
These worlds have power to mend and to heal.
Reality may cloud my vibrant skies,
But in these books, no limit lies.
Each sentence pulls, each chapter spins,
A world I'm proud to call my kin.
My love for reading, my sweet embrace,
My secret refuge, my sacred space.
When life is heavy, weighing down,

You lift me up, remove my frown.
In this escape, I find new fire to glow,
Passion, wisdom, heart's desire are shown.
And though the journey always ends,
The mark it leaves forever mends.
So let the world outside run wild,
For in this heaven, I am a child,

Free to wonder, learn, and be,
Forever lost in books for me.



By Mia

Year 9, The Derby High School

Woof

Truth is dog.

Life is dog.

Everything is dog.

Truth smells like dog.

Truth feels like dog.

Truth tastes like dog.

Truth sounds like dog.

Woof.

By Lacey

Year 10, The Windmill School



A young Black woman with long braids is shown from the chest up, speaking into a microphone. She is wearing a dark blue school uniform jacket over a white collared shirt. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing a quote in white text. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a banner with the words 'WORLD' and 'NOW' in large letters.

“ The teacher CPD sessions were incredible! It was so nice to go to a CPD where you actually learn something that can be used to develop your practice. ”

- Teacher from The Village School (SEND)

A young boy with short dark hair, wearing a maroon school sweater over a white collared shirt and grey trousers, stands at a podium. He is looking upwards and to the left, speaking into a black microphone on a stand. His right hand is near a red folder, and his left hand is open and gesturing. The background is a light blue screen with faint, out-of-focus text that includes "Primary School".

The Way I See... My Future

Be Brave Don't Be Scared

The Way I see it is
Walk instead of drive
Be healthy don't be shy
Don't be sad, don't be mad
Be happy
Give anything a try
Be brave, stand up
Have courage yup yup
Don't give up
Have faith, speak up
Don't have a frown, have a smile
Don't stop running until you reach a mile
Aim for the best
Copy the singing birds in the nest
Think wise about your choice
What matters most is your own voice



By Felicyta

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School

Chains of Racism

Our world full of racism

Our world that keeps me in chains

Another world where chains are gone

Another world where all the racism is done

This world gives me hope

But the expectations hold me down

Making sure my talent isn't shown

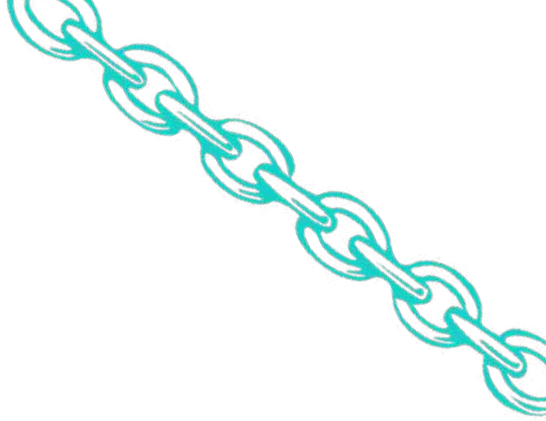
This other world, this world, one day they will both be the same

The chains will disappear, and there will be nothing to fear

Because freedom will always be near

By Aliyah

Year 7, The Derby High School



Life is an Abyss

The way I see it, life is an abyss,
It beckons you, the infinite void calling you,
It promises you eternal bliss,
It promises to make you anew.

It ensnares you, like so many others,
Leading you down to your inevitable doom,
It embraces you as if it was your mother,
But something feels wrong, there is no love, only gloom.

You grab hold of anything, everything,
You pull and pull, searching for a way out,
But only darkness greets you, there is nothing,
You cling on to hope, but still you doubt.

You look up, that hope ignites again,
A speck of light, a remnant of a life long ago,
But it's all you need, no longer will you wane,
For your mind is aglow,

Reach out and grab a hold,
Shout and scream, someone will help,
Just make your plight known, and be bold,
Climb out, don't yelp.

For the way I see it, means there is hope, hope for me and you.



By Samuel

Year 9, Woodmansterne School

My Vision

The way I saw it,
I lived my life happily
Blissfully unaware
Of the things I soon came to fear
The horrors I soon came to beware.

And then one day,
Everything changed

And the way I saw it,
I lived in a world
A world of eternal night.
The way I saw it,
Everyone's sins
Became the individual threads
On the cloak that blocked out all the night.
The way I saw it,
I was surrounded by darkness,
Darkness which teased me,
Darkness which tainted me,
Darkness which engulfed me,
Darkness which became me.
And I was afraid
Of it, of me.

But the way I once saw it,
And the way I see it now,
Could not be more diverse.

Because the way I see it,
I live in a world,
Not of darkness, but of light.
The way I see it,
Everyone's kindness
Became the glowing rays,
That beam through the night.
The way I see it,
The world is covered in hot white sparks
Sparks which once burned me,
Sparks which once blinded me,
Sparks which now brighten me,
Sparks which now become me.
And I am not, will not be afraid,
Of it, of me.



Because the way I see it,
I've travelled loads.
Hour and hour, mile and mile,
Who knew beneath my broken smile,
Was a heart, and love, and hope so dire,
I faced the night, and walked through fire,
And still, unburned, unbroken, unyielding, I stand
No person or object as mighty or grand,
As my soul as it rises towards the light.
The way I see it,
Everything was worth
That perilous fight.

By Mariam

Year 8, Canons High School

No More

No more discrimination, no more difference in pay,
Between women and men where,
Women are getting judged for their "lack of abilities".

No more insecurities when walking to your workplace,
Where you are constantly getting feared,
That someone is going to call you again.

No more bullying, no more hatred,
Towards certain minority groups,
Just because they have different interests and beliefs.

Sadly, this is the world we are living in today,
Where injustice and discrimination is happening all around us.
But why?

When we are all just living for the first time,
And want to be treated the exact same,
Without feeling guilty of getting the blame.

By Margarida

Year 9, Ark Elvin Academy



The Road to Success

The road to success is steep and long
But no matter how hard it is you have to be strong.
Every step you make it takes you near
Eventually success will come and then there would be no fear.
The way I see it
Every day I work hard
One day I will be a doctor
And I get money with my own card.
I want to be a doctor
Is it gonna happen?
Will my goals be achieved
But no matter what
I work hard
That's the way I see it.

