

# Survival



## Poems

by children from

Spring Bank Primary school



## Forest

Trees, deer, foxes, rabbits,  
Soil, grass and bushes,  
That's what I saw when I woke up,  
I saw the sunlight shining down on me,  
Now all I want is my family,

Soon I found a hollowed out trunk,  
That was warm and snug,  
Out of leaves and twigs I made,  
A very raggedy rug,

Even though it sounds quite fun,  
You can not do it happily,  
If you have only just lost,  
Your beloved family,

But if I keep praying,  
Maybe I will find,  
That god will take pity,  
And finally be kind.



By Ruby Paechter

*Long Lost Family.*

*My heart can fix back together,  
We can have a celebration,  
I wish me and my family will get back together,  
And no one will take us away from each other,  
We will get water and food,  
I want clean clothing,  
I wish for more.*

*I can smell rotten sea food,  
I can see the beautiful blue sky,  
I can see the wonderful clean clouds,  
And one of the marks is from the sea monster,  
When it clung onto me with its claws.*

*Why am I turning to be a wreck?  
I need to be watered,  
I need to be fed,  
What would I do without family?  
All of my friends have family,  
Except me,  
People make fun of me because of this,  
Tears roll down from my eyes,  
Run away and cry.*

By Marshay Watt



## My life

I made a journey  
Through the tropical forest  
Searching for food and water.

I have just heard  
That my parents have died  
From a tropical storm.

# *My Story*

I have a dream.  
It's to stop hunger and thirst,  
No one would be poor,  
Everyone would have the same  
amount of life.

I'm one of a kind.  
My parents told me so,  
They gave them to me,  
My scars.

My big sister, big brother,  
Fighting for their lives in that  
horrible but safe place,  
The hospital.

My sister has just died.  
We were all there,  
Every single one of us,  
Together as a family.

She was hooked up to that heart  
machine.  
And then suddenly it just went,  
BEEP  
She was gone.

Ever since that day my house has  
been an unhappy place.  
Maybe someday it will be a better  
place again.

I miss my old life.....



By Eve Clarkson

# R.I.P

MANY POOR UNWEALTHY  
LOCALS CRYING IN THE DISTANCE  
DRINKING DIRTY WATER.

FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES  
WITH LIFE THREATENING  
DISEASES.

VULNERABLE , DISADVANTAGED  
FAMLIES AND HOMES DRIFTING AWAY  
TO SEA.

THE SCARS ON MY  
FACE ARE MARKS OF SURVIVAL  
I HAVE BEEN BATTERED FROM THE  
MINUTE I WAKE UP TO THE SECOND I  
PUT MY HEAD TO THE PILLOW

MY DREAM IS TO TAKE THE PAIN AWAY  
FROM OTHERS LIKE ME  
TO HELP THEM LIVE GOOD LIFE LIKE I  
NEVER DID,

TO HELP THEM BE FREE LIKE I NEVER  
WAS.

**Emile Khamari Gaskin**



## Survival on a Beach

I can see a lot of things,  
Here in South America,  
My house's roof has blown off,  
Last house at the end of the lane,

I'm sitting on sand,  
Next to black and white dairy cows,  
In front of a river, shallow,

Elephants, jaguars,  
Running down the dusty plain,  
Turtles, fish and frogs,  
Bathing in the boiling water,

My family are at home,  
Dad at work on the thatched roof,  
Little brother Liam sick in bed,  
Mum making American stew,

My little sister with her friends,  
Big brother fishing somewhere near,  
And last of all my big sister,  
Who's out hunting in the forest,

I am sitting here all alone,  
What's that I see?  
Floating down the river,  
Big, bold and blue,  
It's sending ripples to and fro,  
There it is,  
To far to reach,  
But there it was all the same,

I ran for my brother,  
My sister, my mum and my dad,  
They came running and stared,  
A giant, amazing, aqua coloured whale,

Then it shifted and shifted some more,  
It broke free from the rocks,  
And swam away down the river,  
I watched it swim out of sight,

