



King's High School

Poet's Corner

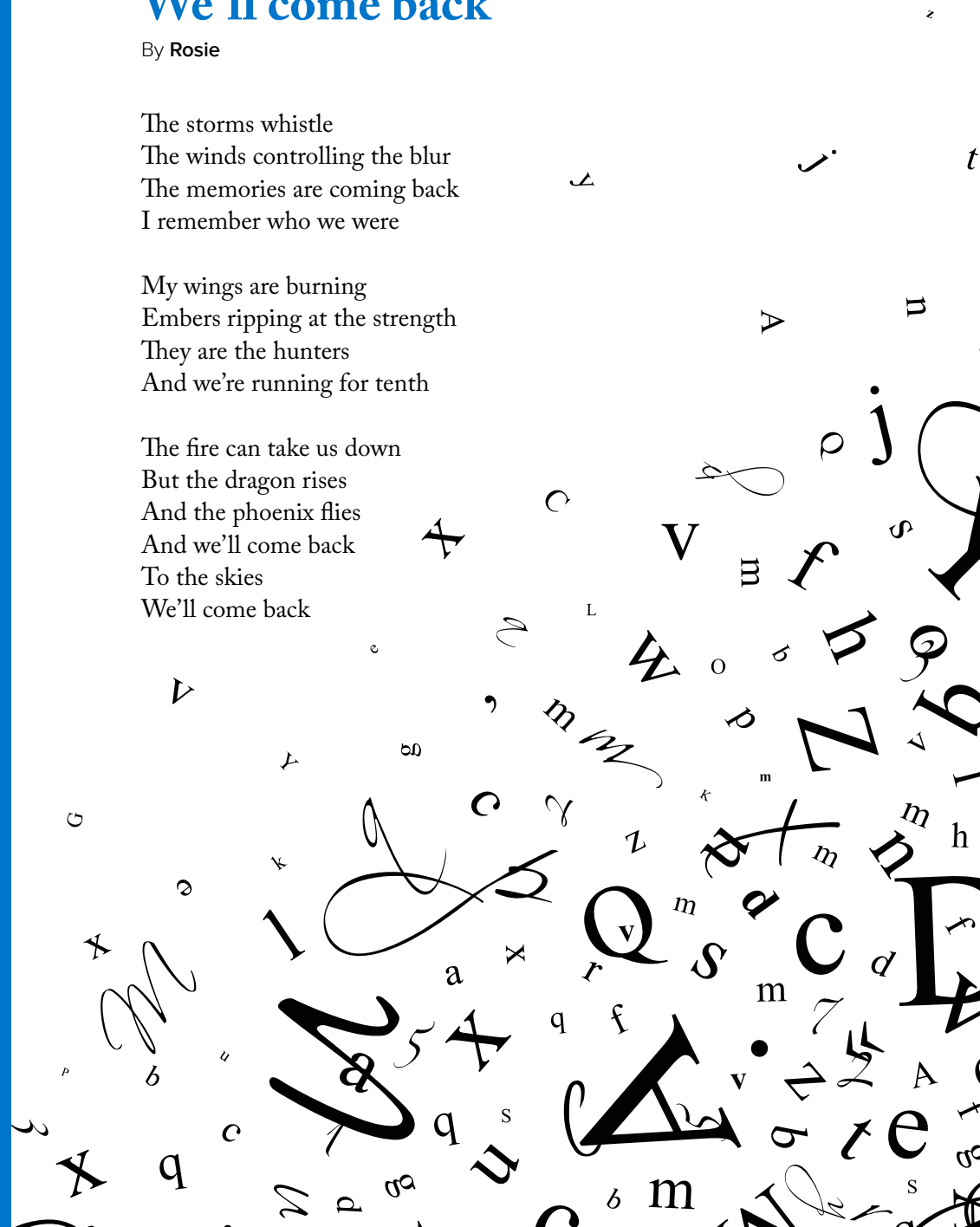
We'll come back

By Rosie

The storms whistle
The winds controlling the blur
The memories are coming back
I remember who we were

My wings are burning
Embers ripping at the strength
They are the hunters
And we're running for tenth

The fire can take us down
But the dragon rises
And the phoenix flies
And we'll come back
To the skies
We'll come back



As a man thinketh

By Lixu

As a man thinketh, so is he.
For thoughts become the seeds of what will grow
And with a positive mindset, one can lead.
A life of joy, success, and overflow.