By Plaul

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School

The Way I See It

I've become a broken record on repeat
Somehow all these feelings follow like a ghost unsee.
Like a mirror there's more than one side of me.
The way I see it, I abide and play by life's guidelines
Sometimes I think I'm in a world with
No design
This is where I'll draw the line.
The wind can blow but I don't go without a fight.
The rain can hail but I'll hold onto the rail.

By Eshal

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it, these youngsters haven't appreciated the beauty of this world as it is slowly disappearing into the past.

The way I see it, a smile is a tool people use to fool others.

The way I see it, joy is a car engine - it doesn't last forever.

The way I see it, laws are a form of protection yet also control.

The way I see it, society's already corrupted newer generations.

The way I see it, tears symbol you've been strong for too long.

The way I see it, The Lorax foreshadows our planet's future.

The way I see it, world leaders are selfish yet ordinary people.

The way I see it, nothing is promised in life, only death.

The way I see it, sea creatures are silently screaming for help.

The way I see it, nature is an old memory that is fading away.

The way I see it, trees are just big friendly giants.

The way I see it, oxygen is pleading us for less carbon dioxide.

The way I see it, brain rot is a cult collecting kids like Pokémon.

The way I see it, death is always whispering your name.

The way I see it, life is a game in which you either get lucky or simply don't.

By Laila

Year 7, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School





“The sessions were extremely engaging and helped the pupils develop a love for poetry by providing them with scaffolds and the creative freedom to express their perspectives.”

- Teacher from Stanhope Primary School



The Way I See... Relationships

Emily

When you first open your eyes
The first person you see
Your mother, obviously
Your brain asks
Who's she smiling at me
A friend, a hope, a mum
A love that will never leave
Besides her stands father
Crying lovingly
Who's he meant to be
A guardian of your heart
Or even a hero for you at least
Confusion rests mindlessly
What shall my name be
A silence covers the room
In a dark shady gloom
When boom
EMILY
And it set me free
Life started like a dream
It made me gleam
Like a flower in a stream
But would it last forever
A day, a week, a year

Who knew how it would end for
me
The same terrifying confusion
Rests upon my brow
And new life has painted
A new canvas to challenge me
The world became topsy turvy
Shivering at my feet
Fear shrouded me
Was I too early
Or did the world
Abandon me
Time flew past
I grew fast
But what would it mean to me
Nothing but extreme
Why did this ever happen to me
But happy times will come right
And I will be named Emily again
some night

By Annika

*Year 6, Sandringham Primary
School*

Me

Being the youngest in my family

Isn't always easy

But, I like it, I am cared for

Loved.

Isn't that what everyone wants?

And their love keeps me

Safe and secure.

Being a part of my family

Is like receiving the most precious gift

And their gift is made of

India

Mauritius

Wales

Caribbean

So my family brings the world to

Caribbean culture and Indian faith

Work in harmony

To make

Me.



By Layla and Maya

Year 7, Woodmansterne School

My Mum

The way I see it my mum is the power to my light.
the way I see it, without her, I wouldn't shine as bright.
I'm up on this stage to prove that I'll shine brighter than ever before
Because I'm not that small child anymore.
The way I see it, my mum gave me the confidence to put myself out there,
no matter if they sit, stand or just stare.
The way I see it, my poems are what express me
the way I see it, this is how I'll be.
the way I see it, I'm glad to be up on stage,
whether it is performing a poem or dancing in a play
because this is the confidence my mum gave me
She taught me how to be proud and stand up here today and I don't think I'd
like it any other way.
Because this is how I was raised, this is how I was taught to be myself.
and I think that is really cool, so I'd like to thank my mum for teaching me so
well, for making me so confident that I wouldn't
have to dwell, I'm here today to prove I'm not some fool, but a teenage girl
with a mother who cares for us all, because she's
sitting in that crowd while I stand up here tall,
and this is the way I see it, the way that from the outside you may not, and this
is about my mum who cares for me,
a lot.

By Antonia

Year 8, Park High School

My Story



Once upon a time, a long time ago,

When technology was unknown...

Before: we loved, shared and played,

And cherished all the memories we made.

But now, that's just the story of the old.

The story, never told within the obsolete and solitary book.

It may not include Peter Pan or Captain Hook,

At least each page is read with grace and care,

Something I can remember and share,

The story of the old.

I reminisce the days we used to play.

Those unforgettable walks on a sunny day.

The splash whenever our wellies hit the water...

The happiness when we took those photos by the border...

But, I guess just like the sea

Happiness will always have an end.

However, memories don't - they never will...

What was the ending of Jack and Jill?

What really happened on that hill?

Now you think I'll end this chapter with - the story of the old.

However, I now realise, this story is too important not to be told.

So I'm going to change this chapter a bit.

This should be called -The Story of Forever!

Will I forget it?

Never ever!

My story...

By Justina

Year 7, St Gregory's Catholic Science College

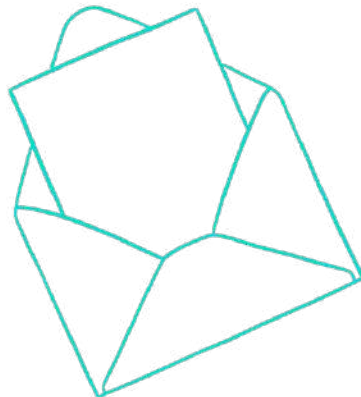
Old People and Technology

Old hands tremble on a glowing screen,
Fingers searching for what they've never seen
Buttons once clicked, now icons to tap
Yet the world moves fast, like a digital map
The text is small, the font is too bright
Notifications buzzing through the night,
A swipe, a scroll, a double tap
Each new device feels like a trap.

In a quiet hum of twilight years,
Where memories linger, old and dear.
A world once slow, now swift as,
Light unfolds before their aging sights
A time of letters, handwritten, slow
Now traded for screens, that glow and gleam
In a digital age that feels like a dream.
They marvel at worlds advance
At virtual calls and online dance
Their hands worn out...

By Aiza

Year 6, Sandringham Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I saw it,

Love was a battlefield,
Where hearts crash and collide,
Where our fates are concealed,
Where truths are laced with lies,

A rose intertwined between our hearts' mistake,
Piercing between the empty gaps of pain,
Each petal shows the love we foresake,
In a garden of longing, twisted like this game.

