

*A collection of poetry by Chevening CEP*

## **When Words Sing**

*Dedicated to all the amazing children in the Chevening family; past and present.  
Also to Benjamin Zephaniah, a courageous advocate to all - including turkeys!*



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# When Words Sing

A Collection  
of Poetry

## When Words Sing

Jessica

When your words bubble and pop,  
When your words collide,  
When your words are true,  
When your words are kind;

When your words paint,  
When your words fly,  
When your words make your mind soar  
And your heart cry.

When your words challenge,  
When your words count,  
When your words fill up  
An emotional drought.

When your words bring a truth  
And every bell rings,  
Your words become poetry  
And then -

your  
words  
sing.

S I N G

By Chevening  
CEP School

2014

*A collection of poetry by Chevening CEP*

## **When Words Sing**



### ***The Parable of the Mustard Seed***

*<sup>31</sup> He (Jesus) told them another parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed, which a man took and planted in his field. <sup>32</sup> Though it is the smallest of all seeds, yet when it grows, it is the largest of garden plants and becomes a tree, so that the birds come and perch in its branches."*

***Matthew 13:31-32 (NIV)***

## ***Welcome to Chevening's Book of Poetry: When Words Sing***

*We hope this book inspires you to read and write creative poems.  
We aim to describe how each set of verse came about; as well as  
share some hints and tips, which we have found useful along the way.*

*These poems have been organised into themes; and were all written  
and illustrated by the current Class 5 of Chevening CEP School – 2023/24.*

*We would like to thank a number of inspirational people who have helped  
us to learn, enjoy and create. Brian Bilston, Harry Baker, Lucy Farfort, Angela  
McAllister and CLPE are amazing wordsmiths - to name just a few.*

*The Atlantic project website has some poignant images from the past and  
present, which sparked ideas; and the important work of our friends at  
'Their Voice' continues to inspire us.*

### ***Themes:***

*The Mysteries in Space p5 – p8*

*Remembrance Poems: p9*

*Kitbag p10 – p11,*

*D-Day p12 – p16,*

*Chain p17 – p18.*

*Egypt p19 – p21*

*Space Returns p22 – p24*

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*World Refugee Day p30 – p33*

*Brahman Spark of Life p33 – p39*

*Performance! P40 – p43*

*Holy Week p44 – p48*

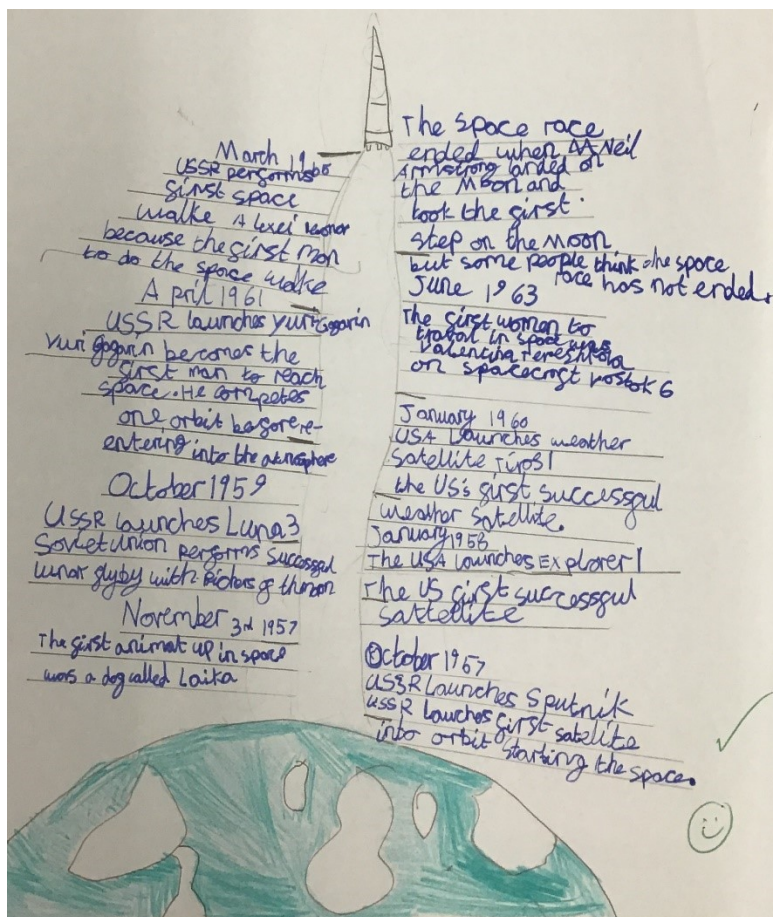
*Numeracy Rap p49 – p51*

***So, let's fly...***

## To Boldly Go...

While we were studying space, we couldn't help but be fascinated by some of the awesome celestial bodies in our solar system.

For the following poems,  
we decided to collect as many facts as we could about a subject.



By Grace

Then we considered how the subject fits into our culture, history and traditions. We thought rhyme would make these poems a little more fun and light-hearted, so we collected rhyming words and near rhymes. Next we thought about a cheeky, teasing structure. We sorted out our ideas, from those most obviously related to the subject, to the most obscure. Then ordered them so that it played out like a quiz. It can work for any subject.

Why not give it a go?

### **My Mysterious Buddy is...**

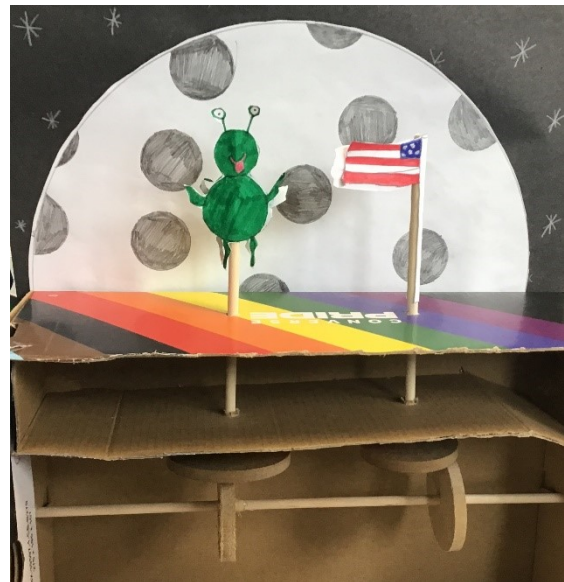
On a journey for 27 days,  
Watching us, sure to amaze,  
In his place may be no air,  
But enter it, if you dare,  
Turning hands into paws,  
Immediately, growing into claws,  
Giving direction to the tides,  
Waiting, for another ride,  
Jumped over by a nursery cow,  
Watched by dishes, saying ciao,  
Gliding around in huge, deep space,  
Every night, changing his face,  
As Armstrong found there is no  
breeze,  
But neither is there any cheese,  
Takes 3 days in a ship,  
Make sure you wear, the right kit,  
In the shape of a big balloon,  
My mysterious Buddy is in fact  
...The Moon!!!

*By Amelie*

### **One mysterious poem**

27 **days**, a very long **faze**  
A **cow**, jumping over said **chow**  
Lovely hands turning into fury **paws**  
And fragile fingers into **CLAWS...**  
The **crescent** shining its glow,  
How **pleasant!**  
Silver wings on this **ship**,  
Taking a heart-stopping **trip.**  
The eclipse of **Luna**,  
Better come later, than **sooner.**  
Zipped up in its cloudy sky **cocoon**,  
With only a few haunting **tunes...**  
Is... **The Moon!**

*By Blake*



*By Lily*

## **My Mysterious Friend**

The president of the raging tides,  
Watching boats, taking a ride,  
Now my friend has a different side,  
One she likes to keep and hide.  
Finally within the grasp of man,  
They know they can reach it, they know  
they can,  
It doesn't even have a breeze,  
And sadly no more holy cheese,  
Its orbit really is legit,  
Sailing on a star-ship, taking a trip,  
It's just floating around in the darkness of  
space,  
Inspiring a very expensive race,  
Over 27 long, hard days,  
It goes through many a changing phase,  
Jumped over by a nursery cow,  
Only the dish and spoon know how.  
Like a shiny, silver spoon,  
I hope you didn't find out too soon,  
That my dear friend is...

...THE MOON

*By Ben C*

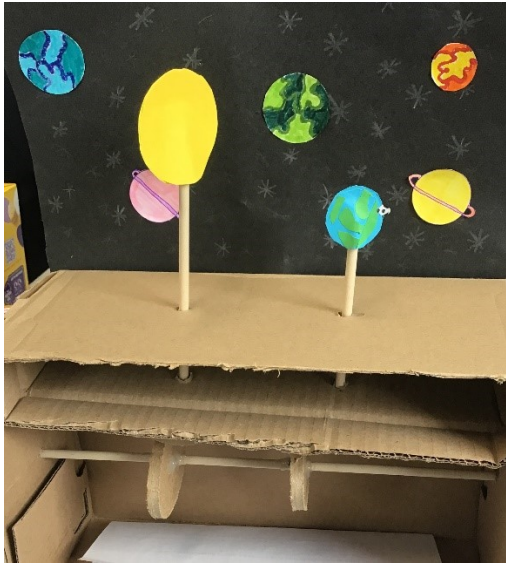
## **Silver Crescent**

Orbiting Earth in 27 days,  
Its shape changing in each phase.  
The lonely ball floating in space,  
Is sometimes seen as a face.  
On my friend there is no air,  
And every crater is so bare.  
Travelling through space, taking a ride,  
Its gravity pulling Earth's wet tide.

On my friend there is no breeze,  
And sadly barely any cheese!  
The mysterious jumping, nursery cow,  
It took a leap and then a bow.  
In the night the werewolves claws,  
Scrape against rock, whilst it roars.  
My dear friend is a silver crescent,  
Wrapped in foil, like a present.

I guess you have found out way too soon,  
Earth's neighbour is in fact... the Moon!

*By Anna*



*By Anna*

### **My Silver Friend**

Traveling in space for 27 days  
 In our universal maze.  
 Taking the tide for a little ride  
 Looking down with loads of pride.  
 A rocket going up like a harpoon  
 Over all the silver, Egyptian tombs.  
 A pleasant surprise up in the sky  
 Wolves come out and start to cry.  
 A cow jumps over it singing a tune  
 Coming down again with a tremendous boom.  
 Up there you won't find any cheese  
 Up there, there isn't even a breeze.  
 Maybe soon  
 You'll see my friend... the Moon.

*By Arthur*

### **My Mysterious Friend**

Turning hands into paws,  
 You can hear the werewolves roar.  
 If you look at its crescent,  
 It looks like a well-wrapped present.  
 A nice nursery cow,  
 On its way down said 'chow'.  
 It is made of cheese,  
 Fools may believe.  
 You might find out soon,  
 My dear friend is in fact the...

### **The Moon!!!**

*By Jaike-Jos*



*By Arthur*

## Remembrance Poems

Remembrance is so poignant. When studying war, the emotions stirred can be hard to deal with. Poetry is often used to express thoughts, feeling and emotions about such subjects. We have used 3 different types of poems here to get across some of our knowledge, ideas, thoughts and emotions.

The 'kit bag poems' use the kitbag to stand for the predicament of the soldier. Each stanza starts with a description of the bag in a place. The locations mirror the journey of the soldier. Contained within each stanza (just like the kitbag) are a collection of objects (set out in a list) which give clues to what the soldier has been through. They all end with an expression of the soldier's feelings.

We felt that rhyme would be too difficult to use sensitively.

