

# *Poems of Pride*

An Anthology of Multilingual Poems  
by Members of Gitanjali Circle  
for Young Creative Writers



Editor: Dr. Krishna Kumar  
Co-Editor: Mrs. Sumati Talwar

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**Co-Editor: Mrs Swaran Talwar**

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# PREFACE

“Poems of Pride” is an anthology of poems in Hindi and English by members of 'Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writers (GCYCW). This is the second creation of art by promising young writers of this group which was inaugurated on April 8<sup>th</sup> 2012. Due to diligent tenacious work of its coordinator Mrs Swaran Talwar it has firmly established itself and its members are continuing to excel. The success story of GCYCW is long. Two of its previous members are successfully pursuing career in medicine, one has won an international award in a poetry competition organised by SAMPAD in 2015. The award winning poem- “Salt March” is included in the anthology “Inspired by Gandhi” published in 2015. Members of GCYCW were invited to participate and motivate young children, on 28<sup>th</sup> July 2015 in a weeklong residential youth camp held annually at Shree Venkateswara Balaji Temple. Eight members of GCYCW were able to take part in this event. This was highly appreciated by the organisers of the youth camp. This type of overwhelming success of this young group is entirely due to the encouragement given by parents and grandparents of its members. This goes to prove what Mark Twain had said a few years ago that- 'the society needs encouragers and not criticisers'. Madeeha Saher-an able chairperson of the executive committee of GCYCW continues to motivate its members by her hardwork with an effective smile on her face.

The hope of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle (GMLC), founded in 1995, has now become its pride reflected in “Poems of Pride”. It contains 4 poems in Hindi and 37 in English from children in the age group between 8-15 years. This anthology contains the award winning poem “Salt March” by Jamie John who is going to be decorated with “Gitanjali Literary Award” on 9<sup>th</sup> July 2016 by the Consul General of India in at CGI Birmingham. The canvas of these 41 poems is very wide and varied and they will make you pause and think. The vocabulary and imagery used by its creators is of a very high standard. One thing which comes out very clearly is that all poems have an emotional appeal as they have come from pure hearts. Hindi poems on “Gandhiji Ke Teen Bandar” and “Atm Shradhaanjali” are very touching.

Referring to “Atm Shradhaanjali” it is extremely difficult to comprehend how a fifteen year old young child could think of such poignant imagination –that the skeleton of the dead soldier, defending his country, should produce such a sound that the enemy would be warned off that weapon is buried under so that the enemy would run away from the battlefield. On one hand some poems are very short, but totally complete in conveying a powerful message, like that of Anjali Verma's “The Pirate World is Colourful”, Arpit Datta's “Apni Manzil In Hindi”, Adi Surjo Ray's “Courage”, Ashwin Mediratta's “The Exciting Game”, Eesha Prasad's “Cloud Grazing”, Ishani Shetty's “Sweetie Land”, Jenny John's “Keep it Clean”, Nikhil Nijran's “I Wish I was a Batman”, Ojas Pandey's “Happy Holi”, Soham Nathani's “The Clown” and Shlok Jha's “The Octopus”. On the other hand some poems are relatively long, but still maintaining the central idea and progressively moving towards its ultimate goal. Some examples of such poems are –Emile Achall's “The Darkest Corner”, Harsh Singh's “Atm Shradhaanjali (in Hindi)”, Jami John's “Salt March”, Josh Surjo Ray's “The River Runs in You”, Madeeha Saher's “I Don't Know”, Nikhil Mediratta's “Trouble”, Neelesh Prasad's “My Trip to India”, and “Winning the World Cup”, Priya Joshi's “Happiness”, Pranav Pandey's “World War One”, Sahil Gupta's “Our Family”, Shirom Aggarwal's “I Need to Write a Poem” and Satyam Verma's “A Cricket Rainbow”. By far the longest poem is by Pranav Pandey-describing very neatly about the war and finally by praying to God- 'May be God can end our fear'.

While going through from the first poem-“The Pirate World is Colourful” by Anjali Verma to the last poem-“No Time to .....” by Shreya Shetty, one thing which stands out is the flight of imagination these children have demonstrated. Each and every 41 poems, be in Hindi or in English, are full of thought provoking matured imaginations. And it is such imagination that produces innovative thinkers, scientists, creative writers, social leaders and spiritual Gurus. I am very hopeful about the impending bright future of these young poets.

The success of any community based project has never been due to one or two people instead it is achieved through a collective and cooperative effort of many. The current Consul General of India in Birmingham Mr. J.K. Sharma continues to be helpful and supportive of all our needs. The venue at CGI Birmingham has contributed a lot towards the success of GCYCW because of

its prestige and physical location being very convenient to all. During its inaugural phase, in 2011-2012, Mr. Kartar Singh of CGI played a pivotal role and afterwards it was the most effective guidance and support of the Head of Chancery Mr. B.C. Pradhan who actually laid a very sound foundation. The support of all GMLC members has been the key to its success as indicated by the coordinator of GCYCW in her report. The contribution and support of parents and grandparents has already been highlighted earlier. Based on all these facts I am confident that this unique group will continue to blossom for a very long time.