The way I see it,

Down in the meadows wild,
In the stillness of dawn, brings
An innocent thing, a child,
In her beautiful, frilly dress she sings,

"I've run the meadows high,
I've run the meadows low,
And if I rest my eye,
I'm afraid I'll let you go,"

"If I let you go, oh, if I let you go,"
Would roses still be red,
Would violets still be blue, so



Will the birds in heavens stay in their bed,

And will the birds in the heavens know I love you

Know, I love you, know, I love you

Will the birds in the heavens know I love you?"

She sits there for a while,

Looking at the sky

And gives me a smile

And disappears whence the birds came by

The way I want to see it,

I see it now,

But I didn't see it then.

A girl with dreams somehow,

Lost in the world again.

She danced beneath the stars,

With laughter in her eyes.

But life can leave its scars

And dreams can turn to sighs

Yet through the pain we grow,

With strength that we don't know

The journey ebbs and flows,

A heart that learns to forego.

By Chanah and Bella

Year 7, Beaulieu Park School

The Way I See It

They comforted me, they made me fill with joy,
I embraced the tranquil atmosphere there once was.
Only to abruptly descend,
Into misery and torment.
They deceived me, I was loyal to them,
Their betrayal ignited anger in my chest,
An azure blaze of hatred thriving deep,
A cascade of negative emotions,
It was unbearable.
Their demise was all I hoped for,
To drown in great failure and solitude.
I couldn't hide away my emotions,
I was sick with anguish,
Forays of those unforgiveable moments,
It shone in my mind.
I desire the content I once had,
Though unseeingly obtainable.

By Corban

Year 9, Woodmansterne School

The Way I See It

I'm sure everyone has a friend.

Do you have a friend?

A friend is something you need.

Friends can make you happy indeed.

Friends make you laugh

To you on their behalf.

Friends are nice and should make you smile

Even if you are away a mile.

Making friends could take a while

Don't worry you'll find the right one

And they won't cramp your style.

By Dionsaba

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School



The Way I See It

My clothes are like my life,

Nice, kind and loved.

I feel happy when my PS4 is back on

Because it turns my life back to light!

My mum is as heartwarming as a horse's name that I can call on again and again.

This makes me happy in myself like how I walked a mile.

Without a doubt, that's the way I see it.

By Rebekah

Year 6, Heathfield Primary School

The Way I See the Human Body

The way I see it, the human body, a gift from God
The place where lies and truth start
The brain ticking and whining like the dogs in a clock tower
The heart beating like a ticking time bomb
Waiting to explode with life and energy
A helping hand to get the job done faster
Alone they are nothing,
but together a species dominating the earth
A vibrant way of life called friendship
The wonderful connection of two human beings
The way I see it, the human body, a gift from God.

By Reuben

Year 8, The Billericay School

A young person with short hair, wearing a dark blue hoodie and large headphones, is smiling and holding a microphone. They are holding a piece of crumpled paper in front of them. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing a testimonial in white text. The background is a solid light blue.

“

Thank you so much for facilitating this wonderful project, the students have got so much out of it and I feel like I've got to know them better as well.

”

- Teacher at Edith Kay School



The Way I See...

My School Days

5S Bookshelf

I am a bookshelf in 5S.

My duty is to challenge children and help them create an imagination worth more than gold.

My bright range of books attract the young children to read as much as they can with pride and joy.

The job is fun and upbeat but can get tiring as well.

Consequently, I consume looong hours of staring at an unknown device that tells time. Oh look there it is!

Anyways I count each slow hour until the children leave. Then I have the whole classroom to myself! (emphasis on whole).

Just as I get some quiet...BRRR...

That vacuum will get it from me one of these days!

By Joanne

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School



Anti-Ode to School Days

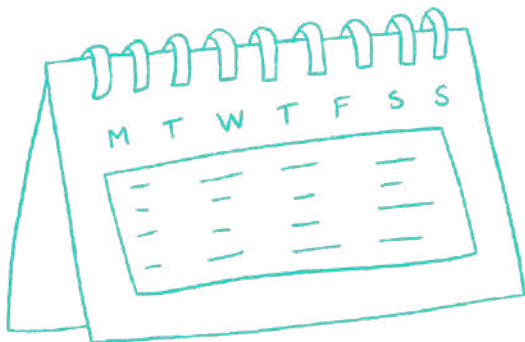
Oh school days, oh school days, you drive me mad because
You are like an annoying alarm clock
And when I see you I feel annoyed.
You remind me of a fly
I wish you could just vanish.

I feel annoyed when you wake me up in the mornings.
This is how the week goes for me:
Monster Monday
Terrifying Tuesday
Worrying Wednesday
Terrible Thursday
Finally Friday
Shiny Saturday
Scary Sunday.

Oh school days, oh school days, oh school days.
I wish you could just disappear
And that is why I CAN'T STAND YOU!

By Deborah

Year 4, St Edward's Primary School



Scan to watch the performance!

Dear School

Dear School,

your aspects haunt me every day,
with Classwork, Homework and Teachers, with rules that make me easy prey.

The way I see it, school is like a prison cell,
every second I'm waiting It's for that final ringing bell.

But still I march on, though my brains feeling fried,
Just dreaming of the weekend; putting my school trouble aside

Dear Classwork,

sometimes you're hard, sometimes you're easy
but either way, you're keeping me busy.

Sometimes you're boring, sometimes you're fun
but staying at home will always be number one.

Although you are boring, you sometimes surprise,
but usually it's just a small prize.

So now that the weekend is close;

I think we all know what I want most...

Dear Homework,

why are you in my life?

You were made to torment me, waste all of my free time.

Sometimes you get me in trouble, I get way too much of you,
Your difficulty and length can get the better of me and sometimes I can't get
through.

Without you, I would be set free,
for you are my greatest enemy.

Dear teachers,

why do you have to be so strict?

Just think of all the pain you inflict?

Your rules are what my beliefs contradict.

Whenever I sit down at my table, I dread the second I look at my book label.

Mr, Miss and Mrs, what does it all mean?

Let's be real – the best part of the day, is when I head to the canteen.

Dear School,

Dear Classwork,

Dear Homework and

Dear Teachers,

it's the truth that I have to say,

You're the worst part of my day!

By Michael, George, Paddy and Franciszek

Year 8, St Gregory's Catholic Science College



Dear Table in My Class

You make me feel first class
You hold my bottle and my flask
You help me rock on my chair
Then the teacher makes me aware.
As I'm about to fall
You save my life
I hold unto you
And stop the teacher's strife.

