



Hope Climbed

The Eighth Anthology by Students of
The Complete Works

Edited by Christian Foley



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*“standing still, at a distance,
hope grew tall”*

– arie shafiq

Christian Foley, Poet in Residence

Introduction from the Editor

In the title poem of this anthology, written by arie shafiq, hope is personified. Hope is witnessed to be growing taller, before leaping into flight over the highest mountain ranges. This is a useful way to conceive hope, as a force with infinite potential to rise, even when it is held down by the gravity of our struggles.

The students at *The Complete Works* each view hope through their own unique lens. Their writing is imbued with the honesty and courage I have come to expect from them, through the many years of collating poetry anthologies at this school. It takes courage to be honest and it takes courage to be hopeful. When our barriers seem insurmountable, it is through the power of hope that we are able to face them, and then overcome them.

In one of the poems, Afzal Hussain (or MC Huss, as he likes to go by) wrote, "Life is a story, it's just like a book". This book is indeed a story of lives. The lives of our students are articulated in their own words, and we are given an insight into their own worlds. There are worlds of humour, heartbreak, love, hardship, and triumph. Throughout all of the work, hope is a constant presence, a presence that refuses to be subdued, a presence that first glances upwards, before beginning to climb.

Phil Richards, Founder of The Complete Works

Foreword

Each year, around this time, I am asked to write the foreword to the forthcoming anthology, and I always begin by drawing inspiration from the work the students have submitted. Given this is the eighth anthology we have published, it would be easy to imagine that the work the students produce each year might be similar to what has gone before, that themes would be the same and that they might also express their experiences of life in similar ways. This assumption, however, could not be further from the truth, as each time I am given new work to review, I am totally amazed by its uniqueness.

The title of this anthology '*Hope Climbed*' sums up this moment in time. In a world in which there is presently so much unrest, turmoil and fear, hope finds itself centre stage. Hope in itself, may be enough to conquer fear, yet it seems we must face our fears over and over again until we build up the stamina and resilience to move beyond fear and climb to a higher place.

Much of the work in this anthology gives glimpses into some of the many challenges our students face on a daily basis and the enormous energy which is needed for them to win through. I am grateful that we are in a position to support them on their educational journey, and it is awe-inspiring to witness them develop the skills and confidence to achieve their goals. Each one of us has our own mountain to climb and in doing so, I

hope you will draw inspiration from this anthology and enjoy it as much as I have.

I would, once again, like to thank Christian Foley for editing this anthology and for everyone at TCW for supporting our young people over the last year. Thank you for all your very necessary hard work. It was totally worth it!

Hope Fell

arie shafiq

there was a moment, once,
where hope swerved from its path

on that day, i saw
loneliness open its arms wide

wide enough to engulf hope entirely
so pain entered the scene,
regretfully

but then came another
as hope glanced upwards,
longing filled its bloodstream,
and opened up wonder

My World is My World

Aleighsha Fay-Lawrence

My world is not just my own
my world is also my home
my world is my nan and dad
with all their love shown

my world is full of strangers
my world is full of dangers
my world has been quite crazy
since I was a baby

my world changed when I moved
relationships, friendships that I was forced to lose
my world you lose and find
but some things get left behind

my world is as energetic just like me as a girl
my world is my world

Our Planet

Anon

Our planet is full of mysteries
There are secret deep caves
Between each beautiful mountain range

Green forests
Green trees
Green leaves
Green rivers
that flow to green seas

we live beneath the blue sky
we start the day with an orange sun rise
we finish it with an indigo twilight

at night we look up and see the stars
they are far from our world

where we drive too many cars
where we dig for oil
where we fight wars for spoils

but I have not run out of ideas
if through the mist, I can see clear
we can continue, we can cope
because our planet is a planet of...

Hope.

My Life is a Story

Afzal Hussain

Life is a story,
it's just like a book

Life is a song
it's got verses and hooks

Life is a journey
with no signposts
No red light, green light

to tell you where to go



Nasima Begum

Hope for One World

Nasima Begum

Lots of people
Water
Girls and boys
Big and small
Headscarf
Dress
Wheelchair
Mixed
Lots of Stars

The Ode to my Doc Martens

arie shafiq

dry summer of '19,
the end of all fighting.
black leather gifted in a bag
numbers printed on a price tag
happy tears fallen in the street
roses embroidered perfectly neat
high top now fully attached to me,
matter material for everyone to see

scratched surface, England's lockdown
black and red somehow equivalent to a crown
royalty dressing my feet,
in the eyes of each that i meet
thanking you for a gift so pure
boots filled with such allure
for each naked eye to see
the perfected gift, from you to me

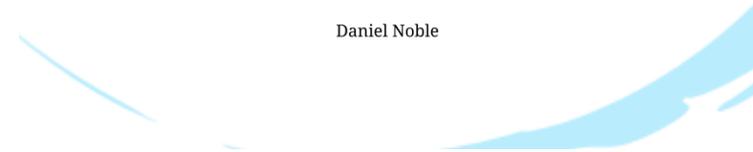
Waterfall

Matthew Zannicos Lane

Small boats sitting still
the waves gushing, mist of rain
tourists scared of drowning
small boats sitting still
like me swallowing a bitter pill
the waves gushing, mist of rain
while I think to myself, life is pain
tourists scared of drowning



