

Notable entries in no particular order...

Sophia T, 7Hazel

Taran, 7Cherry

Rocco, 7Maple

Parisa, 7Elder

Yaqob, 7Hazel

Josh, 7Hazel

Carl, 7Oak

Myles, 7Maple

Sophia T, 7 Hazel

It's just not fair

Judging a book by it's cover,

Since I can remember it has been frowned upon,

So why do people judge others for the colour of their skin,

It's just not fair.

Lives have been taken.

Battles are an everyday occurrence. Violence.

Skin was made to protect the body,

Not be somes biggest danger

It's just not fair

It perplexes me,

Why people think skin colour determines a person's characteristics, morals, beliefs and thought processes

It's just not fair.

The word has come so far.

This shouldn't be an issue today.

I shouldn't be writing this.

It's just not fair.

Rocco, 7Maple

The Eagle

Thick feathers blocking the breeze
from the rough skin beneath
as the King of all birds soars

High up to where the clouds are no more
Scoping low over lapping waves
Wings spread far and wide
making the flight seem effortless

Wide eyes search for a place to perch
And looks on to a mountain top
Claws harp and crooked like ancient debris
are ready

The smooth descent ends with a soundless
landing

Stunning whit head turns in all directions

Searching for it's next meak

Standing tall, ahead it sees

A quick flash of a rabbit's tail on the
mountain

As it runs in fear

He knows what to do

He takes off like a thunder bolt

Eyes straight ahead, focused on its prey

It dives claws ready to grab.

Legs extended in front of its body

As it descends to the unsuspecting prey

And as quick as the flash of a quail's wing

The prey is in the claws

And the eagle flies off into the deep purple
sky

Taran, 7Cherry

My Ode to Jalebi

Oh my wonderful jalebi,
How crispy can you be?
Full of sugar, you make the best sweet ever,
How can my fingers not stick to you?
Grabbing you three pieces at a time,
To feel your soft core.
Warm from the pan, you melt in my mouth,
Thin as my hair, Fat as a pen, Light as a
feather
Every taste bud I have
Celebrates your presence
Because you are a gift
From God.

Yaqob, 7Hazel

Today I have a message that I long to send,
this is

that we must bring racism to an end. It
doesn't

matter about our skin complexion

but what its about is that

white people vs black people

still occurs and that

it really shouldn't!

Being black does not decide my heart, Being
white

doesn't determine who I am from

inside. Nowadays they say

they don't judge a

book by it's cover

so why judge

a person by their skin complexion.

Yes I am proud, Yes I am black

and there wouldn't be a thing I would

change about it! And that's

just the way it is!

black is beautiful, black is excellent working
twice

as hard as the white people so you can level

them but black is so much deeper than
African and American

(Yes I'm 12. Yes I'm black. And thanks Ark
Pioneer for letting me have a voice! RIP
George Floyd.)

Parisa, 7Elder

Locked away

She is stuck in the box,
lid on tight,
she knows she will be there most of the night
She's alone in the dark,
with no chink of light
Used and abandoned,
despite all her might
Her vast intelligence cannot free her now,
she's been silenced and has no way out
Felisha's stuck as her power runs low
During the day, she's in great demand,
chatting to her friends, and making new
sounds
hours go by she's still in the box
her cries are muffled by miss-matching socks
But wait,
What's that she can hear?
Footsteps approaching
getting near,
the wardrobe door opens,
hands get near
The box is lifted up,
into the air
Felisha hears giggles of joy
the box opens
"Come here Felisha Phone! It's time to have
fun!
I've tidied my room,
and the homework is done!
I turned Felisha, on the screen lights up
who has been texting? Time to reply!

Felisha is free!

Time to check on the progress of my Amazon
buys!

Josh, 7Hazel

Quarantine is boring,

Less of us be active, more of us be snoring,

Reminiscing on the fun that we had before,

Putting yourself in danger every time you step
out the door,

Missing meeting up with friends,

With messages is how we send.

People pass away underneath the sun,

'YOU MUST STAY AT HOME' is what you
hear on BBC one,

Everyone is at risk so it's important to stay
safe,

To develop symptoms is what you would hate.

Quarantine extended is a hard one to digest
down,

leaving less of us with smiles and more of us
with frowns,

Two meters apart is the distance to be kept,

Things can either go right or go left.

Carl, 7Oak

Trapped

Trapped is the word to describe how we feel.

The way we are,

In this dark rental place.

The dimly lit corridors,

The decaying walls,

The screams of tortured souls.

Does this please you father?

My red curls,

My white face,

My emerald eyes,

Deserve to see daylight again.

But we are trapped,

Forever.

Unless we become one.

Myles, 7Maple

Equality

Mother country treat us fairly,

We deserve equality and that shouldn't vary.

Sometimes people dream to be shared,

While black people are frightened and scared

Classism should not stay.

Because some people are in a pigeon hole every day.

Just for the record,

In the past racism roared and soared.

Racism is distraught

It should not be ignored.