

United Learning

Poetry Anthology 2021

Belonging



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Front cover artwork by Anna Klioukina (Year 11) at AKS Lytham.

Contents page imagery by Maisie McKechnie (Year 8) at AKS Lytham.

Introduction

We are delighted to introduce our second annual United Learning Poetry Anthology. The poems in this collection have been selected from schools that submitted their students' poetry to The Charles Causley Young Person's Poetry Competition. Twenty-two schools entered the competition and feature in this anthology. The theme for the competition this year was 'Belonging', and we are pleased to announce that two students from our schools received prizes, chosen from over 500 entries.

Once again we were hugely impressed with the standard of work our talented students produced. The theme of belonging clearly resonated with our students. The past two years have perhaps sharpened our focus on what it means to belong and the how we find our place in this ever-changing world.

The poems in this collection explore belonging in many forms: how we can feel a sense of belonging when we are wrapped in the warm embrace of our family or community, lost in the wonder of musical theatre, or standing shoulder to shoulder with fellow fans as the final whistle is about to blow. Some of our students use their poems to wrestle with the feelings of alienation which are provoked when we feel we do not belong.

We would like to say thank you to all the United Learning students who have contributed their poetry or artwork to this anthology, and to all the United Learning teachers who strive to empower our young people by nurturing their talents in art and literature.

The United Learning English team

“

That is part of the beauty of all literature. You discover that your longings are universal longings, that you're not lonely and isolated from anyone. You belong.

- F. Scott Fitzgerald

”



Artwork by Keira Bowman (Year 13)

AKS Lytham

Poems

Belonging

Poems written by students from

AKS Lytham

Ashford School

Castle View Academy

Coleridge Community College

Glenmoor & Winton Academies

Marsden Heights Community College

Midhurst Rother College

Nova Hreod Academy

Paddington Academy

Parkside Community College

Richard Rose Morton Academy

Seahaven Academy

Sedgehill Academy

Shoreham Academy

The Albion Academy

The Cornerstone Academy

The Hurlingham Academy

The Hyndburn Academy

The John Roan School

The Lowry Academy

The Totteridge Academy

Walthamstow Academy

Artwork created by students from

AKS Lytham

Castle View Academy

Nova Hreod Academy





Artwork by Ziv Wilson (Year 12)
AKS Lytham

Belonging

I sniff the scents and smells of my roots
The spice of cultures and blends of fabrics;
Emerald, copper, ruby, blue.
I see a kaleidoscope of colours. A brightness I never knew

I went back and saw the golden sun
Reflect off hair as thick as mine
I saw the gushing waterfall
In curtains of crushed blue

Ful lips, languages dripping of their tongue
Like my tears of being unlike
Beautiful, dark skin kissed by the rays of the aureate ball
But my milk chocolate skin so light

I see through my sparkling eyes a place I belong
I see in my hurting heart a place I don't belong
On the outside looking in on a place I should own,
A place where my roots are (should be) so deeply sewn.

Mbaweme Mhango
Coleridge Community College

**Artwork 'Waterfall' by a student at
Castle View Academy**





Almost England

From the land of fire and ice
I am vast rows of mountains
Ever stretching forests
And a lush canvas sprinkled with farms
From a family so bountiful I don't know half my brethren
A dwarf country
From yet another country and yet another alien language
Karjalanpiirakka, jumalauta!
My name found impossible to pronounce
Each person says it differently
"Hey, you only need to change one letter in your name for it to spell 'England'"
Really, I hadn't noticed

I do not hide it though
Happy to pronounce Eyjafjallajökull on demand
Never bothered that my name is shortened
Or that no one can pronounce Töölö or Luoma
I cannot say I have it as bad as many others
The gripping fear of meeting someone who hates me for no reason
Does not drench me as I walk down the street
I am not automatically thought of as a danger or a terrorist
People do not spit venomous insults at me
I do not need to campaign for my life to matter
After all I only need to change one letter to be England

Mikael Englund (Year 8)

Parkside Community College

Imagery by Euan Norman (Year 11)

AKS Lytham





"Belonging"

The art of belonging is a beautiful one
One of which she had not yet mastered.
The perfect enigma of a girl,
Suffocating in the depths of reality.
Alone in a world of humanity.

She would watch the paper white people,
In their paper white lives -
Lost in the novel of her mind.
The colourful epiphany of darkness,
Breaking her down second by second.

Others lived like clockwork.
Live. Die. Live. Die.
But she knew she had to break the cycle.
Live a life where her memory wouldn't die.
She would survive forever.

But the complication of discovering freedom,
Was that once you discover it, are you really
free?

Or do you now live a lifetime of chasing.
Searching for the freedom which you lost,
The moment you found it.

She would often look up at the pin pricks of stars
above her.

And think of how they were like stabs in a
cardboard box,

Allowing her to breathe.

Not that they much worked, she soon discovered.
Turns out she couldn't breathe in the first place.

For she was just a cluster of atoms attempting to
survive,
A piece for the wrong puzzle.
Trapped in a world which didn't want her.
Lost, alone
In a foreign apocalypse of darkness.

She had finally answered the question.
"What is the meaning of life?"
She had realised something others had not
That the reason nobody had an answer to the
question.
Was because there just simply wasn't one.

Whilst others laughed, she cried.
Her smile like a muzzle,
Guarding others from the harsh reality
That her lips had to speak.
As she was in danger of revealing life's truth to
others.

For the art of belonging is a beautiful one.
One of which she had not mastered yet.
She had outgrown the pretense of the earth.
And now she knew,
That escape was her only soulmate.