We also thought carefully about how we wanted our soldier's (kitbag's) story to end.



By Amelie



By Murphy

## The Sorrowful Kitbag

Shiny and new, in the corner of the kitchen,

The green kitbag held:

A shiny rifle,

An unused pistol,

A slice of uneaten cake,

And a heart full of hope.

Torn and ripped in the trenches,

The sorrowful kitbag held:

An inkless pen,

A kiss goodbye,

A whistle for the loss of life,

And a soul of sadness.

Bombed and destroyed,

in No-man's Land,

The lost kitbag hid:

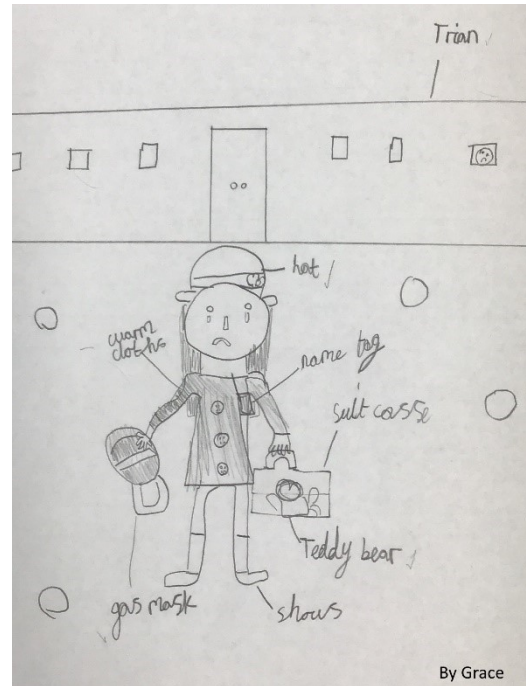
A black and white photo,

An unfinished diary,

A pack of unopened cigarettes,

But a spark of hope.

*By Ethan*



## The Muddy Kitbag

It was a crumbling kitbag  
With bulky bumps at the spooky  
entrance.

Feeling dark,  
In the corner,  
Left behind.

The ripped-up kitbag was searching  
for hope

But was stuck in the toxic battle  
Wailing in the wind.

The muddy kitbag  
Was sinking into the icy mud  
With food that could have built  
confidence, pride and joy.  
But was never seen again.

*By Hugo*

# THE KITBAG POEM

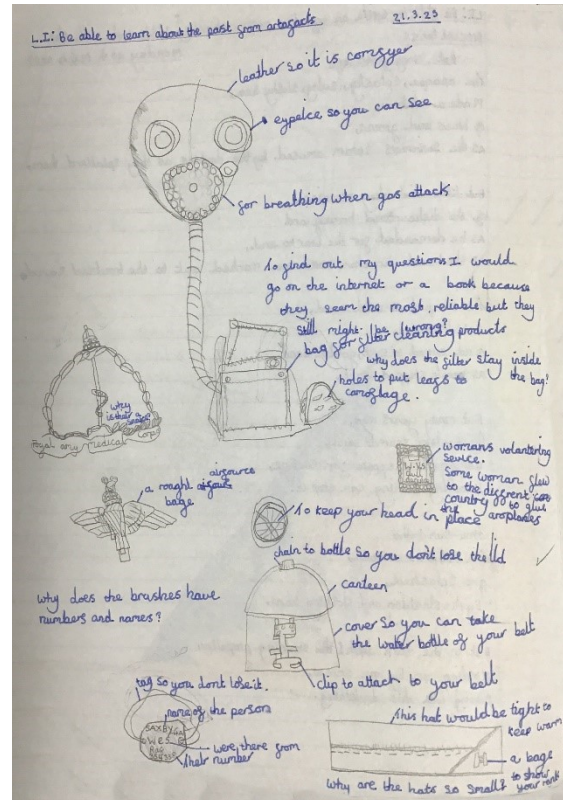
In a dusty little corner of the kitchen  
 Sat the beautiful, brand new, kitbag.  
 Inside it lay,  
 A rifle, clean and clever,  
 A leather canteen,  
 A brand new book,  
 A rubber gasmask  
 And a heart full of hope.

In the dark, dingy train carriage  
 Sat a dirty kitbag  
 Ready for whatever comes next.  
 It held a wrinkled diary,  
 A fluffy toy,  
 A scribbled letter,  
 A mouldy apple  
 And a heart full of woe.

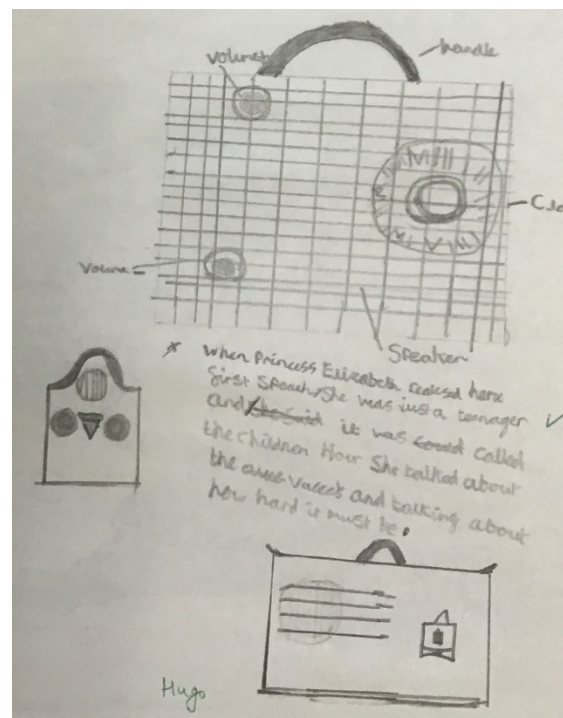
The dirty, torn kitbag  
 Lying in the trenches  
 Contained a rusty canteen,  
 A little broach,  
 A cracked picture of a loved one,  
 A half full box of bullets  
 And a dying spark.

The stained stitched-up kitbag  
 Lay in the middle of no-man's land  
 Lost forever more.  
 With success and glory?

*By James and Blake*



*By Theia*



*By Hugo*

## D-Day Landings

Continuing with the Remembrance theme, we were stunned by photographs of the D-Day locations from the past and how they contrasted with the present day photographs taken in the same location.

We wondered whether anyone realises what had happened in these areas around 80 years ago.

We decided to work on one location in particular. We studied the pictures of a beach in Saint-Aubin-sur-Mer, France, code-named Juno in June 1944.

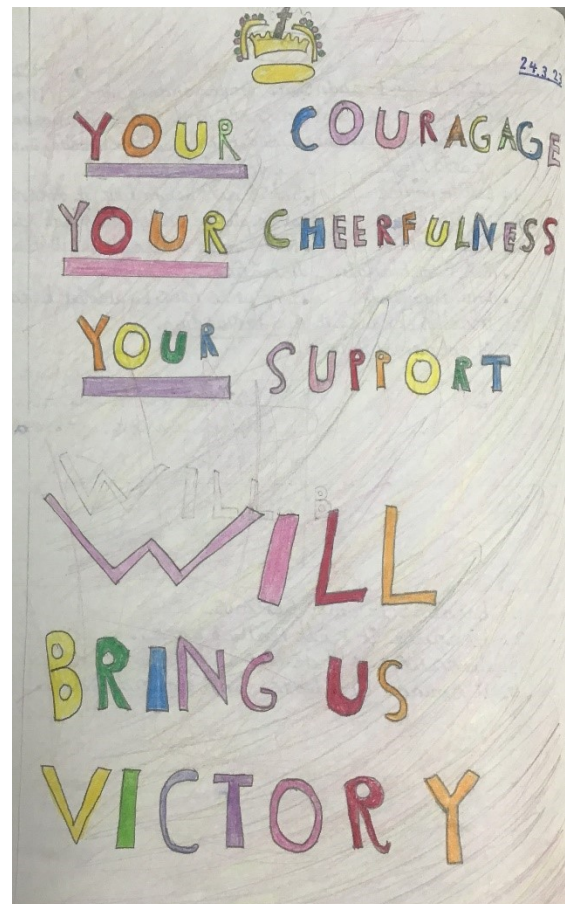
This time we wanted to alternate the stanzas. We wanted to contrast happy tourists enjoying the beach, with the stark reality of crashed airplanes, destroyed tanks and barbed wire.

We tried to personify the things that were present in both images, such as the sand, and the hotels peering over the beach.

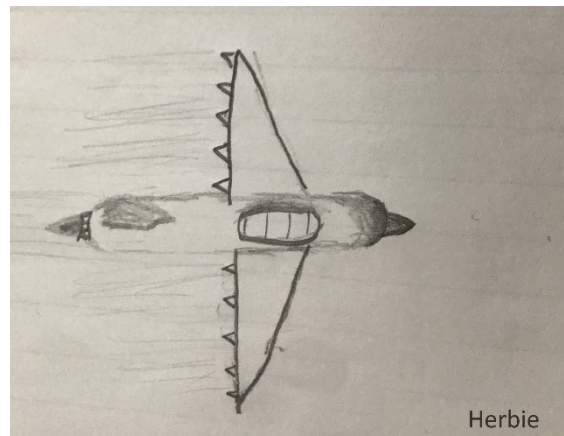
Do take a look at the amazing photos on the Atlantic website...

<https://www.theatlantic.com/photo/2014/06/scenes-from-d-day-then-and-now/100752/>

You can click on the pictures to see them merge from the black and white ones to the colour photos across 80 years!



By Tamsin



Herbie

By Herbie

## Today vs D-Day @ Juno Beach

### The Clouds Waved Back

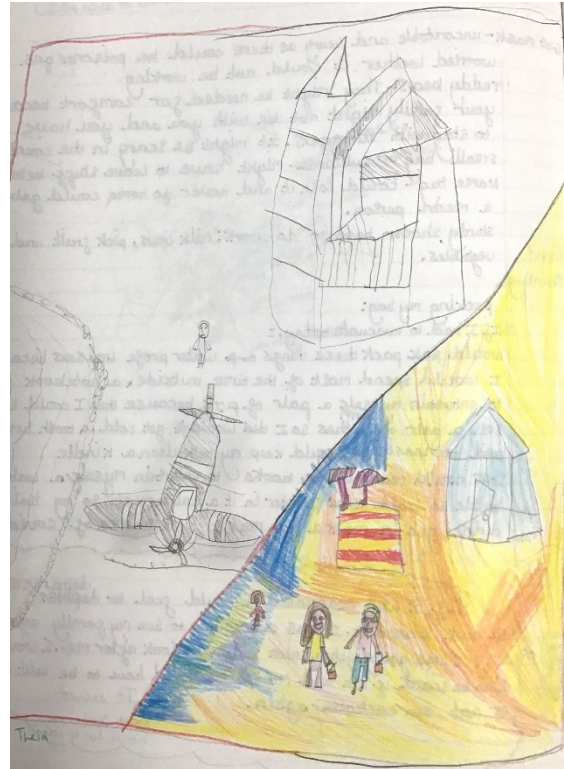
The helpless umbrella  
Tossed and twisted through the air  
And bounced, and pounced  
Landing straight into the glimmering  
sea  
waving goodbye to its family.

Little did it know  
80 Years ago  
Of the cunning, disguised mines  
Laying, waiting to pounce on an  
unknown victim  
Watching every move of the  
frightened, frustrated guards.

The colourful flags waved proudly  
At the plain, white beach huts  
Consuming the sunlight  
Getting hotter and hotter  
As the clouds waved back and  
drifted along the bright blue sky.

