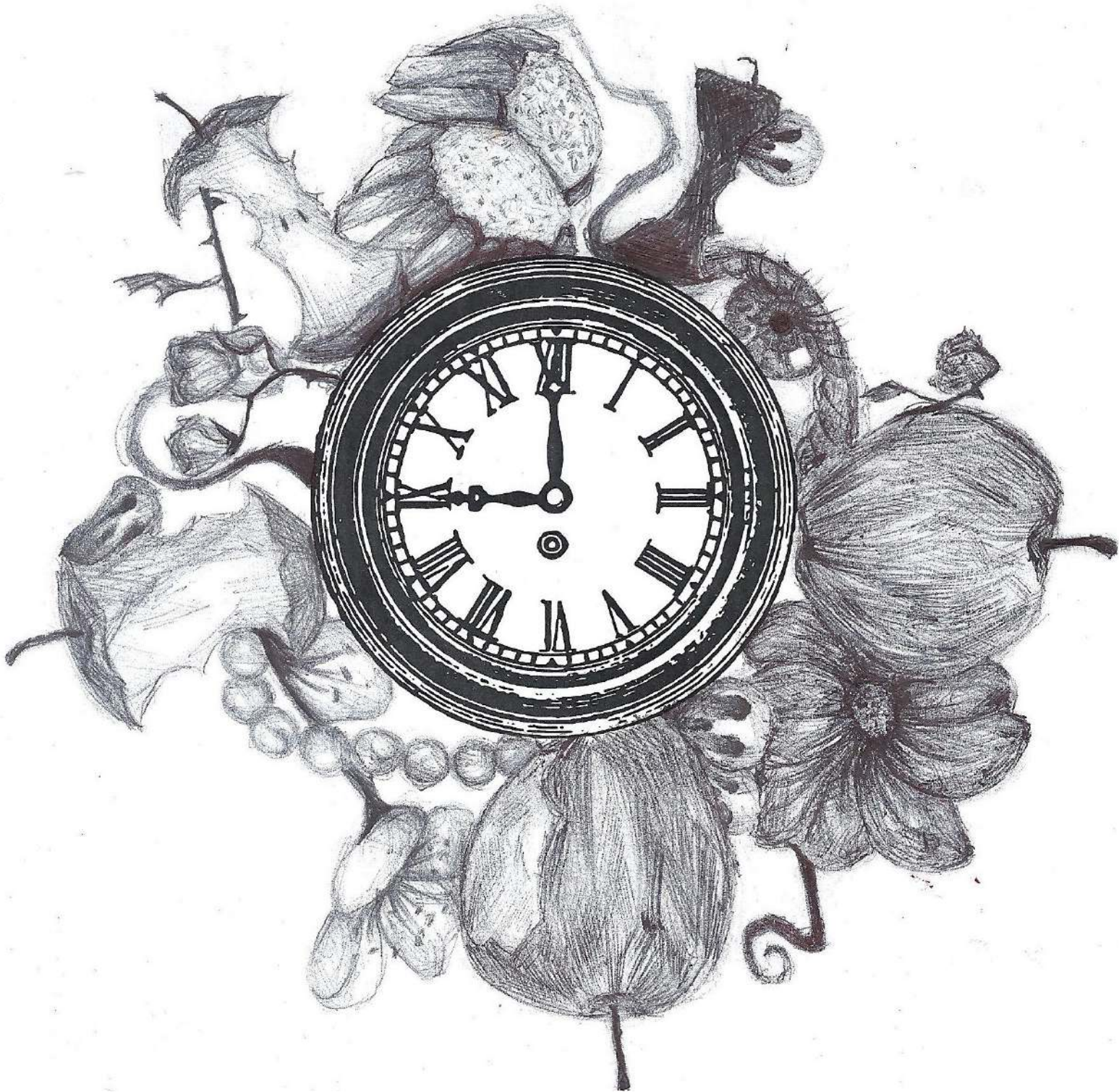


Everyone A Writer 2025



Time

Jessica Jackson Y8

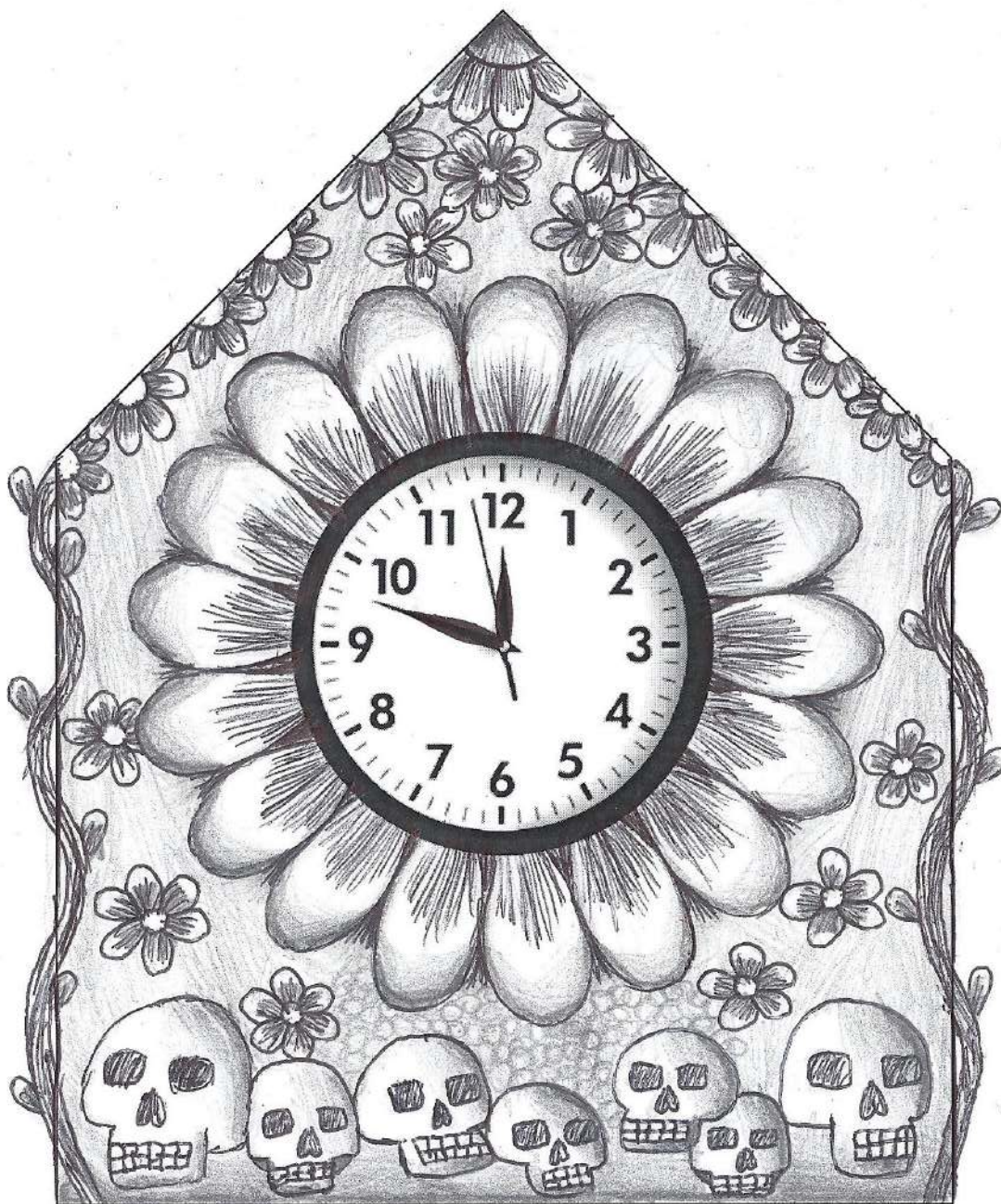


At Meadowhead, we make a difference



Contents

Time Is...	pages 4-20
While We Have It	pages 21-31
Seasons Change	pages 32-46
Running Out	pages 47-59
When It Stops	pages 60-67
Our Future	pages 68-79



Welcome to the Everyone a Writer anthology

Thank you to everyone who submitted writing for this anthology. As with previous anthologies, it proved a real struggle to narrow down over 400 entries to the ones you see published here.

This year marks twelve years of the “Everyone a Writer” competition. Everyone a Writer was set up in 2012 with one simple idea – that anyone, whatever their age and experience, can be a writer. In this anthology, you will find work from students of Abbey Lane, Lower Meadow and Bradway Primary Schools. They are published alongside writing from their counterparts at Meadowhead.

Student artists in Key Stage 3 are published alongside the work of their writer colleagues. The standard of the artwork was genuinely outstanding and we have included a number of pieces that support the concepts explored by the written word.

This year students were asked to consider the theme “Time”, and students explored multiple metaphorical interpretations of the theme— time as an enemy or ally, a healer and friend, and even the punishing monotony of the 9 to 5. As usual when collating the anthology, I was struck by the emotional maturity of our students of all ages, who were keen to explore difficult topics such as the pain caused by time running out with loved ones, as well as the loss of their childhood and the challenges of growing older. And, even when grappling with a future of uncertainty and questions, an overriding message of hope prevailed: that time is precious. Time is a privilege, one that we cannot waste.

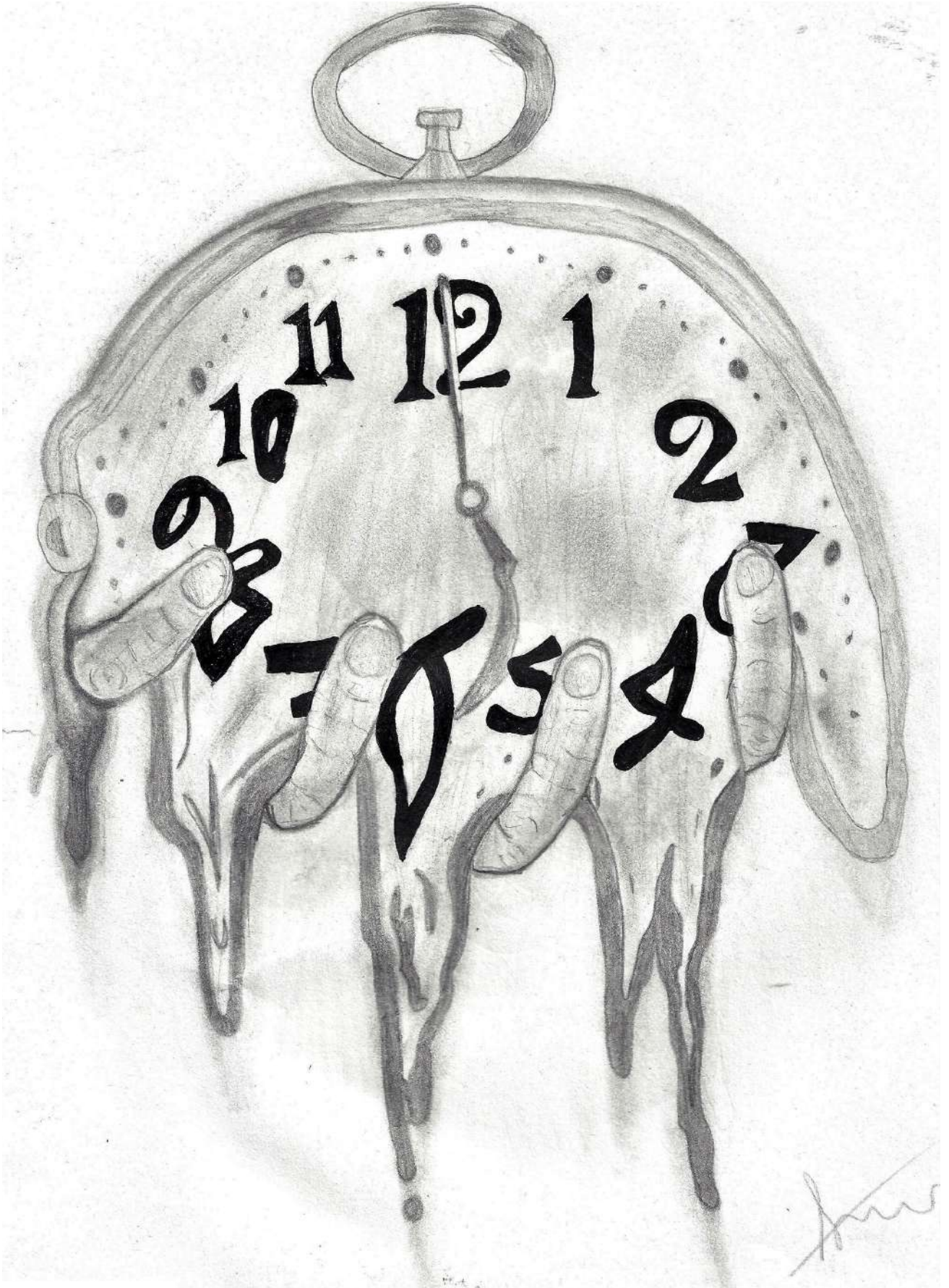
We would like to thank everyone who entered and those who continue to support this project. Particular thanks goes to Mrs Udall for her invaluable support with primaries and the organization of the event. Also thanks to members of staff at Meadowhead School and members of the Meadowhead Together trustees who supported in shortlisting the entries and choosing the winning writers.

We hope you enjoy the anthology.

Ellis Whitworth, Shauna Giblin, David Sheppard and Tamsin Woodward

Teachers of English, Meadowhead School

Time Is...



Aalaiyah Higgins Y9

Yes, I remember
In the quiet moments where thoughts are kept,
We all have stories to tell, in ways untold
In the chapters of life, both anxious and bold.

Words are just inks on papers
They're the breath of the soul, liberated and free
In the laughter, in tears, in the day's soft sways
We write our journeys, in every way.

The shyest voices, are always heard
Scribbles of stories beneath dark skies.
So don't have uncertainty about the life you're living now,
So remember everyone's a writer, always giving.

Esther Sosanya, Y9

Meadowhead School

Time

Time flows like a river,
Steady and deep, moments
Like whispers in memories
We keep. Ticking of clocks,
A Relentless embrace,
Each second a treasure,
Each minute a trace.

So cherish the moments
Both big and small
For time is a canvas
And we paint it all.

With dreams as our brush
And love as our rhyme
We weave through the fabric
The tapestry of time.

Ava Hawley, Y7

Meadowhead School

At first light, the day begins
People learn to embrace the new, not fear it
We treasure every meaningful moment life brings
Because of this we learn the joys of life
And as the sun sets
It reminds us of our memories
Filled with laughter
A long journey of time.
Time is like a river
It never stops flowing.

Charlotte Ellis, Y8

Meadowhead School

Training Wheels

As I ride down the street with steady feet,
My heart is pounding at rapid speed.

I look left.

I look right.

Not having a clue of what to do with my life.

Feeling nervous and discouraged,
Unannounced the wheels detach.

Gliding down,

The burden is gone.

Now my story has just begun.

Matthew Emovon, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time slips away, unseen, unheard,
The clock's relentless ticking sound,
A fleeting blur, a whispered word,
As seconds vanish, never found.

The days may crawl, the nights may drag,
Yet hours flee before your eyes,
A constant race, a ceaseless lag,
As time eludes, and silence sighs.

It steals the years, yet never stays,
A thief that moves without a sound,
It fades and frays, it slips and sways,
And leaves no trace of what was found.

A shadow creeping, ever near,
It moves too fast, it moves too slow,
It disappears, yet still it's here
A silent force that we all know,
Time.

Chloe Taylor, Y8
Meadowhead School

Once, time was simply a tool
A means to an end, a measurement
Of events passing by
A record without reason.

Once, time was a constant force
A march onward at a uniform pace
Ever going, everlasting
Relentless and unwavering.

Once, time was a comfort
A familiar presence, never wavering
A constant companion, steady and unflinching
The thread that binds all existence.

Once, time was a curse
Slivers of moments slipping through fingers like sand
Fleeting and ephemeral

Hattie Carnall, Y9
Meadowhead School

The Sands of Time

Each grain of sand falls,
Slipping through the narrow neck,
Each one a moment,
Each one a chance,
Time: the ebb and flow,
An endless stream of existence.

Time is a healer,
Mending the scars we hide within.
Time is a giver,
Breathing life into the world.
Time is a mentor,
Teaching us the error of our ways.

But for time we must pay the price.

Time is a brute,
Bringing wars crashing down on those
Who don't deserve such a fate.
Time is a thief,
Stealing those precious moments we most desire.
Time is the reaper,
Claiming our breath too soon.

Time is a giver and a taker,
A maker and a breaker,
A two-faced goddess.
But as those glinting grains trickle away,
Leaving the hourglass behind,
Do we wait,
Or do we act?
Do we let the sand slip past,
Or gather it like treasure until the last?

