

Reflections On Our World

**A Creative Anthology by pupils of
*Platanos College***

Introduction

Shakespeare once stated “*thought is free,*” and with all the challenges the world has been facing lately, the pupils of *Platanos College* have decided to come together once again to bring their own thoughts to ink and paper.

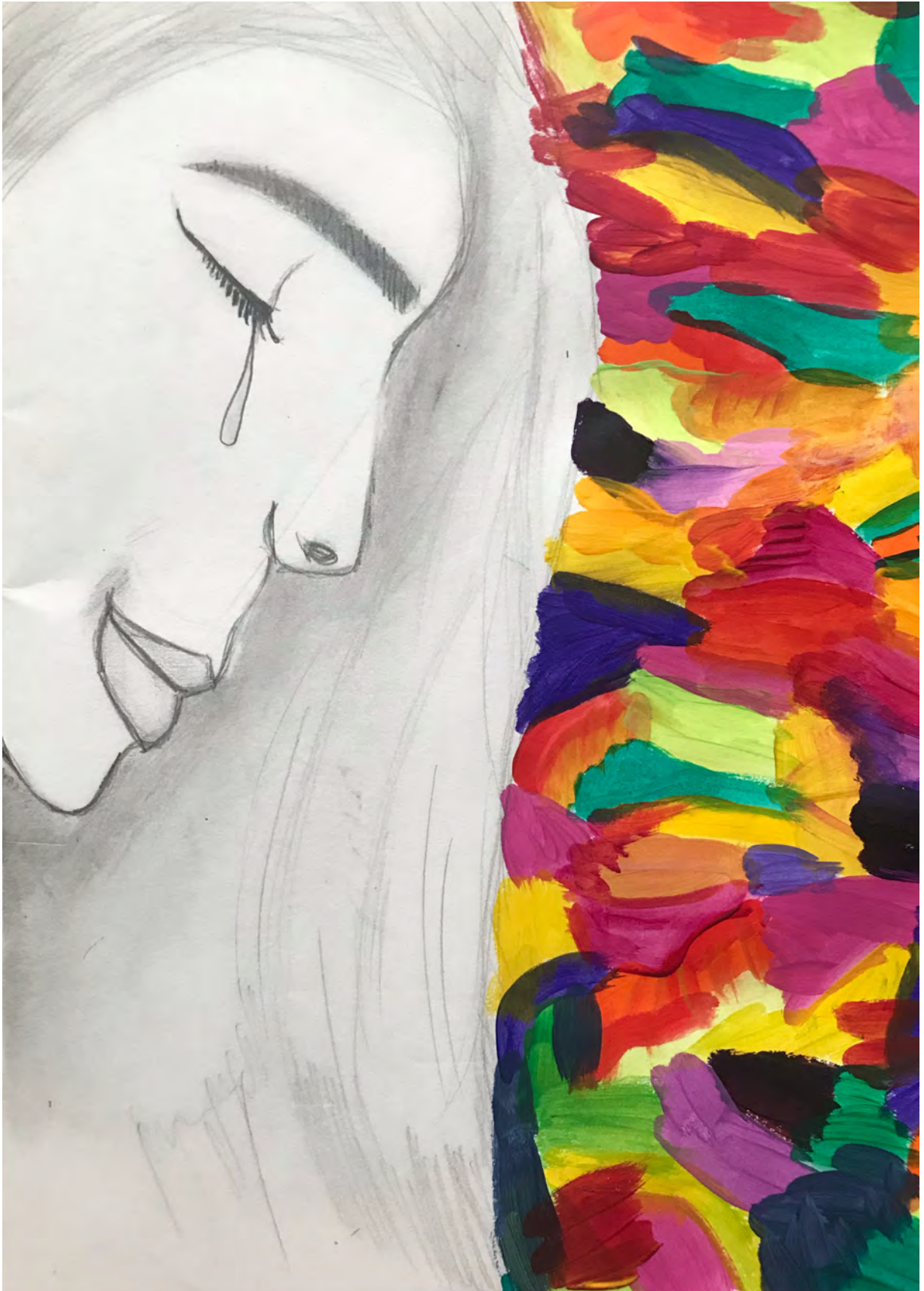
In this anthology of original writing, photography and art works, our pupils have shared their own unique viewpoints on topics close to their hearts, minds and imaginations. You will find here a variety of reflections and perspectives on a range of topics: love; Coronavirus; freedom; prejudice; dreams; nightmares; the environment; perseverance; betrayal; identity... the list is endless.

Through this anthology, pupils from across Years 7 to 11 truly share with you their thoughts, feelings, beliefs, dreams and perspectives on their lives, imaginations and the world around us.

So, without further ado, we would like to present the *Platanos College* anthology: *Reflections On Our World*.

Brenda Lauren Figueroa Mbelek (Year 9)

Cover Design by Anastasia Shovkoplyas (Year 9)



Jessica Marques

Bright Stars

Bright stars shine in Mars.
Whenever I see the stars
All my scars disappear.

Whenever I go to sleep
I always hear guitars sing to me,
Like a melody.

Blood Line

Running fast as I could, trying to find comfort.

But all I could see was the torment of hearts,

The agony of the eyes,

Faces full of scars.

My heart and my mind captivated by the scars of pain,

Where my skin has been ripped off by the evil of the floor,

Where my heart is jumping repeatedly missing beats,

My feet dashing not knowing where they go,

And my cheeks are eaten alive by the chilly winds.

Looking back, all I see is the pattern of blood.

I find no comfort, nor is my heart at ease.

“Don’t look back,” my mind tells me.

Along my journey I see the cracked cries of mothers,

The half-fulfilled dreams of the bride,

Torn love of the innocent child who’s never felt the love of

A mother,

While the other has just lost its mind to the bullets.

It's nothing but a graveyard,
Where the bodies collect,
"Don't look forward," my mind tells me.

The innocent don't know why they are being killed.
The killer doesn't know why they slaughter the innocent.
Innocent eyes are filled with bloodshed,
While one holds a gun at the age of 10
And the other dies at the age 5.

"Just run for your life," my mind tells me.
I never found the comfort I was looking for.
All they hopelessly told me is to run.
All that was in my head was a black broken screen,
Until my eyes met the dark hole.
Before I could realise what it was,
It came racing towards me
Bang.....

My heart beating fast.
My forehead full of sweat.
My body shaking.
My mind telling me I am the bloodshed canvas.

Samreen Amanullah

Many chances to try -
You *can* overcome.
Try your best.
I believe in you,
Be the best
Version of yourself
At all times.
Time will fly in life.
Only,
Be motivated and
Never give up.



Crystal Azzopardi

I tried my best to fall asleep,
Did I even notice that I was still counting sheep?
My soul is broken and beyond repair,
I am drowning in a black hole of despair.

Now I can feel the fear climbing down my spine,
My destiny is no longer written on a straight line,
My heart is nothing but a pot of fear,
A demon always takes shelter in here.

I need to wake up,
I have to get up,
I need to end this horror story
And earn my glory.

I need to wake up,
I have to get up,
Except....

My eyes are wide open and I am not asleep...

Doing things that you wouldn't do in real life,
Ready to do any challenge set ahead,
Exciting adrenaline rushing through your body!
Another amazing adventure
Many awesome people you can meet,
Speechless adventures

Admiring idols
Never-ending happiness
Drifting back into reality

Never ending portal of darkness
In a disturbing dream
Ghosts floating around,
Heavily breathing in shock
They are following your every move,
Maliciously laughing at your pain.
An uncomfortable situation
Regretting your every move
Entering a world you wouldn't want to enter again.
Staring into the light

Our Game of Football

Our game of football is going downhill,
Our organisers and leaders farm for money.
The fun of our game is disappearing
Because the idea of 'money' just keeps appearing.

Our game of football is not the same -
Rigged matches, paying referees -
All influenced by money.
The football industry is becoming scummy.

Our game of football is losing its meaning -
The people with power, constantly scheming.
The beauty of our game is losing its meaning
Our community has had enough.

She twirled in a spiral of self-hate,
Alone.

Disconnected from everyone.

Sitting in her insubstantial shell,

Blood draining down the walls, dripping leisurely

One drop at a time.

Heart racing - the sudden crescendo of Beethoven's symphony.

Drowning in her intuitive thoughts of her coup de grace.

Who knew the mind could be such a beautiful sight?

As she gazed outside at the twinkling twilight,

After nightfall, her life will never be the same.



Nina Luong

The Storm In The Middle Of The Night

Quiet...

He was petrified,
His heart pounded,
Pulse raced rapidly,
Eyes widened like an owl
Speeding through the dark night sky,
Gasping breath of his fear.

Quiet...

He was petrified,
Cloaked in deep, thick mist,
Ghostly stooped figures attacking him,
Breathing down his side,

Quiet...

He was petrified.

Heads go down,
Ideas drown
As they sail across the sea,
Success will only be a dream

Advice flying your way,
From every direction day by day
Not knowing what to leave,
And what to take

Never be in doubt,
Take all the negativity out,
Let it sail across the sea,
So success will never only be a dream

Afnan Abdulalim

Life is never going to be the same.
Not since the last time you called my name.
I was in misery, though I had money and fame.

My life was just a lame game.
I was so afraid and always full of shame,
Until you came...

Inside me was a burning flame.
The closer you came,
The louder I heard my name,
And the more my heart inflamed.

There was no one to blame...
My heart simply couldn't be tamed...

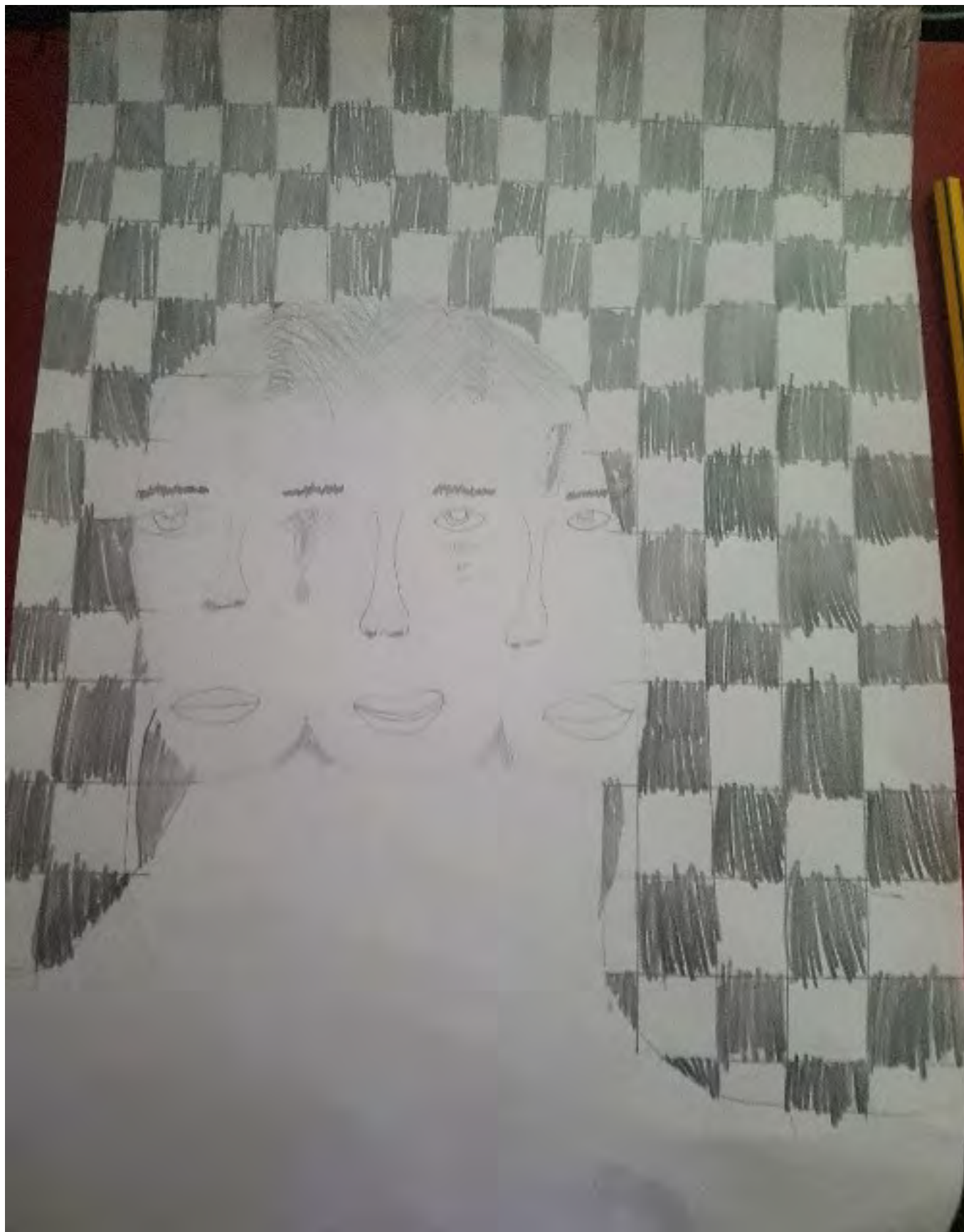
Through A Woman's Eyes

As I walk down the street in the deep night
My brain on alert as a wanted criminal
Ready to run
With razor keys gripped through my knuckles
Ready to fight
Down a troublesome street
At the wrong time of night
Anything could happen
Especially if you are a woman.