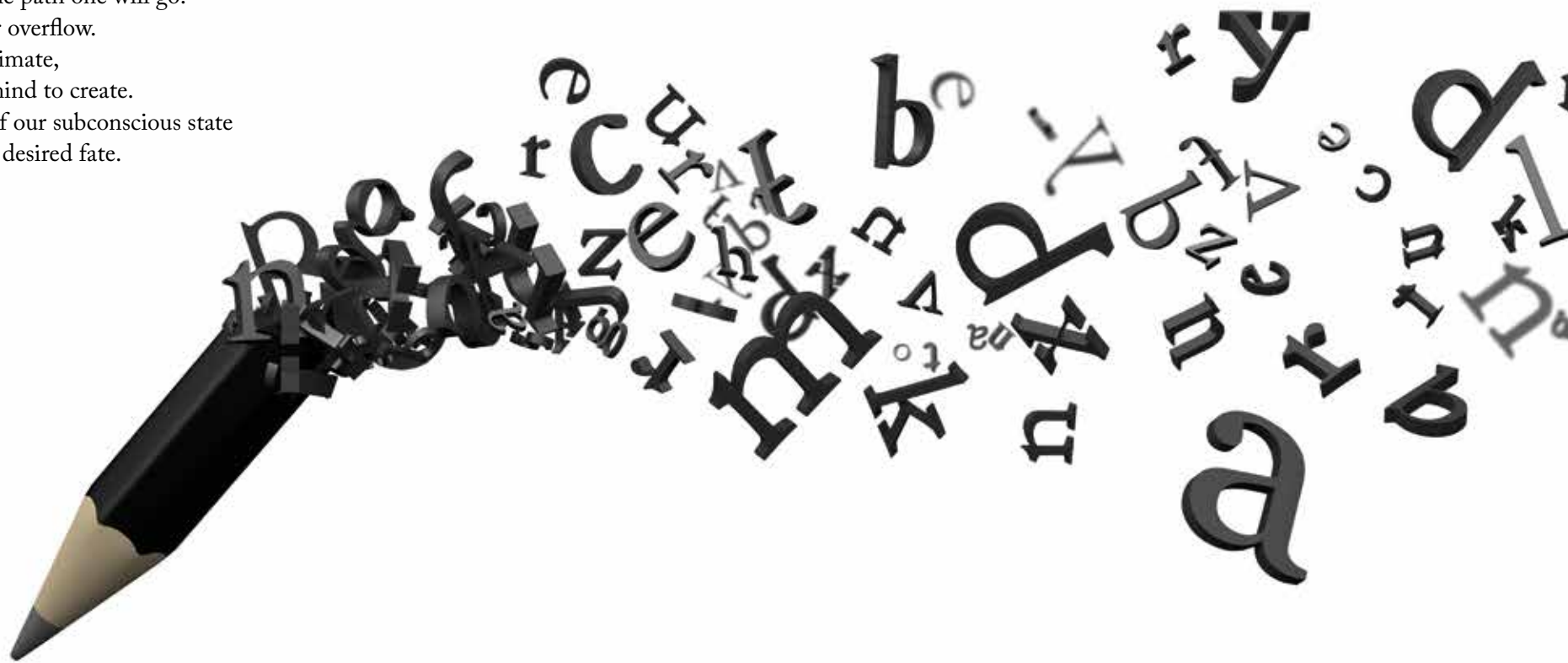
Our fears and hopes, our loves and hates,
All buried deep within our fates.
For what we hold inside reflects outside
It is not our circumstances, but our thoughts that we decide.

As a man thinketh, so is he.
For in the mind, one is truly free,
Thoughts dictate the path one will go:
A life of scarcity, or overflow.
So do not underestimate,
The power of the mind to create.
For in the depths of our subconscious state
Lies the key to our desired fate.

The beginning of our end

By Anya

As we stepped out of our classroom for the final time,
The school bell rings out with its familiar chime.
Our laughter and shrieks fill the hall,
How we all wished we could go back to being small.
Our tiny hands and our eager minds,
Before we had truly been exposed to mankind.
But now here we are going our separate ways,
We'd do anything for a few more days.
A few more days of being young,
We could go back to the swings where we played and swung,
But life moves on and we must too,
so, we must leave, and start anew