Lucy Bright, Y9

Meadowhead School

Monotony

Monotony
A bludgeoning feeling
Just one thing after another
Repetition at its finest

Jobs that blend the days
A black jacket and tie
It's all included in
An office job

Tedious black pen
Eyes that have lost their glint
Uniform strides
It's all the same

There's no way out of this
Monotonous ride
The routineness
The colourlessness
Of a 9 – 5

Florence Kipling, Y9

Meadowhead School

'Borrowed' Time

We are all living on borrowed time.

As time, you see, is an enemy.

An enemy to us all and yet some refuse to believe it.

In a flash, a year has passed.

That is time's way of getting rid of us more swiftly.

And as for those days that seem to drag on and on,

That is time, teasing us and mocking us as we long for the hands on the clock to turn quicker.

You have time, but you don't have time like you have a book or a game.

But you can spend your time by reading or playing one.

Nobody is ever given or gifted time.

We borrow it from - no.

We steal it from people who will never get it back.

We are all living with the knowledge that one day, others will steal it from us.

We are all living on stolen time.

Cally Gillard, Y9

Meadowhead School

Sometimes time is like an asteroid

All comes crashing down in flames

So don't be mad if something gets destroyed

Like one of your favourite games

Other times time is like a medic

Healing along the way

And while we're on the topic

There's new opportunities every day

Sometimes time is like an asteroid

Don't be mad if it comes crashing down

Other times time is like a medic

Do be happy when it comes around

Time is a confusing friend

Ned Warrington, Y7

Meadowhead School

My Biggest Enemy

Times moves forward never back,

Stealing moments, turning black.

Fleeing youth and fading light,

Lost to shadows, lost to night.

It marks our mind with endless memories,

Only to take them back with ease.

An ending point in life you'll never receive,

You can't help but want to leave.

We don't know how to pause

Until we're left with bad cause.

Meadow Beckett, Y9

Meadowhead School



Tick Tock

The greatest thief in life is time,
Which at times is our adversary.
We wish for time to fly, wanting to be older.

Tick tock, wish I could forward the clock!
So much to do and look forward to...

Although age comes with wisdom,
It reciprocates with wrinkles.

Tick tock, wish I could turn back the clock!

Time tricks us,
And when it comes to the end,
We long for more time with loved ones,
To take in every detail of them,
But time runs out.
Time is a blessing and a curse.

Sometimes time is our ally.
As it passes, opportunities occur,
And we live life full of exciting experiences,
That only time has to offer.

With time comes new life and growth,
As we establish who we are,
And our place in the world.
Although time captures us with loss and grief,
It gives us *time* to heal.

Speed up time, I cannot wait!
Slow time down for heaven's sake!

Alexa Thorpe, Y8

Meadowhead School

Memory

Memories are made every day of our lives.
Even when the bad ones cling to our minds with invisible claws,
Making memories is part of life – it shapes who we are.
Our minds are like time capsules of our lives,
Remembering even the smallest details,
Years and years of our lives stored away in fragments.

Lola Martin, Y9

Meadowhead School

Forever is Time

The Past
It happens when you're young
As a bird can't stay in the North forever
Too alone to stay

The Future
It happens when you're older
As the tiger claws can't fight
Too painful to stay

The Present
It happens today
As the bear can't hibernate forever
Too hungry to stay

Time can be an enemy or an ally
It gives you memories that cause you pain
It makes you rush when you want to walk

Time cannot be stopped or even suspended
Time is neither enemy nor ally, it is both
Time is hard not to fight

Time will never be controlled
Time will never wait
All we can do is accept it

For what it is
No matter what it does
It will never leave forever

Hannah Nicholls Sheridan, Y9

Meadowhead School

Haiku About Time

time is a river
the next day will always come
we will be ready

Mhairi Watkins, Y9

Meadowhead School

The Grief Who Waits

They say that "Time heals all wounds"
All the things that are broken and cracked.
A plant grows back after its stem is cut,
A heart returns red after it's blacked.

A cut will close up,
The blood will crawl and run away.
But it never really leaves us, does it?
The scar will stay embedded, intruding your skin day after day.

But the thing that haunts us,
Is the grief who will wait.
It looks down on us, sneers at us,
When everything is at stake.

I can see it right in front of me
Yet it is too far to reach.
A pain that stabs me but does not yet impale me,
A pain that rips away my speech.

I can not describe to you this feeling,
It is one you must just know.
The anguish it causes is insufferable,
It does not just heal or go.

Grief is a peculiar thing,
It strikes us when we least expect.
But what if I've been waiting for it?
Might it be a bit more easier to accept.

Time heals all wounds,
At least that's what they say.
But can time heal what's not yet broken,
Before it leads me to dismay.

Ella Whalley, Y9

Meadowhead School

What is Time?

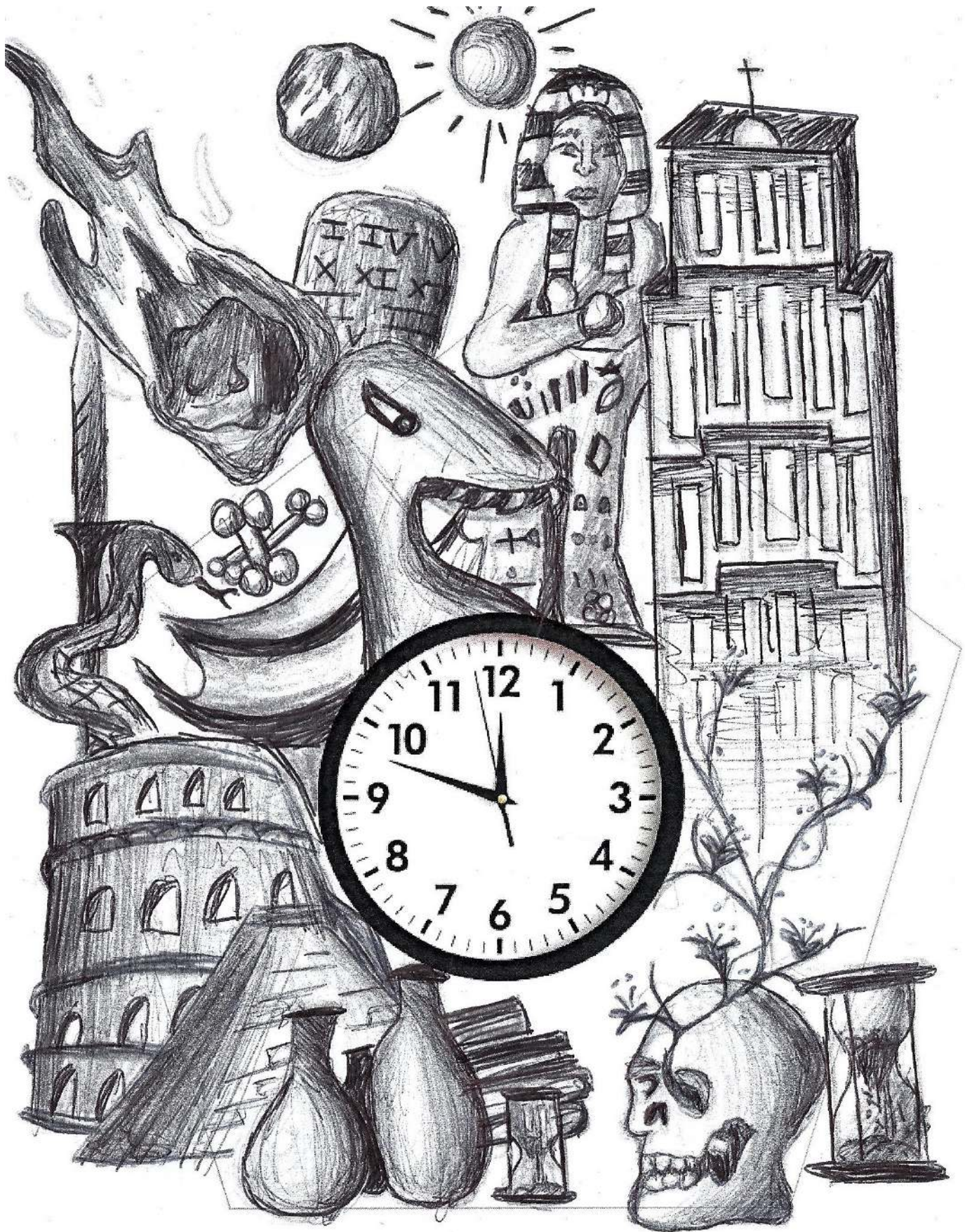
What is time?
Time is my enemy
Time is my friend
Time will follow me till my end.

Time holds my memories
Time gave me my friends
Time helped me find my own
strengths.

Is time really my ally?
Is time really against me?
Time is valuable
It's the positives you should see.

Isha Waseem Ahmed, Y8

Meadowhead School



Jude Melia Y8

Time

Time: past, present, future.

Never stops, never ends.

Bad times, good times

The cycle of life.

Memories and tragedies,

Allies and enemies

All held within a single word.

Time never waits, never stops,

Always flowing like a river.

Our future depends on it,

Our achievements anchored

In its course.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Silence breaks.

A million stars awaken in the blink

Of an eye.

A new sun rises, shining bright.

Darkness fades into light.

Time.

An invincible being,

A mystery beyond grasp.

Always was, is, and will be.

Forevermore

Michelle Agoi, Y8

Meadowhead School

Time

Time will shape us,

Time has shaped us,

Time has made us early,

Time has made us late,

Time is all the different emotions,

And yet I wonder, time and time again,

Has time become us?

Lily Batchelor Thompson, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

Time

Time's an illusion, which leaves you with confusion

Trapping your days, like an endless story

Time's like silence, an eerie silence

Which lingers in the dark

In the future, the past, the present

Always there, but never there

Time's a trick, going fast when you want it to

Go slow

Going slow when you want it to go fast

Time is many things

But also nothing

What is time?

Evie B, Y6

Lower Meadow Primary School

Time is a new day that cannot be put on hold,
Time is a story waiting to be told
Time is the morning sun rising in the cold
Time is a ticking clock, rusty and old
Time is an enemy, sneaky and bold
Time is a currency worth more than gold

Amelie Harrison, Y9

Meadowhead School

Memories

Memories are like the snow,
They come and go as we grow,
Sometimes it feels like a need,
Other times it's like a bird waiting to be freed.
Yet the snow doesn't last
And soon becomes the past.
So remember not to worry forever
As it will be gone in the change of weather.

Evie Watson, Y9

Meadowhead School

Time slips through your fingers, swift and bright
A fleeting whisper in the dead of night
It moves like a shadow, soft and deep
A secret we must learn to keep

It waits for no one, does not stop
Though in its rhythm, life finds its purpose
Like sand falling through a hand, it's ever flowing
A constant, yet never fully knowing

Isabella Milborrow, Y9

Meadowhead School

Time is like the seasons,
It changes all the time,
The difference gives you reasons,
To look forward to the sunshine,

Time is like the flowers,
The way it transforms and grows,
Through the sweet and sour,
It blooms into a rose,

Time is like the insects,
Who emerge from their shells,
Until all connects,
Just wait, time will tell,

Time is like people's age,
It changes with maturity,
You just need to flip the page,
And find your creativity.

Amy Currie, Y9

Meadowhead School

What Is Time

What is time,
So many answers to one simple question "what is time",
There is no right answer
Some say it's a fabric
While others say it's a man-made concept, an illusion
But everybody's got an opinion,
Oh, what confusion
Now some say time is a healer, a friend
And a vital ingredient for life,
A book full of good memories cannot be achieved without time
"How can you say that" others say,
"Time is a enemy that is pulling us into the grave"
They say
Time is fast and slow, if you are slow time will speed up
And vice versa, you can blink
And today can rapidly transform
Into yesterday
Time will always move without delay
Science says you can slow down time
By going fast
But you cannot go to the past
Defiance is something time does not like
For time will always flow no matter where you go

Isaac Samuel Pask, Y8

Meadowhead School

Time

Time's a witch,
Casting spells on your memories.
Time's a thief,
Stealing your glory
And before you know it
It's over, like a short story.
There's no point catching it,
It's too fast
Just rest my darling,
And let it zoom past.

Samuel, Y6

Lower Meadow Primary School

Time Is

Time is like a frog
Jumping from person to person
Plant to plant

Time is a crime
Where everyone's a victim
Time is a pen
That writes everyone's story

Time is swift
So, make the most of yours.

Everyone has a time
But they don't know how much

Eventually our time runs out
You think you have lots
But it might be gone tomorrow

Once we're gone our soul and bones are left to time
And we're forgotten in the endless book of time

Louie Gascoyne, Y7
Meadowhead School

Ticking Time

I sit and watch the clock ticking time away from my life,
Reminiscing and remembering the old times,
Running and racing away from the new,
Reliving the past good times,
Running from the future times,
I lay there in bed waiting for my life to stop ticking.

Holly Jackson, Y8
Meadowhead School

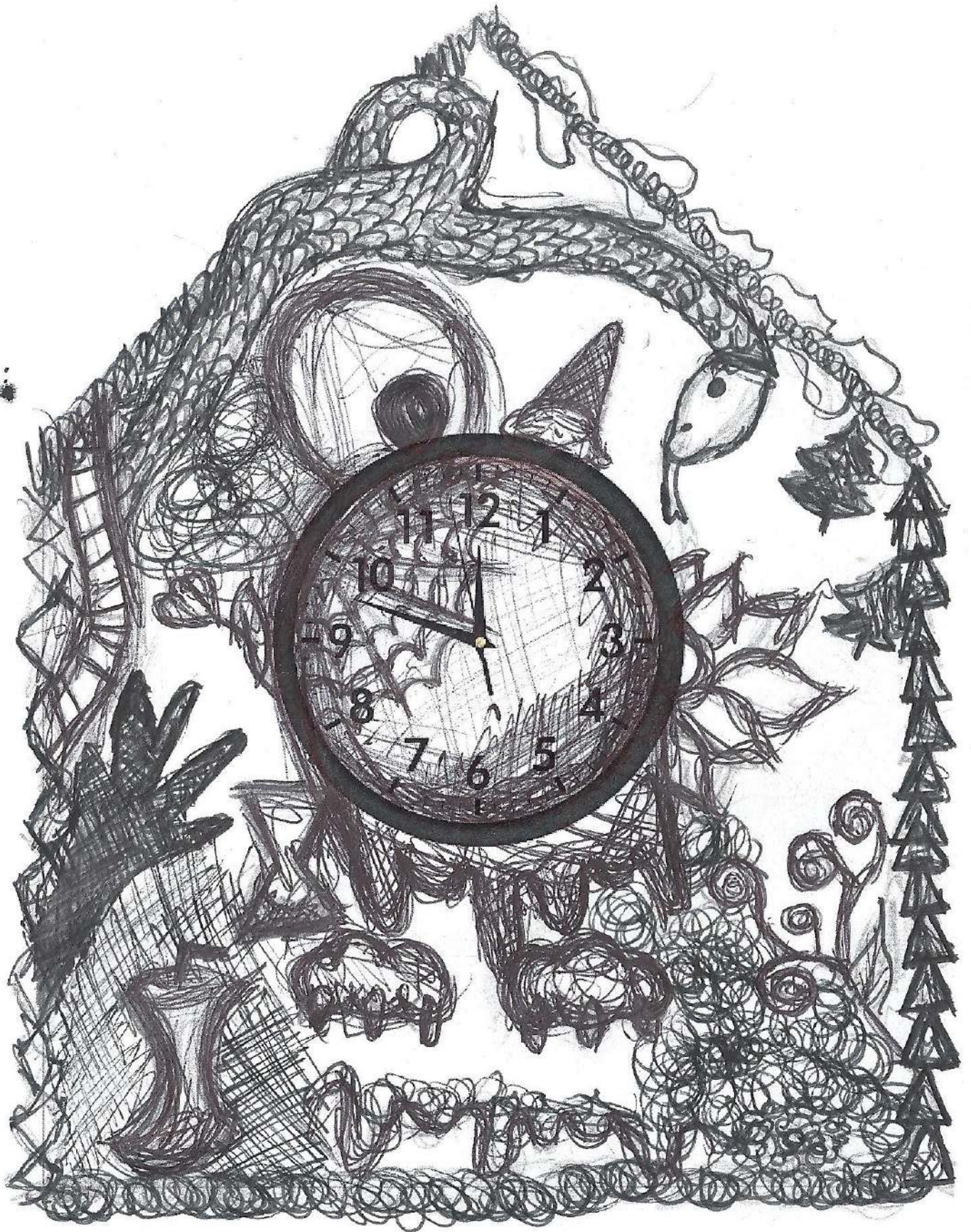
Time is a delicate thing
It should not be wasted
Time is a river
A never-ending flow
Time is too fast
We're running out of it each day
Time is too slow
We can't wait for the future to start
Time is a thing that is never ending
And we are unable to stop it
You never know when the time could end
So don't take advantage of it.

