



POEM ANTHOLOGY 2017

KING EDWARD VI CAMP HILL FOR BOYS



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Time before Birmingham

By Tom Harrison Year 9

This was nature's own land,
Untouched by the hand of man.
This was how it would remain,
Until the day that it all changed.

First they came in ones and twos,
Nature unaware of what it was to lose.
The soil was rich and the land was pure,
The plants bright green and the water azure.

Each time they came, the longer they stayed,
Until they decided this would be where their home was made.
First they made some huts and shacks,
And snares and lures and other such traps.

Then slowly they built, more and more,
Until you could no longer see nature's floor.
Concrete, cement, iron and tar,
And further advances like electricity and cars.

Man now controlled this land,
Far and wide their city spanned.
A concrete jungle for all to revere,
Except for nature, who once resided here.

This was nature's own land,
Untouched by the hand of man.
This was how it would remain,
Until the day that it all changed.

Dreams

By Rufus Hall Year 8

My head fills with slumber,
Eyelids drop like flies.
Anatomy: unconscious,
My mind remains alive.

Thoughts begin to tunnel,
Like a drill through the ground,
To the darkest depths of my brain,
Where imagination can be found.

Into this parallel orb I zoom,
All colour and lightness ahead.
Weaving my way so intricately through,
To avoid an ephialtes of dread.

My thoughts carefully select a path,
Preparing for the bad,
But who knows what my dreams will be,
It depends on the day I've had.

Visions begin to show themselves,
From deep down within.
Sugar Plum Fairies twirling round and round,
A crying man made of tin.

My heart begins to thump like mad,
A sharp metal hammer inside.
The sweet dancing fairies just couldn't last,
Reinstated with the crying light.

But No! my blinds do begin to lift,
The visions take of like a crane.
Sharp morning light shoots across my face,
Through the misted window pane.

I begin to process the day to come.
Crowded with work and Family.
Arguably dreams give us space to breath,
Apart from this insanity.

A realm, with the potential for all,
Often reflecting how we feel.
But, however riveting these dreams may appear,
One must recall: They're not real.

Aquila Chrysaetos

By Vimaldev Sanger Year 10

Sitting a high above the trees on snowy mountain peaks
 A Keen lens zooms a morsel afar, in a forest so deep.
 Surrendering the majestic glide so high above the clouds
 For a free fall bullet that pierces its prey with a heart so stout.

Talons of steel and grip like vice
 Fresh meat seized for eager mouths thrice
 As time draws near and flee they must
 With wings of value that soar with trust
 One by one on her back mum takes
 High up in the sky the air to break
 A sudden swoop and the eaglet falls
 Its wings to work it must recall
 A glint of pride as the first flaps appear
 Before mother swoops and gathers on her rear
 Time and again the flight to master is done
 Until the fledgling is gone with the sun.



By Raheel Anwar Year 8

The sun rose high in the clear morning sky as if to announce that it was a new day
 Birds cheerfully chirped as they contently acknowledged the first rays of light
 Slowly, the sun began to spread its arms so everyone could now see it from far away
 As the beams became stronger the sun made it clear that it was the end of night

Everyone began their daily grind, hoping the sun was here to stay
 They all wished the frequent rain and storms wouldn't show their might
 The trusting mothers took their children in the gleaming sun to play
 They did so all day until they noticed black and grey in the clouds of white

A drizzle of rain in the park left the energetic children in dismay
 They took shelter and innocently inquired about their troubling plight
 In the sky, they saw a Kaleidoscope of colours that took their breath away
 There appeared a radiant rainbow much to the childrens' delight

The sun shone gloriously, the children re-appeared, now that the clouds were out of the way
 The mothers began to call their infants who wished to frolic until the sun was out of sight
 The sun began to slowly redden and dimming itself down signifying the end of the day
 Everyone had a marvellous time, they happily hurried home to sleep as approached the night

The humble hummingbird sits, feet upon a branch of wood
Looking down upon the worms below.

The silence you could hear was like an eerie, abandoned house,
Yet the humble hummingbird still sat, waiting.