As reported in “Poems of Hope”, the editor's ill health continues due to ongoing chemotherapy, but the good news is that GMLC members and GOD enabled to identify a very worthy torchbearer for the group -Dr. Krishna Kanhaiya. I hope and trust that he will get support, love and affection of everyone to take our mission to higher heights. The “Poems of Pride” is now in your hands, enjoy reading and promoting by gifting it to your friends and relations.

**Dr. Krishna Kumar**  
Editor and Founder-Chairman GMLC



# CO-EDITOR REPORT

The launch of the 'Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writers (GCYCW) on April 8th 2012 was a landmark in the history of its parent organisation Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle (GMLC). Following the footsteps of its parent organisation our young writers group aims to create cohesion, better understanding and friendship among people of different communities through literature, culture and art. Our youngsters poetry recitation programme was an exciting venture and a very challenging task for us but the response from the young writers was overwhelming . As a result we had a good collection of Hindi & English poems which motivated us to publish our young writers first anthology -'Poems of Hope'. We think we were blessed by the soul of a very talented young girl Gitanjali as the group was named in her memory. With the support of parents and our Gitanjali team we organised young writers poetry recitation and talent programmes on 14th Dec. 2013, 14th Dec. 2014 and 11th July 2015 at the prestigious venue CGI Birmingham. Once again collection of poems recited by our talented young writers inspired us to compile our second anthology 'Poems of Pride'. We could not think of a better title. The publication of 'Poems of Pride' was challenging, interesting and inspiring journey for us.

We encouraged our young writers to participate in an international poetry competition organised by SAMPAD, West Midland. We are delighted to congratulate our young poet Jamie John for winning the award in his age group, 8-15 years, for his poem on Gandhi called 'The Salt March.' 'Poems of Pride' is another celebration of our heritage and legacy to be carried by our younger generation. It includes poems by twenty seven writers in Hindi and English. Our young writers and their parents have travelled from Sheffield, London, York, Coventry and Wolverhampton to participate in poetry recitation and also to express their artistic talent. We wish to take this opportunity to thank all the parents, local community and GMLC members. Thanks to Madeeha Saher (chair-GCYCW)-a wise head on young shoulders. She has conducted the poetry recitation programme successfully. Thanks to Parvez Muzaffer, Suraiya Makhdoom and Madhu Sharma for their hard work.

Thanks to Dr. Krishna Kumar (Founder-Chairman GMLC) and Dr. Krishna Kanhaiya (General Sectary GMLC) for their hard work and support to publish this second anthology of GCYCW.

Our special thanks and gratitude to Consul General Mr. J.K. Sharma and the consulate staff for continuous support and encouragement in promoting the activities of GCYCW. I am delighted and honoured to be co-editor of 'Poems of Pride'. The creation of this book is like a light to lead our youngster to path of their creative talents. Who knows one of them one day will be a world famous creative writer. We have great hope and humble sense of pride. Towards the end I would like to quote few lines from a Turkish poet Nasim Hikmet translated by Richard Messy,

**“The best sea has yet to be crossed  
The best child has yet to be born  
The best word I wanted to say to you  
Is the word that I have yet not said”**

**Mrs. Swaran Talwar**

Co-Editor and Coordinator GCYCW

# REPORT BY CHAIRPERSON GCYCW

It is a privilege to be the chairperson of Gitanjali Circle of Young creative writers (GCYCW). It is brilliant to be a part of a group that is so innovative and imaginative in poetry and creative writing.

GCYCW welcomes young writers, with any background, to express themselves through creative writing. It helps young people with a passion for writing to expand and broaden ingenious thinking. Not only does this help us with the way in which we voice ourselves as young people, but it also stimulates the skill of critical thinking. Alongside being useful now, it is likely to become very beneficial to us in the future: for some jobs, interviews, applications, socialising, and many other areas of life.

GCYCW was launched on April 8th 2012 . Since then, there have been various other functions on December 14th 2013, December 14th 2014, July 11th 2015 and other meetings. Our first anthology was called “Poems of Hope.” Our second is this book, “Poems of Pride,” in which 27 members have participated in English and Hindi language.

We have been invited to recite at many cultural organisations, one of them being the Indian Consulate. Some members of our young writers group have also gone on to enter international poetry competitions and have been very successful. Many congratulations to Jamie John who won an award for his poem called “Salt March” and is included in the anthology – “Inspired by Gandhi”.

Joining this group has given me the opportunity to enhance my talent and fondness of poetry, which I'd like to think I've inherited of my father and grandfather. Not only has it done this, but it has developed my understanding of different religions/cultures and has given me a chance to make new friends.

I would like to thank CGI Birmingham for continuous support. A special thank you also goes to Dr Krishna Kumar, Dr Krishna Kanhaiya, Mrs Swaran Talwar and Unnat bhai who was also previously involved with the group, as well as many of the senior Gitanjali members.

And of course all the parents, who constantly support us and drive us around everywhere! Thank you mum and dad for your help and support which is greatly appreciated.

