

A Daydream of Poems

Written by Y9 Students at Seahaven Academy

July 2021



Belonging by Alani Stanyard

Belonging is where you belong,
The sun rises,
The sun sets,
Beautiful midsummer nights,
That warm rain feeling,
The sun smiles as it rises,
Shining peacefully on the water,
The sun frowns as it sets,
Glistening in the dark sky,
The moon shines bright.

Can I belong? By Malcolm Hunter-Tiller

One kid starves and another complains
In a nice home and another in chains
This is what I wondered
A memory wasting away
A dark reality that is gloomy and grey
A dark reality that is the kids only given way
A dark reality that they live every single day

I live in a two-storey apartment
My dad has a job at the police department
I never have to worry about my next meal
That's why I never really have to steal
I could walk away from this subtle complexion
This thought is just part of my simple collection
But what I wonder most is can I belong?
Can I stay living this type of way?

Table by Poppy Burtenshaw

A teenage boy, full of fatigue,
Placed his feeble bag on the crooked table
Put his weapon there too
Put his mask on the table

He placed a few memories on the table.
The old the new, the painful ones.
He placed down the muffled echoes of one he once loved.
Their first and last words too.

He placed down the exhaustion
He put down the fear
He put down the pure difficulties, more memories once again, all on the table.

The table shook and wobbled.
Not once or twice, maybe endlessly.
But it kept trying and trying under the weight.

Belonging by Lleyton Wood

Everyone has a belonging
It could be big,
It could be small,
But everyone in life has a belonging
No matter how old,
Or how young,
Everyone in this world has a belonging
You may not believe it,
But it is true,
Everyone around you has a belonging

The story by Joe Green

The story of life is quicker than the blink of an eye,
The story of love is a hello and goodbye,

The story of leaving home is as easy as pie,
The story of getting your first pay-check makes you want to jump up to the sky,

The story of your first car is actually the best,
The story of your first hangover well that was a test,

The story of your first promotion is such a proud time,
The story of your first house is absolutely prime,

The story of marriage is like a fine wine,
The story of having children makes your world truly shine,

The story of belonging on this earth,
The story of realising your own worth

Everybody runs from something: by Ollie Pendray

From my English lesson I am running.

From the poems that I'll never need when I grow up, I am running.

From the stupid seating plans that keep me away from my mates, I'm running.

From all the eyes staring into my soul as I walk through the door, I am running.

As everybody assumes I'm going to get isolated.

As everybody assumes I'm not going to stay in the lesson.

I am running.

I'm running to outside.

I'm running to freedom.

I'm running to get left alone.

I'm running to be me and my thoughts.

Other by Ruby Piddlesden

She wanted belonging,

The sense of it,

Even the feel,

She just needed belonging,

Life was hard without belonging,

She never felt like she belonged,

Some days she would cry the night away,

Then other days she would sleep nonstop,

Her mum told her she needed to belong,

She did try,

But maybe belonging isn't for everyone.

The Table by Tim Anderson

A school-boy filled with the anxiety of living,
Put down his bag in the hallway,
And sat down tired and aching
He hung his wet raincoat on a hook
He put his keys down on the table
He put his blazer too
On there he put his homework folder
On there he put his bottle of Lucozade
And the smell of cookies from the cafeteria
On that table the sound of kids hustling through the hallways
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter the sound of the rain
He put that on the table too
Reaching up he plucked out the anxious feeling of exams, and put that on the table
The table wobbled with pressure
He then put all the tenseness onto the table
And all his tiredness
And his future
And his wishes for wealth and freedom
All on the table

The table wobbles but it stands strong as he does everyday
With the weight of what he has taken and put on that table

Running by Logan Walder

I am running from home.

Running from everything I know, family, friends, and school.

There was nothing here other than a sign and a building and nothing else for miles from the others.

I saw the same sign in the building: Bomb testing.

It went black.

I am running from an explosion.

I am running from all the fire, the sparks, collapsing building, from the flames, from the darkness.

The sky is as red as the depths of hell.

Suddenly the building fell right in front of my feet. The flames surrounded me. The door was stuck. I was trapped. I could not breathe from the smoke.

I heard the noise that sounded like an angel calling me. It was getting louder and louder.

I was hoping it was a ticket of freedom then I heard a crack.

I only had a few seconds to get out of here then I saw the sun then the darkness came.

Running by Lillie Coleman

I am running from a fire.

I am running determined, carefree of my surroundings.

I am running.

Running, fast desperate, quiet.