Lucy Hollyer

Midhurst Rother College



Artwork by Abe Coyne (Year 13)
AKS Lytham

I am

I am the spark that creates the fire,
I am the sun that makes the warmth,
I am the breeze that creates the wind,
I am the light which makes the day,
I am the smile to your face,
I am the frown to your mood,
I am the moon that meets the night,
I am the clothes to keep you upright,
I am the life that creates us,
I am the sparkle that meets the eye.

Faye Smethurst-Elkins (Year 9)
The Cornerstone Academy

Artwork by Esme Barron-Eaves (Year 11)
AKS Lytham



Where Do I belong?

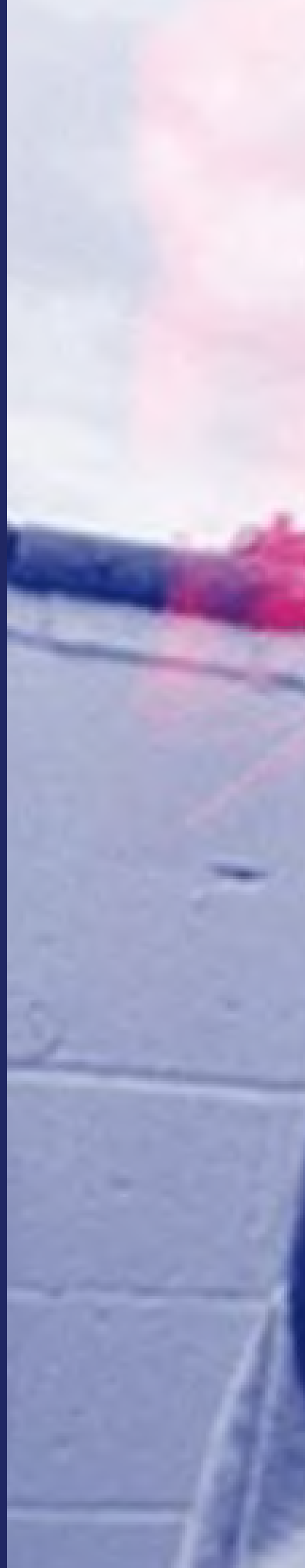
Maybe the flowers in our vases wilt so quickly
Because they've been plucked from their homes,
Taken into an 'aliens' territory';
A stranger's room.

Like the wind,
We as humans constantly are moving
Constantly change our routes
In this so called 'life'
To find what people call a 'home'

Now I sit and ponder;
What is belonging?
Where do I belong?
Do I even belong anywhere?

My essence sits inside me
It cannot be free
It stays inside of me
So I guess you could say;
I belong to me

Aliza Ali
Walthamstow Academy





Imagery by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy



Artwork by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy



Shy boi

He is socially unable
Or at least that's what he thinks
videos of embarrassment
constantly playing on loop

He tries to hide it
but inside he knows
he is persistently making himself suffer on the inside
Not knowing how to free himself from the
shackles and pain of his embarrassment and of his mind.

You don't belong to the past
but the future. not enslaved by
your bad emotions, let yourself go and be
Free.

Embrace your strengths
Make your so-called 'weaknesses'
and 'Bad features' benefit you.
Make them love you
Create a new era in itself
Become known world-wide.

Why?
Because you don't belong to your past
but your future, Not your bad emotions
but your good ones.

You don't belong to bad emotions
but good emotions. Break the circle of bondage
destroy the shackles of embarrassment.

Samuel Olusanya (Year 7)
The Albion Academy

Untitled

Belonging, I belong in this world.
We all belong on this planet.

Belonging in nature, animals
Belong in nature, creatures belong
In nature.
The trees sway and kids play, they
Belong with their friends.

We are the thunder that makes the bang,
We are the lightning that strikes the sky.
I am the water that belongs in the ocean
carrying the boat.
I am the dirt which belongs on the ground.
We all belong on this planet.

James Riddick (Year 8)

Richard Rose Morton Academy

**Artwork by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy**





Belonging

I'm able to lift my head in my world and greet it with smiles,
It does matter what I do or what I become,
I can travel the globe, the world for miles,
But here, home where I belong, I can never outrun.

Never outrun the friends and surety of who I am,
Never need to worry about what I wear, if my styles wrong,
I can say my truth and hold my own and no one gives a damn,
I can be ME and know that no matter what, I belong!

Jack Barton

Midhurst Rother College

Artwork by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy





Beauty is Pain

I hold tongs of fire between my fingertips
The heat wraps itself around my hand
Then it bites and burns my skin
I stare at my reflection
I am one step closer to finding out who it is I
truly am
Strand by strand
I burn every coiled piece of hair
Until they become, lovelier, straighter and longer
And just like that my history has been forgotten
But beauty is pain
And this is important

My tears scream at me in the silence
they yell at me in disappointment
I just wish they could see how hard I'm trying

A bottle of self-hate encases itself in my palm
The words on the label are a blur of black and
white
And the chemicals spread across my skin like a
cancer

My once dark and rich flesh lightens
Then it brightens
The tears fall and I let them
Because beauty is pain
And this is important

Mama makes me a sweet stew with rice
The herbs and spices dance around my nose
They tempt me to have a taste
But I refuse
Because to everyone else it reeks of a horrid
smell
It screams embarrassment and humiliation
And you can't be beautiful
When you stink of herbs and spices
Beauty is pain
And this is important

A piece of glass separates me from the girl I am
And the girl I so desperately want to be
I can no longer hide who I am to be accepted
Why must beauty be a pain for me
But a comfort for others?
This time I don't let the tears fall
Because individuality is power
And that is most important

Derin Adeoye

The Lowry Academy

**Artwork by a student at
Castle View Academy**

HIGHLY COMMENDED
by The Charles Causley Young People's Poetry Competition



Imagery by Hannah Asquith (Year 8)
AKS Lytham





My Community

I am in a community
A community that fights
Throwing bricks and protesting
Fighting for our rights. I wish for
A life without
Harassment
Assault
Or unfairness. I wish for
A place where the world leaders

Are not careless
I wish for a world that had no hate
A world where two men or women can simply just date
I am in a community
A community that fights
For free self-expression
No matter my gender
Even if they put me down
I'll never surrender
I am in a community
Who are proudly
Queer
Brave
And strong
I am in a community
Where I belong

Brandon Bridges (Year 10)
The John Roan School

Roots

Deep, deep roots.