Little did they know  
80 Years ago  
Of the frightened houses  
That wanted to hibernate  
And crumpled into a little ball  
On this beach, where spirits from  
the past become the future.

*By Klarissa*



*By Theia*

### The French Beach

They can see the swirling, soft sand  
Just slithering and twirling  
On the wet, cold beach.

The sea is shifting  
And splashing  
And crashing, on the nice, soft sand.

But little did they know  
About the Mustang plane  
Buried 80 year's ago  
Or the lone guard,  
With a deadly rifle of war in his  
hands.

*By Murphy*

## 80 Years Ago

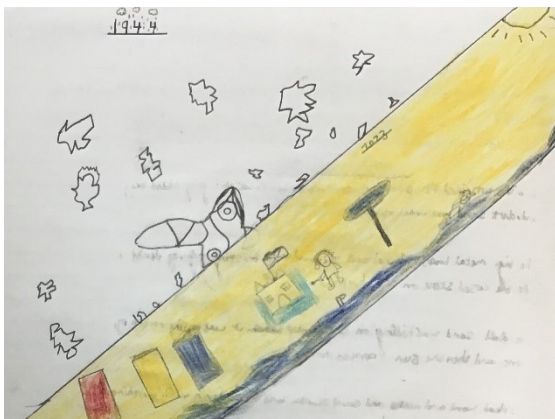
The glimmering soft sand  
And the blue calm sea  
Were washing the clear beach  
On which the sun shone brightly.

But 80 years ago  
The soulless sand  
Was watching the broken plane  
While the armed guard walked the beach.

The busy shops  
Were filled with the living people  
And outside  
The seagulls were stealing food.

But 80 years ago  
The wrecked, breaking buildings  
Were waiting silently  
For the terrible war to come to an end.

*By William*



*By Hugo*

## The Mustang was Buried There Too

The beach has soft sand and more;  
Like flags that cheer and clap  
For what would come from the  
distance.

Whilst the bin sat, still and silent, on  
the smooth sand.

The beach has sharp sand and more  
Like flags warning of danger  
That would come  
As 80 years ago, the plane crashed,  
where the bin now stands.

The beach huts want to be front  
row  
In the yellow, shiny sun  
Staring at the sea-blue sky.

The guards hoped not to be in the  
front  
Where the dark misery lay  
Staring at the deathly sky  
80 years ago.

Parents being buried under the sand  
By giggling children

Little did they know, 80 years ago  
The P51 was buried there too.

*By Herbie and Jessica*

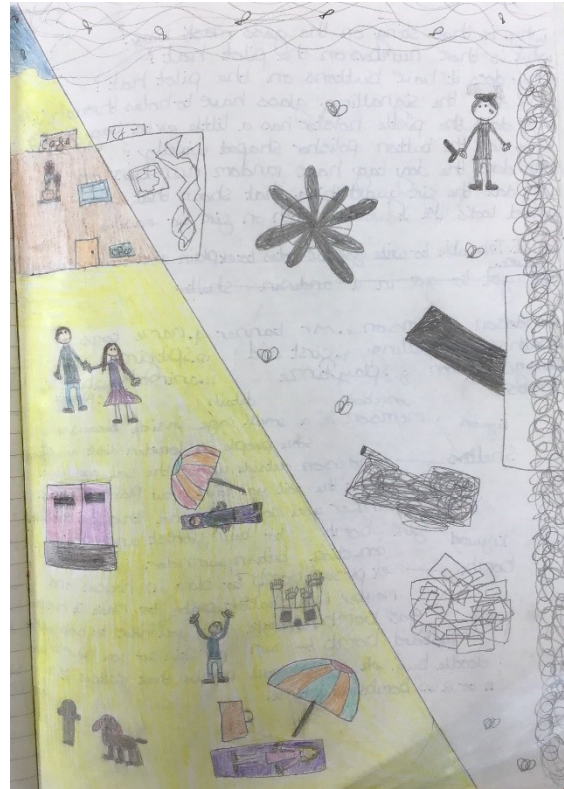
## Relaxing Hotels Stand Tall

Relaxing hotels stand tall, as they  
watch the sea.  
Swimmers swim out to the ocean  
amongst beautiful fish.  
Children collect shells and bury their  
parents in the sand.  
And colourful flags move swiftly,  
while children scream for ice-cream.

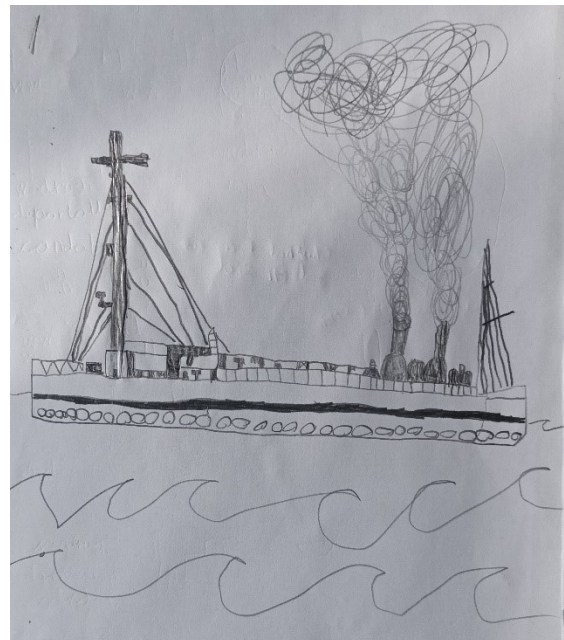
But little did they know,  
80 years ago,  
Roofless houses were bombed,  
while trying to hide in the fog.  
An armed guard,  
Was avoiding menacing mines,  
While a crushed tank lay in the  
shadows.

Many years later,  
Happy people lay on beach towels,  
sunbathing.  
Divers leap into the water, off the  
pier.  
Kayaks row out onto the calm  
waters.

But all those years ago,  
The black sea washed in murdered  
people.  
A Mustang P51 buried itself in the  
soulless sand.  
Blood-thirsty barbed wire perched  
on the wall.  
And a wooden boat destroyed itself  
in this burning hell.  
But now relaxing hotels stand tall,  
as they watch the sea.     *By Ben F*



*By Klarissa*



*By Herbie*

## Echoes from the past

The excited swimmers  
Splashed cheekily  
At their sleepy parents  
Who were reading happily.

Little did they know,  
The raging sea held an underwater  
battle  
Which the exhausted Mustang  
feared the most.

The clear sea  
Was clinging to the soft sand  
Invading all the space.

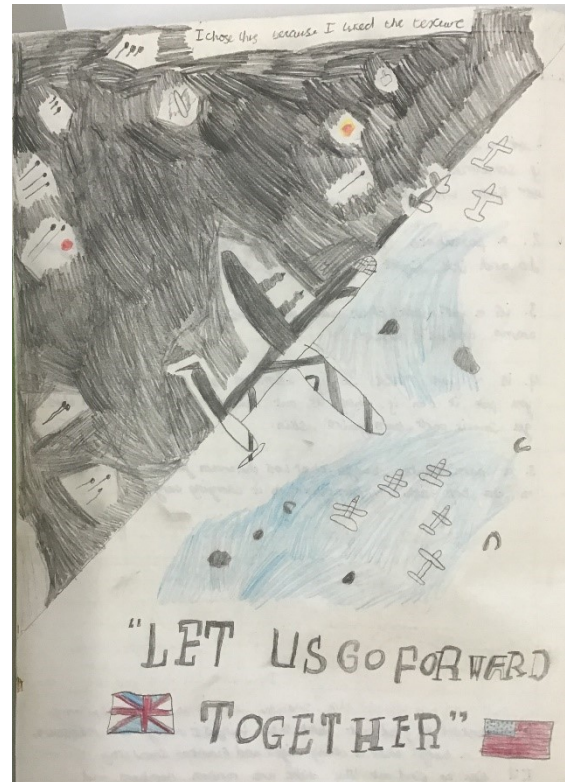
But 80 Years ago  
The sand was worried  
About the explosions booming at  
every moment.

The grey seagulls  
Were nipping all the fish and chips  
Making the children hungry.

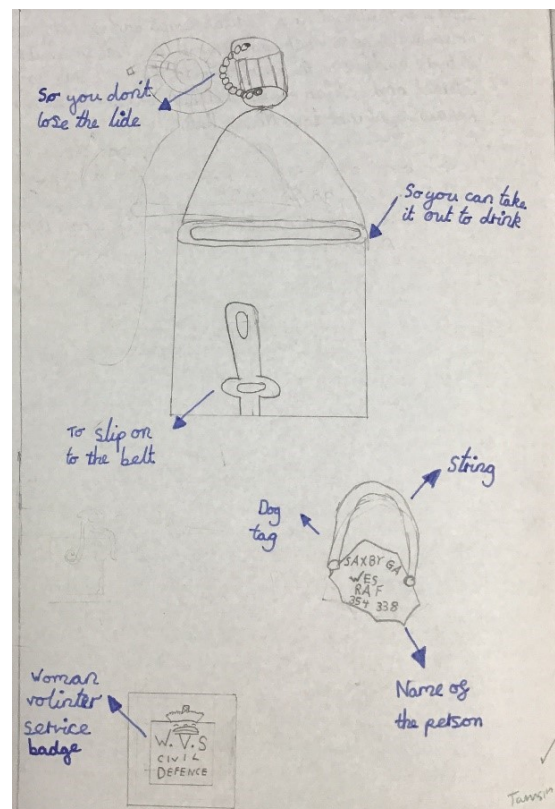
But little did they know  
That precious food was rationed  
Due to the bombs.  
There was always hunger.

Echoes from the past  
come into the present.

*By Grace*



*By Arthur*



*By Tamsin*

## The Chain

Finally, we thought about the way that one event in history is often the spark for another. So we decided to make 'Chain Poems'. This is where the last noun in each line becomes the focus of the next line.



*By Charlie*

It's a simple formula that can be very effective.

Why not have a go at making one of your own below?

### **I Am the Peace Waiting to be Heard**

I am the bomb falling out of the sky  
I am the sky, choking and spluttering in smoke  
I am the smoke, seeping out in the devastation  
I am the devastation caused by war  
I am the war, bringing bullets and guns  
I am the guns laying wasted in the mud  
I am the mud capturing boots in every step  
I am the steps, slowly falling to the ground  
I am the ground full of rubble and broken buildings  
I am the buildings suffering the sirens  
I am the sirens, screaming 'no peace'  
  
I am the peace waiting to be heard.

*By Lily*

### **Lest We Forget**

I am the soldier waiting to fight on the battlefield  
I am the battlefield full of gas and bombs  
I am the bombs that kill the bodies  
I am the dead body that didn't survive  
I am the survivor, patiently waiting to go home  
I am the home of the fighter, better than the trench  
I am the trench, stained with blood shed  
I am the bloodshed drenching no-man's land  
I am no-man's land, growing with poppies  
I am the poppy that brings peace  
  
We are the peacemakers who defeat the war.

*By Poppy*

### ***The 'AI' in Ancient Egypt:***

*So, here's one to debate!*

*We were studying Ancient Egypt around the time that Artificial Intelligence was hitting the headlines. So, we shared our knowledge with each other and then wondered how creative AI could be.*

*We set it off to create a poem about Ancient Egypt.*

*It was surprisingly good at picking up facts and rhyming!*

*However, we had to correct some aspects, remove some repetition that we didn't feel worked, re-order aspects, and fine tune a bit more.*

*After that, we found we had a good working poem and decided to put our efforts into learning it by heart and performing it to others.*

*What is your favourite poem to hear or perform?*

*Do you think AI will be a hindrance to creativity or a tool to assist?*



*By Poppy*

## The Land of Might

Verse 1: Ancient Egypt was a land of might,  
Where pyramids rose up, to amazing heights  
A civilization that was full of wonder,  
But sadly the tombs were often plundered.

