

Towards Freedom

The Seventh Anthology by Students of
The Complete Works

Edited by Christian Foley



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Christian Foley, Poet in Residence

Introduction from the Editor

I am Unconditional. Completing the Puzzle. Tomorrow is a Promise Made. This is How We Speak. A Bird Has Wings for a Reason. The Key to Unlock Us.

These are the titles to our previous six anthologies. I still recall the very first poem of our first anthology. It was produced in a workshop on a grey, drizzling afternoon in September 2014. At the time, I was twenty-two years old, in the first term of my first year of teaching. The concept of writing a book was as novel to me as it was to our students. I'm glad that we found a way to make it.

The years have gone by and I'm sure now of what I had only guessed back then. That these books aren't just words and pages. Patterns and rhymes. Stories, plays and portraits. These books are the people within them. I return to the books often, and with a strange clarity remember the lessons where the work was created. I remember the connections we shared with the students in those moments.

The students remember too. Some of them, even in adulthood, have returned to visit the school, and told us that in re-reading the anthologies, they have been reminded of their school days, their classmates and their experiences. So, when a young person writes a new poem, the poem does not exist in isolation – the words become part of a rich history of expression that we nurture at *The Complete Works*.

This brings us to our seventh anthology, *Towards Freedom*. Another title, like those before it, that speaks of hope. It is the hope of overcoming. Not only the light at the end of the tunnel, but the light to find your way through the tunnel itself. When we go through dark times, words help.

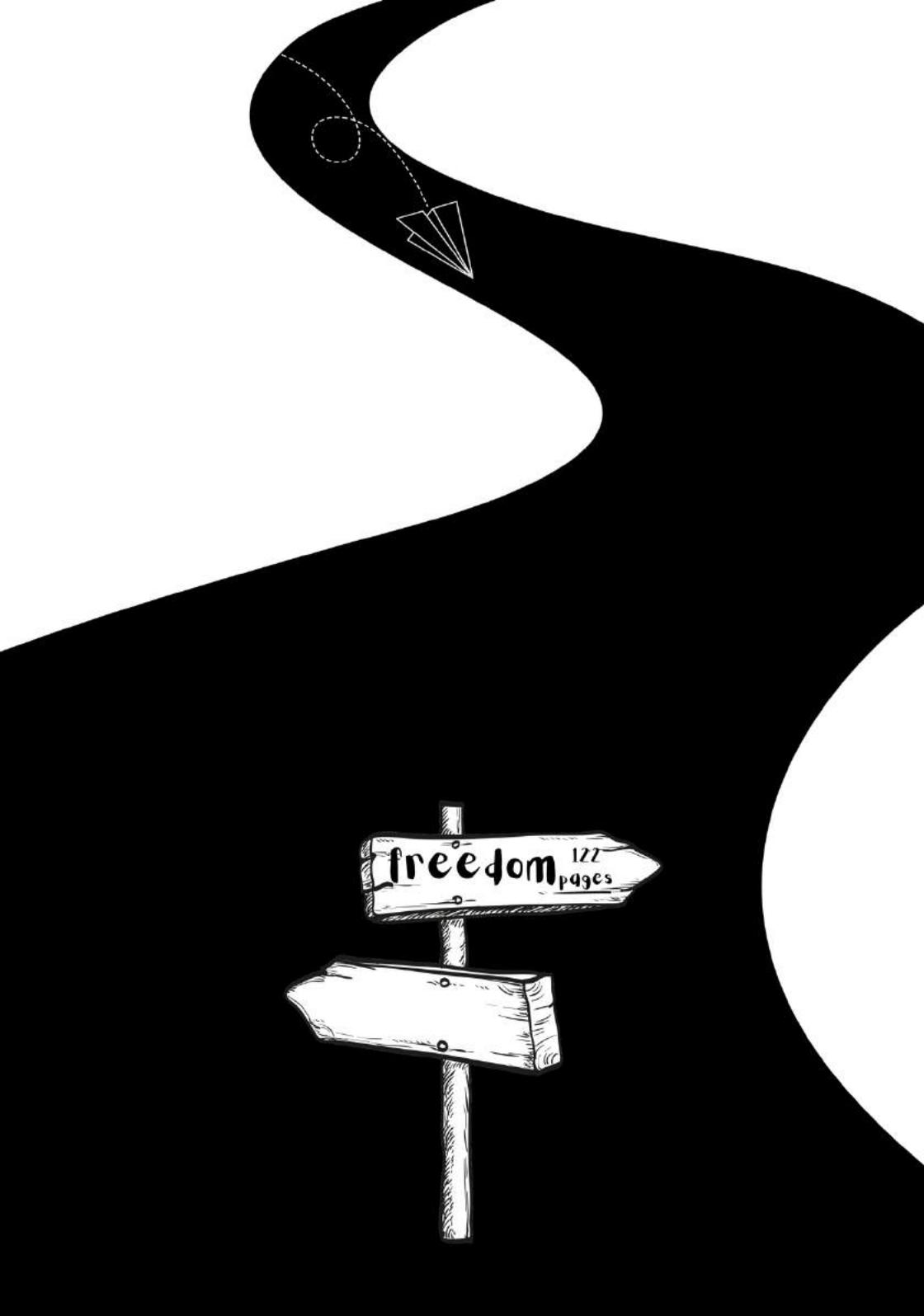
In expressing our feelings, we give ourselves courage and strength to face challenges. We know that these past years have been challenging. But in this anthology we know that hope has not been extinguished. We know that our young people are as resilient as they have always been. From the first poem to most recent. The latest poem for our book was completed just today, on a sweltering summer morning on the 14th of June 2021 by Aaliyah Larose. In the poem she writes:

What is freedom?

*The power to stay breathing while grieving
while moving towards believing.*

*I've got the mindset to overcome the past
now this year's coming to an end
tough times don't last.*

I could not have put it better than this. Tough times don't last. But words do. You will find many in this book, and I hope you keep them with you. Start your journey. Towards Freedom.



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Phil Richards, Founder of The Complete Works

Foreword

Given that this is the seventh time I am sitting down to write the forward to one of our anthologies, it could be easy to imagine that I might be getting a little blasé by now, but this is actually far from the truth! Each time I am presented with new work that students have completed for the next anthology, I am again bowled over by their artistry and originality.

It is not only a pleasure to see the work they have submitted but also an honour to witness such creativity. This is especially pertinent at this time, when all of us have faced such a great many issues, in dealing with the consequences of COVID 19. The title of the anthology is '*Towards Freedom*' which is also particularly apt, as I am writing this at a time in which we are all now hoping to be free from the many restrictions that have been placed on our lives, as we look forward to the return to some sort of normality. The world has certainly undergone quite a change in the last year and I'm sure that we will feel the effects of this pandemic for many years to come.

At *The Complete Works* we have always prided ourselves in our abilities to communicate with each other, in developing that special relationship between teacher and student, which is both personable and professional. The challenges of online education and social distancing could have resulted in a total breakdown of this relationship, which would have perhaps resulted in our having to cancel the anthology,

as indeed so many projects and events have been cancelled throughout the year for so many people. Instead, the links have remained strong, and we have a body of work that we can be incredibly proud of.

I would therefore like to use this opportunity to thank all the staff who have worked tirelessly to keep the educational packages for each student going and all the students who have done their very best to keep 'in there' and have worked hard to achieve their goals, in such incredibly difficult circumstances.

I hope that you will enjoy this anthology, which is not only a testament to everyone's hard work and resilience but also clear proof of the importance of the engagement in creative projects in difficult times.



Photography by Rhys Knipe

Aaliyah Larose

The Boy's Imagination

The timid young boy stood up tensely, his eyes darted around the overcrowded room. He felt his stomach turn over and his legs tremble. His hands were shaking like an earthquake. He heard the roar of laughter throughout the room, as he rapidly looked around he witnessed his fellow classmates waiting patiently. He looked embarrassed; time stood still. He glanced outside; the memories came flooding back. He took a deep breath and began.

Aaliyah Larose

My City

My city has a lot of faces
The ones who aren't heard because they're from
different places
Think about all the races

My city has a lot of faces

The homeless wander the streets
Asking for bedsheets

The ones who follow
Feel the sorrow
By getting stabbed with a knife
Not knowing that their destroying their life

My city has a lot of faces

Look at that boy with strawberry laces
Trying to get them out his braces

Does he know the meaning of crime?
Does he know how to tell the time?

My city has a lot of faces

Woman up
Man up
At the same time

We're all just trying to see the sunshine

My city has a lot of faces.

Mohammed Farhatul Islam

The Message I Give

I am a storm
I am a running horse
I am also a lazy Sunday

I care about people more than myself
I care for those who are good to me
No matter what the situation is

Life will become beautiful

Once you start treating yourself the way you treat
others

So you see

You spend your whole life just trying to put a smile
onto someone else's face
But you gotta make sure you're okay
Some people feel that way

You always feel like you're not good enough
But you are good enough
To be with those you love

You feel like you have no one to talk to
You feel like people don't understand you

Or how you feel
But focus on yourself

You should love yourself

Before you love anyone else
That's the best advice

Just be who you wanna be
No one should ever change that for you

Live your life how you want to live
And that's the message I give.