Thank you,

**Madeeha Saher**  
The Chairperson GCYCW

# THE PIRATE WORLD IS COLOURFUL

Anjali Verma

A pirate hat is black  
A cutlass is silver  
A parrot is red  
Boots are brown  
A suit is red  
Tops are black and white  
Trousers are black  
The sea is blue  
Some boats are brown  
The sky is blue  
The sun is yellow  
Treasure is golden  
Islands are sandy yellow  
Eye patches are black with white a white skull and crossbones  
The plank is brown  
The Pirate world is Colourful.

# OONCHAA HOGAA NAAM

होगा ऊंचा नाम

अर्पित दत्ता

छोड़ बुराई करो भलाई

होगा ऊंचा नाम।

घर बाहर सब तुमको चाहें

होगा ऊंचा नाम।

अच्छे बच्चे मुस्कानों के

बिखरे हैं फूल।

गलती अगर कभी हो जाए

तुरंत सुधारो भूल

कभी किसी से झूठ न बोलो

सच का गाओ गीत

मान और सम्मान मिलेगा

होगी हर पल जीत।

Gist: Give up bad habits and be good to others. This way everyone will love you and you will be known to all. Good children spread happiness like a full bloomed flower. Rectify any mistake and always speak the truth. This will get you honour, respect and victory.

# APNI MANZIL

अपनी मंज़िल

अर्पित दत्ता

सच्चे मन से करो परिश्रम  
कभी न रहे जीवन उदास।

हिम्मत कभी न हार बैठना

भले परीक्षा कितनी भारी

बढ़ते-बढ़ते मिल जाएगी

आखिर अपनी मंज़िल प्यारी।

Gist: Do hardwork with pure mind and heart and don't be disheartened. Never mind even if the examination is very hard never accept defeat. You will reach your goal keep marching on.

# गांधी जी के तीन बन्दर

आर्यन अहलावत

गांधी जी के तीन बन्दर  
तीनों के सन्देश अलग-अलग और  
अति सुंदर।

पहला बैठा आंखें बंद कर  
बोला, बुरा देखें हम क्योंकर।

दूसरा बैठा कान बंद कर  
बोला, गलत सुनें हम क्योंकर।

तीसरा बैठा मुँह बंद कर  
बोला, गलत बोलें हम क्योंकर।

इन सीखों पर चलेंगे हम  
किसी से नहीं डरेंगे हम।

Gist: We will take lessons from Gandhiji's three wise monkeys sitting with eyes, ears and mouth covered with hands indicating-see no evil, hear no evil and say no evil. We will follow them and never be afraid of anyone or anything

# **COURAGE**

Adi Surjo Ray

When I work, I am always wrong  
But when I take the test, I will be strong  
When I fly] I always cry  
But when I am brave, I always try  
And when I am brave, I always wave.

# **OCEAN**

Adi Surjo Ray

Octopus! Octopus!  
Shine your flippers.  
Octopus! Octopus!  
Get your slippers.  
Fish! Fish!  
Look with your eyes.  
Fish! Fish!  
There is fish beside.

Starfish! Starfish!  
Look at your tank.  
Starfish! Starfish!  
You've gone to the money bank.

# THE EXCITING GAME

Ashwin Mediratta

The bowler released the ball at the perfect time,  
The accuracy was brilliant with the correct length and line,  
The ball flew quickly like a plane,  
This match was getting insane,  
The batsman prayed to keep his wicket,  
But anything could have happened as this is cricket,  
With the mis-strike of the ball,  
The batsman's wickets began to fall  
Shouts of laughter filled the air,  
The batsman threw his bat in despair

# WE ARE NOT ALONE

Ashwin Mediratta

The alarm bell rings  
And the radio sings  
A microwave dings  
And the text message pings  
The radiator hisses  
And the baby blows kisses  
The grandfather clock chimes  
And the child sings nursery rhymes  
The rain goes pitter-patter  
And the neighbours chatter  
The blender whizzes  
And the cocktail fizzes  
The sun sets as its time for bed  
And the baby rests his sleepy head  
The tawny owl sings goodnight  
And the house is silent in the moonlight.



# NATURE

Devaanshi Aggarwal

As the charming wind blows the shimmering river flows

All tree sway on this wonderful day

As the sun shines all gorgeous flowers smile

The little things of nature have a vast place in my heart

I have been watching them grow since I was a baby in a cart

All things of nature are beautiful and magical

To explore them is so delightful and magnificent

Being surrounded by nature is so much fun, it is even better in the sun!

We must enjoy before the weather turns!

# CLOUD GAZING

Eesha Prasad

Jumping on Marshmallows in the big blue sky,  
An army of snowflakes way up high  
Dreamy clouds surround me I can't wake,  
Mountains reflect on an endless lake  
Icebergs on Arctic Sea  
Polar bears that dance with them  
Starry night, clouds of white  
Flying me on a red kite.

# ONE LITTLE TOADSTOOL

Eesha Prasad

I'll tell you the story  
Of how it used to be  
When fairies scattered fairy dust  
And giants roamed free.

Every Tuesday night at eight  
The fairies had a ball  
They'd lay their fungi tables  
With food and drink,  
And sat and talked to all.

But then humans came,  
And scared all the fairies away  
But before the fairies left  
They all agreed that one toadstool would stay.