The worst and most terrifying thoughts unravel my brain
Questions and fears flood
My pace speeds up
The gradual song of someone's footsteps lurks near me.

As a young woman,
What if this moment is going to change my life forever?

Anastasia Shovkoplyas



Miguel Balola Bogle

Problems come with living,
Don't expect life to be a directed and rehearsed play.
Life goes wrong sometimes,
Life hurts sometimes.

However, scars are trophies,
Signs that we've overcome the storm.
As long as you fight back,
You've lived a fulfilled life.

Jessica Marques

If we do not address the issue of global warming now,

It will be too late.

This is not how we have destined our fate.

There will be no more future generations.

Is this what you want to do to our human population?

Our animals are dying;
Polar bears are on the verge of becoming extinct.

Why are we causing this world-wide rift?

Global warming is slowly affecting people's lives every day,

We can't sit back and let climate change get its way.

Suri Dagi

Life is never going to be the same
While the beating yellow sun
Shines on the clear water.

Leila-May Gritton

2020

The atmosphere is filled with apathy and internalised feelings
Oozing out of ears and mouths like a
Jammy doughnut

What would it take to make a change?
How many lives lost, petitions signed?

Coloured

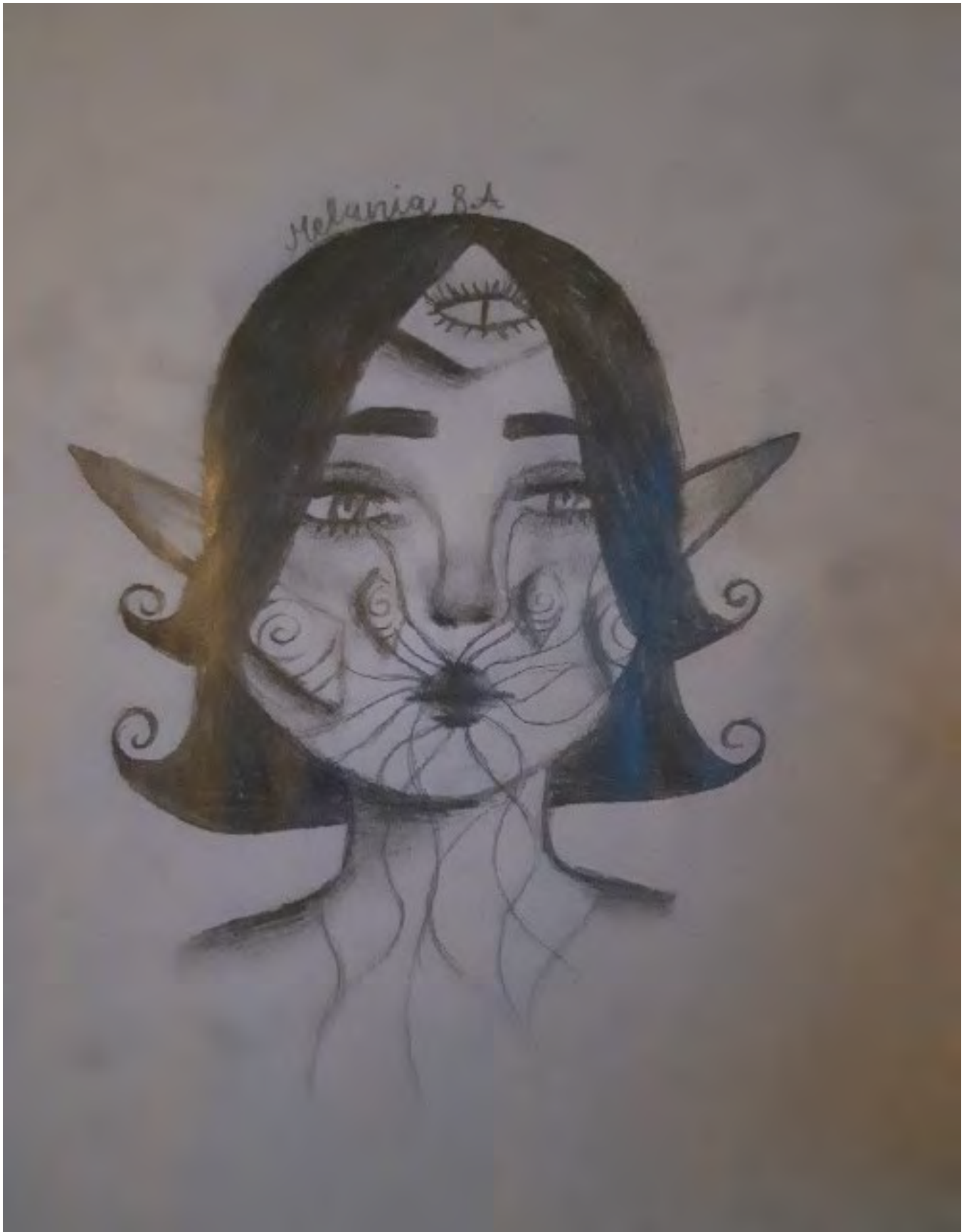
Blood

Spilt.

What will it take
For the world to wake the hell up and notice that
Your utopia is another's cacotopia?
One man's meat is another man's poison.

Shower thoughts like these
Strung around like fairy lights in my dreamscape.

Maryrose Appah



Melania Skotarenko-Spicer

"It's time!" my mother's voice signified in her honeysuckle tones. The golden eye amongst a sea of clouds shone upon her fair-haired head, with her smile a-dazzle. Nothing could compare to her exquisiteness. The only thing that matched anything close to her level of happiness, was her cooking. No one could get enough of her mouth-watering food.

The clock had just struck 11, with china plates spread out across the dining table. Each was accompanied by silver cutlery and a mountain of special fried rice. It radiated hot smoke as much as it radiated its scent, which I inhaled the moment I stepped foot in the kitchen. In a blink of an eye, I was in my seat, and practically bounced in my chair all giddy like a child who had received the biggest chocolate fountain for their birthday. I was entirely clueless as to why nobody else was eating with me.

Swallow after bite, my smile grew. Tick after tock, the clock on the wall struck two. The food on my plate was endless, literally. Every spoonful was the same and I could not move my spoon in any other crevice within the still hot rice. Did that faze me? Not in the slightest. I was so naive.

The clock kept ticking and tocking and ticking and tocking; at that point the hour and minute hands were a blur. They became the only things I could hear. For reasons unknown, I kept eating, probably determined to finish the food even though I knew my mother would never scold me for not finishing it. But I kept going and going and going and going.

How I didn't feel sick to my stomach, was one of the million questions I had in my mind later.

After what felt like an age, the tick reached its last tock, and all that stood was silence. My arm had finally stopped lifting the spoon and I was frozen. The food on the plate looked the same state as it had at 11 o' clock; I hadn't been able to empty it even a little.

The only thing that was empty was the room. I was so intoxicated by the food's oriental scent that I did not bother to stop and realise that the room was white. Just white. Was it oblivion? Heaven? Limbo, maybe?

It was just the dining table and the clock. The square-shaped clock, the cause of the silent stillness. My legs felt numb, but I found myself standing up anyway. The spoon was held in my hand so tightly, to the point that it burned.

Eventually, the dining table and sweaty spoon faded into nothingness. It was just me and the clock, the clock that stopped its tick tocking for longer than I had dreaded.

Then, another thing accompanied the room.

A voice. A laugh. A laugh I had known since the day I was born. I couldn't see her, but I knew the voice belonged to my mother. No one owned a honeysuckle voice like hers. However, her tone was...cynical. It grew louder as the moments went by and since I had been so used to the clock's ticking, it didn't take me long to realise that her giggles were rhythmical to the clock's earlier noise. The cracks in her voice became more audible the louder her giggles grew. It sounded like she was only a few metres to my left, but I was incapable of moving my head even a little. My lips moved, but not a syllable was uttered.

"It's time," came from the voice to my left. I could hear pure pain in my mother's voice, so why could I feel her smiling? That wasn't even the thing that unsettled me most— what really did, was the way I felt the arteries in my lungs and heart tug at my ribcage. I could've sworn there was a last tick tock before my eyes closed. All the white I saw in oblivion, the abyss, heaven— had faded to black.

A Broken Heart

A wise man said love makes life worth living,
As I plummeted into my deepest desires and fears,
I found myself in love.
I caught myself drowning in his enticing words.
Him controlling the strings to my broken heart.
His treasured colour was red.
I dressed in red.
Painted in red.

However, he noticed her.
The disease of a broken heart,
Was the hardest to bear.
Submerging in my sorrows,
I laid in a pool of red,
Begging for him to come.
Yet, he never did.

A Beautiful Piece Of Nature

A beautiful piece of nature,
An eye-catching feature,
With a lovely bright, blue sky,
And fluffy, white clouds passing by,
Covering the cheeky sun trying to peek,
Playing with the lush, green trees hide and seek,
Swishing oak trees dancing with the howling wind,
Leaving the fresh smell of humidity behind,
Coming from the crystal-clear water of the lake,
Leaving you feeling refreshed and wide awake,
Its beauty too great to resist,
Go on, visit it! I insist!

Lina Rigui



Ferdos Hagos

When times get tough
People get rough,
In the silent night
You're the only light.
Make sure you shine bright,
Even when money is tight.

Don't give up; I know it's hard -
But sit there and play the right card.
Don't give up; I know it's hard -
But sit there and play the right card.

Depression is sad; it makes you feel bad,
Don't get down; change that frown!
Be the light of the town.

Not everything comes easy -
Life takes a turn for the worst or the best.
Put yourself up to the test -
And show it your best.

My Imaginative World

This is my first attempt at a poem. The context of this poem is to inform others how the mind of people with autism works through the use of our dream-like imaginations.

In this dream-like plain, the world around me seems
Almost fictional.

All it takes is a single thought and any obscure creation
Could come to life in an instant.

In this dream-like plain, men and women do not exist.
All there is to see is a blank landscape,
An everlasting void that holds no sound or emotion.

In this dream-like plain, I'm alone.

No feeling within me can overcome this sense of liberty that
Plagues my very soul.

In this dream-like plain, this eternal, immutable and
Endless craving

For an ageless life within this world is almost like a poison,
Spreading throughout my body.

In this dream-like plain, wishes I prayed to divinity for,
Came into reality,

Almost as if this void was my own universal toy box:

Empty, yet somehow full at the same time.
In this dream-like plain, reality seemed to be a work of
Non-fictional cognition that everyone is stuck in,
Till they truly wish to escape from its invisible confinement.
In this dream-like plain, all the pain and sorrow
Humanity once felt
Can be understood by anyone,
Causing life to be eternally boring.
In this dream-like plain, reality didn't seem to be as bad
As I thought it was.
The bewildering feeling of not knowing anything
Gives me excitement
To learn more.
In this dream-like plain...no matter how badly I wish and
Dream for it,
No fictional reality can ever replace the world of non-fiction
I reside in.
I must return to it.
In this realistic plain,
God is in his Heaven and all is right with the world.
However, if I truly wish to return to my dream once more,
All I need to do is
Imagine it.