Layla Melia, Y8
Meadowhead School

My Friend?

Is time my friend?
I'm not quite sure...
It makes me forget what I've done before,
It makes me regret all the words that I've said,
Sometimes makes me unhappy
And messes with my head.
But time also heals...
And cleans up the scars,
Helps us forgive
And stitches our hearts.
Though not all can be healed,
Some scars will still show,
So, is time my friend?
I'll never quite know...

Ælffwynn Popplewell, Y8
Meadowhead School



Mila Bingham Y7

Time

Time's a case
Solving a mystery
Trying a hurry
Knowing I can not
Finding the unknown
That went lost
Everyone knows
Time never dies

Time's a book
Have a look
When you are reading
The main character is always leading
It might be a book about superheroes healing
But at the end they could be leaving

Linda, Y6

Lower Meadow Primary School

Time

Time is like the wind
It passes through and changes where everything is
It breaks and fixes things but passes ever so quickly
So cherish every moment good or bad
Because that same feeling won't ever come again
Even if you are at the same park bench or house
So say hello to that old lady walking past
Compliment somebody
Or even just smile at someone

Grace Howard, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time Is Like Riding A Bike Through Life

Sometimes you're going up a hill
Sometimes you're going down one
Sometimes you're on a bumpy track
Sometimes you're on a smooth one
Sometimes you're riding alone
Sometimes you're with friends
Sometimes you're sad or worried
Sometimes you're happy and excited
Sometimes you know which trails are best
Sometimes you're puzzled on which way to go
Sometimes you're at the beginning
Sometimes you're at the end

Seth Littlewood, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

Let Time Work Its Magic

Time is a villain and a hero.
Time is an illusion, and a misconception.

No time to stop, and take it in
When our patience is running thin.

Time can be plentiful when early
But limited when late.

The more time goes, the more is gone.
And the more is taken away.

Time speaks out loud, when at its slowest
And silent, when it's desperate.

Time can't be worked against, so use it in your favour.

Adam Mills, Y8

Meadowhead School

They say time is a healer
It can heal every wound
Time can't heal this one though
There isn't even room

They say time is a tool
Enjoy it while we can
But time can't change the way it feels
From when it all began

They say time is a thief
With that fact I agree
Because you were stolen from time
You should've had with me

Time should be a healer
A bandage to all wounds
So why does this one still feel
Burning, a deep blue bruise

Time should be a tool
To use for all your needs
But this one seems to shatter
It cracks and makes me bleed

They say time is a thief
And with that I agree
Because you were stolen from the time
You should've spent with me

Time is supposed to be fun
To enjoy in hundreds of ways
But how can I enjoy mine
When you couldn't enjoy your last days

Time is supposed to heal
So why couldn't time heal you
Why did it make you suffer
Until you were pale and blue

Time is supposed to fix
So why couldn't time fix you
Why did it drag on
Until your breaths were short and few

Time is supposed to be a thief
But that is all it is
Because it took you right from me
Dragged into an abyss

Jasmine Barratt, Y9

Meadowhead School

The Clock Chimes

Yersinia pestis,
Families broken, hearts stopped
Civilisation of starvation with no sight of salvation
But must it be so bleak?
Knowledge was a layer under our feet
The unfortunate have a choice,
Finally a voice

Chime!

The mistress of controversy sinks her claws into the new year,
Unlock new fears, no one to wipe your tears,
But we must focus on powerful fools?
Should we follow the rules?

Chime!

The night dies, you can hear the little wolves cries,
Through the tiny door the key unfolds,
I wonder what the future holds,
What lies will be told?
Only the clock knows...

The clock chimes.

Autumn Turton and Isobelle Bedford, Y8

Meadowhead School

Time is a spiral
Never ending
Time is precious
You shouldn't waste it

Time is a memory
All the moments you have made
Lighting you up
On the darkest of days

Time is a flower bud
Evolution is nature's mime
Growing and growing
All examples of time

Time is being with others
Sharing events with ones you cherish
Being thankful for what you get
Before you perish

Though I have been living forever
But there is still time to come
No one lives for long
Time is not done

Elliot Graham, Y7

Meadowhead School

While We Have It



30 Seconds

Light may move nine million
Kilometers away,
Heartbeats echo thirty times they
Say.
Hands wash 'n dry, a drink is
Poured,
Shoes tied, stairs climbed, time
Restored.

Lightning strikes a thousand flashes
Bright,
Chests compress, thirty breaths a
Bursting fight. Words can spill twenty to thirty
Times in a stream,
A phone call made, a perpetual
Fleeting dream.

Toby Dales, Y8

Meadowhead School

Age

As a child I wanted to grow,
Time crawled and lingered,
The older I got, the older I wanted to be,
And time began to jog,
For seconds I was the perfect age,
But time had started sprinting,
Until I was old and withered,
And time began to fall back down,
Crashing on the floor,
But time began to slowly rise,
As a new child longs to grow,
And time starts to crawl again,
Dragging its feet as it goes.

Rose Bambrough, Y8

Meadowhead School

My Happiest Memory

Out of all my memories,
Only one stands out,
That is my happiest one,
Still standing clear as can be,
The one I hang onto.

My first friend,
That's the one,
I felt like I had won,
With many more to come.

My first friend,
I thought it was the end,
When I lost her,
But it wasn't,

My best friend,
I hope she's proud,
Of what I can do
Because I am proud,
Of what we can do.

Charlie Lamb, Y7

Meadowhead School

Through Time's Veil

Year 9, a fledgling star in the sky,
Shining bright, yet lost in the vastness of time.
We stumbled forward, unaware of the climb,
As whispers of the future slipped quietly by.
By Year 10, the clock's hand began to press,
A heartbeat pounding, a growing distress.
We grew, like trees reaching for the sun,
The road ahead uncertain, but we were still young.
Year 11 came with an iron kiss,
A countdown of moments we couldn't dismiss.
Yet through the storm, we learned to stand tall,
Time's pull heavy, but we broke its thrall.
Sixth Form spun us into the storm,
Chasing dreams and breaking the norm.
The future, once fogged, now sharp and clear,
A symphony of hopes we held dear.
And then, graduation — the circle complete,
Time's final sigh, both bitter and sweet.
Caps like birds soaring, wings in the now,
The journey we began had led us somehow.
Now, like stars that once seemed far,
We look back, knowing how bright we are.
The road behind, a tapestry spun tight,
Yet ahead, new paths blaze with light

Lara Alagha, Y9

Meadowhead School

Tick Tock

Tick tock, tick tock
Brrrrring, the alarm goes off
Tick tock, Tick tock
Smash! So it would stop

Time to wake up
Time to get dressed
Off for a long walk,
"Don't be late", the teachers address

Long days of learning our subject, I tire
Tick tock
I long for the day to end, hour by hour
Tick tock, tick tock

What's that sound I hear?
End of the school day is near
Can't wait, and my time to rest
Oh no! It's homework, I guess.

Bree Turner, Y7

Meadowhead School

Last Day

School is ending, everyone's here
As they chat around, spreading cheer
As old items will be found
Memories will flood around
Saying bye to your best friend
A friendship thought would never end
Going to the park for your final stand
Fighting across your imaginary land
Playing games and having fun
Now you wish it was never done
Now it's time to start anew
A brand new start just for you

Jack, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Time is a river, moving slow,
Moments are fragile like the snow,
Every decision you make,
You will come across something that is fake.

Not to worry, look at your map,
It shows the way through the winding path,
With every step let your true self show,
You don't know how long until you go.

Time is a river, moving slow,
New seeds start to grow.
Children run around while the dandelions blow,
Laughter fills the air, a joyful glow.

Amelie Bramhall, Y7

Meadowhead School

Life is a lie
And I refuse to believe,
We will stay alive
Work
Is more important than
Family
It is foolish to presume everyone thinks
There is hope in life
As we flip this with a twist
[Now read this poem backwards]

Gigi Sydorko, Y7

Meadowhead School

Moving through time
Just like a roller coaster
Sometimes you will be up
Sometimes you will be down
Obstacles in the way constantly
But hope isn't lost
The best memories will stay with you
Until your time is up

Eoins, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Does Time Heal All Wounds?

Time heals all wounds,
I didn't think this was true,
Until it happened to me,
What should I have done?

I just needed time,
I just needed time to heal

Things started to get better,
Over time I have achieved growth,
I've had time to heal,
So is it time that heals all wounds,
Or is it you?

Izzy Swan, Y8

Meadowhead School

Memories of my Little Brother Otis

You came home tiny and life got better
I loved you so much straight away.
So I'm writing this poem to you like a letter
To tell you that you made my day.

You loved to play with me as you grew up
Car lines and marble runs all day.
I taught you to drink from your sippy cup
And in my old bed you lay.

We'll always be friends as well as brothers
Time won't change anything at all
Together we'll work to always help others
And pick each other up when we fall.

Milo Sanderson, Y1

Bradway Primary School

A day that always makes me smile is when I laid eyes on my baby brother,
Meeting him had to be the best memory in my life,
He was as light as an innocent feather.
Me, my dad and mom had a perfect, short name: Theo.
His arms smooth and soft,
He cuddled me feeling very safe,
Random tears fell from my eyes automatically,
Even though he was a little baby with no emotions except from happy and sad,
I knew he was perfect for me and my family.

Elsie, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Change

I step into the new,
A life I couldn't imagine
Time flies by, but I'm ready for this change.
I am the same I've always been,
Yet different in every way.
Every day is new,
It won't ever be the same.
So enjoy it while you can,
Or it might all go away.

Lauren, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

A New Chapter

We all made one or more mistakes in our lives, but you should know that you can't change the past now. You can change the future of you and our world. We all can start a new page, a new chapter of our lives. Forget the bad memories that haunt your past like a ghost and chase the shining stars! And remember that there's still time to change yourself.

Klaudia Budzinska, Y8

Meadowhead School

Star-Crossed Lovers

In the darkness, a faint glow,
The moon watches as the sun rises,
Two lovers,
Never to meet,
The sun's beauty is captivating,
And the stars watch as she rises above him,
The day passes and the moon gazes at her from the shadows,
She shines bright with a continuous light,
But too soon, she sets,
Moving away from the moon
And he watches with sadness,
Though they'll meet again soon.

Daisy Jones, Y8

Meadowhead School

Chasing Time

Time
It chases you until you rest
Time
It follows you before you stop
Time
What does it mean to you?
Time seeps through your fingers
Like sand between your toes
Time doesn't last forever
So enjoy it before it goes
But you can make time last longer
Just by doing one thing
And that is to be happy
As much as you can

Jiaolong Dugworth, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Memories are hope

Memories are hope
They guide us through the darkness
Guides of purest light,

Memories are hope
They guide us through all our past
And clear our future

Memories are hope
They help us through our shadow
To get to the light

Memories are hope
To shake off all pasts dead-weights
They are a great help

Memories are hope
Which builds memory tracks
Leading through our lives

Memories are hope
Let's share our life story
With its ups and downs

Memories are hope
They've guided us all our life
Even through our sleep

Memories are hope
Whether happy, sad, good or bad
Memories save all...

William Needham, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

One More Time

I met my younger self today,
She came with my mum 20 minutes late,
I tried my hardest to be there on time.
She ordered a chocolate milkshake,
I rolled my eyes and ordered an iced latte.
I asked her "How's school going",
She ignored me and pulled out her Barbies.
I asked her "How do you play with those in public, do you not feel like people are judging you?"
She replied to me "Why would I care? I'm enjoying myself and that's all that matters"
She asked me if I snuck into mum's makeup again,
I gasped and said "Wow. Thanks, I actually have my own now."
She asked how I paid for it,
We both yelled "Mum!" at the exact same time.
I knew I wouldn't see her again so I said bye,
She left without looking back.

Summer Smith, Y9

Meadowhead School

60 Seconds To My Dance

60 seconds: stood in the wings my heart is beating fast,
50 seconds: I can see the crowd my family are sat down, I can see them,
40 seconds: the dancers on stage are coming to their final pose,
30 seconds: it feels like time is moving as fast as lightning, oh gosh, it is nearly my time,
20 seconds: the dancers on stage are done, the lights are out,
10 seconds: the lights are on, the music is playing,
5 seconds: this is my time to shine,
2 seconds: I am ready, here I go,
On stage I don't know what I was so worried about!
Do what you want to do,
Don't let anyone stop you.

Ella Gudgeon, Y7

Meadowhead School



Emerson Bramhall Y7

The clock chimes 1

Just one, this is where every smile is a story waiting to be told

2

At two years old you learn to play and discover the world in your own joyful way

4

Dream and explore with laughter and thought

5

At five years old new beginnings rise

7

Learn to grow with big dreams and hopes awaiting to show

8

At eight years old learning new things and beginning to grow

10

Dreaming big and ready to soar

12

At twelve years old you stand in the edge of change

Childhood fades

New things to be done

Many things to be changed

Betsy Gowens, Y9

Meadowhead School

Silence to Strength

Daily life was dictated by stereotypes and tradition,
Women were constantly chained to societal expectations,
Defined by the duties of motherhood and marriage,
Desperate to break free from constraining disparage

Soon began the pursuit of equal rights for women,
Liberation from centuries of oppression,
Contesting the convictions of a patriarchal society,
From silence to strength came uprisings against conformity

Today there is an ongoing journey towards equality,
Led by empowered voices and opportunities,
Now facing the progress and continuous resistance,
What is essential is a peaceful, and equal coexistence

Ruby Uttley, Y9

Meadowhead School

Hold On To Your Memories

Day after day, night after night,
But I just can't remember,
As I lay all alone in the cold air off December,
Every day I close my eyes,
And dream of my old life,
But then I can't stop asking,
About the upcoming future,
Will I still remember the past?
So as I think off what the future will be,
I imagine a boat sailing out to sea,
In a situation when they need to save me,
And that there is no time to waste,
But as I sink I notice,
That you can't keep hold off the same flowing wave,
But you can keep hold of the memories.

Elizabeth Corrigan Denham, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

Time

Time is a river, always rushing by
No water's ever the same
So savour every moment
Because you won't live the same moment again
So realise how precious time is
Before it's too late
Before it's gone

Sophie Taylor, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Angel and The Boy

An everlasting boy
Who never grows old

He walks through the trees
Thinking of his past

Trees of the past
And trees of the present

Swaying in the sunlight
An angel flew down

The angel and the boy
Recall happy memories

And also sad memories
That disturb their present lives

They let go of their miserable past
And receive the brand-new future

Receiving new time
Releasing old life

Elise, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Memories

Memories are life's special moments,
Borrowed from the passing time.

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time crept.

Let the waves rise and fall,
Pictures fade on the wall.

Time will pass just like the rain.

In the future far from here,

The memory will be crystal clear.

And forever it shall remain.

The plane flies,

In a crazy way!

My fearful eyes,

Feel like going away!

Holding hands,

Beaches white sands,

An evening walk,

An overnight talk,

Our ball game,

A sunset the same.

In an airport life,

We often get lost.

Getting lost in the moments along the way.

But in those wanderings, we often find,

A world of wonder,

One of a kind.

I'd like the memory of me to be a happy one.

I'd like to leave an afterglow of smiles when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo whispering softly down the ways,

Of happy times and laughing times and bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve to dry,

Before the sun of happy memories that I leave when life is done.

Amelia Ntare, Y8

Meadowhead School

Time moves forward, never back,

A steady course, a measured track.

Moments flicker, bright yet brief

Like autumn leaves - a golden grief

The past is etched in memory's glass,

The future hides behind the mass

Of choices made and paths unseen,

A fate unwritten, vast, serene.

