



JRCS Poetry Anthology



‘Refugees’

A collection of poetry from KS3 & KS4

National Poetry Day 2015

Refugee Crisis

Jimmy Finn 7J

I was once in a land that was free,
Living and playing with my friends and family,
Then bad men came and that all changed,
They took my dad and caused me pain.

They told me how to think, act, and what to do,
I was no longer free to be a youth.
My mother would cry for my dad and me,
She would cry for her home that once was free.

She took me away to find a new land,
We found others like us, we had no plan.
We barely ate, stopped, or slept,
My mother, she constantly wept.

That is how I became a refugee,
Looking for a new home, that is free.

Refugee

Joshua Southall – 7J

The heat of the war is in their home,
They struggle to survive in their own territory
Their home will be left scared of all their deaths
We have to understand,
We are all humans!

We all struggle to achieve our goals,
But no one will struggle more than them.
We all try to survive,
But no one will try more than them.

I just want to say,
We welcome you!

Refugee

The war has started and I can see
Is houses crashing down and families begging on their knees.

The war has started, there's no land left,
I must run and hide, I must be safe.

The war has started, I've got to leave home,
Save my children and hit the sea!

The war has started, our homes are destroyed,
Us Syrians are losing, I can see them run and hide.

The war has started, some is everywhere,
I'm fleeing my country, but I will be back,
Because I have hope.

Refugees

Zaina Islam

The war is loud,
The sea is rough,
The heart is broken,
Love is tough.

They stole our home,
They took our pride,
They killed our dreams,
They made our family die.

I ran to the boat,
I fell to the sea,
Everything I was,
Is lost at sea.

My love is gone,
My love is no more.

On a boat leaving home.
Claudia del Rio Voase – Y10

I am not a statistic,
I am not a number,
I deserve to have happiness,
Not living in fear.

Please think of me,
As a single life,
Like your own,
Because you wouldn't want to waste your time,
On a boat,
Leaving home.

My life is worth,
Just as much as yours,
If you put yourself in my shoes,
I'm certain, I'm sure,
You wouldn't be a statistic,
Because no one is a number.

Hope

Let's fight for our land,
Let's fight with bare hands,
Hope we get our home,
Back in our hands.
We love you, Syria, so we will try hard,
Hope is the only thing we have,
We can never give up we have faith in our land.

Goodbye
Maisie Payne 8A

Somewhere south of Syria,
I sit here waiting.
Waiting for the boat,
With my family,
Hoping it will stay afloat,
With so much weight of tragedy.

It all started with a crash,
And I had no time to think,
All I knew was that I had to run.
Suddenly my life had changed,
All before I could blink.

My father and mother,
My sister and brother,
Scrambling for safety,
Among the wreckage of destruction,
Led by masked murderers.

My father screamed, "Don't look back!"
As her fell to the floor.
I couldn't fight the urge to turn around,
And saw him being dragged away,
Along with the sound of his roar.

We made it to the dock,
And I couldn't stop the tears,
The pain was never-ending,
This was worse than all my fears.

Silence roared over the landscape,
And there I truly felt,
The power of loss and,
I had a quick realisation. I never said goodbye....

Daddy never said goodbye.

Dagmara Onoszko – 8D

I woke up to the smell of fresh pancakes that very morning,
It was still dark and I could hear both of my parents snoring.
I went downstairs, following the laughter of my sister,
But when I looked out of the door, there was a masked up mister.

His eyes were black and red with blood,
His shoes were long and deep in mud,
He held a sniper as tall as himself,
And pounded the door. It felt like hell.

In the corner of my eye someone spilled some oil,
Still in the same lonely corner a flame developed,
The flame grew and grew and it led that corner to spoil,
It was happening so quickly I just held my sister close,
Mummy ran down the stairs sniffing with her nose

But....

Daddy never came down.

Mummy grabbed us both by our sweaty hands and we ran out of our house,
The house fell in behind us, I felt like a lonely little mouse,
One difference was that we had each other, the angel's guidance,
But not daddy, he never said goodbye.