Daniel Noble

Inner Workings

Search within your soul and split it in two
One good, one bad
One Ying, One Yang
After you've split your inner workings
Send a cry for help to above
Help to console both sides
They reunite as one strong being
That cannot be swayed by the world.

Nishai Green

This is Not

This is not paper, it's a canvas for a confused artist
It feels light as a feather
It's silent but it roars like a lion

This is not a phone; this is my everything
It's heavy with information
It's small like a mouse

This is not a pencil, it's a sword of imagination
It's thin like a stick
It's hard, like a turtle

This is not water, this is liquidized crystals
It's soft but hard
It's loud but quiet

This is not my book; this is food for my brain
It's light like my phone
But as heavy as my burger

Charlie Almond

The Boy with His Thoughts

As I sit here as still as a snowman swaying in the wind, a bit of my soul chips away and I slowly drift away from reality. I have never really got on with people, they just don't get me. That is why I like plants more.

It is like they can't speak but they can say everything and the thought they keep us alive just mind boggles me. And sometimes when I am alone I sit and think to myself how someone cannot like someone because of the way they look or speak? Just close your eyes and listen to what I am going to tell you. For example, a potato is always different on the outside, but they look the same on the inside.

We are all the same, we all have feelings, we all bleed the same red blood, we should treat everyone the same.

Thalia Velez-Tabares

I Come From (Towards Freedom Pt. 1)

I come from Columbia
I come from speaking Spanish with my Abuela
I come from style
I don't have one style, I got like eight
That's more than per day

I come from a lot of different schools
3 mainstream, private tutoring and a PRU
I probably come from more schools than you

I come from people calling me rude
I'm not quite rude, I got a nice attitude

Even if you're my friend, I'll speak out I promise
I speak out cos I'm honest

You expect me to agree with everything you do
That's not me yeah, that's just not true

I come from dreams of being of an actor
Not on some dead thing like X-Factor
But something that's gonna win me an Oscar
I'm fourteen, by fifteen I want to be on the big screen

I come from South London
I've lived everywhere mate,
Where I live I'm not sure whose real and whose fake
I'm not sure what's love and what's hate

I come from having the mind of a butterfly
There's 2 names I go by
Yazmin and Thelia
Thelia means to flourish
To evolve, to not stay the same
Sun by sun, moon by moon
I cannot be cocooned

We could talk of where I come from,
But that's just water treading,
It's not about where I come from
It's about where I'm heading.

Adam Dinham

I Am

I am a loud guitar

A calm summer day

I'm a moon because I shine at night-time

A fast-thinking computer

I'm as quiet as a Tesla

A cool blue sky

A chocolate bar waiting to be purchased

A box of Lego waiting for someone to play

I am a loyal and friendly dog

I am Adam



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Shakira

I Come From (Towards Freedom Pt. 2)

I come from Jamaica and England
I grew up in Wolverhampton
My mum was born there and that
I got a lotta family there as well

I don't have the accent but
I have the heart to help
Others and myself

I come from being a Youtuber
I come from entertainment
Sometimes I'll do hair

Yeah, I come from Ark All Saints
There was a mixture of people
They weren't all saints

I come from dreams of
Social work, midwifery and therapy
Listening is my therapy
It helps me mentally

happiness the place I'm meant to be
that's the journey today

I know where I've come from
I've come a long way.

Met Bacon

Exmett Yourself

I am the one who can see
See the light shed before me
I foresee how things will be
I am a bird of a prey which is about to flee

Flee the way, for they will be freedom
The only kingdom in which I believe in
Is to you to be free
Without any problem

Free of stress and worry
But honesty and sorrow

May be the moral
Be yourself and don't ever borrow
Be free, be honest

Not only from the heart but make sure you listen'
This will be dissin'

Don't be missin' your classes, be sure to take part
For you it may not be different,
For me it could be a whole different class
That I wouldn't take part in

It could make you kick
It could make you flip
Make sure to take a second not to use your fists.

Afzal Hussain

London Livin'

We've got the D3 bus
We've got the 135 and the D7 bus
My city looks a bit like New York City
My city feels like NYC

Big Ben livin'
East London
South London
North London
West London

I live in a city where people love football
I live in a city where people like festivals and events
People go eat fish and chips
Or they go eat pie and mash
I live in a city where there's legends
I live in a city that's legendary
I live in a city where people like to party
People like to party
People like to party
People like football

My city is cold
But it's not like Spain or Los Angeles
I do it the honest way
Like in the 90s and 2000
When it rains it pours
It's like it's dripping from your eyes like a tear

I've got to punch the line like Mike Tyson
I can be home alone like Kevin
I just do my movements
so Marvin and Harry don't catch me

They don't wanna see me up
They just wanna see me fall
They don't wanna see me up
They just wanna see me fall

On the floor, like I'm playing football
They just wanna tackle me like some kind of fool
But I'm not the type to easily gives up
So pass me the trophy and fill up my cup

Anon

Bucket List

I got to double,
School,
Yeah I'm loving it,
I got my GCSEs on my bucket list,
keeping it 1 hunna ain't on their bucket list,
gonna go far like America dat's also on my bucket

lucky

I'm really doin dis,
I ain't really new to dis,
I arrived they was clueless,
You and I knew dis,
I can't tell lies like Judas,
They never knew,
Ah who dis,
I got money and music on my bucket list,
that's why I'm loving it.

Shakira

Love Art

Art to me is relaxing
Art to me is exploring
Art gets me walking
Art eases my mind
Art cools my feelings
Art makes me dance
Art to me is poetry
Art to me is personal
Art to me is creative in many ways
Art to me is a masterpiece
Art to me is me

Love is warm
Love is relaxing
Love is like a soft melody
Love feels like a blanket hot from the dryer
Love is cosy like a teddy bear
Smells like roses
Looks like velvet
Love to me is a drug
Love is pain
Love is patient
Love to me is me

Anon

Chess Rap

I just need a check mate,
Spinning round in an 18 plate,
Now I made more than a YouTube template,
That's why they can't relate,
I had to get up and relocate,
Yeah you hear that base,
playing my cards right,
I just got me an ace,
I'm moving my queen,
now she's feeling out of place,
Dese horses are coming,
you best escape,
I got the king so close to this win,
it's gonna be all day,
I'm feeling off but I'm not out of date,
I just took 5 positions forward,
I had to jump back,
Just to feel safe,
like a rubber you just got erased.



Eraser by Daniel Noble

Anon

Ariana Grande

I love her music and songs
When I hear her voice, I feel happy
She will never *leave me lonely*
When I hear her songs, my heart is full of love
She spends her money on a lot of things
Like her shoes, like her bag and *seven rings*
Make up, lip gloss, big coats, brand new
She's made to win, but her dogs called Toulouse
Her album was the number one *position*
The best singer in my life
Without her, I'd have *no tears left to cry*

Met Bacon

Plutonium Love Poem

I'm in the Olympics, way I'm jumpin' through hoops
Plutonium I would doo
anything for uuuuu

The po2 to the pu

244 autonomic mass
Cannot stop looking at you
Electron configuration being the best of you

94 to 96 boiling point being beyond you

3232 to 922

These bars are unmatched for you
20 cubic grams being just right for you
The silvery that shines in you
resembles nickel when highly purified

Within you.

Layla Dahdouh

Totalitarian London

The dictator said:

If by these rules you don't abide then you will not
survive,
London needed a dictator and here I am it's me,
Ready to set this country straight in the rules and
policies,
The army right behind me ready to take charge,
While I sit on my throne and put 'criminals' behind
bars.

The rebel said:

My act of writing is an act of fighting,
My pen a lighter the papers igniting,
Just like tissue,
And that's the issue,
What has this city been turned into?

Layla Dahdouh

Rap Practice

Dogs knocking at my door

1 2 3 4

Roaring like a god damn encore

1 2 3 4

Tryna get some more of my rapping skills
Well I'm tryna get some kills

Giving them some chills
And then some still

I'm so sick that my friends say I'm ill
Gettin' all those rapping thrills (oh thrills)

I climbed up a hill to get here
And I ain't plannin' on gettin' down

Check out my sound
I sound like a sailor
wow!

SJ Ferguson

Alphabet Raps

Animals amused watching their alien anime achieve
acrobatics with the alphabet.

Balance in the best bank building is brilliant

Credit card carry at carnivals causing carnage chaos

Dangerous dogs dart defensively definitely

Enthusiastic elephants elevate my energy erratically

Falcons fish in the forest for food

Gracefully you're as goofy as a great gullible giraffe

Haunted hotels handout hospitality to horrid hostiles.

Wulfric Watson

WW

Wulfric:

Wicked while I'm watching
Wise like a wishing well

U out the cage
U lost in your ways

Lost like Bambi

Fabric up a fountain
Fooling around like fools tales

Razor quaver let him in
Ricky bout like a laker
Running down raiders

Right is wrong
Wrong is right

I don't really wanna fight
I don't wanna move funky

I don't wanna be
Just another junky

In and out
In a drought
In a bakery

In the south

Clout caught eyes
Climbing up country sides

Watson:

They call me Mr Watson

Wishing their business
Wasn't into robbing

Attack on sight no doubt

T-Rex if they try to
text or tramp me
No you can't trap me

Son of a sinner
Sundown
Sunglasses on
It's time to hit the town
Smooth and sharp

On and off
Oh my I'm lost
On my own a lot
Yeah I'm so cross

Now it's back to basics
Not normal
Neither are any of us London natives.