The air is red and Smokey like a dark breath from hell.

I'm running for my life, my family, my friends. I'm running.

Belong by Teddy Chart

Running from myself. It doesn't make sense. How could it be.

I do belong, I must belong there's no way I could be an outcast.

What am I, if I don't belong with them? Could it not be a mistake?

I belong here, this is where it all started I couldn't have fallen out of the group overnight.

Something's wrong, Something's not right.

I'll run to show them I do belong. I can belong.

I can't be locked away, stuck behind bars, I must be heard I can't go silenced.

They Wander the Earth by Daniel Martin

They wander the earth aimlessly

Their mind made of stone

Yet their heart made of foam

They just want to go home

But they are all alone

Their eyes cried for help

But their mouth silenced them with a yelp

Their bare feet scrolled across the sand

They just wanted their mother to hold their hand

You must have a sense of deja-vu

Well, that's because that person was once you

Young Mother by Lily Cooper

A young mother full of stress and tiredness

Put her weighted bag down on the small table

And slouched down into the sofa

She put down her busy phone on the table

She put down the unopened letter onto the table

She pulled out her hairband and let down her hair

She placed that on the table as well

She removed her foggy glasses

And put them on the table

She put down onto the table the taste of her bacon roll she had at lunch

And the smell of fresh papers that are yet to be marked

The continuous worry of

-her child's safety

She put onto the table

The young mother stood up and took a breath and walked away from the young table

It wobbled and wobbled but stabilized again

Just like her

The young mother

I am walking home by Freya Andrews

I am walking home,
Getting a sense I'm being followed
I start to run,
The person behind me was chasing me
I started to sprint.
So many emotions flowing through my head,
Scared, worried, guilty, confused,
Why me?

Running by Ellie Mills

She is running from an argument.
She is running from the guilt,
the person with whom she was arguing,
the shouts of the person.
The road breaks up like a fragile biscuit and she runs even faster.
She stops upon seeing a river,
seeing herself drown in the depths of the water
as guilt over takes her.

Running out of milk by Ruby Sheldon

Running on an endless road.
The concrete as dark as the clouds above me.
I am running, faster than I thought my legs could carry me.
Faster than the cars, faster than light and space.
The road I used to run on, empty and lifeless.
There was no milk.

Running by Holly-May Thurling

I am a running football player
Running for the ball, running on the pitch,
Running fast and determined to score the last goal
The grass as green as a forest
The goal as big as an elephant
but I keep running
I reach the six yard box
Which is my inner voice
With the loudest screams and chants
I did it!
I scored the last goal

Sterling by Blayne Logan

There should be a song for the man who always scores, gets the assists, and makes great passes.

There should be a song for the man who is consistently in the right places,

Waiting for the perfect pass that he can run onto.

There should be a song for the man who has the speed of a cheetah and the eyes of an eagle, there should be a song for the many who is always running down the wing,

Sterling,

Sterling,

Sterling.

There should be a song for the man who is always passing, always shooting, he may not hit the target, but he hits the ball right into the nation's heart.

North FC by Joe Brown

He's waking up, it's Big-Gaz
Out of bed he's crawling,
Then he quickly leaves his house
His child's loudly bawling.
He then goes to the football pitch
Didn't check the match-time polls
He's screaming at the toddlers:
"C'mon lads! Giza goal!"
He then goes down to Weatherspoon's,
But Darryl wants a scrap,
Gives him a northern punch,
And puts Big Darryl down to nap.
He then returns back home,
And is met with "Alright Gaz?"
Because he loves his Mrs,
Loves the pub,
And England, simple as.

Table Poem by Rian West

England comes home and puts a football on the table, puts a sweaty grassed stained football shirt on the table there. The dirty football boots.
They put the racist comments on the table, the three missed shots but the two scored, the goal scored in two minutes.
The stress of Italy cheating pulling and kicking them down.
England puts down the first time in 60 years; they put down the joy people screaming with joy all the celebrations by the England team.
They put down the hope of winning the world cup in 2022.

The table by Abisha Ratha

A young lady filled with the excitement of living,
Placed her bag on the table,
And stood filled with pure joy
She put her phone and keys on the table,
Followed by the creased tickets from earlier.
On there goes the bright blue summer sky,
And the smell of fresh flowers
She puts down their giggles and grins,
The sound of birds chirping, she put that there
She doesn't forget her excitement and love
She put down those who made her smile and others not so much.
Along with her smile she put down her wishes,
Her dreams of travelling went down as well.
And her wish for company,
Maybe even a love story,
All sat patiently on the table.