Daniel Noble



Roots

Franky Doherty

A branch is the limb of a tree
Trees have a body ringed with history
History grows down like roots
Roots are family links that twist and turn
The turn of the day is my favourite part
The part when the moon begins to glow
Glow like the radiant face of a smile
I smile less the older I get
Get less likely to branch out
Outwardly my life is seasons
Season of spring still
Still

Head in the Clouds

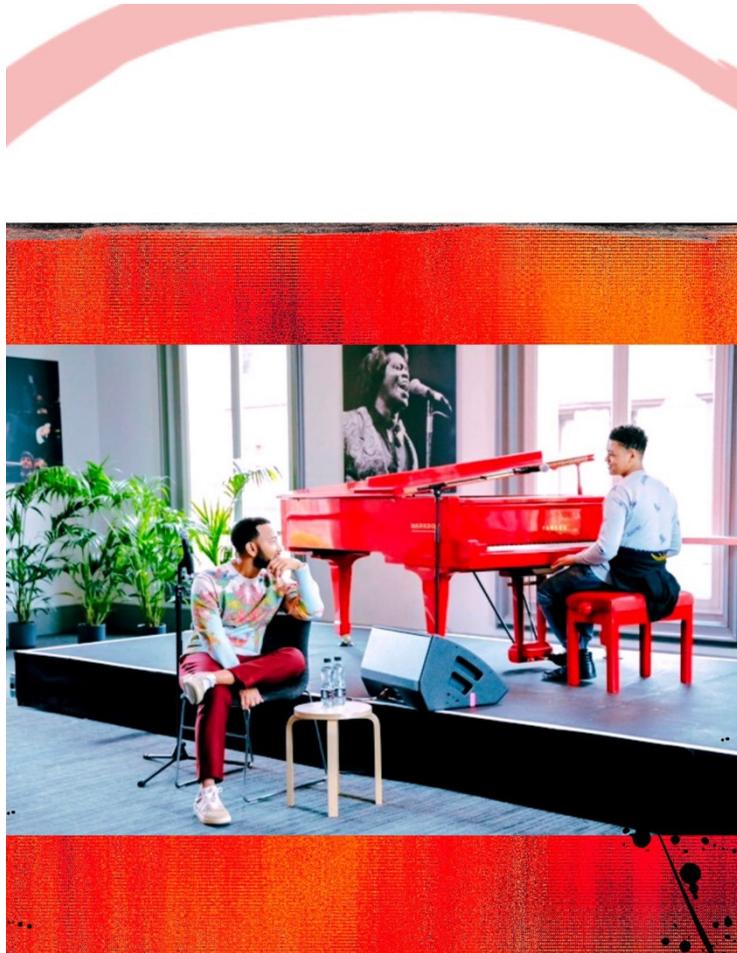
Izzy Holloway

They said you could not do it
Just because you're different
But what's the point of fitting
When you're born to stand out

*They may try to get you down
But I won't have a frown
I'll stand up tall with my head in my clouds*

Why can't we all have a chance in life
Why can't we make things right
When we're in dark times
Why can't we see the light?

*They may try to get you down
But I won't have a frown
I'll stand up tall with my head in my clouds*



Nicolas Larose & John Legend

Life Matters

Nicolas Larose

Life is
Movement and expression
Ways of life
Protest and passion
Here and now
There and about
Means and matters

The Wolf and the Sheep

Tanya

The arrival of those who have long foretold. Is there no peace for us now? Disaster has come upon us, and we sheep had believed it to be someone else's story. Deep suffering came upon us, we were trampled and eaten, but we could not ask anyone why this happened to us, and it was all over. All the sheep's things were taken away by the wolves. Damn wolves, you beasts! All the sheep families have become prey.

Wolves, you animals! The city of sheep has become a battlefield. Damn you wolves, you brutes! Everything the sheep loved was used as a toy. I couldn't seem to breathe; 50 years of peace was shattered that day. Everything was destroyed at their hands and I saw the cursed days of a bygone era. Why did all this happen to me? What sin have I committed to deserve all this pain? (Enemy, enemy) I will remember you. I will remember that hellish day when anger flowed through my tears. I will never forget you.

In the red rain that falls silently, are you trampling and laughing while stepping on little souls? I will stand up again and say my last prayer before all my given time is over. We are here to recall the days of Eden, where we could not return. Everything was destroyed, they took everything away, the freedom and peace we wanted to live in was taken away from us. Why must I live in regret? For a long time. We knew everything about their existence and their tricks. Destruction and

hypocrisy were happening in us without us knowing it. They're coming, they're coming, and what destroys them is coming. We will put an end to the madness of it all. To end this war that began so long ago...

My Way

Luca Shafiq

Shout out to Christian, the nonsense rapper
this is my freestyle

It's Luca, the L U C A
Isle of Dogs in East London
I keep it on lock like a dungeon

Arsenal FC the London Gunners
score all the goals they are stunners

Of course I'm the best
better than the rest
really really fresh

No recommendation from the ads
I do everything myself

I do it my way, I do it all day
I do it my way, I do it all day

I Am

Wesley Carlos Williams

I am sitting in a room
But there is no roof

I am not sleeping
In the world
Here in front of you

I'm on TV trying
To make a change

A Delayed Dream

Afzal Hussain

Look for something you love
find your passion
keep digging until you find a treasure

A delayed dream is like a rotten
apple
A delayed dream is like a door
closed in a dark place
A delayed dream is like feeling
abandoned, depressed and lonely
A delayed dream is like a clock
ain't moving when it is going forward

A delayed dream is closed like a box

Calling me Back

Shakeira Dias-Brown

Why do you never pick up,
When you know we had something special,
Was there something wrong with me,
(oh)
Being caught and stuck up on all these feelings,
Make me wanna scream out for help,
Now I feel like I'm stuck in my thoughts,
You keep giving me mixed signals,
Was I not enough for you?