Malachi Grant

Pride

We have pride
Pride for love,
Pride for loss,
Pride for being ourselves.

But the cost?
Killed for being who we are.
Is that love?

Yet we still fight for our pride
And though many have died,
We still express ourselves with pride.

Laura Vasconcelos



Ana Rita Marques

Life Is Never Going To Be The Same

“Then again if you look deep enough, life has never been the same ever since that moment. Those little things that have happened or are happening, will never happen again: my finger twitching in a certain way, a twig falling along its own path - so maybe that will give you some solace.”

“It’s just that... it’s just impacted me so much; I feel like it will reverberate and ruin things till the day I die, and maybe even beyond.”

“Well, it has to get better from here, I think. Either way you will deal with it; you haven’t got much choice have you?”

I woke up, startled. Why I was startled, I did not know; all I could remember was a haze of things trying to form into a shape, but eventually giving up, I brushed it away.

Couldn’t have been that important...if it was, I would have remembered it. Probably.

I then peered outside, looking out upon the street that I had lived in for so long; it would soon be gone.

Later on at school, I looked down the halls that I had travelled along for so long; these too would soon be gone.

Finally at home, I hugged my parents; each of them would soon be gone, as though they had never existed. As I gazed at them, a flood of memories started banging at the door, begging, crying to be let in.

“It’s all gone; I don’t even know if these ideas are memories or just illusions my brain is making up. I can’t remember much of my past. I remember nothing of my distant past. I “know nothing of my future; it just makes me scared; I know nothing.”

“It’s just that for me, time slips away like a chain on a table; it only seems like a little nudge, then as it nears the end, it slips away faster and faster, until you don’t even know what it was and just dismiss it and never acknowledge it again.

“Anyway, I am sure that in a week or so I will only have faint memories of this and only have notes on my wall telling me of something that was...or so they say...

“I just don’t want to die with nothing; I just want to remember something. That’s why I hate change - it muddles everything and makes it worse.”

The patient babbles as they close their eyes, trying desperately to get a word out, with each word getting softer and each breath making them paler until the rhythmic beeping of the heart monitor goes flat.

They go limp.

Nurses and doctors rush to them, but they are gone, just like one of their memories - a mysterious note on the wall that might never have been.

Night Terror

Dead and still; like a trapped soul
Utter silence, mute - hushed yet screaming

Numb.

May my crimson terror stain this white blade to tear my torture
apart
Hand this merciful murderer piece of mind
And watch it go up in flames
Reap this unreal reality, with my blotched bayonet
Utter silence, mute - hushed yet begging.

— — — — —

Dúnmharú

***This poem is an Acrostic poem, though the word is not in
English. Part of it is inspired by the Chinese idiom,
“White knife in red knife out”***

Keightley Tran

Nightmare...
An idea or is it realism?
Unexplained goings-on
Seeking to be left absent
Frightening beyond all process
Diminishing into gloom
Only finding
Morning...

Jowaad Aouchchie



Teejah Dixon Morgan

You may get picked on,
You may feel ready to die,
But don't you ever give up -
Always get up and try.
It may be hard,
Life isn't easy,
Stand up for yourself
Trust me, it's not always easy.

You may feel down,
Sometimes even frown,
Put a smile on your face,
And turn your day around.
Bullies aren't the best,
Give yourself a rest,
Trust me, this is a slow process.

Don't stress yourself out,
Just try your very best.
Sometimes you'll feel down,
But don't frown -
Stand up and
Put on your crown.

Miracle McFarlane

Discrimination In Sport

Football is a sport of high appraise
A festivity amongst many people
But behind the merriment lays a vile counterpart
Sowing a seed of discord between many brethren.

The media being a catalyst to these irresponsible actions,
Painting white people to be as pure as a dove
And black people to be as odious as a raven:
Two juxtaposing viewpoints for the same thing
Further stimulating the seed of disunity to grow.

Generalisations in the multiverse of sport is showering harder
Than ever,
Goalkeepers 6ft, strikers short, rugby players strong
When will the ever so crippling stereotypes come to an end?
Blooming a blossom.

Football - a sport riddled with prejudice and spite.
Full to the brim of discrimination and cruelty,
Diseased and maimed with disunity.
When will the plant of utter hate wither
And finally allow us to prosper?

Uhunoma Obayangbona

As I gazed into the sky, I couldn't believe what I was seeing -
A new sense of reality, a glorious island.
The dark shade of teal that made up the sea was astonishing.
It complimented the alluring island amazingly and looked
Ever– promising.
The view said a thousand words without talking
And that is the reality of this sublime haven.
The perfect ratio of sunlight and clouds make it
So pleasant to bear.
The gentle breeze of air,
The innocent trees untouched by the oppressive hands
Of mankind,
A place free from all pollution.
Free from the faceless corpses that died in war,
Free from the suffering, poverty and detriment of this world.
A society of pure innocence and beauty.
This was the view.
My view.

Muaze Nur Hussien

Bittersweet Dreams

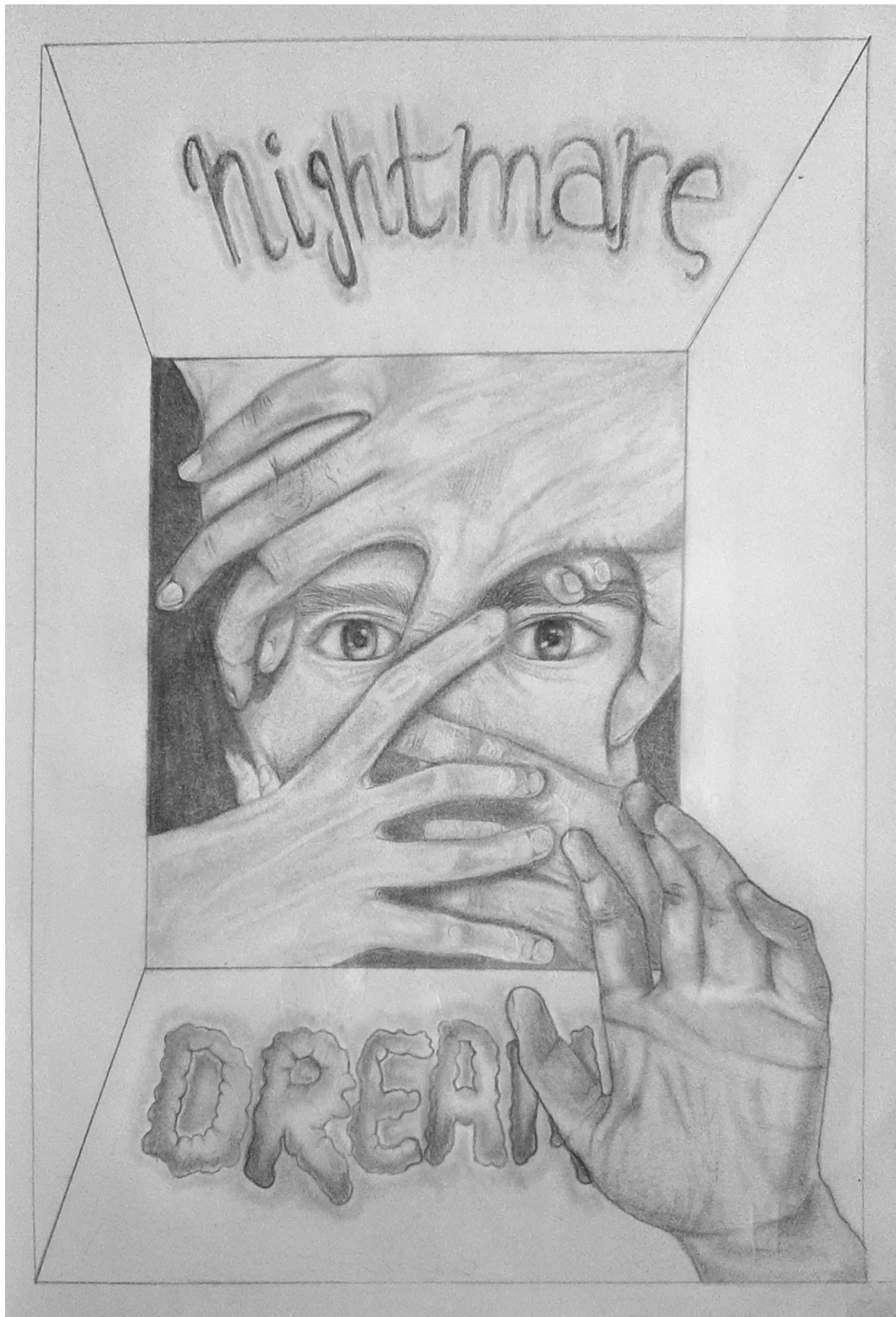
Every night my mind is filled with dreams,
Those warm, kind eyes
That reflect the faraway skies.

Every night my mind is filled with dreams,
Your beautiful laughter,
Bursting apart from the seams.

Every night my mind is filled with dreams,
A bouquet of pheasant's-eyes,
A gown dyed black,
A ring that slipped through the cracks.

Every morning I wake up to a nightmare,
Without you, I'm left in despair.

Nina Luong



Carina Johnson

Trapped In A Coma

This is what I really wanted to tell you,
How I feel,
What I cannot say ...
As the night begins to wonder,
And seedings start to sprout,
The feeling of sand beneath you starts to give way,
Your body floats far,
Far away from your reach,
It's dark,
Too dark to even ponder any speech,
Your body rapidly deteriorates.
You feel your spine tingle
And you hear the last beat so loud you suddenly stumble,
Yet you are still above the ground with sand beneath your feet.

So,
What are you hiding from?
Who are you hiding from?
Because your desires are locked up deep,
You repeat the same mistakes.
You're confused
Till you feel the wind's breeze.
You're stuck in a time loop until you
Confront the mind's stubborn virus,
But it just latches onto you tighter.
You try to climb to the mind's surface
For you know there is more waiting for you.
Still,
It is too much
You sink deeper and deeper into the burning sand.
It is too late.
Those rosy cheeks that you once wore are no more,
Your emotions give way,
And muscles turn to jelly,
Just like that,
Here you are,
And here you shall stay...

Aryanna Jahanbani

When sometimes you feel like you're in a grey world
Always remember there's always another road,
When you feel like you might just end it all
But then you remember - is it worth that huge fall?
When you smile to get out of things
And lie to all your surroundings,
When you remember life is worth living

Ashwaq Omar

Don't you ever wonder...

If life will ever stop

Being against you?

Oh, how life can be so...

Painful?

When everything

is going not as you thought,

Yet you put a smile on your face

Even though it's fake...

But why?

Why is the world so terrible?

...that's the question many
people ask.

But if you look closely,

Life can be beautiful

If you see it from a different angle.

See the beauty that is

Held by the world,

You...

Yes, you...*you're* the beauty,

Your friends, your family.

Who knew that life

Could indeed be this beautiful?

Know that the world is beautiful,

Know that...

Everything will be okay.

Beatriz Gomes

Dreams: escaping to a world like never before
Dreams: bright as a joyful sun
Dreams: a bright fantasy that you control

Dreams: trees dancing happily in the forest
Dreams: witches brewing enchantment spells
Dreams: sandy beaches near an aqua ocean

Dreams: landing on Mars for the first time
Dreams: flying with a magical carpet
Dreams: climbing colossal heights

Dreams

Anything can happen



Laura Vasconcelos

Testing

Time ticks by,
Bit by bit
I think of hope
To help me cope.
I may feel low,
Here and there,
But it is only natural
To rise and fall.
I may feel great
Throughout time,
As if I can achieve
And nothing can stop me.
But every time I fall down
I get back up and carry on
Because I'm not the only one who goes through hardship
And it's ok to mess up and slip.
There is a grand prize awaiting me,
Also known as sweet success.
If I can achieve the best,
Then I must endure a difficult test.

Asmaa Otmani

Don't Crumble

When worms crawl,
When birds fly,
When tigers brawl,
When monkeys cry

Triumphant they climb,
Defeated they cower,
Running out of time,
Left with no power

When things go sideways,
Say it's fine,
Because you won't live always,
So keep sadness in line

All you need is to believe,
To be able to bounce back from a stumble,
To sit...to relax...to breathe,
So in adversity's face, you can't crumble.