Swoosh! Swash! And the bird flies,
Round and round,
In randomness
in organisation,
As swift as flowing water
Flapping its wings at an impossible pace.

As the hummingbird starts to hum its sweet tune, the wistful
worms look up,
Longing for something other than soil.
Their attention is captured by the tune.
The hummingbird consciously thinks it is only humming letters,
Which are arranged in an erratic order,
But the worms, an audience, could only hear noise.

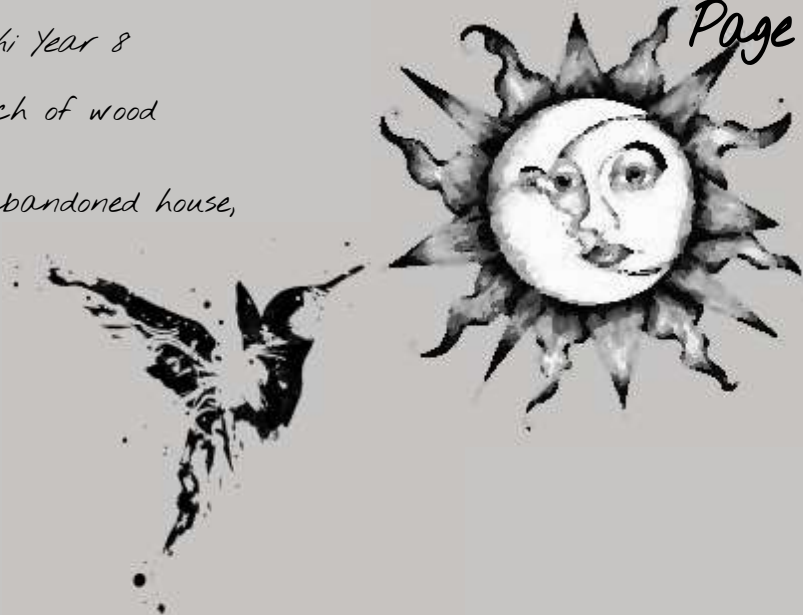
You can hear it hum from 100 miles away,
You can see the worms applaud the magnificent bird,
You can smell the scent of the fresh wood the hummingbird sits on
And yet you can't even get close enough to touch it.

Now it has finished enlightening all the worms
It flies off the branch,
The very place where it made fame.
It flawlessly flies towards yet another branch
Where its friends are patiently waiting

If you were where the hummingbird was,
You'll be able to see its fellow birds pat it on the back,
The tree's emerald leaves waving at the bird,
And, finally, you'll be able to smell the hummingbird's food,
A dish like a banquet
And a banquet as a dish.

But then it is time to go,
Back home
To a place of joyful jolliness
His family waiting to confidently congratulate him.

The humble hummingbird sits, feet upon a branch of wood
Looking down upon the worms below.
The silence you could hear was like an eerie, abandoned house,
Yet the humble hummingbird still sat, waiting.



What would we do without the Sun?

By Saksham Shah Year 10

It rises above us and sets below,
Giving us life since centuries ago,
It shines at our structures,
And smiles at our cities,
Making art with its shadows.

It wakes us up early in the day,
Sending us to sleep as it goes away,
It gives us its warmth,
And donates to us its light,
Forever showing us the way.

It seems like it's always having fun,
Shooting its rays like bullets from a gun,
It rests in the sky,
And sends good wishes from up high,
What would we do without the Sun?

When Grandma goes for gold in
The Olympic Games this year,
She'll laugh at her competitors
And make them quake with fear.

The Climb

By Kevin Mathew Year 10

She's ninety-nine years old
But, in athletics, she's been blessed.
The trouble is she won't be able to decide
Which sport she performs the best.

