



WILD WORDS

An Anthology of
Cross-Species Ecopoetry

Theatre in the Rough

Not for Resale

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An Anthology of Cross-Species Ecopoetry

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**THEATRE
IN THE
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Introduction

Welcome to Wild Words – an anthology of poems inspired by creative connections between young people and the non-human world.

It is evident that our planet is facing immense environmental challenges. From greenhouse gas emissions warming the atmosphere to deforestation disrupting ecosystems, and from plastic pollution harming the oceans to fast fashion depleting natural resources, a vast range of human activities are severely impacting the world around us.

Yet, beneath these actions and choices may lie a deeper root: a fundamental disconnection from the natural world. In our modern era, we've gradually lost meaningful relationships with non-human entities, viewing them as separate from, or inferior to, ourselves.

The goal of Wild Words is to bridge this divide.

In this anthology, young writers from across the UK have collaborated with elements of nature to co-author poems that seek to fuse human and non-human perspectives. Whether penned with rustling leaves, birdsong, rainfall, or the moon, these works invite you to share in the collective voice of the entire planet . . . and beyond.

You can find out more about this project and explore an extended range of poems at *theatreintherough.com/wildwords*.

PLANTLIFE

Rain on Me

Rain on me
And let me watch
The lovers greeting on a petal that is not mine
Rain on me
And let me become what is desired
Watch me become a symbol of red

Rain on me
Make me grow into a being of love
The lovers will choose my petals to settle
Rain on me
Other lovers will choose my stem to pick
If only they do not let my thorns prick

Rain on me
Though I beg you not to let me be put away
And placed upon a mantle in a vase
Rain on me
And then, rain, I will be yours
If only, rain, you can be mine

EVE MCARTHUR (18)
& A ROSE AND THE RAIN

The Bittersweet Ember

Why don't you look at me?
Am I not beautiful and coloured by speckles of pigmentation,
Or have I grown old and discoloured?

I simply do not know.

There is no water or lake that will allow me to look their way,
'One reflection, that's all', I plead,
But a soft ripple turns me away.

I simply do not know why.

Does my complexion clash with the neighbouring leaves?
Or do you simply ignore my existence,
For your own pleasure?

I wish I knew.

Yet a growing sapling, smaller than me,
Looks in my direction, upwards,
Smiling at me.

I do not know why.

I wish to look down, to ask him what is so fascinating,
About this old, discoloured, broken flower.
But the sun's icy grip paralyses me to look its way.

I wish it didn't.

Still, I look upon the sun's glowing face,
So perfect in every way,
Hoping for their beauty to sink its teeth into me.

I wish they did it soon.

For my petals are curling,
And insects make me lose feeling,
As they engulf my whole being entirely.

I scream and beg for them to stop,
I don't want to end like this,
I have so many more days to live –

No one listens.

Now I am nothing but a torn flower.
Don't look at my face.
I only want to be enclosed by the darkness around me,
And become one with the grotesque countenance I always was.

TYRA LITTEN (16)
& A SLIGHTLY BROKEN PURPLE CORNFLOWER

Red Camellia

Beyond the soaked highway
Drenched by the drizzling August rain
There blooms the red camellia
Brightest red among all reds.

Wondering her wonderer,
The roads were too slippery and tough,
Doused by the ceaseless drizzle,
Will the red camellia still bloom?

The rarest that enamoured my heart,
I despond due to the apathetic time.
Will they allow me to water the rarest blossom?
I who is your soil, also I who's a mere dint.

But such a pure love is Heaven's joy,
Will God let you bloom?
To let this pass like nothing,
Do ask me what I can do for you.

Did I water you too much?
Will the sun burn you?
I will place you in the care of a flowerpot.
The red camellia, bloom in the care of my hands.

AVA PEARCE (12)
& A RED CAMELLIA

A Flower's Saga

I'm just a little flower,
Standing here hour by hour,
I'm not very tall or grand,
But still, I think I'm quite in demand.

People come to me and say,
'Oh little flower, how are you today?'
I just smile and nod my head,
And hope they don't squish me instead.

Sometimes I get a little bored,
Standing here, adored and ignored,
But then a bee comes buzzing by,
And I can't help but let out a sigh.

'Hey bee, what's the buzz?' I say,
'Are you here to take my pollen away?'
The bee just laughs and says with glee,
'I'm just doing my job, can't you see?'

So here I am, a little flower,
Standing tall, hour by hour,
I may not be the biggest or the best,
But I still think I'm pretty blessed.

DEEPAK YUVARAJ (10)
& A LITTLE FLOWER IN THE GARDEN

An Ordinary Autumn Day

I stroll each day without purpose or pace;
I roam the parks and meadows free and young.
With sweet unburdened joy across my face,
I taste the morning freshness with my tongue.

One sunny autumn day I passed a tree
With golden figures hanging from each hand.
Collectively, they formed a smile of glee;
An image to be known across the land.

I took a moment, stood alone and still.
With elegance, a leaf began to fall.
Such beauty leaves possess, or so I thought.
I strolled on with neither purpose or pace.

And when the leaf spoke, it was still flying;
'Ah, yes. The beauty that comes with dying'.

SAI VADDHIREDDY (17)
& AN AUTUMN LEAF

Leaves

Lovely leaves fall off the trees.

Ellie likes hard conkers.

Are there any more flowers in the garden?

Very rainy weather is good for the soul.

Every lovely, large cloud shadows the autumn weather.

Singing amongst the dry leaves.

