



Immanuel College Poetry Club

Anthology 2024-25

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Introduction

When we were first asked to start a poetry club at the request of a Year 8 student, we were only too happy to oblige. It has been an absolute pleasure to watch this shapeshifting gaggle of young poets explore their creative voices, pick up a pen, and write what they feel.

Each week we explored a different poetic form. Some of our poets liked the rules and constraints that certain structures placed on them, whilst others chose either to adapt the form to their own ideas, or disregard form entirely and write in free verse. As we approached the end of the year, we asked our regular poets to pick up to five of their poems from across the year to be included in our very first anthology, which is what you're reading now. In this anthology, you'll find **Clerihews, Sonnets, Villanelles, Triolets, Sestinas, Golden Shovels and lots, lots more**. However, by far the most enjoyable ones to read are their **Nonsense Poems** inspired by Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky*.

We decided to group the poems by poet (in alphabetical order!), but we also wanted to include contributions from anyone who has attended poetry club, so there is a small section for our 'Guest Poets' included at the end.

Our poets' creativity and talent for wordsmithing really shines through in this anthology. We hope you enjoy it, and we look forward to watching their poetic talent continue to grow throughout the next academic year!

Mr Steele & Miss Craven

Lily Andrew – 8LHA

Poetry Club

There's a poetry club in 1C4,
Where you can write poems,
Assess them, plus a lot more.

Come on down and we'll have a blast!
Hoping to get more club members fast!

Are you a fan of poems or are you not?
Doesn't matter! Give it a try and we'll see what you've got!

Do your friends like poems? Are you the same too?
It doesn't matter, come here the lot of you!

Haikus, couplets, and takas, are types,
Come to the club to see what you like!

So see you on Wednesday after school,
After you'll be saying "poetry rules!"

Slugs

You left my sisters' toy cars in the rain.
They're going to get wet and filled with **slugs**.
Dirty, ugly, slimy **slugs**.
You left my sisters' toy cars in the rain.
Now they're going to be **ruined**.

You're not going to clean them up.
Because they're **not your cars**.
And they're going to be crawling with **slugs**.
Disgusting, squishy, squirmy **slugs**.
You left my sisters' toy cars in the rain.
Now they're going to be **ruined**.

You left my sisters' toy cars in the rain.
They're going to get **sad** eventually.
And they're going to find the **slugs**.
Dirty, ugly, slimy, disgusting, squishy squirmy **slugs**.

You left my sisters' toy cars in the rain.
Now they're going to be **ruined**.

But it doesn't really **matter**.
Because they **aren't your cars**.

We're all weird.

You'd run the extra mile,
For unguaranteed sweets.
But would you run the extra mile,
To help an old lady across the street?

You'd take a jar of happiness,
And breathe it through your lungs.
But would you take a jar of happiness,
For someone who never has fun?

You'd run the extra mile,
For unguaranteed sweets.
But would you run the extra mile,
To help someone like me?

You'd take a jar of happiness,
And breathe it through your lungs.
But would you take a jar of happiness,
For a girl like me who runs?

For a girl like me who runs.

I tried.

We're all weird.

Bronze

“Someone’s heart for bronze,
My pretty sunshine.
We can’t get gold, but bronze is good.”
Said the snake as it hissed away.

“Someone’s heart for some money,
My dear love.
We can’t get bronze, but 10 pounds is good.”
Said the snake as it snarled away.

“Someone’s heart for a penny,
My good kind friend.
We can’t get 10 pounds, but I’ll take a penny.”
Wriggled the snake as it’s teeth sharpened.

“Someone’s heart for free,
I’m getting impatient.
I don’t want it anymore, have it for free.”
Yelled the snake as it slithered closer.

And then the heart snapped in 2 pieces.
As the snake left my heart buried in the sand.

Some stuff.

I left some stuff in my primary school.
And I don't plan on taking it out.

I left some stuff in my house.
And I don't plan on taking it out.

I left some stuff in my heart.
And I don't plan on taking it out.

I left some stuff with my parents.
And I don't plan on taking it out.

I left some stuff with you...
And I don't want to have it.
But I don't want you to have it either.
Please burn my stuff.

I hate you.
I don't want to have memories of you,
And I don't want you to have memories of me either.

My Penitence, (A poem based on a fictional character; White Lily Cookie.)

A pure garden with flowers mid bloom.
The roses are drenched with vanity and gloom.
My peaceful nature has withered away.
I seek penitence.