My desk is a mountain range
Of sheets, tests and books.
Day after day I make the arduous trek
To the summit of my work.
I see a sheer rock face ahead of me,
A three page essay on Macbeth.
Earlier, my teacher handed me an ice pick
With 'context' engraved on its handle.
I try to use it.
Some days, the climb is easier:
A ten minute hike up some maths sheets,
Or perhaps a flat field of 'none set'.
But towering peaks always loom in the distance.
I try to find reason
In my endless cycle of toil.
They offer me dreams of a nice job
Fancy cars and big houses,
If I just climb a little longer.
So I continue my journey,
Onwards and upwards through this infinite valley.
It's 2 a.m.
Thoughts of sleep seep into my mind,
Like a deadly poison.
I try to fight it, but I am powerless.
It flows into my arms,
Rendering them useless.
I can't hold my weight.
I can't climb any longer.
I feel my body falling away from the rocks.
I feel my safety ropes snap one by one.
'I left it at home'
'I was away'
My lifeless body plummets downwards
I know my fate as it crashes
Into the cold, ruthless valley bottom.
Detention on Thursday.

She's such an ace at archery,
She's queen of the canoe,
She's hard to top at taekwondo,
And table tennis too.

But what we discover mind-blowing,
And something of a shocker,
Is how she wins all her contests
With just her wheelchair and her walker.

Sea Wasp

By Bradley Williams Year 10

Polka-dots in an abyss,
A fluorescent blue illuminating the umbra of deep ocean
Mushroom Clouds of vibrancy and vigour
Responsibilities, gone amiss
Explosions of turquoise,
Curling tendrils like fingers fondling free
Of the restraints of thought
Floating in the water like buoys
A spineless mass
Carried by the movement of the sea
Forever gliding in the dark
But the waltz is halted
As tentacles become bayonets
And victims fall into the abyss



The Tigers

By Alex Byrne Year 11

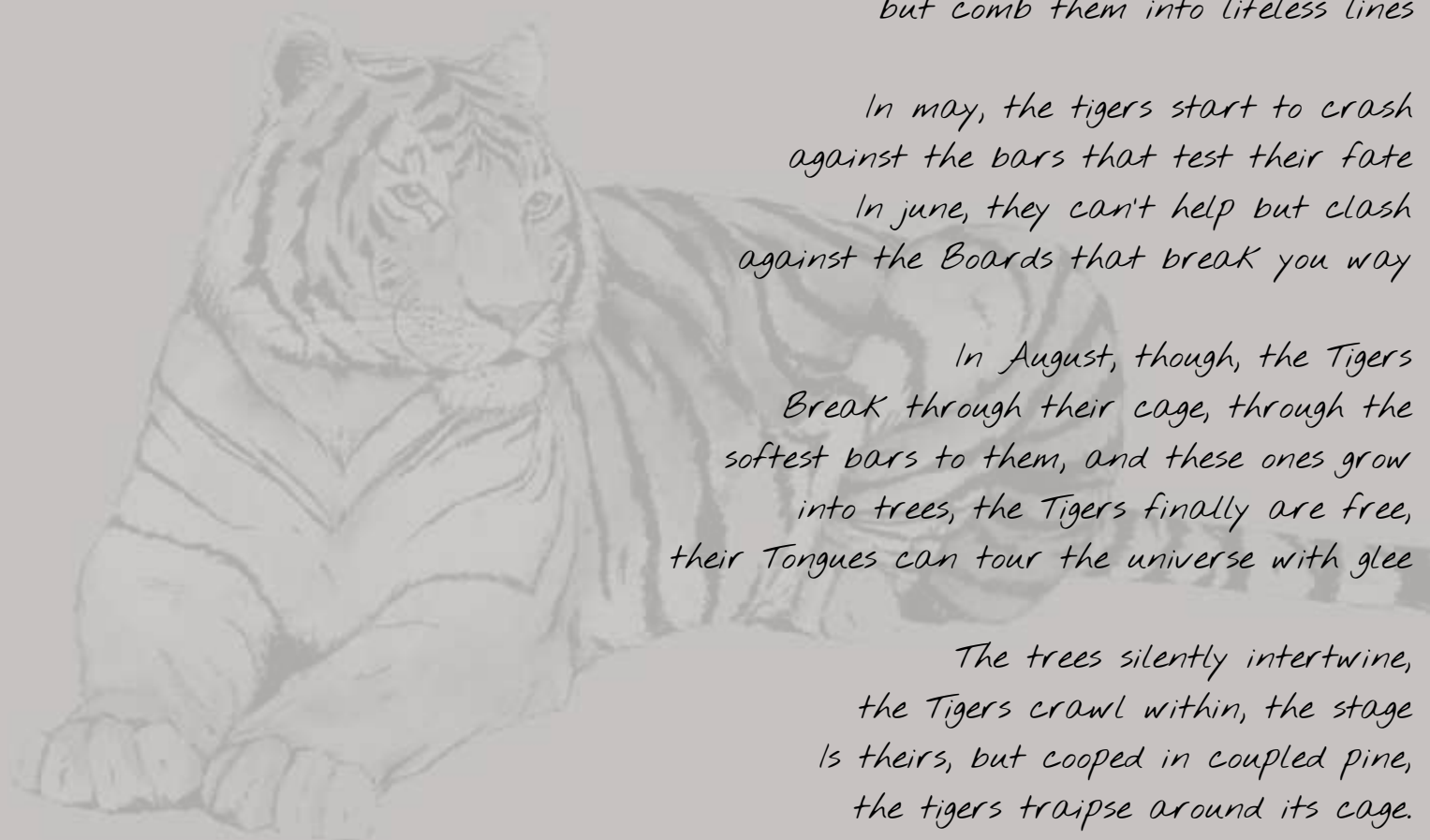
A tiger traipses round its cage
of ten-ish Bars and two-ish Boards,
And all the tigers his own age
are similarly roofed and floored

