



Quarry Mount Primary School

Pennington Street, Leeds, LS6 2JP

Tel: 0113 245 5803

Future.

Smoke coming from anywhere,
Somewhere, everywhere,
Being released into the air,
Our air, my air, your air.

Firemen,
Strong firemen,
Carry the weak.
Policemen, smart policemen,
Arrest the guilty.
Gangs, horrifying gangs,
Draw attention.
People,
Ordinary people,
Stare, glare,
Glare and stare,
Babies cry,
A depressed sigh.
The children dream of the future,
Our future, my future, your future.

Naomi.

Representation.

I have just been shot
And people have thrown stones at me.
So I will die.
And I did.

It was exactly what happened
Because they threw stones
And that's what started the world war.

I wanted full survival.
Every bit of survival.
EVERYBODY
Wants it.

But I just wanted it to stop.
Should I have fought too?
I don't think I should.
That's what represented the world
In World War I and II.
People were innocent!
They were innocent!
Up till now we mustn't stop saying it!

Raheem.

Symphony

My country, your country, our country,
Will it ever get re-constructed?
I won't let my country
Flicker away this fast.
I will fight for it to be like before.
This is a glorious country.
(My life).

My life keeps washing away in a moment.
I had a dream
That everyone was in peace and harmony.
Suddenly, a symphony of horrible sounds
Woke me up.
Guns, bombs and crawling men
Shouting at women in the streets.

Ahmed.

Family.

I wish now there were white doves
Representing peace to the world.

My family:
I think they're crying softly.

I can see people getting killed.
I can see funerals and people crying.
I can smell smoke, blood, ruby-red.

Mums and dads,
Your dad, your mum, my mum,
All together crying,
Our family.

After awhile,
I see new houses getting built.
Is this the start
Of a new beginning?

I see smiles on people's faces.
Your face, my face,
Together happy!

Ryan.

Scalded.

The demonic figure of fire
 Will never haunt this city again.
 This is my hope while I lay in poverty.
(Several men in bright orange suits race past me,
 Not having a care in the world).
 Like an orchestra
The sirens shear the nerves in my eardrum—
 The cacophony is immense.
 My scars have been re-opened
And my family have been closed.
 All my friends are probably
 In the dense undergrowth,
 Sitting sorrowfully.
 Will anyone save me?
Everything has been washed away.
The phenomenal amount of sadness is growing.
 Knowing I have nobody,
 Stops my heart-rate.
 My blood evaporates.
 The pain endures for life.

Riley.

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