Flowers

Flowers are blooming,

Growing in time,

Dancing from side to side.

Home to small insects and bees,

Summer is a boiling sun, that brings joy to everyone,

Emerging with colour,

Brightness glows.

My scent is a perfume that creates a crowd,

Petals are magnificent, glamourous with colour.

Pollen for bees,

I have a great aroma, people can’t resist.

My colour is a bright light shining,

Now I’m the performer on the stage,

I sit here in the enchanted garden.

Waiting for another day.

The sun is going,

Dark until tomorrow.

Now bring on another day.

By Millie Dixon

Cold Mountain

Cold mountain is a brisk ice-bath where no-one

ventures to speak,

When the sun is shining the ice doesn’t dissolve,

Climbing the mountain is as dark as an abyss,

With fog hiding the sun as if it was a cloak,

Nobody knows how anyone would’ve made it up

here.

The trees in the peaceful forest are colossal,

Giants towering over all creature,

The river is like a museum luring all creatures to it,

At night, Cold Mountain is an ice-skating rink

waiting for people to slip and fall to their

death.

Climbing up cold mountain is unheard of

My heart and bravery is a bright light bulb

making me climb to the treacherous peak

where danger lurks among the heavens,

Will anyone be able to come up with me?

By Thuvaan Tharmaseelan

Oral Waters

Oral Waters was a home,

Breakfast was up high,

Dinner was growing out of the ground,

Best of all, Oral Waters was around.

Oral Waters was a spell,

Just one drink and you could tell,

How did this all happen?

Oral Waters has a secret.

Behind the waterfall was a humble place,

Sit down and have some space,

Close your eyes and make a wish,

Oral Waters never miss.

By Sophia Chenchev

Cold Mountain

Cold Mountain was a giant

polar bear searching for its prey,

I see snow at summer. I ask why is there is frost?

Cold Mountain was a big icicle

that glimmered in the sky.

How do I get there?

My heart is no longer yours.

Cold Mountain is a long path to a

magical adventure!

Freely run in a summer day, I ask

the weather will it stay?

Weather says. I will say goodbye, I

slept with my guilt, and said

goodnight!

Cold Mountain is slipping by,

To an ancient magical adventure!

The path to the mountain can go

on forever and ever.

The wind howls as if it was an Antarctic

wolf with fur that is soft like it were a cloud.

Linora Kibalama

The gorgeous Cold Mountain view is heaven’s paradise,

Sitting waiting to be watched.

Cold Mountain brings peace,

Ta all that needs it.

Cold Mountain is a upbringing place of joy.

The snow was a warm blanket to Cold Mountain,

Making a phenomenal quilt.

Snow crushing down like lightening,

Was a dangerous path of all life’s struggles.

How will I make it?

Climbing Cold Mountain is a prolonged adventure,

Going on and on.

A tiresome struggle up an endless path.

How did I make it?

The mountain,

A beautiful but harsh place of struggle.

One day,

Will someone sit with me at my home among the stars?

By Harry Allen

Cold Mountain, it grows higher and higher,

Without a leap you can feel the clouds,

Turning into a snake wrapping around your hand.

But to get to the top it is a whole other world.

No easy path, shortcuts or tools to help me on the way,

How did I make it?

I remember the day I embarked on a journey of loss and pain,

Clambering up mountains,

Bringing my energy down a drain.

Without a sign of life,

Or a patch of grass,

All lost and alone,

But could this be home?

There are now pods of grass and skyscraper trees,

And mammoth mountains watch over and gleam.

The surrounding boulders are a layer of marines and soldiers,

I like my life here or that is what I say,

But at the end of the day I found Cold Mountain as a place

of loss and pain,

But its true self just hides away.

By Mason Tran-Hashim

A gentle seed twirls itself into the soil,

Unprepared for the challenge of life.

A fish out of water mystified and defenceless,

Apprehensive and petrified- exposed.

Enthusiastic to grow up but why?

Gradually growing up soon at the peak of existence,

So formidable nothing can get in its way,

A warrior growing with strength as time goes on,

Courageous in the heat of war.

Tiny and withered soon at the boundary of life,

Drooping its sagging skin.