That red and white toadstool sits in my garden  
The others are all boring and grey  
The others all cause trouble, but mine doesn't  
It just waits quietly for the fairies to return one day.

# THE DARKEST CORNER

Emile Achall

Isolated  
Leaving a trail of blood  
For no one to follow  
Not knowing where you're going  
Letting fate decide.

Why I bother?  
My hallucinations ask me  
What is that before me?  
My mind playing tricks?  
I feel as if death has already stuck me.

Alone  
Where no one can hear you cry  
For food to camouflage my bones  
For memories to be destroyed  
For courage.

The vast world  
Curled in a tranquil sheet  
Ripped apart by those  
By those treacherous to me.

My picturesque kingdom  
Now filled with grotesque  
bodies  
Of who I loved  
Lives taken by my own  
Who turned against me.

I escaped, survived  
But guilt still strangles me  
Melancholy  
Guilt  
Pain  
I am the darkest corner  
Hope?  
No  
Never was  
Never will be.

## आत्म श्रद्धांजलि

हर्ष सिंह

मैं हूँ एक सैनिक  
तपती धूप हो, या लपकती-झपकती बारिश  
या हो बर्फीली सर्दी  
खुली रहती मेरी आँखें  
सजग रहते मेरे हाथ  
मैं खड़ा हूँ, अपनी मातृभूमि  
की रक्षा के लिए।

अगर मैं मर जाऊँ इस कार्य में  
तो,  
बिनती है मेरी  
छोड़ देना मुझे वहीं, बेजान निःशब्द  
जहां था कार्यशील कभी  
सहलाएगी सूरज की रोशनी  
जहां मेरी बंद पलकों को  
स्पर्श करने देना हवाओं को, उड़ते पत्तों को  
मेरे पार्थिव शरीर को  
मैं वहीं मिल जाना चाहूंगा मिट्टी में, कि  
कभी दुश्मन के कदम उस पर पड़ें  
तो,  
आवाज़ मेरे अस्थि-पंजर से खनकते खंजर की तरह  
निकले, और वह  
वापस लौट जाए  
चिल्लाते कहते हुए बच भागो  
तैनात है एक बहादुर सैनिक यही-कहीं , यहीं-कहीं  
यही है मेरी आत्म श्रद्धांजलि।

# **SWEETIE LAND**

Ishani Shetty

Sweetie land is as sweet as you think  
Sweetie-land is full of sweets that is a hint!  
This is it, welcome aboard  
Which car do you want?  
How about a Haribo Ford?  
Marshmallow cloud high up in the sky,  
The sun turns into a Blueberry Pie,  
The noon shapes into chocolate that's white  
The milky stars shine all through night  
Bye from now, everything is planned  
Far our next trip to Sweetie land.

# KEEP IT CLEAN

Jenny John

The environment, that's my lament  
Keeping it safe is my debate.  
You' say it's safe, I'll say it chafes  
Stop throwing rubbish, or the world won't flourish.  
The seal seals are covered in oil,  
As the tankers empty their spoil,  
Factories huff and puff,  
Their chimneys filled with soot and stuff.  
Me and my friends will form a litter picking team,  
That will keep the word nice and clean!

# SALT MARCH

Jamie John

A man begins walking  
His image is framed, a silhouette  
on the horizon  
His steps are slow, peaceful  
Behind him, a wave  
A sea of heads  
No, An ocean  
An ocean at war.

It floods over the parched ground  
Saturating the earth  
An oasis in desert  
A quest of survival  
A journey to freedom.

But it is the man who starts  
An ordinary old man, bent with wisdom  
Like glass, brittle yet solid  
He bends down and picks something up  
So insignificant yet so meaningful  
Almost invisible.

The man stands up  
Lifting the object high into the air  
A grain of salt, caught in the light  
A law broken.

The ocean shallows  
The people bend down  
Pick something up  
So insignificant yet so meaningful  
The deed is done.

A man begins walking  
His image is framed, a silhouette  
on the horizon  
His steps are slow, peaceful  
Behind him, a wave  
A sea of heads  
No, An ocean  
An ocean at war.

# WOLF

Jamie John

Magnificent, elegant, sleek  
Is the warrior clad with armour form'd  
By immortal hand of God.

Who would dare to bake this clay?  
And shape the creature known as wolf?  
Who would dare to stich its fur?  
That renders it invisible?

Assassin of the dark is he  
Who speaks with silence and  
slaughters with speed  
Who murders man and creature  
alike.

No one but he would dare to disturb  
All those who choose to rest in peace.

Warrior wolf, who hunts and haunts!  
Warrior wolf, who tortures and kills!  
Warrior wolf, who has power beyond man!  
Warrior wolf, who when nature permits!  
Shall be swallowed like an insect  
And devour'd like a pancake and mouth-watering sweets.

Because this fighter in the end is star in the sky,  
For no one, alas, can escape the predator and mighty warlord.  
Time.



# THE RIVER RUNS IN YOU

Josh Surjo Ray

The river: majestic on all  
Its sides  
It ebbs and flows  
Eternity  
Its meander, its curves,  
Its shapes, its patterns  
Paint your picture  
Perfectly.

