

LET THE LIGHT SHINE THROUGH



**A Creative Anthology by pupils of Platanos College
2022-2023**

Introduction to *Let the Light Shine Through*

This anthology *Let the Light Shine Through* is a reflection of the pupils of Platanos College. It allows our voice to be heard by our peers, our community, our families and the world around us.

That's why it is essential that we pupils have had the chance to write about topics that we feel passionately about. In this anthology, you will see us explore a range of different topics that spark our interests: identity, the local community, war, home, idyllic utopias and much more.

Shining a light on the issues we see and face in the world, Platanos College pupils have decided to once again come together to try and make sense of the observations and challenges around us. We share our creative works as we explore, digest and connect with the issues, dilemmas and loves of our lives, community and world.

This is why I believe you will thoroughly enjoy Platanos College's Creative Anthology 2022-23,

Let the Light Shine Through.

By Sumaya Hassan (Year 9)

Front cover by:

Jahmannie Bollers

Eva Channer

Jasmine Pascoal

Mara Sequeira Ferreira



I am the moon,
A pearly tranquil stone
Hovering above the midnight blue sky.

I am the sun,
A golden orb of raging anger
Emitting its feverish heat,
Dominating over the natural creation of God
and a new beginning.

I am an amethyst,
A transparent purple gemstone that relaxes
anything with its sparkling glory.

I am a sapphire,
A ravishing deep blue gem identical to the
Idyllic open waters .

I am the sea,
A reflection of life itself, its crashing waves,
That we have to learn to ride.
Tranquil walks in the soft sand,
Left behind by the ebbing tides.
The swirling ocean breeze offers
Elegant aromas of the sea.

I am a smile,
A symbol of hope, happiness and maybe
Forever lasting peace for the world.
Plenty of wholesome smiles everyday
That we walk on this godly Earth.

Stephani Camacho Pinto



Jahzara Palmer

I don't feel like I belong here
But I want to feel among them.
They say I don't belong here
But where do I belong then?

I don't look like you
I don't talk like you
I don't walk like you
But I'm human too!

If I don't breathe like you,
Eat like you,
Feel like you
Does that mean I'm not as human as you?

What makes us so different
When we shed the same blood?

Do I belong there
or
Do I belong here?

Moyi Idowu

I am as bright as a sun
Not afraid of anyone.
My favourite colour is red,
As I like fire - I am no liar.
I could be a volcano,
I could be a liar.
I am telling you I'm not -
But believe as you desire

Ali Yilmaz



Oluwapamimo Adesanya

I am the crystal clear ocean
You can see what happens under me,
Transparent like a mirror reflecting the
world.

I am lifting my arms to touch the shore,
Trying my best to feel the million grains
of sand.

My waves crash and collide with each
other,

Charging like a bull at you,
With narrow eyes and tight lips.

An uncontrollable tsunami.

I am hot fluid in a container
That irritated clouds send down

As thunder-like blades,
Stabbing through my waters.

I am the ocean.

Rafaela Albuquerque

I am onyx, unilluminated and full with
melancholy!

I am anaemic, as pale as a ghost; tired of
lies.

I am demented, ready to slaughter
someone's feelings.

I am thunder, ready to struck their hearts.

Siham Yusuf



Ria Nicholson-Fatudimu

A fateful few, all despairing,
Gripping the iron bars,
For they can do little but wait, despite daring,
Although the conditions are harsh.

With no exposure to the outside world,
And nothing left to see,
They can only witness the horrors unfurled,
Futures riddled with uncertainty.

They were given a chance by the nation,
And instead, they fought her,
For all their lives they've suffered
Condemnation
And left to rot like pigs for slaughter.

Yet
There is a tunnel's light,
Hope,
One that they need,
An end to their misfortunes and plight,
The hope that one day,
They may be free.

Henri Jeanson

Sunshine happiness,
Roses everywhere.
Love is in the air.
For I am the joy that people feel.

But when I'm not here,
I leave a scar
Making you feel empty and shallow.

Maisa Mohamed



Ana Vidal

Easter, redemption for me

Easter, saved me and my family

Easter, what a wonderful event

Easter, how it has saved me from havoc

Thank God for sending your son to earth

Thank God as His gift gives my life its
worth

Thank God for saving me

Thank God as he has set me free

Johnson Chukwu

A virus came and made us hide,
We wore masks and many cried.
We learned to work and stay apart,
But love and hope were in our hearts.
We faced the trials with much grace,
And found new ways to fill the space,
Though Covid caused so much pain,
We'll rise once more and try again.

Mohammed Johar



Shivani Clarke-Lewis

The water reflects what's above before showing its truth as it falls white as snow yet misty. Passers by pause as they struggle to swallow their awe, their eyes gazing in perpetuity.

Dense, evergreen, vast; trees smell the trembling aches of the ground as cascades of water tumble down upon the splintered earth.

The hollow ground already splintered, tastes the considerably bitter demise. The curved figure above connects both masses of the splintered land and feels the gushing waves of water crashing cruelly into it, amplifying the splinter.

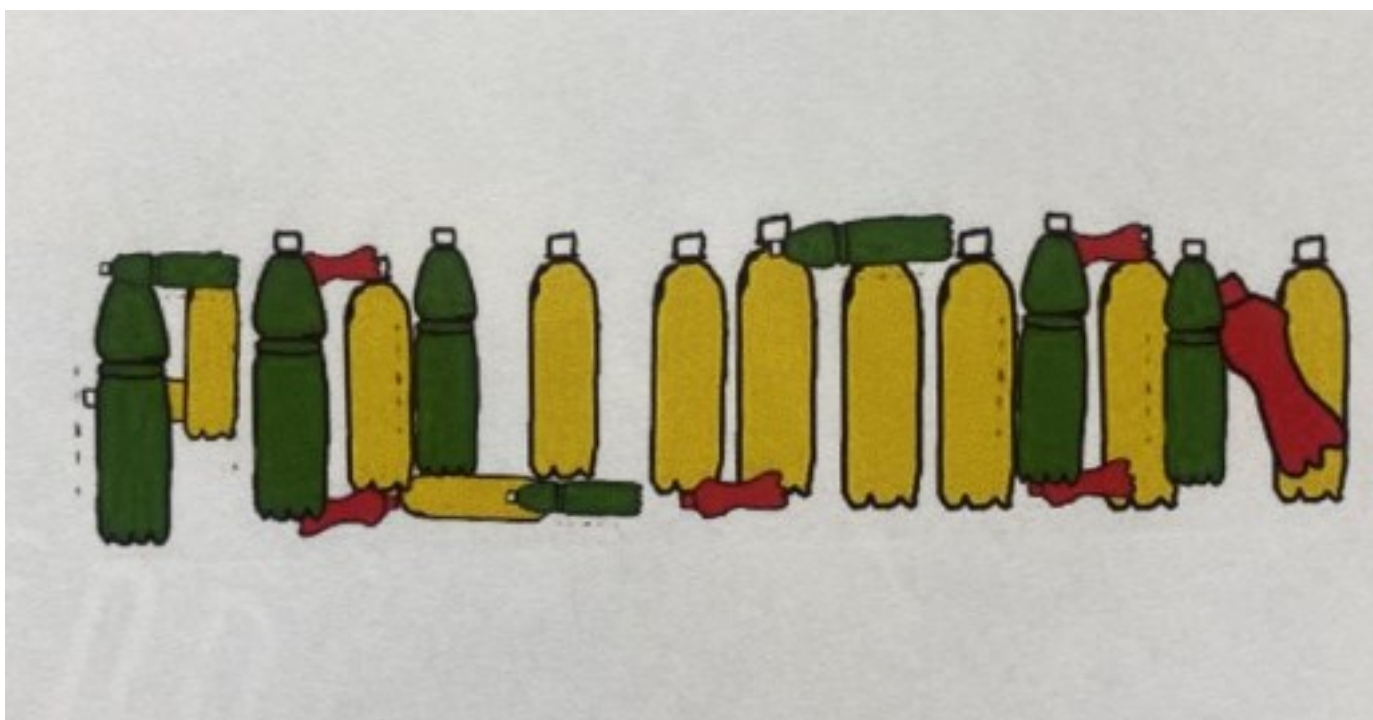
Villagers watch in awe as the greatness they once knew, falls, recreating its demise as a new beginning, yet to surge.

Aaisha Bashir

Eid is a time to spread love and cheer,
To come together and hold those we love dear.
We give to those in need and to the poor,
And let our love and kindness through.

Eid is a time to renew our faith
And to let go of worries and fears.
Embrace the love that's always near,
And let our hearts shine bright and clear.

Fadumo Adde



Kader Ouattara

Somalia, land of the brave,
A nation that fought to be free,
A place where the people gave
Their lives for liberty.

On July 1st, 1960,
Somalia declared its independence,
Its freedom
A moment of great glory,
For a nation with resilience.

From the mountains to the sea,
From the desert to the forest,
Somalia's people are free,
To chart their own destinies and gains.

With the flag of blue and white,
And the star that shines so bright,
Somalia stands with all its might,
A beacon of hope and light.

Hanan Hussein

Someday everything will make perfect sense.
Why we are all like this.
We grow up
We change
But we lose ourselves on the way.
No place to call home
The only place I called home left me in pain.

Sometimes, you're only available
Transportation is a leap of faith
Worrying doesn't take tomorrow's troubles
Away,
It takes away today's peace.

Life is hard without having a home
Home is not where you live
But where they understand you
I miss my home like crazy

But it's too late now

Julie Silva



Daniel Caneira

And celebration is near,
Far away and over here,
Celebration time is near.
Going out with all their mates;
No one ever likes to wait.
Not a care in the world,
Faces beaming like pearls,
With celebration engraved inside,
No one ever has to hide.
For it's that time of year,
And celebration's nearly here,
Celebration time is here,
Celebration time is dear.
No need for trepidation,
There's celebration in every nation .
Look out: some glorious stars,
Great memories become scars,
Hidden deep within your flesh,
But the next day you come out fresh.
Here are the people celebrating,
Many of them may be decorating,
Celebration time is near,
Celebration time is dear.
It's that time of year,

Sumaya Hassan

In Africa's heart, a splendid scene,
Victoria Falls, of waters so clean.
The River Zambezi takes a daring leap,
Crashing down, a sight to keep.

Roaring falls, mist fills the air,
Rainbows gleaming, colours rare.
Devil's Cataract, a mighty clash,
Main Falls carving a deep, grand gash.

Amidst the mist, a lush green space,
Nature's haven, a tranquil place.
Victoria Falls, where marvels reside
Beauty unfolds, nature's joyride.

Mohammed Johar



Hannah Benseba

The prepossessing sun glistens in the crystal clear, innocent water, which cascades into the river below like a weaving snake. T

he water releases a breathtaking mist, which rushes to hinder the view in seconds.

Feeling lonely, the bridge stands there, admiring the cars that rush past it.

A man stands at the edge of the cliff, praising the juniper trees that stand proud above.