MILEY ELLIOT (13)
& LEAVES

Leaves in the Background

there's green leaves in the background
and a yellow haze
the light is so bright i can barely see your face
and the bandstand in the centre
is where we would go
if we were alone
we would dance and sing
and one day you'd be on your knee
i'd say yes and we'd kiss instantly
and for the leaves in the background
they're picking up the pace
and moving around
the autumn breeze of space
we would laugh and smile
and walk through the woods
searching for treasure
but realise that i'm staring at you with your hood
then the sun would shine
and we'd get the yellow haze
i'd move into the light
and that's how we would spend our days
we would look upon the river and see fish swimming about
i don't know why i decided
to fall in love with you now
and the leaves in the background
are gathering up frost
turning different shades
and some getting lost
rolling down hills
some bigger some small

i realise that you're the one for my soul
after all
flowers are blossoming
as well as your smile
that i love and adore
it never goes out of style
we notice a bird singing
and you replicate the tone
i've never been so happy
of not being alone
and for the leaves in the background
they're back on the trees
and they're there all year long
watching You and Me.

MAX HOWARD (16)
& LEAVES

Ballad of the Petalled Bush

The radiant bush
Stands proudly amongst
The measly daisies and buttercups
Swaying gently in the wind.

Its flamboyant pink petals
Seduce any onlookers
Its allure is too
Vivid to be ignored.

However, as all must end
One way or the other
Summer has left
In a few fleeting seconds.

The soft, luscious petals
Which were once
Mesmerising and vivid
Are now crinkled and grey.

Soon, they descend
And turn to slimy mush
The sweet smell
Replaced for a pertinent sense of dread.

The branches
Once shrouded with leaves
Are knobbly and naked
Cold and fragile.

The frail branches, fingerlike
Reach out towards me
Begging me, not for light
But for warmth and protection.

As the next summer passes by
I wonder to myself
'Is the suffering too great to be ignored?'
While the flowers bloom once more.

PRIYA RAMESH (13)
& A BUSH IN THE GARDEN

Silent Rebirth

A serrated stump
bearing the burden
of sanguinary steel.
Beauty lost to
malicious hands of the axe.
With a mighty swing –
a deafening crack
came the splintered bones
of the ligneous figure
now left to a jagged hump
and withering leaves.
Fauna's sanctuary forgotten
in a suffering silence
where we simply overlook its corpse
as if its last vestiges no longer stand.
Yet in a ring around the relic
fronds of green rise,
swaying as one
where nature's whispers once danced
and will someday return.

THALIA S. A. (13)
& A TREE STUMP

When Trees Cry

They once had souls,
Like you and me.

They once had eyes,
Yet could not see.

They once had hearts,
That did not beat.

They once had mouths,
But did not eat.

They once had smiles,
Broke through bark,
That lit the night
After dark.

They once had arms,
Held up so high,
That grip the leaves
Up in the sky.

And they would sing,
All through night,
Sweet melodies
Of candlelight.

And though their mouths still exist,
It is not song that comes from their lips.

Now the age of man has come,
Trees have learnt to cry again.

CHARLOTTE KILTY (16)
& TREES

The Tree

Standing tall against the wind and rain
Its branches and leaves once free
Battered by weather of many a year
There is a tree

The thunder roars and lightning strikes
Though its leaves tremble in fright
The tree cannot move or hide
It will just stand in plain sight

The tree stands rigid, it will not break
Though the storm is fierce and long
For other trees around to see
It stands regimental and strong

The storm may rage and winds may blow
But the tree will not give in nor bends
Its roots firmly gripping the ground
Until the storm ends

The storm has been and gone
But alone on a hill for all to see
Amidst the destruction left behind
Standing alone, there is a tree

FLORENCE READ-BROWN (11)
& A TREE

When the Last Leaf Falls

I star-gaze I dream-sleep
I care-raise I guard-keep
My children grow with each passing day,
But they all eventually fly away.

I fight-defend I power-strong
I mother-friend I belong
But when the first leaf begins to fall,
I hear its crying weeping calls,

I fragile-weak I shriek-cry
I not-unique I say-goodbye
As I plummet down and down,
I know my fate when I hit the ground.

I broken-heart I shocked-annoyed
I fall-apart I live-void
My children gone all except for one,
But I know that I'll have none.
I night-nap I shoo-threat
I cherish-care I . . . PLUMMET
When the last leaf falls.
Surrounded in corpses of orange and red,
I remember all those tears I so so sorrowfully shed.
I fought, I loved
Yet I lost all those I called beloved.
Because when the last leaf falls . . .

Light, sun, warmth, spring is here
There is nothing to fear.
My children home
I am not alone
When the first leaf grows.

CECILIA MAINARDI (11)
& A TREE

A City in the Night

A night in the city,
Beneath my sprouting, green, leaves
Filled with endless bustling, people rushing by,
No one stops to see, this young, new, tree
Anticipating its life.

A night in the city,
Beneath my radiant, emerald, leaves
Where time floats past the bright neon lights,
Changing their hearts, from its original purpose.

A night in the city,
Beneath my rich, autumn, leaves
Precious people cradling their prayers, for a chance,
Losing themselves, for a little reward.

A night in the city,
Beneath my shrinking, bronze, leaves
Scared of the wrong choices, changes,
Scared of being caught in weakness
Scared of losing their status.

A night in the city,
Beneath my fading leaves, my empty twigs (Snow gifted me a coat)
I see the flickering lamps, and hear the clamours up-street.
Below, a stranger smiles at me, and time slips.

When they can't see the way to go forwards,
My leaves grow back to the radiant green
And it's just repeated history –

A city in the night,
Beneath my sprouting, green leaves
Where all the people rush by
No one stops to see,
But I feel so alive.

RUNYI LIU (16)
& AN ASH TREE

The Buffalo Man

The man. The Buffalo mask. Gruffed.
When the asteroids fall and the earth smokes,
Where are you?

‘I sup beneath my purple ribbon unfurled,
skipping abstinence and stuffing mutton,
my ribbons will tie your smoking earth into a televised bowshow,
Are you coming?’

The man. The Buffalo mask. Gruffed.
When the great floods flow and the earth’s flooded,
Where are you?

‘I am cindering witness statements and scientific studies
do you want to join my cindering party?
Are you coming?’

The man. The Buffalo mask. Gruffed.
When civilisation falls and sanctuary’s mobbed,
Where are you?