The present hums, a fleeting spark,

A candle burning in the dark

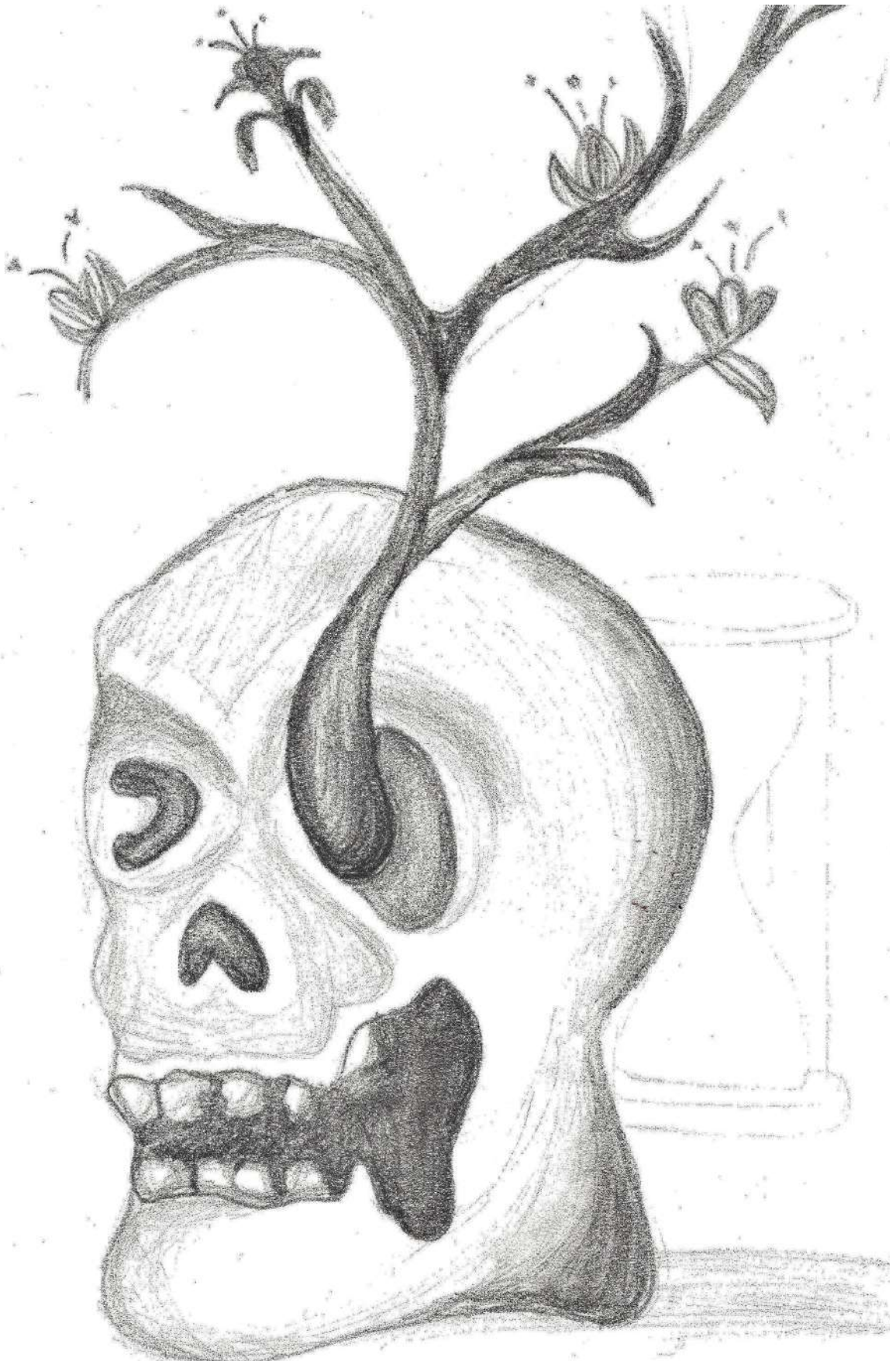
To grasp it tight is but in vain,

Yet in its flow, we must remain

Pamela Fiona, Y7

Meadowhead School

Seasons Change



The Hydrangea

In the garden where the sunlight spills
Hydrangeas bloom with gentle thrills
From tiny buds in early spring
While the birds start to sing

With gentle care they absorb the rain
Forming every vein
From the softer to the most vibrant pink
Like a colourful ink

As seasons pass the petals sway
In the summer warm they dance and play
With autumns touch they fade and rest
But in their hearts spring is a quest

So, year by year they grow and thrive
A tale of beauty, always alive

Ava Shaw, Y8

Meadowhead School

Sunrise

As dawn unfolds with gentle grace,
The sun peeks out, a warm embrace.
Golden rays dance on the sea,
Whispers of light, so wild and free.

Sky painted pinks, a soft delight,
Chasing away the dreams of night.
Awake the world with vibrant cheer,
A brand new day is finally here.

Bastian Zygiar, Y8

Meadowhead School

Seedlings

Seeds need water to grow
Every month a seedling grows.
Each seed needs a home.
Days go by really quick.
Like the hands on a clock.
I wonder how much wildlife it brings.
No matter how brown or big it is.
Grow, grow, grow.

Freddie B, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

The Life of a Seed

As high as the seed flies in the upcoming sky.
Oh where will this little seed land?
Finally it falls to the soft, sticky soil
And buries itself in the ground.

Out comes the sun,
Big and round.
Down comes the showering rain.

Up comes a tree
Tall and strong.
Then lets its seeds go,
Following the twisting breeze.

Brynne, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

As Time Passes

Spring spreads its petals,
My tree,
Bark as smooth and soft as skin,
Me,
An insignificant bud among many,

These are the golden days,
Youth as clear as day,
And summer comes,
All too quickly.

No longer a bud,
A flower,
My tree,
Lines of age beginning to show,
I'm surrounded by my kin,
Young buds just beginning to grow.

Autumn brings with it,
Wrinkles in the bark of my tree,
Buds flowers now,
Just me and them,

Leaves crinkle and crumple,
To glorious reds and oranges,
Autumn isn't too bad,
But even it won't last.

Winter arrives in a flurry of snow,
Thick dents crease the bark,
My tree grows old,
Just as my petals are beginning to close,

Tiny little buds,
They will carry my memory,
As my body is covered,
By the white winter snow.

Life will continue,
Plants continue to sprout,
Spring will come running,
But it is too late,
My time has come.

Annie Maxwell, Y7

Meadowhead School

B-utter-fly

I soar through the air,
Plastic – a sight so rare.
Love for nature it is no lie,
I fly through the air as a butterfly.

I crawl through drought,
A whisper unheard.
The heat and air dry,
My loss of ability to fly.

I lay on the mound,
Plastic surrounding all around.
Plenty of thoughts, I can barely,
Barely,
Utter.

To be in the past,
I'd like to B,
Like once I was.

Steven Nguyen, Y9

Meadowhead School

Once I saw a slip of earth, the emerald shimmer of the green
Shoots, I walked the grass in my boots,
The rising of the buds, but hidden in secrecy they lay, they
Swell in growth every day,
The wriggling of the flower beds, growing away in their beds,
The violet glaze of the petals,
The jealous looks from the nettles, now their time has gone
And passed them all, now in their beds they will fall.

Amelie Thorley, Y8

Meadowhead School

Another season goes by
Spring rain smacking the rooftops
Mother hens caring for their young
Shops filled with chocolate eggs
Children splashing in puddles
Spring fading into summer

Summer sun beating down
Aeroplanes basking in the clouds
Kids running out of school gates with pride
Swimming pools with an emerald hue
Summer fading into Autumn

Autumn leaves on the crisp grass
Leaving your precious teachers behind
Moving yet again to a new classroom
Kids roaming around the streets for a sweet treat
Autumn fading into winter

Winter snow blanketing the shrivelled leaves
Days passing by in a matter of hours
Family coming together to decorate
Then New Year's Eve rolls around again
And the seasons repeat.

Annika Liddell-Dahlin, Y7

Meadowhead School

A tiny, little seed
Grow grow grow please!
A buttercup in the ground
It's super-duper round!
Do you like butter?
Butterflies flutter
Year after year as time goes by
The green, long stem climbs and climbs
A tiny, little seed.

Sadie Hulley, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

Youth awakens with dreams so bright,
The world is new, the future alight.
Years run fast, like summer's flame,
Chasing ambitions, building a name.
Autumn comes with lessons learned,
The struggles fought and bridges burned.
Winter follows, quiet and slow,
As time moves on and spirits grow.
Yet in the quiet of winter's night,
A spark returns, a future bright.
For though the past may fade and fall,
New dreams arise, standing tall.

Kayan Jaber Khormooji, Y8

Meadowhead School

How The Seasons Change

Oh, how fast time flies,
The seasons quickly passing by,
Winter in the freezing cold,
All the snow forecasted, we are told
Spring is when all the flowers grow,
The rivers begin to flow,
Summer is the hottest season,
Shorts and tee-shirt every day without reason,
Autumn is when the leaves fall,
The cold weather starts to call.

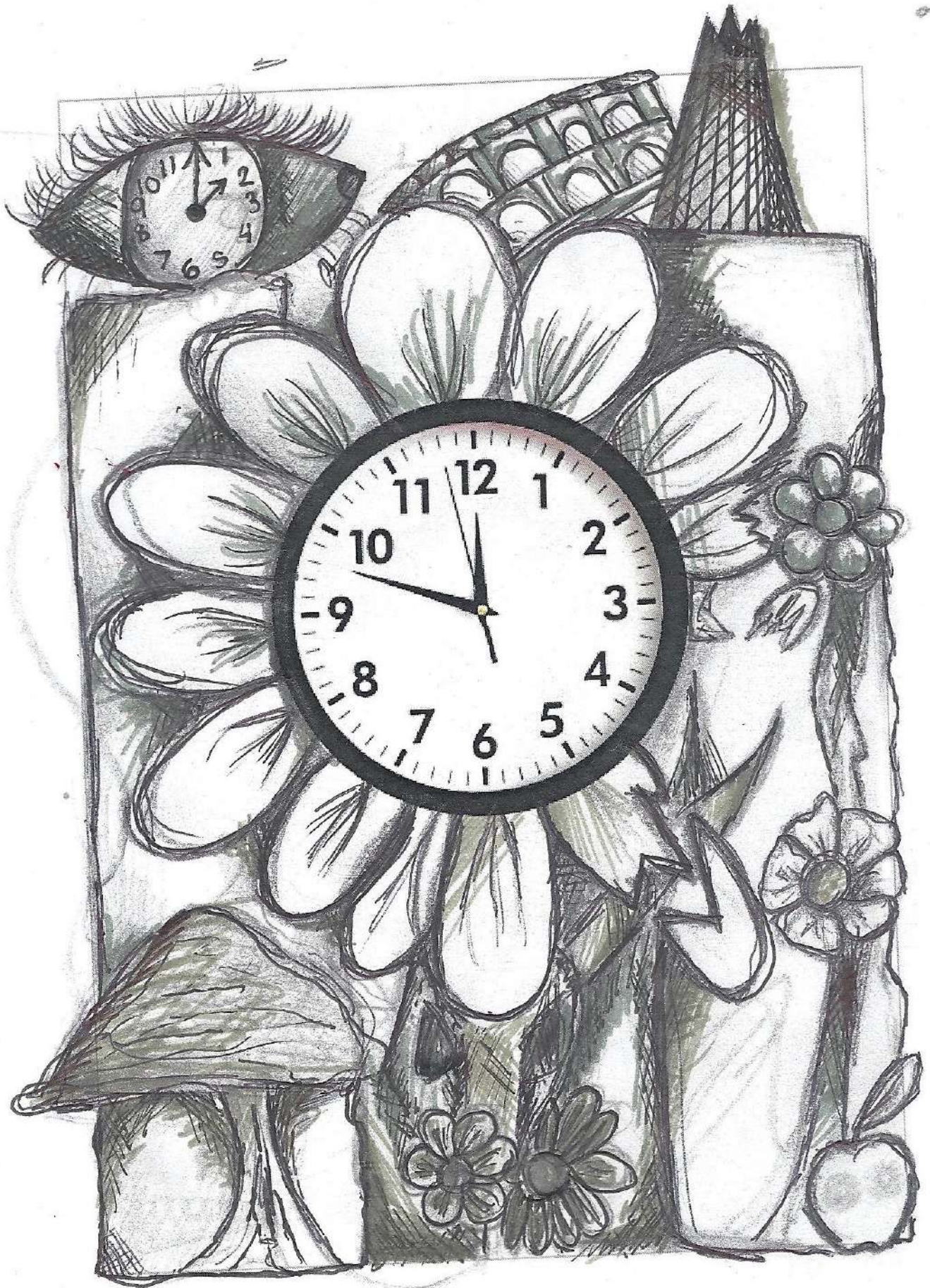
Maya Dyson, Y8

Meadowhead School

You're always going to be something I want.
Wilted willow losing her lonely leaves of bony branches,
Telling me to go back to evergreen because she will stay blooming year-round.
But maybe I just need a season of willow's beauty,
Let me grasp the apple and take a sour bite!
I know it's a spoiled situation and the second I swallow I'm back to sorrow.
Perhaps I should find a new hobby,
Simmering in the sickness because I'm too afraid to swim back to the deep end
And find my sore feet scraping the edge.
I'm forever running back to you, because your control is my peace.
You're always going to be the saddening thing I want to achieve,
Held over my head like a trophy I can never seem to reach.
If I turn back now you'll lurk until I finally depart from safety, back into your calloused hands,
Because willow feels so nice when she's holding me,
But evergreen stays through the seasons and has not got the painful price willow is holding against me
So, I won't leave.
Maybe next spring time I'll find my feet evergreen?

Lyla Beatson, Y9

Meadowhead School



Lola Fisher Y8

A Tiny Little Seed

Sun, water and soil is what it needs.
It grows a little more than the day before
But it takes a lot of time for it to shine.
Flowers lift me from the blue
And they do the same with others too!
Flowers attract bees and bees make honey
Which we all know is yummy, yummy, yummy!

Evie Sarich, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

The Turning Seasons

Blossoms burst in pink and white,
Petals dancing in the light.
The blossoms on the tree bloom high,
Stretching gently towards the sky.

The snowflakes fall, both soft and light,
Drifting gently in the night.
Golden leaves begin to sway,
A whispering breath, then fade away.

Seasons changing, so big, so bright,
Time flies fast, it's out of sight,
Enjoy the sun while you can,
Before it slips away like sand.

Amela Prenga, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time dances softly, a fleeting breeze,
Whispers of moments, like rustling leaves.
In shadows and sunlight, it weaves our days,
A tapestry woven in countless ways.

Elizabeth Siviter, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Passage of Time

Time.
Time is a storm, a raging ocean.
It does not care if you belong,
It will only drag you along.

Time runs through all of us,
Crashes like water.
Whatever it touches blossoms,
Whatever it touches withers.

It is a serenade, a song.
Life and love,
Birth and death.
These do not matter to
The passage of time.

Ossian Ferguson, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Passing Of Time In Nature

As the cold winter days disappeared,
A warmth feeling reappeared,
The yellow, blooming flowers,
Stood high like towers

Soaring birds in the sky,
Soaring birds in trees up high,
The sound of birds calling,
Early in the morning

And as the sun rises,
Nature's beloved animals awake,
Whilst ants come marching out,
And they follow their trail made many years ago

The leaves are starting to fall,
As the autumn days come to all,
And the grass that used to stand,
Would fall down on to your hand

Now that everything is cold,
And the flowers that had been sold,
No longer stand tall like they used to,
And the spring, autumn and the summer are no longer with you

The winter is all you have,
Until you go back into spring,
Everyone is no longer outside,
And now you just need to wait for spring
As the cold winter days disappeared,
A warmth feeling reappeared,
The yellow, blooming flowers,
Stood high like towers

And now we are at the very beginning
The passing of time in nature.

Sofie Randall, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

A Summer's Sky

The passing sky flits across your eyes, the golden hues of sunrises transforming into delicate shades of blush. Beams of light carefully brush the tree branches, casting gentle silhouettes along the silk threaded grass. The sky shifts to reveal a landscape of periwinkle layered with clouds to cushion your fall. Swallows dance and flutter into eyesight. They settle on a fence post as if trying to wave hello. As the birds fly away they are replaced with the peaceful air of a summer evening. The sun descends into a burning flame of orange and the trees shiver with the night. Your mother calls you in for dinner, you run inside just able to catch a glimpse of twinkling stars and moonlight shining on the daisies you skip around to get home. You shut the door and the summer sky fades away leaving only the soft chirps of birdsong and the nostalgia of childhood.

Fliss Prestwich, Y9

Meadowhead School

A River Called Time

I immersed myself into the river's sublime water
Shards of red and orange pierced my eyes as I tipped my head back to embrace the sunrise
Carelessly I began to drift
Further and further I had left everything behind
I sailed through the serene stream
Let each tranquil tributary pass me by
Let myself sail away from each passing opportunity

The mid-day sun grew hotter
The water lilies began to bloom
Their petals had a magnificent pink pigment
The birds were singing down to me and I was oblivious
I was a fool to let myself go and float aimlessly
I was a fool to not realise what was being taken from me
My hair was washed of its brown dye and my face
Wore a taut complexion riddled with wrinkles and indented with eye bags

The crimson sunset transformed the river into a stream of blood red fire
I was nearing the mouth of the river
My final destination
The current ruthlessly dragged me directly towards the rivers mouth
I tried desperately like many before to break free from times cruel hand and turn the clocks back
I thrashed and struggled until exhaustion
But it was inconsequential
A fruitless endeavour made in vain to attempt to break the arrangement we have all made with time
An arrangement that gives us life
An arrangement that blindly guides us to our death

I surrendered to the rivers current
I followed nature's policy
I couldn't stop the river from flowing

Mila Hongo, Y9

Meadowhead School



Saroj Tamang Y7

Time is like a river
You can never experience it again
Once it passes it's gone forever
The best times go by the fastest
Sometimes time drags
Other times you wish nothing would change
It erases your every footprint

Time is like a river

Amari Mason , Y7

Meadowhead School

Take Time

It starts with a seed
But where does it lead?
A weed?
A flower?