Everything, nothing, but exceptionally mesmerising.

Ashwagh Bourhoveizavi

I am a young girl who's in love,
With a fire.
A fire so big and older,
Not very sure how to love,
Just very worn out and tired,
With me as the fuel,
And his problems as the lighter,

Once it sparks,
It's over.

Shareen Zainu



Cristian Rodriguez Gomez

When you hear Lunar New Year
What do you think of?
The food or celebrations?
Or the gatherings and cheers?
Setting up all the decorations,
Giving out money and love.
Fireworks shoot up to the skies,
Watching the kids eyes as they rise.

Festivals and drums
Or more soothing strums
The aunties and uncles gathered around
Arguing or laughing - what a sound.
Excited to see the dragons dance
Feels like I'm in a trance
What do you think of
When you hear
Lunar New Year?

Hieu Hoang

When I'm bored I read books
Because they entertain me,
They retain me
And they define me.

Books were the past before TV,
Books were the old reality.

They keep me company when
I am all alone.

I celebrate these books today
That hold the past and present,
These books I read of noble steeds
That I could never resent,

And when all seems in vain,
These words they stain
The heart I gain
From flipping a page.

Rahkira Crawford



Siham Yousuf

The world around me,
It's a dangerous place,
With murders and crimes happening
Frequently,
You cannot rest assured
That you'll see tomorrow's sun.

The world around me,
It's a beautiful place,
With people and nature all around,
You can relax peacefully,
Enjoying the glorious new day.

The world around me,
It's a difficult place,
With thoughts and eyes judging you.
You'll drown in the expectations of others,
That will haunt you for hours.

The world around me,
It's a friendly place,
With friends and family supporting you,
You'll stay positive and cheerful,
That life isn't so bad after all.

Lina Rigui

I am a broken heart.
Once you damage me,
I won't beat the same as before.

I am a love potion.
Once you drink me,
Love will never fail you.

I am a star.
I'm bright and lead you to the path
That is right.

I am an angel.
Once you look in my eyes,
Blinding lights will take over you.

Deneshia Newell



Ria Nicholson-Fatudimu

I come from a land of desert, tradition and fun
A land where the food is mouth-wateringly
 Exceptional
A land from the MENA region
That's barely acknowledged

The beaches couldn't be more majestic:
Cyan-blue, shimmering and elegant.

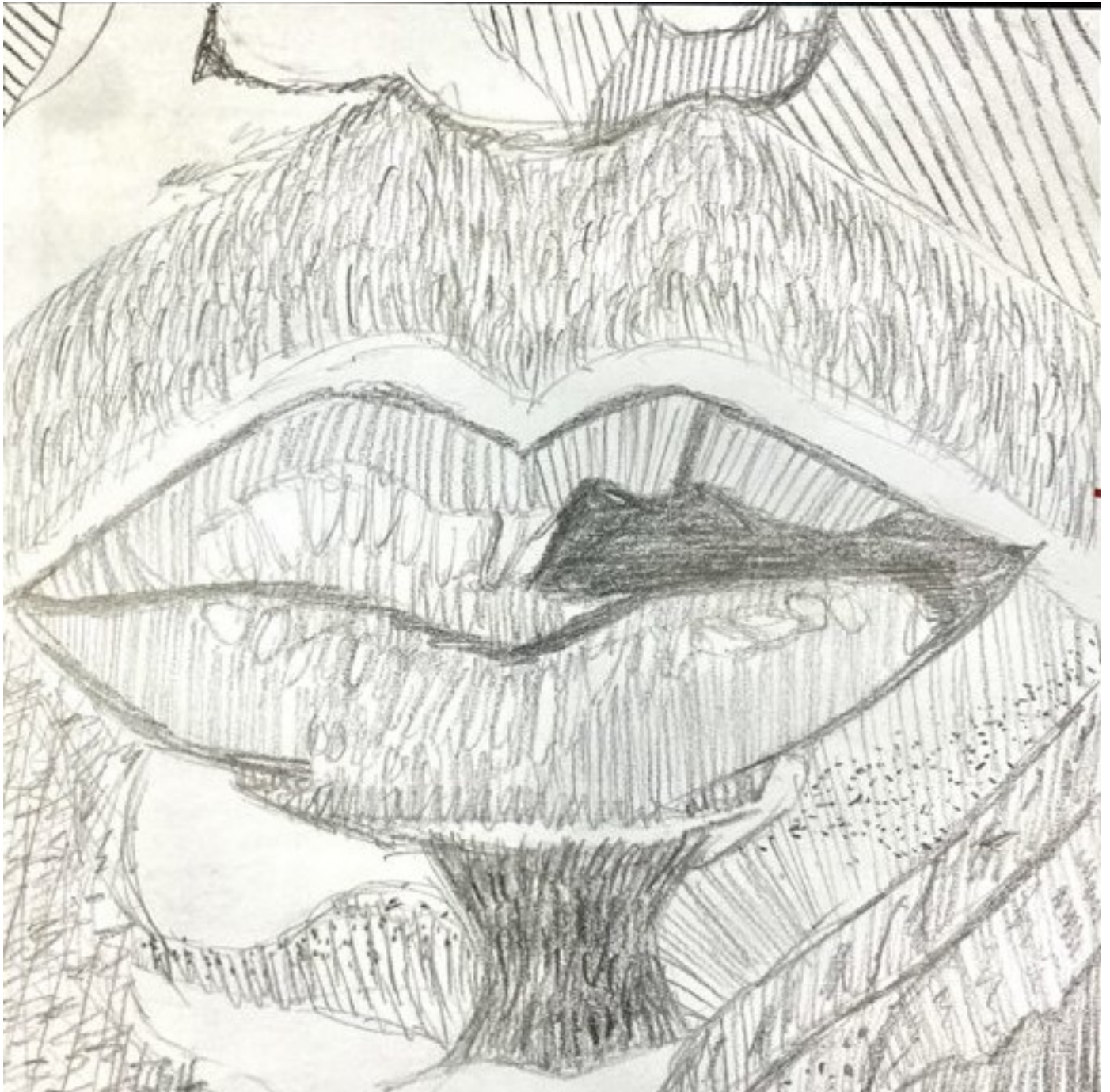
I come from a land once colonised
 By Europeans.
Everyone talks about
A land that gained its independence
 Through victory in war.
Blood stains the flag of its people
History stains the minds of the people.

I belong to this land.

Alaa Ouzane

I am Pakistani and Eritrean
Two loving countries
From the melanin in my skin
And my dark brown hair.
I am accepted nearly everywhere.
I have my mum's eyes,
And my dad's nose,
One big smile
Wrapped in a blanket.
With my grandmother's necklace around me
I feel loved and protected
No matter where I am

Simra Zainu



Joana Ferreira

Where do I belong?
At home or outside?
When I'm at home
I feel alone,
But maybe that's a good thing
I have peace and quiet,
And I can do whatever I want.

At home is where I feel safe,
Where I feel invincible,
No-one can touch me
No-one can laugh at me,
It's where I'm safe.

When I'm outside
I have my friends,
I have my family.

Where do I belong?
In the future
What will I do?
What will I lose?

Those are the questions we ask
The questions we want to know,
And maybe we will never find out

Where do I belong?
Here or there?
I was born here
Grew up here
I live here
All my friends are here
Why not stay?
Why not leave?
Why not explore?

Where do I belong?
Over there?
All my family is there
It's my culture
It's my passion
It's the holidays in the summer
The beaches at night
The rocks we find
And the beautiful sights
And the silver linings

Where do I belong?
Home or outside?
Past or future?
Here or there?
Where do I belong?
Maybe everywhere

Samuel Varela Lucas



Fatima Djabali

I found a place where I belong,
A place where I can sing my song,
A place where people are kind and true,
And every day feels bright and new.

It's not a secret hideaway,
Or some enchanted forest glade,
It's just a home with love inside,
Where my heart and soul can abide.

I feel safe and happy every day,
And I know I'm never far away,
From the warmth of loving arms,
That keep me safe from any harm.

It's a feeling, like a warm embrace,
A place where I can be my best,
Where I can grow and learn and play,
And always feel at home to stay.

Mohammed Johar

I am the wind
Some days good
Other days not
Some people seek and search for me,
Others dread my appearance.

I gaslight myself to feel wanted
But this leaves me feeling more unwanted
The more I fake being loved,
The more I wish to be hugged.

Kara Gibbs

PARIS



Joana Ferreira

I am a puzzle piece
Searching for where I fit.

I am a seed that yearns for soil
Unearthing the earth to find my place to grow.

I am like a bird without a nest
Seeking shelter for the storm.

I am a river searching for the sea
I create meanders wondering where to go.

Belonging is like a journey
A quest that never ends

But one day I will find my place in time
Where I will belong and I will stay.

Arre Sharif

The bridge across the cliff,
A narrow walk between life and death,
An abundant plunge into a pit of darkness.
The view of your life-
Your place of death.

The serene flow of sapphire water
The stream bubbles as it travels across
Gushing over pebbles and twigs.
Myriads of foam, the waterfall crashes as it
Cascades to the river below.

Evergreen trees
Scattered like seeds across the acres of
Majestic landscape,
Standing side by side like knights in war.
The locals live on the verge of magnificence.

Alaa Ouzane



Carolina Teixeira Viera

I am strong, like a ferocious lion.
I am stunning, like Dylan O'Brien
I am loyal, like a puppy with its human best
friend,
I am sincere, someone upon whom you can
depend.
I am me,
But my heart is not for free.

Matilde Cardoso

Some days I wake up
To the bright smile of the sun
Entering my room, making shadows
Of lovely trees in the distance

Some days I wake up
To a million droplets of rain
Crashing against my window, wailing
As clouds rush past.

Some days I go outside
To see the leaves all fresh and green and lively

Some days I go outside
To see the leaves fallen from the tree
Disintegrating into the earth below.

Every day I celebrate what Nature
Has given to me.

Everyday
Nature is good.

Tiggy Gbonda



Shivani Clarke-Lewis

Standing above the crystalline waterfall

Mesmerised by the evergreen trees glistening
Under the eminent sun

Unable to take in the majestic view

Frothy cascade of water falls into the forming
river

It feeds its children so they grow luscious and
vigorous

Gushes against monotonous rocks waiting to
be free

Oh the way the birds chirp and the sound
fades across the sparkling horizon

Smells like freshly cut grass

Makes you feel free like a bird
Soaring across the sky

Emnet Ketema

Together we celebrate, day and night

The air is filled with a sweet aroma
As we prepare food with love and honour
The taste of new dishes, like a diploma
Of a culinary adventure, like no other

Colourful decorations, a feast for the eyes
A celebration of life, without any lies
Love and laughter, that truly satisfies
Eid brings people together, and that's wise

Savour the moments, cherish the memories
As we celebrate Eid with all our energies
May this festival bring happiness and peace
Eid Mubarak, let our love increase!