Picture

Guerchon Marembo Swarhay – Y9

Take a picture,
Just wait.
Imagine that was you.

Are you just going to sit there and stare,
Or pick up the phone and save another life?

See that man begging and crying for a new life.

The Lonely Land

Deividas Petieikis

From across the land I see them,
Shaking, shivering, in fear.
They're coming closer and closer,
They need a home, they need food.
I hear the children scream,
I see the parents cry,
Something must be wrong,
I see their bones popping out of their skin.

As they're coming closer,
The more I can see, the more I can hear.
I ran to them and asked what's wrong,
But there was a boy and no one else.

He told me the story,
That's why I am here,
I hope you have listened,
This might give you a scare.

The guns fire in the distance,
The boats move away,

But I am the only one there,
I jump in a boat to be safe.

I felt soft things under my feet
It was my parents and me.

Crowded

Melissa Aziz – 9H

The sigh is a crowded sight with all the people squashed together like sticky glue,
Hearing people crying in pain,
The smell of the salty sea burns your eyes,
The touch of people helping each other with their wet and cold hands like ice.

Dear Faithful People

Ini Phillips – 7F

Tears falling like the raining storm,
Poor people feeling devastated in the unsafe water.

What they need is happiness,
Like celebrating a kids birthday.
So what I'd say is that they should show who they really are.

Be faithful.

Don't let trouble come to you,
Just be that successful person that everybody wants to be.

Boat

Adunola Olayiwola – 7F

I saw the boat,
A tired, beaten up boat trying to pierce through the water
While carrying a school of people.
The boat was close to snapping,
They were all close to snapping.

Then I saw a man,
A man whose face was a terrified soul.
His children were crying,
That made me think back to the days
When Primary School children ran around the playground and laughed endlessly,
These children were now crying endlessly.

The women cried, "Help! Please."
They were down on their knees,

And then it started.
The sky showed its remorse by crying for them.
There was lots of rain.
When they reached the shore limping,
They fell to the ground.

Refugee Waters

Kanya Archer – 7F

This world is becoming grey,
Thousands dying everyday,
Millions face this dangerous path,
At the bottom of the blue they lie.

Sinking as fast as quick sand,
Some won't make it to land.
Hearts stop beating, Lovers grieving,
These innocent people will die.

Thinking of family they miss,
Thinking of that last kiss.
Regretting the last fight they had,
They face loss and death.

Families pray for a home,
Anywhere they will not groan,
Humans destroy this world we're in,
Why would anyone choose to take another's breath?

My Home

Greta Petrokaite

My home is the zone of danger,
Me and my family had to go on a boat
with another family that are not strangers.
They are our friends from years ago.

We see the land,
We scream and shout:
In joy,
And happiness.
We made it at last.
We didn't sink or drown.
We survived.

We got off the boat,
We arrived in Hungary,

Not our first choice of a country,
But it's better than home,
Where thousands more people
Want the same success as us.
Or even more.

Suffering

Prunella Madika Mbomba – 7F

Young children die as the day goes,
Having to suffer when they don't deserve to.
Syrian children pray every day for a life like ours,
Meanwhile we throw away the life we have been given.

Children cry endlessly for the loss of their parents,
Yet we get to rejoice and laugh every day.

Why do they have to suffer,
When we get to live?

Refugees

Yasir Shahid – 7F

R – Refugees have to understand that no one is safe around enemies.
E – Enemies who love to cause hatred.
F – Frights and Flights, the refugees hate to cry.
U – Useless crying, their voice can't be heard.
G – Guns and bullets, and,
E – Endless fights. The refugees hate to fight but the,
E – Enemies hate the right.

Because

Renee Moundjongui-Bastos – 7F

Because water is still and land is torture,
Because joy isn't available in this life but in another,
Because life is limited and happiness is a distant dream,
Because a future of hope is far behind me,
Because my family are now lost at sea,

Because my emotions and I have been left to decay,
And I'm fleeing to a country far-far-away.