‘I am taking beauty’s virginity under Magdalene’s flag wavering,
freeing one space from sanctuary,
through the merits of my sanctified body,
Are you coming?’

The Buffalo man removes his mask:
'my earth is rolling down the bowling alley,
my earth is growing in that pregnant lady's tummy,
it is in the parting of the seas, the seas that arch, the seas that dodge,
my earth is experiencing static electricity

Then my earth had left the bowling alley,
that pregnant lady's tummy, and the parting of the seas,
it was breeding in a pear tree,
orbiting in Saturn's ring, light years away, making crossroads, taking
crossroads.'

Because no one would listen to the Buffalo man.

MAY WRIGHT (16)
& A TREE

ANIMALS

The Elephant Hawk-moth

I cut through the air, flapping and hovering
Like a kestrel, so man calls me hawk.
He also calls me elephant, for in my formative days
I bore a trunk, but I crawled and didn't walk.
I am both, I am neither.
I am *deilephila elpenor*:
I am a moth.

You'll see me seldom for my domain is the night,
But as I cut through the silver lunar ray
Admire my gorgeous coat of olive green and pink tourmaline.
I work as hard on the night shift as the butterflies by day.
I am a midnight pollinator,
To a greener world a contributor:
I am a moth.

I strive for the light and aim for the moon,
But tethered just feet from the earth, I fail too soon.
Just as my friend the Poet pens my tale black on white,
I too am a poet producing art on an inky canvas through the night.
I'm an ornament of darkness,
I am an Elephant Hawk-moth.
Yes, I am a moth.

SOPHIA DOBSON (13)
& AN ELEPHANT HAWK-MOTH

Boxed In!

I sat there in awe,
Powerless I froze,
We stared upon each other,
Nervous I shook,

My suspicious mind was heavily focused,
My body tense and tight,
While I slowly relaxed with breathlessness,
I was wrapped up in an intense trance,
Where I kneeled upon its honour on repeat,

It crept up slowly but surely taking over,
Possessing my whole body,
I was pinned in like a target from a fierce predator,
I felt instantly like I switched to a prey,
Like roles were reversed,

This is hierarchy to the test,
Way to box an innocent in,
How can he tell if there is guilt inside me,
Not every human is so pure.

OLIVIA FURNESS (18)
& A BOX TREE MOTH

The Warmongering Bee

In the kitchen, isolated, there sits a little bee.
A bouncing black and yellow shiver, a terrified ecstasy.
The queen's command, a mantra, an echoing cassette.
The bee indoctrinated, wanting nothing else instead.

The kitchen door swings open, hanging there ajar.
A bald man walks in squinting. He sees him from afar.
Their eyes lock like marksmen, a Wild Western hippodrome.
The bee a form of colour, the man is monochrome.

The window is swung open. The war horn rings out true.
The bee is struck with all the might and flutters down confused.
It looks up to the man, his master he'd met his match.
The bee dodged another swing at him, yes, avoids a sweeping snatch.

The bee shatters in realisation, it knows its final plight.
A sick Machiavellian gambit, it's time for one last flight.
He gears up for the charge, he brandishes his joust.
Enough to make anything quiver, a mammoth to a mouse.

He launches his attack, warfare at its most brutal.
A mutually assured killing blow and it fractures, landing truthful.
The bee decays to the ground. The queen's words still in his ears.
A loch to soften the fall. A tiny sea of tears.

The man stands over the bee a giant, there he towers
the bee wasn't meant to die,
he was just meant to help the flowers.

CHANCE ELDON-HARDY (17)
& A BEE

Sugarglider

Sweet, sweet sugar, I love thee,
Under the sun or moon, I eat honey,
Ground or sky, I love sugar.
Anytime, anywhere, I love my sweets.
Rope dancer they call me (short one at that!);
Great! I exclaimed at my first taste of honey
Laughed, they did, at my expression.
I just love sugar and gliding too!
Don't dilly dally, we must make haste:
Energy it gives me, that's why.
Right now I must leave, goodbye friends.

ELI LEWIS-OLNEY (12)
& A BEE

The Valley of Life

The valley is teeming with life.
Petals are unfurling,
Back from the dead and awash with colour.
Rosebuds are breaking free from the turf,
As the trees yawn and stretch,
Waking from their slumber,
Injecting even more colour into the scene.
Wherever I go,
The birdsongs and faint chirping sounds hang in the air,
Plants of all kinds bursting out of the ground,
It is like nature is being reborn.
Twittering baby birds hatching from speckled eggs,
Feeling their first ever morning breeze,
While tweeting heavenly music for my ears.
Soft white blankets of powdery snow start disappearing from the valley,
Not to be seen again until the next year.
The land is crawling with life,
Sprouting plants from every inch of it.
Candy floss clouds dotting across the sky,
As rays of glorious sunlight burst through them.
The fresh clean air has no curious whiff or putrid pong,
The valley has more colours than any city could possibly have.
It has mint, arsenic and emerald trees, reaching for the sky.
Cool shades of turquoise, teal and sapphire glisten, like jewels in
the icy water.
The landscape glimmers and gleams,
Looking like a delicate, creamy chocolate bar.

Twittering in their nest,
Are my baby brothers, feasting on juicy treats,
As I take my turn to watch over them,
Whilst watching the valley of life.

KRISH SRIVASTAVA (12)
& A BIRD

The Garden Tourist

Inky pools slice beneath its sapphire crown,
A determined gymnast of the trees,
Its apron of gold glides from chest to pale cheek,
The patriotic survivor flies,
One year spent with mossy poplar patchwork,
Fifteen thousand hours of foraging life,
Jerking, hopping through weathered ivy strands,
Chattering to the rhythm of Comber.

Winter flocks flap in great-blue harmony,
Determined acrobats of the sky,
Barren beak snips aphids from leafy weed,
A cobalt, fluttering blur of longing,
The garden tourist will seek another,
Inconstant, the chattering song endures.