But when the dark  
Clouds converge in the  
Sky and the waves begin  
To break through  
Trust, understand, think, and believe  
The river runs in you.

# I DON'T KNOW

Madeeha Saher

I don't know what this poem is about  
Shall I scream and shout?  
Move out and about?  
I don't know.

My mind is blank  
I will be frank  
Am I walking, standing or talking?  
I'm in a world of my own  
I want talk on the phone  
But didn't I just leave a message  
At the tone?  
I don't know.

Do I?  
What would I know?  
I'm feeling so low,  
Because I don't know,  
Why I'm feeling so low.

I don't know why I'm writing  
this poem,  
I'm far away,  
It has been a long day,  
I'll go to sleep  
To give my brain a rest  
Did someone say arrest?  
Oh, I don't know.

# HOMETIME

Madeeha Saher

Tick tuck  
Can't keep our eyes off the clock  
After a lifetime, the school bell sings,  
Teachers talk about various things  
Stomping like cattle  
Causing a rattle  
Feel like sleeping,  
But end up weeping,  
English, science, French and Maths,  
Just can't seem to absorb the facts,  
Revision is useless,  
When the students are clueless,  
My bag is breaking,  
Back is aching,  
Hands are shaking,  
Everything becomes irritating,  
Words are jumping,  
Ears are thumping,  
But what can I do!

Everyone else feels like this too,  
Stress, lockers exams and pens  
Tomorrow we do it all over again!

# I WISH I WAS A BATMAN

Nikhil Nijran

Since I've seen this film called 'Batman Begins'  
I think about it and I wish I was a Batman  
Then I imagine if I was a Batman and what would I do,  
I will fly in the Bat.

While I am flying in the Bat and I see an accident on the road  
People don't have to wait for an ambulance, because  
I could just take them in the Bat and take them to hospital.

When I see the bully that hurts a person,  
I'll just fight them at school,  
I would also help the blind people  
Cross the road and do shopping.

If there are bad things happening in the world like an earthquake,  
I will fly there in my Bat and save all children  
That is why I want to be a Batman.

# TROUBLE

Nikhil Madiratta

Josh was a be-spectacled child,  
With a ginger barnet that was incredibly wild,  
Train track braces covered his crooked teeth,  
He had the most peculiar feet.

He was a cheeky lad,  
Who once blew up the science lab!  
Once at a party, for a dare,  
He captapulted the exquisite hand-made cake into the air!  
As it was alright,  
It caused the carpet to ignite.  
He was awesome on his roller skates until that fateful day,  
When he smashed into an elderly lady,  
Much to her dismay!  
Once hundreds of packages came to his door,  
Much to his mother's fright,  
He had been ordering from Amazon all night!  
Toys, cars and Lego too,  
Everything on his wish list had come true.  
To add to his repertoire,  
He once drove the Headmaster's supercar!

His mother was frustrated; she took him to the Doctors,  
Who diagnosed a rare condition called hypo-poctus,  
Which makes boys naughty, immature,  
And makes them smell of horse manure!  
In the end, his parents lost their cool,  
And sent him to a boarding school.

# ARYTON SENNA

Nikhil Madiratta

The first of May,  
The race at Imola began today,  
On this day the legend passed away.  
The silence was deafening in our state of dismay,  
After numerous wins for him the champagne would no longer spray.

Senna was not just a driver but also many things more  
He was the competitor that everyone wanted to adore  
In his car he was poised and balanced  
It was clear oh his mesmerising talent.

The formula one career was great for Senna,  
Until he approached his fatal dilemma,  
This occurred at aged thirty-four,  
Unfortunately his formula one career didn't exist anymore,  
A moment of silence, was given to the formula one great,  
Just imagine him accelerating towards the flag along the main straight.

Senna's legacy will still remain,  
As he donated four hundred million to charity in his name,  
Clearly then He was the ultimate master of his motorsport game,  
Competing only to win and not for fame.

Therefore Aryton died in a dignified way,  
Everyone remembers him even today  
Now what this poem is here to portray?  
Well it is Senna's fantastic life until he passed away .....

# MY TRIP TO INDIA

Neelesh Prasad

The seven four seven begins its descent,  
The city below shining bright,  
A striking array; it's just life in Mumbai,  
A beautiful city at night.

A luscious inside, a marble décor,  
A terminal fir for a king;  
But so many poor people struggling to eat,  
Why would you build such a thing?

From Agra to Amritsar,  
And each iconic site,  
They all left me breathless,  
And awe-stuck at their might.

The Taj Mahal, in marble white,  
Or Agra Fort, in red  
Our country of colour is a joy to behold,  
I wish I could live there instead.

When I tell my friends at school,  
About the places I've been,  
Some will say "it just a holiday",  
But it's more than that to me.

India is my motherland,  
A country proud and strong;  
For all its flaws and backward laws,  
It's place where I belong.

Our country isn't perfect,  
We all know this is true;  
But it's our first true love in life,  
India-my heart belongs to you.

# WINNING THE WORLD CUP

Neelesh Prasad

The last wicket still needs to go,  
But our bowlers have lost all their flow,  
Until the batsman throws his hands at one,  
And his hopes were almost gone.