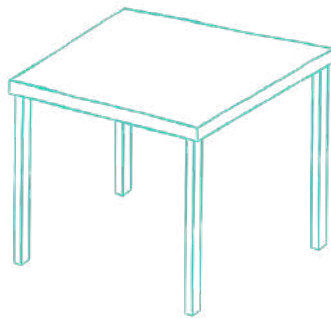
I chew my gum
And then the teacher comes
She asks me what I am doing
I say: 'Sorry Miss, I was chewing'
She tells me to throw it in the bin,
But knowing what lays under your base, I grin...

Standing on its tall four legs
I look over you and gaze over the sea of heads.
I let my book rest on your surface
I hate tests – they make me nervous

Many secrets to unfold
Some of them still untold
The world far and wide
We wave at you with confidence and pride.

Our time is done here
It's the end of the year
We cry and laugh
Our voices full of cheer.

Goodbye Table
See you next year!



By Darius and Loukas
Year 7, St Gregory's Catholic Science College

Homework

Sometimes I am a sweet strawberry, a sour sweet or a bitter coffee.

People always assume that I am as tough as a nut but what can I say? I am your homework!

I wear colourful or black and grey outfits, numbers, X's, Y's, and my matte red shoes are pointy like triangles.

Maybe, if you're looking forward to a tough task or perhaps a challenge, I may appear as many sharp, pointy, acute angles.

I can offer you a handful of many subjects;

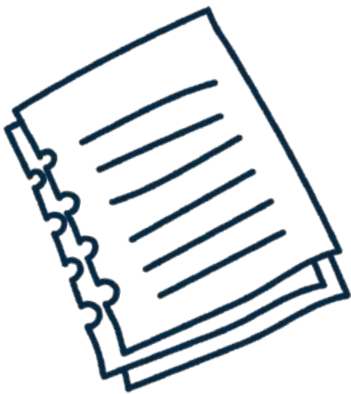
English, History, Geography. More scientific? Physics, chemistry or biology! but what can I say? I am your homework!

Even though you see me as something quite annoying and bothersome, I am just a piece of paper with questions after all.

But what can I say? I am your homework!

By Gabriela

Year 9, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



How I See the World

Fried chicken should be allowed in school

The way I see it is

Football should be for everyone

The way I see it

There should be no racism on earth

The way I see it

There should be more Diary of a Wimpy Kid books

The way I see it

There should be less bullying and more kindness

The way I see it is

There should be more pizza in school

Packed lunch should go last and all the other year groups go first

By Aaryan

Year 4, St. Raphael's RC Primary School



Scan to watch the performance!



Teenage Child

The way others see it, I'm an inferior, blasé 12 year old girl.

The way I see it, my dreams are unlikely universes mixing with reality.

The way I see it, my sleep is an endless vacuum of pillows embracing me.

The way I see it, my alarm clock is an irksome pacemaker screaming as I groan and open my eyes exhaustedly.

The way I see it, my bed is a fluffy cloud holding onto me in the morning.

The way I see it, clouds are huge pieces of cotton candy floating about.

The way I see it, the sun is a sparkly, yellow ball, which turns off like a lamp at night.

The way I see it, birds are opera singers, chirping harmoniously.

The way I see it, my lungs are balloons, inflating and deflating as I breathe.

The way I see it, flowers are little, pretty ballerinas, twirling through the grass.

The way I see it, the sky is a sapphire blanket covering the earth.

The way I see it, an umbrella is a shield, protecting me from the pouring rain.

The way others see it, I'm a teenager acting like a kid.

The way I see it, my mind is a tangled ball of yarn trying to untie itself.

The way I see it, my clumsiness is a calamitous little being inside of me.

The way I see it, my secrets are treasure chests, only opened by those who I entrust a key to.

The way I see it, my thoughts are an endless amount of bubbles, some are popped but some make it a long way.

The way I see it, my imagination is an endless land with infinite possibilities.

The way I see it, my brain is a computer decoding and processing every single second.

The way I see it, sadness is a tiny creature bawling its eyes out in the middle of nowhere, in the darkness, alone.

The way I see it, my shyness is a tiny, timid mouse squeaking words no one understands.

The way I see it, my brain is a computer decoding and processing every single second.

The way others see it, I'm a kid trying to act like a teenager.

The way I see it, books are portals to worlds of adventure.

The way I see it, education is a key which unlocks the door to many pathways and opportunities.

The way I see it, fear is an anonymous, dark/gloomy figure approaching you in the middle of the night.

The way I see it, curiosity is a loquacious little voice in your mind/ brain inveterately asking questions.

The way others see it, I am a goody-two-shoes.

The way I see it, escaping out of school at the end of the day makes my mind lachrymose and sigh of relief.

The way I see it, one school day lasts a thousand centuries.

The way I hear it, my classes are filled with waves of muttering and noise.

The way I see it, every day is a copy of each other with slight differences, except the weekend.

The way I see it, my school's gate is a towering guard, grumbling as I enter.

The way others see it, I'm a complainant 12 year old.

The way I see it, boredom is a jejune drawing made up of outlines, waiting to be coloured.

The way I see it, my brain is the key to my survival in school.

The way I see it, sadness is a tiny creature bawling its eyes out in the middle of nowhere, in the darkness, alone.

The way I see it, my shyness is a tiny, timid mouse squeaking words no one understands.

The way I see it, actions speak louder than words.

The way I see it, life is a range of mountains we climb, through the highs and lows.

The way I see it, nature is a mystic spirit, illustrating the earth into a life-filled place we call home.

The way I see it, time is an unstoppable hourglass creeping towards the end of time.

The way I see it, there is no success without failure.

The way I see it, age is just a number.

The way I see it, others don't.

The way I see it, it's okay because everyone sees things in their own way.

By Laura

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman



The Debate of PE

A debate as old as time:
The debate of Physical Education!
More like Physical Exhaustion...

I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
That's what we think about PE!

From the flinging balls,
To the smelly bibs,
The shouting and screaming,
Does my head in,
That's what I think about PE.

The anticipation to win first place,
The celebration with many teammates,
The running the chasing all the adrenaline,
Who doesn't like some friendly competition?
The trophies and medals all to be flaunted,
Who wouldn't love the feeling of winning a tournament?

I'm in the middle,
I'm on the fence,
Is it the worst,
Or simply the best?