*Chorus: Ancient Egypt, oh how grand,  
A land that we all want to understand,  
A culture full of mystery and awe,  
A history that we can't ignore.*

Verse 2: Pharaohs were kings in this desert land,  
Their rule was firm, they held command,  
With tombs full of gold and priceless treasure,  
And a legacy that will be there forever.

Verse 3: The River Nile - a source of life,  
With essential water, to help them thrive.  
Farming and irrigation were certainly key,  
The Nile Delta was where they would be.

Verse 4: Hieroglyphics were the way they wrote,  
With symbols and pictures hard to decode.  
Mysteries on tombs and temples were inscribed,  
'til the Rosetta Stone opened our eyes.

Verse 5: Mummies of course, were a strange sight to see,  
With organs placed in jars, so carefully,  
Wrapped in bandages, in sarcophagus they'd lay,  
For eternity, in tombs they would stay.

Verse 6: Egyptian gods were worshipped and revered,  
With temples built in honour, they were feared,  
Anubis, Horus, Isis... being just three  
Sacrifices to gods, you would often see.

Verse 7: Egyptian art was filled with colour,  
Masks and artefacts, like no other.  
So much discovered under blistering sand,  
A testament to this ancient land.

Verse 8: The Pyramids of Giza stand ever so tall,  
A marvel of engineering, they never fall,  
Built as tombs for Pharaohs and queens,  
Securely holding their afterlife dreams.

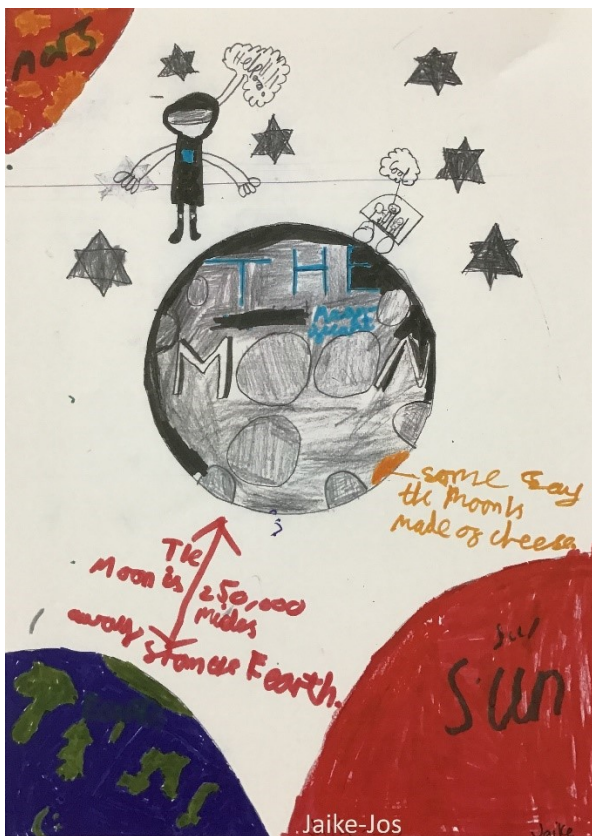
*Chorus: Ancient Egypt, oh how grand,  
A land that we now understand,  
A culture full of mystery and awe,  
A history that you mustn't ignore.*



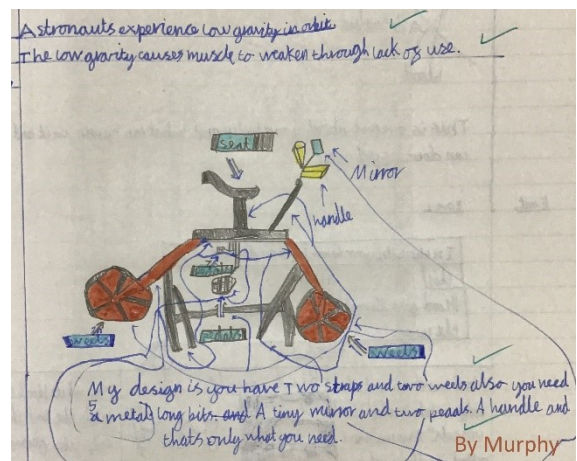
*By James*



By Ethan



Jaike-Jos



By Murphy

## **The Moon Part Two:**

### **My Night-Time Friend!**

Whilst floating slowly in space,  
Our friend leaves no visible trace.  
Watching over a marble of blue-green,  
The best thing that could ever be seen.  
Flying in space, gently flowing,  
Showing how wonderful it is - glowing.  
People transforming into creatures,  
Adding furry wolf-like features.  
It sure has much history,  
And still so much mystery.  
Guiding the ships sailing at sea,  
It shines and smiles over me.  
Proudly standing in our sky,  
Waving each night, 'goodbye'.  
A cauldron of amber is a special sight,  
See this thing in the starry night.  
Armstrong discovered there is no air,  
Our planet Earth is its pair.  
Our orbiting partner and natural satellite,  
Seas of holes that are plainly so white.  
You will see my friend at night-time soon,  
My midnight friend is in fact...                      The Moon!!!

*By Poppy*

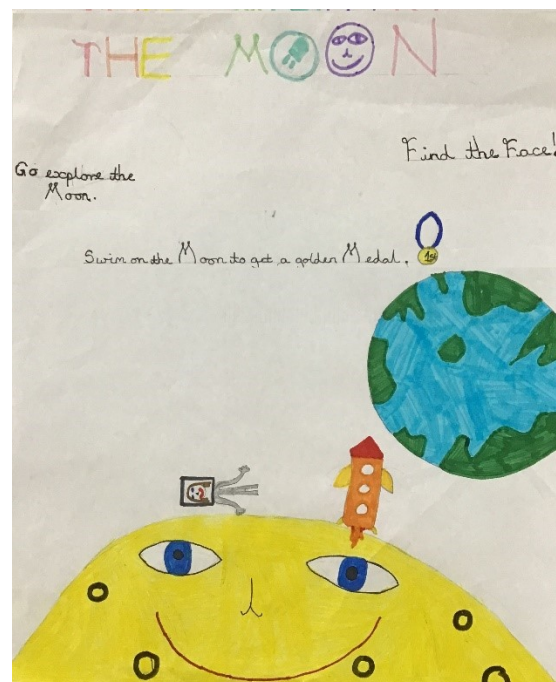
## Hidden Satellite

Orbiting our Earth in 27 days,  
This is such a fascinating phase.  
It is shaped just like a beautiful crescent,  
Wrapped in silver, just like a present.  
It makes werewolves shout and howl,  
Making the sound terrible and fowl.  
The Earth has never seen its darker side,  
“Made of cheese,” some people lied.  
This ball of wonder floating in space,  
Is living in that magical place.

I guess you found out way too soon,  
That Earth’s natural satellite is in fact . . .

## The Moon!

*By Lily*

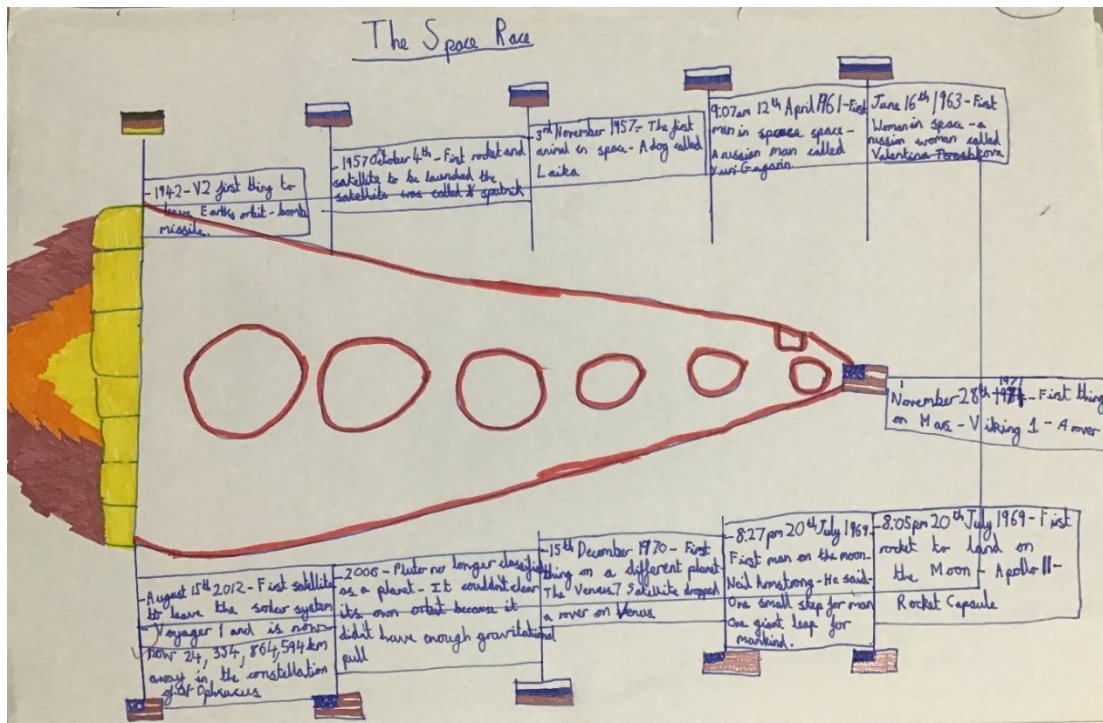


*By Tamsin*

## The Shape Shifter

Circling the Earth in its Orbit,  
 Sometimes vanishing is its forfeit  
 Ice lay on its darker side,  
 From the Earth it chooses to hide.  
 Rely on it while sailing your ship,  
 When sea's rough, you know who spoilt the trip.  
 Werewolves with vicious bites,  
 Howl at this (balloon) every night.  
 Tonight the shape-shifter is a crescent,  
 Making people so loony, they can't finish a sentence!  
 Have you found out my fascinating friend?  
 Well, it is actually the Moon, and this is the end.