PATRICK MAGINNIS (17)
& A BLUE TIT

Bird's Eye View

Wings on the wind, beak in the air,
Soaring along the sky without a care.
Green grass meadows and fields with flowers,
Swaying trees with large leafy bowers.
White cotton clouds and bright blue sky,
Looking down below as I fly.
Buzzing bees and fluttering butterflies,
Flying along without hows or whys.
The world is a calm peaceful place,
With space for every animal race.

But . . . what happened? What changed? To the world I knew.
What changed it into a place of cities anew?
What made it into a grey world of gloom?
What changed it into a place of animal doom?

Humans.

They came along with their big machines
And flattened all our lovely trees.
With nowhere to perch but their big towers,
Us birds began to hide and cower.
We fled to places green and wide,
The beautiful, healthy countryside.
But slowly there was less of this,
And our population began to go amiss . . .
But there were some humans who still cared,
The nice ones amongst – the kind ones who shared.

And they helped us spread our wings,
They gave us lots of lovely things.
Like food and baths and perch stands that were ours,
Mini houses to hide in during rain showers.
We found hidden gems like forests and woods,
And we began to increase like birds should . . .
We need your help – your strength, your power,
And give back to nature who helped you to flower.
We need the people who made this pollution,
To give back and help fight for a solution.

ELEANOR (13)
& A BIRD

In the Wonderful World of Nature

In the wonderful world of nature,
Where robins chirp with glee,
Small rodents scurry about,
Bush to bush, tree to tree.

In the beautiful world of nature,
The sun begins to set,
There comes a 'Twit', then a 'Twoo',
Two silent hunters met.

In the mystical world of nature,
The two barn owls drift and glide,
They spot a vole beneath them,
Through their sharp, yellow eyes.

In the glorious world of nature,
The barn owls silently dive.
The vole is caught in the open,
The creature shan't survive.

In the relentless world of nature,
The barn owls sup and dine.
With great pleasure do they eat,
As the sun begins to rise.

TIMOTHY MADDERS (10)
& BARN OWLS

Bats

Blind the bat was.
Aware of his surroundings,
He was.
Tells his friends to watch out,
He did.
Sounds he makes cannot be heard
By the humans . . .
But the dogs will hear it.

ASHLEY DELAY (16)
& BATS

Hedgehog's Monologue

Hey, I'm a hedgehog. What's it like being a hedgehog? Well . . .
Engineering is a big part of my life: you know, digging burrows and
Dens. It's cumbersome work even with my trusty engineering
degree. What else?
Geometry! Yeah, finding the right rocks for the den comes in
handy and it fills me with joy!
Especially when I find the perfect boulder that just slots into place,
ooh I love it!
Honestly, at times it's rough out there with pretty much everything
being bigger than me but
Obviously, that's not always the case (worms and bugs . . . mmmm
yum!) It's nice being
Greatly smaller than many other things. It gives an interesting
perspective on life so . . . good luck out there guys!

OLIVER WALKER (14)
& A HEDGEHOG

Rabbit's Wild Escape

Hop, hop, hop,
my ears twitch and flop.
Listening to the autumn leaves rustling on the trees,
my soft fur is tickled by the breeze.
Eat, eat, eat,
the green grass is so sweet.
High above me the colourful birds fly,
as the fluffy clouds roll slowly across the sky.
Sniff, sniff, sniff,
I think that I catch a whiff.
Is there something amongst the moss-covered rocks?
It's a FOX!
RUN, RUN, RUN,
end of the fun.
Ears upright,
full of fright.
Hide, hide, hide,
it is dangerous outside.
Safe in this burrow that I prepared,
for when I'm scared.
Peep, peep, peep,
from the safety of the deep.
The fox is not about,
it's time to come out.
Play, play, play,
for the rest of the day.
Listening to the autumn leaves rustling on the trees,
my soft fur is tickled by the breeze.

FLORENCE SPOONER (6)
& A WILD RABBIT

Hemlock Hill Farm

Spring is here, sheep ready to rear,
the sun glows near to the lush green field.
The farm erupts with bleating,
crunching grass, my siblings eating
their first ever meals, crouched beside our mother's heels
within the safety of Hemlock Hill Farm.

We love to leap, us little lambs,
we dance and sing till dusk slips down.
Our legs may be knobbly, but they'll take us far
like springs they fling us, we'll caress the stars.
And when our limbs begin to tire,
when an evening blaze sets the sky on fire,
the farmer's dog barks a sharp 'Goodnight!'
and we snuggle down
in the safety of Hemlock Hill Farm.

We live in such a lovely place,
our field full of buttercups, our trots full of grace.
But there's something I've noticed these past few days
that sets my little heart a-race.

Something's changing in our farm –
a sinister thing pierces through the calm.
For suddenly the Man who feeds us
begins to visit with a leash underarm.

He surveys the field, strolls past the mothers
spots my prancing sisters and brothers.
His wellly-boots bristle the grass underfoot,
his lips flick up in a smile:
Perhaps he'll give us a nice grain pile.

But instead, the Man looks us up and down,
selects the plumpest lamb to be found.
He lures them in with a treat-filled hand, then ushers them across
the land.

This is odd, don't you think?
It feels as though I'm missing a link.
I miss my dear siblings, though I'm sure that they're well
and I'm trying my best not to dwell.
So till I meet them again, back to sweet farm life with the cows and
the hens.

For we love to leap, us little lambs,
we dance and prance till dusk slips down.
And while we're young and bright,
our bleats liven up the starry night
in the safety of Hemlock Hill Farm.

PRU GALLON (13)
& A LAMB

The Giraffe

Great tall giants wandering
In the grass while also
Roaming around trying to go
Around the mountains.
Falling leaves all around while
Following the wind to escape from being
Eaten by the giraffes.