Now you are calling me special,
When you know I can't have you,
When I'm on to the next one,
Oh, now you want to get aggressive,
Oh, what do you mean?
You're making me believe,
Nightmares turn into a dream,
If you're toxic to me, then what am I feeling?

Cause I thought it was over,
Got me thinking the feelings over,
You keep doing it over and over,
Why you keep calling me back,
I'm just trying to feel closure,
But you keep pulling me closer and closer,
Got my phone ringing over and over,
Cause you keep calling me back,
La-la-la-la-la-la
Why you keep calling me back?

The Old Man in the Corner

Nat Kellas

The old man round the corner that sits all alone,
who has a white gloomy look as we walk by,
with tattered clothes and a long grey beard
he sits there all alone.

When those walk by, he shows his cup
but no one ever drops one by,
his wrinkled face displays his sorrows,
his loss of hope within his look
faces those as they pass by.

The old man round the corner that sits all alone,
who has that dark lost look as one went to war,
with nations clothes and a long sniper rifle
he lines up the sight.

When those that fire by, he pulls his trigger
and everyone drops as that bullet goes by,
his poker face displays no feelings,
his skill gives him hope within his heart.

The old man round the corner that sits all alone,
who survived and made it home
but lost his mind to the pain
and sits in sorrow all alone.

my past flies above

arie shafiq

a crow peers at me from above, with pleading eyes
i surrender my past to him
my past of never getting any goodbyes

sunshine peeking through – dried up leaves –
on a late summers day –
hours gone by – with a soul –
secured to the ground – each finger – interlocked –
no reasons are found –

she smiles – alone – what we once called –
home – footsteps – gone unnoticed –
by a passer by – an intellectual – a friend –
who is no longer – ours –

it gets cold – dark – and a heart –
knows – no boundaries – not in her absence – not
without – a lover – around –
to hesitate and hover – so she smiled –
once more – as often as she could – she –
let her heart – pour –

now crows fly ahead
not hearing a word that i said
and there is bliss in their ignorance

is love real?

arie shafiq

love is not forcing myself to be led by you
love is not having to be painted only by the colour
blue
love is not allowing everyday chaos to ensue
love is not having to hide from what is true
love is not love if it comes from you.

love is found in the deepest caves and the highest
skies
love is seeing straight through their white lies
love is freeing, no more hiding under a disguise
love is forgiveness, acceptance with each try
love is hearing content in your sigh, and not doubting
why

The White Walled Room

Oliver Moore

The fly flew into the white walled room, An empty shell of what it would be. The fly had a plump bloated body and a horrible odour, obviously remnants of him gorging greedily on a previous meal. The fly flew very slowly, as its wings struggled to lift its weight. Constantly bumping into the walls, the fly continued to fly. The fly's only thought was about what its next meal would be. A rotten apple, or maybe even some non attentive human's cake.

"Mmm", how much he loved cake. Donk! The fly bumped into a wall. But did it really care? No. Against the wall it flew, slowly drifting along. It probably wasn't very smart flying headfirst into a wall until it drifted where there was no wall. Granted however, the fly's speed probably meant it wouldn't hurt itself. But if it could fly faster, I guarantee it would continue to fly into the wall.

Behind it something crept. But the fly didn't notice. No matter how unperceptive it believed humans were, letting him eat their cake, he was a thousand times more. The fly continued flying until it reached a corner. Of course this was the problem. Flying against a wall in no particular direction, when he reaches a corner, he just kind of gets stuck. Continuing behind it, a creature crept, following its every movement. It hungered for food, this beast, and it saw a juicy plump fly, and its mouth watered.

The fly eventually took notice of its predicament and turned around, and promptly flew into another wall. But while it was bumping between the two walls, something was being planned. This creature wanted to taste and feel the fear of this fly before it died. It wanted to have a little fun because obviously the fly would not be able to escape. The fly eventually found its way into a place where it could fly without bumping into walls.

The fly smelled something. It was from back the way he came. It was cake. Sickly sweet as it was, it was appealing to the fly. So, the fly turned around, and then it saw the spider, its silhouetted form, giant and imposing, with eight large dangly legs clinging to the wall. Eight eyes stared into the terrified fly's soul as fangs dripped with venom. The spider smiled a devilish smile as it began to chase the fly. The fly turned as fast as it could and flew. The spider let the fly think that it could maybe get away. The fly saw the door, its little heart beating with excitement. Then it noticed the web. The spider had protected the doorway and there was no other exit to the white walled room.

The fly instantly turned just missing a large tentacle like leg reaching out to stab it. The fly lost its bearings, all the walls looked the same. White, blank, empty. It flew as much as it could, but then of course it would see the spider in front of it. It had been scraped a few times, blood had been spilt, but the fly still felt confident. It could fly but the spider could not, and it

continued to evade the spider. Eventually the spider would realise it could not catch the fly. As stupid as this assumption was the fly believed all it had to do was fly.