Silent salt is inches away,
I see my future and darkest of days.
You don't understand, I'm not like you.
I need penitence.

I see my future self before my eyes,
A Dark Enchantress Cookie brimming with lies.
A mind meddler abusing my friends.
Where is my penitence?

I was a good student who never made a fuss.
A beautiful flower who'd soon turn to rust.
My reckless experiments and behavior started it all.
I didn't want penitence.

I'm watching myself, empress of mistrust.
I want to save my friends, I must!
My powerful feelings are full to the brim.
I have to save everyone, especially him.
This is my penitence.

Reuben Aspinall – 7TG

Flowers

The seeds fly through the summer air,
The breeze blows through my golden hair,
The dandelion's empty space,
Once had seeds touching its smooth face,
It now looks strange; it's now stripped bare.

As the flower seeds touch the glare,
Of the sun's rays, I smile and stare,
These seeds will grow, in a new place,
Making flowers.

Although they're weeds, they will still bear,
A promise, nature's gentle care,
And still, of course, the wind will chase,
The seeds, the seeds that then will grace,
The earth, roots spreading ev'rywhere,
Making flowers.

Galawoks

The Shiblewham flies at night,
Its shriek pierces the sky,
Whilst the Tenterlach joins its flight,
and the Crenkatoks let out their cry.

The slayer of beasts lifts his Krengal,
Its shine is like a draa,
he slashes through the Wartengal,
and the Frinkos run afar.

These Galawoks are the deadliest of their kind,
And the Shrigs they carry are weeping,
The hearts of Harwags, these monsters rind,
Their green blood slowly creeping.

Look out, the Galawoks will get you too,
At the moment you least expect,
From Shingerdans to Wadderhans and Garbadoo,
The Galawoks from Walabantect.

Funny bone

I've hit my humerus.
It's not very funny.
It hurts, and it feels so horrid.
I hit it on the corner,
Of a hard wooden table,
I'm in agony, not going to kid.

The pain is reverberating,
Around my vulnerable bone,
I cannot deal with this,
The hurting makes me livid.

Goodbye, cruel world,
Keep safe, God forbid.

The Hunt

The sound,
Of the deep horn,
Its melodious tones,
Speak the raucous hunting language.
I join.

I blow,
Joining the hunt,
The deep sound resonates,
And I hear the answering call.
They're here.

My friends,
They ride their wolves,
Their horns hang at their belts,
They grin, and we raise our knives.
We ride.

The wolves,
They sniff the air,
Prowling forth, their snouts raised,
And they catch the scent of our prey.
They howl.

They run,
We chase our prey,
Our wolves, they pounce, and strike,
We have our fresh meat for the night.
It's done.

The Spoon Band

I pluck my guitar with my spoon,
The sound makes quite a merry tune,
I look to my friends around me,
There's me, Mike, Daniel and Bobby
They wear bow-ties and hold a spoon!

We all play at night, with the moon,
Our playing choice makes people swoon,
Surely it's a glory to be,
In the Spoon Band!

Spoon piano by Mike D'Arun,
Dan sings the spoon mic, like a loon,
There's my guitar, my spoon and me,
And drums (played with spoons) by Bobby,
People must love us to the moon,
In the Spoon Band!

Christmas lesson

Oh

No!

I think I did it terribly wrong,

I was putting up my lovely,

Christmas tree and it was

taking far too long, so

I started to frown

and now my

tree's all

upside

down.

Drugs are Dab

Don't take drugs,
I'm starting to lose my fargles.
I ate some spugs,
wiggy wuggy wargles.

I can't speagle,
or even writrom a pome.
My habs are shackeagle,
ingrango migo chome.

Fuel to the Fire

The licks of yellow-red leap away,
into the pitch-dark sky,
dying is the glow from the fire.
Tongues dance in their unconscious betrayal,
shimmering despairingly in the night,
descending is the colourful spire.

The roots clutch during mid-night,
onto the remaining coals of the fire,
now mostly ashes of foul betrayal.
Its sparks struggle to paint the sky,
overpowered by the milky way's spire.
The resident walks away.

The Traveler

after Daft Punk

His face is burnt, with freckles all around.
Sunken are his oasis-green eyes, they reflect the
scorching, golden sun of this deserted world.
He weeps without tears, as no water is around.
His bone-dry lips quiver as he rasps, telling me the
awful news: windswept dunes surround the world.

