

## The classroom

I can see too many faces; too many eyes  
They stare at me, yet they look through me  
I try and grip my bag more tightly  
But fingers ~~too~~ lose hold, it tumbles and falls  
New school, new books, same uneven floors  
The ceiling is too high, the floor is too low  
Voices whisper, shout, mock  
But they are silent, alien, and I struggle to understand  
Another language intrudes upon the voices  
It does not flow with them, they clash and crash and collide  
It is my own but I cannot recognise it from the confusion  
I slip away from the bright lights and dip into dark comfort  
To look on through tinted windows  
Where there are no faces, where there is no noise

**Holly Kirkpatrick**

He was just waiting for the night bus  
When they jumped on top of him.  
Screaming for him to 'go back home'  
they started to punch and kick.  
He bent away from them and  
tried to escape, but they pulled  
him down  
Onto the pavement where his  
long legs buckled.  
He began to cry.  
He curled up into a ball,  
and ducked his head under  
his arms.  
They were stronger than him,  
And they were looming over him.  
When they left, he was a broken  
man,  
Lying on the dirty pavement  
Amongst the rubbish left there  
by a careless society.

**Misia Gaurrel**

Butterfly & the stars.

Kathryn Parker 9W  
Colston Girls

Slowly, carefully, crawling along  
a muddy brown twig,  
the leaves a messy green,  
the moon casting a pearl glow on  
the world,  
sat a little blue caterpillar.  
The stars shone like diamonds,  
laughing at this poor ugly creature.  
It was cast into the shadows,  
alone, afraid.  
It made a cocoon to hide its shame,  
to hide where the stars couldn't get it.

Slowly, carefully, breaking free,  
from its cocoon,  
the night held its breath as it watches  
the little blue caterpillar break free.  
The stars all bowed down to the  
little blue butterfly's beauty.  
Little blue butterfly, how magnificent,  
how grand,  
your night coloured wings do shine.  
The stars do not laugh,  
but shine all the brighter,  
influenced by your brave heart.  
I'll follow you home and watch  
you wither,  
but your beauty will live on  
forever.

COLSTON'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, BRISTOL - BATCH 1

Have you ever been surrounded with people,  
But felt completely alone?  
My colour is a barrier  
All the same being different has left me completely defenceless.

I was in a country my kind had harmed,  
they all looked at me, ~~at~~ but not in the eye.  
I don't see <sup>the</sup> difference, I do see the pain  
What ~~has~~ caused ~~as~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> grief?  
We are to blame.

The pain is silent  
Done without a word  
But the looks that are given  
Stay in your <sup>mind,</sup> ~~memory,~~  
~~They constantly ~~break~~ hurt.~~  
Like a stain on a pure white sheet. ↷

Hannah Lister

My life is a game of snakes and ladders,  
The dice is the destiny  
The snakes are the falls  
And the ladders are good choices, <sup>and</sup> giving help ~~and~~ to all.  
I am a counter on a journey of life  
The people I meet are an equal sized slice,  
There are all different colours such as yellow and red,  
The aim is to reach square 100 before <sup>you're</sup> ~~you are~~ pronounced dead.

## The angel

By Antonia Self  
Colston GWS

He did not know grief, only anger  
But he wasn't empty deep inside  
He did have feelings<sup>s</sup> in ~~his~~ eye beried tenier  
As he walked with his head up high  
His loneliness was ~~in~~ invisible to the untrained eye  
People would try and bring him down  
But every day he ~~put on a brave face~~<sup>would come back up</sup>  
I never new what kept him going<sup>right</sup>  
Untill one day he ~~told said~~ ~~wispered~~ into n  
revealed his secrets.  
Every day he struggled ~~through~~  
He struggled only for me.

The Dinner Hall

Colston Girls

As she walked through the door  
Into her new life  
Away from what she knew,  
The audience stopped socialising  
And stared...  
They stopped and glared watched  
Her make a move across the hall.  
She heard whispers, sniggers  
But her face did not turn back  
She held her head high  
Not understanding these people, she had no-one  
Not knowing where she was, she did not have  
feeling of a home.  
She sat their waiting  
And finally that person came.  
The small girl grinned from ear to ear  
saying her name, so you can the gap between  
her teeth and when she lost them.  
They both agreed on being best friends for  
ever.  
And they still are.

Joanna Bennett

Deep in the forest,  
The silent damp forest.  
where crows cawed and moss spread the ~~silky~~<sup>silky</sup> textured ground,  
lived a Monster,  
or was he?

His eyes were as glowing as the moon,  
and his body was thickened with branch like fur.  
But he was alone.  
Alone living in darkness hidden from the world,  
for the fact he would not be excepted would break his frail heart,  
as it had ~~done~~<sup>done</sup> many a time before.

**Jessica Mansell-Romain**

She had landed in a concrete world,  
where buildings reached up to the sky  
each jostling for space, ~~try~~ competing to be highest,  
She wondered what was up there that could be so good.  
She wanted to hide from their glassy staring eyes,  
felt so cold in this metallic world.  
Her amber body was warm and lithe,  
Her hair a ~~puzz~~<sup>mess</sup> of spun gold.  
Her eyes were large and ~~open~~<sup>innocent</sup> open to anything  
The business men stared at her with disdain,  
hurrying past clutching their briefcases.  
They did not dare look in her eyes.  
She came from a world they could not imagine.