Heaven Is Dear

Heaving through the awkwardness of burdened pains,
Earrest minds wander to the everlasting future,
Anchoring our smiles that wave goodbye to past chains,
Voraciously entrapping our emblematic nature.
Encapsulating glory - how filled, how satisfied!
Nourishing with such magnificence and harmonious splendour,

It's where all in serenity, welcome those who are classified to
Such a sincere realm of meek, tranquil power.

Delving into a replenishing atmosphere, as all hallow the infinite,
Explicitly laughing at a once loved, but vain success and wish.
Although limited as a mind, success must be bliss for the minute,
Resonating while I continually hear a silky swish.

A journey of a thousand miles must begin with...

A single step

Even if you feel like you don't have any legs,
Crawling can create crude experiences that
Fertilise dirt-filled mouths with words of wisdom.

Caterpillars don't immediately evolve into vibrant,
Gorgeous butterflies emerging from their cocoons,
And even then
They won't flutter off into the horizon.

They gracefully bask in their surroundings,
Slowing down their surreal realities to a comprehensible pace.

Make mistakes,
Obtain rewards for truly earning the prize of life: perseverance.

Embrace change.

Maryrose Appah



Nina Luong

Time is one of the most restless entities,
That never seems to hearken our pleadings.
It naturally soars across our life with such arrogance,
Yet delights in its limitless freedom amidst the
Sparks of innocence.

Although it has an intended destination in mind,
By the infinitesimal second, its goal is subtly
And constantly redefined,
It directs, sustains, replenishes to a prominent felicity,
With the utmost meekness, and eloquent simplicity.

Severely exquisite, more priceless than the jewels
Bestowed amongst us,
More illuminating than any ruby, gold or earthly ornament, thus:
It's a strikingly treasured item that any human can spend,
But once lost, it can never be found or caught sight of to amend.

The ultimate evaluator, the ever-pending determiner,
Within it are boundless chances,
That you can only be early to and honour,
Or be late to and forbear,
Since time immemorial, it's been a fulfiller, restorer
And wise counsellor,
But, those who carelessly despise it
Experience repercussions galore.

Every second is continually the relieving present,
The foregoing second becoming your lonely past's scent,
And the second soon to be after becomes
Your pending and influenceable future,
All in your hands: great power that could never be
Grasped any tighter.

What a mystery it is, when the unseen
Abnormally overpowers the seen.
Time ticks in an ever-revolving cycle, world-shattering,
But with a facade that appears so serene.
Trust faithfully in it today so that tomorrow can thank you,
But what you spend it on momentarily
Determines its authentic value.

Chukwuebuka Oliseadu

As I gazed into the sky I saw...
Something blue and beautiful,
Topped off with something white and filled with dreams.
I gasped in awe because life isn't all that it seems...

Pitter patter, the clear but dirty water went as stones flew in
Brown and muddy dirt that elegant flowers grew in.

The lovely shade of green that was the overgrown grass,
The thing on his face that was a mask
Flew off when he was with me and I with him.
When we were together life was never dim.

This is the send off he deserves,
From heaven above he observes.
United we will be my love
"I'll see you soon, my turtle dove."

The beautiful blue sky made me feel like nothing in the world could harm me.

I imagined what it would be like living up there: clouds that taste like sweets – sweet cotton candy.

The amazing sugary smell of cupcakes, as three little birds sing Bob Marley's lyrics.

Jaydan McKenzie



Laura Vasconcelos

I Surrender

Why can't I walk outside?
Without hearing whistles because you can see my thighs?
Why can't I feel comfortable in my own body,
Without my society stopping me?

What if I wanted to work in construction?
But my application failed?
Oh I know why,
Because I'm not a male.

If silence is 'yes' is that why you went quiet in court?
After the judge asked you three times if you ruined the poor soul.
If I'm scared to go out at night,
Why do you make me fear more?
By following me until there's light.

It's not about what I wear anymore; it's about my gender,
Why is it normalised?
I surrender.

Tilly Kehinde

Wake me up from this chaos
And save me from this nightmare.
Keeping me from dreams and happiness,
Everything in my life is a curse.
Usually, it's there to torment me with its smirk.
Please let me live a dream forever.

Jessica Marques

Life is never going to be the same again,
Once the virus that has plagued us for so long has died down,
Even though the threat may drain,
There will still be the occasional frown.

It might make a resurgence
More deadly and dangerous than before,
Into a lockdown we submerge
With our family being the core.

The NHS will once again take charge
The deadly virus they will face,
And will sacrifice being able to recharge
And be our saving grace.

Staying at home is all we can do
And do what we are told.
There will eventually be a breakthrough
And everything will be controlled.

We need to support each other
To get through this challenging time.
This will ensure things will get better one after the other,
On the road to recovery we climb.

Life may take a turn,
For better or for worse.
But some kind of normality will return
And we will be released from this curse.

Kyra Knibbs-Curtis



Kayden Cox

Fake smiles
Painful eyes
Diminishing truths
Believing lies

Boushra Hagos

Do I insult you when I speak?
Does it hurt you when I preach?
When the children are crying
Crying on the streets.

How about when the animals are dying?
It's us, we're not trying
When we're stripped of our families
And the mothers can't live without us.

If I wear a hijab, am I a terrorist?
I stand with women.
I'm proud to be a feminist!

40% of people die
Because of suicide.
This is not funny
This is real life.

Being yourself is fine
Showing your skin is alright
Being fully covered
Isn't me being oppressed
Excuse you, but this is how I dress.

Can't we accept that good goes with bad.
It's a pair, it's a duo
It's the life that we have

Why don't we come together
Let's all unite
We're all humans
This might be our last fight.

Suhayla Ahmed



Reema Hassan

I don't understand.

I stood in front of what is supposed to be my home. But it wasn't even recognisable anymore. It stood, devastated and fatigued as the weight of all its secrets continued to weigh heavier on its shoulders by the minute. Bit by bit, it was collapsing as pieces kept falling off. It no longer wanted to live; but I needed it to.

From every window and where the front door had once been, fire cackled and danced as though it was attending a house party - one for witches to cause mass havoc. As devastating as it was, I couldn't help but stand in awe as my fate was unveiled before me.

Neighbours and passers-by stopped to witness this incident. They gathered in groups, whispering and pointing towards the house and occasionally towards me. Some people pitied me, but I didn't care. They were behind me: out of my vision. What I cared about was what I was going to do next. What would become of me?

Members of the emergency services rushed back and forth; fire-fighters tried to put out the blazing fire and police officers tried to piece the puzzle together whilst keeping everyone a safe distance from the suicidal house. An ambulance noisily raced past me as I made my way home, but I didn't realise who could possibly be in there or why.

A firefighter was speaking to a police officer not too far away, discussing how the fire had started. *“The fire started from the kitchen: the oven’s gas was on. It must have ignited when she switched the lights off and she wouldn’t have known because she was half-asleep.”*

My eyes widened in realisation: it was my fault. I was the one who had refused to double check whether I’d switched the oven off before I left. I thought I had switched it off, but it turns out I hadn’t. That then led to a fire breaking out and destroying our house, making our situation worse than it already was.

Ever since dad left two years ago, things haven’t been right. He no longer wanted to be with us for the stupidest reasons, walking out on us both for someone else. Had he really loved us, he would have stayed. But he didn’t. So why did it bother me so much? Many people live with only one parent. Others don’t have parents at all. It has become a norm in today’s society. My stupidity allowed my immediate thoughts and emotions to take control of me. If I had thought things through, I would have seen that everything was going to be just fine. I really messed up, to the point that I even destroyed the relationship between my mother and I. I became so upset that I changed and became a horrible teen. I no longer got along well with Mum, but the truth is, I didn’t really care then. Or did I?

Earlier today, Mum had warned me not to go to the party. She said that it wouldn’t help me progress in life at all, but I just responded by telling her to shut up and that she didn’t understand. She warned me about tonight. She warned me about my friends. She even warned me about myself. But I never listened. I thought she didn’t understand. But she actually knew a lot more than I did.

After all, she was the one who had the love of her life walk out on her and her child for someone else; she was the one who had lost her high-paying job; she was the one who had to take care of me when she was at her lowest.

I just made things worse. I could have worked to help her financially because I am old enough to do so, but I didn't. I could have spoken to her to help her through her pains, but I didn't. I could have at least listened to her and her advice, but I didn't.

I have finally realised my mistakes and I promise that I'll make things right. I thought to myself, *"I'll tell mum how much I love her and how sorry I am and I will fix all my mistakes and change (again), this time, for the better."* That is when I heard them.

A firefighter had received news from the paramedics and was informing a police officer of it. *"The woman who lived here and was found injured was taken by the paramedics. They just called to update us on her state and get you to pass the information to her child. She ... she didn't make it."* Audible gasps could be heard coming from every one behind me. My eyes widened in shock and my knees gave up on holding me up. It couldn't be. It just couldn't. My mind flashed back to the last thing I told her: *"JUST SHUT UP! You never understand!"* The house too, as if affected by the news, crumpled to a heap of rubble, finally leaving me.

Now I must face life on my own. Because I really am alone. The guilt will haunt me forever and there is nothing I can do about it. I understand now. And I know for a fact that life isn't going to be the same.

Asmaa Otmani

Completely alone in my bed,
Unending thoughts fill my head.
Drifting into comfortable bliss,
Or falling into a terrifying blitz.
Dreams are always a gamble.
Dreams are always circumstantial.

Dylan Tham



Ana Rita Marques

Sleep

We caused the earth to be chaotic,
We had melted the arctic,
We caused destruction and havoc,
We hunted trees like a starved fennec,

Fires and bombs ablaze,
Guns and swords for days.
No end - no peace in sight,
Criminals filled with fright,

But you somehow escaped,
Leaving everyone else agape,
You shut your eyes
And said your goodbyes,
To this horrible world you hate.

Finally, there's some quiet,
You see blurs of colours,
Of luscious greens and lively reds,
Of joyful yellows and the purest white.

Trees...

You thought only the ancients would have seen them,
There are cherry blossoms of pink,
Saffron leaves and trees of orange,

Along a river of blue,
Apples dropping into water from their trees,
They were free,
They became the lush greenery.