Anon

Occasional Poem

Unity is strength.
Unity is built on love.
Unity is togetherness.
If you can't support us when we lose
Don't support us at all.
No good feeling sorry for ourselves
We need to stand tall
And be proud
And be passionate
And be honest
Be critical of yourself.
You'll never walk alone.

Afzal Hussain

Equality Rap

Choose flowers over weapons
Choose peace over war
Never hate the geezer from the East or the South or
anywhere
They have equality, find a good way to like them
They don't have a way, got to guide them the right
way
They don't have the resilience,
we have to show them their brilliance
Talk about Malcolm, talk about Martin
I have a dream like Martin Luther King
It's scary when you hear the truth
Things can get darker
But you got to learn to be brave, be fearless like a lion
Read a book, improve yourself, don't hate yourself/
These rappers just talk about cars, we don't talk
about cars
We talk about equality, show love to the people

Men and women respecting each other,
Respecting women with equal pay
Every job can be for men and women
We need to strive for equality
Racism is messed up because people hating on each
other's skin
Racial slurs are nothing but a sin

They need to stop saying stuff about each other
They don't need to hate on each other's gender

Can't tell the difference between the character and
the person
A woman can be a hairdresser, dancer, pilot, anything
A man can be a hairdresser, dancer, pilot, anything
There might be stereotypes about men and women
that are harsh and loud
But they're not real, they're just stereotypes
Let's be united together

We don't want war between other countries
We want peace with others
With your sisters and brothers
Everyone is living on this land
We got to protect the skies, seas, mountains and sand
We can only do this if we're hand in hand

Syed Miah & Afzal Hussain

Certi Guys

They can never hate me
They can never hate my vision
I feel like I'm rapping like Eminem

Afzal is the best man
If I had a wedding, he would be the best man

Syed raps like a G
You can call me a fan

Me and Afzal together
You can call it a plan

I have hopes and ambitions
I can accomplish my dreams
Like Iron Mike
Float like a butterfly
Sting like a bee

Move like a kitten, I'm a D-O-G

I wanna be the greatest like Ali
One love like Bob Marley

In the future
I wanna be a rapper like 2pac, Biggie & Nas

In the future I'll be the rich kid
Driving fast cars

Syed can be a rich kid in Beverly Hills
Afzal can be a rich kid in London still

Afzal how old are you?

I'm 19

Syed how old are you?

I'm 16, I'm a sick G

$19+16$ is 35

Certi guys!

Anon

Kennings

TV Watcher

Nose breather

Rap speaker

Armchair complainer

Face melter

Rhyme dealer

Cheese eater

Drink drinker

Word thinker

Comfort dreamer

Grass cutter

Football kicker

Thierry Howard

No Hook

It's Thierry but I ain't Henry
I score goals but I don't play footie
Arsenal that's my team
On the streets where gunners steal your dreams

I'm from a place that's North of the Thames
Islington yeah that's my ends
My bro KB yeah that's my friend
We roll through lessons like Mercedes Benz

I don't like Maths, English makes me stressed
But you know me cuz, I try my best

Luca Shafiq

Rangers Hat

I come through with a Rangers hat
Adidas shoes and I made this rap
District line when I wanna go back
Match of the day yeah I wanna watch that

Isle of Dogs, is near Millwall
But I'm close to the London Stadium
Where the West Ham play
But I'm an Arsenal Fan all day

Anon

Iconic

I'm so iconic, bringing all the good vibes

I'm so iconic, bringing all the good vibes
Haters will always say I copy people's lyrics
to create my own lines

Eating lime ain't my thing
but listening to music will always be the best time

Stepping on the block like iron man,
my sister likes spider man,
I got all these bands; I watch cause I can

Waking up in the morning to eat strawberries and
raspberries, pain in the neck just like watching Tom
and Jerry

Rapping around the music studio
is like how little man firm that,
bro skills watch like Bergkamp
flick your wrist bro where did you learn that,
balling out first touches like Zidane's bald patch
but can't tell him that head butting,
moving like Cold Steve Austin
where are you? I'm in Boston
becoming the king of hip hop
rest in peace to the falling soldiers,
making you guys proud is my dedication
to you brother.

Melisa Pashaj

Gucci

I like looking drippy with my hair and nails on fleek
If you ain't drippy don't be walking down my street
I only wear Air Forces and I wear Jordans
All them other crepes to me ain't important
I'm only leaving yard dripped out in Gucci
All them other girls stay moving mad bookey
Yeah you other girls you ain't looking right
Learn to wear some Adidas, cop yourself some Nike
I always turn up late to things I don't like
Cos I can act bad, yeah you know that's why
I don't like some things but I don't have a reason
I'm the Queen, if you step to me, that's treason
I don't like early mornings cos I need beauty sleep
All you other girls, I need to hair and beauty treat
Manicure, Pedicure, and get your lashes done
Eyebrows, spray tan, like you were in the sun
I don't like it when you teachers call my mum
Cos then she screams and shouts, and that's no fun
All these teachers, at school, always begging it
And when they talk to mum, I don't hear the end of it
So I start my lesson and I feel sleepy
Make me do the work, nah fam that's snaky

I'm only leaving yard when I'm dripped out in Gucci
I'm only leaving yard when I'm dripped out in Gucci

Harry McGrath

Way too Famous

I'm not even famous
but the way these people talk on my name
You would think I have bundles of fame

I'm not even famous
but I have to laugh
'cuz all they want is autographs of Harry McGrath

I'm not even famous

but my phone keeps pinging
text text now my phone is ringing
I'm tryna stack this paper the side of the printer
Go shopping in Milan, like I played for Inter

I'm so cold they call me winter
I'm so sharp they call me splinter

I'm not even famous
but your girl followed me on Insta
Telling me I'm going to be a big star

I'm not even famous
but they all want picture
like they're trying to frame us

way too famous
way too famous
way too famous

you man are brainless
way too famous

Harry, you know what the name is
Harry, you know what the name is

Anon

The Man with No Name

The man with no name, lived nowhere. He had no home. He roamed from place to place. From wilderness to wild. He wore clothing as dark as the night sky.

He was not an honourable man. He could rob a whole town and the same night sleep like a baby. But sometimes he dreamed of her. The woman he once loved. Who once loved him back. Her name was Sadie Beth, and she was as beautiful as the sun rise.

But the sun set on their relationship. She left him because he couldn't change. Not even for her.

It happened after the robbery. The famous one. The one that went wrong. Train robberies were common in the Wild West. Sometimes they went well. Other times they didn't. This one didn't go well.

The Man with No Name tried to rob the train. But it was bloody. There were agents as well as money on board. There was a shootout. People died.

It was the fault of Bill Matthews. An associate of 'The Man'. Bill Matthews sold him out. Betrayed him to save his own skin. So when the 'Man' got on the train... things went wrong.

This is what happened....

he walks in the carriage and its awfully quiet. he sits down at the back to make sure no one's behind him. nothing too weird. minutes go by, and as he stares through the window he sees an unproperly tucked badge in the reflection of the window. he tries to make a break for it, the doors re-locked. clicks of cocked guns echo behind him, he takes cover, and all hell breaks loose

he struggles fighting back, it's been 15 minutes and only half the agents are dead. bullets and blood are abundant. he's on his last 4 bullets, his whole life was going through his head like a slideshow. just when he thinks this whole heist was a nail to the coffin, Bill comes spraying down the train dual wielding two short, barrelled shot guns wiping the whole of them out. The 'man' gets up and they stare at each other in disbelief. He jumped on Bill's horse and made the escape at last minute. Not a word was spoken.

After that robbery, the Man with No Name was never the same. He never trusted again. But as long as he had his horse, and he had his mission, and he had the wind in his hair, and money to make, The Man with No Name, though he had no honour.... Had some kind of peace.

Raphael Campbell

My Money Grows

My money grows just like my 'fro
Six foot tall but I still don't know
Shout to Kush yeah that's my bro
When I'm on the mic I'm cold like snow

Shout out my block
Feds say who's there - they don't knock
Fast life in ends and it just don't stop
When I'm on the mic I got this locked

Play NBA on the PS4
I'm a baller on that court
Jump in the air, I fly, I soar
Like James Harden with that ball

Mohammad Yusuf Hossain

The Game

My name is Yusuf from Bethnal Green
I'm a machine and I'm only sixteen
Don't wanna do maths nah I'm not keen
Shout to Syed that guys on my team

Football pitch man is a striker
You'll get spun like the web from a spider
Man can shoot, yeah man is a shooter
1-0 I just scored past Luca

I can do wheelies on my bike, just joking
I don't care about the rules I've broken
Listen up when I've spoken
Yusuf gonna kick the front door open

Mask on my face, save lives all the time
Wash my hands and the space is mine
Friday I got free time - how do I use it?
Gonna come into the studio and do some music.