'Twas bad, but three most crucial Rungs
irregularly shaped to nine,
The Boards don't break the tigers' tongues,
but comb them into lifeless lines

In may, the tigers start to crash
against the bars that test their fate
In june, they can't help but clash
against the Boards that break you way

In August, though, the Tigers
Break through their cage, through the
softest bars to them, and these ones grow
into trees, the Tigers finally are free,
their Tongues can tour the universe with glee

The trees silently intertwine,
the Tigers crawl within, the stage
Is theirs, but cooped in coupled pine,
the tigers traipse around its cage.





Dat Life

By Richard Amoshe Year 9

Look, he grew up in the south of London,
So yeh, he Knows about dat type of life.
Dem guys with their tracksuits and their masks on,
Told his mom he aint gonna live dat life.
Said he would be a doctor or lawyer,
Its calm, he would live a really nice life,
But now look at what he's done it aint right,
Cos now he's the one who's living dat life.
He's dat stereotypical,
Dat 'safe bro',
Dat tells his mom to wait but,
Never sits to call
It aint nice cos,
Look at him now he lives dat life.
Was so bright but,
Turned into that stereotype,
Learned to fight on,
The roads with his guns and his Knives,
Won't be alright cos,
Now he's the one living dat life.

Imperfections

By Tiwana Kharaan Year 10

Deception lies in both the mirror and the eyes,
The sight received makes you want to kneel and cry
Altered perceptions of the world may be at hand
Others believe that they should take a helping stand
Nothing they do will ever make you feel as pleased
As tormenting yourself until your haunting thoughts will seize
A deceitful mask that's known to others as a smile,
Hidden behind is your lowly past that's oh so vile
Happiness will only come once you reach your single goal
Hearing your moans while making yourself a whole
Your peace of mind may shatter until you're in control
Never satisfied, improvements always come
The painful moments leaving you forever glum,
Never as happy or as good as you can be,
What's holding you from your plight of insanity?

Recipe for disaster

By Abu Faiyaz Year 10

You will need:

100g disinterest for putting in

effort,

Two cups distaest for learning,

3 tablespoon disobediandt atitude,

5 pinch disrispect for thos hellping

you,

very littel dicsipline,

methud:

preheat disrigard till no degree,

use only lazyness to disserve,

disrepute and not get hiered,

discarrd any hope,

dicsern every mistake,

serve in the gutters on a cold night.

use for 5 years before expiration.

Brexit

by Toby Taylor Year 7

To leave or not to leave,
 Is what the politicians say,
 The Conservatives were split,
 On whether they should stay,
 In fact it was quite the debate,
 And to so David Cameron's dismay,
 The battle to leave was a victory,
 So the Prime Minister had to walk away!