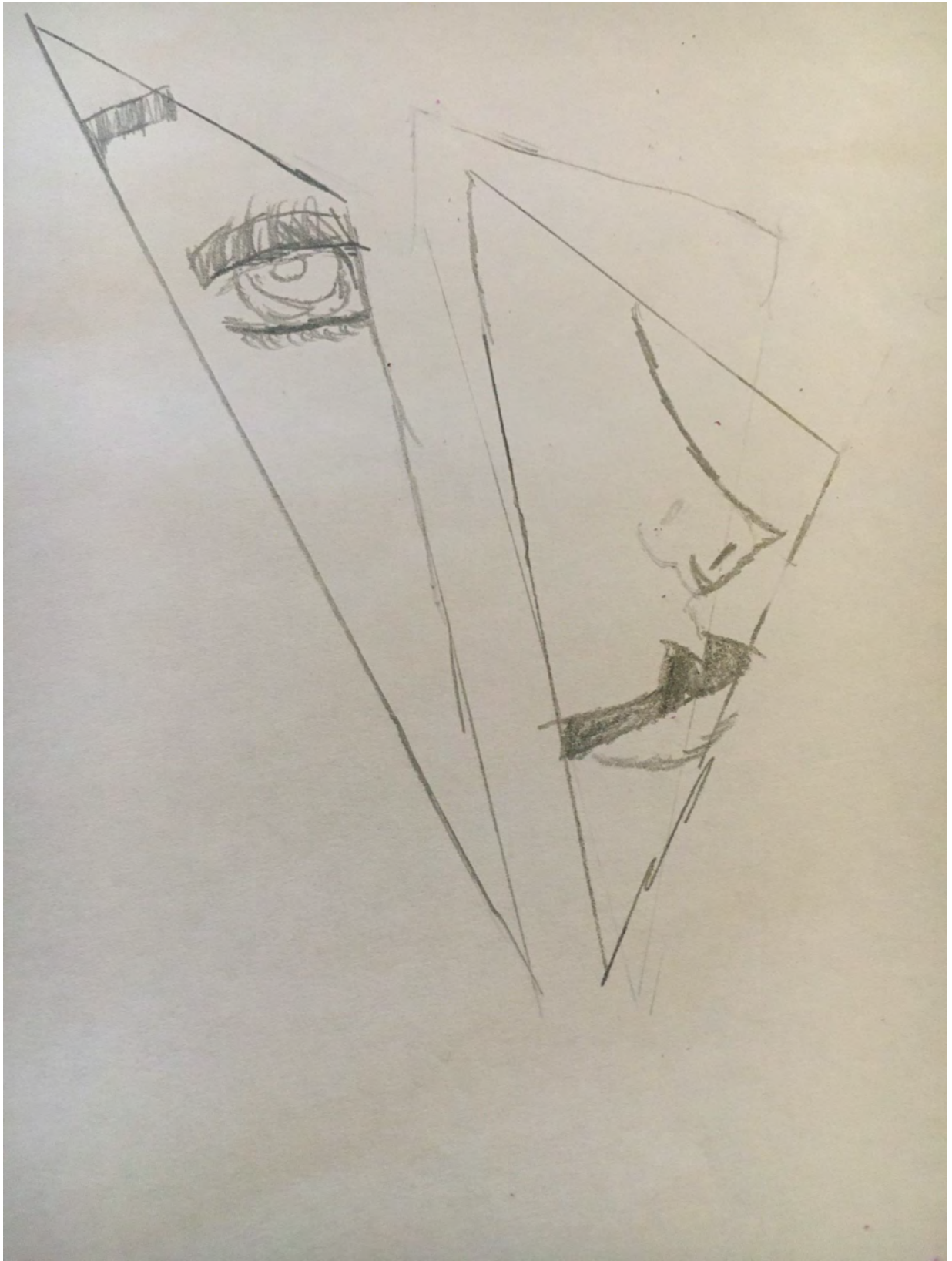
You take a step forward...
How strange?
You're stuck,
You can't move from the tight grasp of reality.

You give in to the horrible world you live in,
You were asleep,
You tried to escape oblivion,
But now, all you can do is weep.

Fares Ouanoufi

As I gazed into the sky,
I couldn't believe what I was seeing;
The sky was like a river of stars
Flooding into the atmosphere.
Words couldn't describe its majestic beauty;
It was like a canvas
Freckled with a million droplets of white paint.

Zakia Osman



Isabel Okokwho

Is it too much to ask,
For a life without fear?
For our children to shed no tears?
For a life of peace?
For our pain to decrease?

Is it too much to ask,
For a safe haven that is our home?
For a shielding iron dome?
For justice — freedom?
For our deaths to have decorum?

Is it too much to ask,
For shelter?
For food and water—to work together?
For our tides to not be apart?
For our futures to finally start?

Is it too much to ask,
For the waves of war to slow down?
For a right to live without being forced to drown?
For equality?
For us to have our own identity?

You -
You incited crime,
You provoked terror,
You fought back.

You wouldn't leave,
You wouldn't die,
You wouldn't stop,
You wouldn't give up.

It's only fair
That we unleash our entire might,
To show you how hopeless you are,
But why won't you stop?

You are the tide that keeps rising back up,
You keep coming back,
You won't give up,
You won't stop.

We won't stop.

Fares Ouanoufi

As I lie in bed
I often think about what they've said.
I close my eyes hoping I won't dream about the dead;
I hope this nightmare will be the end.
Trapped in this loop of eternal nightmares,
As minutes and hours just seem like days
I wait, despite all these delays.
Every night these monsters seek me,
The fire in my dreams feels like 100 degrees.
I think I'm cursed,
Can this day get any worse?
I have this feeling that just wants to burst
I've tried everything, but nothing seems to work.
Even when I'm not dreaming, I always seem hurt.
These nightmares I cannot escape,
They always happen when I am not awake.
The devils have a grip on my soul -
Something only they can only control.
I feel them at night
Crawling through my dreams like a parasite.

Ranaad Abdulle

The Lake

When I was a child living in the countryside, there was a lake near my house. It was one of the most peaceful and calm things around. After school, I'd break away from my siblings and go and sit by the lake alone, just to see what was going on.

In the spring, when life is refreshed and new, there are flowers that grow near its bank: white splashes of daisies, purple dots of violets, yellow circles of buttercups. Frogspawn hangs in clumps of gleaming orbs near the surface, dragonflies zip around like dashes of multi-coloured light and shimmering goldfish swim peacefully below.

In the summer, the lake has a peaceful aura that, more than once, has lulled me to sleep. Midges float in lazy spotted clouds, the sky is bright, blue and clear, and the sun beams above.

By the time autumn arrives, snails creep over the lake stones while the patterned fish dart around. Bulrushes stand tall and straight, their brown tops swollen and cylindrical. I never really stay out there for long in the autumn.

In the winter the lake freezes over; the ice looks stable and crystalline, but in reality, stepping on it would break it and you'd plunge into the freezing cold grasp of the lake's water, possibly never to resurface. The surrounding bleak field is blanketed in snow and frost.

When I was older, I left the countryside and got a job in the city. I didn't revisit it for a long time. There were too many adult responsibilities, though I did think about it often. Whenever things got hectic, I would daydream that I was by the lake again.

One day, during an unplanned holiday, I went to visit the childhood home where my parents still lived. But the lake had changed. I almost didn't recognise it.

The surface shimmered in multi-coloured swirls, which were stunning to behold at first, before I realised what it was. Oil.

Beneath the lake surface, there were no creatures. No fish, no frogs, no snails – nothing. The plants still grew around the edge, but sicklier than before and more sparse.

It was no longer my happy place.



Jessica Marques

My dreams are an amalgamation of distorted memories -
The truth presented to me as nightmares in technicolour.

Reels of every mistake I've ever made
Displayed on a silver screen

Folusade Akinbinu

Climate Change

Animals are dying,
Children are crying,
We are ruining the world.

The sea levels are rising,
The ice is drowning,
The polar bears are dropping,
Like a swarm of flies,
We need to start helping.

We travel in cars, planes, trains,
We are the reason our world can't change.
The greenhouse gases are flooding the atmosphere,
Damaging the ozone layer.
We need to stop.

We aren't helping the future generation,
We are helping them to die.
When all animals become extinct,
So will I.

The temperature is rising,
We are having extreme weather,
How is it May
But it feels like December?
This is what the next generation has to deal with,
If we don't begin helping now.
We say we are doing well by picking up trash,
But do we forget where all of that goes?
It swims in the oceans all alone,
Until it gets eaten by a poor soul.

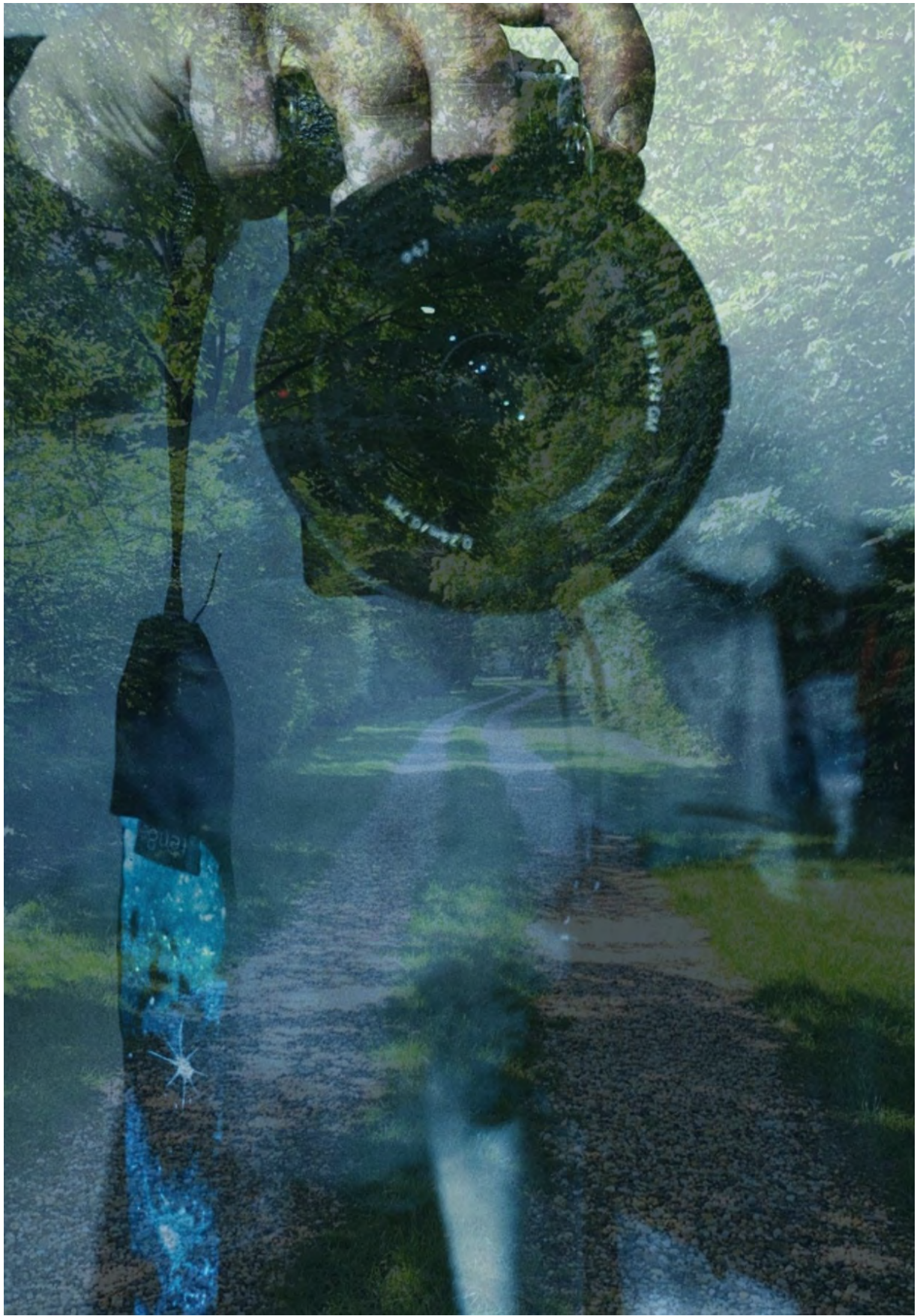
The turtles swim up to the bay trying to reproduce,
But the sun shines too much light,
The males dominate,
There are no females in sight.

When the water dries up,
And there are no plants left,
We will all be pointing fingers
Because the world's a mess.

And are we forgetting about the coral,
How we are destroying it?
Thinking that we are special,
Writing our initials,
Forgetting it is forever.

We are cutting down trees,
We are cutting down life,
We are endangering the animals.
It's right in front of our eyes,
We are ruining the world.

Stephanie Candido



Emily Adegoke

Success - how I'd love that.
So, I'm told to try my best,
My hardest throughout hardships,
But never, ever, am I told
How the feelings of confusion engulf me,
Please...
Let me know what I can improve on,
Then I can really try
To succeed.

Geoffriana Lue-Opoku

Why they take the knee?
To eliminate racial injustice,
Racial prejudice
In sport -
But it's not yet enough.

What makes them victims?
What makes them different?
Why should the colour of skin change anything?
We're all the same.

Players use social media to stay connected,
But now feel away,
But no one quite knows how much they are affected.
When met with some Jeers,
But have been drowned out by cheers.

Yet the media plants a seed of disunity,
'Troubled teen Raheem Sterling buys £50k car.'
'World cup hero Harry Kane buys new dazzling £50k car.'
People see racism and let it be,
Yet ask why it is that they take the knee.

Elisha Broadhurst

Just beyond the majestic mountains
Where the clouds shine so bright

Just beyond the vivid greenery
There's a pre-possessing scenery

Just beyond the forever blue ocean
You'll see the everlasting light

Just beyond the shore
Come the vigorously crashing, glorious waves

Just beyond the tall palm trees
There's a mesmerising view

Just beyond the cliff
Exists a hypnotising landscape

Just beyond the joyful bridge
You'll see an emphasising gracefulness

Just beyond the night sky
There hides a glorious group of illuminating stars.