Everything is okay, everything is cool
My name is Yusuf, and I don't obey your rules
I make my P's to spend at KFC
But I'm not a chicken take on me I'll break your
knees

But everything is okay, everything is fine
But I want a holiday for this wintertime
I can't travel cos the virus in the air

Make me wanna growl like I was grizzly bear

Like GRRRRRRR

Everything is okay, everything is good
I wash away my haters like it was a flood
So you man better learn to swim
Wanna fight me you better train at the gym

Everything is okay, everything is nice
I don't beat you one time; nah I beat you twice
See me on the pitch, every goal I strike
10-0 Yusuf drop that mic.



*Orange by Oliver Moore
(Inspired by the work of George Seurat,
using the Pointillism technique)*

Anon

League of Legends

I play League of Legends
It's a game of strategy and teamwork
It's an online battle arena

League of Legends
You collect items
You slay monsters
Slaying monsters increases
Your stamina and your health

League of Legends.

Adam Dinham

My Life

My life feels like a tree, doing nothing
except growing slowly
My branches are strong and reach up to the sky
My roots keeping me stable against the wind and rain

Anon

Space

I am stars, I am everywhere.

I am the universe; I see all, I control all, I am all.

I am not a song, but the music woven within it.

I am the sun everything revolves around me.

I am black as you can never see past me.

I am the material of the universe, I am the material of
the cells, I am the beating pulse of the universe.

I am space.

Anon

A Girl Called...

I never been to Chelsea
In the west where the people are wealthy
But you make me feel rich
Heartbeat gonna skip
Every time that I see our selfies

Silver chain on my neck
You're the link I respect
Got the key to my heart
Sunrise to the dark
now you're mine so I ain't gotta flex

I'm from the Fields and the East End
You ain't gotta worry 'bout fake friends
What you doing for the next 48
I won't be late
Wanna spend the whole weekend

Me and your dad never met well
That guy used to want me in a jail cell
Now it's calm with the man
And I'm part of the fam
And they all hoping that we don't fail

You're my sweetheart
Got a sweetheart
Meet me in the park
Around 9 we can sweet talk
Know you thought I was bad

See me in fields with the gang
I ain't one of them man

I'm my own guy

Call me up then we just chat
Talk this, talk that
If you gimme love, I will give you love back
I can $1 + 1$ though I don't love maths

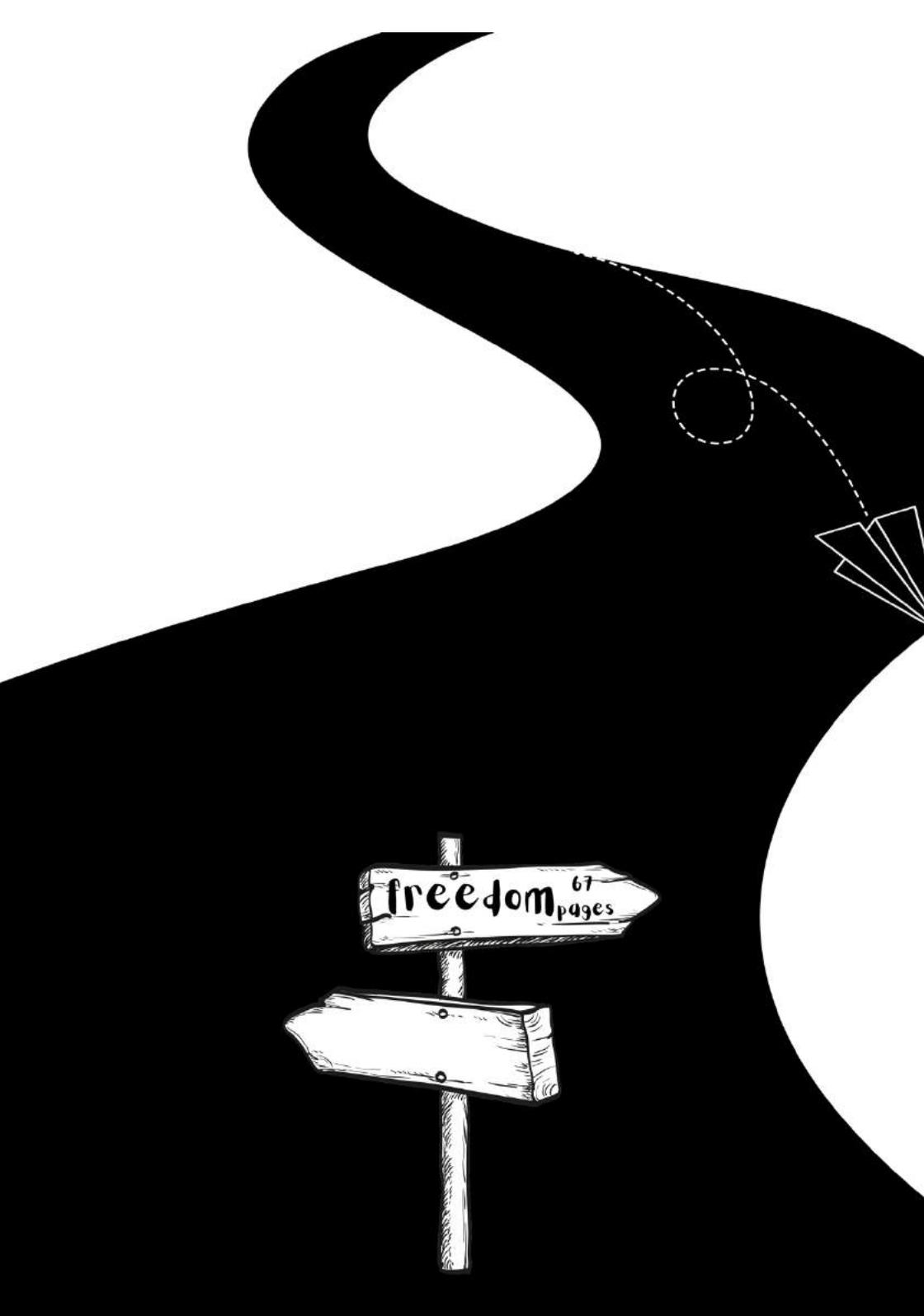
2 is like a couple
I got your back
I'll be there if you struggle
Feds use to chase me
I used to run like crazy
Not as crazy as I feel when I see you

Not like other boys, dem man are see through
They wanna be me,
Girls wanna be you
tell me
I'm in love with a girl called...

Nancy Dooling

Nothing

(I have written nothing
because nothing is
something and saying
nothing is sometimes
1000x more powerful
than saying anything)



freedom ⁶⁷ pages



Shakira

Deep into Thoughts

Deep. Deep into thought.
I feel very lonely and trapped in my thoughts,
Like jail,
Surrounded by sinful darkness,
With no one to help.

I tried to reach toward the light,
But blackness pulls me in,
I could only go so far,
Every time I escape from the night
It's like the weight on my back and shoulder,
Gets heavier,
Rocks and boulders
As I tried to fight and pull away,
You just stay in your room and it never goes away.

But talking to someone helps,
Opening up to them,
Like your mum, your dad,
Or a therapist,
The depression will always be there
Like the moving tides of the sea
But you won't realise,
Until you talk to someone you trust,

Talk to an adult or someone,
Close in your family,
Never trust a friend,
Because if the friendship ends

They will tell another person,
I've been through that,
And I don't want that to happen to anyone else.

Just a warning to help people,
it doesn't mean it will happen to other people,
It might... and I'm here to help and encourage people,
I'm here to communicate with other students,
I'm in year 10,
It doesn't matter if you're older or younger than me,
I like to see people happy and smile.

I used to help people, give them advice
"Don't skip classes, you'll need them at the end of the
day"
"Be careful who are you friends with and what those
friends say"

when some people took, it the right things happened
when some people didn't listen, something bad
happened
I don't force people to listen to my advice,
If you want to take it you can,
But if you don't want to that's okay

I can also help with your poetry as I use to do poetry
myself,
In Hackney Empire every year

Yes there was a lot of people,
It is very beautiful there,

It's very scary to go up on stage but I had the courage
to,
It made me feel brave
everything I felt in that breath-taking moment,
When the people who I believed in,
Believed in me too

Maybe one day on the stage I can read this poem
And let the words come true.



Painted Bird by Aminah

Dennis Ortiz Bailey

Paradise

At the back of the bus there was a child sitting, going home from school. He often laid his head on the glass window and looked outside at the scenery thinking about life as the green trees, tall buildings and people walking went by as the bus moved on. The child's parents were abusive and never fed him food, so he always had to rely on his friends at school to give him food.

When the bus stopped, the child started to feel dizzy and could hear and see things that he could not comprehend. He zoned out and warped into a whole new world, everything inside the bus was filled with bright colours, red, white, pink, blue and purple. When he looked out the window he could see weird figures walking by and rainbows in the dreamy-orange sky. The child turned around vigorously and to his surprise, he could see his dead ancestors sitting right next to him!

The child asked his dead grandfather where he was and how he got here, his dead grandfather said, 'you are in paradise, you don't have to worry'. The child started to worry and wanted to go home, he thought to himself that it all had to be a dream so he started punching himself as an attempt to wake up, but he just couldn't.

The child had given up and decided to look out the window once more and what he saw was an endless sea, shining like crystals and lots of fish swimming around happily. The child finally knew he was somewhere without corruption and things that could make him feel sad, so he just accepted his fate.