But it takes not a second
A minute
Or an hour.

The days keep on going.
I keep on waiting.
Finally it grows.

But where does the future lead?

Alexander S, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

A View from the Hill (1987-3025)

My life started being planted
I began like an ant
As I heard the babies wail
My fingers were trampled
But I bounced back like a warrior

Thirteen rings inside of me
I'm as tall as the walking trees
For my baby leaves this would be their last summer
Teenagers kicked and pulled my trunk
But I stood strong like a warrior

New things were in the air
People went into their winter
Closed windows, locked doors
Gradually the bugs came out of their dens
They scuttled under me, a branch apart
But I watched on like a warrior

Now I am one of the last
Surrounded by self-sprouting trees
They call me a national treasure
I am at war with flying-mobiles
But I defend myself like a warrior

Wow, how time grows

Elliott Owen, Y7

Meadowhead School

My Little Seed

My little seed was blowing in the air,
My little seed was spinning like a helicopter,
My little seed was growing into a colossal tree!
My little seed is tall for all to see.

Ethan U, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

Spring rolls around, a sign of new life and beginning
Blossom covers roads like glitter
Flowers popping out of their underground homes
Painting fields in hues of yellow purple and white

As summer arrives
The days stretch on and the sun shines brighter
Hair gets lighter and skin gets darker
Outside all day basking in the sun

Birds Of A Flock

The birds fly in flocks
Multiples in one
Who knows why
Who knows what
But what we know is birds are a flock
They work together
They fly free
Something we can't do
We can wish
We can hope
But never succeed
That's what they think
Little do they know
They aren't in control
Because birds are flocks
Who stick together
No matter what

Layla Smith, Y7

Meadowhead School

As Autumn falls and the leaves turn brown
All the creatures big and small ready for hibernation
Coffee tastes sweeter and days get cooler
Caramel apples stick to the roof of your mouth
And conkers start to open and revel the silky inside
Leaves falling and golden sun setting

Then winter
Snow starts falling and intricate designs fall
From the sky in the form of flakes
Hearing the laughs of children play outside
Covering themselves in snow
And the warm crackle of the fire on
Christmas Eve

But alas all must end and
When the New Year comes and all repeats

Winnie Smith, Y8

Meadowhead School

Little Flower

Under the dark soil,
Cold and bare
Sits a little seed,
With long white roots like hair
Grow little seed, grow a healthy stalk,
Make your stem healthy and bulk
Let us see your true potential
Now a green stalk emerged and stride,
Its tiny little leaves sway with pride
Now bloom little flower,
For soon you could wither,
Quickly let your petals come,
For else your bud will be stepped on
Your colours will be a disgrace,
"A stomped-on face"
Your efforts will be a waste,
Your beauty will be erased
For now, I see its true potential
Its petals vibrant,
Your stem is now high but,
Now you have grown greedy
Now you take from the needy
You steal what sunlight you can get,
Store away from the rest of the flowerbed
Your colours hide your true intentions,
Your thievery can cause tensions
But I now see your colours are starting to go unfruitful,
Your efforts aren't so useful
Your dark stalk is starting to shrink,
Your petals fade from pink
Now eyes will look past,
You missed your chance
We have now seen your potential
Now wither little flower,
For all good things end over time

Madina Hashimi, Y9

Meadowhead School

As Time Passes

As time passes, the seasons change,
With sun and rain and snow,
As each second passes by,
As each grain of sand falls.
At the beginning there was nothing,
Then as time ticked by,
Water flooded the earth, then humans arrived.
Birth through to death
It's the only time we have.
Time is like a river
Flowing
Unstoppable.
So spend your time wisely,
No past, no future,
Just the present.
Because before you know it
Time
Runs
Out.

Amelie Slowther, Y8

Meadowhead School

A big, wide rose
A tiny, little seed drops from a red, wide bucket
But what does it need?
Soil, water, air and warm, bright sunlight is what it needs.
It grows and grows from the help of
A ladybird, a bird, a dragonfly and a storm!
Finally it grows into a big, wide rose.
From the years that passed away
It is ready to make another seed and to drop its leaves.
Don't be sad as it is ready to make a new life.

A big, wide rose

Robyn Ayland, Y2

Abbey Lane Primary School

Seasons

Life is unexpected, time moves fast
Each moment is different, never meant to last
Spring brings hope, the birds return
The world wakes up, and the seasons turn
Summer glows with golden light
Long warm days and buzzing bees
Flowers boom, mornings so bright
Autumn fades, the leaves fall down
Gold red coats now lay on the ground
Winter comes dark and cold
Frosty mornings, skies so bold
Spring is coming soft and near
Bringing hope and skies so clear

Holly Foster, Y7

Meadowhead School

Imagine. One minute you're dying. Next minute, you're reborn as a cat.

At first, you're small, blind, and helpless. Warmth surrounds you—your mother, your siblings, a soft voice calling you Milo.

You grow. The house is your kingdom, every shadow a mystery, every sound a challenge. You chase, leap, and stumble, always landing in the arms of your human. They laugh, hold you close, whisper your name with love.

Seasons pass. You learn the rhythms of life—morning sunbeams, rustling treat bags, the steady heartbeat of your human. You comfort them when they cry, dance with them when they're happy. You are their constant.

Years take their toll. Your steps slow, your world softens. But in your human's arms, you are safe, warm, and loved.

Imagine. One minute you're a cat, purring softly. Next minute, you're something new. But love never fades.

Troy Tinston, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time flows like a river smooth and wide
In silent moments where our dreams abide
Each current whispers memories of the past
Gentle touch reminds us life moves fast

A river flows, a constant stream
Reflecting futures, broken dreams
The banks will erode, the water will change
A rearrangement, grand and strange

We chase time like shadows in the night
With laughter shared with tears of fright
Each tick of the clock is a fleeting embrace
Time moulds our memories with tender grace

The seasons turn, an endless dance
An agile, fragile precious chance
From budding green to autumn gold
A story whispered never told

A whisper first, a breath upon the breeze,
Then years unfold like rustling autumn trees.
The leaves, our memories, in vibrant hues,
Fall to the earth, kissed by the morning dews.

Jessica Rigby, Y8

Meadowhead School

Roses

Time is like a red rose,
Growing every second,
Slowly drooping downward.

They start as a bud,
And carefully emerge,
Their gorgeous, vibrant petals blooming.

Then their intertwined roots start decaying,
Similar to our own withering hands,
Their petals falling away, in a sombre dance.

Finally, they break,
Their stem snaps,
And their final stance is forever buried in the ground.

Olivia Coates, Y8

Meadowhead School

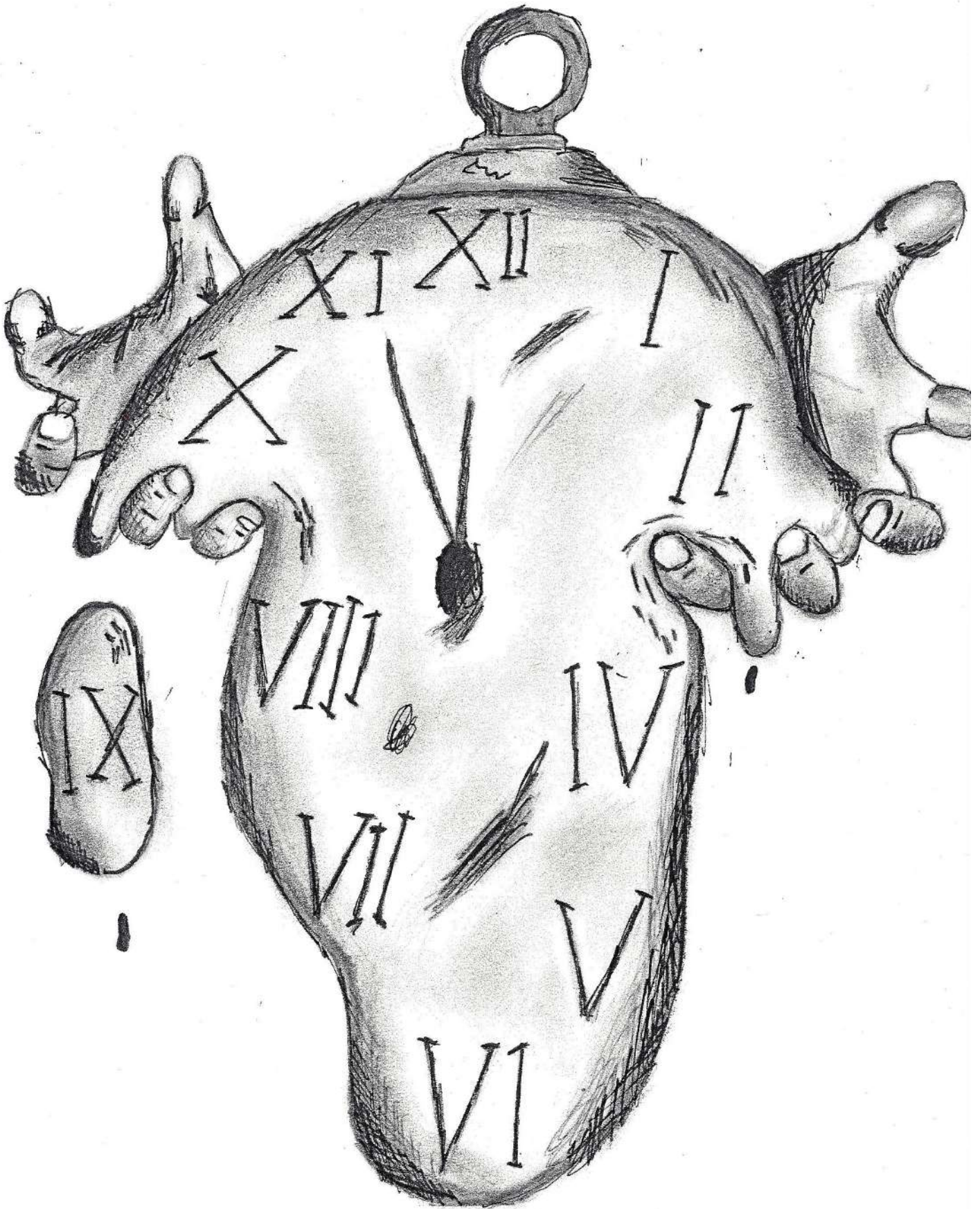
Trees

Planted 200 years ago and last for ages more
Today's world is different from what I had seen before
All of my peers removed and replaced
Replaced with grey by the human race
I'm the only one left of my kind
My roots struggling to supply
No water or sustenance to keep me alive
I have no mouth to cry, I have no legs to run
They destroyed us all and left me behind
I was planted 400 years ago and soon I may die.

Teddy Ward, Y8

Meadowhead School

Running Out



How Time Passed

The ocean was ashore
While asking you if you were sure
The tide reeled in like on a detour
And, you were already out the door
The rain fell but the sun rose
The door never seemed to come to a close
The rainbow formed and fit like a glove
I was still your love

Lily Gunning, Y7

Meadowhead School

Our Time

Our time is limited
Use it with care
Ready to leave?
Time will be there
Into the night, time will go
Mysteries they'll never show
Everyone has time, but soon we won't

Billy Hames, Y8

Meadowhead School

You left in a rush before the sun was up.
I woke to the sound of the door clicking shut.
Trying to focus my eyes I glared at the clock as the sun came up,
Creating shadows on the walls and ceilings up above.
I laid for a while just staring up at the beams of light,
Watching them gradually disappear before my tired eyes.
It felt like only minutes but an hour had passed since you closed
The door, creating our past.
Knowing it's time to start my day, knowing you'll be far away leaves me
Praying that time will fly so we can quickly reunite.

Winter-Rose Robinson, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Flow Of Time

Never ending time
Hourglass sand always falls
Never stops
New life sprouting up

A dewdrop falls from the leaf
A new cycle starts

Oh how the end comes
A path only leading down
How it takes us all.

Sonny Steele, Y8

Meadowhead School

Procrastination

I was going to write this poem about procrastination,
But I didn't know what to say,
So I put it off until the next day.

Day two:

A poem can't be that difficult to make,
But I keep on making many different silly mistakes!

Day three:

It's amazing what you can do around the house,
Including chores for your mum,
Or tidying your room,
Or feeding the cat,
Or doing the laundry,
Or cleaning the bathroom,
Or.... or...

WAIT!

This isn't writing the poem,
Where was I?

UUUH!

Five, six, seven, every day is the same,
Trying to figure out this poem is hurting my brain!

It's Saturday now and I'm staying in bed,
Anything to avoid the poem that's not in my head.

It's not just this poem,
It happens all the time.
I procrastinate when life gets difficult,
So annoying,
NOT FINE!!!

This homework is due tomorrow,
My stress levels are high,

I know I'm going to be in trouble,

I say that with a sigh.

Eva Depner, Y7

Meadowhead School

How Time Flies

How time flies,
One minute it's my 6th birthday,
The next it's nearly my 12th.

How time flies,
One minute I'm getting read the book.
Now I'm reading the book.

How time flies,
Unicorns and rainbows were flooding my head
But now it's what to wear and how my hair looks.

Lexi-June Wilson, Y7

Meadowhead School

Tick Tock Tick Tock
Time is devious, Time is slow
Time will deceive you into thinking you have more
But if we think our actions won't affect it
Time moves forward, whether we 'do' or we 'don't'

If we paid attention
And focused on the things necessary
We would stop and realise
Just how precious
Every hour, every minute
And every single second
That fades away

The time you have
Is yours to use wisely
You never know when time will trick you
Tick Tock, tick tock!

Theanna Goche, Y7
Meadowhead School

Time?

How come the world is getting hotter,
And everyone in power just listens and laughs,
Why are we using AI,
And not looking at the world around us?
The past predicted flying cars,
The only thing flying is toxic fumes,
We talk about the future like it's a definite,
But to be honest I don't think we have a lot of time left,

Biology will turn into history,
There won't be anything to see,
I don't see how we live with this,
The world is in distress.
How come these might be our last years,
And no one cares?
I try believe we have loads more time,
But to be honest I don't think we have a lot of time left.

Connie Colman, Y7
Meadowhead School

Do you ever find yourself, trance-like, in a dream?
Soulless eyes, bored, immovable, on a screen?
Do you ever find yourself seeing the signs?
Soulless eyes, completely ignoring all the wasted, wasted time.

Stop, now wait a sec,
When you look up at the clock, what truly do you expect?
5 minutes left behind,
Then you realise; those 5 hours you spent inside.

Ignorant of family, of friends: is this what you really want?
Ignorant of the life around you, everything seems stark and gaunt.
Every chance you get, first thing in the morning, last thing at night-time,
Phone in hand, completely ignoring all the wasted, wasted time

Look up. Take a break.
Regain connection, even if you start from a flake
Look up. Take a rest.
Regain connection, leave the phone there on the desk

My final message, to all that came:
Stop staring at your screen.
My final line:
Take back all your wasted, wasted time .