Future

Ellie Vosper – 7F

I always used to think of my childrens' future,
But now, how do I know if they will get a future?

Every night I think about my wife I left behind,
Somewhere with no food or no shelter, and no kids to hold tight.

Every day I wish for all of this to go away,
Somewhere warm for all of us to sleep every day.

Help

Cullum Mehegan – 7F

H – Help is what I need

E – Exhale out the pain

L – Loneliness we gain

P – Petrified for my life

Here We Go.

Gabija Zundaite – 7F

We've been travelling for miles now,
Not stopping till our journey's done,

Cold nights, flaming days,
but still – no stopping.

We are near the border of France now,
Tired. Hungry. Homeless.

But here we go, our lives could change.

Lost

Tolu Akindahunsi – 7F

I have lost my brother,

My dad is crying, you see,
Running to get to the border,
A safe child with a safe life is all I want to be.

We are really struggling,
Never thought I'd be a refugee,
Our life depends on this,
So many people getting on their knees.

A warzone with a corrupted government,
That's where I come from,
Innocent children dying,
Nobody, I repeat, Nobody dares to want some.

Feeling Regret

Dee-Anna Wallace – 7F

I sit here now,
Looking back, feeling regret,
As my brother dies drowning.

Hugging my dad crying,
A lonely sister I am.

I roam the streets at night,
Waiting for a second chance,
I see it, I see it indeed,
I take the chance for a proper life.

I now have passed school,
I'm here telling this story to my children,
As now I have a job and a loving family.

Untitled

Jack Crosby – 7F

Sitting on a boat with fear,
With the end of my life near,
My family's tears drifting down their ears,
But we know the end of our life is near.

Untitled

Ajay Chandler – 10F

I cry and cry every day,
Hoping one day that I will be safe.
My parents tell me it will all be fine,
But every night I can hear them crying.
We travel miles on land,
My feet drowning in sand.
The Sun dawns on me,
I am a Syrian refugee.

Left Behind

Rachel John – 10E

I am left behind.
They leave me in the middle of destruction with nowhere to hide.
Even the grown men have tears to shed,
After I am covered in the blood they've bled.

The deafening sounds force me to shake,
And my mind is filled with thoughts that my peoples' lives are at stake.
I want to leave the war and misery,
And yet I am banned.

For it is impossible for me to flee,
The terror I have to see...

For I am on the land.

Safe

Megha Islam – 10G

Safe is something I haven't felt in a long time.
The war around me rages, my life hanging on the line,
We surround ourselves with prayers and smiles,
Before we step on the boat and travel for miles.

The prayers give me hope, but I don't know if it's real,
How can we afford a life, when we can't afford a meal?
I just want to be safe and sound,
Not dead and buried in a mound.

Refugee

Emily Fawsitt – 9D

Running.
A frenzy of timorous feet.
Bones crying out beneath the sheer weight

Of an infant's recollections
Slung hastily across the shoulder like a bandolier.
The Sun's icy heat lacerates their senses senselessly,
Altering their complexions,
Until everybody was stained that same shade of revulsion,
Tinted the tone of trepidation,
Their faces contorted with relation.

The wind's feline grace protrudes through the
Merciless reverberation of personified ideology.
The beliefs of a human loaded into Lucifer's weapon
And shot. No regret, no sympathy.
Only bitterness with no apology.
They say keep your friends close and your enemies closer,
But how much closer do you need to get before your enemy is in your property,
Holding your child's life against you?

Serenity. The simplicity of its presence circles them
With eerie stillness as the sweet melody of
Violent water fills them with relief.
How strange it must be to find peace in nature's aggression.
When you've seen such monstrosities you tend to take
Comfort in the world's secluded ways.
On the murky path to an assured life,
Serenaded by freedom's spiteful chorus.

Untitled

Rebecca Brown – 8F

Day after day, night after night,
Surrounded by water I lay.
Dreading the challenges I must face.

My children crying, too afraid to speak.
Tears running down their innocent faces.
I'm trying to reach a better life,
My husband is dead, no longer a wife.