Mohammed Johar



Aryan Ahmed

The World around me is spinning fast,
With global events that never last.
Wars and pandemics come and go,
Leaving behind scars and woe.

But amidst the chaos and despair,
I see hope and love everywhere.
People standing together, hand in hand,
Bringing peace to this troubled land.

Let's spread kindness, let's spread light
And make the world a better sight.
For when we unite, nothing can defeat
This world we love and desperately need.

Bee Yan'Kyaa

I am a warm cosy jacket
Preventing you from freezing frostbite
Layering you and covering you head to toe
with warmth
Protecting you from the harmful cold
You are a wearing the jacket of your dreams

Maferima Bamba



Swahili Da Cruz Costa

Welcome to South London,
To beauty unfolding,
Hidden in the middle
Misunderstood like a riddle.
To solve it you must understand
The stories of gold paved streets
Are not what people mean
For it is a beautiful place,
But it requires an acquired taste
For it is covered with waste
History has coated the truth
Of what lies beneath

Welcome to South London,
Where the beauty unfolds
Where the history is hidden beneath the
ground
And on top is a new future
For those young and old
Where teachings are told
About a long forgotten past

Mohammed Johar,
Michael Persaud
Arre Sherif

The pearly river of peace
The torrential swords of pain
Their chaotic peace clashed with each other

The start had a deafening reticence
An immense stillness,
But its harmonious foresight knew
It would meet the. END.

Ivory rivers cascaded, uniting into one body
All marching into monochromatic fate
Hours. Minutes. Seconds. Only the crimson
sun could tell...

BOOM

The grand meteors spat out bullets of joy
Explosions of serenity produced concealing
barriers

Cotton smoke defended humanity's eyes
As chacma baboons swung in joy

Jeremiah Bryan



Ana Vidal

Home, a place to settle with warmth,
Of the sun outside.

Your friends create a bond,
Like ants that march together,
Never leaving a single soul behind.

And your loved ones
Keep care for their child
Eternal and everlasting.

If you are ever in doubt, then don't be:
You will always have that
sense of belonging,
The sense of being *Home,*
The sense of having *Bonds,*
The sense of being *Loved.*

*That sense of belonging will keep you in
warmth, and secure at all times
Of despair.*

Erick Matthew Magsino

I am joyful,
Watch me smile.

I am powerful,
Like a dime.

I am a broken glass,
Once I've lost everything,
Try to fix me again.

I am at the end of a cliff,
But when I fall I don't move a shift.

Luana Almeida



Brianna Minott-Gorden

As the cold crisp air flooded my lungs, I looked over at the helicopter and saw a mystical waterfall. My eyes dazzled as the crystallising water flowed like the emerald green trees in the wind.

The trees were proudly showing off their lime green leaves full of rich nutrients and life. As the water plummeted down the sharp verge, it punched the weakened river, creating a roaring gush of smoke. It was a cloud sunken to the deep dark bottom.

What could be down there? It's a mystery, unknown. I tilted my head slightly to the right as my eyes darted towards the bridge: not the bridge itself with the fresh new steel beams, but the bottomless pit of hell beneath it.

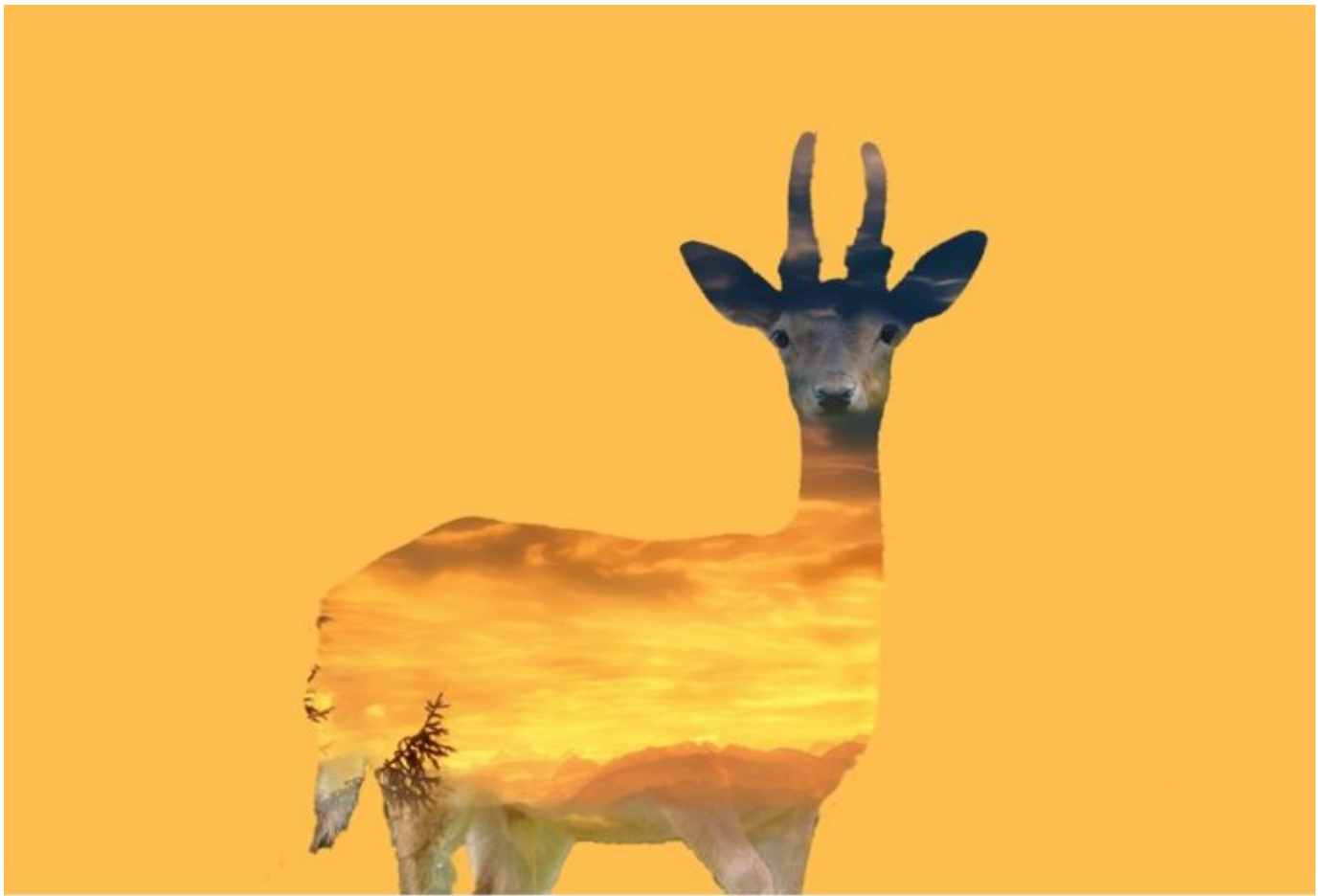
Slowly with my quivering hands, I tapped the pilot and asked “*What's under the bridge?*” His eyes shot open like a lion finding its prey, my words unexpectedly stabbing him.

It felt colder, less warm than before, as if this discovery awoke the devils beneath it. The clouds above me became a little darker and the silvery grey rocks transformed into a dark dull grey.

Suddenly, the clouds shifted aside and revealed the gleaming, dazzling sun. It powered through all the darkness and made everything warmer again. The water came alive and started to flow faster than you could ever imagine.

Slowly, the darkness was defeated, a gift from above.

Michael Persaud



Ana Beatriz Goncalves

London is famed for diversity
Full of aspiring people,
From various backgrounds,
Optimistic, naive.
Divides and animosity are plenty
Turning into violence.
Dreams are destroyed and burned
As reality unfolds.

A city of angels couldn't be further
From the truth.
Devils lurk around every corner.
A garden of Eden stained by violence.
Constantly looking over your shoulder,
Violence is a disease plaguing London
Youths dropping like flies

Parents burying their children,
People too scared to roam the streets at night
Too scared that they'll meet their demise
Government officials not helping,
Leaving single mothers weeping.
Keeping others dreaming
That justice will be served.
But that may not be the case,
Depending on your race.

D'Shi Goulbourne

Henri Jeanson

Bee Yan'Kyaa



Lauren Camacho Fernandes

They hurt in silence, while I am free
Others may worship whom they choose
Without judgement,
Without attack,

But those who live for their God are scared to
speak up
They fear for their future,
While I am at home fearless.

I am free, I wish to help them but I can't.
How can a child like me help so many people?
They are my people,
That's where I belong
My country slowly dividing
Like shattered glass
Torn away like sand washing away
In the cascading sea.

The people expect the government to say
Something...
Why are they staying quiet?

They are my people
We are Ethiopia
I am equal to them but treated differently.

Emnet Ketema

I dream of a world where no man
Has hatred with another.

Blood rushes through my veins
My drums beat nightly,
The rhythm never changes.

Different races, different cultures
Still, we belong as one.

I write to fight the stigma,
No enigma,
What I'm facing.

No discrimination or bullying,
Begin a new chapter.

We are just as human as you.

Tyler Morrison-Fray



Lina Rigui

The majestic trees never fail to captivate me.
The enticing waterfall is as beautiful as the
sea.

The blissful wind caresses my face,
Yet what a shame that this view goes to
waste.

The scene before me didn't seem real,
Due to its serenity, my heart it can steal.
Nature's wonderful work truly is a sight for
sore eyes,
For anyone who sees would be shocked
That it comes at no price.

The clear sky bewitches those beneath it.

Abdimalk Elmi

I am a gas that takes many shapes.
I could be deceiving to face but hard to brace.

I am a fighter who battles with a blade
And talks with words of peace,
The blades of my words cut through steel.

I am an anonymous child,
Who will blend in unseen.

Abdulrahman Ahmed



Hugo Agostinho

I am from a life filled with sand
From the gentle breeze of the ocean.
I am from the sunshine yellow of my
country's weather,
From the desk fan that's always pointing
at me.

I am from the colourful aroma,
From my garden in summer filled with
herbs.

I am from scary streets,
From the bare local park of dogs.

I am from the sunshine yellow

Of my buried canary,

From the memories we shared,

That abruptly ended.

I am from the countless hours of
The never-ending continuation of time.

I am from all that has happened

And all that will be.

Lina Rigui



Afonso Freita Simao

To the world I was born in, I belong.

To the loving parents that bore me, I belong.

To the God I worship, I belong.

To the people I love and cherish,

To people that support me,

To the little brother I was born to love,

To the house that protects me and my family

Everyday

In which we all belong.

To the person I became today,

I say to stay strong
And know where you belong
To the person who I used to be,
I say that everything is going to be okay.
To the person I will become in the future
I say I will always be proud of you.
To the ones I will meet, that will help transform me
into ME.

I am from a land that accepts me for who I am,

A land to which I belong.

Eu pertenço a este mundo
Eu pertenço a mim

Stephanie Camacho Pinto



Karina Ribeiro Sanches

I am from a life filled with culture
From the sand of the deserts
And the turquoise of the sea
I am from the red, pink and yellow of the
flowers
The red, white and green of the flag.

