

By Ben OOI-Knowles

Book

Whispering quietly though no one can hear
In its wise raspy voice, it makes you want to lend an ear
It has been opened since the first of may
It wants to be opened even for a day
When it opens it ruffles with glee
It holds secrets no one knows not you not me
The wisdom of the writer is very clear
And it makes you remember wisdom is always near
It moves like a turtle slowly but steady
So no one notices until its ready



My Diary

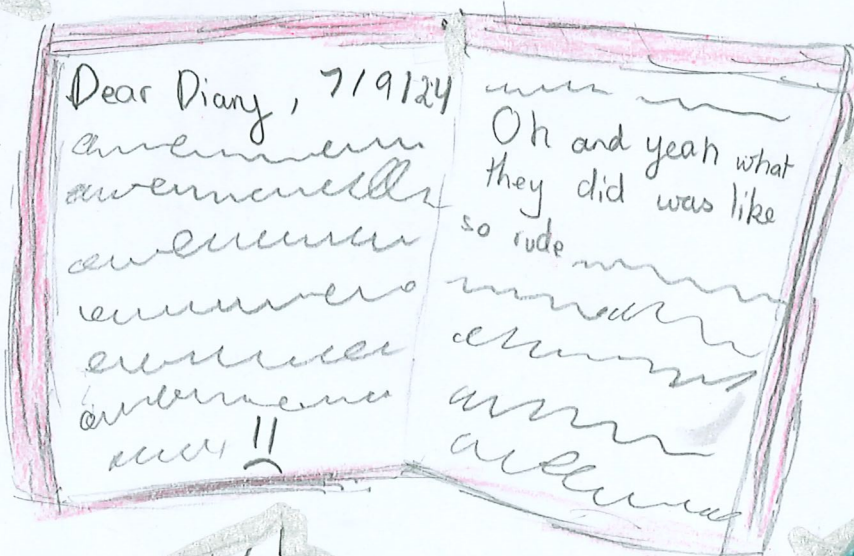
By Poppy Turner

Scribbles of the pen pour onto the page like a mountain of words
secrets at its peak.

The diary whispers secrets into the room only it can hear
"Come to me" it says to its owner, their secrets flooding onto the
page.

The deep dark secrets taunt all honesty
An unwelcome stranger opens the diary
The diary screeches out to its owner but it only comes out in
whispers

The owner catches the stranger in the act and looks at the diary
The diary's secrets have been spilled like the colour of clothes



Ahh!

Spill your secrets

come to me!

Ohh!

STARS

By Alicia

The stars dance in the velvet blue sky
Humming a tranquil tune
Listening to all the animals down below
They shine bright like the sun
All of this they do before the rising sun
The moon is like their mother
She treats them as her own
But just like everyone there is a time for them to go
When they finally leave
They carefully float down
To start a brand-new life
Right there on the ground





Fire

Ella 5S



The blaze scowls, clammy with ash
Shedding its skin along the abundant plains
Its bitter murmur filled with rage
Piercing the hearts of victims
Its spine spirals up the trees
Swallowing the bristle fur of ease
Sirens crash its, spark put out in water
As the fire was led to slaughter.