The spider began to grow bored of this game and so began to weave a web. Wrapping around the room the web covered one wall, a large web, with beautiful patterns. Two walls. Long stretches of beautiful silk-like fibres that the fly could not escape from. Three walls. This was getting bad for the fly now and of course the fly did not know. Four walls. This is when the fly realised that the spider had him trapped. All the spider had to do was enclose him and the fly could do nothing. But still the fly flew because it was the only thing he could do, and so the spider continued to weave. Its web's were closing in around the fly creating a smaller and smaller space where the fly could fly.

The fly was closed in and there was nothing it could do and so it flew and flew through one web - through two - and then it was stuck. It could not move and the spider was crawling towards it. Its black shape hanging in deep contrast to the white walls of the room. The fly looked where it was stuck on a single silvery web. The fly struggled as much as it could and it realised there was no hope, it would not get this cake. The spider got its imposing figure around, started weaving, ready to wrap the fly up in a cocoon. And then, Ting! The web snapped and the fly could fly again, it was out of the room. The cake! It could see the cake unattended. The fly knew that the spider was

coming out of the white walled room. It only wanted one thing: it wanted to eat this cake before it died. And then it stopped. It was so close to the cake, centimetres away, but a web had bound the fly and the spider was reeling him in.

The fly knew he only had a few seconds to live, maybe he could escape, but he was not fast, he was not strong, he was a fat ugly fly and he deserved to die. The spider, seeing the fly's juicy flesh, salivated. It hungered for that flesh and then the fly and the spider were right next to each other. The spider could feel the flies' panicked heartbeat, and the fly could feel the the dripping of venom of the spiders fangs, the spider reached towards the fly embedding it's fangs into its flesh. Oh that juicy flesh. This was going to be a good meal for the spider. It had had its fun and it was done. Now it was time to feast. The spider began tearing each leg of the fly and then it's wings, gobbling each of them whole. Now it was time for the main course. It plunged it's teeth into its juicy flesh, tearing the fly apart. The fly only had seconds to live.

It knew it shouldn't have gone for the cake; it should have found something else. If it hadn't gone towards the cake the spider wouldn't have reeled it back. Then it all went black for the fly as the spider took its last bite, it's mouth dripping with blood and venom, and it smiled. That was a good meal. It would use the white walled room again

I Come From (Part 1)

Mahfujul Hasan

I come from this country
I come from East London
nearby on Commercial Road
I come from a good family
My mum, my brothers and sisters
My favourite food is rice and spice
My mum cooks that every night
I come from the hub at TCW
Do I like it? Yeah, it's okay...

I come from K-Pop it makes me smile
I come from watching football
all the time on my tablet

I come from being Muslim
My heritage is Bengali
I speak two languages
I come from being me

Three Emotions

Franky Doherty

I show it more frequently than the rest, flames in my eyes as it builds up more and more, bruised knuckles and holes in the walls.

I tend to not be as open about it as most people would, eyes itchy and feeling tired quite soon after.

falling deeper and deeper into that circle, my heart beats faster than a cheater running in the wild, my head filled with all these great feelings, my body grows giddy when I see them.



I Come From (Part 2)

Evie Millett

I come from drawing tails from sonic.
I come from playing Roblox on my laptop.
I come from playing Fortnite on my Xbox one.
I come from playing basketball like Kobe Bryant
I come from drawing mushrooms.
I come from watching my favourite anime named
Demon Slayer.
I come from playing football like Harry Kane.
I come from skateboarding in the rain.

Cloak of a Storm

Serhan Incedal

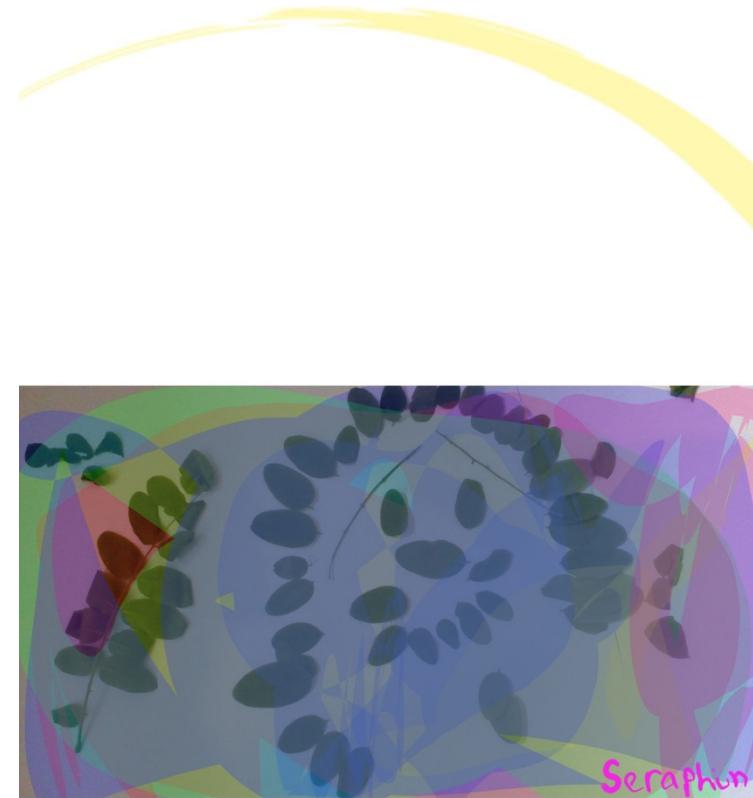
Praise the Nord, or praise the lord
So much fire that I'm dragon born
On point like a sword
Amaze like corn
And I start this blaze
From the days to the dawn

Wearing the cloak of a storm
Spit that fire know that I'm warm
I survive in the cold
When I'm writing a flow
Strike like lightening
Arrive then I go...