Daniel Miller, Y8

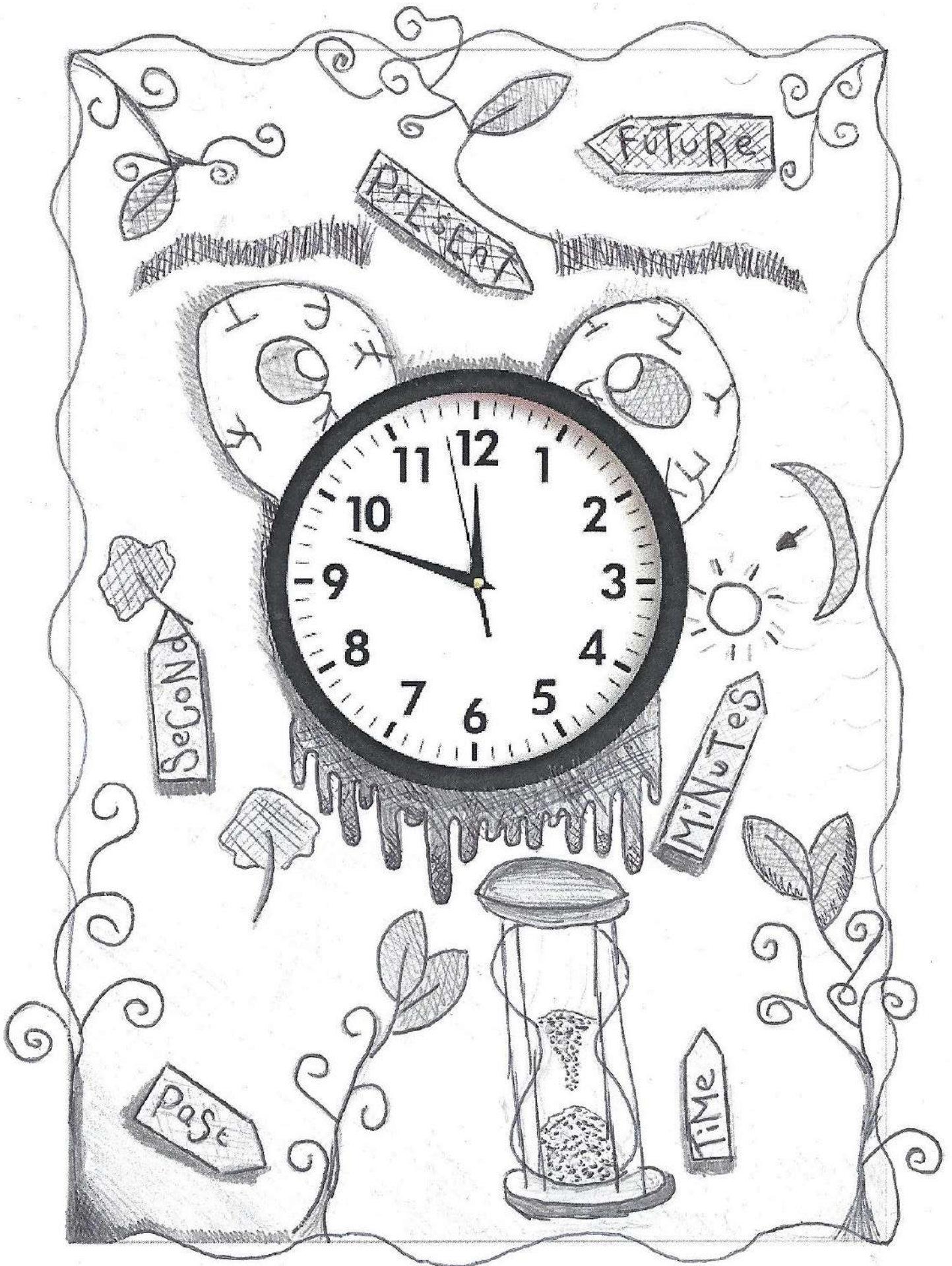
Meadowhead School

Out Of Time

Once in a nightmare, Alex skidded across the dewy floor as ice clocks ticked repetitively. She bolted across the labyrinth, desperate to finish the maze of secrets. Suddenly, a giant hourglass fell from the fading sky. The sound of glass smashing made Alex's head reel. Tick, tick, tick. Her mind raced with thoughts of the end. There, the exit beckoned. Alex sprinted across the floor that now had shards of glass scattered. She was only inches away. The agitating ticks of the clocks filled her with adrenaline. Her stomach churned over itself endlessly. Her fingertips grasped the door knob as she crashed into it. She opened and closed the door carelessly not knowing what was near. Relief swept over her like a wave of serenity. Then she slowly turned to face the horror that lay beyond. The color in Alex's face drained. Time was running out.

Matilda Udall, Y6

Bradway Primary School



The Bomb

60 seconds and the bomb is ready to fire.
50 seconds and I wonder what wire to cut
40 seconds and the bomb begins to beep
30 seconds and our lives are at risk
20 seconds and I pick up the scissors with my shaky hands
10 seconds and sweat drips off my forehead
5 seconds and the whispers in my head are shouting at me telling me I need to cut a wire
2 seconds and I cut the red wire without hesitation
1 second and there is nothing but silence...

Georgie Tyler, Y7

Meadowhead School

Look at the conflict that we have created,
Look at the prices that we have inflated,
Notice the families that we have separated,
But we won't notice anything when the ground dries up,
And the grass beneath our feet is no more than a distant memory,
We will lose our planet in time, if we don't try.

Remember the time when the children of our generation could go outside,
When they could laugh, sing and play without having to hide
Because of the bombs in the sky,
Forget now and remember the past when the world was a marvel, a miracle to our eyes,
Because all of the bad that we have created,
Will all leave our planet in time, if we try.

Zara Rehman, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time

Time slips away when you're having fun
Time flies and before you know it the day is done
Time runs out when there's something you need to do
Time is like a crack
You don't notice it until you're slipping through
But when you're eagerly waiting
That speed is speedily translating
Into a slow decline
A dreary sludge of time
On and on the seconds tick by
Each one seeming like an hour
And as it goes on now you realise time has all the power
All the power it needs to take control and bring a whole
Nation to its knees
What is time?
A blessing or a curse?
An ally or an enemy?
I guess we'll never know
I guess it's too complex
For even the wonderful human mind to comprehend
I guess we'll have to keep on guessing
On and on in an unbreakable loop of despair
Trying to escape is like trying to grab at thin air
I guess...
Time will tell.

Ada Judge, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time Never Comes Back...

Waves in the sea,
Go and come again,
But will time come back?
Time is like water,
That flows out away,
There is much wastage of time,
In a whole day,
We can't use it like soap.
Again and again,
If you don't respect time,
You can't catch life's train.

Mahrosh Hussain, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

When Time Runs Out

If time ever runs out will the world just turn black
Will everything that the worlds worked for just go?
Will the earth stop spinning, will the earth just disappear?
What about the people, what will happen to them?
Will they just float off to space?
What will happen to the other planets?
Will they just disappear,
Will they stop spinning?

Phoebe Lawler, Y5

Abbey Lane Primary School

Time is a gift,
A gift most people take for granted.
War, global warning and hunger.
The three things that sets us apart as a nation.
Think of are future generations,
Waking up to the sound of sirens and screaming.
Think of our future generations,
Everyday knowing that today might be the day that they are next.
Think of the future generations,
Growing up used to the sound of rumble and destruction.
Think of future generations,
Watching everyone around them suffer just because
We couldn't be bothered to step up and stop.
So stop saying,
We will be fine, not a big deal.
Stop saying,
We will sort it out tomorrow, everything will be okay.
Stop saying,
War is just how the world works because the truth is,
If we don't end war, war will end us.

'Cause the truth is we are destroying are world,
And treating time like a toy.
Today is the day, enough is enough.

Reuben Marsh, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time Is Running Out

The world's time is running out,
No more playing in the sandy beaches,
By the pearly blue seas.
No more luscious forests,
Only desolate dry deserts,
Cacti as far as the eye can see.
No more playing in the gardens,
The closest patch of grass is eight hours away,
The world's time is running out
And we still haven't found a solution.

Alanah Okotie, Y7

Meadowhead School

Where Did The Time Go?

Where did the time go,
I can remember when I was walking into reception holding my parents' hands,
I can remember making my first friend,
It feels like it was only a few weeks since I left primary school,
Turns out it has been nearly a year,
Where does the time even go?
To a wasteland like every other old thing,
People just say that it is memories,
You can't forget memories,
But you can forget to use time wisely,
I can bet that everyone will regret not pretending to be asleep after a car journey,
So your parents carry you home,
Time will run out,
But that's life,
Time is everywhere,
I don't know where the time goes.

Iris Mitchell, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Flow of Time

Time moves fast, it won't stand still,
Days will pass against our will.
Moments come, and moments go,
Like the river's endless flow.

The past is gone, we can't rewind,
The future stays just out of mind.
All we have is here, is now,
So make it count, this time allow.

Embrace each day, both bright and grey,
For time will never cease or stay.
Live with love and kindness true,
And time will leave its mark on you.

Brittany Jombe, Y7

Meadowhead School

I used to think I knew what I wanted to be when I
grew up,
With dreams in my heart, I'd never give up.
But as time ticks on, I find myself lost,
In a sea of decisions, I ponder the cost.
I overthink moments, each choice feels so grand,
Wondering if I'm still holding life in my hand.
But growing up means learning to see,
That sometimes the distance can set my heart free.
Maturing brings wisdom, a light in the dark,
Helping me find my own unique spark.
Though paths may diverge, and friends drift away,
I embrace this new journey, come what may.

Jahaira Palmer, Y8

Meadowhead School



Eva Johnson Y7

A Speck of Sand

Time is precious, just like your life...
You only get one chance.
Every breath, every step, every milestone
Is an accomplishment.
Life is like an hour glass of sand
That has a beginning and an end.
Every speck of sand is and will be truly precious.

Cruz Edosa, Y7

Meadowhead School

Old House

Take me home now.
Not to this one.
My home.
Where I sat in the sun
Thinking I was grown for being out of bed at eight o'clock.
Where I rolled down the grass
Not caring about the dirt on my clothes.
Where I stood out of bed
Fearing what might be underneath.
Where I learned to walk
Where I smiled for the first time.
Yes, take me to my first home,
And give me my precious time back.

Jessica Jackson, Y8

Meadowhead School

My Best Friend

Oh, how I miss my best friend,
The days in the park, the summer mornings
The giggles in class,
They were the best
Watching the stars on the way home from Matlock,
Stuffing candy floss in our faces

Oh, how I miss my best friend
You might see people stare at us,
We laugh too much,
Too much,
Too much that we can't breathe

Oh, how I miss my best friend,
As we drink Vimto in the scorching sun
The clock ticks by
Moved schools twice,
One primary, one secondary

Oh, how I miss my best friend,
The first hug after so long is revealing
These moments don't last forever
So, keep them safe in your heart

Oh, how I miss my best friend.

Jade Byers, Y7

Meadowhead School

Time

Time eats away at life,
I wonder whether I have enough or too much,
Waiting and wanting as it passes by,
I blame the clock for my discontent,
Yet maybe its me,
Letting myself and time waste away,
Letting it take control,
The seconds, minutes, hours days wasted,
Constantly looming over me.

Bridget Lindsay, Y8

Meadowhead School

War

Bullets flying all around,
Children screaming as the sirens sound
What happened to the world
Go back a few years,
Back to when children could play
People would walk around with their heads up high
High enough to reach the sky
Maybe one day it will. Go back to how it was
But know it won't be the same

Let's fight to get our earth back again.

Nancy McCarthy, Y8

Meadowhead School

Timeless

Time waits for no one
Until you catch up to it
Life is a clock, it just ticks along
No time to stop
No time to stop
Time is becoming less with every second
Time is less.
To stop time?
Impossible
To use time?
Now.
Time is less, never more
Time is less, time to soar
The clock ticks, time is going
Wake me up at the end of the timer
Tick tock
We can't stop the clock so wake me up
At the end of the timer
But what if there is no timer?
What if we are the timer?
That's not decided yet, all I know is we are timeless.

Madison Wild, Y7

Meadowhead School

For One Time

For one time can I see your smile,
For one time can I say goodbye,
For one time can I see your face,
For one time can I hear your voice,
Until that day happens time might
Not be my enemy for the first time,
But until that day comes time is still my enemy,
For one time I might get to see you all happy,
But things change while you are gone,
We all have move on, but time keeps on going,

Hope Smith, Y8

Meadowhead School

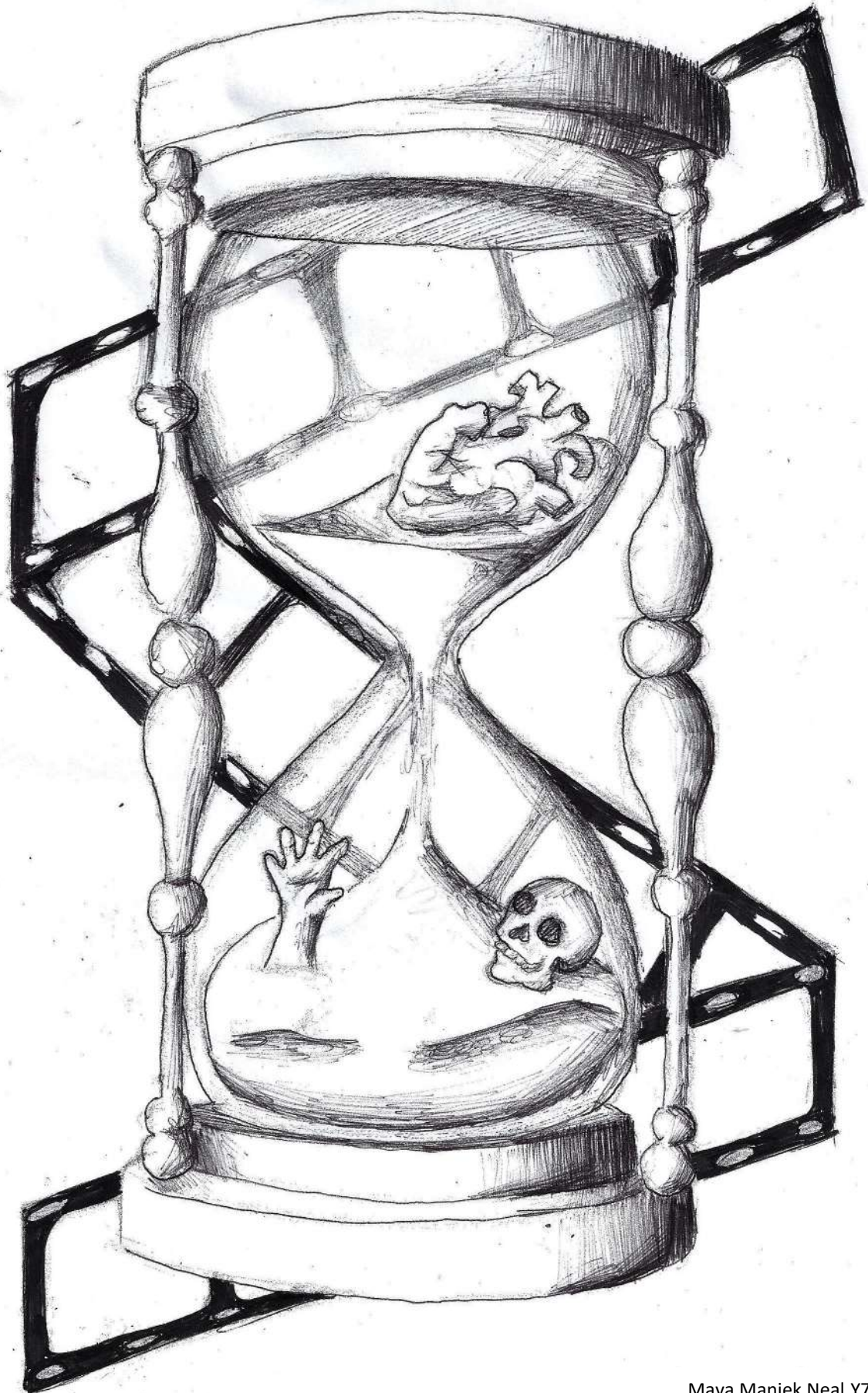
I've got a few solid years left,
But it's not enough,
Engulfed by internal conflict,
Full of resentment for all I missed out on,
Everyone I hurt and put down,
Abusing my power to change my fate,
Found myself screaming for answers,
Trying not to give up,
So, I went looking for answers,

Death is merely the next step,
Not the end destination,
Is illness friend or foe?
Even you don't know,
It could be right between your eyes,
And you wouldn't realise,
Screaming "You can't see me",
Until it's too late.

Zane Chorkum, Y9

Meadowhead School

When It Stops



Time Stopped

The years still pass,
Animals still are born,
But when you had to go,
Everything stopped.
The sea stopped coming in,
Clocks stopped ticking,
Even life stopped for me.
When you left,
Time stopped all together.

Maisie Wood, Y7

Meadowhead School

A Soldier's Freedom At Christmas

The time of fighting has come to an end,
Laughter and excitement echoes over the frozen land,
For Christmas brings a breath of grace,
A truce within this wretched place,

The cold wind's breeze blows and blows,
Shaking hands: now men, once foes,
Talk of loved ones back at home,
Soldiers: now together, once alone,

A brief night of Christmas, the war is gone,
The weight of death, the sound of bombs,
Soft memories glow of love and light,
Warm smiles turn darkness into bright,

Yet dawn will break, guns will cry,
A once fragile truce will fade and die,
But Christmas gave, even if just for one night,
A glimpse of hope, a world that was made right.