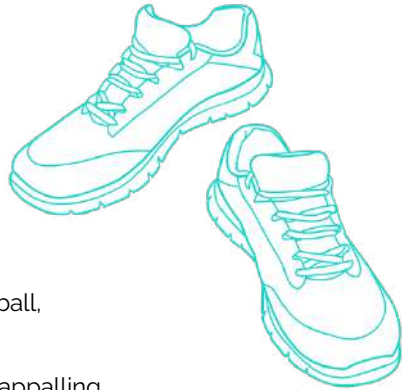
I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
That's what we think about PE!

The awkward throws, the clumsy leaps,
The feeling of doom to lose for the team,
PE is nothing but constant chaos,
How can it be the best if it's simply the worst?

You may think it's unpleasant,
But open your eyes and see,
It's laughter and joy,
And so much glee!

I love running. It's so exhilarating!
But the blisters make it seem so agitating!
The feeling of winning, flaunting the medals,
But losing makes my team feel betrayal.

I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
That's what we think about PE!



Those injuries and fears, to be hit by the ball,
The twisted ankle from the painful fall,
These injuries and fears leave us feeling appalling,
Is PE really worth all the risk?

But PE helps us be healthy and energised!
It helps us build strength and friendships as well,
Learning to win but also to take a loss,
PE helps us in so many ways!

I hate when we do PE in the rain,
My bare arms always shiver in pain!
But the games make everything so much better,
It sometimes even makes me forget about the weather!

I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
That's what we think about PE!

It keeps us fit and strong!
But it feels oh so wrong.
Caught in a dilemma, don't know where I belong.

I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
That's what we think about PE!

PE might be fun for you,
And I see your point of view,

I understand I really do,
But it's so much fun and there's lots to do,
I just can't hate PE like you do.

I'm torn between what to do,
I've heard your points I've heard your truths,
I'm the grey in the black and white,
I'm the median in this fight.

I hate it!
I love it!
I'm in between
These are our contrasting views of PE!

By Beverly, Dania and Fabiola

Year 9, St Gregory's Catholic Science College

The Way I See It: Thoughts about School

The way I see it, through my eyes,
Don't try to twist it with your lies.
We come here all day every day, with very little say,
We don't even get a bit of pay!
Violence is used to get a rise,
Now you wonder why we cry.
When we struggle we are told to get a grip,
Now you wonder why we slip.
Throughout the week we try our best,
With very little rest.
School lives are difficult for all,
That's why we crumble and sometimes fall.
The way I see it is how we feel.
We need to speak about it to heal.

By Kacy

Year 9, Pentrefahod School



The Way I See It

Some people say England is crooked but the way I see it England provides good education and love.

the way I see it from being a boy who's new to the place and now relocatable.

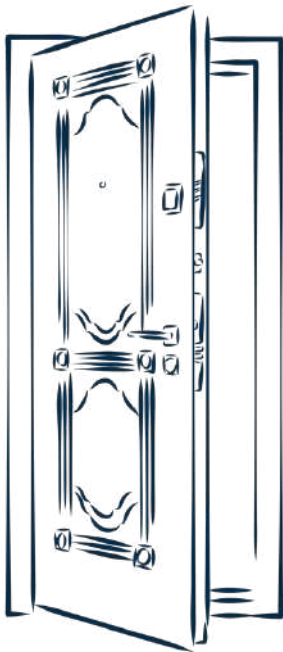
the way I see it people in school went from strangers to companions.

the way I see it people welcomed and greeted a boy who came from another country.

the way I see it a boy was shy at first while speaking but gradually got confident like an articulate person over time.

By Nathan

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



The Way “Wee” See It: Toilet Nightmares!

O, BOYS TOILETS how unpleasant you are!
My desire to exit going way too far.
Your smell is appalling with wee on the floor,
Disgusting me straight to my core!

The wet tissues on the wall worry me too,
Just while trying to head to the loo,
Seriously, could you not flush your number two?
What do you expect me to do?

Clogged sinks full of tissues that stink,
Bringing me to my worrying brink,
“I must escape” is what I think,
Before these thoughts make me sink!

These broken locks let the savages in,
Looking at me they’re committing a sin,
People throwing rubbish like it’s a bin,
Where do I even begin?

Period 1, it’s safe to go,
Period 2, get down, get low,
Period 3, I should’ve known,
That this place is a warzone!

Period 4, where is the door?
It’s too stinky, more and more,
Period 5, I’ve lost my life,
The stink hits me sharper than a knife!



Plenty of graffiti on the wall,
'999' is what I need to call,
The messages written, I might faint and fall,
This is a zoo, this toilet stall!

The floor is so wet, I can see my reflection,
Next time I walk in, I need protection,
My trusty helmet and my welly boots,
Are always reliable and always suit!

There's always a yellow wet floor cone,
The establishment really needs to take a loan,
And change the toilet seats made of stone,
To turn them into mighty thrones!

A solution is needed, one that'll change,
To keep people in the toilets widely engaged,
An air freshener to purchase, to relieve the bad smell,
There go all the odours, all said and done well!

And to make matters worse, we have no soap!
This is unbearable, I just cannot cope,
We need a saviour, we need the Pope,
To fulfil our prayers and restore our hope!

We would say, stay away,
It's for your own good! You'll be okay,
Hold it in. There'll be a way -
Even if you have to hold it till Saturday...

By Luke, Senon and Pascoal

Year 9, St Gregory's Catholic Science College



Scan to watch the performance!

A student with glasses and a red shirt is performing on stage, speaking into a microphone. The background is dark blue with a large white circle. A speech bubble contains text about EAL students.

“ We have students who are super nervous about performance, and who are reluctant readers due to their EAL status, but these students have gained confidence to no end this week - some of them even throwing their hat in the ring to read aloud first! ”

- Teacher at Canons High School

A young woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark jacket, is standing at a podium and reading from a document. The scene is overlaid with a blue tint. In the background, there are balloons and a banner with the text "WOMEN WHO MOVE?". The document she is reading has a logo that says "EAM WOMEN WHO MOVE?" and some text that is partially legible, including "Selected Parents, at Cal".

The Way I See... From Another Perspective

All Hail King Duck III



One day mighty king duck III, announced a competition

He offered a prize to the best invention

He declared the winner will get 285 sparkly top hats, 55 messenger ducks, forever being fed peas by the personal butler named George the cat and 999 duck flags.

After 10 long years a line of inventors waited outside his nest.

The first inventor made a Lilly pad that grows every time you quack.

Sir Duck III said "quack quack quack no"

The Lilly pad grew 3 times bigger

"Quack you then" said the first inventor

And the Lilly pad grew once more, before the first inventor was shoved out the nest by the royal duck guards.