He croaks of cities sunken in sand, around
us is only plains of golden dust, under the
cloudless sky. Nothing is living anymore in this world.
We are stranded. Doom whispers around
my scorched ears, I realise I am living out the
last moments of this dying, forsaken world.

Genie

Only three...

The lamp had summoned a great beast,

Formidable and aged,

Older than time,

A god.

**Some may
disagree**

I don't really like PE, I dread it every week but this time it was even worse. I faced the fate of many school children before me. I was chilling in the middle of the pitch when I got hit in the face with a ball

The Llellyicka

I was bleeglebloogling through the waters of Aimricka,
When I realized I wasn't wearing my gogglegoo,
But it was too late because
I was spotted by a *Llellyicka!*

It started to gleemerily swim towards me,
I had to think of a reetseet idea quick,
My brain was beginning to bleameair,
Then I remembered that I had brought an outhuit,

I barkomly raised my arm,
I was ready to throw my weapon,
The Llellyicka made a loud shrumparm,
It's tentacles toapoaboano beckon,

I rouxibingly swam towards it,
To my relief it was actually a Llellymish,
It asked if it could be my flim-flee pit,
And I happily said "gish".

I am Holly Brook

I wonder why we exist,
I hear the gossip of everyone,
I see everyone's fragile side within minutes,
I want to be a famous screen actor,
I am Holly Brook.

I pretend I'm basic and quiet,
I feel like there's magic hidden in my soul,
I touch on dark topics often,
I worry I'm everyone's second choice,
I cry in sad films and books,
I am Holly Brook.

I understand most people's problems,
I say I'm the best (but I'm the worst).
I dream about some very random things,
I try make people laugh,
I hope I'll grow up to be like my dad,
I am a person just like you.

My Little Pony

5 years old glued to the screen,
Ponies with powers in every exciting scene,
I loved that show,
I watched it in sun or snow.

One day the innocent age of 8,
I got traumatised by an animator whose heart was filled with hate,
They turned my little pony into a massacre of blood and gore,
My poor childhood self couldn't sleep because of this scary lore.

By the time I turned 10,
I wasn't as traumatised when I realised it was only drawn by a pen,
I had some peace,
With another harrowing release...

The Duck Army

The duck army wants you,
You're the perfect candidate for our cause,
You can have your own gun that goes "pew pew",
And Lieutenant Quacksalot is very blue.

The duck army enforces the laws,
Plus, Captain Ducklesworth would love a soldier that is new,
Our base is located in the pond next to the moors.

The duck army wants you,
You're the perfect candidate for our cause,
You can have your own gun that goes "pew pew",
And Lieutenant Quacksalot is very blue.

The duck army enforces the laws,
The duck army wants you,
You're the perfect candidate for our cause.

On My Own

No matter what happens,
I always seem to end up on my own,
I try not to get angry,
When people have a better friend and I end up on my own,
I don't like to do projects in groups,
People don't have good ideas to lend so I work better on my own,
Others don't always think like me,
That's why I keep my thoughts that make the mind bend in my head on my own,
Buddies are expendable,
I might as well spend my days on my own,
Sometimes I wonder,
Do I actually have to fend for myself or be on my own?

Cyprian Grabarczyk – 12AYA

Dear Future

Dear future I want you to know
I hope you will be happy with the loss of snow.
Green forests now ignited,
I hope you are delighted

Dear future I want you to know
There are still pointless wars, no?
Fresh bodies dropping on overturned turf
which then meet again under the earth.

Shadows of the Past

A life so tragic
that the shadows of the past are like a stone,
following the river's current.
I wish I could lock them in a box
and force them into hunger.
I see them watching me from every windowpane.

I wish that through the windowpane
I could throw a stone
to end the feeling of entrapment in a box
in the time that is current.
The shadow's make it more tragic,
they look at me with hunger.

After Tool

I'm right here
Far from where I'm from
And I see the king's
castle and mountain
come into view.

But why did I come here?
So far from where I'm from
I'm standing in the wild
Wishing this was just a dream
It took everything I had for me to come
here. I wish this wasn't true.

When Walking Home

Every day after school I spend lots of time walking home,
so I've got to entertain myself when walking home.

There are so many things to see after school,
so how can I be bored when walking home.

I like walking through the park even if it takes longer,
but then I'm more tired when walking home.

The shops are always filled with kids from my class
and I don't like being disturbed when walking home.

People are so strange,
I see many different types when walking home.

But it'd be boring if they were the same,
I think of the most random things when walking home.