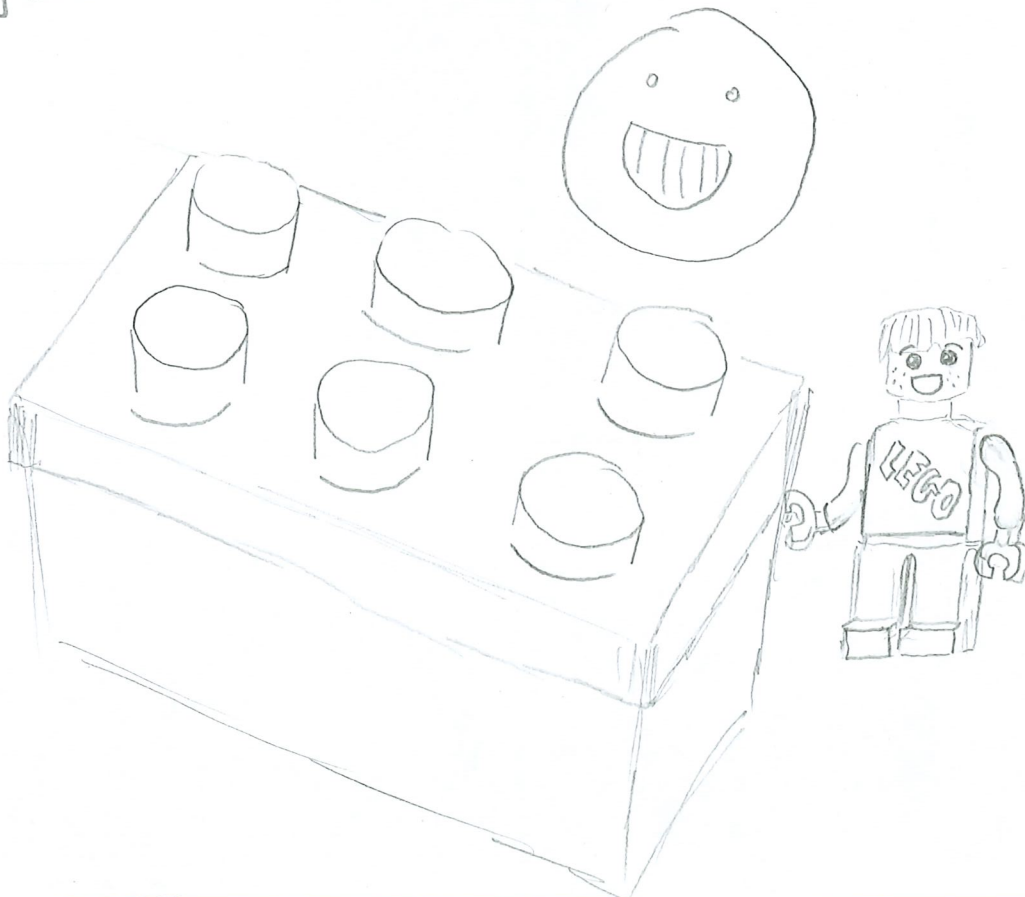
Lego

Amusement

joy, delight

Are like time, precious yet untouchable, the key to excitement,
Legos whisper to the furniture with a clicking accent of bliss.
Giant hands help them practise new formations of play until,
Night time falls, they clamber into their own little packets.
Awaiting to be bought and taken away with a new owner,
Amusement, joy, delight these are the key to the universe.

By Sean

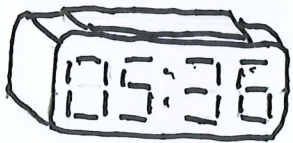


Alarm Clocks

By Simon Jin

The clock is a nuisance,
yelling all day.

Although he thinks,
what he's doing's okay.



He sits on the table,
day and night.

However, it often,
puts up a fight.



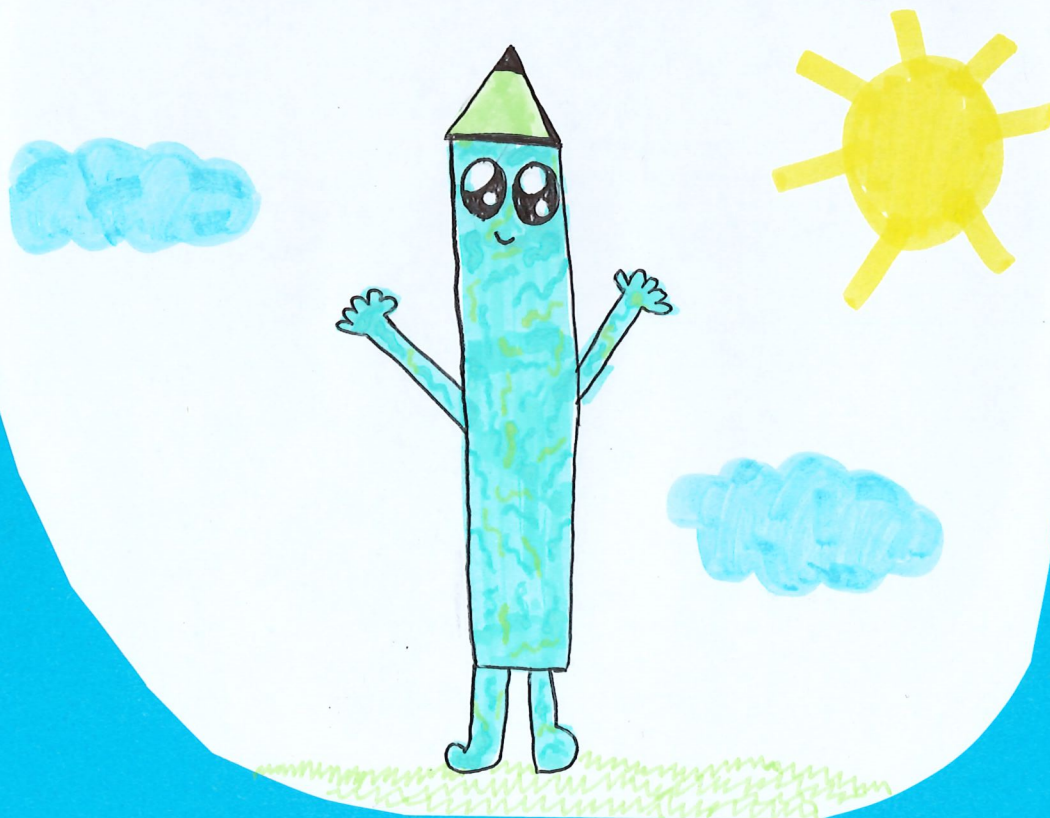
The clock is a cylinder,
laden with hands.

Yet no matter how much I hate it,
it's still there to stand.

PEN

By Adelphe

Pools of ink covering the page
Screaming as it hits the paper
The fast dancing as it forms a sentence
Click clack as you put it In and out
Swirling in loops of joy
Once it starts you don't know when it will end
Lines are happily filled one by one
You flip to the next page cause the last one is done
Like the wind it travels one way
Till it reaches the end then you start again





Sadness

By Celine C.

Sadness whispers to the world,
Spreading misery to every fold.

Sneaking, crawling, creeping around,
Murmuring, echoing, weighing you down.

Seeping, mingling with tears,
Speaking gently, creating fears.

Watching love, loss, death,
Polluting the world with every breath.

It hovers; a dark, heavy rain cloud threatening to fall.
Uncertainty it brings, blocking pathways; a solid wall.

Sadness remembers everything,
Weeping souls, broken wings.

Blots out light

Like black on white.

Sadness, filling tiny spaces,
Melancholy poisoning happy places.

It sinks into your soul
Until your heart is darker than coal.