All I want for my children and me,
A life, a chance to be free.
Yet this nightmare is all that belies me.

Untitled

Lauren Young – Y8

As I pull the thread on my waistband

The whole thing starts to unravel.
There is no one to protect me
From my nakedness.

There is no way to disguise the pain in my eyes,
As I look upon the ocean where so many of me died.
I think to myself, what has become of my life?

Fight for my freedom.
Persecuted in my country.
Threatened with death.
Left my home and my family behind me.
And I'm never going back.

Untitled

James David – 8D

Will they welcome us, belittle us, or ignore us?

The war, the tears and the dripping blood,
The running and driving in splodging mud.

The clouds that rain missiles,
The lightening that strikes shock.
The routes to run, the options are binding.

The bullets that follow us, do you think they found out?
This ship is tight but I'm sure it will do,
It's nothing compared to the suffering I've been through.

There is a smell of sand, I think that we're near,
But I think there are people waiting for us near.

I'm a refugee who can see a shore,
But I hope my tears don't become blood.

The End

Catarina De Jesus and Bella O'Brien

The end is the start of poverty and pain,
The pain of being on this boat day after day.
If you think about it every story has an end,
But in life every end is just a new beginning.

This is the beginning of what feels like a lifetime of pain,
On this boat, stranded in our sorrows with only our family,
To act as an anchor that keeps me sane.

You are only ever really in danger when your family is gone,
Because the water has to be safer than the land
Before a parent puts their child on a boat.

Home Sweet Home

Kai Brace – 8E

‘Home Sweet Home’
That’s what they say,
But it isn’t so sweet if home smells of guns.

What is home they say,
Is it nice and warm?
No. It’s cold and hard.

When you see the people you’ve grown up with run,
The bullets of a gun going past their heads,
Home is not safe when you see this.

Home,
Not so sweet when you see dead bodies in the streets,
You run towards a boat with a child in your arms.

You are scared not for you but for the child,
You think you are going to a better life,
Just to go to prison.

‘Home Sweet Home’
If only it was sweet,
Home Sweet Home.

Sympathy

Samiul Salam – 7C

Sympathise for Syria?
No.

If you did, you wouldn’t leave
The children trapped in a sand prison.
People leave their countries,
Dejected, scarred for life,
Rejected.
Thinking they will have a chance to enter

A salubrious country.
But, because of our impulsive selfishness,
Their hopes have shattered
Like a wrecking ball that has hit glass.

Just think. Be human.

We are Syrians
Fortune – 7C

I am a Syrian.
My family are Syrians.
Everyone with me is a Syrian.

I don't know what is happening,
I am really confused right now.
I'm hungry, thirsty, and in need of medication.

I am ashamed.
Rich countries are taking us in, but there is not enough space.
People complaining, others happy, others sad.
It is really necessary.

Those that think war is the solution are wrong.
Why can't we live in a peaceful, friendly world?
What will become of my friends and family?
I have completely lost hope.
But there is one thing they can't take away.

No matter what – we are Syrians.

Nameless
Ebony Knight – 9C

The poem that I'm writing,
Between these four walls,
Describes the endless suffering,
Of those who suffer for a cause.

The sea's the only option,
For people young and old.
They get on their ships,
Built of sticks,
Their sanity's been sold.

Just like their so-called Dictator's
Loyalty to their people,
Whose minds are so twisted by power,
It's turned their intentions evil.

Syria is falling,
Endless people die.
Our country sits watching,
Wondering why.

The poem that I'm writing,
Between these four walls,
Describes the endless suffering,
Of those who suffer for a cause.

Why?

Beatriz Pataca – 7C

I'm desperate to get out of here,
Horried by my home's change.
No longer have any hope left.
I'm confused. Why? Why my home?
Emotional as the boy I went to school with,
Is holding a gun bigger than his body.

Heartbroken, Sorrowful, as I look back one last time.
Has it really come to this?
Rejected by my own country.
I'm frightened by the idea of crossing the Mediterranean Sea,
I don't want to leave home,
But home is more dangerous than the sea.