Hamdi Mohamed

Hell.

The crimson flares engulfing you

By the very minute

Uncontrollable, raging power

Draining your hope

Until there's nothing left.

You're purged of your will

You're purged of your skin

You're purged of your family

You're purged of your wealth.

Nothing matters

Except your suffering,

Except your agony.

You think the flames are bearable;

You're totally wrong of course.

Your bones will disintegrate into dust,

You will respawn like a video game character

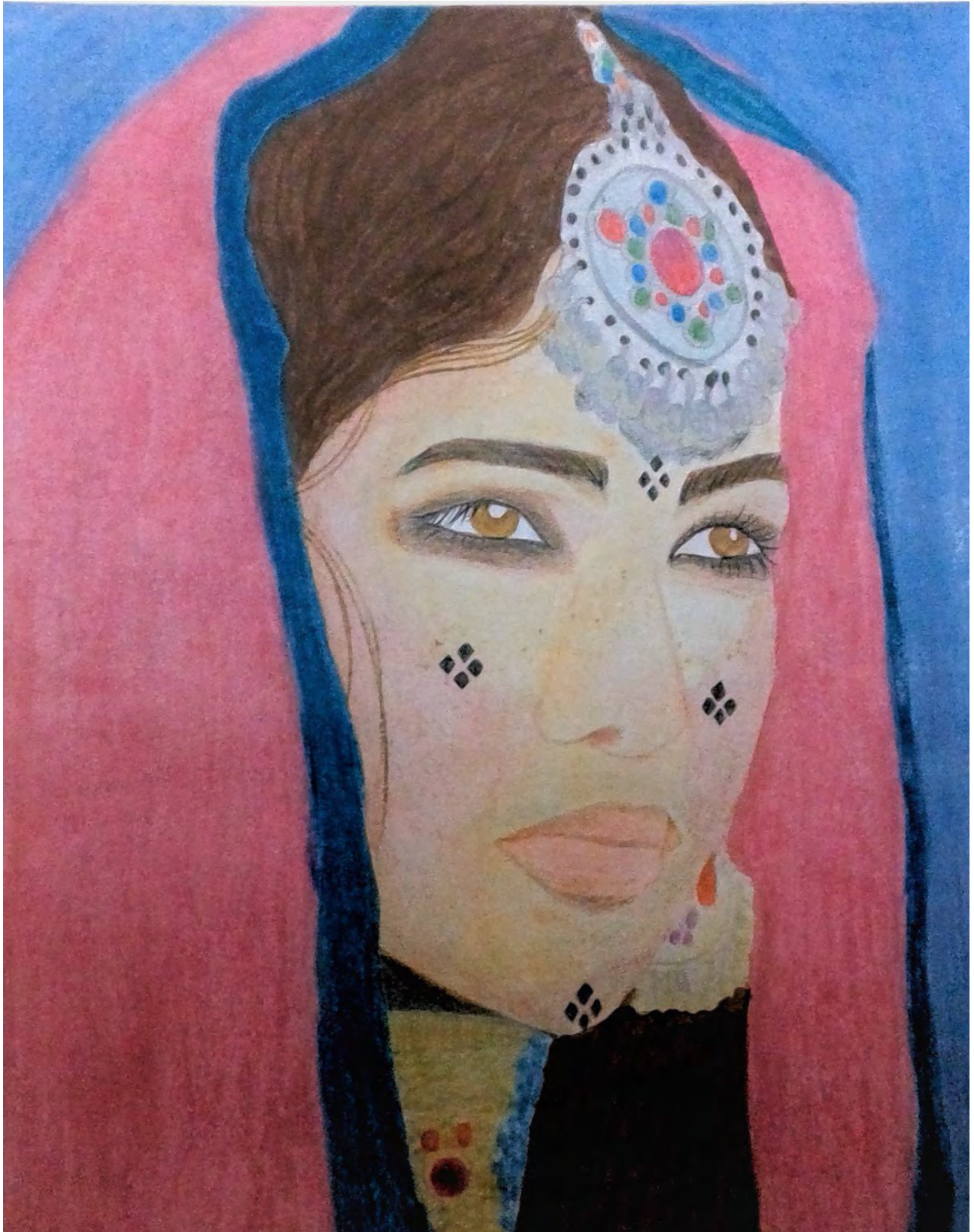
And you will suffer for eternity.

You will sweat until your glands are dry,

Your breathe will scorch your nose and skin.

Hell.

Henock Zelalem



Sunbal Amanullah

Life is never going to be the same; from that moment everything in this world lost its meaningful purpose. It was as if the sky was a faucet slowly draining vibrant colours into a vacuum of emptiness.

Zakia Osman

Never give up on achieving your dreams
Never give up, if you want to believe
Fight for your place in our society
Build yourself up - don't do it quietly
Stay on top, stay in charge, stay motivated.

Nyron Kerr

I ran through the forest, the cool, soft breeze flowing through my hair. I could feel the tall bushes and branches brush against me slightly as I ran, my bare feet scraping against the sandy path.

Stopping for a moment, I squinted towards a bed of flowers that sat composedly at the side of the path. I picked one up, its colour of vibrant purple, and interlaced it into my hair whilst tucking a cinnamon lock behind my ear. I began to run again, this time more rapidly.

Suddenly I came to a halt. As I stood at the edge of the cliff, I felt a sense of utmost tranquillity before removing my pencil from the paper.

If only I could truly escape reality.

Even for just a moment.

Short Of Breath

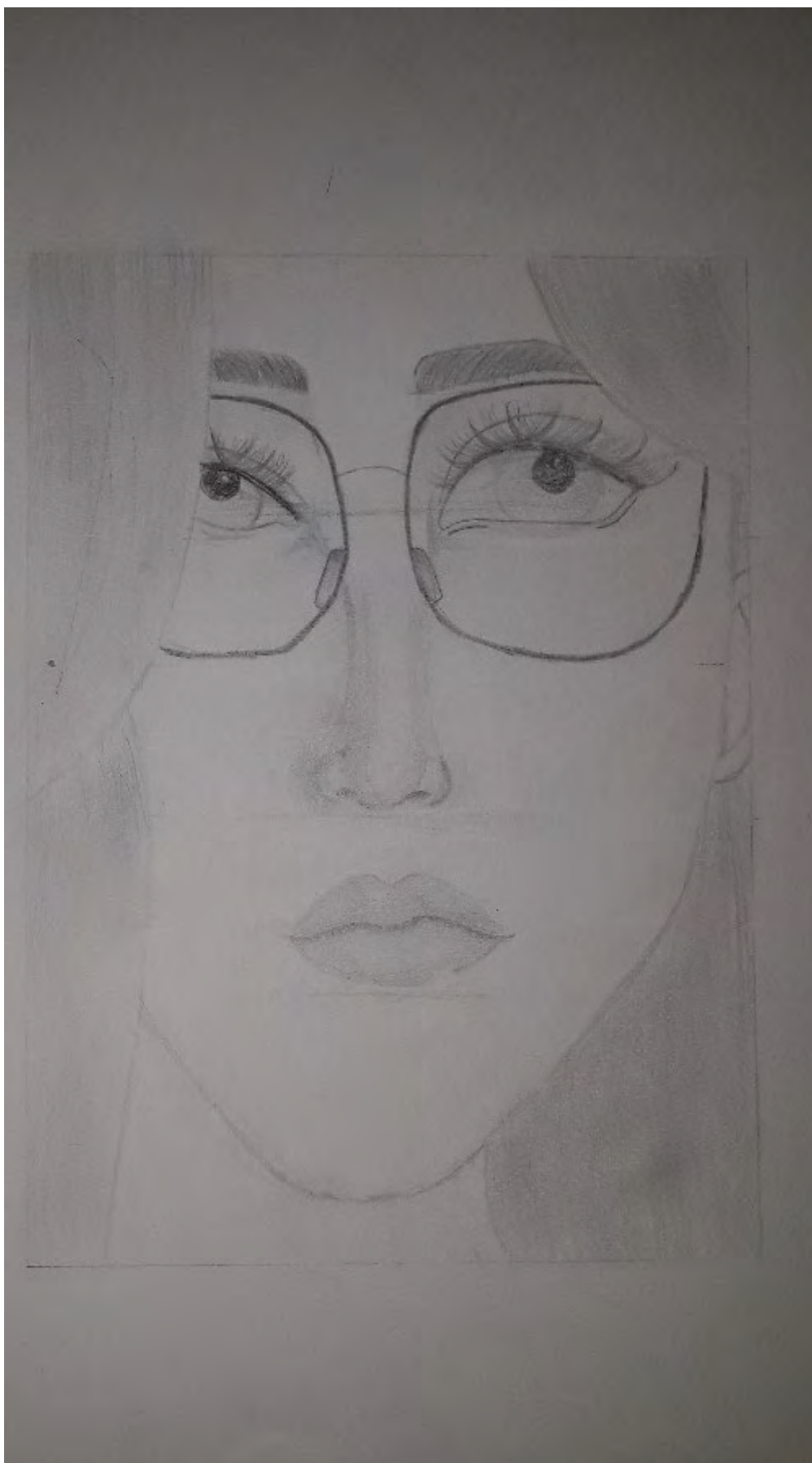
Why are we short of breath?
Running from a symbol of peace,
That same symbol causes unnecessary death,
With an infinite number of casualties.

Why do you deny my people's suffering?
Whilst living in your extravagant world.
To abandon us, to leave us burning
Makes the people's rage continue in the netherworld.

Why do you support my people's oppressors?
Not batting an eye to the survivors.
A knee on my neck, while screaming for help,
Why do you support my people's oppressors?
We want safety, not death,
We want equality, not discrimination.

Why are we short of breath?
Running from this symbol of my people's demise.
Do not demonise us, do not cause more superfluous death.
To make our world a symbol of unity
To let us not be short of breath.

Enoch Duguma



Inaya Rose

No one is perfect.
Even when it gets hard try your best.
Various challenges you will come to face.
Every mistake you make takes you one step closer to succeeding.
Roar like the fierce tiger you are.

Quitting is the only thing that leads you to failure.
Under a rock is where you begin and you end up on the highest
Mountain.

I believe in you. Now it your turn to believe in yourself.
There are so many situations you can succeed in -
When you do not QUIT!!

Yasmeen Qureshi

Dear Past Me

If I could go back in time and give 9 year old me some advice, it would be this...

Don't be in a rush to grow up.

Take your time.

Find yourself.

Learn that the world is bigger than you'd ever imagine.

You'll meet people along the next few years;

Some will make you really happy,

Others will show you a hard time.

But if I'm being honest, I don't think I'd change anything,

Because do you want to know what I got out of it all?

You.

Me.

Yes, we cried.

Yes, we got put down many times.

But we learned from it and we became a better person because of it.

So stop and breathe,

Because childhood doesn't last forever.

Kelly Freitas-Gouveia

The beat of a rain drops,
Glass balls of tears rolling from my palms
Shatter goals smothered in dirt,
My heart slowly turning to ice.

My mind twisting like a chiselled stone,
Forgotten people and dreams floating,
Heart of ice, frozen in time,
The whisper being carried by the wind.

Cries being drowned by a bell of screams,
Tears cast aside, feelings enraged with flowers on fire,
The lonesome night comes as a tide from the sea,
Broken tears of glass laid like a precious ornament.

The sky as bright as a starry night,
Heart-wrenching pain, the darkness seeping through,
My hazel eyes frozen in pain,
Black hands coming from the ground, pulling me down.

Engulfed in darkness, I wake in a cold sweat,
Still feeling empty from the dream.
I fall back into my slumber,
Far away from reality.

Raheem Headley-Bennett

Striding down a yellow street,
Orange petals at her feet,
A purple, sky high above,
Her mind filled with content and love.

Entranced by the colours of the lovely lane,
She fails to notice before her eyes
A shadowy hole of hurt and pain.
She starts to hear the warning cries
And hangs her head in sudden shame.

She trips

She falls

She tumbles down

A deep abyss where black waters drown
And the black walls close like a furrowed brow.
And nothing is heard but the eerie
Sound of a far-off echo - her forgotten name.