The second inventor walked into the nest with a large box that was covered in a mysterious substance.

"Quack what in the ducking is that" yelled Sir Duck III

"It's a useless box my Feathery King" replied the inventor

"Quuuuaaaaacccccckkkkk" said the king in awe.

Suddenly the 3rd inventor burst through the nest

"WHAT IN FLIPPING QUACKING HECK" shouted the king

The guards rushed to the king with such speed a duck has never done before

"My glorious king I present you an incredible invention that makes it so when you press this button all the ducks and duckets in the world will be at your will"

announced the 3rd inventor

"Give me this invention right ducking now!" replied the king

"WHAT?" said the 2nd inventor "It's meant to be my quacking turn first"

The guards were puzzled they were confused why the king was being so patient in all of his glory.

"Everyone I have made my decision. I shall Choose the 3rd one I mean the button give it to me now right quacking now!" yelled the king

"The useless box shall be destroyed, and the inventor shall be sent to jail where he shall not get peas for the rest of his miserable life"

By Isabel – I mean anon!

Year 10. The Windmill School

Adi-Ode to My Football Team

Every team needs a coach.
Oh dear
we lost the game
I fired them all, they ruined my dream
to be the best coach on earth.
Now I can never do it.
They say all dreams come true
but not this one.
Give me a hot dog.
Dreams fall just like a snowflake.
But I got money.
They drove me crazy anyway
and if I see them I'm arresting them
because I am a cop.

By Alexis

Year 4, St Edward's Primary School



Bin

I'm a bin
I feel abused
I feel mistreated
Why?
Because I'm a bin
You people throw your problems at me
Like I'm your friend, but NO!
We are not friends
We are foes
You made me stink
You are the reason I'm alone
So when your around me,
Watch your tone!
Now, although I don't smell pleasant
I'm quite the present
After all,
I'm just a BIN



By Muhammed

Year 9, The Windmill School

The Brothers

Joao wakes up under the alarm's ring
And Kaio is already having his breakfast
They eat, drink, moan and burp
Mum says "excuse me dears get ready to go".

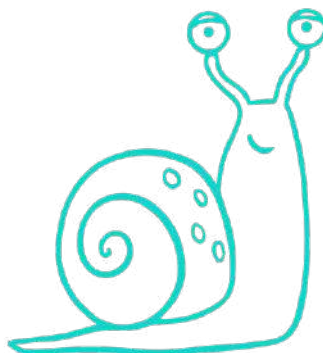
The weather is grey, and I am so slow.
I think I am a snail starting to roll
Kaio shouts out "You forgot the umbrella!"
Let's go to school to enjoy the Nutella.

The journey is long and I am sleeping again,
Dreaming away playing with my Roblox
Peppa Pig turns around and look at me
And ask if my brother is OK
I suddenly wake up with Joao shouting
"We are here! Let's get off!"

Down on the floor they meet their friend
And together they walk and hold their hands
Good morning! They drop their bags
They count 1 to 6, and we were asked to sit.

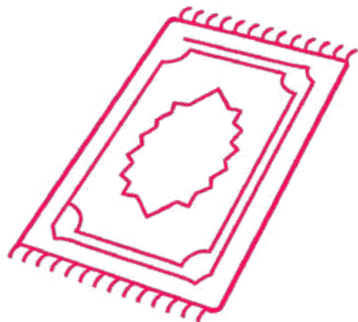
By Kaio and Joao

Class 9, The Village School



The Discarded Rug

The way I see it
My owner can see me but chooses to ignore me
His friends think I should be replaced
Yet I am still trying to impress
To be the best
And be the only one to stay
But I wish my owner liked me again
But I think this might be the end
My days are now numbered
Three weeks till the end
His pug running on me, slobbering on me
and sleeping on me
He was the only one that was ever nice to me
All the calloused feet trampling on me like sandpaper smoothing a door
All the smelly socks gliding over my once smooth surface
All his friends' shoes trampling dirt, leaves and the dreaded chewing gum
knotting my fur
There was once a time when he loved me, brushed me and no one was
allowed to walk on me with shoes
I am now desperate and lonely
But he will not spare me
But I will fight to the end
My beauty and fur have faded
Like his love for me
Just remember next time you neglect your rug, remember that we have
feelings too.



By Mason

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School

Dementia is Not a Game

My truth is an illness
That affects the brain
Forgets people's name
Forgets the train
Or thoughts that came
Dementia is not a game

UK's biggest killer
It's all pain
People complain
And suffer all the same
Deaths are coming our way
Old or young, it's nothing to play



Like a bookshelf, everything falls apart
Especially family's heart
Hearing uncured illness
That tears me apart
Spreading awareness
But are you actually aware?

We will show love and support
Through every thought
Each and every day
Spread awareness all the way
Dementia slowly kills the brain
Dementia is really not a game

By Fatma

Year 9, Ark Elvin Academy

Domino's Card Scanner

Why doesn't anyone pay with card?

A nice shiny...wait are cards shiny? Uhh never mind.

I don't care if it's not contactless. P.S I do!

Just pay with card.

It's not hard, I think.

Please, please, please, just pay with your card.

I know darn well you got a card, so use it!

And then you're done. Definitely don't need to pay the bank back next month!

Oh look another cash user, wait! *rubs eyes*

Is that card, I really hope so because I am not going to the opticians again.

Use me! Used me! Aww man, every time!

Seriously I am on the edge of quitting!

Why doesn't anyone pay with card? Do you know why?

By Edward

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School



Dual Perspectives

The way I see it
through glassy screens I watch it unfold
a world ablaze in stories told
the voices rise but never heard
just flashing image distant unclear
the anchors speak with practiced grace
of places far in shadowed space
the numbers climb the charts declare
but none of them are really there
I see the pain the fleeting smiles
but it's all distant measured miles
the words are hollow the faces blur
as headlines flash, I can't confer
however, through the eyes of a refugee
daily she witnesses
a storm of shadows, wild and fierce
where silence breaks and echoes pierce
the earth once calm begins to shake
as hearts grow cold for chaos' sake
the skies are torn a fractured hue
and lives are spent in shades of blue
in fractured lands where dreams decay
the price of peace is far away
a thousand voices lost in screams
chasing fleeting broken dreams
the air is thick with grief and fear
yet hope is born
she tries to run
she tries to hide
but she cannot seem to escape
she knows her country is a mess
she knows its worsening day by day

she repeats to herself everyday "it will never be the same again"
her heart in pieces just like her house
she weeps everyday grieving the loss of her child
rubble. Ashes. No floors to be seen
hospitals are tents people in the tents are on the verge of death
as she runs by, she sees kids crying
screaming
begging on their knees for their families to still be alive
the sky is grey and foggy
every five second boom goes a bomb
she runs and runs until she collapses
her feet began to throb
as she checked there were cuts all over them
she stood up abruptly and ran to a place where she thought might be safe
and she sat down again to take a break
she saw black
and when she woke up
she was in a place so peaceful with her kids her husband and the rest of her
family

By Sabrina

Year 9, Canons High School



Scan to watch the performance!