The ball flew into the sky,  
Into the sky that was desolate and dry,  
The batsman trudged slowly across the ground,  
Constantly hoping the ball wouldn't be found.

But the white leather ball continued climbed  
And I knew the ball had been missed,  
All I had to do was catch it,  
And the rest of my career would be starlit.

My heart pounds as fast as a bullet,  
And my legs pushed right to the limit,  
I'm an inch from the boundary,  
And an inch from making the history.

Watching the ball seemed to last an eternity,  
Falling now would be total calamity,  
Finally the ball begins to drop,  
Swirling around like a spinning top.

The ball falls into my begging clasp,  
And the crowd suddenly gasps,  
The quiet lasts for a second before the crowd lighten up,  
As they realise I've won the world cup.

My teammates rush on to the field,  
With all their emotions entirely revealed,  
We'd left all the other teams wowed,  
And most importantly,  
Made our country proud.

# FRIENDS

Nishika Aggarwal

Friends are lots of fun especially when,  
We are playing outside in the sun,  
When it's sunny we all see bees making honey.

My friends look cool when we go to school,  
Once a week, we swim in a pool.

We see a clown in the town eating a hashbrown,  
We like to have water fights sometimes even at night!  
We go to my friend's house, she has a pet mouse,  
We feed him cheese and he says- "more please",  
We all do ha! ha! ha!

When we go to parties, we eat lots of smarties,  
We go for sleepovers and makeovers,  
We talk a lot in the night but sometimes we fight,  
We always make up in the end, and Next day we are friends again.

Friends, friends and more friends,  
As I love them.



# HAPPY HOLI

Ojas Pandey

The trees smile with their sprouts,  
Of tender leaves and blooming flowers,  
Eternal nature with its transient expression.

Hails bring spring with ecstasy and joy!  
Bewildering shades with so many tinge.  
The land of beauty and greatness,  
India, witnessing colour of happiness and peace.

# MY GRANDMA

My Grandma

My grandma,  
I think,  
Is quite unusual.  
She likes to create 'different' recipes,  
Sometimes-they even turn out right!

My grandma likes to tell jokes,  
They are not always funny,  
Now and then they make me laugh,  
Jokes that won't make any money  
But I know she tries her best.

My grandma teaches me classic poems,  
Some of them I know by heart.

She makes me do mental maths, and  
Sometimes writing too,  
It is definitely not as much fun as I would like it to be,  
I know it does me good, (but don't tell her)  
My grandma is old (not very old)  
She really doesn't look it.

I think, I am lucky  
My Grandma is active and wise.  
Occasionally- I give her a hard time,  
In my heart-I know, she is special,  
But she has to be,  
Because she is 'my' grandma.

# WORLD WAR ONE

Pranav Pandey

The World war one,  
Brings sadness to everyone,  
Everyone is firing rifle bullets like mad,  
And before you know it you are dead.

People are drowning in the slimy quagmire, asking to be shot,  
The officers say to shoot him and fulfil his wish,  
People are screaming in sheer pain,  
They wish if they can escape, by a steam train.

God says it been a long time since the war began,  
And still not a single country has ever won,  
The killing would go on until something is done,  
To end the horrible world war one.

All around me, there are horrible smells,  
From human waste to chemical weapons,  
Your eyes are drowned in tears,  
Because of all these fears,  
That you get for losing a family member or friend,  
God becomes very angry at the sight,  
He storms through the clouds day and night,  
Wishing that the end was near,  
But for the time being, he'll remain in fear.

Many shells are thrown a lot of them are dud,  
But the ones that work,  
Make a huge smoke flood,  
And they send people to their graves.

God sees these sights all from the sky,  
Then he cries why oh! why,  
Did the war begin?,  
So many people have lost their kin.  
When the war is finally ending,  
You have sticky palms and tired feet,  
You feel your life is nothing but mad,  
But when you see friends alive, you become a tiny bit glad.

People are hiding in the trenches,  
Secretly shooting,  
Like trillion terrible tigers,  
Tanks are crushing all the barbed wire,  
The people still lie in the muddy quagmire.

You are filled with pure exhilaration,  
When the war is finally ended,  
Especially when you see  
Your family alive and well at home,  
You act like the war had never come,  
Even if you had changed your name.

We hope this is the last time we see the war,  
And in another one hundred years,  
In the modern world,  
May be God can end our fear.

# OUR LIVES HAVE VALUE

Soham Nathani

Have a good day,  
No!  
Have a “great” day,  
And let nothing stand in your way.

You have to believe and aim high,  
Don't let a single day go by,  
Without faith, without dreams,  
For what are we without these things?  
A poem without structure,  
A theory with conjecture?

Our lives have value but we need to see,  
That it is not found so easily,  
We need to fight for this right,  
That our names live on at the end of our plight,  
Or would you rather have no hope,  
And keep telling yourself that you can't cope?

It's quite easy to comprehend,  
That this is not how it's meant to end,  
Our name is a gift and meant to look pretty,  
But go beyond that wrapper and you may see,  
Who we are really meant to be,  
Our lives have value.