I have seen too much blood and dead bodies,
I will be scarred for life.
Goodbye home.

Refugee Crisis

Oritseweyinmi Jacdonmi – 7F

Yes we are refugees,
Every day on our knees,
Praying to God for a change,
All we get is poverty and pain.
Every day we pray for our lives,
But instead everyone dies.

On the boat comes some risk,
All our children we hold close and kiss.
We need to think about what we are leaving,
But our family is what we are keeping.

Untitled

Logan – Year 7

War and destruction is all that I see,
Brave courageous soldiers are as busy as can be.
Running, hiding is all around.
No one sleeps in their bed safe and sound.

It's too dangerous on land so you decide to leave,
The only way to do so is to leave by the sea.
But when you're on that tiny boat,
All you're doing is praying that it will float.

Remember

Emma Davison – 10H

Loading the boat,
It's a tight squeeze,
The water is enticing,
But the land is not inviting.

Setting sail,
You can hardly breathe,
Hearing young people crying,
You're scared that they're dying.

You've arrived!
You've made it!
You can start a new life.
But don't forget the ones who lost theirs
During this time.

Through the Night

Rebecca Ballard – 7C

Through the night the only light brightening up the houses are bombs.

Through the night screams of horror that roar tear through the street.

Through the night water is safer than the land.

Through the night is when people decided to evacuate their home town.

No Name

Grace Tayo – Year 10

To forget they had the necessities of life,
Felt sharp like the stab of a knife.

Their iPhones and pictures of their family too,
How could I think they were different from me and you?

They didn't leave because they wanted benefits from the state,
They left because the war chose their fate.

I'm fine, my family is fine, so why should we care too?
But how would you like it if their fate was replaced with you?

Help Us

Lucy Whyte – 10H

We are people of this world,
So why treat us differently?
We flee to escape war and conflict,
So why force us back?

Our children are learning,
Not English or Maths,
They are learning how to use a gun.
This isn't a future.

People of the world,
Lend us your hand.
We can't climb alone,
So throw us a rope.

Homes have been destroyed.
Everyone is running.
Let us find safety.
People of the world, help us!

Unite as one.
So the world can be at peace again.

Just
Edward Nabolli – 7F

Just the noisy sirens wailing around.
Just watching my home being crushed into a million pieces.
Just leaving behind my future, leaving my thoughts as I rot away.
Just the red hot Sun blazing into my eyes, torturing me.
Just 16 miles until the French border.

Just. Just. Just.
I can't believe I'm still alive,
Even though I'm dead inside.

Refugees
Lewis Golby

R - Raging fireballs racing towards me.
E – Ear-splitting gunshots firing behind me.
F – Frightening faces wanting help from me.
U – Unable to ensure my family's life.
G – Gutted is everyone.
E – Eyes so shocked.
E – Exhausted are my family.
S – Staring at other people's loss.

War
Callum Walker – 8H

War. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
I know you care,
That's why you say a prayer,
Your kids might lose,
Because it is a dangerous risk you might choose.
You can't rely on the army,
All they care about is war and guns,
None of this for you is fun,
Because this is war and what is it good for? Absolutely nothing.

Migrating is...
Matthew K – 7I

Migrating is brutal.
Migrating is fearful.

Migrating is a journey of sorrow.
Migrating is the never ending pain of desperation.
Migrating is a cold hearted journey.
Migrating is a deadly experience.
Migrating will leave you scared.
Migrating is not right.

So why should it happen?
Why should so many lives be lost?
Why are so many people so desperate?
Why should people risk their own lives?

This is wrong.
It should stop.