I am from the blood shed of the war
From the colourful houses on every street.
I am from the mouth-watering food.
I am from this land of Mediterranean beauty
This land I am from

Alaa Ouzane

The glistening water cascading over the sharp
deadly edges
Plummeting down creating thick mist that
Hovers over the evergreen trees
Showering them with its majestic water.

The mist - cloud-like - s a beautiful
Breathtaking view, but sometimes its
Vigour overpowers you.

The fall is home to several special species of
Exotic creatures that worship its majesty
Like their God

The humility, the intense earthy smell of the
Soil and vegetation
The trees dense in population
As they all sit together
Watching the diamond - blue, glittering water
Plunge,
Hissing at them with its myriads of droplets.

Hanan Hussein



Vakaba Bayoko

I am from Ethiopia

From the land of Lucy

I am from the glassy reflective sea washing
away the gritty sand

In the distance, drums and whistles play
while people clap to the beat

I am from the warm colourful food laid
on the tables to eat with family

From the people holding hands to pray
over each other to make sure we are all safe

I am from the pure white cotton fabric
of traditional clothing

Everyone dancing while our sheruba braids
fly in the air like free doves

I am from the golden bracelets and necklaces
that shine under the radiant stars
in the night sky

Emnet Ketema

The Falls were there, where the ground splits,
Below, thunderously, the water mightily hits.

The Falls were there, among masses of
viridescent green,
The water lay, proud and crystalline.

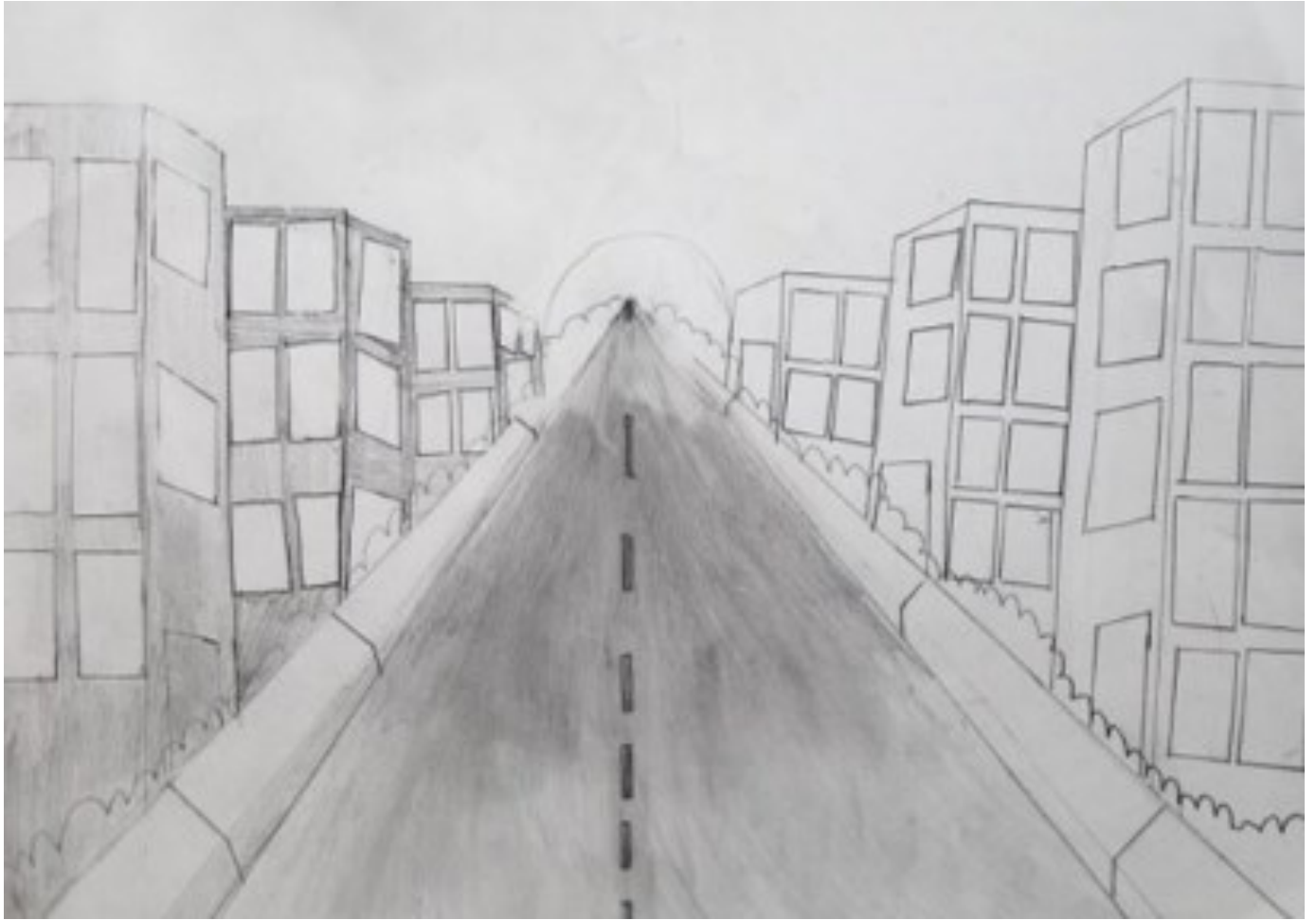
The Forest was there, serene as can be,
The ground had split where it had made way
to the sea.

The Forest was there, rural and plenty,
Its verdant masses grand and home to many.

The People stood, frozen in awe,
They were silent in the face of the gaping maw.

The People stood, unable to take it in,
For the wall of water flowed where
The ground had once been.

Henri Jeanson



Aisha Jimoh

I am from a place filled with beautiful blue
sapphire water
As you drive across the coast you can't help
but fall in love
The aromas of rich heavy spices fill the air
Sweet scent of mangoes almost choking you
The softness of the sand as you walk
The sun shines brightly
Making the sea glitter like diamonds
Not a hint of a breeze in sight
The soft sounds of Bob Marley
One Love
Playing in the distance

As you explore the white sands, people dance
to the hypnotic songs of their motherland
The rhythmic thuds of reggae
You can't help but sway and lose yourself in
the music
It's an island bliss
How I wish I could see the lamb and chicks
again
Feel the heat of the sun on my skin
Taste the smell of the cooking food.

It's like a dream now
A faraway land that I may never see again
Jamaica Jamaica Jamaica
Land we love

A place filled with corrupt world leaders
Taking the wrong path.

Yet she stands tall and proud
Rich history and culture lay within her soil.
Home to many riches

Chenai Jordan



Julie Cruvinel Costa E Silva

I am a flame, burning bright and true,
A burst of orange, a fiery hue.
I am the light in the dark of night,
A beacon of hope, shining bright.

I am a rainbow, a tapestry of hues,
A prism of colours, a beautiful muse.
I am the mix of all that I see,
A vibrant blend, unique and free.

I am a pen, a storyteller's tool,
A vessel of words, a world to rule.
I am the stories that I create,
A window to the world, a narrative fate.

I am a storm, raging and fierce,
A tempest of feelings, a chaotic pierce.

I am the emotions that I feel,

A tidal wave, a heart that's real.

I am Bethlehem, a place of birth,
A sacred space, a promise of worth.

I am the hope that springs anew,

A path to redemption, a grace that's true.

I am a mountain, tall and strong,
A symbol of resilience, a lifelong song.

I am the landscape that I see,

A vista of possibilities, a view to be.

Bee Yan'Kyaa



Ivy Morrison

I am a sunset, golden and warm
Bringing an end to the day's storm
A burst of colour, fiery and bold
A reminder that life is a story to be told

I am the colour orange, vibrant and lively,
Anyone that I encounter, says I act kindly.

I am a coat, warm and secure
Protecting and shielding, always sure
A cloak of comfort, a barrier from the cold
A trusted companion through times untold

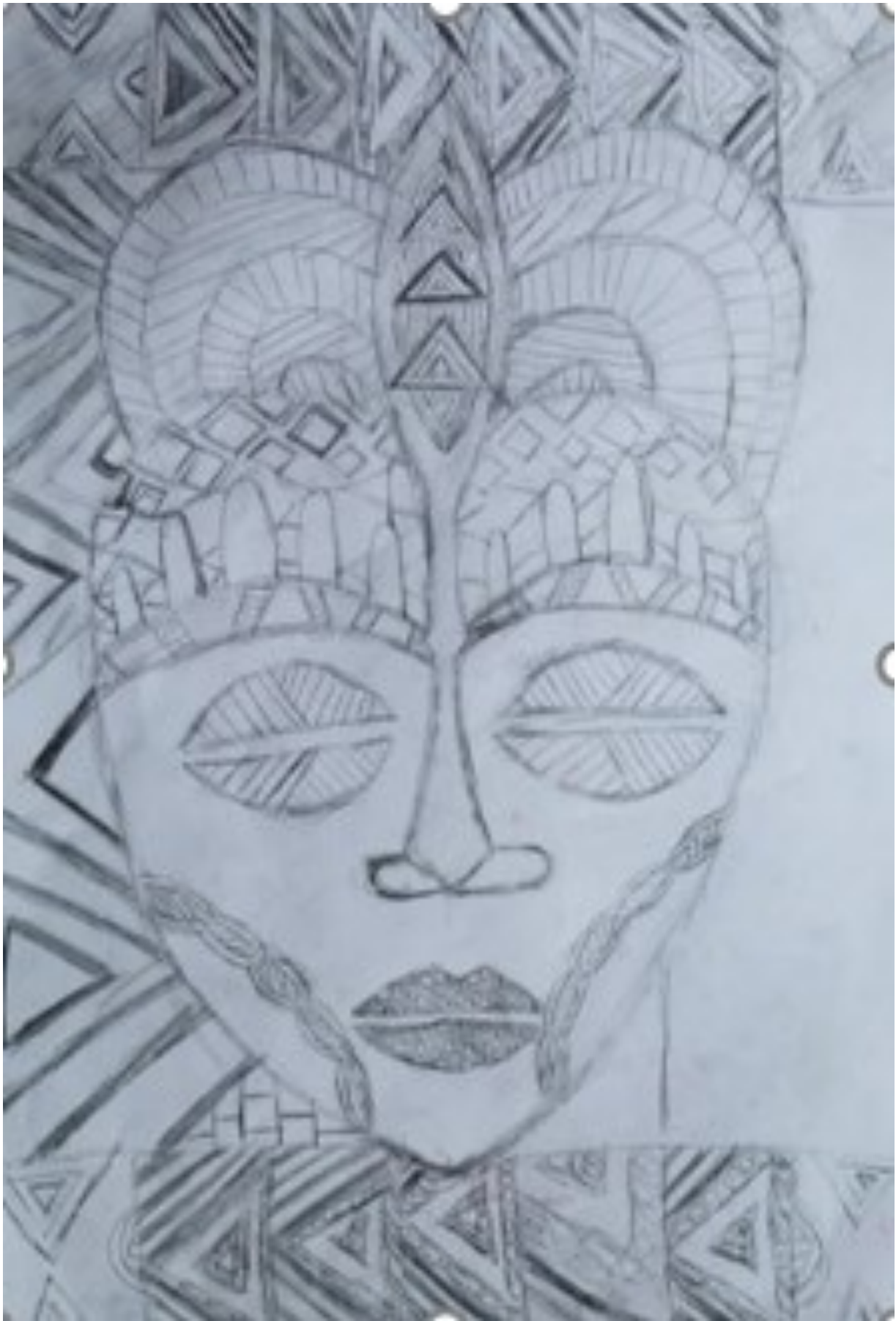
I am a wolf, wild and free
A creature of instinct, fierce and bold
I roam the earth, my spirit unbound

I am like a burning flame,
My heat engulfs all in my range.
I am a fire, wild and free,
My flames dance like a melody.