What do the scars mean?  
Everyone asks that question,  
What I tell them is nothing,  
But I will tell you,

When I was a baby,  
There was a terrible drought,  
When the rain left the sky,  
Only sun was left;  
No clouds,

As the days passed,  
I grew weaker,  
My family left in search of water,

I have scars inside,  
Not outside,  
Inside



BY MAISEY RODEN

# THE SUFFERING IN ME.

By Anushka Chappell

When cars pass me by,  
it makes me think high,  
No-one to pick me up when I'm down,  
It makes me think about my family just  
before they past out,

A cracked heart inside me,  
It never seems to make me feel free,  
My heart never to be mended,  
I try and try to defend,

No longer do I have a family,  
No I mean literally,  
My mum was always there to tuck me in at  
night,  
My dad was always there to put up a  
fight,

Ever since slavery covered my live,  
I wish my family was there to lead me  
into the light.



## **Thirst**

*The scar on my face is a symbol.  
And a map to a treasure.  
My family forgot about me.  
My family were looking for water and me.  
I see cracks and dust swirling around me.  
I see broken houses and cars smashed into peaces.  
I feel like people are dying every day  
with no food.  
I see bombs flashing every where  
Spreading out.  
I see big rocks hitting the floor.  
My dream is my family comes back  
To love me.*

**By Asim Anwar**



**Time to move on.**

***My dream my dream to be a life saving doctor.***

***My goal my goal to stop  
people from dying.***

***Now I'm beginning to feel  
like my family are dead.***

***This is it  
its time to  
get my past  
out of my way.***

***Because past  
is no longer  
my future.***

***Some day  
I hope my dream  
comes true.***

***If my family are dead  
I hope my family lay in peace.***

***I will never forget them.  
Because they are the people  
who got me to this  
brilliant point.***

***By Rowell Wilson***





# Gone

For my mother to remember me,  
Not to forget me,  
For slavery to stop,

Me on my own,  
No one,  
What is destined to happen to me?

Sun glazing,  
Sand hitting my face,  
Thirst drying my tongue,

It's killing me,  
I wish for water,  
Water, water, water,

I am alone,  
Sad little me,  
Starting to drift away,

I feel my cracks in my face,  
Getting deeper, deeper and deeper,  
My pain getting stronger

I keep seeing my parents,  
I know it's just my eyes,  
Only if it could be true.

I wish,  
I wish,  
For it all to end.

By Faye-Louise McManus

## Help

Ripped cloth tent  
That we live in  
We are very hot and thirsty  
I've got scars on my face  
It means I am very ill

.



## *I Believe*

*I have a past,  
A presence,  
And a future,  
I won't let my past take over me,  
A presence I have,  
And a future I believe.*

*I believe that I,  
Can show peace within the world.  
I believe I can make nobody,  
Have a life like mine,  
As a girl.*

*Food, water, shelter,  
All the key things to life  
I needed but I didn't get.*

*You can believe,  
You can dream.  
You have such an important  
Thing in life,  
Your heart.*

*You can change the world with the help of your heart,  
You can keep all your secrets locked away in your heart.  
Your heart has hope,  
As tight as a knot on a rope.*

*Hope can change your world,  
From being a slave,  
To having a life*

*Even if you get bashed around,  
Even if you get whipped,  
Your heart can still carry hope.  
Hope will cling onto your heart  
No matter what.*

*One day that dream,  
Will come true.  
If you believe,  
Because I do.*

*By Madeleine Shaw*

# Me

*My family to be awake, not in the cold dark they rest in,  
I live in Africa with no family,  
For I am alone,  
I have just seen my village flash before my eyes,  
For I am alone,*

*I have scars on my face,  
It shows cancer,  
No money to pay for a cure,  
An operation  
For I am poor.*

*My name is Jack,  
I bet you're glad you aren't like me,  
Alone with no food,  
Cancer taking over,  
I bet you're glad you aren't like me.*

*In the distance,  
I can see a stranger,  
I am scared,  
Alone,  
And sensing danger!*

*By India Fitzsimmons*



# Life

I am all alone,  
In the boiling sun,  
Starving to death,  
No family, nothing,  
Just me!