Without even a single wobble,
The table stood proud and confident,
It withstood the load easily.
Sunshine beamed over it,
Making it glisten elegantly

Holiday by Indie McKeon

The excitement of waking up at 4am is rare,
But on the day you're going on holiday you don't care.
Weighing your suitcase last minute checking it's the right weight,
And when it is, a sigh of relief along with a smile appears on your face.
You get in the packed car, ready to drive, blasting the holiday tunes,
'What a vibe'.
When you arrive, the sun is beaming,
There's no better feeling than the beginning.
You check into your hotel room,
Throw on your swim clothes, straight down to the pool is usually where the kids will go.
Smother yourself in factor 50,
Grab a refreshing drink,
Chilling around pool, life is a dream.

The chippy by Kurtis Hollingdale

To the chippy he runs. Running from the minimal hunger,
Running from the massive plastic as you go meals,
Running from the water, heat and electric bills. Running away from big Gaz and his seven
staffs,
Running past the weather spoon as well as the pub,
Running from the classical British weather,
Running to the chippy,
he is never going to stop,
Thinking about the crispy, oily, lemony battered fish,
Running to have his hands on a tub of curry sauce and a bag of chips,
Running to the shop of cuisine sensation.
He is running to the chippy.

Poison by Isa Fitzhugh

Such fine dress, smooth skin she looks like she could not harm a spider but oh
such lust for my poisons

I've never seen anyone like her so interested in such a dark thing.

Peering over my shoulder, she asked so many questions touching every phial possible.

You would think a girl like her would never go anywhere near my shop

but here she is staring down my soul begging for a poison.

How beguiling can she be.

The jealousy that caved in her made her crazy

she even said she would lay a hand on my face and kiss it.

The beauty-hidden beneath such a danger.

The poison it lay right in my hand oh I could jump with excitement ,

one drop and she'll lay there and suffer and she'll finally feel all the pain

that wench put me through

oh the pleasure she'll bring to my face once she's dead.

Ohh those words ring in my ear

the wench is dead

oh better hurry before it's too late,

good-bye strange man thank you for the poison.

Her drink the special drink

oh she'll be too focused on the colour.

Come now drink it fast

don't stop.

Poisonous poem by Rebekah Marsh

She hands me a glamorous goblet. This surprises me because she only uses them on special occasions. I take a sip of the blood red wine and at first it tastes normal. But then I feel a strange tingling on my tongue and all of a sudden, my brain is telling me to drink more. And more. And more. Until the goblet is empty, but a drop left.

A shockingly sharp pain rushes through my body, I scream in agony. She poisoned me. It all makes sense. How could I be so naive? I feel as if my guts are being torn apart and ripped to shreds.

I always knew she was jealous of me. I always knew she despised me. But I never saw this coming. I am helpless. The damage has been done.

The sirens of war by Benton Rookley

As the sirens scream for war,

I'm running for my life,

my existence,

for freedom,

for peace and for justice.

As I dash across the dusty road like a cheetah trying to catch its pray,

As I approach a Skyscraper tall wall of my fears,

My face goes pale like a vampire burning in the sun.

"Put the gun down, sir." said someone in the abyss

I point the deadly weapon where the stranger spoke

and it came.

Bullets pierce my upper torso and chest

I fall to the ground with a loud crackle like thunder.

And then crimson liquid oozes out of my

Motionless body of my youth,

and everything goes dark.

There should be a song by Clara Gemmoni

There should be a song for the people

who risk their lives every day

in order to help others,

there should be a song for the people

who died fighting

for what they believe in.

There should be a song for the dead heroes

who did something.

Unsung by Emily Baker

There should be a song for the man who does not sing himself – who gets up every morning

and goes to work when he's still half asleep; there should be a song for the man that puts his

team before himself and puts in his best efforts to revive the beauty of the cricket ground he

plays on each week; a song for the man who protects and cares for his children and wife;

there should be a song for the man who cannot cook but will try his best to make you toast.

There should be a song for the most loving man in the world; there should be a song for my

Dad.

Belonging by Sydney Sargeant

I belong to the woman who carried me

for nine months

I belong to the man who cared for me

Throughout my young years

I belong to the committee I care for

I belong to the love you show me

The kindness you show me

The life choices you help me with

I belong to the water that I grow in

I belong to the sun that makes me shine

I belong to the boy who gives me his everything

I belong in this world

Beginnings and endings by Alex Stedtler-Craig

Sun shone brightly towards my window through the hospital window. Her first crackling cry, the clocks ticking, as her glittery eyes opened the sun starts to motion towards the baby's brown eyes!