Dragon

A dragon

Flies upon my mind

In a forest full of mushrooms and
magic

Full of wonder

And hope

Like free from a cage

He learns to be brave

He learns to be strong

And the thought of being set free

Because my mind is a cage

A prison or cell you may say

But he is strong

He is brave

And not even this cage can get in
his way!

So whatever you do little dragon

You can break free

And this is **the way I see it**

So fly away and out of this cage
through mountains of hope and
dreams

Breath fire

And sway your claws

For our minds are connected and
we share the same thoughts

So write little dragon

And draw on the walls

And if they say no the reply

This is my way

So write until you sleep

And imagine the beyond

And if they tell you no

I'll help you find another way

Together little dragon we are
strong

Brave if you will say

But just to let you know

This is **the way I see it**

By Emily

Year 7, Woodmansterne School

The Forgotten Watch

A forgotten watch, its face turned pale,
No longer marks the hours that sail.
Once sharp and steady, now it lies,
A quiet prisoner - what secrets hide behind its eyes?
The leather strap, now racked and thin,
Was worn by hands that one held it in.
Times passage left its mark, unseen,
On the quiet metal - what tales lie in between?

Yet in the stillness, there's a trace,
Of stories hidden in its grace.
It holds the whisper of days long past,
Fleeting moments - why do they fade so fast?

Now it rests where silence blooms,
Unbothered by the world's constant zooms.
A forgotten watch, yet in its deep sleep,
Does it guard the time we want to keep.
What once was loud, now stands so still,
Its hands are frozen, time stands still.
What once ticked sharp and clear,
Now lingers wondering - what does it fear?
Yet in the silence, there's no loss,
A moments peace, not a ticking cost.
For time may break, but it won't flee,
In silence - what truths wait to be free.



By Fatima

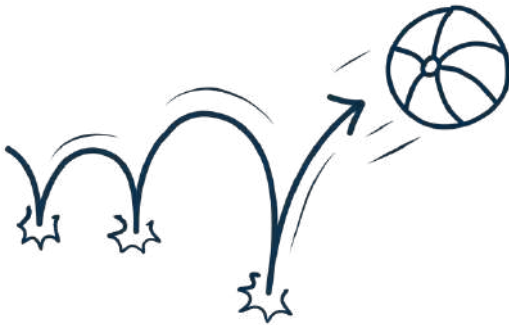
Year 6, Sandringham Primary School

I'm Just a Ball

I am a ball which goes up and goes down,
I roll around the school and sleep in a shed.
But just not any old shed,
A spooky shed.
People kick me hard but I just want to be free.
Sometimes I end up a roof,
And sometimes I end up in a puddle.
One phrase I wish I could scream out loud is,
"LET ME BE FREE!"
Sometimes I hear people complain because I'm flat,
It's not my fault!
People don't know I get bruised easily.
Oh it pains greatly.
I'm just a ball.
Living in their world.

By Karam

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School



The Oak Tree

I am the oak tree, standing alone in the forest,
Waiting for people to walk by,
I hear the whistling wind as it brushes past my green leaves,
Swaying gently, yet I feel lonely.

I gaze at the other trees with people gathered around,
Sometimes I see people camping next to me,
But that's the closest they get to me.
I wish I could see children playing and laughing,
Their voices full of joy, filling the air with sound,
That echoes all around!

By Tiano

Year 4, Stanhope Primary School



Ode to the Toilet

I am a sink of terror always malodorous
But I'm just an innocent prisoner, waiting to be free of this slavery

Help me

I take a peek at your messages
I know all about your "confidential" adultery
I watch your "Tik Tok"
You find me as your place of shelter however I think not
but sooner or later you'll realise how much discomfort you bring to me
As a matter of fact, you pester me just like a bee!

Help me

Those two cheeks haunt me night and day, like I'm fighting against it in a war
I haven't signed up for.
I sink your treasured waste
Without you knowing all the challenges I've faced

Help me

Day after day I groan with exhaustion as I bear the burden of your weight
While you take your comfort breaks.
Cleaned by the screaming brush dressed in pungent dung as it enters my
depths of hell
Turning into the devil's paintbrush

Help me

You perform your vile intentions leaving me gagging for breath.
And just as I catch a glimpse of air your puny hands click the button of doom

Sending me drowning in my despair.

Help me

A bottle urine

A pinch of droppings

And a flask of misery

Mail it right down me, make me beg for mercy

Help me

"The toilet is a gateway of relief" they say

But all that goes through my brain is "I'm the lane to eternal damnation!"

And here I am waiting for a place to call home, my final destination

Help me

So, if I hear "I'm going for the loo" one more time,

The next time you see me I'll be in jail for committing an abhorrent crime.

SAVE ME

By Elizabeth

Year 7, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



Powerless

I am mysterious, a faithful companion but also an inferior bag.
I cling on to your back hugging you, embracing you
I see the bobbing heads of nervous year 11's wandering through the eternal
hall trapping my view
I wince when I am shoved into the fierce aggression of the fellow bags
As they snarl and rumble at me, hectoring me, and to them I am just a bunch of
rags

Powerless, Powerless

As I am hidden and trapped under your dishevelled desk like a prisoner I pace
back and forth wishing I was free
I'm feeling blue, angry as there's nothing I can do

Powerless, Powerless

I listen to the tolerable teachers and what they have to say
But I do like listening to the juicy gossip, I do that every day!
I hold the significant secrets and busted belongings of my owner inside me
I am sympathetic of my fatigued friends inside you can't disagree

Powerless, Powerless

My heart is melancholy and longs for devotion
But unfortunately, my owner lacks any emotion!
I am starting to hate her, she doesn't even care
I am lonely, fragile I am completely in despair...