Storm

Jamie Francis

Storm is energetic
With more energy than red bull and Lucozade Storm
whirls around the room like a hurricane
Storm hates politics
He shredded up the pamphlets
Storm hates bills
He shredded up the council letters
Storm hates the postman
People hear his bark; they hear him howl like a wolf
But he's gentle like a baby sheep
Storm can run for hours
He just wants to be free



Seraphin Adu

Magic

Seraphin Adu

Crocodiles dancing in the sky
That is MAGIC
Cats singing happy songs
That is MAGIC
Elephants acting on TV
That is Magic
All these things that I can see
They are Magic

Seraphin doing maths
She is MAGIC
Seraphin doing English
She is MAGIC
Seraphin doing music
She is MAGIC
Seraphin doing magic
She's making MUSIC!

Orange Sheep

Seraphin Adu

Baa Baa orange sheep
Have you got some ears
Yes yes sir, they're right here

Baa Baa blue sheep
Have you got some hair
Yes sir, yes, it's right there

Meow Meow yellow cat
Where have you been
I've been outside
Eating ice cream

Hello Blue Elephant
Have you got some rice
Yes sir, yes sir
It's very nice

Hello hello Green Giraffe
Have you got some elephants
Yes I do they're very intelligent

Woof Woof Red Dog
What do you bury
I don't bury bones
I bury raspberries

All of these animals they are my friends
That is how this poem ends

I Come From (Part 3)

Dominick Devia Gomez

I come from Drawing in pencil and Pen
Drawing Anything
I come from Eating Hot Dogs late at night
With Ketchup
I come from Playing Five Nights At Freddy's
Since 2014
I come from wearing headphones
I never take them off
I come from Family Guy
When it comes to any other show
I'm just, not that guy
I come from Pokémon
Gotta Catch them all in a Pokéball
I come from my friends and all that
We meet up and Just Chat
I come from Jurassic World/Park
I also Play a lot of Ark
I come from Sonic The Hedgehog
His Speed, is something I need
I come from Minecraft
To get up top of my build, I build a tall shaft
I come from PlayStation
Sadly I cannot play it at the Train Station
I come from Music
If you listen to me sing,
I'll hit make your hands bling
I come from my phone
If you take it, I'll chase you all the way home...

I Come From (Part 4)

Nekelle Dominique Simpson

I come from listening to music on my white
headphones
I come from playing basketball at the cage near my
house in South London
I come from watching the anime show Naruto
I come from watching family guy and Stranger Things
I come from playing my Xbox Series S
I come from spending time with my family and
friends

Orange

Seraphin Adu

Orange is a new watch
A stripe around a jumper
A woolly sock
A candle flame
The wildest colour you can name
Orange is a bottle of perfume
Orange leaf or pen
Orange is writing with an orange pen

Giganotosaurus

Eze Heier

It's the Giganotosaurus
He's living 97 million years ago
The size of a boat
And... he can float!



Wesley Williams

KRK Soul

Wesley Carlos Williams

I'm tired of being tired
At least I really tried
Stop crying
This is not a crime
I wrote this rhyme
On the paper in my mind
Sometimes
I just act like I'm blind
I'm trying to see the light
But I can't see it shine
Trying to feel a vibe
Trying to feel alive
Trying to be the realest guy

Real / Fake

Leo Vaz Pereira, Nicolas Larose

Real guy, real swag, real rap
Real shoes, real hair, real hat
Real bars, real lines, real track
Real eyes, realise real facts
Real love, Real life, Real hate
Real nights come before real days
Real me, real you, real us
Real talk, all we need real trust
Real words from a real MC
Like Madrid I'm the realest in the league
Real words read em out of real books
Real verse going into real hooks

Fake friends, fake filters on Insta
Fake politics in Westminster
Fake styles, fake drip, fake Gucci
Fake stunts, fake takes, fake movies
Fake actors doing fake thrillers
Fake drillers all of em fake killers
Fake crepes and fake Monclere
Fake ballers cos you goals ain't there
Fake rappers talking about fake things
Fake crowns, fake chains, fake rings
Fake kings, sitting on fake thrones
While I'm realest I'm on the microphone

Robin Hood

Emily Bird

Chapter One

A young girl sits on an elderly branch playing a harmonious harp. The glistening sun shines down on her through the sparse leaves. Her platinum blonde hair sparkles in the light. The cool breeze gently flows through her hair. The leaves flutter like feathers.

Soon, before she realises, it starts to get dim. The girl slowly and cautiously climbs down the tree. Her feet touch the delicate and somewhat cold grass. She brushes any dirt off herself and her clothes, not that she minds it, but her parents are strict and high-class. She slips her shoes on, already missing the gentle kisses.

She calmly approaches the colossal castle, hiding the harp behind her back. The butlers, maids, and other employees don't mind her playing, but her family thinks it's a waste of time and effort from the grass

She bows her head in respect to her parents, the King and Queen of Sherwood.

"There you are Eithne, we were about to send the royal guards after you" her mother says apathetically.

Eithne hangs her head in shame and sadness. She was so happy, as if nothing could drown her in

sorrow...then she came home and all she could feel was the ocean of sadness grabbing onto her and pulling her down.

“Sorry mother, it won’t happen again.” You could hear her misery sweep through her tone.

“It better not!” her father spits out acerbically.