Like a volcano, I am ready to blow,
My sparks ignite, my flames aglow.
I am a wildfire, out of control,
Spreading my flames with an unstoppable roll.

But I also bring light to the dark,
Guiding you through with a fiery spark.
I am a force to be reckoned with,
But also a friend to keep you from the abyss.

Mohammed Johar



Zahra Rezay

We are the children of Lambeth,
Where people are dying, bullets bashing to the
bone.

We are the children of Lambeth,
Where bullies are brave and the broken bleed.

We are the children of Lambeth,
Where beef becomes broth becomes a boxing
match.

We are the children of Lambeth,
Where each road leads to riot.

Drama and death dealt to us daily
Demonic days, devilish nights

We are the children of Lambeth.

Despite all this,
We rise
And claim our prize

The world is in our mind

Runayah Crawford

A howl in the night, a soulful sound

I am a camera, capturing moments in time
Freezing memories, a moment divine
A lens to the world, a window to the soul
A portal to the past, a glimpse of the whole

I am a feeling, both strong and true
A tidal wave of emotion, a stormy hue
Passionate and intense, a fire inside
A hurricane of heart, a wild ride

I am a mountain, majestic and grand
Rising up, an imposing land
A landscape of wonder, a sight to behold
A monument of time, forever bold

I am a thunderstorm, fierce and loud
A tempest of power, a stormy crowd
Lightning flashes, thunder rolls
A symphony of nature, an awe-inspiring
show.

D'Shi Goulbourne



Lloyd Lewis

Celebrate things in this world
That don't mean anything to anyone.

Celebrate being alive,
That you're free from being held back.

Unlike some people, you have the freedom,
The right to fight.

They have to be earned, they have to stir
Their emotions together and act up.

Being too short, you're judged from every angle.

Get stronger they say,
Whilst telling you you look like a boy.
You're too fat, get skinny and fast yourself.

Every hurtful word comes back at you.

But all this you can take:
You're not some little girl

Why can't they be grateful for who you are?
For being pretty in your own way?

Celebrate you for you...
Skinny or fat, you're perfect.

So show yourself
Because in every shape or form
You're beautiful.

Every scar is worth showing
Where you have come from.

Every little thing has a meaning.

So, don't hide away,

Come from the light

And come from within

And embrace yourself.

Chloe Pinto



Talia Magloire

I am from No Man's Land
A home titled the eighth most dangerous
From the hidden scars which engulf my body
From the evil that lurks around me
I am from my family's encouraging words
From place that is my religion
The mistaken people who shame us
Incorrectly labelled by the news
From my hijab which I have worn for over a
decade
To my early death, the fateful day it was
ripped off
From my school which shaped me
To who I am
To my grave I'll one day lay
Six feet underground.
From the utopia of childhood
To the dystopia of adolescence
From the food that forms my culture
To my prayer mat I feel inclined to
I am from a colourful world
That has since got duller
I am from my friends and family
From the womb of my mother

Sumaya Hassan

I am from Albania,
Where kindness lives on the streets,
Where prices are never too high
Where the scorching sun finds its way,

I am from Albania,
Where the beaches are filled with stands
Selling food, clothes, anything you imagine
Where cousins are endless
Where you have no worries in life

I am from Albania
Wherever you walk, stray dogs, stray cats
Chase you,
Where you can raise your own cows and
chickens.

I am from Albania

Mimoza Ferati



Ines Abreu Ferreira

I am from a dagger,
From the danger but beauty of my country.

I am from a blank book,
With pages waiting to be filled.

I am from pure elegance,
From the crimson, white and emerald green of
my flag.

I am from a various selection,
Of impatient, satisfying food waiting to be
tasted.

I am from Iran.

Aswagh Bourhoveizavi

There across the water
Glistening and twinkling,
Soaked with blood from his hands
Like a statue, he stands
Expressionless and dead
Yet teeming with thought and life
A growing insanity descends
Yet he continues to pretend.

There across the water
Calm and soothing
Peace and friends,
Or war and betrayal
Brutal and barbarous
A treasure for warriors
A battle to the death
He stands there, shining with incitement

LONDON



Adham Ahmed

This is No Man's Land
A place of violence abounding with knives
Diverse culture lives but is
Choked by aggression.

Best friends betray each other
Best friends hate each other
People disappear suddenly
Loved ones become lost ones
Shards of glass, corrupted by innocent blood
Everyone hears these notorious rivalries

This is No Man's Land
All receive both love and caution
Trust is the best deceiver
Lies are the foundation
Certainty is a fantasy
And nobody knows why

This is No Man's Land
Good things are neglected
Going to the shops after school
Playing football in the park
Everyone arguing about which team is better
Everyone is unique
Everyone is united
This is no man's land
A place with good
And a place with bad
A place with friends
And a place with gangs

Tosin Animashaun
Johnson Chukwu
Samuel Varela Lucas



Felipe Kelton Silva

Portugal e a minha casa,
Lidl sells pastel de nata.
A small village in Mangulage
I visit every humid summer,
Having the only British car,
Outstanding like an outcast.
Listening to Calema and Luan Santana
While ironing and cleaning every Saturday.
Every day watching the gleaming water
Reflecting off a glowing medallion in the sky
The crystalline water hugging
The million grains of sand,
But on the other side of the ocean,
Lies no paradise of sand,
Rocks digging through my skin,
Not allowing me to sit.
Greedy seagulls stealing my food,
Water polluted like the skies of London.
This is no dream of the view I was promised.
I want to go back.
Portugal e a minha casa,
Not here.

Rafaela Albuquerque

We are the children of Lambeth
We know people don't
Always want us
But we can show them
That we don't give up
We live peacefully

I come from Portugal
A country of peace.

We are the children
Of Lambeth.

A place of balance and love

Hugo Agostinho



Indigo-Rose Egundebi

Trapped in the hell of my mind,
Pitying eyes as the nation fears my kind,
Trudging along as salvation flees my reach.

We are used as examples to teach,
The results of any sort of resistance
As I am doomed by the consequences of my
Existence.

Why should we succumb to the expectations
Of society?

Why are people so threatened by our piety?

Disregarded as outcasts,
For attempting to escape our pasts.

Allow us to live in peace.

We are not here to seize
Your money, jobs or land,
We're just trying to make light
Of our situation,

So please stop

Your ridiculous infatuation.

We don't need to give you a lease,
Just let us live in peace.

Sumaya Hassan

In kitchens wide, where cultures meet
Dishes of the world a way to connect
Italian pasta, olive oil, basil
Wonders in Naples

Indian bazaars, feasts unfolding
Six weeks of curry a gastronomic delight
An explosion of flavours in your mouth
A taste of the East captured in a melting pot

Egyptian falafel, golden and crisp
Tahini drizzling a creamy delight
A succulent meal that cannot be ignored
A Middle Eastern treasure the senses ignite

Mexican Tortillas a kaleidoscope of flavours
A burst of heat and a touch of lime
Fiery tastes nourishing each bite
A journey To each continent to find
Our culinary treats
Dishes of the World embrace the feast!

Arre Sharif



Ali Yilmaz

There across the water I see, I hear
Gushing waterfalls too rapid to keep up with
Yet too afar for me to touch
Iridescent trees too razor-sharp and pointed
Yet too faraway for me to touch
High-spirited fruits too vibrant and
Eye-catching yet too far to taste
Natural waters too perfectly pure and inviting
Yet too remote for me to savour
Itinerant leaves too fragile for the tranquil,
Harsh wind too distant for me to feel
Radiant flowers too alluring
Yet too isolated to smell
Life close to harmony with nature
Enough for me to hear
Breathtaking mountaing
Flaxen sunset, wondrous and full of awe

Aaisha Bashir

There across the water,
An incredible island lies ahead
A refreshing ocean breeze engulfs my senses,
Leaving me bewildered
With crystal-like glistening waters,
Protecting the land like a precious jewel
The sandy beach line crosses the horizon
And the lush, waxy palm leaves shade the
Wildlife inhabiting there

Lina Rigui



Erica Madumba

I drank the beautiful ocean
I consumed it like a potion
The majestic sea was meant for me
It was if I was in a dream
A dream that I couldn't believe
The wind brushed across my face
It made my whole body feel at ease
My heart sunk deep down my body
It was like lifting a majestic ocean
A myriads of emotions
Like comets flying across space

Tosin Animashaun

Lost while looking for the extraordinary and
enslaved by the game.

Spiritually and thought-blinded, he was no
longer able to see or pay attention to the
signs.

Silently pleading for freedom
And the enigmatic figure claimed that all it
needs is your thinking.

The task seems easy.
But it's challenging with a duet inside.

How can one be served without the other
Ambushing like a roaring lion
For its prey to satisfy its thirst?
How much time does this take?
I wonder if this is conceivable
He doesn't look up to heaven or down to hell,
He simply lives.
Until the world calls it freedom
At the end of time

Johnson Chukwu



Amy Folan

The new year is finally here
The bad years disappear
Fascinating fireworks
Big desires...
The new year is finally here

Tiago Pereira

Silent cries echo through the churches filled
with murder
Silenced for our faith, souls aching to tell
Of the persecution and pain others went
through
Voices are faded and rights are ignored
They suffer in darkness, hidden from sight
Our only crime is a belief in God
But for that we are abducted, killed and jailed

Yet still we hold on to our faith
For it gives us strength
We pray for freedom , to speak our word
They may be silenced for now
Our spirit remains unbroken
We will continue to fight for what we believe I

Until the day when we are free to shine
Our lights and reveal the truth

Emnet Ketema



Theressa Aoki

Turquoise-blue water gushes out, cascading off a cliff as the waterfall at supersonic speeds, deafens anyone bold enough to go near it.

The aggressive waterfall pools together in an infinitely sized pool plunge. The emerald green -trees with their all encompassing presence, cover every inch of this vast area. Their influence stretches from the highest peak to the lowest point. The cars, miniscule in comparison to the vast forest, let out a deafening roar like prey being eaten by predators.