SAM MILLS (13)
& A GIRAFFE

LANDSCAPES

A Grey Heart Still Hurts – Confessions of a Broken Garden

i get high on his love
as i feel our energy move
my breath is his, pushed out
never to return
from the power he exhumes
as my layers begin to open
my skin now paper thin
can you hear me,
need me?
as my flowers turn and twist?
as my dry green eyes look upon for rain?
as i get high on his love
once again –
my follicles sway
and branch arms droop
his love was too strong and the sky is now gone
for you is all I see
i, your queen
to you
the writhing bee,
what could you have done to stop the love he forced upon me?

SOLANA TALENTI (18)
& A FLOWER GARDEN

The Wonder of Nature

In the garden, sights and sounds abound
Nature's wonders all around
Birds chirping melodies from high above
Their songs echoing with joy and love

Butterflies flutter, their colours are so bright
Dancing through the air, what a mesmerising sight
Bees buzzing busily, collecting nectar that is so sweet
As flowers sway gently in the breeze

Leaves rustling in the calm breeze
Whispering secrets among the trees
Squirrels running, playing their game
As the sun's rays cast a golden flame

In this garden, a mini world that is so alive
Where nature will come to rest and survive
So take a moment
To cherish the wonders that nature sends

FELICITY RIX (12)
& A GARDEN

Circles

Yesterday, I was rolling down a grassy hill and found it very hard to breathe.

I saw grass, nothing, sky, everything.

(Grass, nothing, sky, everything)

I saw green, black, blue, white.

(Green, black, blue, white)

I saw autumn, winter, spring, summer.

(Autumn, winter, spring, summer)

I saw wake up, school, home, sleep.

(Wake up, school, home, sleep)

I saw children, teenagers, adults, elderly.

(Children, teenagers, adults, elderly)

It was only when I stopped rolling and stood up, I could see the whole picture, all at once.

All sides to the circle.

A friendly circle.

And suddenly, it wasn't so hard to breathe any more.

USMI SOHONI (14)
& A PARK

The Quarry

Upon this vast expanse of moorland
 grace,
Where gorse and heather once did
 bloom,
A tapestry of beauty takes its
 place,
A symphony woven by nature's
 loom

How the moorland wept when its fabric
 tore,
A scar etched upon its ancient
 face,
Its harmonies shattered,
 forevermore,
A testament to man's relentless
 chase.

The symphony of life, once so
 profound,
Now silenced, as echoes cannot be
 found,
The birds, once singing melodies
 sweet,
Have fled, their harmonies now
 incomplete.

A gnarled oak stands in shadow, gaunt
and bare,
Its branches outstretched in a mournful
prayer,
To weave a new tapestry, where our hopes
are
Interlaced with the threads of the moorland we
scarred.

SILVA GORNELL (16)
& A MOOR

The Forest Callings

Psst!
They would call,
The gentle ushering to join them in the gala,
To express one another
Through the forms of dance and song.

Psst!
They would call,
The temptations they would break,
To lure you to seek the unknown,
Through the forms of fascination and uncertainty.

Some had always thought you were crazy,
But no,
You knew the callings of The Forest.

You had dreamt of dancing with the doe again,
You had dreamt of watching the woodland mice live their little
lives –

Stepping in the crisp waters on a fine,
Midsummer night's eve
Was all you wanted to do again.

You had longed to be transported back to a place,
That had felt like a home you've lived in for years,
Even though it is a place you've rarely been.

DOROTEA STUCINSKE (14)
& A FOREST

The Forest

Dear forest, how did you grow such lush trees?
Their flowers are so magnificent and bright,
Calling from a distance a swarm of buzzing bees.
The tall, brave guardians protecting all the animals at night.

Dear forest, I love the scent of your pine.
The refreshing smell that fills the whole forest with delight,
Gives me the warm welcoming feeling of Christmas time.
This delightful scent will rock all the animals to sleep tonight.

Dear forest, I can hear the leaves crunching under my feet.
The soothing tunes of sweet-sounding birds,
Finally make my heart complete.
A special feeling that I can't describe in words.

Dear forest, thank you for the treasures I found.
While I was walking along the stream,
I tasted the sweet, delicious blueberries from the ground.
It felt like a wonderful dream.

Dear child, I'm pleased that you feel this way.
I'm the most beautiful forest you can find,
Please bring your dearest friends to play.
I trust you because you are caring and kind.

ATLAS DEVRIMOZ (9)
& A FOREST

WATER

The River

Blue as the sky,
Sounding like a beautiful lullaby,
I walked along the mound,
As you were running on the mound,
You have complete power,
In growing these heavenly flowers,
The colours surrounded me,
Drowning me as though I were in the sea,
You swished and swashed and flowed,
While the sun above us glowed,

As you meandered further on,
I could not help but gaze upon,
Your beauty enjoyed by all,
Like me in thrall,
I could spend a lifetime with you,
A lifetime with this exquisite view,

The stars come out to play,
As night takes over day,
I must leave you today,
But I would rather stay,
I leave you alone with the stars,
Rather you are the superstar,
I watch you flow away in the dark,
Violently thrashing like a shark,
Even though you wash away,
Rampant you are today,
The moon tonight was bright,
As you were the true star tonight.

SUHAIL MOHAMED-PATHUSHA (18)
& A RIVER

Riparia

Do you remember that summer?
We were younger, much younger
Peter-panning-holding-off-growing-up
yes, that summer. White dress and wellies
and taupe shorts too big for you
we waded in, ran our fingers across
the mud of the riverbank,
as across a library-shelf of ancient books
feeling the wet sand and clay beneath our fingertips
feeling our way through adolescence and
finding troughs, peaks and dips
in the surface, homes of sand martins,
darting things, they were, waltzing in the sky
and zooming into the earth.
We learnt their taxonomy: *riparia riparia*.
It was the summer 'of the river'
of holding hands and of diving in.
Then it was the summer of letting go.
The path we trod is fallen in,
fallen into the water.
Our footprints in muddy sand gone
dissolved into the North Sea by now.
But I am still of the river of that summer.
I remember how to find my way back here.
I am of the river, as a sand martin,
a darting thing, *riparia*
riparia it sounds like a song I might sing
an aria for the riverbank, for them and for me.
I am still here singing, wherever you may be.