Lucas Cam, Y8

Meadowhead School

Don't Be Afraid Of Time

There was once a child.
This child was scared of the future.
They just despised the concept of growing up.
They just lost their great grandad, making them petrified of death.
A mysterious cloaked figure appeared before the grieving child.
It was an ancient time deity.
It consoled the child as they watched the clock tick by.
"Don't watch the clock, child," it said. "Do what it does and keep moving."
These words comforted the child and they faced their fears, embracing what time had to offer.
And that child was me.

Connor Herrington, Y8

Meadowhead School

Feathers

Feathers fall through a Sky of Time,
Through the sun, the moon, the mist,
Breaking the glazed light,
Gilded light,
Like a piece of star-bright glass,
Shattered,
Eternally shattered,
By a little feather,
A ripple in a pond,
That stirs an even greater wave,
That time shall soon pass by,
Like a day or a night,
Stirred by a small feather,
Tiny feather,
One of many,
One of thousands,
Holding precious memories curled inside,
Each their own little spark of light,
Each formed over time,
Each part of a life,
Falling through a Sky of Time.

Stella Killeen, Y8

Meadowhead School

Fading

The photo frames are occupied by days we would never forget
But as the time would pass by and the seasons would change
My time with you would slowly fade
The sound of your voice and the smell of your clothes
Now only lingers in the trumpet you once played
Now when the sun gets brighter and I think of you in your chair
I wonder what it would be like if you were still there

Amelia Naylor, Y9

Meadowhead School

Time is everything
The wind that cries
The truth and lies
Yet you can't touch it

Time goes

Time flows

Past and future

Life and death

Time is finite yet infinite

And you want to make it last

But one day

It is okay

To rest and pass

Elliott Thomas, Y8

Meadowhead School

Time

Time is a murderer
Killing one at a time.
Time is a pen
That can't be erased.
Time is a trap
You cannot escape.
Time is money
So unwisely spent.
Time is lost
And can never be found.
Time won't wait
Early
Or late.

Stanley Mitchell, Y7

Meadowhead School

As Time Leaves

Running through time
In a blink of an eye
As the past goes by
Like clouds in the sky
Cherishing every minute
By time
Remembering memories
Not wasting life
Dreaming for the next day
Hopes and joy
Won't stay forever
Say goodbye
Last time

Hollie, Y6

Abbey Lane Primary School

Your hair as dark as night,
Now only the colour of a wispy cloud

Your lips where a softly shaded peach,
Now blank and cracked

Your eyes where a deep ocean I used to dive into,
Now a shallow puddle sits staring back

Your heart was a raging fire of love,
Now only goes thump thump thump

Your thoughts held vast secrets of gold,
Now never to be told.

Maisie Jackson, Y9

Meadowhead School

I Spoke to Time

I spoke to Time,
And,
I told Time to wait,
To stop and think,
Just for a second,
To freeze,
Be still.
But Time ignored me,
For Time doesn't wait for anyone.

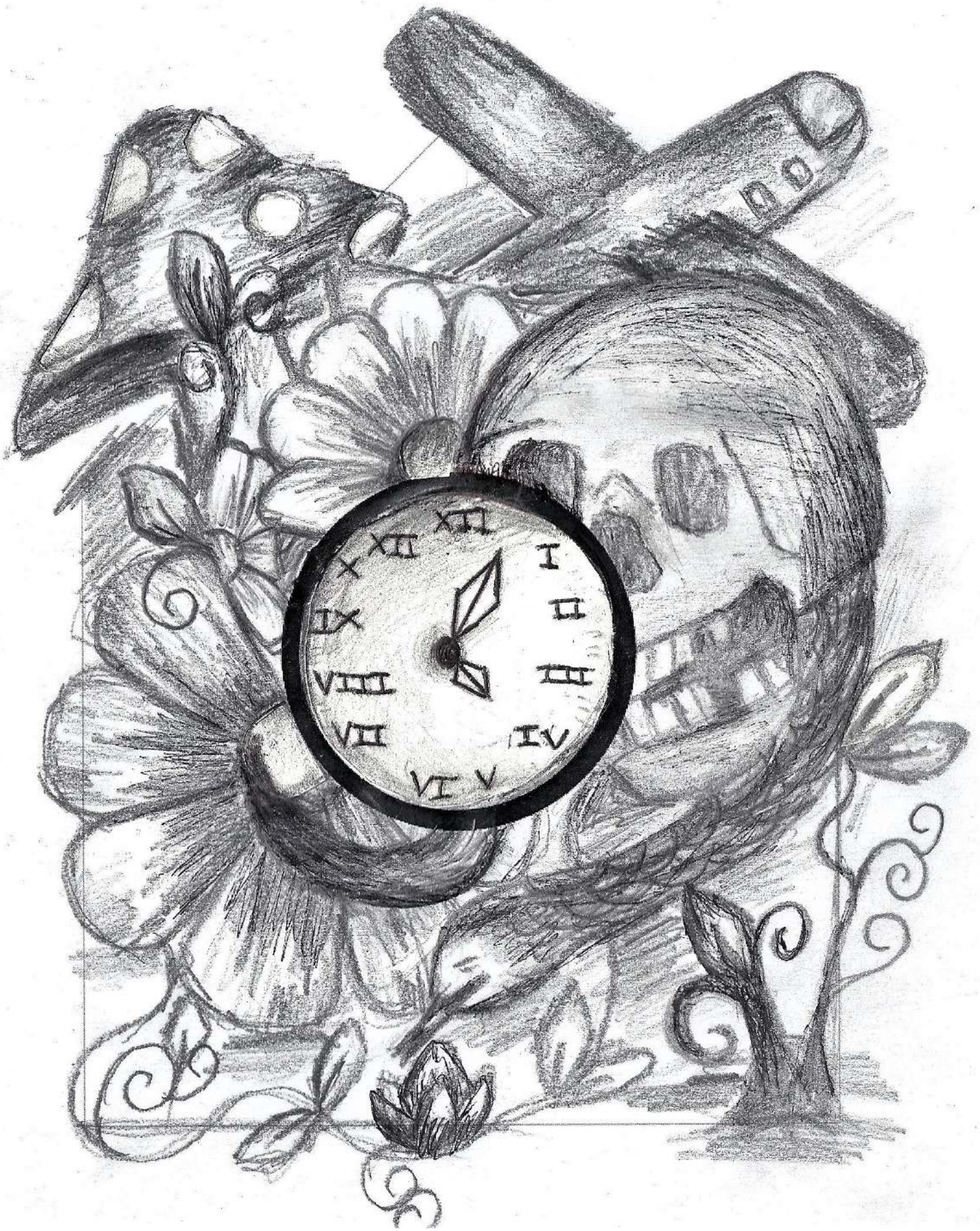
Instead, Time told me,
To live in the present,
To live life to the fullest,
To enjoy life,
I asked Time,
"How?"

Time laughed and said,
Ignore time,
Time doesn't exist,
Because a day is just the rising and setting of the sun,
And a second is just one small moment of your life.

Time did not create you,
You created Time.

Freya Townshend, Y8

Meadowhead School



Isha Waseem Ahmed Y8

Dear my love,
It has been ten years, since you walked
Through that door in the sky
Ten years of me asking time, why?
Why does it put this fence between us?
Why is carrying this grief a must?
Why do I feel that if I do not find you?
In every word I say
Song I sing
Breath I breathe
And word I write
That this time will push, poke and prod me
Until I run so far away from you
That there are no stars in my sky?
Wherever you may be, leave me now
Escape time, my love
Because it still has something for me
And though I am unsure, I am ready
Find your stars up above
And count them
And I ask time, if you are reading this
Send them to me.

Emma Kay, Y8

Meadowhead School

The Gentle Embrace Of Time

With each soft tick, time moves along,
A silent companion, ready and strong.
Through fleeting days and restless nights,
It guides our soul to new heights.

It whispers gently in the air,
A constant pulse, both kind and fair.
Through stormy skies and golden dawn,
Time reminds us: life goes on.

When sorrow lingers, deep and true,
And shadows dim the world we once knew,
Time's patient hands will weave and mend,
A path where broken hearts transcend.

It soothes the ache, it calms the mind,
Leaving pain and tears behind.
Like waves that kiss the moonlit shore,
It takes, it gives, yet always more.

Yet time is swift, it will not wait
It will not yield, nor hesitate.
So cherish now, embrace today,
Before the moment fades away.

For in its grasp, both harsh and kind,
Time holds the path and future intertwined.
It takes, it gives, it bends, it mends
And in the end- it makes amends.

Tairrie Shore, Y8

Meadowhead School

Life

When I was five
All I wanted was
To be a princess
A golden crown
On my long golden hair

When I was eleven
All I dreamed of was
Being a “cool” teen
Having a phone
Ignoring social situations

When I was seventeen
All I wished for was
A man who cared
Who was stable, secure
Who loved me

When I was thirty two
All I hoped of was
My children to be safe
To have fun
To laugh all day

When I was forty five
All I spoke of was
How proud I was
Of my family and my children
And my backache to go

When I was fifty nine
All I thought of was
Retiring, sleeping, being free
Surrounded by family
My kids and grandkids

I am now old
My candle burns low
Only now I realize
We thrive on dreams
Hopes and wishes
But do we ever
Think for a second
How much of them
Come true?

Harriet Corker, Y8

Meadowhead School

The Flow Of Time

In the realm where seconds freeze and bend
Time flows realities end
Flying shadows whisper secrets untold
Moments cross both young and old
Past and future collide in a blur
Every second a memory stirs
Within this expanse the clock turns
And through timeless echoes, existence yearns

Rayyan Nadeem, Y8

Meadowhead School

Decay

At first, I stood proud over the world, a broad mountain in a plane of nothingness,
Then, tragedy struck and I was a simple boulder, nothing less,
Decay chipped away at me and over time,
I found myself in the ocean, perfectly sublime,
Just a pebble, in the sea,
There I sat, filled with glee.

Until, I washed upon a soggy shore,
Just a grain, nothing more,
Suddenly I was pulled back in,
To join my own kin,
Together we formed, a solid rock,
Unbreakable we were, like a steel lock.

That was until, the humans invaded,
One by one, we all faded,
Taken away, made into an ornament,
But I remember, I used to be so much more than it,
I suppose, that's what happens, over time,
But we keep going, even if there's a mountain to climb.

Lucas Binney, Y8

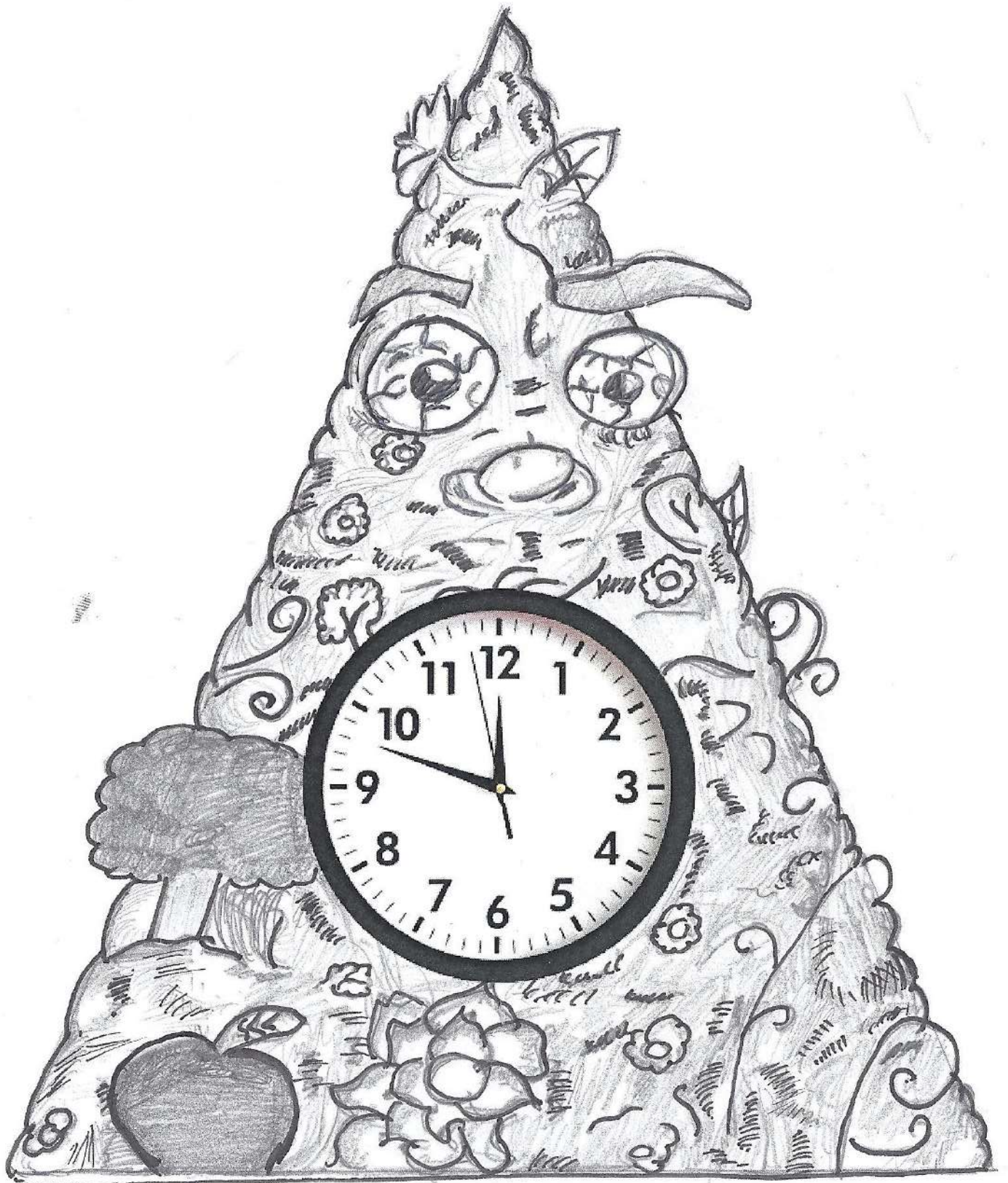
Meadowhead School

Do you remember
Do you remember when your parents carried you in from the car for the last time
Do you remember when you use to watch the rain droplets on your window and pretend they were racing
Do you remember when you were playing on the swings for the last time
Do you remember going out in your pajamas and not caring what people thought
Do you remember using your fingers to jump over cars on long trips
Do you remember being young
Do you remember being a child
Do you remember

Darcie Corrigan, Y8

Meadowhead School

Our Future



Jasmina Horvathova Y8

The Sands of Time

Shifting, pulsing – the heartbeat of life
Turning, twisting, tumbling – down, down, down
The tumult of our past
Creating a mountain – peaks rising from the desert

Golden – a glittering array of stars
Pouring – a dry water, a drying world
The Earth – the strong earth is crumbling
Crumbling under the pressure of demand

Slowly coming to rest – the chaos is over
Finding a place, a home, a belonging
You belong here, on this earth
If wanting is our life,
Then why don't you want this earth?

Thomas Edwards, Y8

Meadowhead

Dear future generations,
I promise to change,
I promise to stop this haze,
Of damaging gases,
I will stop the drill destroying the hills,
The trees,
The bees,
The fleas,
And the wildlife shall roam,
Shall sit on the throne,
Rule the world,
Stop deforestation,
The destruction we are causin',
So we need to be pausin',
Thinking,
This is all we got,
Why destroy it,
Instead let it thrive,
Let it drive,
Let it recover,
Let me change

Ben Spink, Y7

Meadowhead School

Future

I walk through the now barren streets of what used to be Earth.

He did this. He plunged us headfirst into war.

Fire is climbing up the crumbling walls of my city, bloodcurdling screams and gunshots filling the air.

Inequality is riddling the streets, hate and pain ruling stronger than ever. The cracks between human communities are becoming ravines, bubbling and boiling with barely restrained molten lava.

Humans fighting other humans, simply because they aren't like them. A twisted feature of our species.

Fear of the different.

An instinct that was once used as a skill, a protection, but is now used as a weapon. A weapon to kill, a weapon to destroy.

Just like how we will destroy this Earth if we don't accept people are people.

Eva Beattie, Y8

Meadowhead School

Dear diary,

You'll never guess what happened to me yesterday! I awoke and realised I was in the year 2051! Excitedly, I sprang out of bed with my jaw wide open not being able to close it. I walked over to the crystal clear, glistening glass owned by the window. Outside were people from the future (I could tell, trust me on that one) to be exact, those people used super high-tech hover boards and jet pack shoes. It was such a futuristic experience and sight.

Grace Sel, Y3

Abbey Lane Primary School

Dear Diary,

You won't believe anything I say. When my eyes blinked open, I saw a crazy, futuristic landscape Which blew my mind. Then I realized I was in 2100! I looked out of my shiny, unreal window and Saw that I could fly. I landed and I saw a robotic, smoky robot with an imaginative, complicated devices. Then I saw a clone of myself and it was going to school. Wait! Does that mean I don't have to go to school? That's bad. Then I saw a little square with a blue symbol engraved on it I stood on it and I was teleported to a different location. Well, that's it diary.

