

## Lockdown by Simon Armitage, Poet Laureate

And I couldn't escape the waking dream  
of infected fleas

in the warp and weft of soggy cloth  
by the tailor's hearth

in ye olde Eyam.  
Then couldn't un-see

the Boundary Stone,  
that cock-eyed dice with its six dark holes,

thimbles brimming with vinegar wine  
purging the plagued coins.

Which brought to mind the sorry story  
of Emmott Syddall and Rowland Torre,

star-crossed lovers on either side  
of the quarantine line

whose wordless courtship spanned the river  
*till she came no longer.*

But slept again,  
and dreamt this time

of the exiled *yaksha* sending word  
to his lost wife on a passing cloud,

a cloud that followed an earthly map  
of camel trails and cattle tracks,

streams like necklaces,  
fan-tailed peacocks, painted elephants,

embroidered bedspreads  
of meadows and hedges,

bamboo forests and snow-hatted peaks,  
waterfalls, creeks,

the hieroglyphs of wide-winged cranes  
and the glistening lotus flower after rain,

the air  
hypnotically see-through, rare,

the journey a ponderous one at times, long and slow  
but necessarily so.

**2020**

Nothing can truly be lifeless

For even a corpse can still have a presence, a story of who it used to be.

But the world, out of the window, was a version of lifeless, which was its most impressive form

For the people who valued nature and for the people who did not, its silence had never been so loud, and it scared them. They were used to thick materialism drowning its melodies.

But as the materialism dies alongside many innocent souls from a breath-taking plague,

Nature was blossoming.

From the windows of the people, they saw the magic of nature's melodies becoming what it used to be, eccentric, healing, wholesome. The selfish and materialistic generation saw that nature was the answer to the problem, to many modern-day problems. Not money, not fame, the world wanted a natural and healthier world, mind and knowledge.

The sunlight, she provides the echoes of forgotten summer bliss and childhood laughter, when the future wasn't a worry

The emerald nature with its infinite gems, thriving like there is no tomorrow.

There may not be.

And time, he stands still for us, seconds into hours, at a chance that maybe we would save it. It may be damaged, forgotten or dying but if the world "kills" it

It will come back, when we are long gone, for real power and beauty lives on, it was here before us and it has watched humanity fail many times.

Modernity has failed us plenty

But we'd love it if we made it.

**Lauren I'Anson**

There once was a poem called "Tissue",  
Which sent people's minds askew,  
Even Dharker can't say,  
What she tried to convey,  
So how would year 11s have a clue?

**By Shivanshi Adlakha**

## **Isolation Poem**

Soft sounds billow and bounce off the walls in the room where I rest,  
Nothing to do, nowhere to go, no one to see,  
My head lays heavy with constant thoughts,  
Who knew that staying indoors would be so daunting?

Outdoors slowly becomes an untouched shrine,  
A place we took for granted is now somewhere we crave to go,  
Our freedom has been taken away by a curse,  
Will this never end?

I haven't seen any of my friends for a while,  
I wonder how they're doing and if they're okay,  
I can't wait to be back at school and living normally again,  
Will this relentless disease have mercy?

I've worked hard for countless years in the hopes of proving myself,  
Now it has all been snatched away and I only feel a sense of detest,  
The only thing left for me to do is rest,  
I hope we all turn out alright

**By Holly Hunt**

## **Prisoner**

Bird calls streak the streets of silence,  
Like clockwork it's the same time every morning.  
But for now these streets remain absent of violence,  
As a deadly infection is our only warning.  
Looking as if I was a prisoner,  
My heart was locked in solitary confinement.  
Time painted its melancholic signature,  
As I reluctantly complete my school assignment.  
Rapid change stole the world's joyful summer,  
Loneliness becomes your worst enemy,  
While fighting our battle the Earth can recover,  
And the pandemic will be over eventually.  
This lockdown suffocates me in sorrow,  
As I repeat my yesterday today and tomorrow.

**by Ella Bird**

## **Yesterday**

Just yesterday we hated school  
We always wanted to stay at home  
Where our safety lies  
Just yesterday we couldn't be asked  
I mean, why go out anywhere when we could stay in the lovely comfort of our homes  
The friends we took for granted, all this just happened yesterday  
Today, our enemy isn't the stress of school  
Our new enemy is boredom  
Today, we would do anything to leave the disturbing atmosphere of our homes  
Take the bin out, walk the dog, go for a run  
But we took this all for granted yesterday  
If we knew what was coming we would have loved our friends more  
Now we long for their needed presence, but yesterday is gone  
And here we are today, are we going to waste today too?

**By Dawn Onuwe**

## **Cloud**

Damage floods her honest eyes,  
Casually migrating down her rosy cheeks,  
She tries to bottle it up,  
But the bottle overflows,  
She sees the world through a shroud of tears,  
Yet still disguises all her fears,  
The ice that holds her exterior begins to splinter and fade,  
Exposing her true sorrow and fragility,  
She is dismayed.  
Her anguish distorts the elegance and beauty the earth portrays,  
And the angelic soul she conveys,  
She is the sun on a radiant spring day,  
If only that dismal cloud was not in her way...

**By Franki Slater**

## Suffering

I can't bring order to the chaos in my mind,  
A light source within is always difficult to find.

Sometimes we get this empty feeling,  
But this could just be the process of healing.

No one sees the suffering within,  
Nor do I know where to begin.

We feel as if we are so alone,  
And realize our world has been overthrown.

But...

Never feel demoralized by where you are now,  
Realize your strength and take a bow.

Eventually the struggles will disappear,  
And the burdens will burn so they're no longer severe.

Patience will bring you so much prosperity,  
But will only pay off if you look at life with sincerity.

Please remember that you're meant to be here,  
There is nothing in this life that you should ever fear.

Everything is temporary.

**By Maya Dad**