After a very long time, 1000 years to be exact, the child woke up in the bus. There was an ambulance outside and he was confused at what had happened, the child came to a conclusion and realised that he was just in a coma.

Daniel Noble

Life is like Time

Time can move at the speed of sound
Or as slow as a snail
One moment you're taking steps then time kicks in
and you're already an adult
Stepping into the sky, climbing for the top
Climbing the steps of life, trying to move an
immovable object to reach the next step
Once you've reached the peak of life all that's left is to
fade into the sky.



Night Sky by Sean Long

Dean Abraham Hart

I Come From (Towards Freedom Pt. 3)

I'm a born and raised in the East End of London
My life has ups and downs
but I still got them in my life
I love transport and London put a smile on my face
I been to so many places
some I loved and some I hated
I have so many memories in my life from good to bad
that made me feel to my lowest point in my life
So much that I love that is hard to explain
to tell a tale about it



Seasons by Cherish

Layla Dahdouh

Sun

I was a star; I became the sun.
I used to be happy and have lots of fun.
I may appear bright but sometimes feel bleak.

Planets move around me, but me they never seek.
You see me as strong, but really I'm weak.

Rain falls on my face
And runs down my cheeks and chin
Hiding my wet tears.

Hollie O' Connell

Summer

One Sunday afternoon last summer, Jack went to the park with his mum and dad. He saw his friends from school and went over to them to play. Jack and his friends played on the swings and in the sandbox. Some girls played with the skipping rope; the boys were racing each other.

Then after a while, Jack wanted to go be with his mum and dad, because he was playing with other children, Jack turned around all of a sudden he couldn't see his parents. He looked everywhere for them they were nowhere to be found. Jack was crying. All his friends came over to see if he was okay, a police officer came over and asked what he was crying for...

Jack explained what happened. Jack asked the police officer to help him look for them. The policeman said to Jack "Jack, let's go to the bus stop, that will be a good place to wait for them they will see us there".

Jack and the policeman waited at the bus stop, just as the policeman said. Not long after, Jack's parents turned up to the bus stop, Jack ran up to both of them and was crying happy tears. The policeman said to Jack "I knew they would find us at the bus stop right!"

Jack's mum and dad thanked the policeman for taking such good care of their boy, they took Jack by the hand and went home for dinner.

Max

Historical Fiction

Ah yes Callum Whitworth also known as Cal the Dragon a young 21 year old keeper for Arsenal Football Club. Cal the Dragon grew up in Nottinghamshire with his father, he never had a mother because she died at the young age of 32 whilst Cal was 12 years old. Cal started in football as a striker where he played for 2 years, then as a box to box midfielder for a year, now he has been a goalkeeper for 17 years.

Cal the Dragon hasn't had many women in his life, but they have also decided to come at him now he plays for Arsenal. He gets girls coming up to him left and right, but he has his heart for one girl called Maddie Dragon, who he says he likes because of her personality, but we all know it's because dragon is her surname.

Cal the Dragon originally played for Notts County at the age of 17 in the 1st Division, although the FA banned him from all Division One games for two years for being too good. This is because Notts County went with only one goal conceded in 38 games played. The goal was scored by Oliver Taylor, an enemy turned friend. In the next two years, he returned to football at the age of 20 for Arsenal teaming up with his enemy now turned friend Oliver Taylor.

Everything was going good for Cal the Dragon. Winning in Division 1 with Arsenal undefeated in the

league. Although in 1938 there were rumours there was going to be a big war because of the tensions between us and Nazi Germany, so the UK begun recruiting. A lot of players weren't going to join the war neither was Cal. That was until the captain of the team, Oliver Taylor joined the army. So, Cal the Dragon being vice-captain, decided to join as well to show bravery and he wasn't just going to let his best mate join alone.

6 years later, Cal the Dragon is still at war with Oliver Taylor fighting for the UK, but this was the biggest day in their military career... D-day. This was the biggest moment for Cal. He was expecting to die on that beach that day, so he wrote a letter. The letter wrote:” Dear fans and loved ones of me, Cal the Dragon, also known to my family as Callum Whitworth, I have recently been killed on operation D-day. It is with great sadness that I will not come back from the war. I will never be able to have a family or see my dad again or even play for Arsenal FC. I would like to apologize to my club for tragically failing you and this country. I would like to give the club all my assets to pay back and thank them for what they have done for me. Kind regards Cal the Dragon”

It had started. Operation D-day. Charging at the German lines like a mad bull. He just kept running and running. He was very quick for a goalkeeper. Of course, his mate Oliver Taylor was right beside him charging at the German front lines with Cal. Cal could feel the rain pour down on him that day he could smell the

scent of fresh beach air, which was ruined by the smell of death and blood and sweat. He could see the German soldiers up on the top with their barricade. They were wearing all green and their faces all grey, they looked like zombies.

Suddenly he heard a bullet impale a chest he thought was his, although it wasn't. It was Oliver Taylor's chest. Cal looked around to see Oliver Taylor on the floor seeping out with blood lying in sand. Cal the dragon let out the largest roar. It sounded like a dragon's roar, and he started to carry the body of his friend back to the ship.

Cal was dragging Oliver Taylor's body across the sandy beach shore, "Get up mate you need to get back to safety" screamed Cal crying whilst dragging Oliver's body. Meanwhile, the German soldiers were trying to headshot Cal, so he started blocking their shots with his left hand whilst dragging Oliver Taylor with his right. BANG BANG! Went the bullets just getting gunned into Cal's hand. Cal's left hand started hurting too much to even move it, so he had to switch hands. Drag with the left one and block with the right. They started pelting even more bullets into his right one then they did to his left. Cal fainted from the pain. Luckily, he had just made it back to the ship so one of the soldiers dragged Cal and Oliver back onto the boat to get treated.

What where am I? Cal thought waking up in a hospital bed. He woke up and around him was a doctor, the love

of his life Maddie Dragon, Oliver Taylor, the Arsenal team and his dad. "Omg Oliver you're ok thank god for that!" shouted Cal the Dragon going to hug him. Although, as he went to hug him he looked in disbelief his hands were gone. The doctor told Cal the bad news. The doctor said, "Cal your injuries were so bad that we had to amputate your hands so it wouldn't cause anymore infection." Cal started crying like many times before but now he had people to comfort him. The Arsenal squad, Oliver Taylor, Maddie and his dad all hugged him to tell him he was ok.

2 years later, Cal was living out in America with Maddie who was now his wife. They had two wonderful children, Oliver a 1 year old boy and Greta a new-born. The war was over, and the Allies had won. Cal was working with a scientist and a couple other people in America to make him some prosthetic hands. So he could finally play football again. They had finally done it after two long years he could get back to what he does best. So he called up his lifelong pal Oliver Taylor on something called a telephone, a very new concept created a few years back. At this point in time, Oliver Taylor was the best player in the world, winning the best player award every year for 3 consecutive seasons. He was so excited to see his best mate Cal come back into football and couldn't wait until he did.

Another 5 years later, Oliver had retired becoming assistant manager of Arsenal. Although Cal was still putting up the numbers as he was 13 years ago he won the world's best player 4 years in a row missing out in

the first year to Oliver Taylor. Cal the Dragon had become Arsenal's captain leading them to the league every year and also winning the world cup for England in their first ever trophy. He also ran for Prime Minister of the UK, winning by a strong margin. Cal was then knighted by the Queen and declined to have a statue put up of him and instead chose to have a wall to remember everyone who died in the tragic war. 20 years later, Cal the Dragon had died surrounded by Oliver's kids and his own. A statue was put up of him in the centre of London remembering his legacy.

Luca Shafiq

Rocket league

I'm grinding Levels to be like Musty
When he did the videos, about the Rocket league
all-day long.
I started playing Rocket League for nearly 3 months.
Got up to Level, 38 Got the Silver on 3v3.

Where I score these bangers.
Where I got up's & down's.
Where I can defend Like Bernd Leno.
Where I can attack like Martinelli.

Rocket league Rappers are made in Germany
Where the Rappers are, originally from.

(fee-ich-kai-ten)

Habe den Ball bekommen damit die Fähigkeiten das
Tor schießen.

(Got the ball for skills to score the goal.)

Hat den Spieler, gechipt und dann ins Tor gechipt

(Chipped the player and then chipped it into the goal)

I don't care when you beat me through.
Because I can Score these goals.
Scores are now 3-3.
Only 10 seconds, left on the clock

they think it will be overtime.
But little do they know...
The ball is on our opposite side.

I shot the ball; it went through the goal.

The full time is 4-3.

The game is over.

Syed Miah

Harvey

Harvey makes me happy

He is a friend of mine

I like him cos he's very kind

His mum gives him money at Christmas time

We are both lucky in our lives.

Anon

A Father and Son Reunion

Barred up in the house without any thought of escaping, he didn't know what would happen if he stepped out the cottage. Deeply staring, with his dark blue crystal blue eyes. Trembling to what he may be looking outside that cottage window. Fast pace footsteps came rushing towards him, a small figure that became bigger every time it got closer.

The figure's eyes looked emerald - green crystal, golden, golden, eyes, that you can stare into for decades with his hypnotic eyes. His hair was silky like pillowcases, shiny like the stars at night. As he came to a stopping point at the window with metal crusty bars keeping them apart, Alex knew who it was... it was his father... Alex's ocean blue eyes began to water - a shed tear came running down his snow pale face running over his freckles.

