Bedlington Academy
A gentle wind, full of tranquillity,
Disturbed the sea of violet, leaving them swaying in time with one another
Back and forth, creating a sense of defence for the tree
the mesmerising tree
It stands tall and proud
As never to be defeated
Never to be claimed
Standing, surrounded by the craggy mountains
They alone towering over the tree protecting it from anything, anything apart from the sun
Golden sun beams shone through the wizened branches
endlessly flares, outlining the world below showing of its beauty
the tree stands there still in the warmth.

Georgia
English Countryside Poem

The blue had infected the sky
Clearing the way for the sun to beam down from above
No mercy for the crops
No break for the hills
The parched earth
Desperately begging to be quenched
As a delicate pelican skirted,
Skirted but inches above its demise
And the land is momentarily at peace with itself
Until boulders, dominant and supreme
And still waters became a war zone
Battling, mortar fire from above
Tranquil and untouched
The ancient tree watched as the tranquil grass
And distant hills,
eroded slowly as the years danced by
Twinkling within the untouched corners of history
And there closed the curtains
The final page complete
As the land fades out
In a gentle flash.

Andrew
Serenity

Vast blankets of lilac, guarded by the colossal tree, washed the land with a violet glow - an image of serenity.

Intense golden rays, cascaded down, flooding the vibrant horizon with a faint heat, permeating tranquillity.

Saphyre
Waves

Waves of green grass
Flawlessly cascading;
Vast valleys of benevolent rays,
Permeating warmth.

Impossibly tall hills.
A tsunami of colour
Crashing on the horizon.

A sea of tranquillity;
an ocean of peace.

What lurks beneath?

Caitlyn
Resurrection

Wintry weather shrivelled the trees leaves,
Leaving it bare and to stand alone,
Crippled leaves lay dead amongst the rest of the land,
No life left in the barren land.

Cliffs crumbled under the frosted flooring,
Mountains left exposed with no protection
Slowly beginning to lose its structure,
Nothing remained or maintained.

Sun seeped through the dense clouds,
Hope was given to the abandoned land,
Ice was beginning to melt of the crust of the land,
Signs of life were imminent.

Light leaves began to branch out,
Lavender flowers stuck out the trampled grass,
Giving colour to the countryside,
Giving new life to the countryside.

Euan
Flowers

Delicate yellow flowers protrude from the hills; contrasting with the vast fields of chartreuse that stretch for miles upon miles. Sage stems twist in the breeze, moving as if they are alive. Each petal, fragile to the touch, shakes and threatens to become hostage to the winds. Every boulder, that stand like a soldier, tall and proud taunts the haunted memories of the wall. A tree. A grand, glorious tree. It stands, unlike any other. One of a kind, as far as the eye can see.

Keira
Hope

Devastating.
Colourful marine life filled the shore.
Except, lifeless.
Birds covered the forest floor,
Flightless.
Lifeless.
But amongst all this mass devastation,
There shines a light.
A symbol of hope.

Flowered blossomed.
Bright shades of magenta,
Royale blue, lemon, shamrock, crimson,
Blanketing the fields and hillsides.
A large sycamore tree stands in a valley,
Sending out a sense of protection across the landscape.

A new sense of life.

Roan
I Stand Alone

Standing tall.
Staring down.
I watch the emptiness-
The emptiness that surrounds me.

Day and night, I watch.
Watch closely at the breathless flowers,
They gaze up at me as I stand alone,
They watch my golden leaves.

I stand alone.
Sometimes the day smiles...
Showing me its colour,
Then the lull of the velvet night calms me.

Elly
Dense, winter air engulfed the ancient landscape, 
Lightly blanketing the ground in minute droplets of 
crisp water. 
Hills towered over the boggy grounds, 
Casting a vast shadow across the gloomy countryside. 
The tree was almost motionless in the gentle breeze, 
A scene of calmness. 
Tranquillity. 
Serenity. 
Young nestlings chattered quietly in the distance, 
Laying huddled in a small, twig-like nest, 
Calling out, 
Hoping for an answer, begging for a response to their 
necessities. 
Meanwhile the ivory snowdrops bowed, 
As if surrendering to the amber sun, 
Peeping ominously through the slate clouds above. 

Natalie
Alone

Standing tall all alone,
I dominated the land,
My leaves crumbled down to the floor,
Dying one by one as, they hit the ground.

Peacefulness spread,
Tranquillity,
Serenity,
Isolated from everyone.

Signs of life were forbidden,
Nothing was in sight,
Other than the singing skylarks flying above,
In the calm breeze of Henshaw.

Abandoned by history,
Nothing left to see,
Other than me.

Owen
Solis

Mesmerising and ephemeral,
It’s radiance now professional,
Shimmering upon a habitat somewhat mesic,
With mushrooms completely amnesic.

Beaming upon the earth,
Reflecting waters too dearth,
To swallow the land
And make the world bland.

Scorching boulder
It’s rays melting it’s shoulder
Cracking and splitting,
The rock’s punishment befitting
The crime of theft
Leaving the mountain bereft.
Solitude

Alone I stand.
Encased in an abundant landscape,
Enveloped by walls of cold, hard stone,
Threatened by nothing except abandonment itself.
Endless bundles of blooming flowers surround me,
Although they offer no company in the lonesome days of winter,
And compared to my many years of life, there’s is quite temporary; transient.
My limbs reach out, desperately trying to seek the attention of passers-by,
Yet the land seems to hide me, mask me from society.
Emptiness.
Isolation.
Loneliness.
Silence.
Nature clutches me in a tight fist of solitude.