I found love in these roots,

The warm words, the late-night conversations and the early morning laughs.

The feeling I'd been trying to find for so long;

I found in those roots,

Your roots.

Putting myself in your hands, I found devotion,

Compassion, understanding,

Belonging.

Even with the distance that sits between us,

I've never felt roots connect like ours,

Running deeper than ever.

Like puzzle pieces we fit together,

So please,

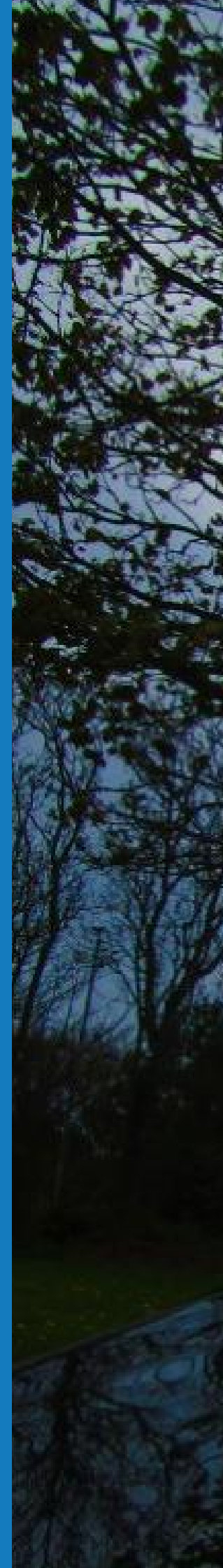
Keep me in your safety forever.

Lilly Stephens (Year 9)

The Hyndburn Academy

Imagery by Katie House (Year 9)

AKS Lytham





Family

A family is like a circle,
The connection never ends,
And even if at times it breaks,
In time it will always mend.

A family is like the stars.
Somehow they're always there.
Families are those who help,
Who support and always care.

A family is like a book.
The ending's never clear,
But through the pages of the book,
Their love is always near.

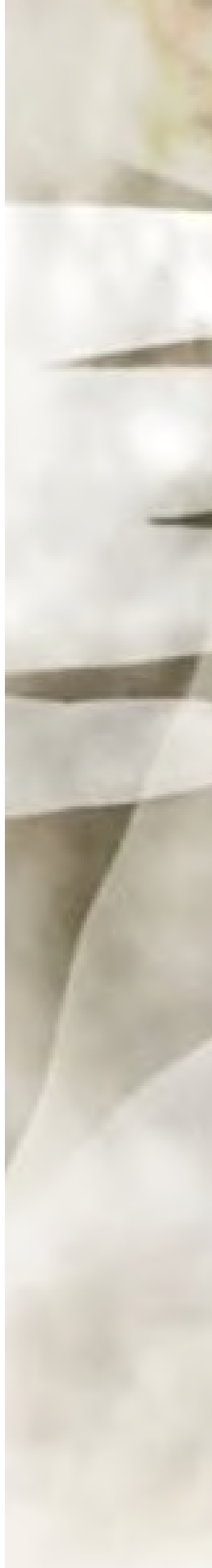
But don't be weary if it's broken
Or if through time it's worn,
Families are like that
They split up and are always torn.

But even if this happens,
Your family will always be
They will help you to define who you are
And will be a part of you, you'll see.

Anisa Saman (Year 9)

Marsden Heights Community College

**Imagery by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy**





Ammi

You are the flowers to my vase,
You are the dreams in my sleep,
You are the one I love.

Strolling happily along a lively park,
Whilst I fell on a rocky path,
You were the one who brought me up.

You are the glistening stars in the night sky,
You are the words in my book,
You are the books in my bookshelf,
You are the one I love.

No matter what may come,
You'll be there to stay.

Irfa Zahoor (Year 7)
The Albion Academy

Artwork by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy





Entanglement

The world is in sync, time moves us all the same.
And in time we grow like flowers in field,
Our roots entangled, soil shared,
Roots grow strong, stems stand tall.

And a poppy alone is just a poppy.
But a field of poppies is a sea of crimson,
And a sea of crimson is an ocean of strength,
Of strength, courage and community

And if we are all just that, flowers,
Then we can persist just the same.
Like daisies growing
through the cracks in concrete.