When the discussions were over,
 The task had only begun,
 But Nigel Farage's happiness,
 Could be described as second to none,
 But then something queer happened,
 Nigel said there was nothing to run,
 So he put on his hat and strode out the door,
 And said my work here is done.

So where does that leave Great Britain?
 Well that's hard to figure out right now,
 They think that being alone will help,
 But I struggle to fathom just how,
 It is quite the controversy,
 Which always ends up in a row,
 So to our old friends in Europe,
 Goodbye, adios, choi!

I lay here in my scruffy scraps of the underground,
 Oh how I hate those dreadful sirens and their ear-busting sounds,
 My headache is getting worse and worse,
 Oh why did those Germans have to put us through such a curse?

Alone

By Rohan Tandon Year 10

Her Life had been a rollercoaster ride,
 admittedly with more low than highs.
 She searched for happiness,
 but instead She found a Monster,
 a weight on Her Soul,
 and one that has conquered.
 it had made Her distraught,
 introverted,
 and small.

now on the Bridge
 She sits,
 just waiting to fall.
 no one really loved Her,
 no one really cared,
 all She really wanted was for someone to be there.

it's been about a year now,
 since she left Her flat,
 Her girl had left Her
 alone and sad,
 she was Her hero
 and the beat to Her heart,
 but when she left
 it just tore Her apart.

She tried the drugs
 the counselling, the therapy,
 but there's only one way
 to escape this Rarity.
 Her legs are hanging
 the wind in Her hair
 two in the morning
 but nobody cares.

now here She is,
 and with one final drop
 Her pain will cease
 Her Life will stop

Lying next to me is a family of four,
 A young girl and a young boy, both wailing for their lives,
 The ghostly parents both praying in agony for some sort of cure!
 Oh, when shall this war end, I can't bear hearing all these cries.

This world is clearly drowning in its own greed,
 Money, power and land, we are only after what we don't need,
 Only what we want and forgotten our faiths and principles,
 When all we need is the bare essentials.

Oh, how have we come to this! Hundreds of thousands losing lives and loved ones,
 And all of this to a horrific war and blood thirsty, daunting guns,
 Oh, how have we come to this! Appalling sleeping bags in underground slumps,
 You might as well have just thrown us in the filthy dumps.

So I lay here in my scruffy scraps of the underground,
 And those darn sirens still wailing with their dreadful sounds,
 So, my friend, please tell me, why oh why us? I just wish humanity would think,
 But all I have is a tear every time I blink.

Dead before midnight
By Jay Abraham Year 7

Dead before midnight was the love of my life,
Nothing in my mind but of how thee died.
In my mind was the scream of pain and strife,
Nothing but remembering how she cried.
I remember her pulchritudinous eyes
And she had beautiful fair and brown hair.
She was very intelligent and quite wise.
I loved her but no longer is she there.
When I saw her she was a tragic state,
A bullet through the middle of her head.
She had not a right to suffer this fate,
I did not think that I would feel this dread.
Now I have to suffer my loss till Death.
Dead before midnight was my love, my Beth.



The Arctic Wolf
By Ahmed Syed Year 11

There I stood: unaware, solitary, unprotected,
Hoping that my presence remained neglected.
Pleading and begging that he could not see me,
But I knew that wasn't faith's harsh decree.

As elegant snowflakes glided to the unbroken ice,
I knew I needed anything whether it were help or advice.
For I could not beat him, it just wasn't capable,
His lightning speed makes him inescapable.

His ever watchful eye, his ear piercing cry,
He could see me step, he could hear me sigh.
I knew he was there, but in the bitter cold snow he was undetectable,
His pure white camouflage hid him whilst he thought me delectable.

But then I saw it, those gut-wrenching eyes,
Focused on one thing me, I was his prize.
BAM! It begun.
The race was on.

I broke into a sprint, I ran faster than I done before,
I knew I couldn't win, I knew I'd lose the war.
Still I kept going, the ruthless wind tearing at my face,
I was panting, wheezing, slowing down my pace.

It was over I couldn't beat nature no matter what I say,
He is my predator I am his prey,
He is my predator I am his prey,
It seemed I'd lost as soon as I stepped into the fray.