ESME GUTCH (18)
& A RIVER AND SAND MARTINS

Heart of Nature

In the heart of nature's embrace
A river flows with gentle grace
Beside it stands an oak so grand
Together, they create a magical land

The river current a sweet melody
Whispering secrets the oak tree will keep
Their dance unfolds in harmony
A symphony of life for all to see

The oak tree's branches reach up high
As the river's waters ripple and sigh
They wrote a poem with every breeze
A love letter to nature, whispered with ease

A river's flow, a gentle rhythm
The oak tree leaves a river's in time
Their collaboration, a masterpiece true
A poetic bond, forever anew

Nature's orchestra surrounds the place
As the earthy scent creating nature's perfume
Which can never deceive.

As a kaleidoscope of colour dances and
Plays, the cool mist envelops the place.

FATOU CAMARA (13)
& A RIVER AND AN OAK TREE

The River

The river of calm creeps
Below the waterfall of wisdom
Like a strand of hair flowing in the wind

The river of gossip glides
Towards the library of lies
Like a comet burning through the sky

The river of friendship flows
Under the bridge of beauty
Like a rainbow's curve

The river of thought turns
Past the school of success
Like a moth to a flame

The river of tails twists
By the theatre of talent
Like an arrow to a bullseye

SHANNON SAUNDERS (10)
& A RIVER

The Lake

Blue on
Blue over
Blue in
Blue with
Blue.

DYLAN ALDER CURTIN (6)
& A LAKE

Ice Skating on a Frozen Lake

A tall figure hovering still,
Tall and young alive and true
A breeze in the air, a single chill
Pine trees, white dotted few

The moon softly reflecting light
Skating clearly as the day fades to a winter's night
Encased in diamonds a single leaf
the beauty of nature buried beneath

Sublime and free mountains grow high
As shouts of pleasure, echoes fly
No one hidden away inside knows why

I was young, I was free
gliding, dancing over the frozen sea

On the ice, cold and gleaming
another girl stood beaming
Illuminated by the stars,
She shone just as bright
A new friendship began to blossom on that cold winter's night

MADELEINE HARVEY (15)
& A FROZEN LAKE

A Tear

Water blue
Grass green
you and me:
trapped, stuck, imprisoned, out of luck
Yuck, I'm just muck
that's how I must feel.

Water blue
Grass green
sad face, that's
the case. I had a
happy start but
a sad end, it's like
a never-ending bend, why?
Why me, why is it to be?
Water blue, eyes blurry
it makes my brain feel swirly.

Water blue
Grass green
a tear, it represents my fear, like
a wave of emotion pushing me into
a cave, rushing me to worry, not letting
me, be me.

HARRIET SYNAN (II)
& A TEAR

WEATHER

Voyages Around the World

The wind is whistling sweetly through my soft, smooth hair,
I'm in a world of benevolence,
Full of love and care

I sit down on a dewy carpet of green,
Listening to the verdant foliage swaying tranquilly beside me,
How our world urges and beseeches and yearns to be respected and seen

I'm feeling calm on a sea of serene,
Connecting with the beauty of the world,
I can hear nature's voice talking soothingly to me

Billowy clouds racing and running in the sky,
Trying to reach the skyline,
Why must you run so rapidly, why oh why!

Every day you travel our beloved Earth,
Do you never get tired?
Come, and sit with me by the warm, comforting hearth
You are a large, fluffy shawl
Loving and cherishing the blue, gleeful sky
And when the weather gets bad, you begin to bawl
All your cloud friends begin to miserably cry

Your ubiquitous presence reassures me,
That I'm safe from all harm,
That I will always be in your invisible arms

No matter what the world will do,
I will always be on your side,

Do not fear as I will always be open to hear,
In me you can confide

KEYA DHIREN MODI (10)
& THE WIND AND THE CLOUDS

Rain

I feel calm
Falling can be quite daunting but it's no harm
To me the world is big
Even a tiny twig
I can taste the trees' whispering leaves
Sadly, rain showers are brief
You can see us as you waken
The sun is what we have taken
We will drip drip drop
Us, the raindrops, are at the top
We are not only fun to play in
But we make music if you bring out a tin
Leaves fall as we drop
We make calming noises like plop
Your grass grows because of us
So next time it rains – don't put up a fuss

MOLLIE STOCKFORD (9)
& THE RAIN

The Rainy Race

We slam towards the ground
Some slowly leaving the stormy clouds
Some quickly hitting the earth below
Some on windows
Some in drains

The rain has begun
Pit pat, Drip drop

The thunder cheers us on
The lightning wishes us the best of luck
The clouds yell go
And we start to fall
We aim for the stone, the earth, the dirt

Pit pat, Drip drop

I'm in the lead
The other Raindrops race behind me
The ground is near
I'm about to win this dreary race
I won't slow down

Pit pat, Drip drop
The grass calls out to me
Why do the children run?
The flowers bloom and cheer
Why do people hurry inside?
I hit the ground with a plop

Pit pat, Drip drop

I'm here on the ground
I soak into the grass
I dance in the puddles
I say goodbye to the clouds
I'll see them again

The rain stops
No pit pat, No drip drop

JESSICA CLAIRE HARDING (14)
& THE RAIN

Snow's Conversation

I float, I fly, I fall,
Whilst I stomp, stamp and strive,
I am silent and slow, yet relentless,
Whilst I battle and shamble, making progress,
I gently settle, soft and sparkling,
Whilst I trudge further, destination nearing,
I soothe the earth below, feather cover,
Whilst my presence disturbs the scene,
I leave with spring sun rays,
Whilst my footsteps peace delays,
I'll come again, again and again,
Whilst my days are finite, finishing,
I am glittering snow,
Whilst I am polluting man.