Having nothing else to say, Eithne scurries off to her bedroom. Once there, she frantically hides the harp under her bed and now she waits for dawn to greet her.

Chapter Two

Dusk greets her with a firm grip. Before the sun has fully left, Eithne is hanging outside her bedroom window with sheets all tied together. She starts her long and treacherous descent.

She sprints across the town’s pavements like she’s trying to embrace dawn before it leaves.

Once she’s into the forest, she hears the amazing whispers of folk music. She follows the delicate sounds of flutes and strings, a wide smile appearing on her face. She sees a clearing in the trees and skips excitedly towards it.

She hesitantly takes a step forwards as someone nods towards her to enter the festivities.

The elderly lady has messy white shoulder length hair that is accidently decorated with leaves and twigs. She has soothing ocean blue eyes. Eithne feels calm and instinctively trusts the mysterious woman. Before she knows it, her harp is placed in her hands, and she is ushered towards the small band.

She gets a feeling for the flow of the music and joyfully joins in. As she plays, she can see children run out of a tent with sparklers in their hands, she can hear them laughing along with the adults...

Mocks

Yusuf Hossain

Mocks, Mocks
I did my mocks
Mocks, Mocks
You know I rock

Mocks, Mocks
I did my mocks
Mocks, Mocks
I wear nice socks

They started at 9.40
I'm a good boy not naughty
Science, English then maths
Then in music I made this rap

They were hard not easy
But I am real G
So you can't put me to the test
My name's Yusuf I am the best

Mocks, Mocks
I did my mocks
Mocks, Mocks
You know I rock

Mocks, Mocks
I did my mocks
Mocks, Mock
I wear nice socks

Kayleigh

Yusuf Hossain

Chelsea fan, she's a Chelsea fan
Can we take a selfie man?? Snap

She's got a dog called Penny
How many friends has she got, yeah many
Problems teaching never has any

My name's Yusuf I am a student
I'm way too smart, make you look stupid
Step to me, don't be foolish
Let me explain to you how to do this

I am the best and I am the strongest
My attention span is the longest
I sit down in class, then say goodbye
Shout Kayleigh, I'm done - I'm a good guy

Fulham FC

Izzy Holloway

Craven Cottage is the place to be
To see the fans supporting Fulham FC
You might get a glance of Mitrovic
Scoring hat tricks on the football pitch
Joe Bryan got us to the Premier League
Scored the winner in 2020
Too bad last year we got relegated
All the fans were so frustrated
Kebano is the favourite player for my dad
I skipped the queue to get his autograph
I love getting hot dogs from the hot dog man
As he walks through the Hammersmith stand
The crowd cheers, and bursts into tears
When we finally win, overcoming our fears
Fulham FC makes us feel emotion
As we chase the glory of promotion
Why don't you come see for yourself?
Secretly, you'd rather be nowhere else!

Blackout Poetry

Emily Bird

_____ of course, _____
_____ a lifetime,
she thought.
_____ she had not counted _____ the effect the Fairy
Queen
would have on her, _____
_____ she
discovered that she loved _____
_____ the
Fairy Queen more and more. The Queen herself, _____
_____ for Niamh
was
turning into love. _____
_____ she
asked Niamh if she truly wanted her wish to be
granted,
_____ she
loved the
Queen. _____
_____ the Queen took her into her arms and
kissed her, _____
Niamh spent the rest of her days _____
_____ happily at
the side of the Fairy Queen.

[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] a ribbon
around them.
[redacted]
[redacted] crisp and sweet.
[redacted]
[redacted] I [redacted] have a
favourite
fairy tale.

Blackout Poetry 2

Emily

[redacted]
[redacted] the black
mare
[redacted]
experienced horse,
[redacted] grander
than any horse
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] 'Truly'
[redacted]
'I won't
harm [redacted] you'
[redacted]
[redacted] in the
sunlight with
two beautiful hunting horses [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] of course they
were the King's

horses

unaccustomed to this

I am

We have all day

one foot propped

the whole endeavour quite painful,

I Come From (Part 5)

Anon

I come from, listening to in this darkness

by Clara La San

I come from, playing bitlife 24/7,

I come from, food, breakfast, lunch, dinner,

I come from, oversized t-shirts,

I come from, art,

I come from, my room,

This poem comes from me

me, gemini

arie shafiq

twice upon a time, i let one of me die
whilst letting another fly
they were born together
but not destined to stay forever

one has an aura as golden as the sun
the other lived in fear before it even begun
soon came the day to choose
choose one to thrive, as no good comes from two

do i give the little lamb a chance?
or do i allow the mighty lion to advance?
questions i already seem to have the answer for
only one of me is needed, yet I long for more

just give us a moment, or two, alone
as i guide this other me home
where they can slowly evolve in their sleep
while the other me will begin to feel peace

letting their twin reluctantly drift away
twice upon a time, i let one of me stay

Libra Season

Phoenix Jean-Brown Martin

I'm gonna be honest, I'm judgemental
I'm a libra, not coincidental
I'm also indecisive,
I wasn't even sure how I could write this
Call me organised mess
Well balanced in my life no stress
Yeah, call me charming I'm blessed
Peace not war, nah this ain't a test
I'm uncompromising
Phoenix from the ash, I'm always rising
Keep my hair that shade of red
Don't care what them teachers said
I know who I am, yeah trust this
Well adjusted, scales of justice
Libra men are snakes
That's a fact and I won't discuss this



Leo Vaz Pereira, Syed Miah,
Asha Ali, Phoenix Jean-Brown Martin

I Invented Swag

Rubie-Ann Brown

RKA that's my artist name
No AK but the bars they spray

I'm from Brixton the coldest place
so cold I eat ice-cream all day

Chocolate flavour
that's what I savour
I make music I make paper
You better hope I'm not your neighbour

I invented swag

Don't ask me for my snapchat name
I don't play your games

Sipping on my tea you wanna be like me
Got my Jordan 1s and my silver caps
Tell my dad, his daughter's making tracks
Don't save my phone number
because I won't call you back

Too busy making tracks
I'm not gonna stop and give you chat

Got no time to talk, carry on with your walk
I got riches and you got rags

I invented swag.