Under the bridge, the oblique, bottomless void separating parts of the forest, hides unspeakable horrors within it. A devil within a perfect Garden Of Eden, beckoning for someone to try and uncover its forbidden secrets. The bridge acts like a gateway between the pearly gates.

The water, and the forest working in tandem providing life, shelter and protection, Gods Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent Gods, with absolute control of their domain. All lifeforms and species depend on them but are also waiting in anticipation for their eventual demise.

The Sun, providing luminance to the entire domain, illuminates the truth of the void, a great darkness plaguing the domain, inducing fear to all sentient creatures.

However, the evil in this domain is not truly one-sided. The Gods of this domain cover their heinous acts with a smokescreen of steam.

Is This Paradise, Or Hell?

Bee Yan'Kyaa



Mara Sofia Sequeira Ferreira

There across the sea....stands my freedom
It's so far but so close
Just out of reach.

The water reflects everything like a mirror.
The memories, the people I love and my
Deepest regrets...secrets.

The sunset melts away as the midnight sky
Shatters the perfect peace.

Twinkling stars dance to the tranquil melody
Of silence as the pearly moon illuminates the
Breathtaking scenery below.

Ohhh.. what a sight.

The moment I have been waiting for.
My new beginning, a chance to change and
Be me.

There across the sea stands...my freedom,
I will one day reach for me to
Forever be at peace.

Stephanie Camacho Pinto

Roses are red
Violets are blue
My heart is filled with love
Just for you!

Tyler Morgan



Jevaunte Woolcock

A colourless poppy represents the ones
Who died in war,
The ones who had seen all the blood and gore.
People lost their lives due to war,
The ones who now live through traumas and
more.

The colourless poppy shows sadness of men,
How their emotions drowned them to death.
Trapped in fear, the men of war risked it all,

The colourless poppy will never be red,
As it shows how people felt and dreamt.
During the traumatic times they faced.

The colourless poppy is never bright,
It will always be colourless till we die.

Ana Vidal

As the crystal clear water descends down the Fall, the sounds of cars roaring through the forest awakens the animals.

Gradually the water falls down and creates tiny droplets of water in the air. Clouds form at the bottom of the Fall.

The bamboo-brown forest is a leafy paradise. The trees are the castles of the forest. The ancient trees bear squeaking branches. As I step on the luminous green crispy grass, loping wolves howl through the forest.

Down the Fall is a peculiar cave, where mauve tulips grow and crystals glisten in the darkness.

As I walk further and further, my curiosity grows. Astonished, I hold my lamp, mesmerised and in awe of the beauty the cave possesses.

Samira Abdu



Eliana Endale-Testaye

Two minutes. That's all.
What would he say?
Your grandfather had a bloody fall.
As you sit and stay.

Two minutes. That's all.
What would she say?
Your grandmother crying over a photo
As you nod your head gravely.

Two minutes. That's all.
What would they say?
Your parents.
The ones who slept and ate while thousands of
Soldiers saw their last sights.

Two minutes. That's all.
What would they say?
All of them.
Your mother, father, grandparents, the soldiers.
All of those who saw horrifying sights,
Passed out from exhaustion.
Those who never got to say goodbye.
What would they say?

Shelisha-Rayne Damsa

When you put up the tree,
Doesn't a rush of
Happiness run through you?
Don't you feel excited?

When you are giving out presents,
Don't you feel
Gleeful for the person
Receiving the gifts?

When you are spending
Time with family members,
Don't you feel peaceful?
Don't you feel ease?

The spirit of Christmas.

Marilyn Mensah



Eva Channer

From continents diverse,
Let's embark on a feast,
Where language adds flavour,
A poetic masterpiece.

In Europe, like a symphony,
The Italian pizza sings,
Its crust, a golden symphony,
As toppings take flight on wings.

Crossing the ocean to the Americas,
A culinary revolution,
The Mexican enchilada, a spicy fiesta,
A taste explosion.

In Africa, Ethiopia's dish, injera with doro wat,
A tale to unfold,
Where flavours dance,
Like spices whispering stories of old.

Asia's sushi rolls, like a delicate
Brush on canvas,
Each bite, a masterpiece,
Colours and flavours, a story untold.

To Oceania we go, where Australia's
Pavlova sets sail,
A cloud of sweetness,
Like dreams spun in a fairy-tale.

From each continent, language blooms,
Metaphors and similes,
Painting flavours in every room.

As we savour the world's dishes, let's embrace,
The beauty of language,
Bringing each dish to life
With grace.

Mohammed Johar



Jake Nato

It is what it is!
The past cannot be changed.
Failure will not overcome me so long as my will
To succeed is stronger.
Be kind whenever possible;
It's always possible ...
You become what you believe

The life in front of you is far more important
Than the life behind you!
Remember why you started.
Things always get better with time.
Overthinking will lead to sadness ...
If God brings you to it,
He will bring you through it.

Believe in yourself!
You are stronger than you think.
Don't stop when you're tired.
Stop when your done ...
It always seems impossible
Until it's done.

Joana Marques

Summer as warm as a microwave
And drinks as cool as ice,
Pool water as blue as the sky
And as refreshing as water.
Playing happily with water guns
Dancing in the sprinklers,
Falling over and laughing
Like nothing bad happens,
Barbeques everyday and music blasting loud,
Parties and friends all sing aloud,
Going to fun fairs and screaming on rides,
Eating ice cream and slushies,
Burgers and hot dogs cooking on the grill,
Arms out in the sunshine and the gentle wind,
Summer is fun,
Summer is great,
Summer is me.

Theresa Aoki



Barakah Daud

I am an ocean blue
Full of fish and waves.

I am a spotty jaguar
With bravery but no fright!

I am a bath tub
Once you add shampoo to me,
Bubbles start to rise...

I am a snugly summer hat,
That the blooming sun will hit.

I am a towering mountain
Appealing yet deadly!

I am a treacherous tornado
Look out for me slithering by...

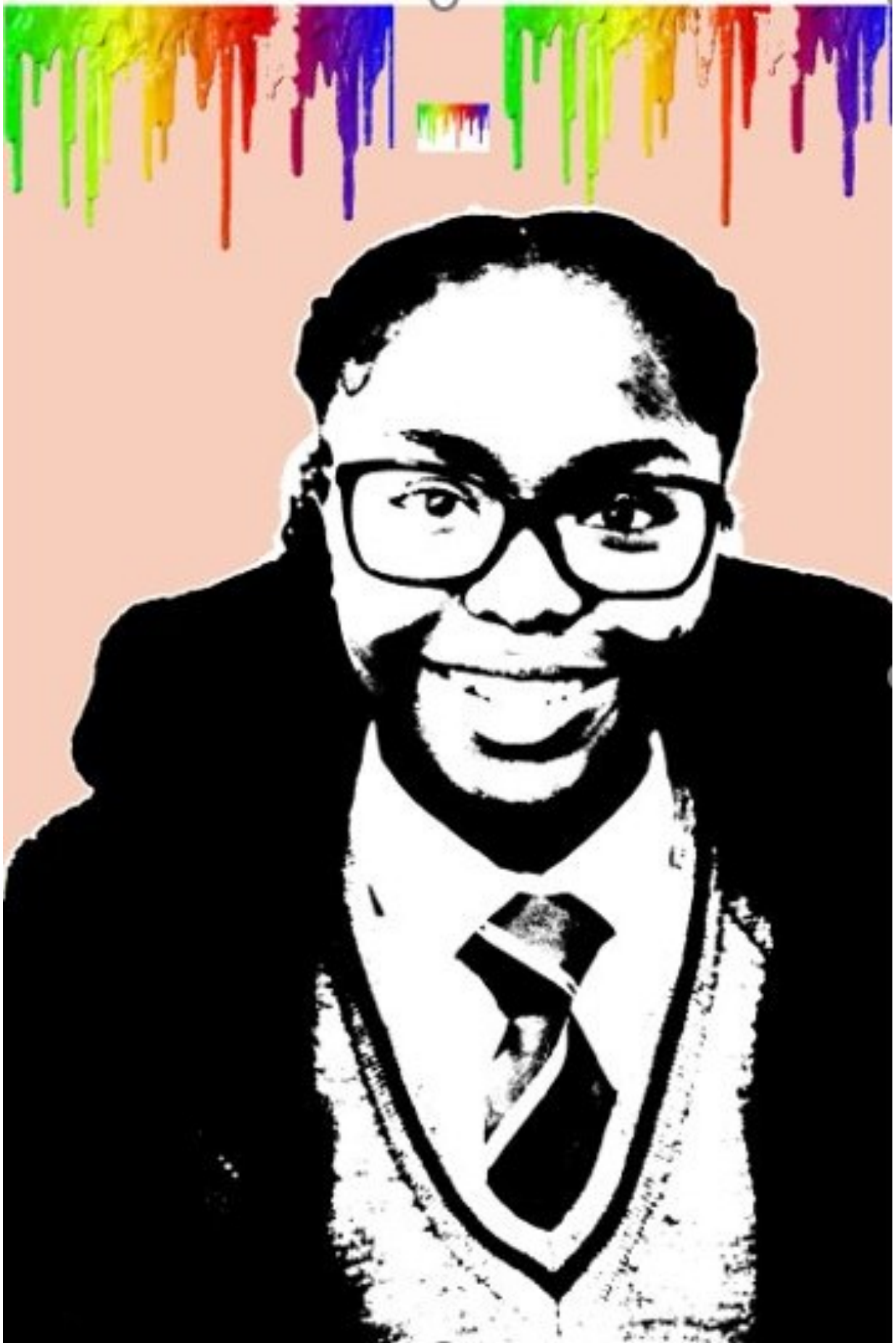
I am Love.
Watch me reach out to my precious ones!

Sara Pestana

¡En el día de muertos lo celebramos! ¡En el día de muertos no llegues tarde! Recuerda a nuestros seres queridos con flores y comida... ¡Los esqueletos bailan y cantan en un estado de ánimo alegre! Ahí está el altar que dejamos con mucho cuidado en el día de los muertos ¡el amor está en todas partes!

On the day of the dead we celebrate it! On the day of the dead, don't be late! Remember our loved ones with flowers and food... skeletons dance and sing in a joyful mood! There is the altar that we left very carefully on the day of the dead, love is everywhere!