Evelyn Walsh (Year 9)
Shoreham Academy

**'Textural Flower' by a student at
Castle View Academy**

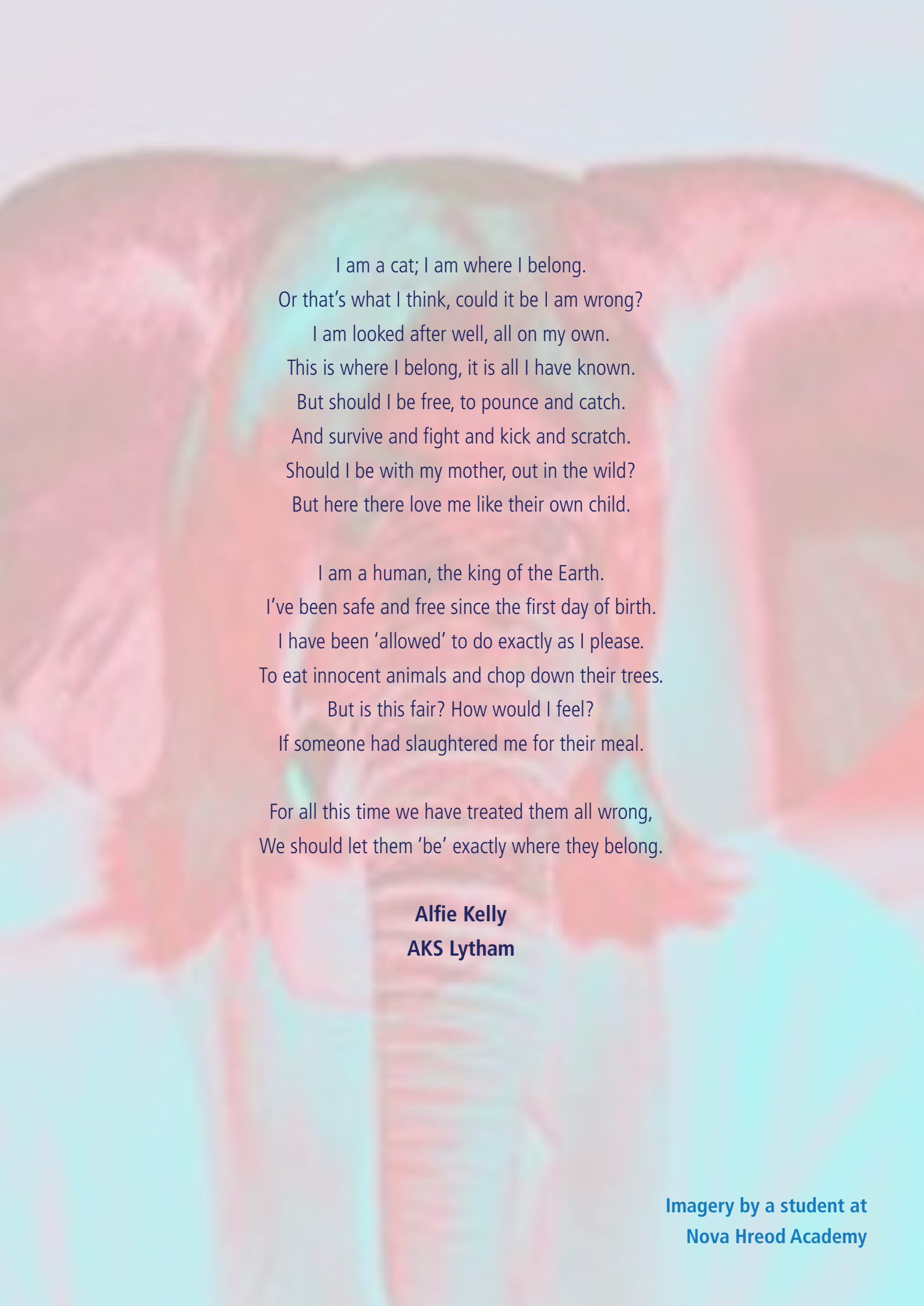


Our Planet

I am a tiger; surrounded by trees.
The jungle is my home, I live there with ease.
But it is no longer easy, the trees are all gone.
My family and friends of them, there are none.
Now I am captured, the humans my saviour.
That's what they think, but this isn't my behaviour.
I want to be free to roam my ancestor's land.
Being away from my home is what I cannot stand.

I am a cow; I live on a farm.
I am quiet and relaxed; I cause no-one harm.
I want to be in the fields of grass.
Not where I am forced to fill a milk glass.
I wish I was free from this metallic cage,
Them, using me for money, it fills me with rage.
They say we're organic because they give us water.
We are far from free; ask the thousands they slaughter.

I am a dolphin, I come from the sea.
So, I wonder to myself why they don't leave me be.
They flock in their thousands to come and see me.
But this isn't where I belong, I want to be free.
I want to swim for hundreds and hundreds of miles.
Not endure these long and tiring trials
I want to be catching millions of fish,
Not just dreaming of them, I hold onto that wish.



I am a cat; I am where I belong.
Or that's what I think, could it be I am wrong?
I am looked after well, all on my own.
This is where I belong, it is all I have known.
But should I be free, to pounce and catch.
And survive and fight and kick and scratch.
Should I be with my mother, out in the wild?
But here there love me like their own child.

I am a human, the king of the Earth.
I've been safe and free since the first day of birth.
I have been 'allowed' to do exactly as I please.
To eat innocent animals and chop down their trees.
But is this fair? How would I feel?
If someone had slaughtered me for their meal.

For all this time we have treated them all wrong,
We should let them 'be' exactly where they belong.

