

**Ellie Dalton**

*When we write it all goes silent*

**The journey to the desert**

I am on the path. It is muddy.

The stones hurt.

I am passing the dark forest,  
the loud sound of the stream.

It is hot and stuffy.

All I can hear is owls.

The smell of trees and sweat – imagine  
having to leave your home

to a desert with no food  
nothing to drink.

This journey taught me  
that the world is a big place.

I don't know who it is or what it is or  
where I am going.

## **Kelvin O Leary**

*I have learned that I can do it if I push myself.*

### **I come from**

I come from a smackhead town  
where teens think that they can do  
whatever they want.

I come from a class house  
in the middle of big houses. I come from a bed.

I come from a place where  
people get stabbed and murdered.

I come from a cold, wet place  
where all Drake's songs are playing  
and tunes are banging.

I come from a room full of trophies  
and consoles. I come from a school  
where teachers give detention  
like there's no tomorrow.

I come from a place where  
shepherd's pie gets eaten  
where policemen risk their life for you  
like PC Parker.

I come from a park.

I come from mud.

I come from a place called home.

**Caitlan Magean**

*I have learnt that I can do anything I put my mind to and I have learnt that anyone can write poetry.*

**Isle of Wight**

We are in the car now  
but we didn't start here.  
We started from my small house  
in boring old Workington.

I can see sheep running  
through muddy fields  
and the sun blazing down on the car.

Hearing snoring and CFM  
as we circle  
another roundabout.

As we get to the port,  
laughing at people parking and rushing  
in case they miss their ferry.

Everything's quiet now, relaxing,  
as we get to our caravan.  
Now it's time to enjoy.

## **Abigail Hughes**

*I have written a lot of things until my hands ached. I have now learned more about William Wordsworth and what I can do with my writing skills.*

### **I come from Workington**

I come from a town

that is busy on Fridays and Saturdays.

I come from a brown windowed house.

I come from a warm and friendly neighbourhood.

I come from a fabric sofa

I come from my mam's chicken dinner in front of X Factor.

I come from the Sound of Music in my mind.

I come from my bed. I come from TV.

I come from my Iphone 7-plus

I come from the River Derwent

I especially belong to my family.

## **Sam McNicholas**

### **I was**

I was quiet but others  
were loud. I was  
writing but others were talking.  
My hand was up  
but others were down.  
I volunteer but others decline.  
I heard voices, they  
never hear me. I can  
see others and they  
can see me. What am I doing,  
what is this called?

### **I come from**

I come from the top of the world. I live  
at the end of it.  
I can see everything, I can hear everything.  
I come from a small building.  
I come from a statue of an honourable war.  
I come from the tune of the electronic newspaper.  
I come from a box with a hand right above me,  
it stabs me.  
I come from a bright city  
protecting me when I sleep.

**Ben Beaty**

*Doing this poetry, we are all friends and we enjoy it.*

**My first holiday.**

We have just boarded this plane  
and I'm ecstatic.

I hear the thrusters warming up

like locking a beast in a cage,  
the pilot giving safety instructions,  
ignoring the crackle in my ears.

Two hours later,  
we have landed.

I feel like a roast potato.

Seeing the pool, I lit up.  
The blue, sparkling, diamond-like water  
sending a glister to my eye.

Learning to swim –  
I practically grew up there.

**Callum Petrie**

*I have learnt that I like poetry*

**I come from**

I come from a street of seagulls squealing  
at 5 o'clock in the morning.

I come from smells, lots of them.

I come from food that tickles my throat.

I come from rain, day in, day out.

I come from the sound of the drier tumbling  
and the birds singing and the wind howling.

I come from bags rattling and doors slamming.

I come from the smell of Steak Bakes burning.

I come from people shouting and people singing.

I come from the smell of the sea on the mountain.

**Daniel Johnston**

*I learnt poetry can be anything*

Up in space, seeing Workington  
as a small mouse.

When I zoom in, I see a swimming pool  
splashing like a silly salmon,  
a scuba diver looking at creatures  
in the misty sea.

As I jump in, I drown.

I'm a cat, trying to get out of the water.

The water is blurry as a blind man,  
stinging like pepper in my eye.



**Danielle Murray**

*I learnt I could write a poem, I learnt you could write about anything.*

**I set sail**

The crying, the dark blue sea.

The salt of the waves.

