

A Hero

By Orla Brennan 7RP

A hero. What a strange word. Not many understand it.
Some think it's absurd. Not many know what it means,
"No matter just something in a film I've seen."
I can think of one. Not many would agree.
I suppose it's just an opinion. What everybody sees.
The person I speak of had not any magic powers
Though he was a kind and good man, as lovely as a
flower.
Schindler is his name – you may have heard of him,
Because I think of him as a hero. What do you think?

Hero

By Joshua Jackson 7RP

Crusading through the dark of night,
He takes to the stage,
He takes to flight.
With wings of steel,
And a heart of stone,
He saves the people
Who are
alone.

Determination is the key,
To question his uncertainty,
Is what he's doing truly right?
Does he have the power and the might?

Deep inside his heart of stone,
We find the warrior is alone,
His mind keeps clear,
His soul keeps true,
So he then knows what he must do.

It is not for honour,
Or for thrill,
Not merely just a test of skill,
It is his courage and bravado,
For the people are nothing without...
A hero!

Hero

By Thea Augustidis 7RP

He is my hero
He is my saviour
He is my single light
It is he who loves me
It is he who shines on me
It is he who saved me from the shadowy night
The night was bleak,
Above the peaks
Of the cruel mountain tops
From the horizon he rose
Though nobody knows
How one could be so perfect
He is so beautiful
He is wonderful
He frees his blinding beams
He is a miracle
He is inspiring
He is the scorching sun.

Running- Kelly Holmes
By Nikita Tuli 7CM

Tip, tap, tip, tap,
I could hear the sound of feet touching the ground,
A rhythmic beat set in my mind,
Boom, boom, boom,
Watching her made my heart beat faster,
She never gets tired!
How she was not yet out of breath I wonder,
I admire – KELLY HOLMES!

Tip, tap, tip, tap,
The stadium cheering her on,
She smiled at the ground,
I feel like I am right next door to her,
I can almost hear her breathe!
I admire – KELLY HOLMES!

My Hero

By Eliza Welch 8JC

How could I choose one hero?
My hero is not one man, nor woman,
But a body of faceless courage,
Live to fight the danger,
Die, to save us all,
Modest pride of those innocent masks
Prove the loyal trust
Unity upholds their spirits.
Their bodies may be broken.
Shattered and distant be,
But their hearts are truly one.
As their humble faith is stronger,
Bullets will crumble before
Blaze of defiance
Determination grasps the prize,
The conflict of the past and present,
Seek no recognition
But reflect in our memories as unsilenced voices
The noble sense of justice,
Identity of right and wrong,
Battle is not the hero
The fight is not the goal
Victorious indeed,
Shall uphold our memory wall.
We may mourn the unknown
And treat them as our own
An army of nameless youth.
One man can't save the Earth
The heroes of this nation can
How could I choose one hero?
When there is more than just one man.

The Last Tommy

By Holly Gibbons 8JC

I recall my years of fighting,
Those years of terror, of hating.
Of good friends lost
As I stood at my post.

The enemy were not truly so,
What reason did I have to fight them?
I had no reason to hurt them?
They were not my foe!

I met a German – I suppose he was
Quite an affable fellow
But t'was my duty to kill
This rule I must follow.

But I remembered Moses
The commandments – ‘Thou shall not kill....’
And I couldn't
So I shot his arm, his knee and his ankle
I brought him down
But I could not kill him.

Now I am rewarded, honoured as such.
With medals, trophies awards and much more.
But I will always remember,
War is not worth one life.
And I still do not know the meaning of war.

(Inspired by Harry Patch, the last remaining soldier from World War
One, deceased 25/07/09 aged 111)

I am a Spider

(Based on National Poetry Day resources)

By Ellen Baumring-Gledhill 3KP

I am a spider.
They tell me I should be scaring people,
But I want to be kind and happy.
I want to be kind and happy,
I don't want to frighten little children away,
I want to be their friend.

I think it is very unfair
Because I want to be like them.
I make webs to catch flies
But I'd rather be playing with children's toys
They look so much better
Than sitting on a cold wet web all day long.

I don't like eating flies for dinner
I want a nice BIG hot plate of fish and chips.
I just want to be a child
And have fun all day long.

Poem

By Anna Wack 4AP

Jelly beans, sugar hearts, oranges and lemon tarts
Ask me where my candy goes?
In my mouth,
Between my toes but
Sometimes there is something sticky on my clothes.