Luca Teixeira



Klearna Richards

Celebrate a new life
You have awoken to another day
You hear the whistles of the wind
The swaying of the trees
The humming of the birds

Celebrate a new life
For the past has gone
Lessons learnt
Mistakes improved
But that doesn't mean it won't leave a bruise

Celebrate a new life
The future awaits you
A new chapter like a book
But at some point, it halts to an end

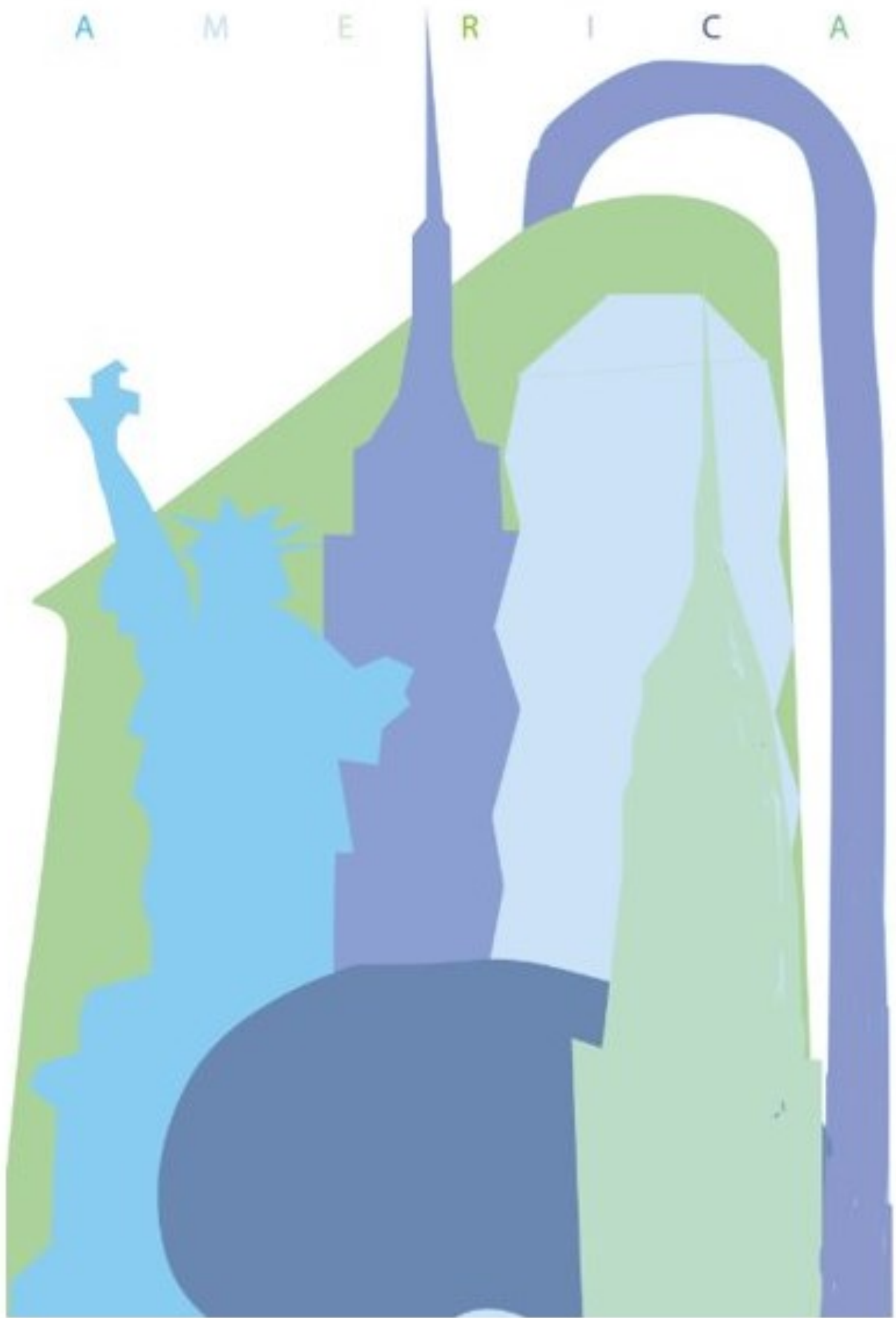
Celebrate a new life
You have awoken to another day
Thank God you're alive
There's a new journey ahead
And it will soon arrive

Nataly Sandoval de Freitas

I am a flower, beautiful and delicate,
Colourful, fresh and tropical,
I am a flower, I appear fresh and eternal
But when I am hurt, I wither up in a curl
And die silently.

I am a flower, a beautiful young flower,
If you want to smell my fresh scent forever,
Don't hurt me in any way.
I am a flower.

Mariam Daud



David Matia

Within the blue skies that I gaze upon
Sits the sun shining
Just like the smile of my mother's face.

The dear hug of warm bliss
Like a blanket, all of the efforts
A loving mother deserves it all.

Seeking some affection and love from her
Before the sun sets back into the nights
Of darkening struggle.

Erick Matthew Magsino

My birthday is for me to celebrate
With family and friends.
My grandma passed
But she will watch from heaven.
She will watch her granddaughter grow.

I will be a respectful and kind person.
I will always respect my family, friends
And everyone in the world.

My birthday means a lot.
But I don't really care about it.
I care about my family
More than my birthday.

Mara Sofia Sequeira Ferreira



Tiago Silva Jesus

Easter is a time
Of new beginnings and forgiveness.

Easter is a time
When family and friends come together.

Easter is a time,
That everyone gifts with kindness and love.

Easter is a time
When everyone is forgiven by Christ.

Ide Yan'Kyaa

Every year comes to an end
A new blank sheet of paper
Another chance to start again.

A new beginning for some
A rough start for others,
A new generation
Soon to grow up and become like us
And we will be forgotten.

While everyone makes up for their mistakes,
They forget to look at what they achieved,
All our wins outweigh our failures
Yet we still seem to believe
That we are nothing

Samuel Varela Lucas



Karina Ribeiro

When the poppies will grow on the field,
And the silence is somehow deafening,
Everyone's mouths will be a shield
And everyone will sit there remembering.

Remembering what we went through,
The pain, the suffering, the cold,
The promised games and fun not true,
We soldiers were left to rot and mould.

So deep, deep below,
Where the carcasses of our bodies lay,
Our souls sit row by row,
Remembering everyday.

Shivani Clarke-Lewis

As the clock strikes Midnight
Colours buzz into the air

As the clock strikes Midnight
People's cheers are met with a loud flare

As the clock strikes Midnight
All seems right and fair

As the clock strikes Midnight
A new year is marked
To say out with old
And in with the New Year

Karina Ribeiro Sanches



Indigo-Rose Egundebi

My birthday means a lot to me
As it celebrates another year added to my life

My birthday means a lot to me
As I get one more year to live and enjoy

My birthday means a lot to me
As I get another year to spend
With family and friends

My birthday means a lot to me
As I get to go to places
I've never visited before

My birthday means a lot to me
As I get to discover new things and travel

My birthday means a lot to me
But sadly, sometimes,
It can be short lived

Marilyn Mensah

You celebrate when you win
The Champions of Europe
Champions of the world
The crowds roar while some cry
In this competition there are no two winners
It can bring people together or tear them apart
There can be misery or joy
You never know
Always expect the unexpected

Joshua Rodrigues



Azeem Dearne

I am a piece of paper
I am a pencil
I am a rubber

My mind begins as a blank page,
Everyday I draw on new ideas

I am a pencil,
I am a rubber,
I decide who to keep note of
And who to get rid of

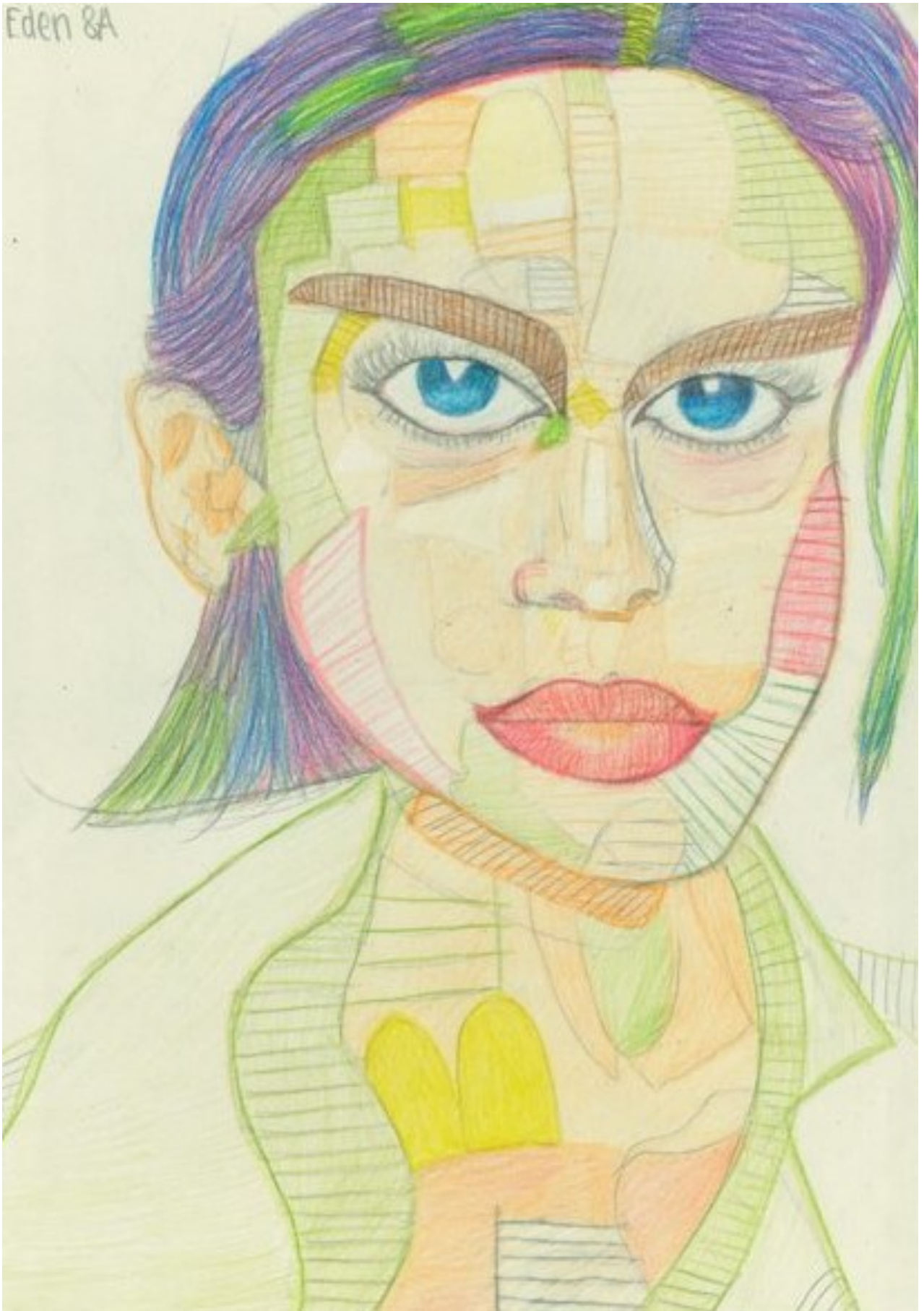
I decorate myself
But what do you see in me?
Am I a lifeless piece of art?
Am I someone with graffiti all over me?
Am I a gorgeous painting?
Am I a masterpiece?
Am I lined with golden calligraphy?