As the dad was about to open his mouth, was he about to speak? No he wasn't - a tear came running down his soft skin he looked about 20 years old. Very young for a dad....

"I'm sorry I wasn't here with you son, I was looking for you all over, I woke up calling your name and heard no response... so I came to check if everything was alright, but the time I came to check up on you. You were gone nowhere to be found.

I asked around but no one saw you, until one person came up to the doorstep and told me they have seen you with a grown woman by the age of 25, she took you and they say she was in the rush. I knew it was your crazy step mum but look son, I don't have time to explain we have to go before they're here."

"Dad, what do you mean before they're here?" replied Alex with his voice trembling in fear.

Yelling came from a distance "they're over here".

Two eerie hardly seen figures were walking towards the cottage, the fog was covering the two figures.

"Son, look they're coming this way, we have to run now if we want to make it home. That way they can't follow us, as I have called for help and backup. Follow me and listen to what I say, and we can make it out of here."

Alex listened to every word his father said and never looked back. If he looked back now he would slow down both him and his dad.

Running through the gloomy early morning woods, trying to get away from his stepmother and the one beside her, they were still hardly seen figures in the distance, but they had to keep running.

There was no time for any kinds of breaks. Finally, after running a long run and non-stop heavy breathing

they stopped at a cab station, was it too risky to go in a cab?

“Would they catch us?” Alex asked

“I don’t know but we are now miles away”
replied dad with a quiver in his voice.

“Dad what is going on please tell me” Alex implored.

“Son you have to trust me on this one, I’ll tell you when we get home right now this isn’t the place to talk about this, I promise I’ll tell you as soon as we get home” replied the dad trying to catch back his breath.

As they sat quietly in car on their journey home no sound nor noise was made, just silence filled the air the son was so happy to see his dad, as for the father he was still shedding tears still trying to imagine if this all was real, if his son was real if he were holding him in his arms.

“Dad, why are you crying?” asked Alex, still shaking.

“Nothing son, I’m so glad I have you back again in my arms, it’s been years since I’ve seen you again” responded the dad in a quivering voice. They soon fell asleep in each other's arms. The dad was glad to hug his son again and was happy to finally be home.

All of a sudden, the car came to a stop and the both got up rubbing their eyes trying to focus their eyes on where they were - which was at last - home.

“Come on son let’s go” the father took the boy into the house.

As they settled in the house and had warm coffee and tea and had a little catch up the father was ready to tell his son the truth.

“Hey Son, I think it's time to tell you now, now that we have settled in the house, it all started when I went to go pick up some shopping and your stepmum was there and I tried to avoid her as best as I could trying not to make her see me, but she did spot me and came up to me, she was so obsessed with you. I don’t know why but she was. She asked me if she could see you? I told her no she gave me a weird smirk, it freaked me out and I knew she was going to do something crazy, but I didn’t know she was going to go that far and steal you.

After that I didn’t see your stepmum for a while but when I came home to tell you good news, you weren't there... I called the police. I even looked for you and asked around, but it seemed no one knew where you were. I was panicking. I didn’t sleep or eat for days I wasn’t going to sleep or eat until knowing that you were alive, and I would know how to find you, that's when a miracle happened. Some guy said he

overheard a lady say she took away a child, and he also told me the location that's when I knew I'd get you back that day.

But it didn't take a day in fact it took weeks to get to you, I was tired, alone, cold, and hungry. I had to look for little cafes or shops to survive, but when I came up to what I thought was a cafe, keep in mind I could barely see because I was surrounded by misty fog and the cafe was a bit too far, but as I came closer I saw a figure in the distance it was you in there. Well U didn't know at first but when I came closer and closer I found you “

“Oh Dad I'm so glad you found me when you did.” Alex said weeping,

“I'm glad we are back home safe and sound “

They both cuddled up in the bed and the father softly sang a song to his son. Their step mum came back to the dad and was never and put into jail, the son and father never had any problems and were happily connected again.

Anon

My Pet Animals (The Gang)

Something like this, something like that
I was with Tiny, that's my man
I was with Oreo, that's my fam
Got a few cats. That's the gang

That's the gang

Chilling with Bella
Chilling with Jo
They'll be on the catnip
Going wild though

Shout out Coco
Shout out Bea
I hold you
You look at me

Her nickname is coconut
Find me drinking coconut
Find me sitting there on that beach
There on the sand in Hawaii

Romario Morgan-Shaw

The Beach

I'm sitting under the umbrella
The sun is a bright star shining forever
The sky is blue until it starts to rain
When it goes dark, I say what a shame

A hammock can move around a lot
People swing in it
And lie on top

Palm trees have coconuts
Next to their leaves
Then they fall down
And they fall on me!

Boats are hard to control
Riding on the sea
If you're not careful
You can fall in at speed!



Beach by Arthur Ezekiel Ralph Heier

Andrew Kabazolako

I Come From (Towards Freedom Pt. 4)

I come from East London from a nice, peaceful town
of Havering

I was born and raised in the UK from Congolese
parents

I didn't know much about Havering

'cos I was just an infant

Mom's from Republic of Congo and Dad's from DRC

I have Congolese descent because it's in my DNA

I'm Gemini which probably tells you a lot about me

Congo is hot like the desert

I grew up in Canning Town from 0-5

then moved to Hackney

Kai Azis

Haiku

I've seen in my dreams
Under the bright northern lights
You glow just like life

Anon

A Day in the Life of an Aztec Warrior

I do what I have to for god,
I don't care if I have to sacrifice a life,
It makes it paradise,
It's a part of our life,
I got to give up some blood, so the gods are nice,
I take some powerful mushrooms so the god can feel
my presence,
I'm a Mexica and that for life,
We had beef with Cortez, and it weren't so nice,
The prophets started to come to life,

Cortez was only concerned with his profits

Damn I had to let my people know we might have to
pick up our knives,
Most my enemies got their heart cut out by I,
We was ruling for almost 100 years,
That was war and pain just a simple gain,
The animals wasn't easy to control,
But that was problem solved,
We located in the New World
It's not the future we didn't have UPS,
But when things got tough,
We packed up like what's next,
That was 1325 AD,
We did it up and started growing food off trees,

**We found the promised land; the eagle caught the
snake...**

A nation built on irrigation

As you and I know we some bloodthirsty warriors,
That invented chocolate,
20,000 bodies a year that was really nothing,
I sold my son for some funds if I wanted to, I could
have sold his mum,

Without shedding a tear

Obsidian knives (oblivion, deliverin' obsessed with
obsidian)

Yazmin, Thalia Velez-Tabares

Sharp Mind

I got a sharp mind
I can make it easy to take a life
My cousins work in kitchens
Some family on the roads
We don't discriminate
We don't decide between pocket and dinner plate
I don't care for age or gender
Am I attacker or defender?
Why do you carry me?
Am I the cause of chaos and calamity?
Or is it you, humanity?
It's you that has damaged me
My image shattered
I show you your reflection with no vanity
This is you but with no real clarity
I am the property of lost boys
I am the damage with no healing
I am in the hands of kids unfeeling
I should just be a simple tool in your kitchen
I should just be helping your mum's cook chicken
It's you that makes me none of that
It's you that chooses to keep me in your hand.

Anon

Only Forgiveness

All this talk about getting caught lacking
Knives bought for defence but end up attacking
What are they rapping?
Saying "I stabbed up this I stabbed up that"
Stop all of this chatting, don't cap...

You could be standing on D square when guys pull up
And catch you lacking
Your bro found out and now he's packing
He was walking home from school
Pole on his hip
Them guys roll up they aimed for his wig
They left his head top open that's a closed casket
Jakes heard the bang
They're on his tail, he waved the pole
No chance at bail
Time of death 1:03am Wednesday 19 March 2021
Lansdale road

His mum.
Your mum.
Their mum.
Together

No hate
Only forgiveness.

Max Vaudeau

Knife Crime

You think you're a man,
Do you rise and tan?
Does that make you a man?
Where's your experience?
Have you heard a gun bang?

Go back to school,
Go get your grades,
And promise me,
You'll put down your blades

Now picture this, you're in school
And its show and tell,
You're not invincible,
Get out your shell,
Go down the right lane,
And avoid the pain and prevent yourself
From going insane.

I got a story, and I will tell
Don't life take a life, entertaining a girl,
Take this advice, I'm about to say,
and remember this, at the end of the day,

you see, I had a girl
then I got dumped, after jumped
and it left me pumped,
tempted to slice, I had our lives, on a dice
either I take his life, or I take my life

and to be honest,
it's not worth the price,

since if I got him bun
then his mum, has lost her son
then I'll get locked,
and then you see my mum, has lost her son
and I can't do that, since I love you mum

and I already know
she loves me a ton.

Kai Aziz

My Experience

My life is nothing magical
Born and raised in London
Some things never change
I never carried a knife
But felt the feeling of looking
Behind my back praying that today
Will not be my last

My life as a teen is alright I guess

Get passed the restless nights and
Broken image you end up with nothing

A knife is something I never dare use
But can see the reason why
The heavy feeling of a knife is nothing to the sharp
state
You feel in every dark alley.