Alfie Kelly
AKS Lytham

Honeysuckle Sweet

I think the air tastes of honeysuckle
it's golden sugar on my tongue
the smell of that plant outside the school gates, where I stood waiting for my mum
her smile the safety car after I spun off the road
cupcakes infused with love

I hold a flower under my chin
do I love butter? My sister grins
and 'you do!' she giggles and spins and captures her own splash of yellow
do I?
mum brings us biscuits on a plate

there's a shopping list in my hand
as I skip alongside my dad
his jokes about eggs and chickens and I throw my head back laughing
where is Winchester? how many gears does our car have? what is a crocus?
he pretends not to notice the custard doughnuts in the trolley

I'm kneading the pizza dough
and there's a paw next to mine
a cold nose on my arm and I blink slowly, eye to golden green eye
sneak attack, a handful of flour, she sneezes
baby's breath on a backdrop of jet

home is a bouquet of flowers
the smell of our car and a hug after school
harsh shop lights and secret confectionary
it's answering questions and giggling in the kitchen
It is where I belong

Rhiannon Hagger (Year 12)
Parkside Community College



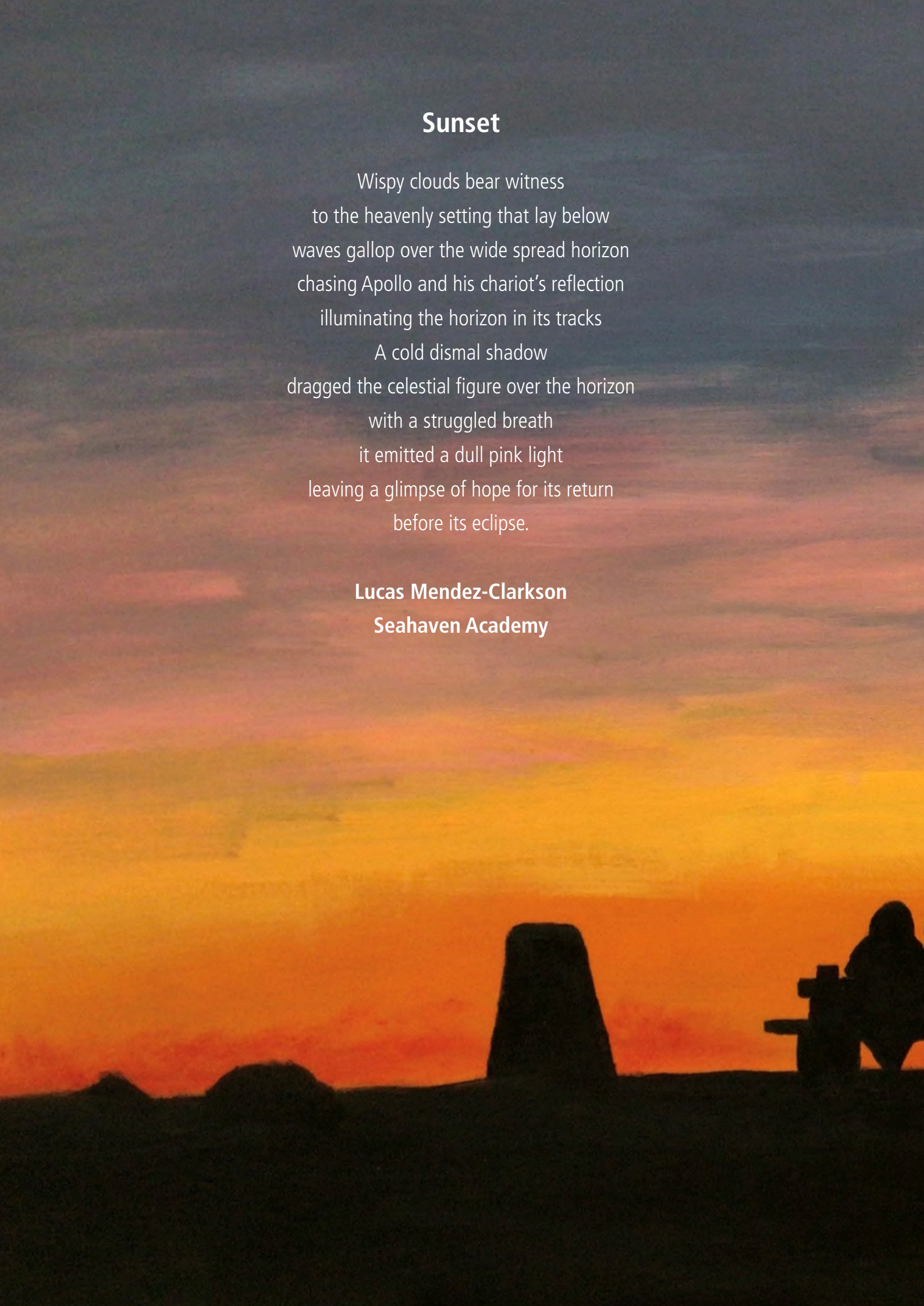
Imagery by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy

Sunset

Wispy clouds bear witness
to the heavenly setting that lay below
waves gallop over the wide spread horizon
chasing Apollo and his chariot's reflection
illuminating the horizon in its tracks

A cold dismal shadow
dragged the celestial figure over the horizon
with a struggled breath
it emitted a dull pink light
leaving a glimpse of hope for its return
before its eclipse.