On the other side of the hospital a woman lays breathless, and fearful, laying there drifting away from her life. Her eyes watering constantly more and more, hands shaking monstrously

A man by Vlad Shaloinin

A man filled with the dreariness of routine

Puts his keys down onto the table.

Bent over with exhaustion,

He put his jacket down,

Down onto the table.

On there he put his overworked dejection,

Down onto the table.

The streets filled with a desolate crowd,

And those he loved and those he didn't

Were laid onto the table.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, the sound of a wearisome clock;

That too was on the table.

He was by the window by the sky,

He reached out,

And laid on the table sublime hopelessness.

By it he laid his desire for happiness, freedom.

And laid his prayer

Down onto the table.

For his life was in disrepair,

For his future contained nothing more than a lonely grave.

He put that thought down onto the table.

It creaked, it shrieked,

but alas it smashed.

Submerged by exhaustion,

and in a state of overworked dejection.

The Sunset by James Willson

The Towering Buildings were like an Eclipse.

Only a small Ribbon of Sunlight weaved around the Giant Structures.

The glass panes illuminated with the pool of energy beaming down onto the City.

The cranes atop the steel Scaffolding creaked and beeped while moving heavy steel payloads that swung in the Breeze.

The Holes in Steel pipes showed a pattern across the plateau deep below the Skyscrapers with the heavenly light of the Sun.

The Tree and Shrub emplacements rustled in the warm gust as busy Businessmen with their heavy Briefcases walked about the Towers.

The clouds above with their Golden-Pink glow looked down upon the Concrete Jungle.

They swirled like a cyclone around the City and with the Sun's glow; it was like a spotlight shining down on us.

And we were at the centre of the God's Arena

SUNSET by Lucas Mendez-Clarkson

Wispy clouds bear witness
to the heavenly setting that lay below
waves gallop over the wide spread horizon
chasing Apollo and his chariot's reflection
illuminating the horizon in its tracks
A cold dismal shadow
dragged the celestial figure over the horizon
with a struggled breath
it emitted a dull pink light
leaving a glimpse hope for its return
before its eclipse.

The Table by Luke Winton

A lonely old man, weighed down with the burden of living,
laid his walking stick and weathered old flat cap on the table.

With them he put his two keys and his wallet,
filled with pictures of old friends.

He puts there the feeling of isolation and loneliness
that came with old age, the sound of heart monitors and
his wife's last words to him.

He puts down the feeling of joy that had eventually faded into
a bitter sadness.

The table wobbles and nearly collapses, but he pays no mind to it.

Love by Tia Harwood

Love waits at your door for when you're ready,
rushing ahead or slow and steady.

Sometimes it can hurt, sometimes it will burn.

One day, it won't feel like anything.

One day you'll say "there's no place for me".

No matter how bright and nice your love may be

I'm afraid even the sun sets in paradise.

A Child by Olivia Grenville

A child filled with hope comes home,
put down his birthday cards,
put down his reward.
He put his coat on the hook,
he put his bag on the floor,
sounds of an icream van, sound of the lighting of candles.
The fluffiness of cake and weather he put there.
On the table the child put the happy birthdays of today
and what he wanted for a present,
he put that there.
The table was was next to a window, next to the sky;
he reached out and placed on the table endlessness.
So many days he wanted to drink milkshake.
He put on the table the making of milkshake.
He placed there his happiness, and his gratefulness,
his cake and his fullness he placed there.

Now that's what I call a table!
It didn't complain about the overload.
It wobbled once or twice then stood firm and
carried on with its day.
The child kept piling things on.

Sunset by Tayha Beeching

As the sun falls slowly below the horizon,
shimmering rays shine through crystal windows.

Its warm face glowers down at people
walking below, as the occasional bird passes
to say goodbye and hello.

Tall, bony cranes stand still,
overlooking squat tower blocks.

As the warm evening breeze passes by,
newspapers float gently across the street
only to land in dirty puddles.

A Song for Boris by Oscar Wildblood

There should be a song for a man who gives to the country every day,
a man who makes us all happy,
a man who guides us through dangerous waters and global pandemics.

There should be a song for the man who organised countrywide lockdowns
and kept his calm.

There should be a song for the man who puts his thumbs up and assures us we are safe.

There should be a song for Boris Johnson.