Mixed Emotions

Shalom Montague

A dream is hard to express for some people
People are mixed emotions
Emotions I feel often are hard to explain
They're just mixed
My life is a mix of guitar, my family, and games
I play Roblox
The aim of the game is...
You can do anything
It depends on what you're into
You can create a vibe room
A hangout place
Not just anyone can go in
It's a place to relax
And talk to other people
People are mixed emotions.

I Come From (Part 6)

Leo Vaz Pereira

I come from football, I love it so much
I come from family, I love them a lot
I come from football boots, they help me on the pitch
I come from friends, they help me out
I come from food, it keeps me alive

Let Your Mind Grow

Anon

Let me tell you about my life
Tell them guys put down that knife
The block gets hot or cold like ice
Everyone's chasing the cheese like mice

It's not nice when the streets get violent
Marge in the yard not proud
Now she's silent and crying
But you know that the heartbreaks loud

Let me hop on this track and I make a great sound

Road's not a good thing bro
Focus on your school and let your mind grow

Coder

Dennis Ortiz Bailey

Nobody can rap like me
Sitting there in my Adidas tee
You gotta pay, this don't come free
Open your eyes, like can't you see

I don't even need to rhyme
Cos I make money online
1 mill at a time, and it's not a crime
That's why you haters are bitter like lime

Man is a coder,
driving in a Lambo, I'm never in a Skoda
Pull up to your block
Take a look at my watch
And the moment you clock me
And you know that it's over

Yeah, it's over, over
You know that it's over, over
Swap cars now I'm in a Range Rover
That's game over

Dolla Dream

Afzal Hussain

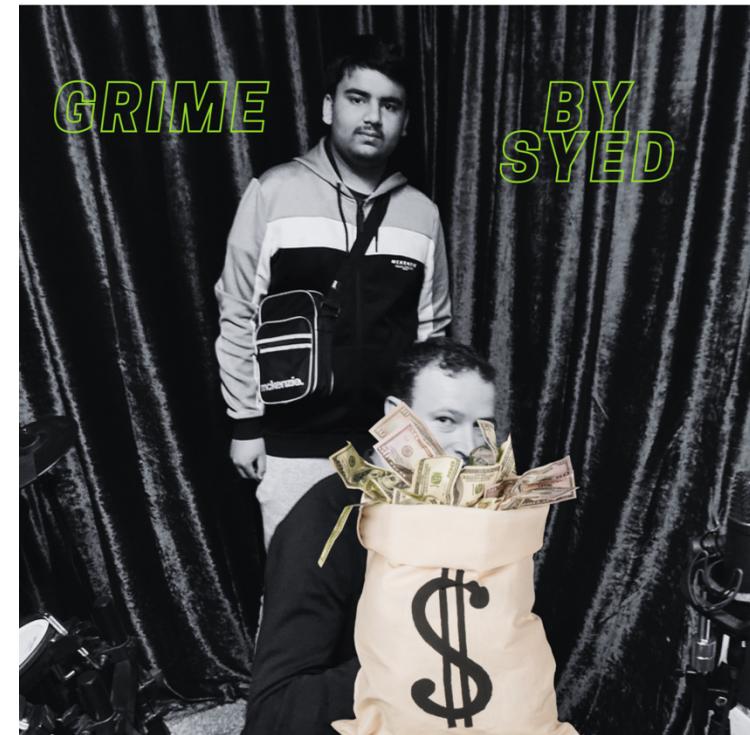
Dolla dream, dolla dolla dream
make it rain green
dolla dolla dream

we're gonna buy some
homes to chill in
homes for the children

we're gonna buy some cars
drive from London to Miami
looking all flashy
how you gonna stop me!?

we're gonna buy a studio
make some tunes
watch cartoons
looney tunes
Tom and Jerry on Sunday afternoon

dolla dolla dream coming soon!



Syed Miah & Christian Foley

Something Different

Syed Miah & William Skorupski

I don't like sitting around
I want something different
I don't like not being on transport
I want something different
If you don't support West Ham
you need something different

I Come From (Part 7)

Shakeira Dias-Brown

I come from singing, R'n'B mostly
I come from dancing, to whatever I feel like
I come from clothes, they're baggy
I come from my phone, I can contact people
I come from holidays, Jamaica, Paris, America

Identity

Nicolas Larose

I got my mandem from East to the West
they said hide your identity
'cos it isn't the best
they said I had to qualify for my better health
and that's me, not being myself

time to show you the real me
My identity is the DNA within me
equal rights
I'm part of the fight



Ronnie Lorimer

R.O.N.I.E

Anon

One day the hero Mr Multiverse saw on his supercomputer that there was a huge power surge in London, it was like a super lightning strike with the power of a nuclear reactor.