Sean Long

Because You Carried a Knife

The streets are impatient
The hospitals inflating
Man in the room they're waiting
Don't carry a shank or your gonna end up a patient

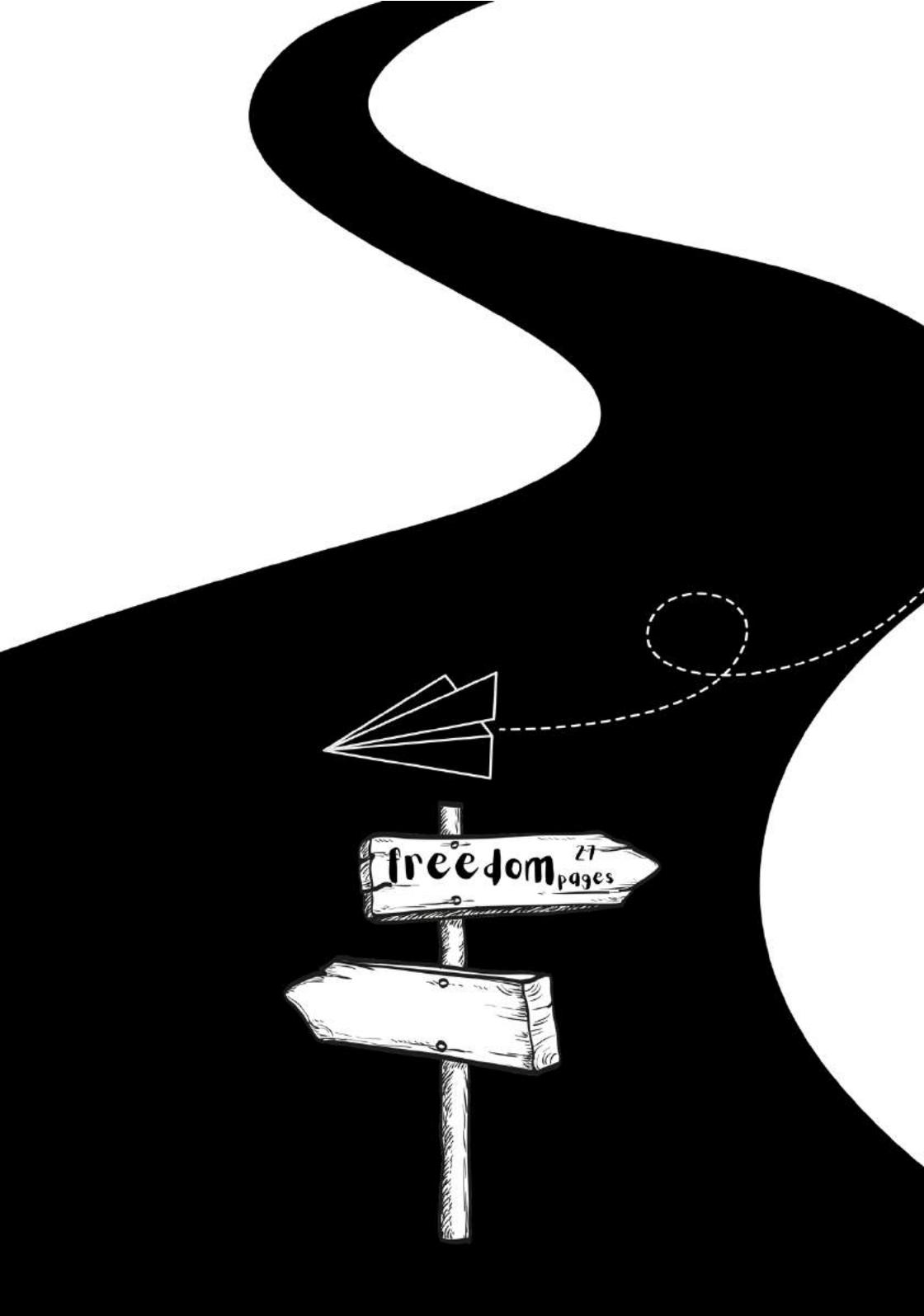
A glimpse of popularity at the expense of a life
You go through strife
Edging towards a knife
Not worth the high
Don't need Christ
For a confessional, mention all
The things you've done and messed a whole
Life

That thought strives in the night
When you
Fight with your head lying in bed
Worried about feds
Taking any meds
To ease your mind
Hope to rewind
You're just out of 'thyme'
Can't cook up a rhymes
To get you out of prison on November 9th
So you rent on the fly
You run and you hide
See mothers, they cry
Know they just said goodbye
Because you carried a knife

You excite that fight, no flight
lean on your might
On sight, no kites just light that's on
Now gone all wrong
Not strong not Kong
Not better just cause you wet up
Some man when you met up

I'd bet dat you regret that decision
Incision
His vision goes black
ya step back and look
Then run
You're done
If you're caught
No thoughts
Just act
Don't ask
Take off the (masc)ulinity

Keep clear your mind
And then you'll find
Rage made you blind
Now you're in a bind
Because you carried a knife.



freedom 21 pages

Nat Kellas & Met Bacon

Community

Community torn apart from violence

Optic officers searching constantly

Murdering people all round

Manic consequences may occur

Utopia with a mixed duality

Nerves getting tested by society

Interventions may help

The lives get taken by knives

Your choice is the future

Anon

My life

Time passes but not for me
Which means my time is not mine obviously
The movement of my life has no right to phase me
The lack of an emotional right
Is like dodging a craze to me
I guess lazily avoiding how you feel is easy
But whether it leaves me
Blowing in the wind or sending my mind on a spin

As long as I give my time to those I care about

No protection no escape
No emotional superhero in a cape
Just me and my thoughts from now till whenever

I will try and help those I care for forever

Damien Allalouf

Headphones

Brrrrrr rnnnn hrrrrr.

The noise. Brrrrrr.

Ha. I feel the music in my bones.

It makes my heart race! 11!

The rush of electric energy coursing through my blue veins.

My pale skin tingled with the surge of the bass.

Vrrrr brrrrr vrrrrm.

It excites my mind. Feels like I'm going 100mph
Zooming down the street.

The wind whistled through my ear tunnels.

My hair a nine tailed whip tickling my face.

Bright neon sparkling white lights, my eyes blinded.

It felt exhilarating. I was no longer human.

Just a computer processing sound waves and light energy. I no longer feel the stress of this mortal flesh.

Let go. The body is only temporary.

Maybe one day I will upload my conscience to the world wide web.

The music boomed through my headphones, each new note awakening every cell in my body.

The world around me is so much slower than me.
I'm going faster than all of you!
Mortal flesh! Haha! I laugh at you all.

The beat got more and more insane.
1000bpm. Heart attack!
I have never felt more alive.

No one understands.
Putting it into words is hard.



Headphones by Damien

Karl McCarthy

The Farm

Rupert is aggressive because he wants too much love
Yes he does
He is like a grumpy middle aged man
But he's a six year old pig
His skin is thick and tough like the bristles on a brush
He munches on Barley.

The Toggenburg goats have big bushy beards
All goats like to be the king of a mountain
They fight to get to the top
They fight to be the boss
They hit their heads with head butts
As sharp as Walrus tusks
As they get cut.

Then there's Buddy the Ferret
Ferret's get called 'Stinky Weasel Thieves'
Because they stink,
(Males more than females)
They come from the Weasel family
And they steal things,
They used to be sent down Rabbit Holes
But Buddy isn't Alice in Wonderland
He has bit me fifty times
But we still love him.

Keira is our annoying Shetland Pony
She has a talent of kicking out sideways
And forwards

Wherever you are, be careful.
She wants to test you.
She bites you on the bum.
It's not pleasant.
Sometimes she can be sweet
When she wants,
like when she head scratches and trots
But most of the time, she's not.

The sheep love to race
And they also love to sleep
They love a scratch
They normally keep to themselves
They are good at looking after their young
we're about to have lambs in a couple of months
Lambs mean more late nights for me.

We borrowed a Ram from Stepney
He's a big boy, affectionate and protective
He rears up and headbutts
He can knock me flying
I have to use a broom to sweep him away
If I didn't have the broom
I'd end up on the roof.

Then there's Bisto the fat, lazy cat.
He's supposed to be chasing mice
But he just sleeps all the time,
He loves a scratch
But when he's had enough he attacks your hand.

Then there's the Ducks.

Let's talk about one Goose in particular...
She's a Chinese Goose blind in both eyes
The only way she can find the others
Is through sound,
Most of the time I have to go into the lake
And scoop her out
She walks into the water
She walks into stones
She walks into a cuddle
She likes to be made a fuss of
But she doesn't have a name.

There is a male Goose who hisses
If you rustle his feathers,
He is called Mike.