# THE CLOWN

Soham Nathani

The false face of a happy clown,  
Who knows no other way to town,  
Colourful curves on his face,  
It's this life he has to embrace,  
One where all is fine,  
He's reached the end of the line,  
If only there was another way  
The false smile is here to stay.

# JOY CRICKET

Shlok Kumar Jha

I enjoy cricket every day,  
Nothing ever stands in my way.

When I finish my homework,  
I go and hit the turf,  
I go to Harborne cricket club,  
Don't think the place is only a pub.

Aarav, Tariq, James and Aadam,  
We are a team of under eleven,  
My favourite player is Joe Root,  
I strive to play like him,  
It would have been nice,  
If I was his twin.

When I grow up I want to be a cricketer,  
I hope no one stops me from being a star!

# THE OCTOPUS

Shlok Kumar Jha

Boneless creatures,  
Look at the features,  
Heart three in number,  
Crab and mollusks in the sea they plunder,  
Arms are eight,  
Crayfish and clams they eat,  
They have a sharp beak,  
Sharks and eels make them shriek,  
Radula is the toothed tongue,  
They also have lungs,  
They are usually brown in colour,  
And turn red in anger,  
Bottom dwellers they are called,  
Oh! they are bald.

# OUT OF THIS WORLD

Sahil Gupta

The sun is toasty,  
Mercury is nosy,  
Venus is from the west,  
Earth is the best.

Mars is my chocolate bar,  
Jupiter is quite far,  
Saturn has beautiful ring,  
Uranus has a little ting.

Neptune is all marine,  
Pluto, I'm not so keen,  
And finally our darkness moon,  
That only will come afternoon.

Everyone knows the galaxy,  
And knows that it's not the size of a pea,  
The worm hole will take you to another dimension,  
Although it doesn't say the location.

Most of us like the Milky Way,  
But all it brings is dismay,  
Those stars twinkle bright,  
We don't know, they could be white.

Nearly everyone loves space,  
But now we need to pick up the pace.



# OUR FAMILY

Sahil Gupta

Our families are the best- Why?  
Mom loves you most,  
Unless you are a boast,  
Dad will take you everywhere,  
But might not feed a pear.

Sister can be annoying,  
But also caring,  
Brother might fight you,  
But loves you too.

Grandma will spoil you by doing as you say,  
But also teach you and help your day,  
Aunt will take care,  
When adults aren't there.

Uncle will help and care,  
And will always be fair,  
Grandad does the job,  
He might be called Bob.

Nani loves you a lot,  
You'll never forget,  
Nana ji loves you too,  
He'll never forget you.

Family is God's blessing,  
The most wonderful gift.

# THINKING

Shirom Aggarwal

I 'm safe and sound,  
Snuggled up in a bound,  
With pain thriving through my body,  
Thinking back to before .....

The crashes, the bangs,  
The squints and the squeaks,  
Figures flitting in the darkness;  
But not a caring person to be seen.

I was all alone, cold and frightened,  
With cold snow leaving a chill down my spine,  
I can't see with the harsh wind,  
Blowing upon my face.

But what could I do?  
I was lost, and couldn't think straight,  
Crying and screaming for help,  
But no one came.....

I walked, I jogged, and I ran,  
Ran from fear...  
However could not decipher for how long,  
Until I tripped, falling flat on the ground.

The next thing I see,  
Is a small buzzing bee,  
And now I'm safe and sound,  
Snuggled up in a bound.

# I NEED TO WRITE A POEM

Shirom Aggarwal

I need to write a poem,  
But I don't know where to start,  
My brother gave me an idea,  
But it didn't bring a spark.

So I surfed all over the internet,  
Thinking there must be something for sure,  
But days and days flew past by,  
And couldn't find a cure.

I decided to think fresh,  
From the beginning to the end,  
Then came up with a strange topic,  
About animals that bend.

But knew it wouldn't work,  
So I sulked and sulked in my bed,  
Until...Eureka! Came up with this idea.

I quickly got a pad and pen,  
And wrote it all right down,  
It was like finally catching my brother,  
After chasing him around!

It was a great achievement,  
After all that long, hard work,  
But now I can just take a break,  
To read my wonderful work.

# A CRICKET RAINBOW

Satyam Verma

As I sit, in preparation for the match,  
I glance out of the window and up to the sky,  
Not blue like I was hoping for but an ugly black with rain,  
Why, weather God, why?

I imagine back to the last cricket game,  
Walking across the lush green grass, wearing my pristine white kit,  
Rushing on, hoping for a good game,  
Feeling very nervous-I will admit.

I imagine the captain choosing me to bowl,  
The ball in my palm, as red as ever,  
With its golden seam, waiting to go down the pitch,  
To the humongous batter, wielding a white bat.

I imagine going out to bat myself,  
Dressed in lots of colourful gear,  
A blue helmet, a white set of pads,  
And no doubt my wicket near.

I imagine winning the match,  
And happy colours fill me up,  
Yellow for the medals, gold for the sunlight,  
And in my hands is a cup.

Next I imagine losing the match,  
And I instantly feel my thoughts sinking,  
The colours of grey, black and overall bleak,  
Take me back to the place before my thinking.