Untitled
Ms Davies

It's funny how terminology changes.
How, in six months, something morphs from immigrant crisis
– those immigrants coming here they want to live on benefits and breed...terrorists...it's not that bad
in their country –
to a refugee crisis
– such a shame it's terrible what they're going through I really sympathise they shouldn't be putting
children on boats though –

News reporters change their terminology.
Politicians change their rhetoric.
And try to pretend that it's not their branding that has caused this _____.
The unholy alliance of politics and media peddle their modern-day relics to a gutless public:
"it's an issue of national security"
"we can't just let anyone in"
"austerity austerity austerity"
Because not enough money means not enough humanity to go around.

Echoes of another Holocaust,
of other victims fleeing incomprehensible terror,
fill our cultural consciousness, reinforcing our national guilt.
But we haven't learned from the moment when we, a country, a continent, a species,
Turned our backs on the lines to Auschwitz,
to Treblinka,
to Dachau,
to that roll call of monstrosity.

Our children will ask us why.
Why we ignored emaciated children fleeing a burning warzone?
Why we abandoned innocents to be tortured, murdered and documented in death by a monstrous,
but well organised, regime?
Why we stood back again and again and again and again while a litany of horror echoed through the
world?

Will we tell them it was because of the branding?

If I make it

Shanise Garner – 8H

My home is not welcoming,
And my heart is not at home.
I fear if we won't get there,
I will forever be alone.
Thinking of my future,
If I get that far,
The future I might have had,
Travelling in my red car.

I could be in a lovely house,
With my wife and children,
But I lost all of them while fighting for my freedom.

Now I'm in a boat remembering my past,
Trying to find good memories,
As if they had burned in a fire.

My father taught me to be true ,
To how you remember your rights,
But you can't always be a shining star.
Don't know if I will get there,
I will find out soon,
But now I must go on, and wait for beginning that's new.

My Poem

Kaif Choudhury – 7I

The four boys walk arm in arm.
Dress in blue they march forward,
Happy to have each other.

The floor under their feet is dirty,
But the trees ahead of them are bright green.
The white fences keep them trapped,
But they will always have each other.

Untitled

Miss Smith

The sun rises over the world today
And the cockerel begins to cry,
Yet I wonder if they realise

That we all share this same sky

Women, men and children
All carry a heavy load
To gates which never open
Down this long and endless road

We seek a place to rest,
A refuge from the past,
One where promises of hope
And peace are made to last

Our homes were our cages,
A hell in which we'd burn
But now that we've escaped
There's nowhere left to turn

Can you not hear us weeping
Behind the walls you built?
Words won't heal the hunger,
We never asked for your guilt

The sun rises over the world today
And the cockerel begins to cry,
Yet I wonder if they realise
That we all share this same sky

Rejected

I'm a reject.
Evacuated my Identity.
No one ever thinks of us.
Their priorities are lazy.
I have been left behind.
People think I'm not human.
We are all the same,
Just not treated the same way.
People think their life is over.
Nothing compares to this lifestyle.
Millions have died,
Trying to find a new life,
Like Aylan.
For me, this is my life.

Desperation – a message from a dystopian future.

Sami Elzein – 71

I was born in 2003.

I'm a grown man now, but I remember how it used to be.

My children ask me, "Papa?"

I say, "Yes?"

They say, "Can you tell us what it was like...you know... before this all happened?"

For Aylan, from Noah.

I never met you, Aylan

Only a body battered blue

Lifeless on the hostile shores

Of a place I never knew.

I can't fully understand it

This human tragedy

I think you must have been born

Under a less lucky star than me.

If I could I would build you

A boat big and strong

A village packed to the roof-tops

With laughter and with song.

But you will be remembered

As the boy who changed the news

I hope my generation

Will dismantle these taboos.

You never made it to those shores

With your family

I'm sorry we did not do more

To lead you to safety.

I never met you, Aylan

Both of us boys aged only three

Both on boats that summer

In the same Mediterranean sea.

Miss Eastman



Aylan Kurdi, aged 3

All poems in this anthology were submitted by students and staff at Jo Richardson Community School.

The money raised from the sale of this anthology will help to buy English/Eritrean dictionaries for the Jungle Books Library in Calais so that refugees can develop their own power of words and develop skills in a new language to help with the new, safer, beginning they are searching for.