By Klarissa



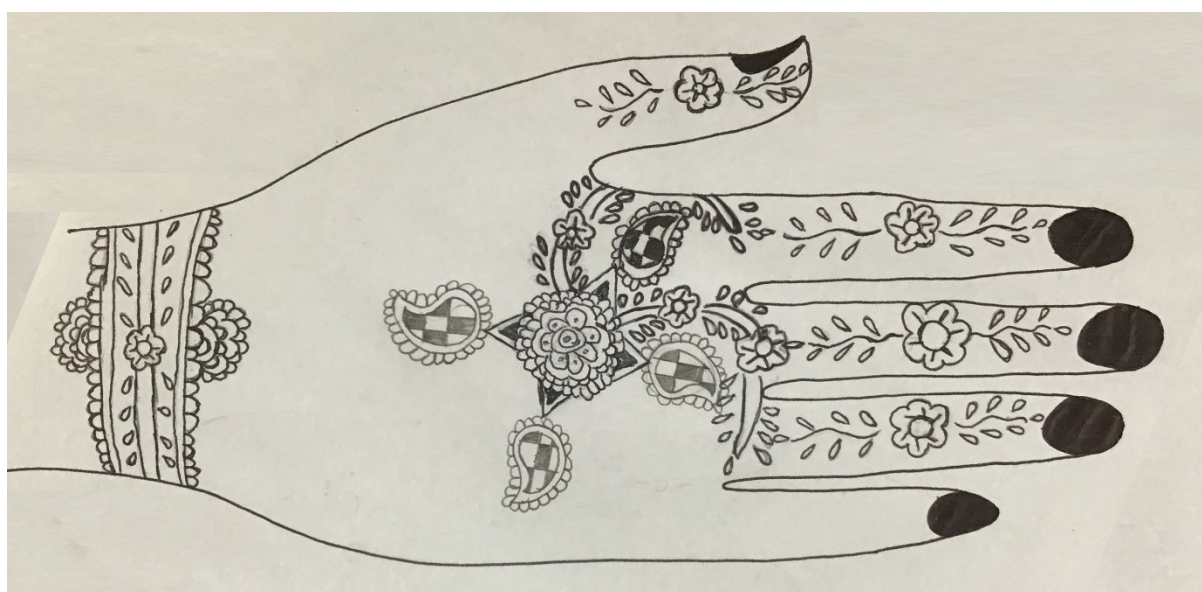
By Ben C

## **Picture Books as Inspiration**

*CLPE love reading as much as we do and they suggest some great books to learn from. Picture books can be great sources of inspiration – often with flowing text and amazing illustrations.*

*We loved the rhyme and pictures in ‘Leon and the Place Between’ by Angela McAllister. It is practically a mysterious poem in itself. For our poems, we decided to just focus on the first couple of pages and use our descriptive skills to try to set the scene of a busy circus. Sometimes it can be interesting to give a slightly sinister twist to an ordinary scene. (Angela does this in her story too.) So watch out for words specially chosen in our circus poems, to give the familiar, a little ‘edge’.*

*We used the inspiring book - ‘In Our Hands’ by Lucy Farfort - for all sorts of creative whole-school work. There is so much you can draw from it. However, for the following poems, we kept it simple. We just used determiners to explore responsibility. In these days of climate change and other world problems, we wondered about whether problems are: ‘ours’, ‘yours’ or ‘theirs’ to deal with. Lucy’s book helped us to think about how small actions can grow – just as in our school vision, reflected in the parable of the Mustard Seed. We decided that we all need to be courageous advocates for good – just like our friends at the charity ‘Their Voice’, helping those rescued from modern slavery.*



*By Tamisn*

## The Circus Comes to Town

The swirling, noisy, merry-go-round  
Is drowned out by the loud screams  
Of the Helter Skelter.

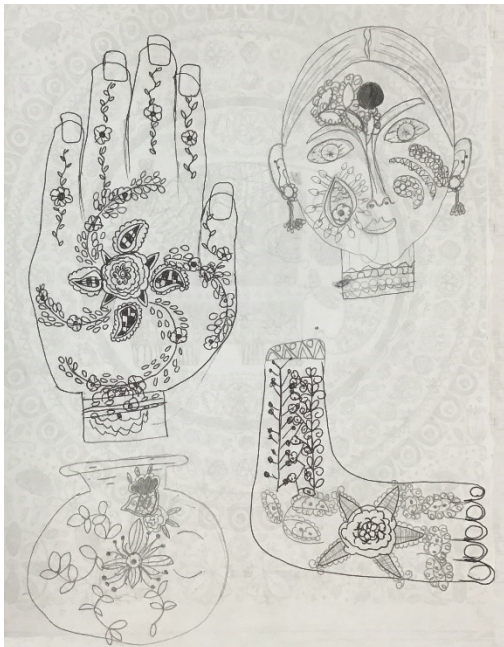
Waiting, scared children  
Gaze up  
As dark, thunderous clouds drift by.

The floating, graceful dove  
Drifts through the dark clouds  
Dancing bubbles, get tangled in the  
waving yellow string.

Swinging, curly wire  
Is clipped onto  
The gleaming, golden marquee.

The gaping tent waits,  
to pounce on the children  
And swallow them up.

*By Anna*



*By Grace*



*By Jessica*

## The Ferris Wheel Turns Slowly

Colourful rustling bunting  
Strained on string  
Moving through the sky.  
Screams from the ghost train  
echoed  
As the black and white Ferris Wheel  
Turned slowly.

*By Klarissa*

## A Loud Hush!

Rollercoaster Looping  
Thrilling!

Children screaming  
Delight!

Flags waving  
Entrancing

Tent flap ajar  
Curious...

Gold lamp flickering  
Enchanting

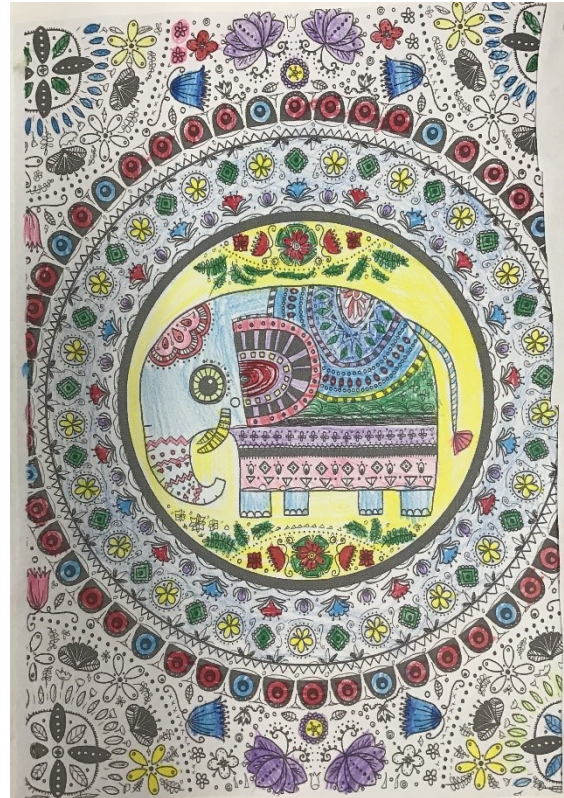
Wide-eyed children  
Eagar

Sudden darkness!  
bewilderment

People fidgeting  
Ready?

'There was a cough,  
A whisper  
And then  
A loud HUSH!'

*By Ben F*



*By Jessica*



*By Arthur*

## **Harmony Can Replace Hurt**

In my world I see war  
In our world we notice poverty  
It's not good enough to say it's their problem  
It's your chance to stand up and make a difference.

Don't let your response be to shrug your shoulders  
It's not good enough to say you can't make a difference  
This is our generation  
And their problems are our problems.

In our world we need courageous advocates  
It's in hearts and hands  
So stand up for what you believe in  
Take a look at our world  
Harmony can replace hurt.

Why not use your voice  
And I will use my voice  
Until all hear our voice  
So that their voice can be heard.

*By Lily*

## **In My Hands is the Future of Happiness**

In my hands is the future of happiness  
In your hands are feelings of hope  
In his hands were the positive things in life  
In our hands is a world of kindness  
I hope, soon.

In everyone's hands is power, kindness, love  
And last but not least – are our values.

*By Murphy*



*By Amelie*

### **Our Chance to Make a Difference**

In my world I see pollution, war and violence.  
In our world we notice climate change, slavery, poverty.  
It's not good enough to say it's their problem, their responsibility.  
It's your chance to speak up, and make a difference.

Don't let your response be to shrug your shoulders.  
It's not good enough to say forget about it, I can't make a difference.  
And their problems are theirs, they can't do it themselves,  
Their problems are our problems.

In our world we need courageous advocates.  
It's in your hands, heart and your life.  
So my advice is do whatever you think is right and true.  
Take a look at our world, our community, our difference.

Why not use your voice,  
And I will use my voice,  
Until all hear our voice,  
So that Their Voice can be heard.

*By Poppy*

## **World Refugee Day**

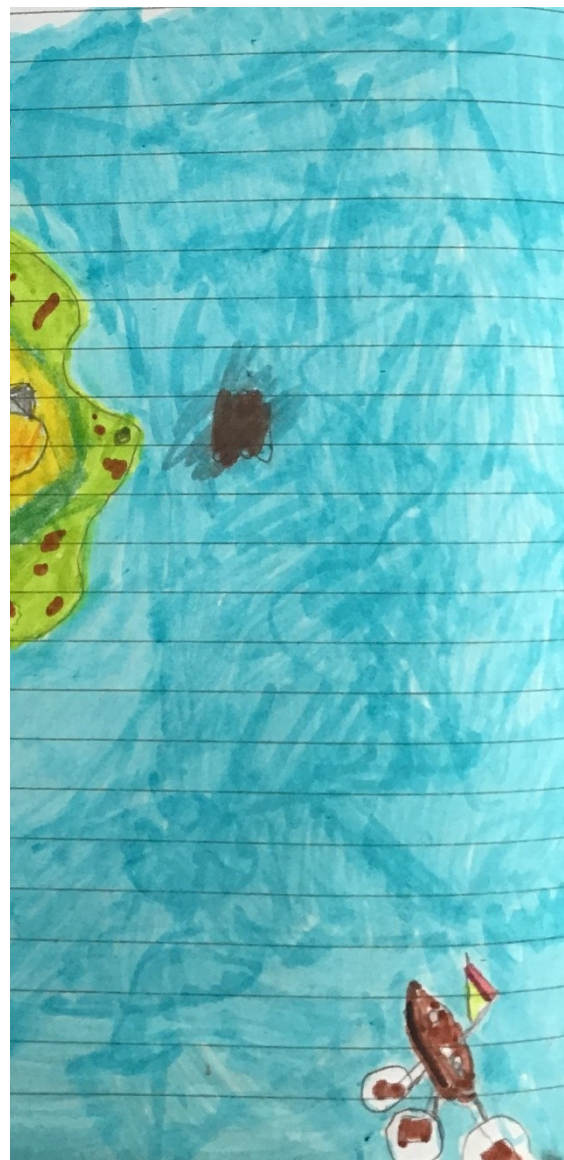
*The plight of refugees is frequently in the news at the moment; and often seems to spark polarised opinions. Newscasters and politicians are very vocal about the related issues.*

*On World Refugee Day, one of our favourite poets – Harry Baker – wrote a poignant poem about his personal interactions with refugees. Highlighting the qualities of the people he met; the similarities, the differences, and the celebration of what each person can bring to our world. It was a very refreshing and inclusive take on those looking to find safety and solace – somewhere.*

*We looked at extracts of the amazing UK for UNHCR dictionary published to only define one phrase ‘A Refugee Is...’. (You can see it here [www.unrefugees.org.uk/refugee...](http://www.unrefugees.org.uk/refugee...))*

*Then we wrote our own poems. We tried to think of things that would be similar, different; and how we might have some misunderstandings that (rather than being threatening) might raise a giggle and smile. After all, the English language is full of strange words and phrases! We tried to add some surprises and twists too.*

*Meet our refugee friends...*



*By Herbie*

**A Refugee is**

A loving person with a warming heart  
With a brain that could tell you anything you desire  
With an artist's imagination  
Holding a teddy bear with care  
Saying 'Dreamers with a gaze never quit'.

A refugee replaces hurt with harmony.

*By Hugo*

**A Refugee Is**

The person who calls me 'Miss Lily'  
Who cheers the loudest at the football game  
That knows every player's name  
That has seen things no one should.  
  
The person who insists you eat first  
The boy at the back of the class  
The gold medal runner - fast  
The girl who cries when thinking of her mum.