Back to the dull rainy day,  
Another match off and I'm feeling low,  
But then the sun bursts through causing red, orange, yellow,  
Green, blue, indigo and violet: the perfect cricket rainbow.

# THE BLAZING FIRE

Shreya Shetty

The blazing fire is dancing at night,  
Twisting and twirling in the moonlight,  
The warm glow enlightens my body,  
Without it, I am a door with no key.

The firework soars through the air,  
And spreads out its plumes, with no care,  
Bang! Crackle! Boom! Fizz!  
What a night! It was a bliss.

Then suddenly a rocket comes into its place,  
Gliding through the air, as if it was a race,  
Green, red, yellow and blue!  
It looked like it was going to the moon.

Finally, the sparklers lit up the night,  
A mini explosion, what a sight!  
Oh! woe, our experience has come to an end,  
The fireworks will definitely be my lifelong friend.

# NO TIME TO .....

Shreya Shetty

No time to admire the sweet little song,  
Of a gentle hummingbird, singing all day long.

No time to touch the back of an ancient tree,  
We have to work as busy as a bee.

No time to lie down and close eyes,  
Breathing the fresh air, under the starry sky.

No time to stop and observe,  
How graceful and elegant is a bird.

No time to watch a flower rise,  
To glance at a deer, gone in a blink of an eye.

No time to look at children play,  
For endless hours day after day.

No time to stroke the surface of the water,  
Or to brush your face against a rabbit's wam fur.

No time to stare at the isolated moon,  
Treasure this moment; it's going to end soon.

No time to watch a spider spin a web,  
So intricate and complicated, it's too late to regret.

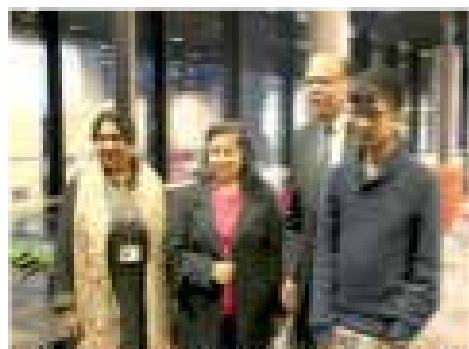
No time to stare at the dancing snowflakes,  
Or to touch the frost, like icing on a cake.

No time to explore the forest green,  
Or may be to watch someone work hard when they clean.

No time to taste the salty air,  
Or feel breeze, blowing through my hair.

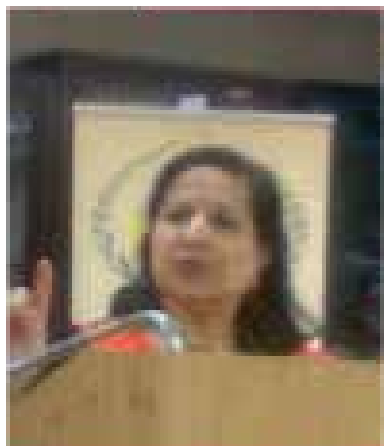
No time to look at the beauties of life,  
Life is short; some day we are going to die.

# Memorable Moments

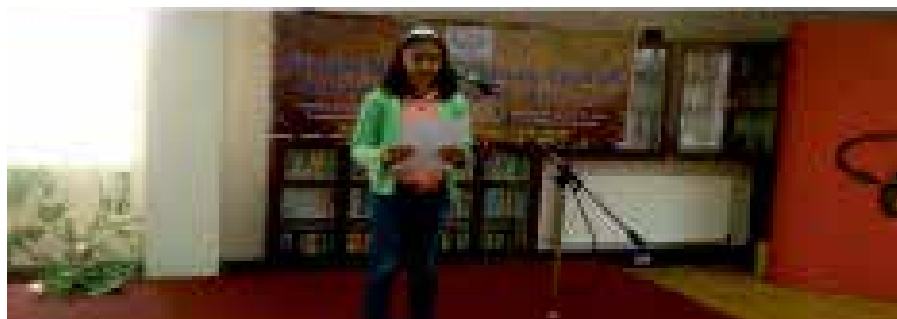
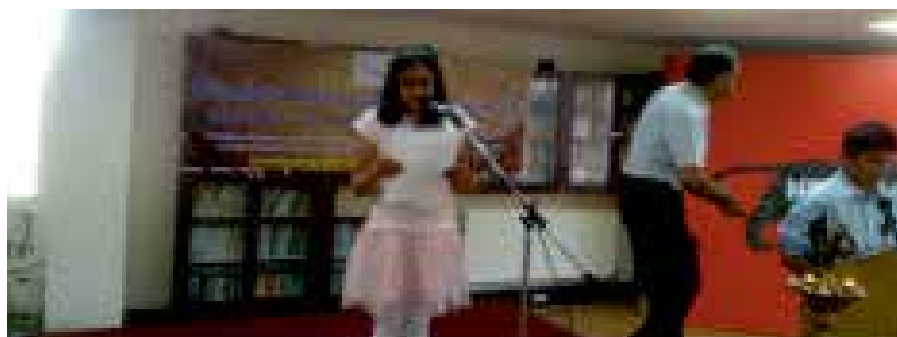














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