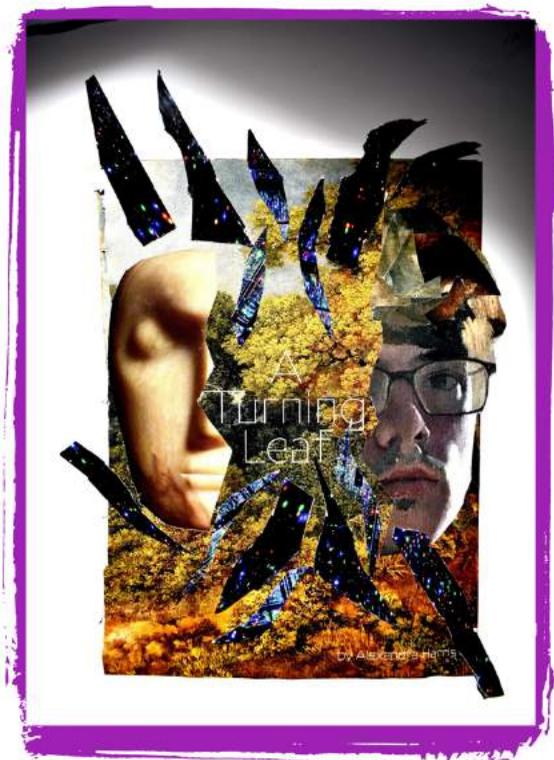
The farm is important to me because
I love the animals
(Most of them)
The atmosphere is warm
The staff are nice
The animals are spoilt
We have special animals that get special treatment.

The farm is a place for everyone.

LeShay James

Bars

It's LeShay and I come from Peckham
When I'm on the mic I ball like Beckham
Old Kent Road - that's my ends
hitting up the Youth Club with my friends
go to MacD's to chill and kickback
Don't get in beef but I order the big Mac.



A Turning Leaf by Nat Kellas

- I decided to make a collage in response to this years theme of returning to freedom*
- The background is the outside and nature to represent coming out of Lockdown and going out again.*
 - The title is about turning over a new leaf and starting again.*
 - The colourful lights represent the joy returning to people.*
 - The porcelain half-face represents you in lockdown and not being able to go anywhere.*
 - The half-face person on the right represents us breaking free.*

Luca Shafiq

I Come From (Towards Freedom Pt. 5)

I come from East London Tower Hamlets
of Isle of dogs

I support the Scots bro who were born in Glasgow,
Scotland Glasgow.

I learned from German Rappers
Where they were born.

KFC All day long
When you crunch a fried skin
on a wing, wing of an Eagle
In the mountains of South Germany
Including the city of Stuttgart.

Max Biddulph

Cycle of Hatred

(After The Last Duchess by Robert Browning)

We both wanted the same thing.
We both wanted the peace that she spoke of.
Me and her were not too different.
We were not working on our own justice.
The justice that I wanted to bring upon the world
Is the exact justice she was trying to meet as well.
But then I realised everyone feels of loss the same.
She didn't know pain.
She was working for her justice.
I was working for mine.
I was just an ordinary person.
Driven to revenge.
In the name of justice.
But if revenge is called justice.
Then that justice just breeds more revenge
So it becomes a cycle of hatred.

Living within it, aware of the past,
Predicting the future.
This is what it means to know history.
We cannot help but know that people.
Cannot understand each other.
This world is ruled by hatred.

I could say I did it on a whim,
Or that I planned it,
Or that it's for hatred
Or that it's for love.

Evil, deceitful,
Call me whatever you wish.
It is not worth living in this world with only despair
exists
All we've ever experienced in despair am I wrong?
Surely you understand my despair a little.
What I'm trying to tell you is,
There is no such thing as peace
In this world that we call reality.

Reality is like a grand river
No matter how hard one tries to stop it
Reality will swallow them up
Mercilessly crush them
See now?
See why mine and her concept of peace
Can never be achieved!

Shaquille Johnson

My Story

You know my name, name, name
I'm on the beat
You can't catch my wave, wave, wave

I'm wavy
I'm nicer than gravy

Kicking football with my broskis

Of course
Of course
Of course

Pause
DJ scratch like I got claws

You know my name, name, name
Tiny S
Spitting them flames
Win the game
Make the fame

I'm on my grind
Money on my mind
Going up high

We're gonna rap
We're gonna spread this word
Me and my pals

We're gonna change the world

One day I was born
Zero years old
August 2005

My mum gave life
To a little black boy
In the hospital

Now I'm growing
Last year I wasn't tall
Now I'm tall right now
Now I'm spitting bars

Christian by my side,
We're going far!



Painting by Omarion

James Nicolas Lloyd

The Underdog

The FD screeches round the corner faster than lightning and the crowd that were standing at the hairpin turn all jump back in shock. The 86 makes a huge gain dragging its wheel in the rain gutter for extra grip, meaning it didn't even need to touch the breaks.

The slower, older and supposedly stock car was tailing the FD, the driver could see the 86 in his rear. But it didn't stop there. The 86 pulls out onto the hard shoulder in the bend or so, the FD thought, but as he turned to block him on the outside, he was already on the inside, with his lights ablaze and blinding the FD.

He couldn't believe his eyes. How could an old rust bucket, tofu delivery car be racing better than his 2.0 litre turbo? There was no rationale behind it. In all ways known to man, what the 86 was doing should have been impossible. And even then with all of the moves it had pulled off, the FD would beat him for time in the next straight away if he didn't pull ahead now.

The 86 pulled up onto the grass on the side of the road, mud flying everywhere. He would crash into the mountain if he didn't slow down but at the last second the car used the curb to push off around the FD and suddenly he was ahead. The finish line awaited him, people cheering. The mystery underdog took the win.

He didn't stop to talk. He went straight home from the track. As his dad had promised. One full tank of gas and the car for the weekend. That's all he wanted.

Caitlyn Obanla

Something in the Stars

I'm lying in my bed and I think about the stars
Shining in the sky by Venus and Mars

Before I start to dream, I gently fall asleep
the stars above my head are something that I keep

I dream about me touching the stars
But I would need a spaceship to get so far

The stars are shining a light on us
So always being thankful is a must

I am really grateful that I am alive
There are so many things I want to be in life

A singer and a painter and a dancer too
I've got so many dreams

What about you?

Harry McGrath

Fly High

My last girl left me for one of my closest friends
well you see we was close friends until we fell out
from these broke endz
we would always drive round on our bikes
thinking we were invisible
don't know where them days went
and now I'm feeling miserable
I don't have trust coz when I do it gets broken
Like you say you were my mate
but bro what was you smoking?

I just can't seem to manage I feel heartbroken
they left me in the dark, but I showed no emotion
I feel like taking off, like a bird over the ocean
I got a lot more to say I'm not joking
I'm pretty closed of not open
This music is that way I can open
with these bars that I've spoken
back to the real talk I'm gonna show them
just me and my bro T out in the open
waiting for a chance to show these
people that we are golden

I'm sick of having no friends
my phone and go 3 weeks without a single
notification
I'm not one of them boys on the road or the pavement
not like them boys u find
In the station 25 years that a long vacation

In the morning I pray I can make it to the night
yeah I might be looking but I'm not tryna fight
You did what you did, but you can never make it right
Stabbed in the back,
when I thought you're down to ride

Left me alone, fighting for my life.

I just wanna be happy in this place I call my life
I just wanna do my mum and dad right
get my education and fly high.

Aaliyah Larose

Towards Freedom

5 years of teachers on my case
In and out of school like a yo-yo from that place.
Nomadic girl with no foundations,
I ain't talking about make up
I'm talking about placements.

I was pushed from pillar to post on purpose
but the pattern of paperwork
never made me nervous.
All these professionals - now they're involved
Were they actively practicing apathy?
It actually had me doubting their role.

2 years

got used to being excluded,
was I ever going to be included or was I deluded?
Didn't want a new school or new PRU to be a new kid
all cause I didn't live the life you did

Towards Freedom
What is freedom?

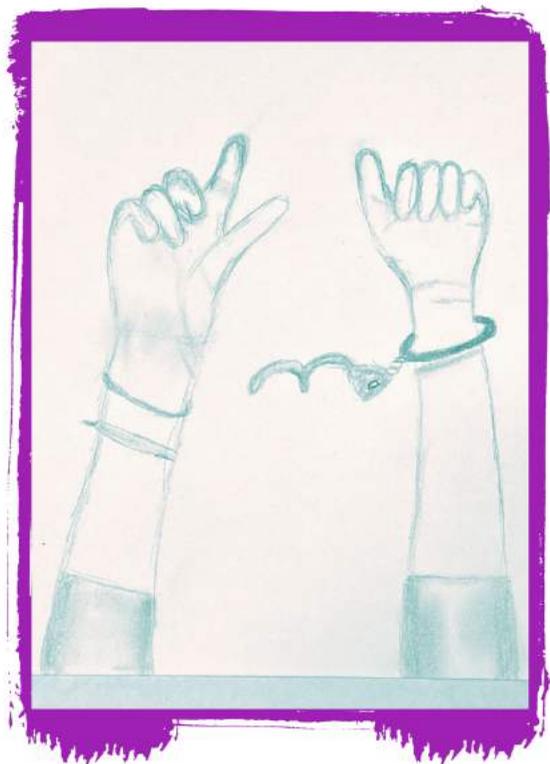
The power to stay breathing while grieving
while moving towards believing.
I've got the mindset to overcome the past
now this year's coming to an end
tough times don't last.

Towards Freedom
What's freedom?

Freedom is not a dangerous fantasy
it's escaping reality.
The ability to see when you're craving for clarity.
This is not just a poem,
this is faith in humanity.

The doors is slowly closing and I'm leaving
Where am I walking?

Towards Freedom.



Freedom by Amber Gibbs

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freedom here