I can taste the sadness of ocean

and the food I will eat, eventually.

I feel cold.

I feel lost.

I feel there will be farms, friends, food

in this new country.

I'm afraid.

What if there is no home,

no horses, no nothing?

I want to turn back.

**Emily Helliwell**

**Refugees.**

I see people with pale faces.

I hear babies crying and dogs barking.

I smell fish and the sea

and the old man who smells of sweat.

I taste the salt water

splashing into my mouth.

I feel scared that the boat is going to sink.

I hope that all the people make it there alive.

I'm afraid of the dark blue waves.

**Ethan Rickerby**

*I learnt to put my painful stories into poems*

**I woke up**

and the first colour I saw was white -  
white roof white cloth

so white

I thought I was done for.

I could hear a beeping sound  
the same beat as my heart

I could see the rosy blood dripping  
down my cold face

I felt the warmth of my mum's hands  
my mum's tears dripping

I took a deep breath and  
the doors opened.

**Dylan Turner**

*Warm and welcome in the poetry group – whispers and chats with friends*

**Sheep**

A mountain top of frost  
to the warm ground of Egypt.  
A journey of miles.

I am put through 'this' –  
this I do not want to do.  
This I call slavery.

To put me through this journey is too much.  
Leaving my warm and homely mud behind  
with its sweet scent that only I like.

and my garden grass  
with the same taste every day.  
To go to new sands

for a king of sorts.  
I've learned  
that leaving your home is hard.

**Jude Nicholson**

*I was told I had freedom.*

*Freedom to write what I wanted.*

*No ticking boxes.*

*No boring old exams.*

*I could imagine and dream.*

Loving houses, nurturing families

best friends close friends

back street busy street

it's dark

cold christmas

got detail

cars screaming

kids crying worried people

blood suffocating I'm

choking

red lights

hurried fight

pain filling the car

speeding

the emergency room

smell of diseases and death

no more blood

stitches closing the wound

closing the pain

at the start

all red no sight

in the emergency room no pain

only joy

my joy

## **Megan Lavery**

*Creativity flows: it doesn't matter how you interpret it*

I am Megan,  
daughter of Bernadette,  
dweller of a small town  
and Martin, fixer of machines.  
I hale from the land of kangaroos  
and the land of the leprechaun.  
I wish to achieve intelligence  
and kindness.

## **I come from**

I come from smackheads down the back alley,  
old people sat on the steps watching the world go by.  
Childhood memories fill the house:  
the little pig that has been there for fifteen years  
watching us grow up and grow old.  
I come from hockey trophies on the shelf.  
I come from spag bol  
forever being cooked in the pan.

## **Cameron Gair**

*I've learnt that Anglo Saxons liked writing with a "writing sword".*

## **Rocky**

I was approaching a small building.

It was bumpy and had a red roof.

I came up to the door and opened it slowly,  
walked into the living room.

A black puppy ran in greeting me.

He smelt bad but had healthy fur.

His breath was rotten cheese, his legs were bruised.

But his eyes were black pearls where light reflected  
blinding everyone around.

## **I come from**

I come from a cold town.

I come from a very polluted town.

I come from a town where not everyone gets along.

I come from a street where most parents are useless.

I come from a warm house with a great welcome  
where I spend most of my time.

I come from a hospital.

I come from silence, the only music I listen to.

I come from the taste of Pepsi. I come from the trees.

I come from the road to the sea.

## **Matthew Graham**

*I can remember the first time I wrote in this fresh book.*

### **Syria**

I can see people panicking

as we cross the sea.

The wind is blowing

the strong smell of salt in my face.

I can hear people crying and screaming.

I am terrified of dying.

I can taste salt on my lips

and the air on the back of my throat.

I am leaving behind my home

which has probably been destroyed by now.

I hope I will never experience this again.

I'm afraid it will happen again.



**Nathaniel Riach**

*The knowledge of how to create things on the spot, that there are two sides of you.*

The street dimly lit

by cracked lights.

The trees blocked the moonlight.

The sound of the machines from the factories,

the leaves crackling.

The cold air brushing past my face.

The temptation to run

as the footsteps came closer.

My heart racing.

The emotions – hate, anger and pain.

The feeling of impact.

The words *don't fall*

over and over again.

Walking away into to the darkness

with a sense of defeat.

The disappointment as I tell my dad.

