

The Cave

by Claire N.

Among the dark and weary cave,
The sounds of raindrops beating against puddles
are perceived.
The fiery fox makes an artful movement out of its
cave.
Within the mix of ash grey clouds, the sun peaks
out,
Setting ablaze to the fox's auburn fur.
The blazing creature bounded to where a running
stream could be heard.
The light steps of the fiery thing,
Crunching rocks together as it paces,
And the sticky noise of colliding its paws in the
mud.
Into the meadow it goes,
Setting sight on all wonders,
The puddles reflecting, as if painting a picture,
Ripples gliding in puddles,
A marble design of water mixed smoothly into the
dirt,
The sun shines on the stream making it glimmer,
The stream falls into a pattern as it glides down
the forest road.
The rain evokes a melody,
The jewel-blue stream replicates a crowd of
people clapping.
A wave of calmness has washed over its soul.

Anti-Social Media

By Harrison L.

To all those who made media pages,
Like Instagram for example,
Stop taking us back to the Dark Ages,
And STOP false advertising social media pages,

How do they do this you may ask,
By renaming them to what they truly are,
ANTI social networks,
Cause while lots us have big friend lists,
Many of us are still friend...less,

You see, around four years of our lives are spent
behind screens,
An average of eight hours a day for most teens,
That's six percent of our life on technology,
We're basically becoming one with our machines,

But it's odd isn't it,
That these touch screens,
Which are meant to keep us connected,
Can make us lose touch,

This rise of technology has made this generation
more self centred than ever,
And while we think the world is now more
connected,
Connection between us, hasn't gotten any better,

There's so many iPhones, iPods, iPads,
So many selfies, so many iMacs
Not enough 'us' or 'we',

But still, people think that these devices,
These life changing devices,
These relationship ruining devices,
Are beneficial devices

The life of a May grey sky

By Elizabeth H.

As the sun grows weaker
From the good times in Summer
The brightness begins to fade
My anger boils
From the daily toils
Of pushing that sun away
Cause they all say
Oh, dam that sun, that dreadful sun
Oh, look what it's done to me
But after a while
They don't seem to smile
At the wonders I pour out from me
The little rain drops
Make them cover in tops
And all my cool breeze
Just makes them all sneeze
And that break from the sun
Makes them put on a ton
And their smiles just fade
As I grant them that shade
If I can't make them happy
Then I'll just get snappy
I'll howl down that breeze
And force them to sneeze
And I'll turn my glare
So, they can't stand the flare
And all that rain
I'll pour out to the drains
Cause if they aren't happy
Then I'll feel crappy

My face will turn grey
And there it will stay
Oh, the life of a grey May sky.

The Afghan war

By Max L.

All of us live in kind loving homes,
Homes in Afghanistan are now crumbled stone.
Government being over throne, by warlords who
think they run the show.

Politian's and senators run the country on strings,
People who live there seen unseeable things.
Young people with broken bodies,
Their friends lay in sacks,
Devastated parents,
Their children will never come back.

When I go to bed,
I'm filled with dread.
Russian fighter jet blew up a hospital,
Innocent people now dead.

We live peaceful lives, we watch swans float down
rivers,
People in Afghanistan get oil bombs for dinner.
5 million refugees stuck at their war-torn border,
Solider shot now he has a mental disorder.

Would you like this life? Living in constant fear,
Or would you like to make a change,
considering we live in the same sphere.

The Book

By Georgia T.

A whole new world come have a look

Flick through my pages, because I'm a book

There's things to explore, places and people to
meet

All my books are bittersweet

Musty smell wafting up, pages bound together and
ink throughout

My old leather books all worn-out

Once you've finished my book and out of my world
you've gone

You've now entered reality, please don't morn