**Elizabeth Dann**

Like the pebble surrounded by boulders  
She was one  
They were many  
Faceless, united by sheer mass  
Swept together by one motion  
Then she moved  
Into her own people  
and he was singled out  
He was the lonesome silhouette  
she in a list of many  
The tables had tipped  
The tide had turned  
She was black, they were white  
He was white, they were black  
<sup>Unique</sup>  
~~Individuals~~, surrounded, different when alone  
Part of the gang when many

Bridget McManamon

COLSTON'S GIRLS SCHOOL, BRISTOL 6 BATCH 2

The Geese sat in the greening pool, fur black  
with the rubbish discarded in the dirty river,  
The Swan entered white as an angel, trying to fit in with their  
tight clique.  
Moving further and further away the geese kick grimy water in  
her track, inviting eyes.  
She does not move, it is like she is paralysed, hurt stinging  
through every part of her body.  
She does not make a sound, so if her beak is struck  
together, she does nothing.  
She remains in the stagnant pool until night-fall when the  
air becomes cool and gives her perfect feathers she moved  
away into the distance.  
Slowly, silently, solemnly she faded away completely, longing  
to be loved.

Isabella Baldo 9R (Isabella)

Humans.

Claudia Howe 9R  
Colston Girls

These things did not make sense,  
Their many layered thoughts,  
The ~~body~~ bodies needing no control,  
The need to eat is just a function,  
How can food be an attraction? — Green isn't good, but green  
cheeks that blush all by themselves, is just a colour;  
Standing takes no effort, What is taste?  
Talking is almost automatic,  
The voice in the dark behind the eyes is me?  
But thinking feels like talking and seeing at the same time.  
These things did not make sense.

Every morning I saw him quietly sitting, quietly reading, ~~of~~ quietly minding his own business.

Every morning waiting for the bus counting his change, getting on the bus and slowly drifting from view.

I saw him again but also <sup>saw</sup> three other boys unlike him, louder, larger and strangely dressed.

They all climbed on the bus one of the boys tripped him, he stumbled they laughed at him he was nothing.

Last time I saw him sitting there ~~of~~ quietly reading, quietly minding his own business, he disappeared from view replaced by the same three boys, only a minute they stayed.

Lying there alone and helpless his crushed velvet tears rolling down his face mixing with the crimson of blood gushing from his nose, he picked himself up he looked broken. ~~that~~

The bus pulled up fumes wrapped ~~there~~ ~~around~~ to their long winding arms around him, ~~as~~ he was slipping from view,

The fumes cleared all that was left was his blood speckled book

**Hannah Black**

## The angel

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Colston Girls

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But he wasn't empty deep inside  
He did have feelings ~~in his eye~~ buried ~~heniey~~  
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His loneliness was ~~invisible~~ to the untrained eye  
People would try and bring him down  
But every day he ~~put on a~~ <sup>would come back up</sup> ~~face~~  
I never new what kept him <sup>right</sup> going  
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saying her name, so you can the gap between  
her teeth and when she lost them.

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ever.

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Joanna Bennett

Hannah Mackintosh  
- Colston Girls

They turned around and stared,  
not knowing the language, she formed  
a weak smile and entered.  
Her hair fell to her <sup>uncidy</sup> shoulders,  
a lost look in her eyes,  
holes in her <sup>ancient</sup> jeans.  
She sat trying to mould in to the table.  
~~There look~~ She never liked change.  
~~She sat trying to mould in to the table.~~  
There looks and sniggers stuck to her  
like wet leaves.  
She stayed perfectly still trying not  
to enjoy it.  
Feeling weighed under debree she gets up  
slowly.  
Heads turned again this time growning.  
She left the table.  
She ran  
Trying to get away from transsist eyes.  
She wasn't different where she came  
from.  
She wasn't different.

# The Playground

Colston Girls

They were there watching it.  
I was there watching it.  
The first punch threw him to the ground.  
The second, on his face.  
In the dirt.  
He struggled, they pinned him down.  
Again and again.  
They didn't stop.

No one helped.  
I just stood.  
Amongst the supporters.  
The faces all around.  
Joy, delight and pleasure.  
Mine a blank piece of paper.

Finally, they stopped.  
They jeered and mocked him.  
Lying in the dirt. Groaning.  
They left.  
Just me and him now, not a soul in sight.  
He struggled, got up, ashamed.  
His face unrecognisable under the dirt.  
Mine still perfect marble, his muddy brown.  
I tried to help, he brushed me off.  
He hobbled. I was left.  
Alone.

by Charly Longhurst.

Empty Eyes

~~I think she said~~

By Sinead McLarty  
Colston Girls

She stood at the ~~gate~~ door,  
gazing into those cold eyes,  
and as she sat everyone moved  
~~detected for being different~~  
her neat uniform  
perfectly done hair  
small details that made such a large difference  
small details that made so much loneliness  
sat at her desk she waited  
she waited for a friend  
a comforting smile to ease the pain  
but nothing            was given to her  
she sat there,  
~~smile~~ smiling and hoping,  
Alone.  
Her pure soul drowning in a ~~sea of darkness~~ icy wilderness