NATTY PORTER-LYNCH (12)
& THE SNOW

Song of the Tempest

Torn trees thresh, bitter gales slam windows,
Arrowhead raindrops scatter down
In sudden brushing volleys, fat clouds
Haughty and rattling down their feast.

Uprooted logs lie canvassed with slaps of green tendrils;
Men pass by in greatcoats,
Their bone faces shivering winter aside,
Breath swept away by wind
And the quicker shrouds of leaves.

Souls flurry into buildings and watch this all
From outside, as if it could be captured
With their camera eyes,
Failing to recognise the unstoppable oneness

Of being here, whipping your arms to the sky's tune,
Dancing your feet with the unseen jig of
The waters, raw godlessness:
Fury and fire! The last desperate charge
Of evening gusts away, away, away.

HARRY CAMMISH (17)
& STORM BABET

Storm

The storm starts with a single leaf blowing,
A flash of lightning, a downpour flowing.
A cyclone of leaves blowing up in the air,
A torrent coming, the smell of autumn everywhere.

The deep ocean flooding,
Pebbles scattered all around.
A roaring ocean,
Like a beastly hound.

MEREDITH CAPES (9)
& STORM CIARAN

The Dangerous Deadly Jaguar

The storm is a prowling jaguar searching for prey,
Vicious and violent,
It shows no mercy.
It streaks through the streets, a bolt of lightning,
A dark destructive devil.
The air quivers with the heavy paws of the jaguar,
The dangerous, deadly jaguar!
It tears at the streets with its invisible claws.
With his menacing glance,
He could shatter glass.
Dangerous and deadly,
Completely untameable.
Ferocious, frantic, and fierce,
The dangerous, deadly jaguar!

OLIVIA FARROW (9)
& A STORM

Extreme Weather Wreaks Much Havoc

The sun beats down
Parches lush land
Burns green grass brown
Scorches white sand

The wind blusters
Uproots tall trees
Smashes shutters
Sets free light leaves

Torrential rain
Soaks one and all
Gorges the drain
Drenches the mall

Snowstorm coats white
Roads and rooftops
All within sight
Even hilltops

Brilliant lightning
Dazzles the moor
Thunder rumbles
To a fierce roar
Heatwave blazes
Degrees rocket
Cold snap freezes
Celsius plummet

Extreme weather
Wreaks much havoc!
No more dither
Act now, don't mock!

MICHAEL SATHASIVAM (10)
& THE WEATHER

SEASONS

Falling

With a subtle manner, the elaborate leaves cascaded above the
harrying ant, a dispirited huddle gazing out for shelter.
Nature's several elements paraded jubilant and assured, blessing the
morning dew descending beyond reach.
The autumnal breeze elevated the mood of the delicate seed arising
from its depressive murmur.
A creature below scattered as its copper ears and bronze tail followed,
conkers and acorns skipping merrily across the dormant terrain.
The sun shrieked, infuriated, causing vigorous illumination to
benefit the miracles beneath.
Sorrowful foliage, resentful whistles from swift winds, infinitely
proceeding with their roles.
An eerie expanse above it all, bold with desire and fear that it
would fall.

NOAH CARLING (10)
& AUTUMN

Reminiscence

I'm outside again,
walking home.
The street is empty
and damp from the ephemeral rain.

The wind burns my cheeks.
On my face,
a nose so cold,
I barely felt it dripping.

The sun is out.
It's weaker than ever before.
Yet so strong
as it gleams through the trees.

I'm almost home.
But I shouldn't be.
I should be running
through that huge pile of leaves.

I should be collecting conkers,
picking up acorns
and pretty red leaves
so I can take them home.

I should be laughing
as I throw handfuls
of wet leaves at my friends,
wearing welly-boots.

And yet, I walk home,
briskly, in the cold.
Loving the journey
but hating the arrival.

I don't get to enjoy those golden leaves
or the bitter cold which burns my cheeks
as the stale warmth hits my face
when I walk through the front door.

The warmth may be nice,
but after a while,
my lungs long for the bitter
wind which soothes me.

EMILY MAY (17)
& AUTUMN

Oh, What a Wonderful Winter

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snowmen,
And houses into birthday cakes,
And spreading sugar over lakes.
Smooth and clean and frosty white,
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue!
Snow is snowy when it's snowing,
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

When the geese are flying south,
And the sky is grey my dears,
Close your eyes and lift your nose,
Listen with your careful ears.

Feel the winter coming on.

LAYLA CAREY (12)
& WINTER

Wrath of Snow

In her dying wrath
The green vines pull themselves
Like spineless snakes unfurling into the fogging night

The crisp light of wheat felled
The dangerous ink of all who delved
And in the dying convulsions of Summer
Leaves a-floating, diamonds of no longer
Bright as jewels that once – once
whispered, each feathered peacock contour aloof,
Look at us! Look at us!

A cocktail
Mixed
Of the dying Summer's wails
A bundle of fragmented gold
Another sheathe of drying pearls
The water of the sun
The fringes of the leaves
Add a dried lemon, ancient beyond its plastic supermarket date

When my lips touch the coolness
And I drink
I drink in the Summer's halo
Earthy like a spider's coat, glistening with rough callouses
Summer
Her million silver-spun hair dying out in my mouth
Explosions of rot like chocolate ground too soon, too bitter
No Autumn to make peace
It's a struggle surely the Ice will win
Summer's heat pales and each day is colder and cooler
Leached of bright blood from crushed grapes off the grapevine

Now the purple blood dries on the ground
And white feathers steal across ash stone

They dance their deathly magic into the warmth
And freeze

So do Shadowy spectres in gardens
Drawn up against out-of-season jagged jack-o-lanterns
Leer out at Summer's remaining treasures
And their regal stare dominates
Even
As
It
Snows

AMBER XINTI WANG (10)
& SUMMER AND WINTER

COSMOS

Mother Nature

Squirrels scurrying up her tall trees.
Caterpillars munching on her delicious leaves,
Birds soar above her deep seas,
Soothing, buzzing coming from the bees.