Watch the world burn

By Margot

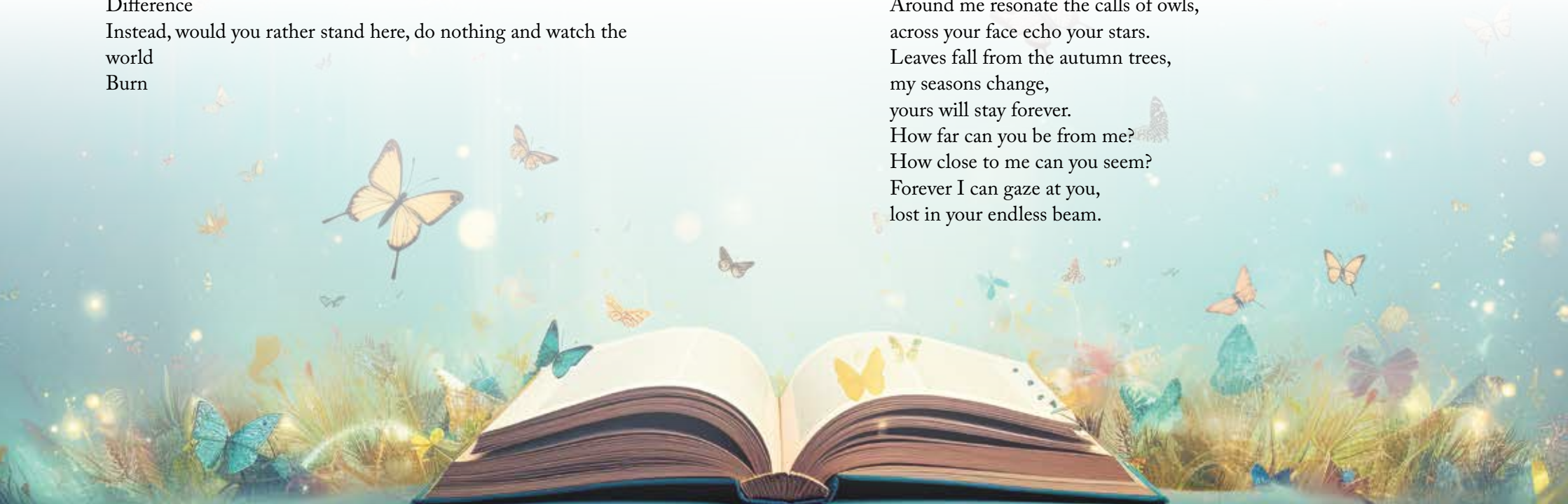
Here is a question for you.
I wonder if you have ever seen the forest from the eyes of a
Tree
And watched the birds come and go when the seasons
Change
Here is a question for you.
Have you ever stopped and decided to
Breathe
In this great big world of ours.
Noticing the beauty of nature and the kindness of a human
Touch
Here is a question for you.
Do you notice how small you are in a universe that keeps ex-
panding
And how little or how much you can do to make a
Difference
Instead, would you rather stand here, do nothing and watch the
world
Burn

From the Earth to the Night Sky

By Polly

Good morning night, lying above,
throwing your blanket over a sleeping world,
a welcome to a different day.
Jewels twinkle above me.
the moon lighting my way,
a hunter protecting me.
a bear hiding from me.
Every day I gaze at you,
a perspective I shall never have.
This time I will notice you,
this time I will look at you,
my beautiful timeless sky.

Across you blows a gentle wind,
rustling through my hair.
Around me resonate the calls of owls,
across your face echo your stars.
Leaves fall from the autumn trees,
my seasons change,
yours will stay forever.
How far can you be from me?
How close to me can you seem?
Forever I can gaze at you,
lost in your endless beam.



e e cummings primary school

By Rosie

Shall I compare thee to a child at school
Who's being taught some poetry one day?
He's told that poetry is one big rule
And it has always been that way.

Of course, there's rhyme and meter, word and pause
A dash, a comma, an embedded clause
And alliteration— **'Wake up!'** (a child snores)

Oh no! The rhythm is broken!
the words are just tumbling, rushing, flowing, drunken
rhymes don't rhyme; meter doesn't meet

Poetry walks in Chaos like a Fright

And all who [heard/saw/sensed] her there

And all should cry **BEWARE BEWARE**

Her flashing eyes, her *gloating* glare

Full fathom five thy RULES lie

And deep down there may they – DIE –

and one day when that teacher
reads a poem written by that child
she'll shake her head and say:

'After all those lessons and all that time,
He still, *still* can't use
Capital Letters and .full.stops.'

SEDIMENTS

By Rosie

Imagine, do – a sediment where every footprint stayed, fungoid
in the soil, herbaceous in its bacciferous growth. Imagine, do –
which feet have trodden this ground, which souls have **feared**,
which eyes have seen, which lives have lived where I now sit
and ponder?



The School Library

By **Sophie**

Silently, quietly,
Sneaking through shelves,
Hushed, reverent,
My place of worship.

A quest and a mission,
A hunt and a game,
Predator and prey,
Companions again.

Child, teenage, adult:
I have grown amongst these fences;
Boundaries of my soul;
Aisles of my life,
Running and whispering,
Laughing and weeping.