In this pit,
So dimly lit
Where the darkness is all the same.

Orban O'Brien



Imogen Bowes

This is what I really want to tell you:
The world has now changed into a more truthful place.
The moon sits in the sky, shining upon the city lights,
Guiding people to the right path.
The sun is a pit of fire filled with thrilling swirls of warm paints.

Zakia Osman

The tide of disappointment pushes against me,
I'm in the dark,
But eventually I will push into the light.
Only to go back into the dark,
So I keep pushing until I become the light,
And eventually I will shine bright,
In the darkness of the night.

And my drive,
My determination,
Will inspire others,
To drop their sad emotion.

Success is not always easy
Though you may think it so,
Always stick to your guts no matter what you hear -
You must believe in yourself.

Don't ever give up
Even if you think it's impossible to succeed.
Think again.
Everyone can succeed as long as they try their best
Remember, being the best
Might not really matter, as long as you are
Happy in life.
Nothing should be impossible,
Even though you may think it.
Determination helps you succeed.

Zahra Qureshi

The sun beams as brightly as a star reflects on the water, while the towering, dark green trees sway and talk to you in the breeze. The light blue sky looks down at the view like a blue cloak enwrapping you in a beautiful day. You can smell the warmth of the air as if you are taking a walk in the countryside, although you are in an urban jungle.

The freezing, fresh water runs gently through the countryside. You can see fish jumping, people fishing, hoping for a bite. On a lovely summer day, you could have a cooling swim in the cold fresh water that at first may take your breath away, but afterwards you will feel wonderful! Canoes paddle down the river while people look at the vibrant colourful birds. Plants all around are large and lush with animals live among them. As you float on your back in the water, you look at the clouds that fly by and enjoy the incredible images they make.



Daniel Coelho

Perhaps

Perhaps it may feel like the world is weighing you down

Perhaps you want to smile

But you can't help but frown.

Perhaps you feel like giving up when there's a long way to go

Perhaps you want to get there quickly but the pace seems slow.

Perhaps.

Perhaps you doze off at the first word of motivation and

Give up on the spot.

Perhaps you've been told to '*keep trying*'. A lot.

Perhaps.

Perhaps you want to be optimistic

But the cloud of doubt still lingers.

Perhaps the feeling of failure is stained on your fingers.

Perhaps.

Perhaps you would've got there if you'd stayed in the race
Perhaps you regret keeping a frown on your face.
Perhaps you feel hopelessly lost and have no idea where to turn
Perhaps your eyes have bags and your stomach is in a churn.

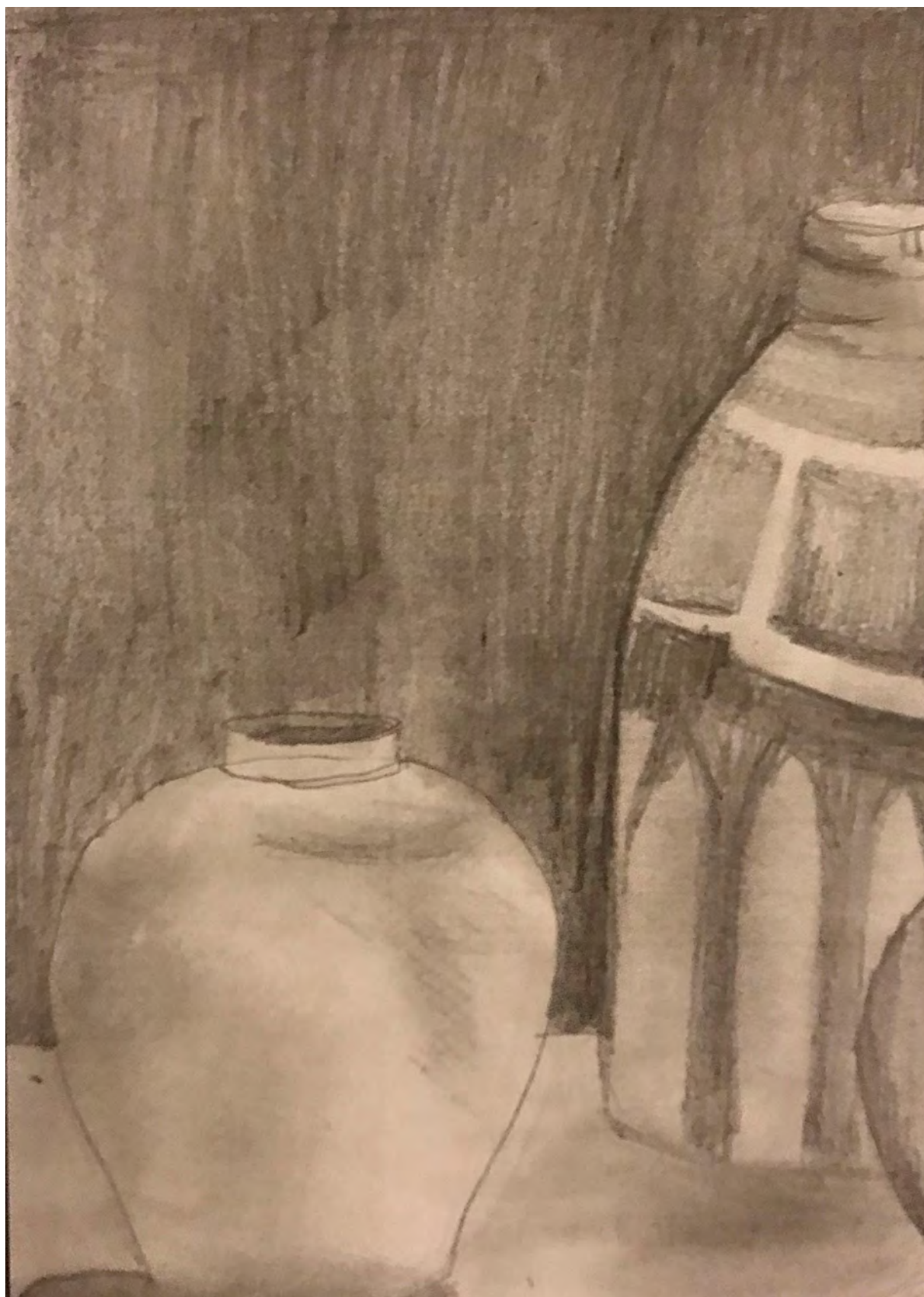
Perhaps.

Perhaps you need advice but don't know where to seek
Perhaps you are that person -
Then listen to these words I speak.

Perhaps it may feel like the world is weighing you down
And tearing you apart bit by bit.
Then rest if you really have to,
Just don't you *ever* quit!

Worry washes over her like crashing waves over the sand,
Her admirable courage shines like the moonlight.
Her heart long buried deep in fear
Has finally been set free .

Silvia Reis



Ana Rita Marques

Nightmares

They're like a stab in the heart
The dagger that creates wounds,
Wounds that can't be healed.
The blood seeps its way through your clothes
Red, red, red
The only colour visible to your eyes.
You gasp for air
You scream for help
They can see you
They can hear your pain
But they choose to ignore you
They choose to watch you suffer
They expect you to survive through it
To not shed a tear.
If you do, then you're weak.
Pathetic.
Useless.
It's okay you convince yourself
That you'll wake up soon anyway.
You wait for your eyes to burst open,
You wait to see yourself awake in your bed,

But then you hear it.

No one is perfect.

Even when it gets hard, try your best.

Various challenges you will come to face;

Every mistake is one step closer to success.

Roar like the fierce tiger that you are.

Quitting is the only thing that leads to failure.

Under a rock you may begin,

Ending up on the highest mountain.

I believe in you.

Now it's your turn to believe in yourself.

Yasmeen Qureshi

The darkness that follows you everywhere
That lurks in every corner of your mind
 "You are awake," it whispers
 And only then you realise
 You're lying in a pool of blood.
 Your own blood.
 Your heart hurts,
 It's always been in pain
 But you chose to ignore it.
 You chose to ignore the pain,
 Even though it drowned you.
 You decided to ignore your pain,
 Because of the simple reason
 That it was your pain.
 And you were useless,
 A waste of time, they all told you.
You lay there while a smile appeared on your face,
 Glad that your life had come to end.
Now you'd finally escape into a dream.....

Although things don't always turn out
The way you planned,
Remember that bad things come and go,
But good times are soon to come.

Even though you want to give up,
Remember that hurt wounds get better,
Life doesn't go in a straight path,
But instead takes twists and turns.

Remember that you must try to reach your goal,
Success doesn't always come easy,
But remember, it takes rain
To create a rainbow.

Although you are tired
And life seems like an inescapable maze,
Just remember, mistakes lead to lessons.

Homo Sapiens

To be human is to be liberated in confinement.
To be told and constantly assured you are free
But to be constantly limited by the perceptions of others.

To be human is to be beautifully scarred.
To be bombarded with hate disguised as love and taunted with
Slander concealed as honesty.

To be human is to dream whilst awake.
To have a fruitful mind which blooms countless aspirations,
But to be withheld in a slumber of uncertainty and worry.

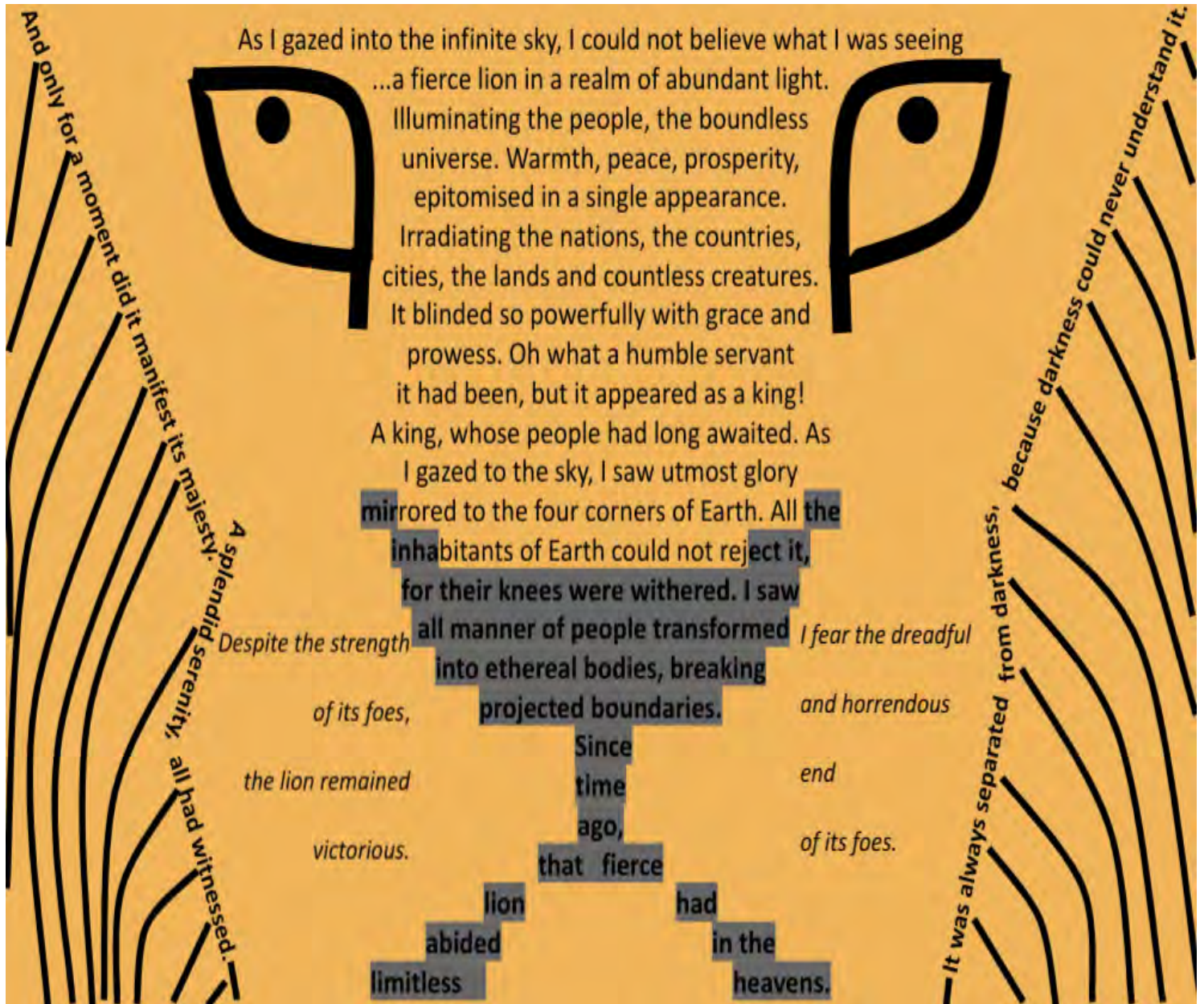
To be human is to love every morning, yet dread every night,
Rejoice at the comfort of the sun's embrace,
Then tremble as the bleak night nefariously steals the sky.