## **Ellie Benson**

*The people I became friends with are amazing people who should be proud of themselves.*

### **The Bad News**

My mam and dad called me, told me  
to come downstairs. I walked down  
(I knew what was going to happen)  
my legs shaking. The lower I got,  
the darker it became.  
I was on the last step.  
If I kept going  
I would fall into a big black hole.  
There were voices in my head telling me  
*It's okay, go.*  
I could taste sick in the back of my throat.

I went down the last step.  
I walked down the hall,  
my legs getting weaker by the second.  
I kept walking, I sat on the sofa  
in the darkest place in my house,  
in the living room. They told me.  
I couldn't stop crying.  
I sat and stared at the telly  
thinking about what was going to happen.  
The telly screen was black, dark.  
Death.

## **Daniel Cunningham**

*We have learnt a lot and experienced so much with different poets like Wordsworth, and techniques to make our work stronger.*

Silence, silence is all that can be heard. If we are found, anything could happen – but one thing for certain, things will never be the same again.

There's a woman in front of me holding her child's hand as tightly as she can. The child's face that is supposed to be filled with happiness and joy has been replaced with dread and fear.

Everyone has the same expression: men, women and children. The old and the young. Cold lifeless faces unsure of what will happen.

Everyone here has a story, some more violent and gruesome than others. Some which would chill you to the bone.

My children are dead, my life is missing and my home is destroyed. I just wish this had never happened. I want to go home.

I remember running to my children. I held them both tightly as the sparkle died out in their eyes, as they slowly faded away.

A tear rolls down my eye. I want to go home, I want to go home.

## **Chloe Reynolds**

*I remember everyone being creative and making positive comments about each other's work.*

### **I come from**

I come from a place of magic, full of fear and fright.

I come from a red glossy box which stops me from entering the real world.

I come from a black dark room keeping me inside.

I come from my mind, a place full of sadness,  
disease which will one day swallow me whole.

I come from a lonely place,  
an abandoned place where my deepest fears are kept.

I come from a place where nothing exists,  
where I feel like I belong.

I come from the edge  
I stand gripping the ground holding myself back.

I come from something I will regret.

I come from a real life nightmare.

**Caitlin Parker**

*I've learnt how to write in depth using my senses, how to look at the outside with a different perspective.*

**The Journey from Home to School**

Look for the light – no,

there's none.

Just darkness.

It's a dread, a pain.

Time passes

and the bell draws closer.

The place loved

by few

and hated by many.

The car draws you nearer,

like something from a nightmare.

One that never stops.

## **Matthew Forsyth**

*Old friends and new friends in this group*

### **I come from**

I come from a street where one side is smackheads,

I come from a mixture of darkness and light.

I come from a place of old people and cups of hot chocolate.

I come from a pebble dashed house and three gardens.

I come from the Symphony of Destruction.

I come from Yorkshire puddings, chips and gravy.

I come from a bedroom with grey walls and red sheets.

I come from the sea and the mountains.

It's not much but it's where I come from.

## Scarlett Benson

*Pen on the paper, writing whatever, I've never been happier*

### I come from

I come from a street with multicoloured houses.

I come from uneven ground and chipped paint.

I come from a blazing fire and a lazy dog.

I come from a bedroom with every pink and pretty.

I come from the smell of chlorine, heaps of broken goggles  
and ripped swimming caps.

I come from *round by the co-op*.

I come from shepherd's pie and peas for tea.

I come from opposite the nameless hill.

I come from home.

## **Ellie English**

*The people are friendly and kind. Some are quiet, some loud, but that's who we are. I've learnt to just let go.*

All I can see is the tops of the bars  
and the rugby behind the swings and the climbing frame,  
the obstacle course  
as the sun glistens on the silver slide  
this winter's morning.

The red gate and fence,  
the bright yellow monkey bars  
remind me of my childhood.  
I hear the birds chirping, cars zooming,  
footsteps.

My eye catches the sun  
as it shines on the metal bars of the swing.  
The gate squeaks as it swings open.  
My hands touch the cold climbing frame.  
The bridge is thin and wobbly.  
The smell of the fresh morning dew  
reminds me

of the crisp winter's morning,  
when I stepped on the grass and it crunched.  
There was a statue with bricks that had markings  
and the water on top  
had ripples that no-one could see.

This was my childhood.  
These were my memories.