The first to help me up  
The girl with a unique style that's bold  
The one with the heart of gold  
Who ran to escape the spotlight

*By Lily*

**A Refugee Is**

A refugee is the 12 year old  
With a background like no other.

A refugee is the 4 year old  
Who broke the Hoover riding on it.

A refugee is the 10 year old with the warm heart  
Who supports Crystal Palace.

A refugee is the 5 year old  
Who loves to ride on a seasaw.

A refugee is the 8 year old  
who loves sushi.

A refugee is the one  
Who has seen violence, war and suffering.

*By James*

**A Refugee Is**

The one in the spotlight,  
Not the dark  
The winner of those who flee.  
The one making a new start.

The one with a crystal ball  
Sparkling and glimmering,  
Putting away what happened before  
Hungry for a friend.

The boy with the quizzical look  
When told to 'spill the beans'  
As he rushes off  
To chase those dreams.

*By Charlie*

## **A Refugee Is**

The one who giggles at the dictionary  
With its crazy words and foolish meanings  
Who wonders why we 'spill the beans'.  
The one closest to their dreams.

A refugee has hope battling the broken hearts  
It's the shyest girl  
With the largest story to tell  
When she is ready.

*By Tamsin*

## **A Refugee Is**

The girl taking the spotlight from the famous singer

A refugee is  
The boy who laughs at the word 'spaghetti'  
The woman with a broken heart when she sees a loving family.  
The girl who spreads a wide smile.

A refugee is  
My new neighbour calling me 'Princess Ami'  
The boy tricked into changing his name and stuck in modern slavery

Who becomes an Olympic champion.

A refugee is  
The flame in the fire that lights the way  
The first one to come to my aid when I fall  
The quiet girl with the big story to tell.

A refugee is someone escaping from the spotlight.

*By Amelie*

## **Forget The Small Boats... (That's Not Who a Refugee Is)**

A refugee is the 7 year old with pierced ears  
Munching happily on sausages with cracked lips.  
He's the 12 year old best new friend at camp.  
She's the lady with the heavy backpack - Needing a lift.

A refugee is first to come to my aid when I fall;  
Who is learning to laugh instead of cry;  
Who gives with joy and is grateful for what is received;  
Who's learning so much that's new - But will always try.

It's the Arsenal fan  
Who knows how to pronounce everyone's name;  
The quiet boy at the back of the class  
Watching everything;  
and saying nothing - Yet.

It's the person who calls me Mr Nadeem.  
He's the bringer of culture and art.  
They are the ones that have seen things that no-one should.  
They're the ones who are now at the start.

The one who will do anything to protect family.  
He's the marathon's gold medallist.  
The one in a different spotlight now  
Wrapped tightly in the flag - That is... British.

It's boy who giggles at the word 'spatula';  
A girl's quizzical look when we 'spill the beans'  
It's using hope to battle sorrow.  
With the drive to get up - to 'chase our dreams'.

It's the smallest girl  
With the biggest story to tell,  
When she is ready...

To forget the small boats.

By Class 5, Chevening CEP School

## ***Brahman Hindu inspired poems***

*When we were learning about Hinduism, we were inspired by the sacred texts which describe the Hindu belief in Brahman - being the spark within all of life. We looked at a section of the Bhagavad Gita (Chapter 7, v8-11). The structure is similar to that of the 'I am sayings' in the Bible.*

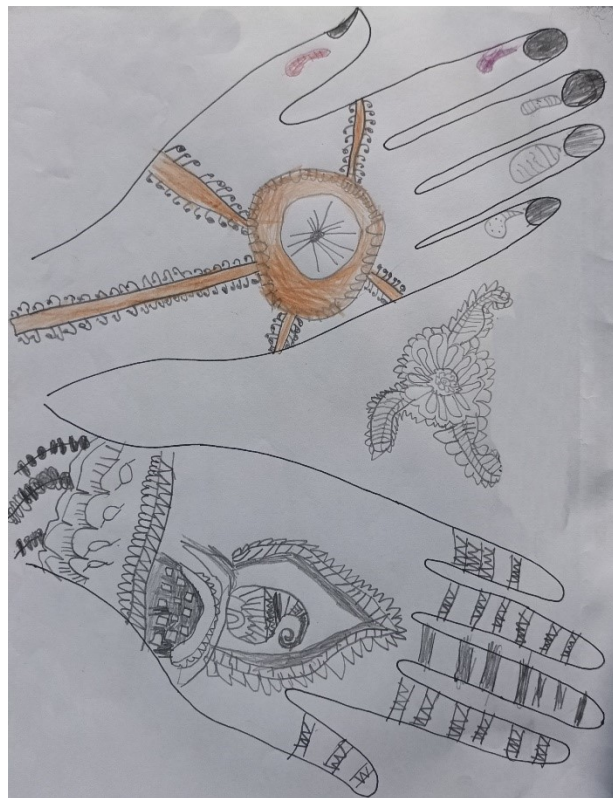
*We discussed what inspires us in the world; and also considered how some of our ideas may interplay with Genesis.*

*We used a very simple, repetitive poetic structure to describe how someone of faith may see the presence of God in our world. The simplicity of the structure is designed to reinforce the central message of awe and wonder of God's creation and His hand in everything around us. Sometimes it is the simple but amazing things we see that help people to grow spiritually.*

*We hope you enjoy and are inspired by our poems.*



*By Charlie*



*By Jaike-Jos*

## **God Knows Every Hair on Our Head**

God is in the blossom that dances on the trees.  
God is in the tears of the sad  
God is in the fight for the innocent.  
God is the waves, splashing on the shore.  
God is in the leaves, waving in the sunset  
  
God is the hand protecting the Earth  
God is in the fire that lights our way  
God is the mother bird, looking after her chicks  
God is in the sunset, shining.  
  
God is in the volcano, powerful and strong  
God knows every strand of hair on our head.  
God is with us.

*By Amelie, Klarissa, William, Lily*

## **God is the Life in Us**

God is the highest  
God is creator of the world  
God is the King of kings.  
  
God is the nature in the jungle  
God is the life in us  
God is in the desert sand twisting  
  
God is the kindness in our world.  
God is the glamorous, sparking  
sea.  
God is in the mountains we climb.  
  
God is life.

*By Herbie and Murphy*

## **God is in the Amazing Animals**

God is in the amazing animals  
God is in the blossom of the trees  
God is in the wondrous waters  
God is the magnificence of nature  
  
God is in everyone and every thing.  
  
God is the protector of animals  
God is in the glorious plants  
God is the soul of nature  
God is in the delightful humans  
  
God is the One who takes away sin  
God is love beyond human  
intelligence.

*By Jaike-Jos*

### **God is in the People He Protects**

God is in the people He protects  
God is in the leaves, waving at the sunset  
God is the hand protecting the Earth  
God is in the elements we can see  
God is in the leaves of life  
God is the centre of everyone.  
God is in the world that we live in  
God is in the flowers, all bright colours  
God is in the waves splashing on the shore.  
God is the fight of water and fire.

*By William*



*By Ben*

### **God is the Spirit of life**

From heaven to Earth  
God is a ball of love and joy that welcomes everyone.  
God is the running water that is given to the poor.  
God is the green leaves of the tree in the forest.  
God is the man in heaven who is waiting for us to be sent to Him  
God is the creator who has made us, the Earth and all animals.  
God is the light in the darkness.  
God is the joy in the sadness.  
God is the sound in the silence.  
God is the kind in the wars.  
God is the soul of humanity.

*By Jessica*

### **God is in the Wind**

God is in the wind,  
crashing on my face  
God is in the ripe, fresh fruit,  
dancing with flavour.  
God is the precious minerals,  
found beneath the Earth.  
God is the one who saves the poor  
God is in the radiance of the Sun  
and Moon  
God is in everything!

*By James*

**God is the break in the storm**

God is the rainbow that made your day

God is the burning sun shining through

God is the leaves feeding the trees

God is the birdsong soothing the land

God is the flowers blooming

God is in the sea twisting and turning

God is in the fish flapping their fins

God is in the seahorse moving gracefully

God is in the lively sky

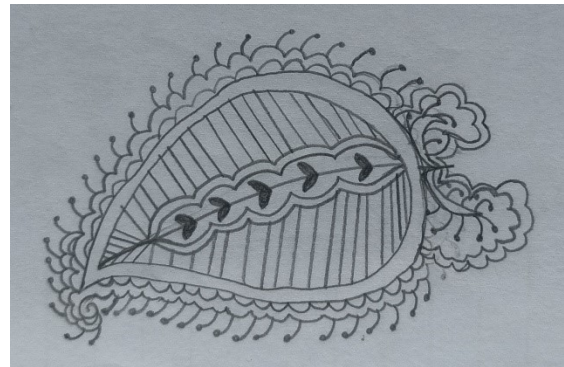
God is in the gorgeous nature

God is in the elegant sea.

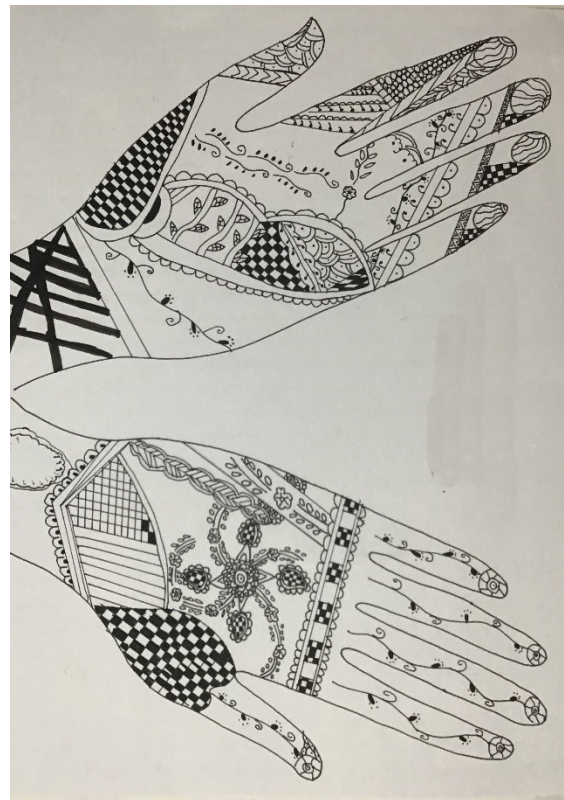
*By Theia*



*By Ben F*



*By Poppy*



*By Anna*

## **God is in All Things**

God is in the ups and downs of life.

God is in the loving people who make peace  
God is in the universe beyond the human eye  
God is everything covered and uncovered.

God is the flower in every person  
God is the life on the weak, fragile surface of the Earth  
God is in the darkness of all deep caves.

God is the light in every candle.  
God is the inspiration, meeting so many  
God is in the reward of hard work

God is in all things.

*By Ben C*

## **God is Everywhere**

God is by our bedside, protecting us as we sleep.  
God is in the light, giving us sight.

God is in the animals, in all source of life.  
God is the breeze, the wind that is nice.

God is in nature, the plants that give us air.  
God is in the people, knowing every single hair.

God is in the rain, that waters the Earth.  
God is in the sun, that shines on the world.

God is everywhere.

*By Ben F*

### **God is in the Lighthouse's Bright Beam**

God is in the seaweed swaying in the moonlight.  
God is in the tropical islands, palm trees hushing.  
God is in the stars gazing over the water.  
God is in the golden grains of sand.

God is in the birds, singing sweet melodies.  
God is in the dolphin's leaps of faith.  
God is in the seagull's loud squawking.  
God is in the depths of the shark's mouth.