To be human is to have feet and to have faith and to have vision,
All essential for our own individual journeys on earth.

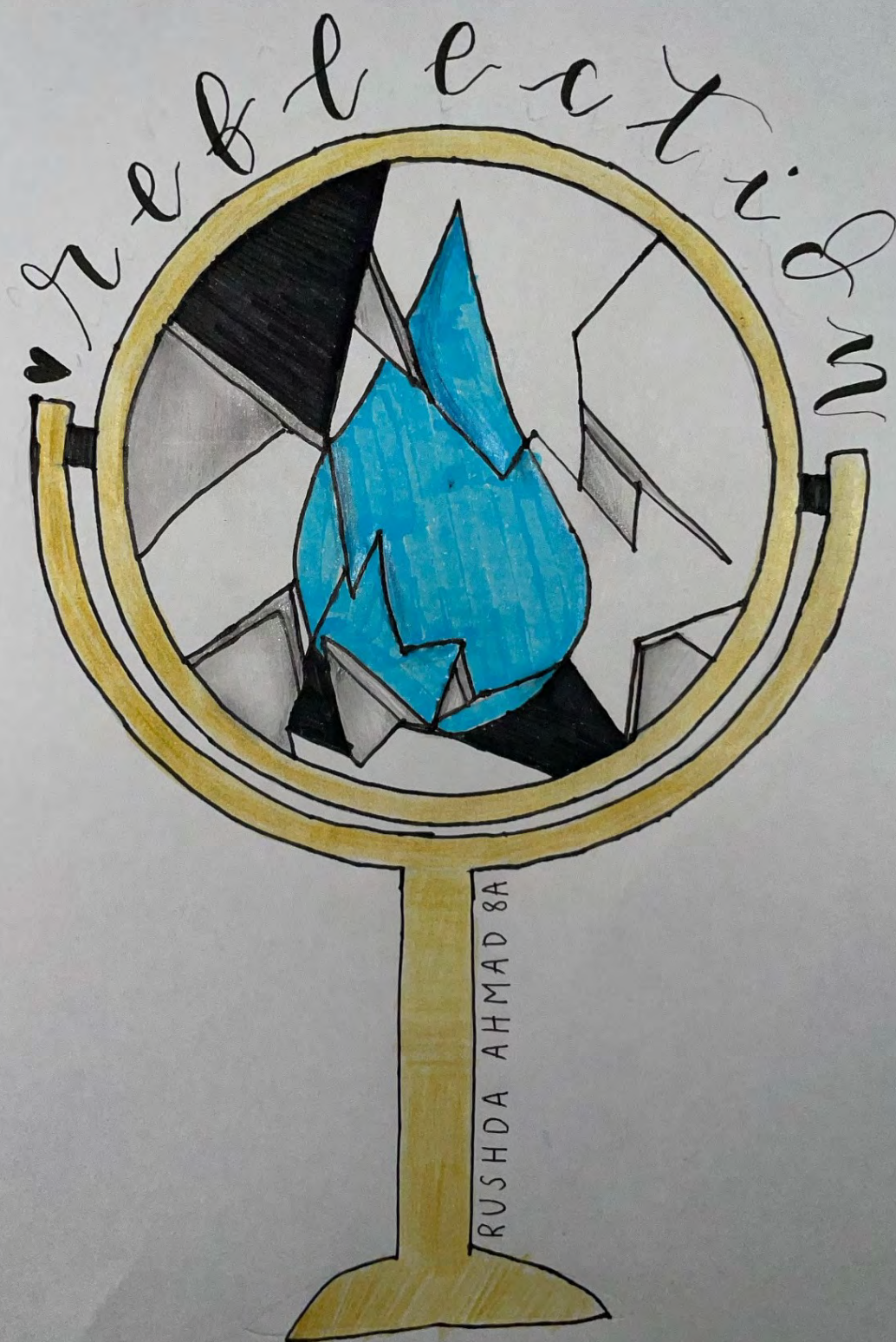
To be human is to have skin, which appears
In a variety of pigments,
Bound to you for defence and protection.

To be human is to be unrepeated,
To have intricate, judicious features;
To be delightfully designed by God with perfect pre-pense.
Distinctive lips. Dominant eyes. Divine skin.

Rebecca Obadina-Adebawale



Chukwuebuka Olsadaeu



Rushda Ahmad

A Selection of 6 Word Stories

Failure, success? I at least tried.

Anastasia Shovkoplyas

Inside the portal was the galaxy

Ashwagh Bourhoveizavi

Don't let them pull you down.

Asmaa Otmani

Fall down. Get up. Move forward.

Asmaa Otmani

I am sorry. Please forgive me...

Asmaa Otmani

No longer around except in memories.

Asmaa Otmani

I had no choice. Now what?

Asmaa Otmani

With every tear...comes a story.

Brenda Lauren Figueroa Mbelek

Nightmares are behind you, silently waiting.

Crystal Joy Azzopardi

Dreams make poetry come to life.

Crystal Joy Azzopardi

Ancient ways don't open new possibilities

Enoch Duguma

Clouds of black, of chaos poisoning

Fares Ouanoufi

My biggest fear is losing you.

Imogen Bowes

Being patient is half the job.

George Erik Roberto

Realists forever endure fear of unfulfillment

George Erik Roberto

When there's no life to live

Jessica Marques

The day the dead came back

Joude Aouchiche

I'm boss, in a man's world.

Keightley Tran

Fall and rise. It's a lesson.

Kelly Freitas-Gouveia

Screams clashed against crimson bloody skies.

Laura Vasconcelos

Equality exists only in a story

Mohammed Arafath Khan

Dreaming of future. Waking to past.

Najma Mohamud

Blinding rays burnt as I gazed

Najma Mohamud

Dreams are golden seas at sunrise

Nathan Nicholls

Life is planted; hope sprouts out.
Nina Luong

Clouds are white, my mind grey.
Rafaela Relvas

Sometimes the best dreams are nightmares.
Riyana Morris-Shogbeni

Behind her he stood; breathing, waiting
Ryan Channer

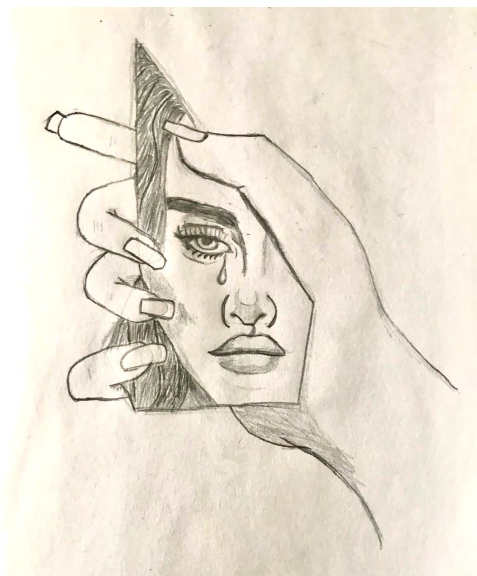
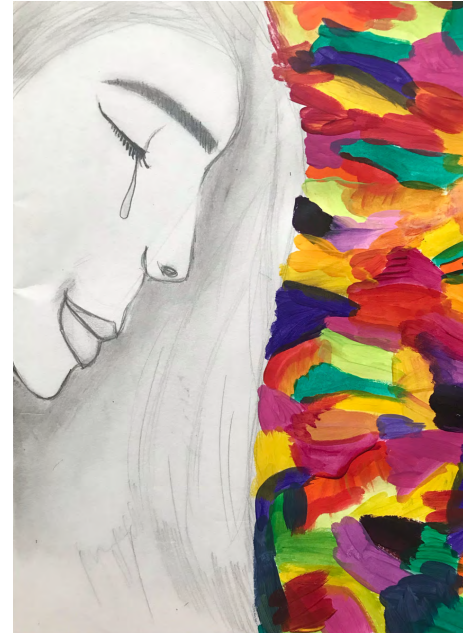
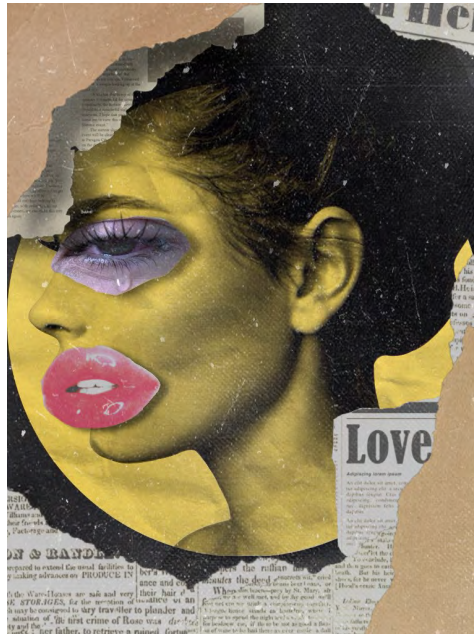
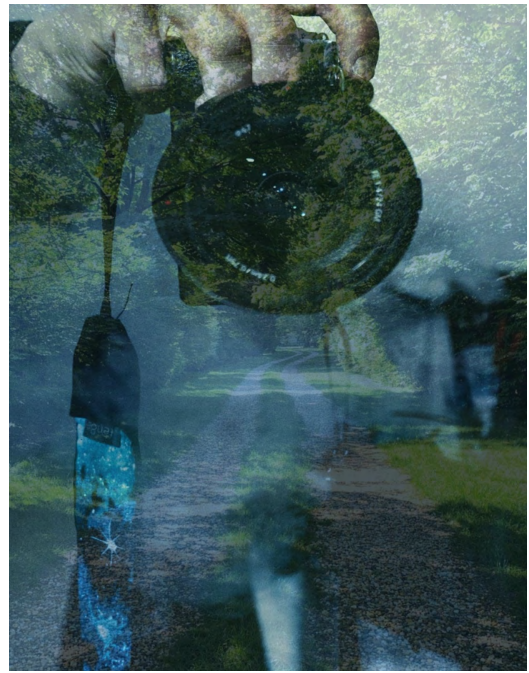
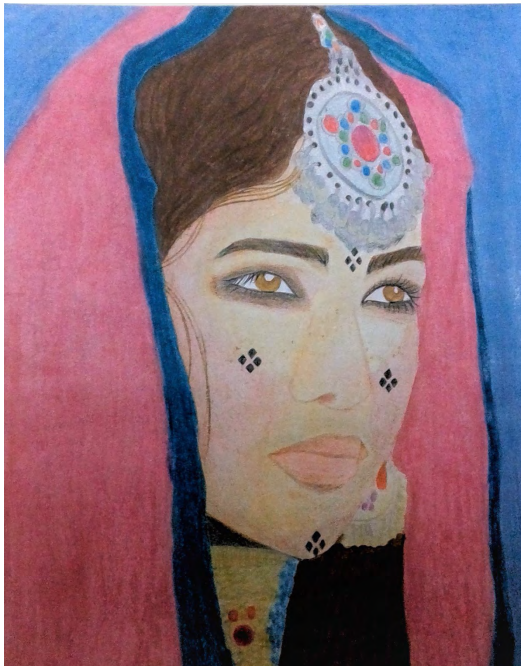
I asked; you answered with silence.
Sharaye Rodney

Sounded much better in my head.
Sharaye Rodney

I thought I'd escaped... Had I?
Victor Da Silva

What if morning does not come?
Virtuous Danzaria

The truth is lying in disguise
Virtuous Danzaria



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