Mr Multiverse sent his AI R.O.N.I.E (regular online nervasystem integrated electronic) to investigate what the power surge could have been as it had turned off the power grid in most of London. The AI in his metallic body opened a portal to where the power surge was said to have originated from.

Once there, the AI found a young man shaking violently as if all that power was shot at him, but for some reason he was still living and breathing. The AI comes closer to check if the man was ok... just as he took a step a bolt of lightning shot out of the man. It made R.O.N.I.E unable to move, he was stood there as if his body had shut down but his mind was still living, hurting.

European Cars

Leo Vaz Pereira, Nicolas Larose, Afzal Hussain

European Cars

I got European Cars

Ferrari Maserati, that's hard

Lambo, Bugatti

Way too fast

They wanna be me

Can't be

Switching up flows

Like I'm Afzal on the TV

11.54 waiting until its 12.00

So I can kick a ball like

Ronaldinho, oooohh

1994 it was B.I.G

Now it's me stepping in as the VIP

Can't touch me

Secure

Protective like the Hulk

That's me I'm cold

European Cars

I got European Cars

Ferrari Maserati, that's hard

Lambo, Bugatti

Way too fast

Drive fast like Vin Diesel

Italian whips

American muscle

Catch me in Lisbon
Trying to hustle
I'm a brand like Russel
007 call me James Bond
MC Huss, the one!

European Cars
I got European Cars
Ferrari Maserati, that's hard
Lambo, Bugatti
Way too fast



Nicolas Larose

Transport

William Skorupski

TfL

Railway

Aeroplanes

Next

Stop

Passengers

Overground

Rotherhithe

Tunnel

I Come From (Part 8)

Kaedi-Jay Letman Cruickshank

I come from family, we argue but they're mine
I come from Casper the Cat, I've had him
since I was five
I come from my house, I like not being outside
I come from music, I listen to it all the time
I come from dance, all types

Bird Watching

Theo Phipps

An Italian man, forlorn as they come
Was eating a bowl of spaghetti.
“Oh, woe is me, bird watching’s no fun!
Their songs and their gossip upset me.”

Says Magpie to Jackdaw “Don’t eat that tomato!”
She flies in a dot and a dash
Jackdaw ignores her, he’s filled with bravado!
He scoffs it and breaks out in a rash.

Freeform

Theo Phipps

Our story starts
with fractured parts,
A tangled, messy web

Amorphous forms
Some vast, some torn
Like tides they flow and ebb

Our arms, now ribs
Snatch babes from cribs
Our legs, now fins
We’re someone’s twin

We’re faerie, changeling,
always changing
Child-estranging,
re-arranging

Our mother,
sludge
Our father,
fire

The lines are smudged
of priest and choir

(Our mother, a liar)
(Our father, a judge)

Your form is withering
and we grow

You melt,
and we sew, bestow, overflow

You give us everything we know,
have known,
will know

The Girl Who Wasn't There

Theo Phipps

I'm a liar, I think?
I do things that don't make sense
Some say that I am a fool
Some say I'm preaching pretence
Some would say I'm addicted to shock and suspense
And some would run a mile in my new shoes to play a
ghost's defence

Man, woman, child, I wonder what I would be?
It sure would've been fun to see what I'd become if
I'd have had a chance to breathe
But now the ground seems to have found itself 6 feet
over me
I speak of ego death with bated breath and through
gritted teeth

My head on a platter, for you to pin your wrongs
My offering of peace, an unwashed golden fleece
Written on it in blood: "Can't we all just get along?"

I was dead on arrival, the doctors didn't care
So don't waste your time to praise or psychoanalyse
The girl who wasn't there



William Skorupski



Phoenix Jean-Brown Martin

How Can you Hate?

Afzal Hussain, Leo Vaz Pereira, Nicolas Larose

We all have our ups and downs
That's why I write this down
What can I do
The world is cruel
I respect the old school
So should you

*How could you hate me
You could have been me
How could I hate you
I could have been you*

Put trust in myself
Put respect on my name
I treat you well
You treat me the same
Life's messed up
When you hear someone saying stuff
A bully is a victim
Yeah, that's tough

*Chorus: Afzal
How could you hate me
You could have been me
How could I hate you
I could have been you*

I don't believe in bullying, it is not right
When I think about it, it's not my type

I don't wanna see it with my eyesight
As long as I can see I got my mind right
If you wanna know the truth
Don't rely on other people
Cos no matter what you do
Your future will now be up to you
Your future will now be up to you

*How could you hate me
You could have been me
How could I hate you
I could have been you*

You gotta be kind to everyone
You're brave. You can do anything
People who bully
Have been bullied themselves
We gotta look out for each other

*How could you hate me
You could have been me
How could I hate you
I could have been you*

Hopefully.

Anon

If you have a dream
what else do you prefer
why defer?

Is a dream not lived
like nothing?
Or does it hurt in your heart to
the mid-left in your chest just
like when you have ran too fast and
your body on the insides is dry
and empty of blood and your organs
are rubbing together and can feel everything,
it does not feel nice but you know
you are alive...

you know what I'm talking about
hopefully. It actually hurts.

Hope Climbed

arie shafiq

once upon a time, i saw
hope climbing a great wall to escape regret

during that moment,
regret was flushed scarlet, down to its lonely core

i watched
as fear tilted its head up towards hope's retreating
body

standing still, at a distance,
hope grew tall,
pushed off the greatest wall alive
just to fly to the highest mountain

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