I stopped, collapsed, fell to the cold, firm floor,
He came over to me, observing me once more,
I stared him in the eye and it felt like looking at death,
Viciously, it bit into me and I drew my last breath.

It was then I realized that I could not topple the merciless storm,
He was the ultimate machine, he was at the top of his form.
I just was a helpless, defenceless stray,
I knew from the beginning the Arctic Wolf wins over all prey.





Betrayal
By Matt Perrett Year 11

We begin our lives,
With joy in our hearts.
When this is sensed
The cleansing starts.

They line children up,
"Repeat after me:
"I'll obey my masters
"And good things will be."

We obey their laws
And follow their rules.
We follow blindly
Acting like fools.

We grow up empty husks,
Our souls drained dry.
Too mature to laugh
And too old to cry.

Now there's no laughter
Not a smile to be seen.
In the end we all join
The mindless machine.

He opens his mouth.
He spits - accusations fly like pellets from a 12-gauge.
Calculated untruths, designed to induce rage.

They turn on you amid his cries,
as crocodile tears flow from his bulbous, selfish eyes.

His barbs sting, and you see him in new light.
You smell his reek of sulfur, and see, where two goat's horns alight
upon his crown.

Satan and Judas could not have done his deeds,
you see now that the hours of prayer and counting rosemary beads
was all for naught.

The real devil is man.

'And you, Brutus?' Caesar once cried,
when left alone to die.
You know it's true, what they say,
"Lupus est homo homini".



Vertigo

By Jonathan Anderson Year 9

His toes over the edge, rock crumbles and falls to the floor
 His head spins, his vision blurs and he feels a shifting.
 The ground vanishes beneath his feet and he's falling
 Helpless, powerless, weak, he begins to gather speed and he screams
 He screams louder than he has before, a deep throaty cacophony of fear.
 He feels the ground rush up to meet him, he feels it closing in like an inevitable sound of darkness.
 Then the impact, he feels it in his spine, pain flowing from vertebrae to vertebrae
 Then his legs, he feels a snap and pain overcomes him.
 Pain like he's never felt before, pain like he'll never feel again
 The ground snaps his leg backwards like a twig
 White bone glistening blood protruding from the skin
 The pain makes him feel sick, and he is unable to stop himself from vomiting, it comes in a wave,
 He convulses repeatedly, more bile forcing itself out of his throat.
 Then it dawns on him, the pain in his back has gone, he can't actually feel anything at all.
 He can only cry, his limbs being of no use.
 He cries hot, salty, desperate tears
 Bitter and remorseless they cry on the hard ground
 He closes his eyes and waits. For rescue? No.
 For death.

The Pen

By Neal Pankhania Year 10

My lustrous metal head scratches the surface,
 Engraving my deepest secrets below.
 I have ink for blood, scarring each corner of the void canvas, embossing
 the utmost lucid tones upon each line. No longer words on paper,
 But instead a crimson current, as the riddance of my soul and severed veins,
 Paints your mind, where I have bled.
 As each stroke falls past your haze, I take a different hue,
 From chartreuse green to royal blue. My ink lies meek upon each page,
 soaked in powerful dispositions; sculpting banal to shrewd.
 Silent fingers entwined around me, through my lips the ink flows,
 Breathing life into the mere, mute words which are peppered along
 Each submissive line...until I have shed all of my tears.
 Yet as my ink dries and tears subside, it is these echoed words which are the
 single proof that I lived; burn them with my soul aside, setting them free into
 The boundless sky...I am merely a broken link.

Death

By Imaad Year 9

He lurks right around the corner,
Waiting for you to pass.
Then just when you least expect it,
Steals you from Life's grasp.

'Everything is fine', you thought,
Or that's what Life told you.
Sure, make money and have fun,
But prepare for your own death too.

The one thing that connects us all,
Is that one day we will all die.
Let's see, what have we done
About all the people who cry?

Death always seems so frightening,
But it doesn't have to be.
If you just live life to the full,
You will accept this reality.

Remember when you were a child,
Playing on the lush grass.
With your friends and family,
Make the memories last.

So, make sure you are ready,
To be stolen from Life's grasp.
Because one day, you too
Will be underneath that very grass.