Reggie, Y3

Abbey Lane Primary School

Futuristic fun around every corner.

Ultrasonic diving cars.

Taking off and soaring through the sky,

Unordinary, powerful things everyday.

Robotic jets delivering to mars.

Electronic machines speeding by.

Skye M, Y3

Abbey Lane Primary School

Random flying drones spying on the futuristic people

One of a kind world in the colossal solar system

Bangs of fireworks celebrating new inventions

Obscure flying objects gliding through the air

Tring to make the coolest new inventions

Starting a new life with more technology

Evie W, Y3

Abbey Lane Primary School

Vehicles of the Future

The violet car is really fast and cool and pretty.

The violet car is shiny and nice.

The violet car is so purple.

Joni Stevens, Y1

Abbey Lane Primary School

The coolest car looks petrifying and has a scary front.

The camouflaged car is exciting and bigger than any car.

Jude Harrison, Y1

Abbey Lane Primary School

My car is fastest on earth and beautiful! My car is made of iron and I do not need to drive it. It is the tallest. Also it can go into space.

Oscar L, Y1

Abbey Lane Primary School

The hoverboard can fly and go faster than any vehicle. It can fly over tallest buildings. The hoverboard is a future vehicle.

Reuben W-S, Y1

Abbey Lane Primary School

My car came from the next century and it has gigantic spiders on it. My car has silvery eyes. My car has rosy cheeks and purple wheels. It goes 100 miles fast. It has a love heart.

Matilda T, Y1

Abbey Lane Primary School

Futuristic rounded sky scrapers

Unbelievable mind blowing technology

Terrific time-travelling

Unknown technology

Robotic silver sleek pets

Embracing engineering

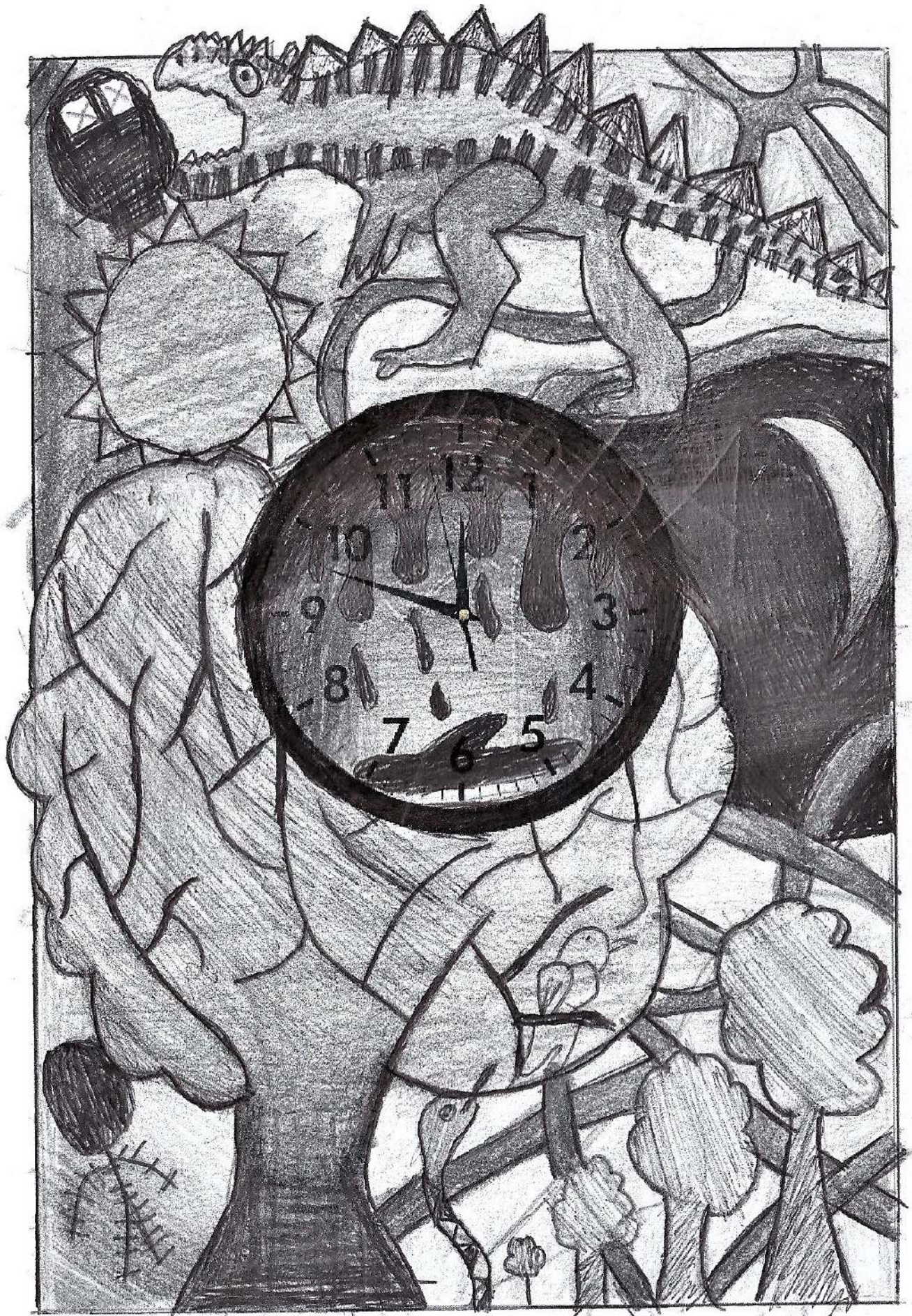
Penny, Y3

Abbey Lane Primary School

Time is a subject of so many things,
A thing that nobody knows what it will bring,
Like the 21st century bringing new phones and roads,
New computers, that have so many modes
The ancient Egyptians, their pyramids mighty and tall,
When the Romans built Hadrian's wall,
Time is amazing, so mystical and grand,
Hopefully in the future we'll work hand in hand.

Herbie, Y4

Abbey Lane Primary School



Dear future generations

Do you have snow, do you have ice,

Do you have polar bears, do you find it nice?

Do you have grass, do you have trees,

Do you still have flowers, are there even bees?

Is the ocean still clean, is the air still polluted?

For looking after Mother Nature, are we still suited?

Are the forests still on fire?

Is the ocean level higher?

Are the ice cap still melting?

Are children still laughing

Is there even clean water?

Is the Earth getting stronger?

Are there still battles?

Is there still fighting?

Is the beautiful night sky,

Full of city lighting?

Those are all of the questions I have left to ask,

Saving the Earth

Is it that big of a task?

Amy Goodison, Y8

Meadowhead School

Dear future generations,

Humans are destroying our world,

But we are doing nothing to stop it.

Do you want to see the earth in grey,

When it should be bright and green?

Do you want to see the earth in silence,

When it should be screaming with life?

We do still have time to act,

So do something about it now.

Once upon a time we were in harmony,

With everything around us.

But now it seems no one cares,

About the place we're living in.

Please don't ruin our home,

Because it's your home too.

Every act comes with a consequence,

And this is no exception.

This destruction affects you too,

So why, why do you do this?

Because of money and greed.

People are never satisfied,

With what they have in their grasp.

And if it comes to the end of the world,

It's too late to realise,

What is happening to the earth.

Isabelle Millard, Y7

Meadowhead School

The Final Tree

The tree had seen it all, from the birth of human civilization to all their cruel acts. It had seen decades pass and with it had collected memories. It had seen years of life pass through the forest of its siblings. Birds landing on branches, squirrels leaping the gaps between them, but that all came to an end when the humans stopped being as caring. When they stopped thinking about the tomorrow and only thought about the today.

It started gradually – with one tree a day – but their greed increased quickly and soon they were killing one per minute with their cruel machines. The tree's family was growing smaller and smaller as the desire for wood increased, for the humans didn't think about the impacts, if they made money, they didn't care. They just took and took (never having enough) until one day they didn't come back, leaving the tree all alone. It was as if the humans had been wiped away by the winds of time. All that was left was the next generation. Left to wander the barren wasteland created by their ancestors.

Despite the tree's anger, the tree felt sorry for them. To be born into a world of destruction with no control over what happened. And as the last human generation faded away, the tree was left forever in the place where the proud Amazon rainforest once stood. Now, where the sands of the Amazon desert swirled.

Alex Lilley, Y7

Meadowhead School

Our World Now

Wildlife used to be everywhere,
Their noises and smells filled the air.
Now smoke fills my lungs,
It's hard not to despair.
I used to walk past red squirrels,
And admire the tall towering oak trees they climbed.
In the daytime a hedgehog scurried past,
It was there at the wrong time because its food was lost.
Not enough safe places for the hedgehog to sleep,
And insects to devour.
I hope in the future to see something change.
The future should be brighter and lighter,
Not this strange.

Hannah Rehman, Y5

Bradway Primary School

Our Time On Earth

Pollution is spreading, it changed the way I think,
The ocean got darker than a pond full of ink,
Our broken planet is starting to stink.

Rubbish in the sea,
Affects you and me,
Our broken planet was just meant to be.

Remember the past where the Earth was just fine,
No go green campaigns, I was calm all the time,
Our broken planet is starting to whine.

Little helps can make a big change,
It's true, even though it does sound strange,
Our broken planet needs a rearrange.

I wish I could go back in time,
So I won't have to watch the world perish and whine,

Over time we can make a difference!

Florrie, Y4

Abbey Lane Primary School

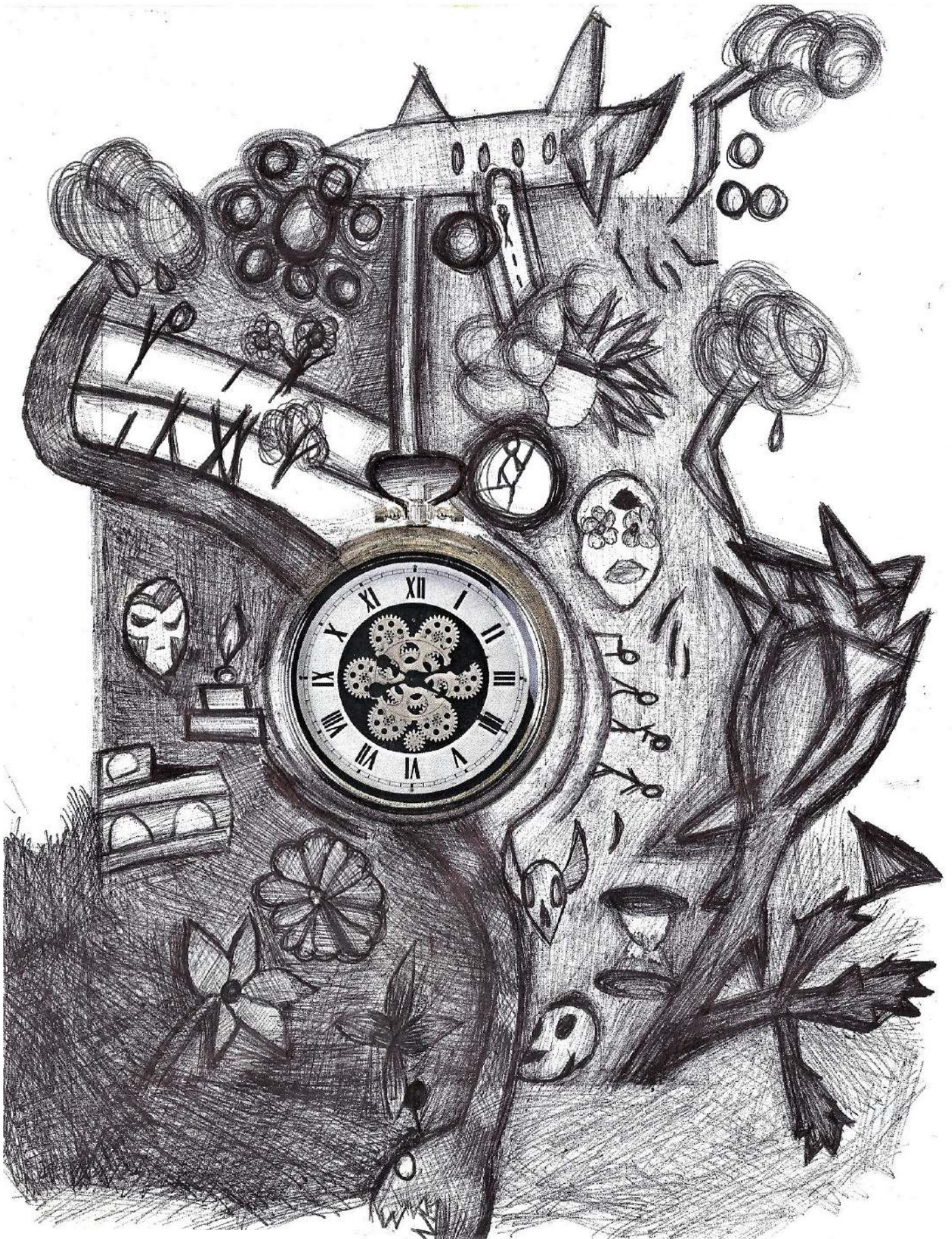
Time,
It won't stop
It won't slow
This plant
It will grow.
It's a quick fix, I have been told
But I'll stand up
I'll be bold.

What will happen
If we don't stop?
We'll cut them down
The trees will drop
The sea will rise
From down below
But we will try
To lower it though.

I'm sorry we've left you with this mess,
But hopefully you'll do your best.

Ellis Eason, Y7

Meadowhead School



Chayenne Chaves Y8

Dear future generations,

I am sorry for the nature you won't see,

Like the beautiful bumble bee,

All the fields of flowers,

And trees like towers.

I am sorry about the heat,

And how global warming isn't beat,

All the forests being chopped down,

And replaced with a busy town.

But even after a drought,

Seedlings are still about,

The grass will be green,

Unlike the dry soil it has been.

So we should have hope,

And make the world dope,

We have to act,

So the world doesn't fight back.

Alaska Chorkum, Y8

Meadowhead School

When The Tables Turn

When the tables turn,

Which I promise they will,

They will turn in your favour,

And you'll bloom like a daffodil.

It's not going to be easy,

But one day they will miss,

And their arrows will fly far away,

It won't be easy, no, but it will get better and be bliss.

You are so much more than them,

You're smart, beautiful and kind,

You're so much more than their words,

It's so strange, they seem to be so blind.

You're not alone I swear,

I know what they do,

There are so many others like you out there,

But nobody quite as amazing as you.

Don't worry, I promise that this will come to an end,

I have been through all this as well,

Just wait to see the difference,

And life will simply be swell.

So, if you're out there reading this,

I hope there is something you've learnt,

Just know you are amazing,

And watch all the tables turn.

Amelie Hanson, Y7

Meadowhead School

Asteroid

50 years from now
Humanity will be gone
We've taken our final bow
We've sung our last song

It started with a light display
Harmless they said
The asteroid won't hit
It'll pass by instead

No one was afraid
The world was unaware
As the asteroid came down
And entered the atmosphere

It sped towards the ground
Ready to take lives
No one is safe, nature doesn't care
Who lives or who dies

Fire rains...

Maybe if we weren't caught up
In unimportant matters
"Who has more money" and
"I want more power"

Lives could have been saved
This could have been prevented
But there was too much distraction
No one paid attention

I hope in the future
More life will emerge
Maybe earth could thrive
Without humanity in the way

There is always hope

Maisie Arnott, Y8

Meadowhead School

When I was younger, I was apprehensive of time.
I was scared of what awaited at the end of time
But I still ached for her to speed up.
I was scared of what she'd throw at me.
But I still begged for her to challenge me
I was scared when I didn't have enough time.
But I still sat and counted the seconds on the clock.

Now that I'm older, I can't help but be fascinated by her,
How can she be so beautiful yet unforgiving?
How can she change anything and everyone but she herself does not change?
How can she drive people to insanity yet make bonds that last life times?
How can she create lives so easily but take it away with just as effortlessly?

Now that I'm older, I'm still apprehensive of time, but I accept her.
I can't help but wonder,
"Am I a fool for accepting her and her flaws?"
But how can I not accept something with such beauty and complexity?
No one understands her, but that just draws me to her more.

Maya Maniek-Neal, Y7

Meadowhead School

A Happy Future

Tick tock, technology advance
Illnesses turn into a long ago trance
Pain slowly slips away
Many wake up to another day
Kids roaming all across the grass
A future time with so many laughs
As the clock slowly ticks to dawn
People sleep with no need to mourn

Blessing Igbinnosa, Y8

Meadowhead School