Lucas Mendez-Clarkson
Seahaven Academy





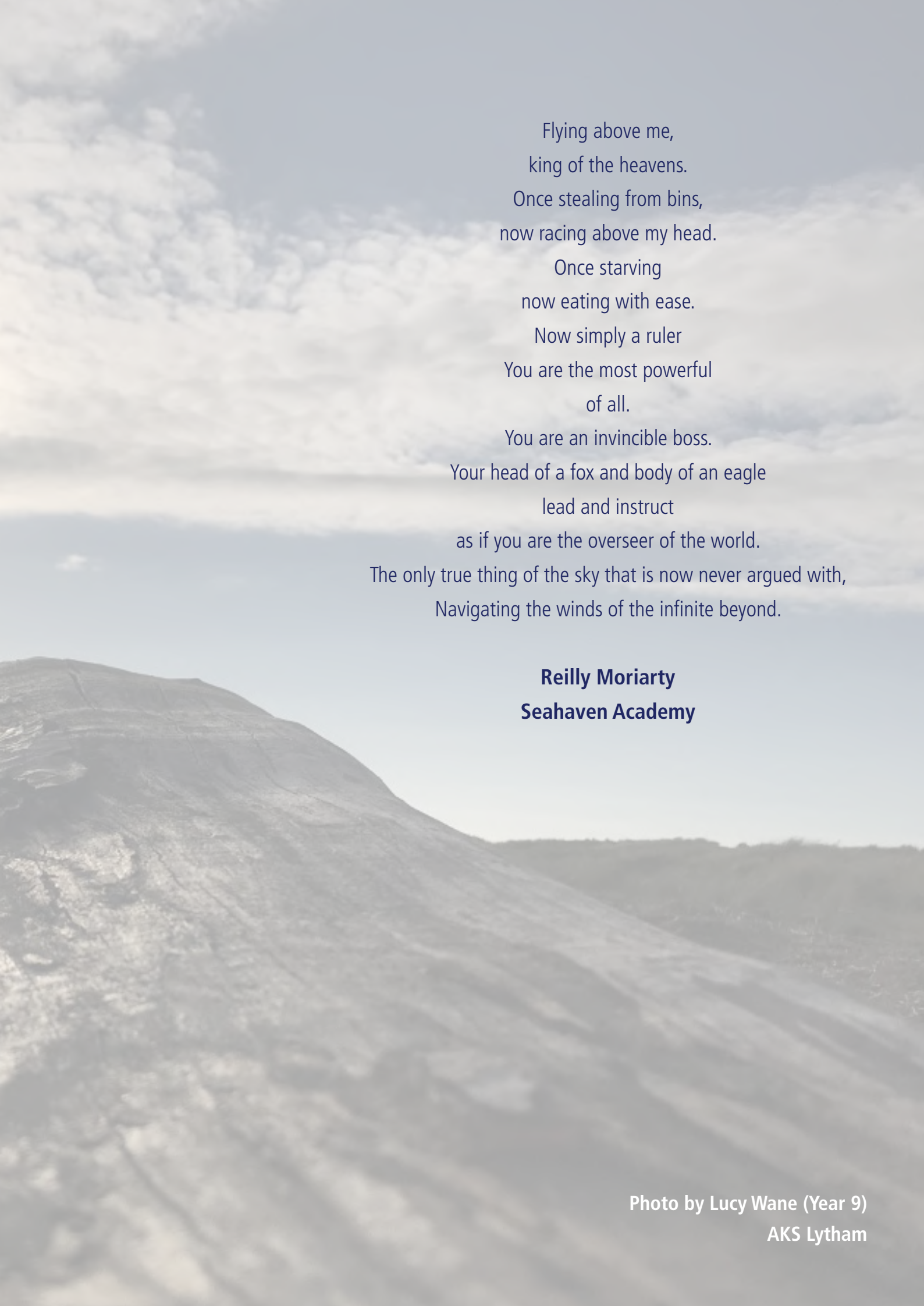
Artwork by Caitie Baker (Year 12)
Embley

Epic Ode to a Fox/Eagle Hybrid Thingy

Head of a fox and body of an eagle,
Here, hiding among the skies,
This missile,
From the tops of mountains and the bottoms of gardens,
A creature that once only walked,
now flying above me.

Surrounded
by the sky's white clouds,
the birds of above, the airplanes,
Only you
make the rules up there.

Only you,
unique animal,
flew through the skies where you never originally belonged,
locked into the wind,
wings spread wide,
like wings of a regular bird,
in the coursing
of the above.
A soaring harpoon,
high arrow, a fearless,
streamline spear.



Flying above me,
king of the heavens.
Once stealing from bins,
now racing above my head.
Once starving
now eating with ease.
Now simply a ruler
You are the most powerful
of all.
You are an invincible boss.
Your head of a fox and body of an eagle
lead and instruct
as if you are the overseer of the world.
The only true thing of the sky that is now never argued with,
Navigating the winds of the infinite beyond.

Reilly Moriarty
Seahaven Academy

Photo by Lucy Wane (Year 9)
AKS Lytham

I know I belong

I belong to the ash-grey skies,
to the sea of towers before my eyes.
To the shadowy streets, to the plumes of smoke,
amongst chugging cars and city folk.
It's all that I've known, this air of decay
 - the air that surrounds me every day.
It's different beyond though it's hidden from sight.
A long time ago, I was there for a night,
under the stars, 'neath the crystalline sky,
low to the ground yet I felt I could fly.
The moon hid itself, night drifted away
And the sun rose again – the dawn of a new day.

Now the greyness surrounds me, with no hope in sight
but still in the distance there's a glimpse of light.
The sun rose again, as it does every day.
It calls out to me but I have no choice to stay
But even though I'm surrounded by these ash-grey skies
I know I belong to the sunrise.

Ciaran Sangster
Nova Hreod Academy





Imagery by Hannah Asquith (Year 8)
AKS Lytham



Imagery by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy

A Breath

My fingers claw at the soil,
Grass tickling my nose
Cold
Sharp
Rocks
 pierce my exposed flesh
Crushing me against the air.

Hard water floods down my throat
The salt stinging my eyes
Wisps of waves knotting around my
toes
Dragging me under the sky
 and breathe.

Limp, relaxed, my fingers are cushioned by grains of the earth
The wind changes and
warm beads of rain wash away my wounds.

Light flickers through my clouded vision
The water dancing and swirling and flowing around my feet,
Rising gently I greet the surface.

The soil, the rain, the wisps of the waves intertwine and loop
blending with pigments of skin;
Encompassing
 swallowing
 drowning
 protecting
 one.