God is in the sunset carved into the sky.  
God is in the fluffy, white foam clouds.  
God is in the cold air at the crack of dawn.  
God is in the lighthouse's bright beam.

God is everywhere.

*By Hugo*

### **God is in the Fire**

God is in the fire, twisting and turning  
Through the atmosphere, in the glistening light.  
God is in the elements, with water swooshing in the moonlight.  
God is in nature, with blossom in my eyes.  
God is the sea, as deep as the seabed.  
God is in the birds and their song.  
God is in the clear, flat waters.  
God is in the crack of dawn.  
God is in the sound of space.  
God is the lighthouse, leading the way back home.  
God is all around us.

*By Charlie*

### ***Time to Perform:***

*Have you ever tried to make a shape poem? Here is a shared shape poem reflecting back to a previous theme in our book. We performed it to a younger class. Poetry can be amazing when performed live. Why not go to a show?*

### **A Mystery from Class 5 to Class 4**

Can you spot  
Our mysterious friend  
Before we read to the very end?  
Travelling in space, every 27 days  
Watching and flying, it's sure to amaze!  
Being the president of the raging tide  
It watches waves, taking a ride.  
So beautiful it is, this silver crescent  
This wonderful glittering, silvery present.  
A creamy ball, navigating the sky  
With pits and holes, like a badly made pie.  
Soaring around, and around in space;  
Every night, changing its glowing face.  
The Earth can't see its darker side  
But the wolves came out and cried and cried.  
Beware it turning hands into paws,  
While delicate fingers, become vicious claws.  
Made of cheese, fools may believe  
But maybe soon, you'll work out...  
... it's the Moon.

*By Amelie, Hugo, Ben C, Grace, Charlie, Ben F, Ethan, Theia and Herbie*

### ***Another performance!***

*We love to sing and can take inspiration from both music and lyrics. Have you ever noticed that some songs are pure poetry themselves? We decided to take a well know song about harvest; and alter the words to explore a different, challenging harvest – in Ukraine. (It doesn't scan in the same way as the song and so this shared poem is meant to be spoken, not sung.)*



*By Jaiké-Jos*

## They Plough the Fields

They plough the fields but then scatter  
As bombs fall all around.  
That good seed that was planted  
Can not get into town.

The grain used to travel by water  
Across the Sea that was black,  
But now they can't sail there  
For fear of an attack.

That seed was fed and watered  
By heaven-sent rain.  
But the war that rages on  
Leaves the crops stuck, in Ukraine

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above  
We pray Oh Lord, we pray Oh Lord  
That neighbours.., will learn.., to love.

*By Class 5*



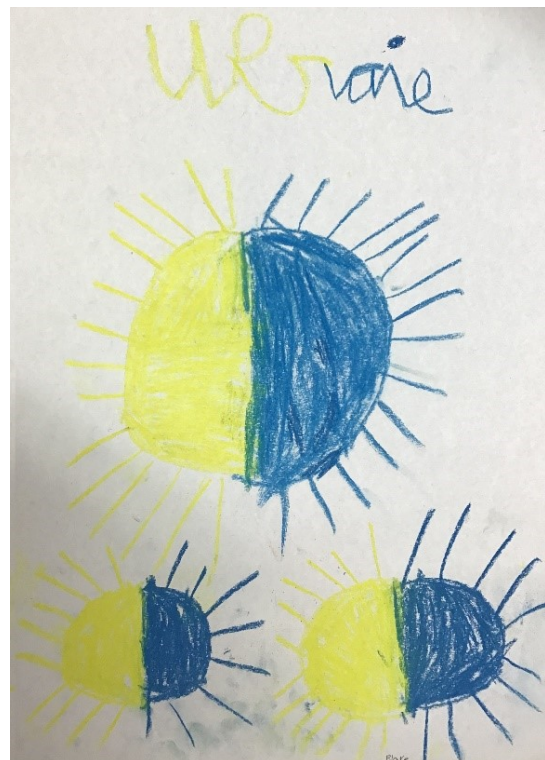
*By William*



*By Klarissa*



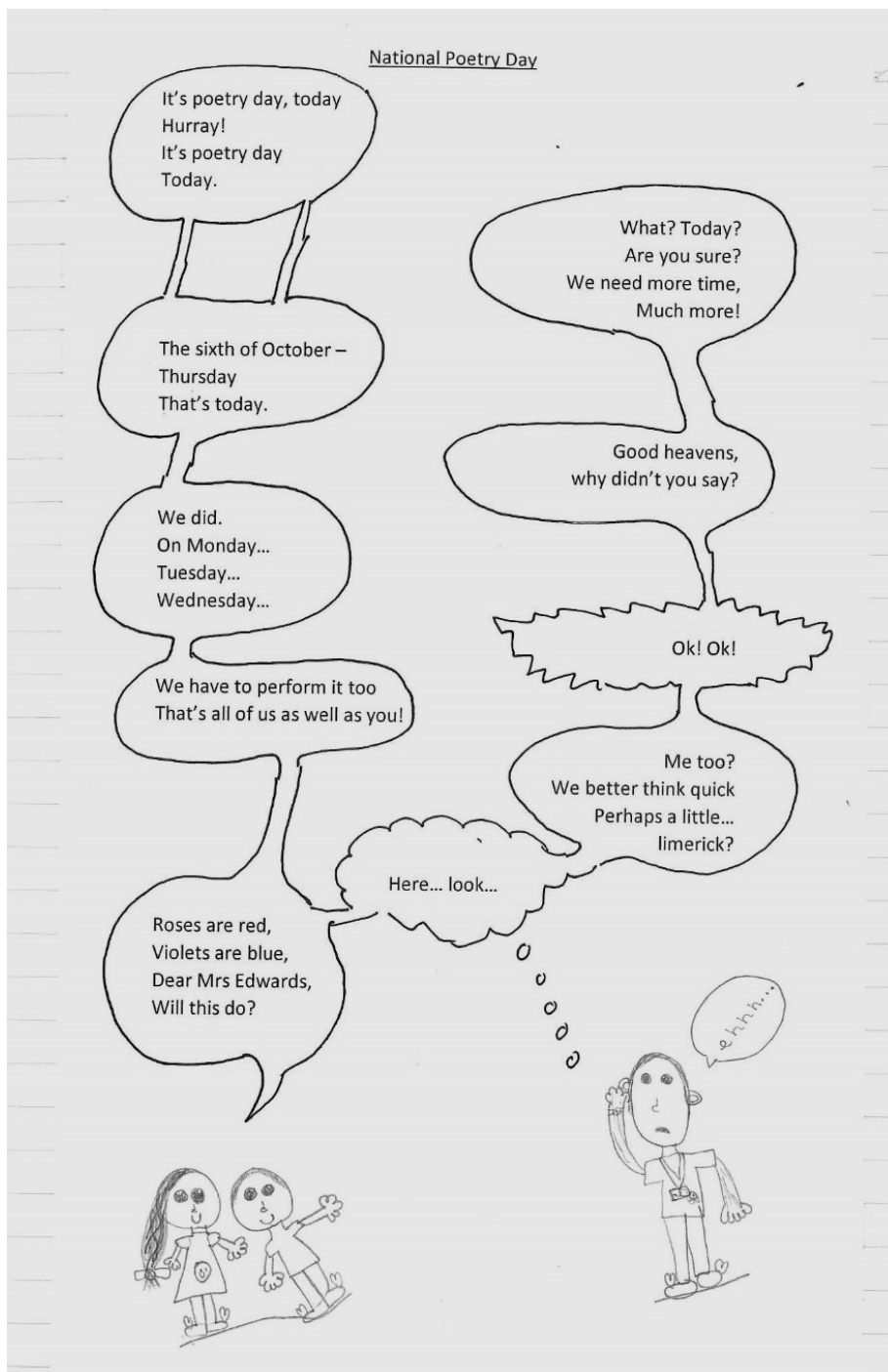
*By Lily*



*By Blake*

## And Another Performance!

Here's a poem we performed as a 'call and response' for National Poetry Day...



By The Class and Klarissa

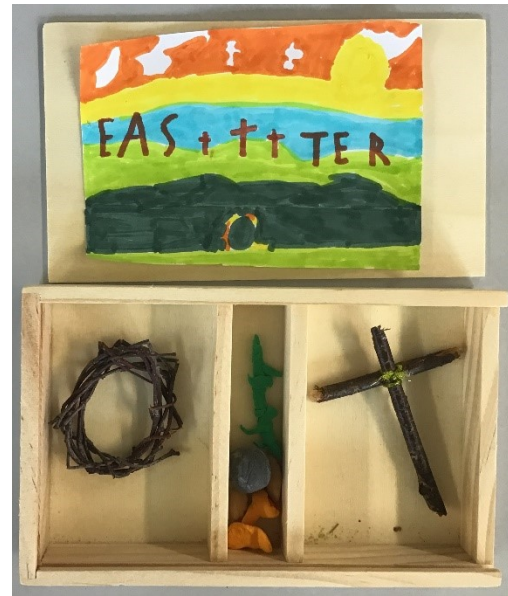
## Easter Symbols

For these poems we considered the different events which took place over Easter. We then thought about which objects may be symbolic representations or reminders of those events.

We put together boxes of these symbols and arranged the ideas in chronological order.

Visual cues can also be inspiring. We arranged them in patterns pleasing to the eye.

The next step was to write list type poems, using the objects we found as prompts for the events. It yields concise, note-like list poems 'boiled down' to the essentials.



By Murphy



By Blake



By William



By Ben C

**Palm leaves welcome a king**

to Jerusalem  
Last Supper introduces Communion.  
Garden of Gethsemane  
Jesus praying for life.  
But 30 pieces of silver reveal His  
location.  
Crown of thorns  
Placed on Jesus' head  
Carrying a cross  
To His death.  
INRI, above the cross.  
Arms stretched out  
For the lost.

*By Ethan*

**The Bread and Wine**

His last food on Earth.  
The coins of betrayal.  
The cross holding Him hostage.  
The nails pinning Him down.  
The temple curtains, ripped at His  
word.  
The tomb – the place of  
resurrection.  
A net full of fish – Jesus has been  
found.  
The seed falls,  
A saviour rises,  
King of Kings  
Jesus has risen.

*By Grace*

**Easter objects:**

Cross, crown of thorns, bread, fish  
and netting.  
The bowl that Jesus washed the  
disciples feet in.  
Temple curtains torn, palm leaves  
and coins.  
The crowd cheered  
And welcomed their King with palm  
leaves.  
Jesus with His disciples had supper.  
They ate bread and wine.  
Afterwards  
Jesus washed their feet in a bowl.

*By William*

**Palm Sunday**

A day to rejoice  
The Last Supper  
A day to remember.  
30 silver coins  
The sign of disloyalty.  
A crown of thorns  
The painful sight.  
A cross awaits.

*By Theia*

### **Welcomed With Palm Leaves**

And colourful coats.  
Bread and wine  
Shared for the first communion.  
Coins traded  
For the Son of God's body.  
The dice decided  
Who would retain His clothes  
The cross is waiting.

*By Tamsin*

### **Palm Leaves Lay Down**

As He entered Jerusalem.  
Anger from Jesus  
As tables are tossed.  
The Last Supper  
Symbols of bread and wine.  
  
In the Garden of Gethsemane  
Friends as failures.  
Pilate cleans his hands,  
He says it wasn't his fault.  
A crown of thorns  
For the King of the world.

Crucified  
On a wooden cross  
INRI, above His head  
Placed behind a tombstone  
Left to rest.