Powerless, Powerless

As lunchtime rolls around, she leaves me alone on the solid, selfish chair
She tosses me aside while tying up her lengthy, delicate hair

I feel like I am handcuffed to the intimidating table
As I'm shuffled along the bench almost falling to my doom

Powerless, Powerless

As I'm thrown on her back, it's time for another lesson
I feel like I'm in a whirlpool of my very own thoughts, I just grip her full of
annoying aggression
It sits on my shoulders, a tall red figure it tells me to do bad,
But that will only get me feeling sad

Powerless, Powerless

My owner is wearing the familiar scent of her favourite perfume
The vibrant scent of sweet cinnamon, a heavy rich aroma of vanilla and an airy
essence of a beautiful rose pummels my face and infiltrates the room

Powerless, powerless

It's the end of the day I'm feeling relieved
But I sigh at the thought of tomorrow and what I will slowly receive
She's talking to her friends while stuffing all of her belongings inside of me
But why can't she see?
What she is doing to me!

Powerless, Powerless

As my owner gets home from sagacious school
She launches me and my brittle bones across the room,
I am ripped open as she grabs her bottle and lunch box and pencil case too
I just lay here on the freezing floor, feeling empty not knowing what to do

Powerless, Powerless

It's not fair, she has no respect

I just weep thinking about what I am going to have to endure next

Powerless, Powerless

You carry me and I carry you

I help you strive and survive

I really hope you leave me an excellent Amazon review

Powerless, Powerless

By Ava

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



Scan to watch the performance!



The Way I See It

I am your happiness, your pride, your joy,
I am your quick getaway, a thing you never avoid,
This is you though, the opposite for others,
For others see me as useless, dirty and battered.

To them I have no meaning,
'I am a lonely hay bale in a desert' they say,
Sometimes I'm like that, a deflated ragdoll in disguise,
When you come along though, I stand firm with my head up high.

I'm thrown left, right and centre, just part of a game,
You overuse me, but I have no purpose, just why?
I see myself as a toy, that toddlers throw about,
I'm tired of being treated like this, please stop it,
After all I'm just some fabric, flying momentarily in the air,

I see you as athletic, sporty, obsessive,
This is all great, until you get self-dismissive,
I should not be sad though when I see you like this,
As I feel threatened by your behaviour,
I feel angered when you beat me,
All I want to do though is be the best, without working.

That is how I, you, and others see me.

By Siena

Year 7, The Billericay School

The Way I See It

The way I see it my skates rule the city.

The way I see it my cat purrs like a base guitar

The way I see it my chess set is a castle.

The way I see it my cat is a bolt of lightning.

The way she sees it her glasses are multi-coloured windows to the world.

By Sienna and Ted

Year 4, St Theresa's Catholic Primary School



The Way I See It

The way I see it, the sole is an antique board game with pieces still missing

The way I see it, the laces are lovers pondering if they'll ever be reunited

The way I see it, the toe cap is perforated. Feet visible from far away

The way I see it, the vamp is stretched beyond the eye can tell

The way I see it every time I am worn it is like being tortured

The way I see it the heel, unblemished not touched at all

The way I see it I am just another shoe that is abused and misused

These are my emotions and feelings for anyone to care at all.

By Soerfunmi

Year 8, Cardinal Wiseman Catholic School



The World Through Max's Eyes

Why does Sophia always try to pick me up?
I already told her, I don't like being picked up!
Come, come here I'm hungry.
No they're not listening, I'll go to the cupboard.
The cupboard, oo oo what's it going to be...

Dry! Dry! I want a wet patch!
Are we going to the park? Please take me, pleasssse.

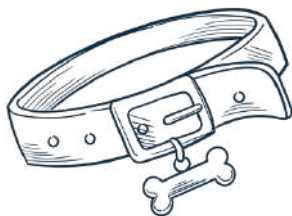
Ugh trees, trees, trees.
I want a better view.

Oh we're going home, no I'm staying, please no.
Oh no, not the buggy!

I'm just a dog called Max.
Not Maxy, just Max!

By Sophia

Year 5, St Bernadette's Catholic Primary School



THANK YOU!

The Eastside team would like to say a huge **THANK YOU** to everyone who has been involved in the fourth 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 UK National Commission for UNESCO for their patronage and the Arts Council England for their support of Eastside, and the development of this programme.

Thank you also to the wonderful Criterion Theatre in London's West End, who generously hosted our sharing event for the fourth year running, continuing to support us to offer a high quality on-stage experience for our young participants to showcase their brilliant work.

Next, we must thank our talented spoken word poet facilitators for delivering this programme in schools with compassion and enthusiasm. Thank you to the brilliant Adisa the Verbalizer, Bella Cox, Dan Simpson, Desree Gumbs-Carty, Eve Atkinson, Grace Atkinson, Jake Nathan, Justin Coe, Patrick Evans, Shauna O'Briain and Varshini Pichemuthu.

A special thank you must also go to our Lead Artist, the one and only Jacob Sam-La Rose. Jacob designed and wrote the fantastic programme framework, which supported our artists to deliver a series of engaging and inspiring workshops exploring the theme 'The Way I See It'.

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.

We are on a mission to deliver *Spoken Word Power* for many years to come and we hope you will join us on this journey. If you would like to donate to Eastside to help us continue this precious work, you can do so by visiting [**eastside.org.uk/support**](https://eastside.org.uk/support) or you can contact Matt Lane our CEO/Artistic Director on [**matt@eastside.org.uk**](mailto:matt@eastside.org.uk). He would love to hear from you!

A man with a beard and glasses, wearing a brown baseball cap with '15/8' and a New Era logo, is leaning over a young girl. The girl is wearing a white hijab with a colorful floral headband and a grey dress. They are both looking at a microphone. The background is a textured blue wall. A large, light blue speech bubble is overlaid on the image, containing text. The overall lighting is dim and blue-toned.

“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.”

- Spoken Word Power Artist

**EAST
SIDE**

SPOKEN WORD POWER

Spoken Word Power is a fully funded creative project supporting Primary, Secondary and SEND schools, as well as other educational institutions across the UK to creatively champion the spoken word, nurturing positive attitudes towards language and learning, and providing a platform for the vibrant voices of a new generation of young people.

This anthology is a collection of poetry written by children and young people from across the UK on this year's theme, 'The Way I See It'.

We hope that it will serve as a powerful record of the personal and collective truths of a generation.