I can see a sand storm,  
It's coming my way,  
What will I do,  
Because I might as well die.

My family left me here,  
They didn't care,  
They went to India,  
My baby sister,  
My older brother,  
Gone with them to.

I have different dreams,  
The most important one is,  
My family come back,  
My sister,  
My brother,  
So we can be a loving family again.

Once I was in a fire,  
Lucky there were oxygen tanks,  
I had to have four to help me survive,  
I have scars on my face to represent that fire,  
To represent I'm a tough survivor,  
And fierce to my enemies.

I have just seen two figures,  
Far away they were,  
When they came closer,  
I realised something,  
There was a man and a woman,  
The man had a curly moustache,  
Just like my dad's,  
The woman had straight red hair,  
Just like my mum's,  
Then I realised they were my parents.

My siblings weren't there,  
They were dead,  
They had died in a fire,  
So now I just have my parents,  
To help me have a happy life,  
It would be better to have my siblings

So I could have a happier  
life...

By Paige Fitzsimmons





# Long lost

*My long lost family far away from my shattered  
heart*

*If only they could come back and fix my  
Heart together*

*I love them so much I would search the  
World for them*

*My scars, yes my scars*

*On my face*

*Are my family and my soul*

*But the one that is the most special to me*

*Are my family*

*Living in which is inside my heart*

*But all my scars are special to me*

*Some bad, some good*

*As I mumble to my self in despair*

*Sitting on a beach well it isn't really a beach*

*When there is only a puddle of sea water*

*Being sucked up by the sun*

*I kneel over and let my trembling tears*

*Roll down my face*

*And into the puddle of water*

*Knowing that one day I will*

*Fade away and die*

*By Mathilde*

# DREAM

I have a dream,  
A dream that my family,  
Will have a better home and better food,

My life is turning,  
When I was offered a better home,  
It's like the end of my old life,  
And the start of a new.

My dream has began

# DRY

I have a dream,  
The poverty will stop,  
I can live a normal life,  
Not rich, not poor, just  
normal

That's a far away dream,  
Not reality,  
But I want it to be,

The sand blows around,  
In my eye,  
The occasional tree,  
No water or sound

My dad dead,  
Gone...  
Forever,

Up in the sky,  
When I look up there,  
I get a tear in my eye  
  
Thirst is drying me out,  
Dry tongue,  
Dry mouth,  
I'm going to die,  
When I say bye to the world,  
I do not know,  
But let's hope,  
It's not so soon

## **Lily Park**



## Death To The Bone

I live on a lonely hill. No water, no food, I'm dying. What will happen to me?  
One scorching day I will die,  
But I don't want it to come so soon....

My parents have gone forever,  
I know from the telegram this morning.  
Look at me alone, please I wish for at least  
some help.

The only thing I have close to my heart now  
is my beautiful pet lion. Please God bring my  
old life back, bring my parents back!

All my scars were from my father of from  
hunting.  
I am in this poverty, it should be banned.  
But for now I'm stuck in this lonely place.

Before my parents were gone  
we had no where to live. One day I was left  
to melt in the sizzling, boiling sun. My parents  
slaved to their dying bones.

I've just walked 3 miles to get river water. I took a couple of buckets down and filled them up. But on the way back a zebra kicked me, I lost all of my water!

I've got a big dream that one day I will not be scorched by the sun, have friends and education. But most of all I want food and water! Please god, do that for me.

Life isn't supposed to be lived this way. Right now I want to die cry, cry to the very dear end.

All day I die more. When I die I will be with my parents, in heaven. I wish for that.

Every day I need to beg, beg for life!