But in 3 days  
He has risen - again.

*By Ben F*

### **Dice Rolled Like the Stone**

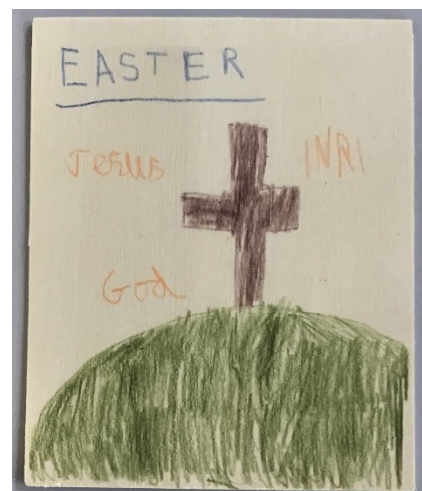
Palm leaves and a carpet of coats  
welcomed Him.  
Bread is His flesh and wine is His  
blood.  
Coins were used against Him.  
Dice rolled for the clothes of death.

*By Jessica*

### **Palm Leaves Laid Down**

For Him in Jerusalem  
INRI, King of all the Jews  
Wanted for crucifixion  
As guards rolled the dice  
To win His precious clothes.  
  
'The goblet of wine is my blood'  
'The bread my body'  
Can't rest in peace  
Nailed to a wooden cross  
  
Laid in a tomb  
But stone rolled away  
Guards flee  
And fishermen see  
He is risen.

*By Blake*



*By Ben F*

## Hosanna

Palm leaves placed down  
Hosanna shouted out.  
The Last Supper came around  
Bread and wine shared out.  
Pilate washes his hands  
Not wishing to be involved with the  
awful plan.

The cross being where He died  
As the King of the Jews said...  
'Good bye'  
The sky turned black  
The temple curtain ripped.

A tombstone moved  
Our hearts now grooved  
Fish found  
As Jesus is back!

He has risen.

*By Charlie*



*By Ethan*



*By James*

## The Risen Christ

Waves of palm leaves greet them,  
Bread and wine is used For the first  
communion  
30 coins are then given as the price  
of betrayal.

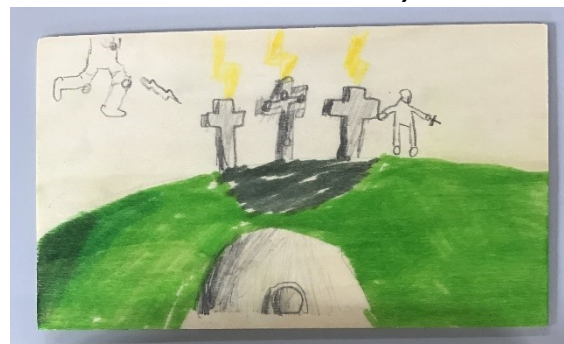
Dice rolled for the saviour's clothes,  
A crown of thorns laid on His head;  
The saviour held on the cross by  
nails, piercing His skin.

The temple curtains tear  
The stone is rolled away  
The saviour is not there.

Disciples told to cast nets  
On the other side.  
Peter is told to look after His sheep.

As they see the risen Christ.

*By Arthur*



*By Herbie*

### **Christ is Risen**

Coins of betrayal  
Given and received.  
An olive branch and garden  
That was full of tears.

A dice rolled  
To win His clothes,  
A crown of thorns  
Placed on His head,  
Nailed to a cross,  
Draws near to death.

Placed in a tombstone  
Covered in white.  
Fish to prove  
That Christ is alive.

Sheep to look after  
And care for,  
Simon Peter has the key  
For God's people...  
You and me.     *By Anna*

### **The Last Supper Was Here**

Take all my body He said.  
Jesus had entered Jerusalem  
Over coats and palms laid for joy.

The terrifying nails  
Accompanied a dreadful crown of  
thorns.

When the time came  
The temple curtain ripped in two.

INRI above the terrible cross.  
Two others beside Him  
One saying 'Let Him die'.  
One saying 'Let Him live'.

*By Jaike-Jos*

### **Palm Leaves Welcomed Him**

Into Jerusalem,  
A carpet of coats before Him.  
Bread and wine at the Last Supper,  
The very first communion.  
30 silver coins witness a terrible  
betrayal.

Jesus was arrested,  
Dice were rolled for His royal  
clothes.

God's heart, so strong.  
Made His own son take the blame  
for sin.

Temple curtains ripped in half,  
Jesus' death causing them to part.  
INRI above on the cross  
The King of the Jews has died.  
Nails holding Him up in place,  
No turning back,  
From this terrible fate.

3 days later,  
The tombstone rolled away.  
His resurrection.  
He appears to His disciples  
And tells them to cast their nets to  
the other side...  
Suddenly, fish perfection.

Simon recognises the miracle  
Swims out to Him  
Jesus asks 'Do you love me?'  
Trice  
'Then look after my sheep.'  
As Peter and we  
Are restored,  
With keys to heaven.

*By Ben C*

## ***Lets Rap It Up!***

*Harry Baker remains one of our favourite poets as he has so many great ways to get ideas across. He also mixes things together that most people wouldn't think of – being a mathematical poet who also raps in German! We would really recommend looking at some of his videos online.*

*Rap can be an amazing form of poetry, and the music adds an extra dimension. Performance is the key. It can be tricky with changes of pace, emphasis and tone.*

*Harry supports National Numeracy Day and has created some raps to encourage people to engage with maths and the special event. We thought we would try to create a maths rap using the same pattern and rhythm as Harry's.*

*The first job was to collate lots of ideas and vocabulary related to maths. Rap often makes heavy use of rhyme and so we made rhyming word families of key mathematical vocabulary.*

*Sometimes the study of the structure of an existing piece can be really helpful; and so we looked through Harry's lyrics, stanza by stanza; line by line; and looked to create a parallel piece.*

*Next we tried to make it personal; and as relevant as possible to us – so, you will see our names appear as characters in the rap.*

*Then, while finessing our draft, we swapped words, moved things around and looked for ideas and vocabulary which could make use of words with double meanings.*

*Finally, it was time to perform – practise makes perfect; and while practising we decided to edit the words further.*

*It can be hard to write the rap so that the reader knows how it is intended to be read. That's why we have recorded it to. (We have a recording of our Egyptian Rap and our Maths Rap on our website. You can find lots of Harry's work online. He is a Slam Champion after all!)*

*Working as a class means we can have ideas that spark off each other's; and give some helpful feedback too. Why not make a rap of your own and share it with us?  
In the meantime...*

## **National Numeracy Day**

**Time to rap – OK...22<sup>nd</sup> May  
Celebrating National Numeracy  
Day**

**As we come to find  
Maths of every kind  
There are so many ways to play...**

It could be cutting up a pi  
Or dance counted in eights  
Keeping good time  
We don't want to wait.

PE for all the class  
Splitting into teams  
You don't want to be average  
We don't want to be mean.

(And) Still – people say,  
Maths makes me pull out my hair  
But no need to despair, don't fall off  
your chair.

As long as you take care,  
Maths will get you there...  
(even if it's to - an evil lair!)  
Ha, ha, ha, haaaaaaa!

You see - make steps that are small  
And by the end of this rap,  
You'll be counted as real tall.

If you need help with maths  
Don't be afraid to ask  
Because when we work together  
We can solve any task.

Draw a picture on paper  
To start yourself off  
And pretty soon you know  
You'll reach the top

When you get that confidence  
It will all start to pop!

And what better day to begin?

**Time to rap – OK... 22<sup>nd</sup> May  
Celebrating National Numeracy  
Day**

**As we come to find  
Maths of every kind  
Meet the team who'll help you  
play...**

My name is Tamsin  
So let's begin  
Just add and subtract  
That's how you will win.

Poppy is my name  
Just give me any game  
I'll show you the co-ordinates  
And then we'll reign.

We've got Lily in the class  
Yeah that's me  
I'm the undisputed queen of  
G – E – O - metry.

My name is Charlie  
And angles are my game  
If you use a protractor  
You're sure to get fame.

Arthur writes formulas  
You've got to believe  
When it comes to maths  
His work is a dream!

My name is Ben C  
 And I excel at trigonometry  
 You know the circle of degrees  
 Goes up to Three sixty.

Jaike-Jos is the boss  
 Race me and you've lost  
 Super fast, in mathematical power  
 See me, and then say 'Wowza!'

And Grace – that's me  
 Good at geometry  
 If you are looking for answers  
 Come and talk to me.

My name is Jess  
 And I'm sure to impress  
 With my prime numbers knowledge  
 I can pass any test.

Klarissa is my name  
 Algebra I can tame  
 Come and chat with me  
 And I am sure you'll be the same.

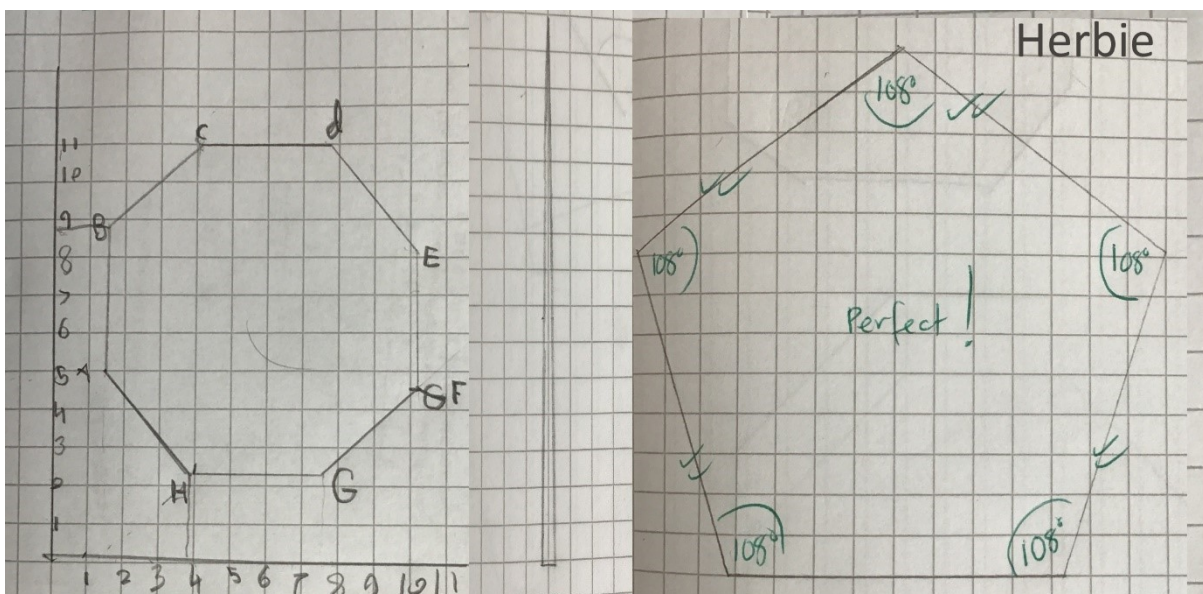
We are Theia and Amelie  
 We work together easily  
 Drawing shapes accurately  
 Solving challenges rapidly.

We are Class 5  
 Of Chevening School  
 When we work together  
 Our brain power rules!

And we'd love to see you  
 Come out to play  
 All you got to do is - enjoy  
 'Numeracy Day'

**And that's a rap – OK... 22<sup>nd</sup> May  
 Celebrating National Numeracy  
 Day**

**We came to find  
 Maths of every kind  
 Now – what've you got to say?**



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