Her eyes the colour of deep dark woods,
The silky yellow sand is the colour of her hood,
She would not leave if she could.

GRACIE ROGERS (12) AND EVIE BUCHAN YEANDLE (13)
& MOTHER NATURE

Earth Hour

Everyone stop! Stand up for Earth!

All together to help our planet

Replace old attitudes with respect for restoring the world

Turn off the lights

Harnessing the power of the people

Honour the biggest hour for Earth

One of the world's largest movements for nature

Urging and uniting

Raising awareness. Stand up for Earth!

RHYS KHAN (15)
& EARTH

Mother Earth

Mother Earth is special and kind,
She welcomed us when we first came
But we took that for granted
And now she is trying to stop us
But we won't stop – we want more money and power.

Plants and trees that take so long to grow,
We think they are ours and chop them away.
Ten minutes to chop what takes decades to grow
And they have to start over again.
Most people think that plants can't feel pain – but they can.

If we stop polluting and damaging the world,
We might just be able to help Mother Earth.
Just try to save Mother Earth
Save our World!

HOLLY BENNETT (15)
& MOTHER EARTH

Say Hello to the Moon

The sun's pure reflection
Watch it dance across the moon
Say goodnight to sunshine's flowers
Of white and of maroon
As they fold to the ground
Night is reigning soon
Let the moon's soft silver light
Protect us from the darkness
From the fear that's in the night
Be assured my troubled one
That after such long and tiring days
The moon will surely rise
To wash all of your sorrows away
The children like us
Hide ourselves in the shadow
Then regain their truest beauty
As the sun retreats in favour of tomorrow
The comfort in the moon's night light
The comfort in her rule so bright
Let her perfect eyes watch over us
Convince us all that it's alright
The moon changes life's colours
Our perspective of the dark
The moon signals the end
The night signals the start
So, do not fret
For after long and dragging days
The sun's pure reflection
Will ignite the moon's soft rays
And light dances across the moon

So, when she rises in all her glory
Say goodnight to sunshine's flower
I'll say goodnight to you
Say goodnight to life and day
Say hello to the moon

LAYLA MACARTNEY (II)
& THE MOON

You Can See It All

You can see it all, up there in the sky,
You can see it all, the good, the bad, and those who try.
You watch as we play, as we grow, as we live,
You sustain us, your light and your warmth is to us what you give.
We live in harmony, trees, rivers, all as one,
We work together, without each other we would be gone.

You watch us laugh, smile with a tear,
However, that tear drips, again, and again, I fear.
The sky, so blue, clear as midsummer's day,
Is now tainted, clouding your view through our own dismay.
What once held an array of wonders around,
Now holds 'evolution', destruction built into the ground.

You watch us and sob, as many used to do,
Nobody now cares, no one thinks it's true.
You watch as we struggle, try and then fail,
To fix our mistakes, we try to prevail.
The damage is done, you know it as I,
We have nothing left, oh well, we tried.

You can see it all, how we eat sleep and pray,
You can see it all, except when the sky turns grey
When smoke fills our lungs,
When our own pollution is to be with which we are hung.
Nature's creatures were once the kings,
I guess this is why we can't have nice things.

MAIA MARTIN (15)
& THE SUN

The Underside

I wish I could see the underside of a tree.
How my rays like to play and dapple through leaves!
But the roots and the shoots I put my life into
Shrink out of my light, slink out of my view.

I wish I could swim in the trim creeks within
The valleys and greens, tallying up life so clean.
I can hear, so close and near, the aria of it shaking
The air voiced with noise, poised, breath-taking.

I long to unfurl, let my flares uncurl from 'round me
As I spend an endless rainbow relentlessly happy.
Ending up sending only colours, pending much
Of my tending touch on so much I'm yet to touch.

What have I to show but you? But to throw
Reckless young life which sprung in the winged crow
Whose croak I can hear beneath the clouds – thrilling.
If only my morning voice could be heard so shrilling.

But I accuse, and I refuse to pine for some green brow.
Even now, the fiery crown I wear should be no frown.
I'd rather turn the bow to shoot sadness in sunrise colours.
Oh, my moans entertain the swan too long – her pallor!

I wish you could look me in the eye, mistook
For a lesser star, my lesson I'd have took
And stung the world I hung above, less
Than a blaze like myself could confess.

I must keep to my pride,
Put the mystery aside,
and warm you with prayers
when you go look outside.

AMALIA COTOVAN (18)
& THE SUN

First Time

The first day I mourned your loss
the sun cried with me. Each cloud
wept your disappearance only to find some
remnants of you in everything they saw. The days
grew longer and the nights too, and I couldn't
bear the thought of not seeing you when the stars
screamed your name.

Only time can tell which one of us will be
gone before the day has ended, but my soul has
become yours. The Earth looks like it's crying
and the soil held the secrets of our love that were
lost in history

and one day
when all the world is turned to dust
and all semblance of truth is wiped from the Earth
the only thing, the only shred of truth that will remain
is what the moon has kept of you. My love,
we are mosaics of what the other left behind.

JASMIN BEGHAL (17)
& SPACE

LIFE

Life

Life can be beautiful
Life can be ugly
It can be majestic and rainy
Dreadful and sunny.
It's a mystery to all of us.

Alas, we know time and weather,
Vehicles moving place to place
Both of which Mother Nature has gifted us
With her grace and honour.

Children of all ages – dancing, breathing, living.
Children of all ages – starving, crying, dying.
Bound by chains we are:
Some are pawns – some are kings
Each controlled by the mysterious players.

CORDELIA COOK (11)
& LIFE

In this anthology, young writers from across the UK have collaborated with elements of nature to co-author poems that seek to fuse human and non-human perspectives. Whether penned with rustling leaves, birdsong, rainfall, or the moon, these works invite you to share in the collective voice of the entire planet . . . and beyond.

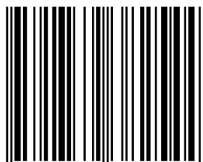
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