I think I know why I walk for so long on purpose,
despite liking the quiet, I could use a friend when walking home.

Thomas Harrison – 12HFA

Midas

I am the lord of gold,
Godrick, Midas, all names of old.
All tales already told,
For i am, the lord of gold.

KFS

I have layers,
and so do you.
I'm in Bradford,
and you are too.

But your not been cooked alive,
I are'.
You don't know the pain,
AAAAAAAAAAAAA.

I hear my orders name,
I see that green text,
It truly is a shame,
I hear donkey's next.

Delete Ya

After Djo

Way back when,
There and Then.

The man speaks only lies,
That's why there's-

Multiple warnings in sight.
All covered up by a-

crying light, making me hysteric.
Lying, lying like a lyric.

This man's politics make me miss Zermatt,
the village that-

Peaks height in the sky,
and doesn't live in-

a lie. So please go there next,
The town that needs no context.

The cold snow clings,
But not as much as it stings.

Then there's a lyric that, in context stings

Man in the Woods

There's a man in the woods,
I fear he's drawing closer,
He haunts our childhoods.

There's a man in the woods,
He mutters nothing but falsehoods,
When in reality he is just a poser.
There's a man in the woods,
I fear he's drawing closer.

What are humans?

I like what we've become, I adore what humans are,
Strong, fast, smart, yes, that's what humans are.

Not red, not blue, not green,
Not any one colour, diverse is what humans are.

Spread far, spread thin, spread wide,
Yet united humans are.

Some good, some neutral, some bad,
Complicated is what humans are.

So destructive, so impulsive, so corrosive,
Yet progressive is what humans are.

So don't try to cage us,
We are not horses, we are humans, and humans are...

Jonathan Hemsley – 12JPI

Giberiggle

As the grant oranges came down the hill
The bantarangos came down to kill
The Great war of the hill killbius continued
The boombas of the loaded goomba filled the atmosnued
This battle was not lethal but instead gomba-goosed
This place was not peaceful but it read bomba-looned
As the face of the grapared terarded around, the slums of bumbaloonagill
The despair of the lunda dooms filled
The mipair of shrumpgargles and dumbgargles
And the forestgumpdurgles retreaped and are gumble roots on the branches of the
nurgle tree
The bumble frees drifted off to the gumble sea and that twas endee

Dark and Grim

My Prophecy is dark and grim
I've been waiting days on end
waiting on the biggest limb

The light goes dim
When I'm out on a bend
My prophecy is dark and grim

I do not like him
I am not going to pretend
waiting on the biggest limb

Hidden in a secret hymn
That prophecy will never lend
My future is dark and grim
Waiting on the biggest limb

Dear future I want you to know
The pain is in the past and
I hope it doesn't grow
Free the wind that carries the snow
Oppressed are those
Stuck down below
So still is the flow
of the water creek
Though the gale does blow
Dear future I want you to know,
I want you to feel
And I want you to put on a show
In the forest where the grass still begins to regrow
I hope you plant a seed to remember
Where the leaders put us down low

Lily Jefremenko-Phillips – 8MOC

The Evil Pen

The evil pen advances forward,
Watching its owner sleep,
Its ink boiling over with rage,
If you want to know its story, then turn the page.

The pen was once its owner's favorite
With the pleasure of writing the greatest literature
But one day disaster stuck
It ran out of ink, leaving an incomplete book

The evil pen then ran away,
Drinking other's ink in its rage,
It grew angrier and angrier over time,
Plotting its revenge...

Cut to the present, it stands over its owner,
He's sleeping peacefully unaware what's to come
The pen won't stop until its job is done,
It goes in for the kill,
This is the end of its owner, a boy called Bill.

Human Restaurant

Welcome to the Human restaurant,
Where we only serve fellow humans,
So come on ladies and gentlemen,
After all, of you are humans,

Fresh burgers served 9-5,
Tasty hotdogs served with chips,
It's a blast for everyone!
..But God bless the unfortunate workers,

As you eat at the Human Restaurant,
Don't let your gaze linger on the door,
The employees only have access to,
What you will encounter is not for you.

Over the giggles and squeals,
The chants of teens,
Only then you'll be able to hear their screams,
The subjects of the customers meals,

It's the Human Restaurant,
What do you expect?
But to the owner's anger,
His cover was blown,
The secret ingredient is known,

We're closing now; The Human Restaurant.

Alive and Dead

Can you be alive but feeling dead at the same time?
Like you walk and talk but not really there?
If you stare at the mirror,
Is it normal to feel... Numb?