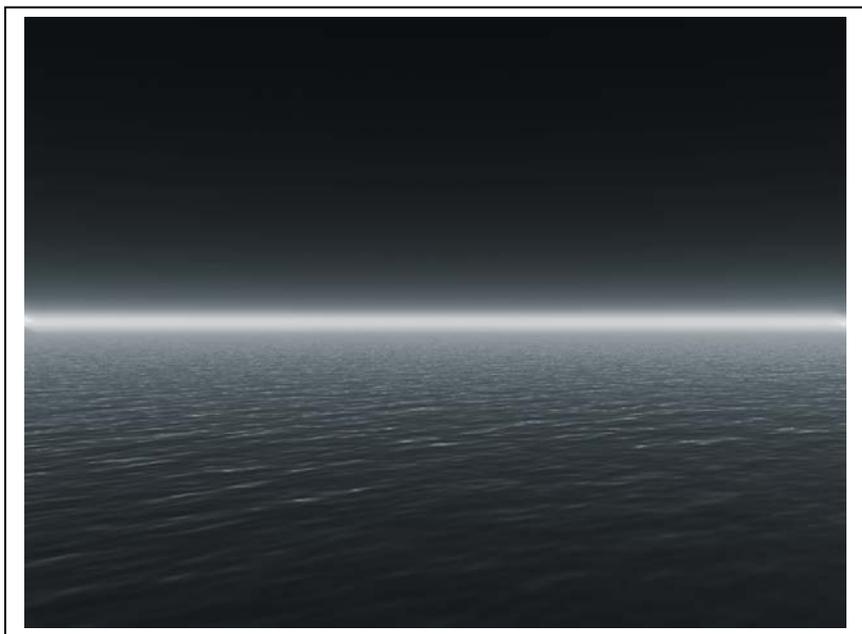
By James.T.Houlton



# **Dark**

**I didn't want to go  
Dark brown and shiny  
Forehead, chin and ears  
My scars because I hit a wall  
I, a statue of a person  
See water and  
A family gone away  
My dream is of Christmas**

**By Arthur Robinson**



## Can I Live?

My world is like a new region of life and death  
A brick wall I have been getting at it for  
years.

I may as well lie in the dirt  
and wait for death to take over my life.

My world is crumbling, my heart is breaking  
And all I do now is wait and cry.

*By Joseph Ibrahim Al-haddad*



## Alone

**My mother never got her dream.  
I fear I won't get mine either.  
Everyday the sand scorches my feet.  
Everyday the sun burns my face.  
And I have no water**

**I spend my days alone.  
My mother nowhere to be seen.  
I fear she has died.  
I fear she has left me.  
To suffer on my own**

**Sand storms pick up in the night.  
The dust irritates my eyes.  
I have nowhere to go.  
I have to run.  
Through the powerful winds**

**My heart is scarred,  
Has been since I was five.  
My mother would leave me.  
My mother would stay out all night.  
For no particular reason**

**I had to go and follow her.  
The night was cold and raw.  
I saw her go into a wooden hut.  
I saw her wealth.  
That's when she saw me.  
left me**

**I wish I had food and water.  
A proper place to live.  
I wish mother hadn't left me.  
I wish I didn't have to live this way.  
fighting for my life.**

**Alone.**

*By Elizabeth Purmaya Baruah*



# A Life Of Survival

We all have dreams,  
And my dream is,  
To become a doctor,  
And help other people,



I can see houses,  
Made out of straw,  
And dirty water being drunk,  
And fighting for survival,

In my past,  
Which I never look back,  
To but oh well,

I was abandoned,  
By my parents,

They came back for me,  
But only for a slave,  
To collect water,  
Which is miles from home,  
The scars on my face ,  
Are representing my dog,  
Dying of hunger,  
And dehydration,



# Wish

**I will drift away in a storm  
My dream is that I could live with the mermaids in the sea**

**My life is full of dust and sand  
Rubbish scattered  
Carts and dead trees on the road**

**My mum is too busy  
And my brother is fishing  
Dad I do not know**

**So if I had a chance  
I would not live with the family  
Who betray me  
I would live with the mermaids**

**By Eve Goff**

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