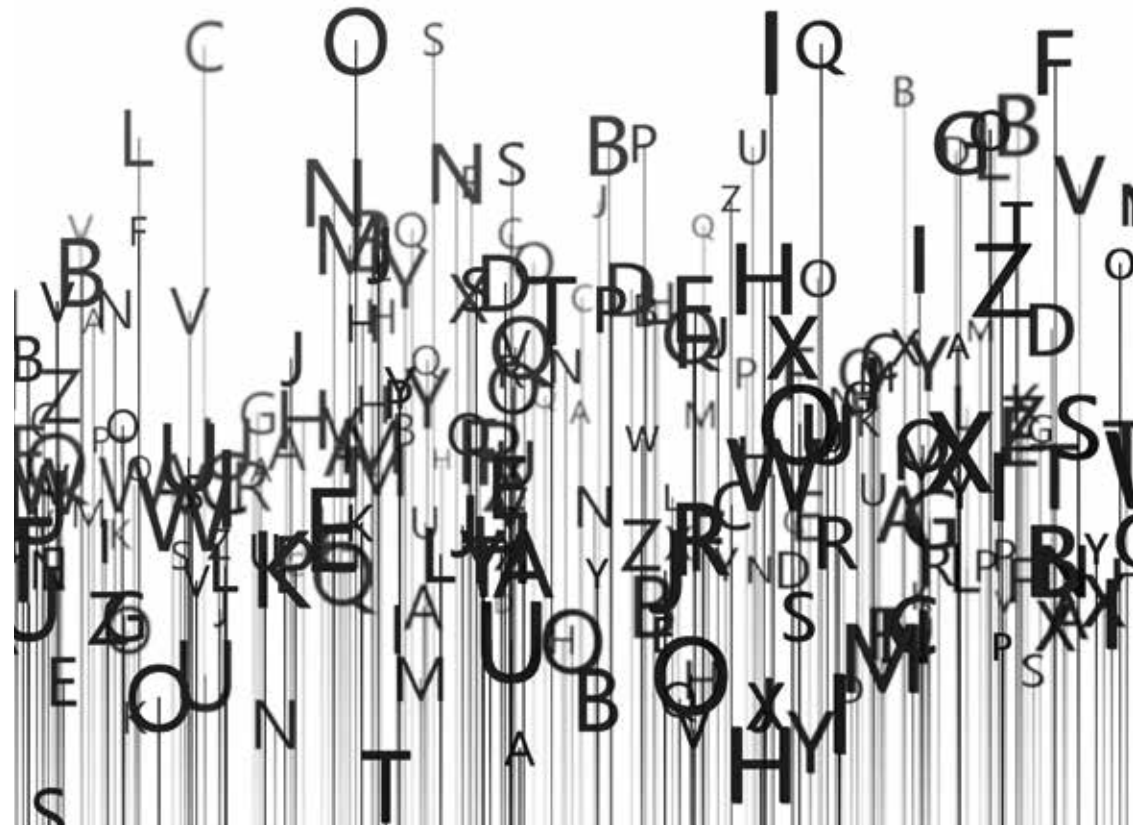
These walls frame me,
And yet they are too small,
Do not hold the object of my desires,
Do not yield new universes, new lives.

Instead my hand strokes spines,
Eyes scan covers, fingers pages.
I search. I do not find.
Quietly, silently –
I leave.
My absence more notable than my presence.

Memories

By **Helena**

People come and people go
Some stay for a while
Others leave forever
Some memories last
Some memories die
Some memories are lost
But, some memories are kept alive
Long after they are told
And those are the ones
That can never be forgotten



King's High

By **Arabella**

Where learners have flourished and hard workers are born,
Discard the childish clothes they have once worn.
Their mindset has changed Their knowledge expanding,
Their ideas new and creativity landing.
Whether times are confusing, and some are sad,
At King's you'll always be given a helping hand.
As you grow older, you'll soon realise,
That you have just won the greatest ever prize.
Just being at King's is something altogether,
But with the people around you they make it so much better.
Throughout the years you'll learn to fly,
With everyone who chips in at King's High.
Soon enough, your time is up, and you have been gifted with
your last set of wings,
All thanks to everything and everyone at King's.
You now can soar high into the sky,
Thank you, King's High.



A Growing World

By **Laura**

Sometimes I hear a bird call of new welcome
and sometimes an albatross fixes its gaze upon a new dawn and
more than anything it aspires to spread its wings among the stars
and to bestow its gift upon a growing world.

History

By Izzie

We are the future, living for the new day.
The past has happened
and the future the next page.
We are the future, we are making history.
Don't fight for the past.
Live the next page.





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