Time flies by, treasure it.

The once glamorous flower collapses to the ground.

Adeena Akinborode

Others ask the way to the top

Cold Mountain: one way through

These whooping giants,

Sit down for tea and biscuits.

A place full of love and adventures,

Those cotton candy clouds wait to be seen.

A dream of journeys, a world of lives,

an unforgettable one joins the pile

The scenic view. Planets of dreams,

The shiny clear grass makes a good quilt.

Cold Mountain going on forever,

already I thought to be at the top.

I finally make it after a while,

These hard rocks make a chair

A shiny waterfall slide

shoots to the deep blue sea.

The shiny sun led the way.

Arman Elnazarov

Cold Mountain

The sky frozen like a never-ending path.

Monolithic giant shadows in the air.

Snakes of slippery slopes.

The thin grass swaying to the sides.

Hands are melting.

The sun glares at me as I clamber the path.

Nothing to be seen.

Nothing except the giant in the air saying my name.

Saying my name.

Saying my name, saying it louder each time.

Saying my name.

The disembodied voices in my mind haunting me.

At once I wish someone was here for me.

Only the giant calls my name.

Julia Markowska

The Cold Mountain

The colossal giant,

overlapping the warmth of the sun.

The tumbling rocks colliding onto the ground with

one little breeze.

The towering mountain stacked up high,

while the fog slowly started to

dissolve the last glimpse of light.

The elevated mountain.

resting in one position. A heart of stone.

Tip is as cold as a dogs nose.

Pine trees protect the huge chasms of life.

Life is a slippery slope, when the breeze calls

the mountains name.

Bobby Davis

Cold Mountain

Men ask the way to cold mountain

Cold Mountain: towering so high.

Shards of light beam

through peaked edge.

As pitch black cloaks give way to a pink

dawn.

Cold Mountain, surrounded by wintery

mist like a cloak.

Snow soft blanket, clouds puffy

as pillows.

Cold mountain trail goes on and on

like an endless void.

The river flows like the thoughts going

Through my head.

Who will sit with me above the clouds?

By Stevie-Jay Heffer Redding

Cold Mountain

Cold Mountain stands up high.

Cold and old but it’s still bold.

Marshmallow clouds surround the sleeping

giant.

The icy mist races around,

Gently dusting my body.

Setting a thick layer of wintery mist

engulfing the cold mountain.

The beast towered below the bright

stars and the night sky.

The sleeping giant gives way to

pink dawn.

The gleaming shards fade.

Through the arctic mist ghostly figures

appear.

The rivers flow below.

Across the jagged teeth.

As the giant sleeps.

By Nataniel Tolnai

Cold Mountain

Cold Mountain stacked high,

The monolithic giant overshadows,

Snakes of slippery slopes,

The sleeping giant still unmoved.

Cold Mountain glared above,

Scratching the border of the sky,

Blocking the view of the sun.

Cold Mountain’s sharp peaked teeth,

devours the cold,

as sharp peaks glare below.

The giant still unmoved.

By Alfie Robertson

Cold Mountain

Shadow giants cover the light

Cold Mountain marks the sun

Pink dawn approaches

Reveals the darkness of the

cloak engulfing the shards of light.

Cold mountain giant sleeps

undisturbed now

white tips freeze as

sharp teeth points

on the jagged rocks

preventing the tears flow.

Sleeping giant

monolithic wall

hiding the hidden bushes

leaving the path.

By Ella-May Cloke

Cold Mountain

The sleeping giant

Peaks of shards, white topped

Jagged teeth

Awake the sleeping giant.

Snakes of slippery slopes

Cover the hidden brushes

of pines

And still the giant sleeps.

Sleeping giant still

unmoved

as tears flow from

the peak flowing

over jagged teeth.

By Lenny Davis

Cold Mountain

Clambering up the mountain

Walls stacked high

higher than the luscious swaying

trees.

The path slippery slope hidden

by the layered brushes of time

No wind or rushing tears

When the giant calls my name.

A melodic tune echoes throughout

the quilted blanked above

The louder it becomes as the sleepy

giant calls my name.

Sharp jagged teeth deter

intruders into the silent world

As the giant calls my name.