I am often replaced and littered
With toxic substitutes.
Nature will help me grow stronger
My enemies will finally become graphite dust

I am not the toxic one
I am the eternal use
I am the natural
Nobody is better than the original

I am a piece of paper
I am a pencil
I am a rubber.

Hannah Benseba



Eden Bowes

As the springtime sun begins to rise,
And flowers bloom beneath the emerald grass
The people of Ethiopia prepare
For a joyous feast after 40 days

For Easter, known as *Fasika* here,
Is a time of celebration and cheer.
The believers gather in their churches,
To sing and pray and give their praises.

Through fasting, prayer and good works done,
They prepare their hearts for the risen Son.
On Easter morning, they break their fast,
Share a feast with family that will surely last.

Injera, doro wat and other delights,
Fill the tables and the people's sights.
As they eat and drink and dance and sing,
They jump in the hope of Easter blessings.

For Christ has risen and death is no more,
And all creation is healed and restored.
So let us join the Ethiopian throng
And sing our praises to the risen Son!

Emnet Ketema

Do you remember that one time of the year?
sparklers lit on hot, blazing fire, that sweet
fragrant vanilla smell and people screaming
'HAPPY BIRTHDAY!' just as loud as a blue
whale under the navy, cobalt and indigo ocean.

Excited and joyful people taking pictures under
the bright, azure, topaz sky. I'm a sparkly star
in the colossal, galaxy.

Vibrant colours, explosive confetti, colourful
balloons, year after year, just like the chapters
in a book.

The butter and lemon sun shines bright in the
hot, piercing summer of July. Pop, pop, pop!
The explosive confetti of a vivid, radiant and
rich celebration.

Talitha Soares Rodrigues Goulart



Nesrin Osman

I am a violet, full of power and charm.
I am a panda, docile and alone.
I am a needle, small but sharp.
I am a scarf, brought to life in winter.
I am a rocky cliff, scenic but menacing.
I am thunder zipping through the night sky.
I am anger, intense and aggressive.

Ayah Mailoudi

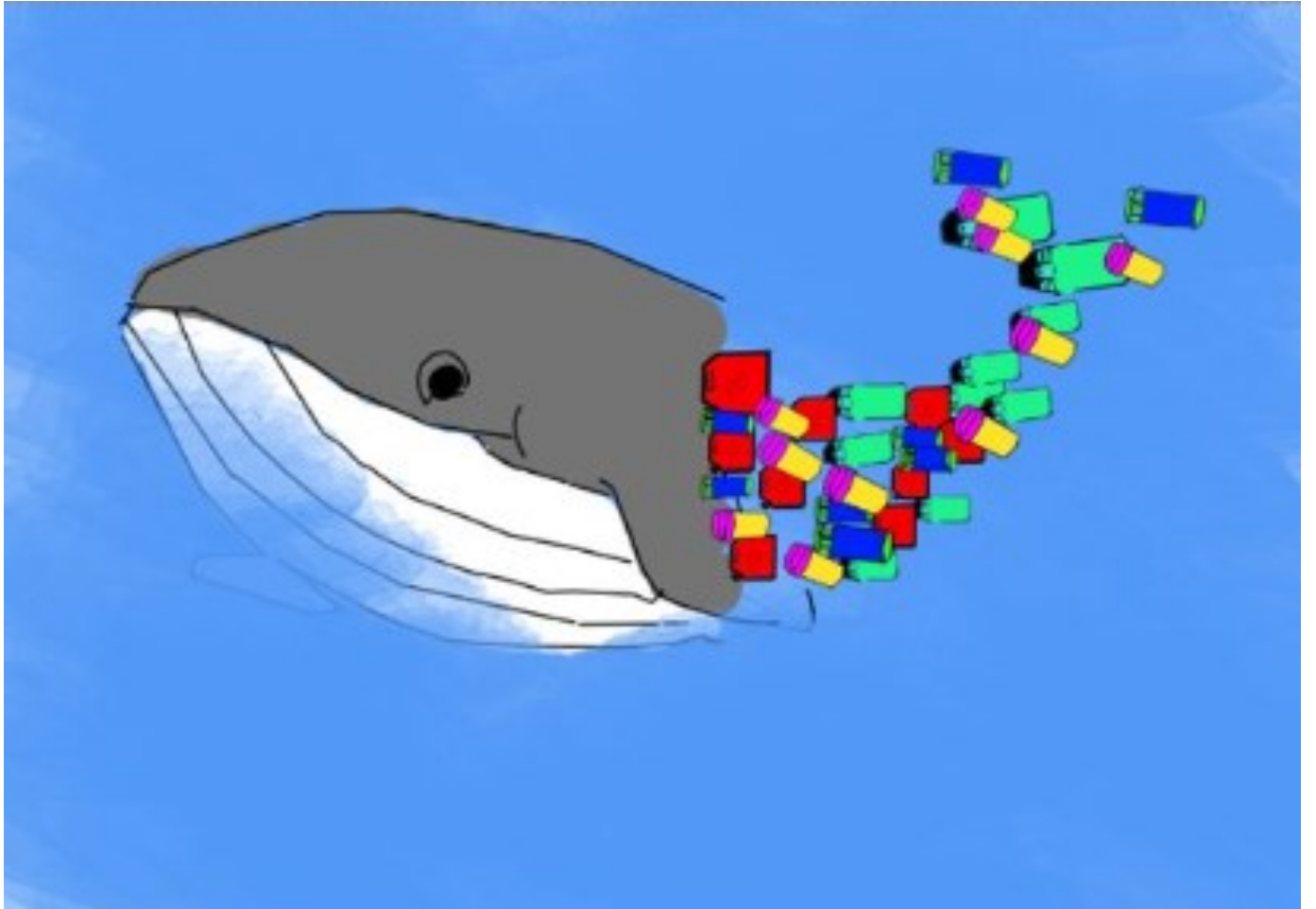
The new year comes, fresh and new.
A new opportunity, a chance to start over.
We leave behind the past and start anew,
Setting our sights on a new you, a better you,
We leave behind what's old and strange
And welcome in our new change.

We cling onto our resolution,
Our hopes for the new year,
We dream about what we'll achieve,
We learn from our mistakes of the past
And strive to become the best version
Of ourselves

We want nothing but to achieve
The same goals we set last year.

The new year is time for hope.
It's a time to reflect.
Take the mistakes of our past and use them
To pave a better future:
A future that's bold and bright,
A time for celebration,
A time for redemption.

Chenai Jordan



Tayler Encalada Cruz

—goodbye.

Why?

Every time you say you'll be on time.

Every time you say it will be alright.

Every time you laugh, you cry.

And I just want to say you're so pretty when

You lie.

But why?

Why?

When I look at you it's like there's
This suffocating plastic around your eyes,
Like the lights around midnight skies.

You're like the empty streets,

With no movement to be seen,

But your mind is just as confusing

As ancient books in the library.

You hide your face like the moon
Concealed in a fabric of clouds,
Luminescent like an angel's sky;

But you hide underneath

As if your life depended on it.

You are like those phantoms
Who won't pay for the underground.

Why?

You look down at the river. You get off the bus.

You stared straight at me with hate—

But why?

It's the fifth time you stabbed me with a knife;

Dragging me along, watching my soul die.

Being with you feels like a tight string.

Being with you feels like being

Hanged on the park swings.

- adore.

I hate you so much, it shatters glass

And boils in my blood.

So hot I need to wear gloves, scraping my skin,

You're hesitant to grin.

Looking down at me makes your spine twist.

You sit in front of me.

You see me everyday.

You stare straight at me with hate—

goodbye.

- adore.

You are the only thing that makes me happy

You are the only thing that hurts me.

- adore.

Teanna Tran



Deneshia Newell

Eid is a beautiful tradition,
It's a definition,
Of our love for god,
Eid signifies joy - happiness,
Eid is a time for forgiveness,
No devil or evil.
Eid is beautiful and peaceful,
The excitement Eid brings.

Shareen Zainu

True heroes that will never be forgotten.

Their courage, their strength,
Their hearts of true metal.

They faced the cruelty of war
And gave it their all.

Their sacrifice will forever be
Remembered, one and all.

They were the horses, the mules,
The dogs of war.

They carried the weight of the world
On their backs and their claws.

They went into battle
And faced chaos and fear.

The animals that died
Were true heroes indeed.
They showed us the true definition
Of courage and bravery in need.

Their legacy will live on,
In our memories and our hearts.

Benjamin Adegoke



Adham Ahmed

Ah, the marvellous feeling of Christmas.
The season full of dilemmas
What gift to pick? What to give?
To some, 'tis the season to forgive'
The time our Lord Jesus Christ was born,
A baby to adore.
Xmas is not about receiving
It's more about giving.

Ah, the marvellous feeling of Christmas,
We sing the carols from long ago
Door to door, off we go
Christmas 'tis the season to love and give.
Every year, an exquisite season to relive.

Matilde Cardoso

I am fire, hear me roar in the blazing light.

I am the ocean, smooth like the waves.

I am quiet, more silent than a deadly fox.

I am a forest, hear my whispers in the air.

I am a bird, hear me screech like a Owl.

I am danger, see what awakens beyond me...

Justas Matvejevas

A Collection of 6 Word Stories

Forgotten boy; concealed on icy planet

Imran Abdulrahim

Desired. Hired. Eventually tired, then retired

Steven Agrela

Life is a mystery but why?

Maferima Bamba

She cried but she was alone

Shelisha Rayne Damsa

Fear is powerful. Power is fear

Seham Hassan

Another year, new chapter in life

Indigo-Rose Egundebi

Won a million, lost her mind

Darcie Hart

Some things just don't last forever

Kaicie Reid Stephens

Within the darkness, there was light.

Aya Akarmass

Scared, unsure. Still, keep moving forward.

Beyza Aydin

I won, but at what cost?

James Philip

Hides his tragic past with humility.

Eva Channer

Get Up and chase your passion
Carlito Russell

One eye open when I'm sleeping
Teanna Tran

Being pretty is not your job
Anisa Akarmasa

I felt him, he was here
Rosie Button

It's fine, it's fine - Its not
Teanna Tran

A smiling face, a broken soul
Anisa Akarmasa

Life is a hallway to dreams
Ximena Cardona Palencia

Powerful heartbreak. It only happens once.

Mariam Daud

The shallow pit finally seeks light

Ana Vidal

Opportunities don't happen; you create them.

Maya Dinesh

My body frozen, my mind awake

Nataly Sandoval De Freitas

Some things just don't last forever.

Rahma Elmi

Dreaming big could make you successful

Sashawna Wilks

Your lies don't hurt me anymore
Ayah Mailoudi

Stars glisten as the moon listens
Justas Matvejevas

There's a mystery behind all doors
Jahzara Palmer

Beast awakens where you least expect.
Thorsten Rhoden

The shallow pit finally seeks light
Ana Vidal

She cried like a falling cloud
Sashawanna Wilks

Life is a hallway to dreams
Ximena Cardona Palencia



Kelly Oliveira



A Platanos College Publication