Emilia Tatton-Brown (Year 9)
Ashford School

Belonging

The solemn tweets of an emerald hummingbird draw near
Then, clawing its ashy talons around greying maple. Truly dear
To ponderers and wanderers who escape from a stench
The scent of 'a loner's disease' with a cure hidden in oak's bench.

A smooth, rustic seat, entwined with a delicate black rope,
Holds secrets and mysteries for lost psyches seeking hope
Intricate carvings pass over centuries of time,
Tracing blind fingers over a tale written in patterns and lines.

Sinking deeper into a pool of cushioning cotton,
The woven stream steadily furls tighter around her wintry neck – previously forgotten.

Shifting her gaze towards a dusty path adorned with grass tinted gold,
A breeze sends gifts of fresh pastries revealing layers to unfold
"Yes, that's our baker!" the girl squeals with glee
"Opening time's four on the dot," She cries, "First one is free!"
The child hops off the bench and is lead by her freckled nose,
Striding with joy when amber leaves flutter to and fro

The hummingbird chirrups as another soul departs
Rejoicing as the lost explorer seems to have found her heart.
The jade thanagila flutters into looming mist,
Until a sorrowful spirit appears in the midst.

Enticed by the new figure trekking towards the oaky pew,
The Paris-green bird trills – a secretive chuckle – as the man struggles through,
Mountains and hills of bronze, sodden stars.
The bird pipes again to say: "He won't get that far!"
"Oh hush, dear bird," the man calls, shielding his smile,
"There, I've cured him!" the bird whistles, "He'll be gone in a short while,".



Photo by Maxwell Keskin (Year 7)
AKS Lytham

And the hummingbird, true as the daylight, was right;
The poor explorer had left before early night.

Now, only one remains like thunder to a storm.
Emerald hummingbird. It's your turn on the seat - to which you belong.

Hannah Areeson (Year 7)
Ashford School

A Sense of Belonging

When my soul feels shaken and it quivers in my frame
And the silence that it gathers harshly burns like a flame,
I do not merely rot away and decay within my bones,
I endeavour to where I belong; where I don't feel alone.
I ground my feet on the soft, spongy grass and absorb the vibrant love,
My soul at last sets free and floats in the breeze like the clouds above.
My wings fan out and flutter as the wind tickles my dainty feathers,
Indulging my aching heart in the many inducing pleasures,
And as my gaping eyes flow on the wondrous views below,
The rays protruding through the trees wash over my wispy glow,
The soft puffs of mother nature's breath pirouettes down my subtle spine
And the soothing melody of the life around me lingers in my mind,
The gentle pulse of the river's flow laps along the reeds
As the elegant flakes of gold cascade from the swaying trees
And I continue to drift as my wings conceal the truth,
Floating with the angels as I glide through my youth
And as I continue to look down from the world above,
I feel a sense of belonging; a sense of being loved.

Aila Hook (Year 8)

The Cornerstone Academy

Artwork by Amanda De Lima Denny (Year 12)

Embley



Untitled

As I walk along the powdery paths,
shimmering with the moonlight,
specs of white flutter to the ground
and happiness crawls within me
I smile at the frozen lake,
the whispers of the wind
Despite the bitter cold
I feel warmth within

But as I approach a cluster of trees
and run my hand across the bark
they groan and shuffle to block my path
A shroud of darkness covers the land
and the moon hides from the menacing clouds
These signal to me this isn't my home

I rush past as the world awakens
till my breath goes fast and my feet feel sore
Then I stop for a drink at a babbling stream
as the forest reveals soft pink, gold and green
fox cubs play while the mist swirls like smoke
wrapping the trees in its wispy cloak

In front of me lies a small cottage
scents of flowers and baking wafts around
Amid some clovers stand a couple
their wrinkled skin and baggy clothes,
remind me of something that I once knew
they stare at me with a familiar look
and surround me with love and happiness,
that I once felt and knew.
I belong here and I'll never lose that again
Family.

Aisha Mulgina (Year 7)
Paddington Academy



Behind the Screen

It pings.
I try to ignore it
but the urge
is too much.
I leave
the poem I'm writing
the book I'm reading
just for the fake belonging
of a WhatsApp chat.
Most of the time
it's not important...
a joke...
a photo...
But what else
can I do
to belong
the next day
at school?
Just to listen
to the giggled conversation
of what happened the previous evening
is not enough to feel that I belong.

I thought I was my own person
but now I question my identity
as I reply... to a joke I don't understand.
A photo I didn't need to see.
I wonder why, to belong
we have to conceal ourselves
under a screen.
To have a conversation
I have to know about the latest YouTube video
released
The newest Netflix show.
I hear tales from my parents
Of the fun they had at my age
Singing along to the same album
Again and again, they tell me.
And I wonder where the laughter would go to
If it wasn't behind the screen of my phone
And my desperate eyes.

Abi Kimber (Year 7)
Shoreham Academy



An Ode to Theatre

A gentlemen in disguise,
A lady laced daintily into corsets and skirts,
You can be anything you want to be,
A hopeless romantic who remains unseen
You can be anything you want to be
Whether you're a Veronica in a world of Heathers,
Or an Eponine stuck on a lonely barricade,
Or an Elphaba stuck in your mistakes,
No one judges here,
We are people with looks and an opinion,
We come in all races, colors and genders,
Standards aren't upheld here,
You can be anything that you want to be,
You can be the new sheriff in town,
Don't let a little fall of rain damage your theatre sparkle,
Don't be made of steel with a heart of stone,
It's never too late to sing a love song.

Matilda Tunami (Year 7)

The Totteridge Academy

Artwork by Jay J Ditchfield (Year 13)

AKS Lytham



90th Minute

Heart pounding,
Pulse racing,
Dashing down the field.
There, you find space.
Arms up, waving frantically,
Sprinting, screaming for a pass,
Lungs already parched
Only seconds to go.