The steps to school are slow and groggy,
Your chest feels empty as,
Another car speeds by.
You sit in a chair, cold and hard,
Counting the minutes as they go by,
If only a miracle would happen,
You are alive but feeling dead,
Like you walk and talk
You don't feel like your there,
You don't feel like you're there
A walking corpse.

Scissors

A pair of scissors I hold in my hand,
It doesn't have a name,
I don't know the brand,
It cuts through so smoothly,
Tearing the paper apart,

A pair scissors I hold in my hand,
I trace the edges so sharp,
My finger glides through smoothly and
OW!
Sorry, the scissors made me bleed,
It hurt – *Scissors, there was no need.*

Weewowulba

I resorted to weewowulba,
Running down the river bank,
Admiring the pebthoweba,
On my weewowuba I saw a woela and a woeebee,
I approached them happily,

“I can knelt you are a nandolion too!”
Thats was a cold hard lieyogiveewee,
The woela and woeebee gave me a worried look,
“Did you tumchname?” The woeebe asked,
“You are such a dandicus!” The wooeda interrupted.

I looked away in embarrassment,
My eyes fixated on the wormkunweum that scurry,
Along the riverbank.

I quickly weewowuba once again.
Going back to the tiny wormkunweums
And the boring Ado pebthoweba
That lay below my feet.

Guest Poets

Alfie H – Y12

Naivety of Youth

After The Kooks

I follow you into the garden, I'm
Carrying a shovel. I know not
What it's for. Slowly, quietly saying
'Oh how I wish to be inside,' it's
Bright and the sun is beating, your
Shouts and blame, belief it's all my fault.

You think it's my responsibility, although
I'm too young to understand, you
Force it upon me, I don't know
What lies in the grass, you
Tell me what it is I could
Not have known otherwise, have
You ever thought what it's like to be done
With the way you treat me, leaving me needing more
Information. You think **I'm so naïve.**

Rebecca S – Y7

Key

Ever so many,
Hung up on the large brick wall.
Some rusty, old, and aged over time.
Some bright, like diamonds in a pitch-black room.
But only one will open the door, to the heart of the soul.

Abigail S – Y10

Ping Pong Ball

It hurts.
The crash happens.
Not simply a small ball.
Lonely in such a spacious place.
Silence.

Ivy T – Y9

Villy and Nelle (a Villanelle)

The children called Villy and Nelle;
Their insults do quite burn.
I wish I didn't know them so well.

They wreak havoc and hell;
We scold them but they'll never learn.
The children called Villy and Nelle.

You'd think babysitting them would be quite swell,
But blink and you'll be put in an urn.
I wish I didn't know them so well.

They'll hit you with a barbell;
I hope the tables will turn.
The children called Villy and Nelle.

Their attitude is a foul smell,
Because they live within the fern.
I wish I didn't know them so well.

But their sadness I can tell,
So I feel bad being so stern.
The children called Villy and Nelle.
I wish I didn't know them so well.

Poppy C – Y8

Funny

Funny how I'm the one worrying
Worrying how to walk and talk.

Funny about weight
Weight which decides if I'm fat or skinny.
No in-between.

Funny about appearances
Appearances which decide if I'm ugly or pretty.

Funny how we're worrying
Worrying about the way we're being seen

Funny how insecurities work.
Insecurities about ourselves
Even though we don't have control.

Funny about bullying
Bullying that builds up a wall of doubt.

Funny about languages
Languages that people use to abuse others.

Funny how words
Words that are used to make others feel worthless
Are the words you could use to lift someone up.

Funny how friendships
Friendships that are supposed to last forever
Can end in a matter of seconds.

Funny how rumours
Rumours that are spread to hurt
Can end someone's confidence

Funny how lies
Lies that can ruin people's lives
Can hide secrets for a surprise.

Funny how people
People who are supposed to support you
Can also tear you down.

Funny how classmates
Classmates who are supposed to be your equal
Can make you feel inferior.

Funny how your mind
Minds that are supposed to thrive and grow
Can be trapped under lock and key.

Funny how the eyes
Eyes that make the world colourful
Can also see the gloom.

Funny how the heart.
Heart that keeps you alive
Can shatter with a gust of wind.

Funny how your body
Body that's supposed to carry you
Can also keep you stuck in place.

Funny how all the things
All the things that tell us
“What's wrong with you”

Is just us worrying.