By Kyla Simpson

Cold Mountain

The swirling of frozen stars awaken

the monolithic sleeping stones.

The flowing aura of water

is never ending.

Cold Mountain grips as it ripples to

its tip.

Flakes attached to stems as you

slumber on the luscious green.

Cold Mountain, is an isolated Neptune

with no boundaries peaks above.

A place of harmony.

Cold Mountain, snow-capped cave

Shards of spears

Broken glass

underfoot discovering there is

no path.

Cold Mountain, no return.

By Lucia Dumfeh

Cold Mountain

Beneath the void of darkness.

The sleeping giant calls my name.

Beneath the void of darkness,

A huge chasm of life

Surrounds me.

Cold Mountain echoes my name,

it’s confusing my brain.

Walls stacked high,

Sharp peaked teeth scrape close to

the clouds of cotton.

Cold Mountain is my home.

Cold Mountain wrapped in a baby

Blue blanket.

Desolate alone in time frozen depths

hidden below always frozen in time.

Kevin Rimkus

I smile,

Lily pads gently resting while frogs jump from one to another like green eyes

resting in a bodily swamp,

Shiny apples ripe and well golden fish with a white spotted tail swimming

happily in glass water like no other.

I draw

Butterflies flying in patterns and swirls like a ribbon from a dancer,

And majestic swans with their gorgeous feathers leading their ducklings as

they follow their mother.

I dance,

Dragon flies dancing while the large scruffy green giants sway like luscious

hair in the wind,

Royal birds flying in herds with mighty ferns on their curve,

as the distant river flows and the singing stream billows.

I scowl,

Ice sheets scattered across and dark oak trees covered in moss with the muddy

stream.

Though they linger in the trees with razor sharp beaks hiding amongst the

creeks in the leaves stalking the prey that they feed.

I love,

Dazzling leaves tumbling off their trees and gently resting in the water

gently kissing the surface.

Ripples piled on like silk with honey flowers hugging their stalks.

I’m at a loss, for the beauty is like no other.

My beauty is like no other.

By Rosie Bull

Reluctantly, I started the cryptic journey through the soft pages.

The cover was a tragic memory that contained forgotten ancient runes,

Filled with complex characters changing the plot while completing different stages.

Dangerous words spread across the dark alleyways

Reciting a wicked spell as life went on.

Causing a variation of different outcomes for days and days.

As I walked through the alley of death,

Different chapters opened and closed as different opportunities came in.

The plot was an unescapable fort that found you every time you released your breath.

The writer examined the story, changing genres and creating many sins.

The blurb was a hint to the dark story lurking in plain sight.

Studying the twisted adventure for ages

Engraved with pictures that manipulated the mind

The illustrations were rough blankets that covered the worn- out pages.

New chapters ascended from the clouds as life went in a thin line.

Ending the journey and starting a new one,

The tragic story came to an end.

Starting a brighter one since the old one is now gone.

The pages were a graceful river flowing that others would mend.

New characters emerged from the horizon,

As the cryptic journey went on.

Airah Salami

Life is a River

Life is a river

Constantly flowing here and there,

Turbulent and unforgiving

Spreading everywhere.

You can never predict

What is on the bed of the river,

You can’t predict the future,

It’ll always give you shivers.

Sometimes the river of life goes slowly

Sometimes the river of life goes quickly

Never underestimate time

Never underestimate the flow.

Life is the river that flows

Only for so long till it reaches its mouth

Where it lets go into a lake

And another river flows.

The rapidness of life can be torturous

Flooding our lives with stress and fear.

But someone is always there to calm the river

Refilling our heart and souls with cheer.

By Gabrielius Jankauskas

Life is a river

Moving swiftly and trickling over pebbles,

Turbulent here and there.

When boulders fall from the mountain,

We always feel despair.

But when we overcome the boulders,

and find a path to lead.

We plunge over the huge waterfalls,

and we regain our triumph

and speed.

Just when the water seems smooth again,

Life sends us another storm.

Filling our lives with scree and rubble,

making us feel defeated and small.

Sometimes the river flows quickly,

Filling our lives with stress.

But sometimes the river moves slowly

giving us some time to rest.

By James Fallon