Exhausted, fatigued,
Half-stumbling,
Catching your teammates eye,
You know what to do.
Time seems to pause,
The ball sailing overhead,
You receive the pass,
It can't go wrong!

Racing past, ball glued to your feet,
Bolting past the defender,
This is the moment.
You've trained your whole life for this,
Kicking the ball with all your might,
It soars into the air,
All you can do is watch.

Tearing through the sky,
It zooms into the net,
Ears ringing,
Crowd screaming,
This is where you belong.

Ange-Avery Abate (Year 8)
Sedgehill Academy





Belonging

Put on your shoes
Like wings of flight
Guide yourself at any height
To soar, to walk, to swim, to fly
Through water, wind, desert and sky

Yest it will be difficult
Listen to the birds' song
Make sure to be resilient
Find where you belong

Enis Gara (Year 7)

The Hurlingham Academy



Photo by Ciara Murphy (Year 12)
AKS Lytham

Where Do We Belong?

She looks into her eyes, and suddenly she
belongs,
Those familiar wrinkles that form as she smiles,
Her laugh just like a song,

She looks into her eyes, and feels like she is
home,
Those hazel orbs that welcome her in,
Free of judgement; forgiving her sin,
Could never do her wrong,

She belongs with her.

As the seasons change,
The tree is consistently there,
Looking out across the river,
Whether it's full of leaves or completely bare,

In the spring he sits under it, watching the
flowers grow,
In the summer he reads in tranquillity, the tree
swaying to and fro,
In the autumn the leaves fall around him, as he
writes, and laughs, and sighs,
In winter the branches hug him, in the cold he
silently cries,

The tree is always there,
Just him and the tree that stay,
As seasons and feelings change,
They sit together through another day,

He belongs with it.

They look up at the ceiling, and trace the familiar
lines,
That sticker clinging on from all those years ago,
The life they left behind,

Even though they moved on,
The house sat and waited for them,
Their mother singing as she cooks the dinner,
Waiting to see them again,

No matter where they go,
The house will stay in their heart,
The place they grew up in, holding bitter sweet
memories,
Has been there from the start,

They belong with it.

Though you and I may differ,
In opinions and thoughts and faces,

We all belong to someone, somewhere,
Different people and things and places,

We all belong together.

Alaina Jenkins (Year 10)
The John Roan School

Artwork by Anna Klioukina (Year 11)

AKS Lytham



Defining Belonging

Belonging is a time when you feel secure
with a person or in a place

Belonging lets you close your eyes at night
to help you dream sweet dreams

Belonging will always keep a secret
but will never hold a grudge

Belonging is a community
of people that you love

Belonging is a soft pillow
that will cover your fall

Belonging will never be disloyal
or jealous or unjust

Belonging protects you like a shield
from all the hurtful comments

Belonging is a warm hug
That holds you close in a time of despair

Belonging is a guide
without it you are lost and alone

Belonging. Belonging. Belonging
This is where I belong

Charlotte Crowe (Year 7)
Glenmoor & Winton Academies

Artwork by Abigail Finney (Year 11)
AKS Lytham







Where do I Belong?

Waves lick the warm sand.
Elegant seagulls cry
In the forget-me-not blue sky.
It overlooks me on the colourful sand.

Mint green trees stand tall and proud
Beneath a glorious fluffy cloud.
A chorus of birds fills the air,
And a light breeze ruffles my hair.
Is this where I belong?

Lapping waves tickle my feet,
As I listen to a calming beat.
I now think that at last
I have found where I belong.

Micah Smith (Year 7)
Castle View Academy



Photo by Ella Adshead (Year 8)
AKS Lytham

Belonging

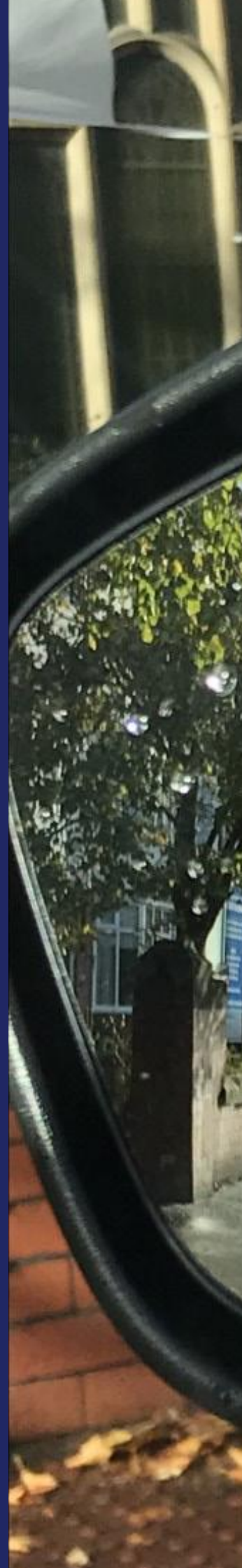
I'm like a ten-way intersection.
Too crowded, too convoluted for any one road to
Converge smoothly into another.

I'm a perpetual nomad
A visitor of many worlds, a native of none

'Home' is figurative speech
'Belonging' a long lost friend
'Alien' a nickname
'Tribeless' feels too much like home.

Ramin Battaie (Year 9)
The Totteridge Academy

Photo by Evie Alker (Year 8)
AKS Lytham









Artwork by a student at
Nova Hreod Academy



“

*Tomorrow belongs to those of us who conceive of it
as belonging to everyone; who lend the best of ourselves
to it, and with joy.*

- Audre Lorde

”



United Learning
The best in everyone™

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