I Get Home by Callum McAllister

I get home from school and I throw my keys on the table,

I throw my coat

And my backpack.

The table does not move.

I throw the weight of the exams I took today

And a smartphone full of social hate.

The table wobbles,

I throw the weight of all my problems

And all my thoughts into one huge ball.

The table collapses.

Take Pity by Izzy Sargood

Sprint,

Until Phoebus holds me in his light of grace,

Escape this devil ridden place,

where corrupted phantoms gather, play,

rid my mind foul demon,

Find your own lackey,

Not in me,

Must find home,

Must push on.

My mind,

A temple to devilish creatures,

Built over time,

Be gone,

Destroy your riches,

Destroy your temple,

Destroy my mind if you will,

Take pity on a wronged woman,

Take pity on me.

On the table by Crispin Storey

With his suit hanging he bustled through the door
And put the keys to the house on the table
His briefcase and shoes, those went on the floor
And that graph that was uninterpretable
That went on the table too

His stress at the traffic lights
And that new boy's name
The worry of industrial fights
That went on the table too

His hatred of the screens
The desire to be somewhere but here
The monotony of baked beans
The boredom of adult career
That went on the table too

The hopes and dreams crushed by reality
The desires of wonders never to be had
The total lack of abnormality
The knowledge that he was sad
That all piled onto the table too

The table below creaked and whined with demands
But it held
All of the mans
Black and white problems

Belonging by Darcey Cheek

Belonging is my medicine
I run home every day
Desperate for my dose of medicine

Once I'm through the door
I feel a golden glow illuminate my skin
Curing me of everything that day.
Thankful for my dose of medicine

Belonging is my dose of ecstasy
I run to my friends everyday
Desperate for my dose of laughter

Once I'm sat down
I feel like it's where I'm meant to be
Their laughter curing me of this world
Thankful for my dose of ecstasy

Belonging is also my dose of tears
Running down my face
Running away from me?
I'm desperate to fit in

Once I see everyone
I feel like sprinting out the door
Their eyes, on me.
Not curing me,
On me.
Thankful for my dose of reality.

Belonging by Lennon Silcock

Just like the day before I'm greeted by the world
All life turns to face me plants can finally uncurl
The birds wake with a sweet tune playing
Now with the breeze all the trees are swaying
The sea is dressed in its best shining with my reflection
All life throughout the earth has turned in my direction
This is true comfort as I hang in the sky
With people laughing and walking on by
Now this is the feeling I've been longing for
The feeling of belonging.

It's about the sun belonging to the world.

Belonging by Oscar McCauley

They are running home.
Towards family, many friends, and a warm meal,
to groups to belong there,
to enjoyment and belonging,
running from the awkward and the outcast,
from the cold and desolate roads,
from the unfamiliar and unknown.
The road is as vast as the sky, but they walk where they fit in.
Barriers like a boulder that you cannot climb, walk around,
impassable.
but they get through, running.
They slow, but a mutter is heard, unrevealed, outcast sound,
They keep running.

Running by Omid Chillcott

Running to friends.

Friends that understand you and the complexity of your being,
friends that will respect your boundaries and be kind to you in turn,
friends that keep you away from loneliness.

The sky above the path we walk, blue as summers first sea swim.
The path so smooth, like gliding on freshly resurfaced ice.
We pick up the speed, entering a jump.

A chasm lies between you and the other side.
Bottomless and forever empty, drawing you in to its clutches.
You're trapped in thought as you jump, desperately trying to escape to reality.

A distant cough, faint and subtle, all it takes to bring you back.

You abandon your fears as you drift into the cool breeze and red sky.

I Belong by Sam Godden

I belong in nature.

Among the birds, bees, and butterflies,
I crave to be alone in the woods.
Hugged by trees, comforted by the breeze,
With bluebells smiling up at me,
It's a dream.

I belong where birds sing,
Snapping of twigs, rustle of leaves, crunching of branches.
Where sunlight leaks through delicate greenery,
Sublime sights dazzle my lonely eyes.

That's my home.
I'm alone.
Alone but loved by silent beings that wave to me in the wind.

I'll never belong in crowds.

Laughing, giggling, snickering.
The inside joke I never understood,
Involved but never included.

The barrier of isolation blocks my path,
Invisible- but everyone sees it.
Will they knock it down?

Plaster on smile,
Dry tears,
Mask loneliness,
Endure the laughing, giggling, snickering.

Nature will always care.

I'll belong somewhere.