Caitlin
**Sycamore Gap**

Like a guardian,  
It protects the wall.  
The wall is broken, near an end  
after centuries of work, the wall  
gifted its dearly kept title to a new  
arrival, Sycamore Gap.  
The tree, which befriended the wall,  
claims this title and protects the land.  
To separate two colonies, it  
tirelessly works, days upon days.  
A veteran and child,  
both rest on the hill.  
Waiting for their next task.

Robbie
The Eternal Sycamore

Dancing delicately,
in the frail breeze,
emerald, lime, olive, sage,
they wave at each other.

Observing secretly,
eyes to the skies,
hidden in the darkness,
of the eternal night.

Listening silently,
to the rustle
of inferior shrubs,
in the subtle, night wind.

Dreaming peacefully, they
imagine a
world, bathed in light and warmth,
enshrouding it in hope.

Sarah
The Sycamore Tree

Its hands reach out towards its friends standing nearby,
Its feet can’t move so instead it dances in the wind,
Its fingers blow in the cool breeze,
Its heart is buried beneath the soil.

The monumental tree has stood there for centuries,
Being looked upon in all its beauty.

The hills have become its companions,
The flowers have become its allies,
The wall has become its protector,
The rocks have become its guards.

The tree has witnessed love and hate,
Yet it still stands in all its beauty.

Emily
Tranquility

An arctic blue sky,
emerald green grass in June
clouds enshroud the sun.

The tall trees thriving,
golden petals surround them
blanketing the land.

The breeze is silent,
jade leaves inaudibly shake
twigs tumble through mud.

Katie
**Tree**

I stand tall and proud  
Protected by two hills,  
My friends have gone but I remain,  
I have fought for long and now it pays off,  
I see the days pass by and  
I don’t give up just because I’m a simple tree,  
My limbs stay tall  
Providing for those who are small,  
I stay rooted to the ground  
Never giving up  
All alone in this world with nobody left  
Everyone I knew now cut down and burnt,  
But I stay tall and proud.

Cassie
Tree

The azure and serene sky covered the landscape,
Making way for the beaming rays of sun.
The deafening sound of silence filled the air,
While the proud tree stood tall.

Fluorescent flowers protected the vibrant hills,
As ancient boulders towered over the land below.
The fields absorbed the radiant heat of the sun,
New flowers sprouting to create peace.

Emerald grass hung onto the uneven floor,
Attracting elegant butterflies to rest.
A gentle breeze blew swiftly,
Feeding the dehydrated earth land.

A rustic wall guarded the colossal tree,
Protecting it from the predators passing by.
A fresh breeze blew causing the leaves to sway,
And the grass to dance.
A home to birds, while they rest,
Singing peacefully to the earth below.

Hannah
Underestimated

Deafening silence bellowed
Extending far down into the fathomless, abrupt valley.
I stand, towering ominously over the impotent, helpless land,
Like a river, flowers flood the jagged landscape of the unknown,
Their petals - vivid and feeble - surrender to my authority of the land.
But to my knowledge, my dominance is fading, vanishing, evading.
My wizened leaves are descending, my decrepit body splinters.
I suppress my endless pain and shield my brutal scars.
For I am a just tree, yet I stand, isolated.

Kate
Distorted: 2 perspectives

Hallow, it stood, majestic.
Blissfully, it observed its surroundings,
Emitting a sense of hope, the land so desperately longed for.
Whispering, it welcomed visitors; offering shelter and refuge.

Like a temple, it remained stoic, unaffected by its surroundings.
Emeralds glistened, dangling from its many walls,
Ancient yet energetic, it whistled a calm lullaby.
Offering hope.

Sluggishly, the stones sprawled along the mountainous land.
Unable to muster the courage,
Yielding, they crumbled, re-joining their loathed surroundings.
All that remains, a skeleton, lifeless, diminished

The blossom, like a river flooding its banks, swamped the mountain;
Smothering it, swallowing it alive, the remains annexed.
A prince in petalled armour,
It sought only to provoke conflict.

A testimony to a once great world,
Vanquished it lay.

Ryan
Flowers

Delicate yellow flowers protrude from the hills; contrasting with the vast fields of chartreuse that stretch for miles upon miles. Sage stems twist in the breeze, moving as if they are alive. Each petal, fragile to the touch, shakes and threatens to become hostage to the winds. Every boulder, that stand like a soldier, tall and proud taunts the haunted memories of the wall. A tree. A grand, glorious tree. It stands, unlike any other. One of a kind, as far as the eye can see.

Keira
Life
Nature
Soul
Heart
Calm

Charlotte
An unlikely warrior

Tranquillity,
So bustling with life yet so silent,
a landscape like on I once saw in a
lucid dream, which I long to return to,
the tree branches woven and coiled like a snake
about to strike its helpless prey. The dark silhouettes of
distant mountains seemed to threaten the landscape into submission.
but not the tree. For the tree was a beacon of light from the hills.
Refusing obedience to the ones who think themselves dominant. His
disobedience brings hope to the landscape for his stubbornness is defying them
access to
these ancient lands. The only noise that could be heard was the distant
humming
of a firefly whose light shone as far as the eye could see, for the tree was his
only companion the only one he could call family,
the only one who could protect him.

a solemn breeze set about the tree but,
No chill could chill this warrior. For he had
Thrived and lived through countless battles
And wars, not many could boast advantage
Over him, he was the totem of hope in
The darkness he had lived when others has.
had not Would people remember him when
he inevitably perished, he did not mind
For he believed he had served his sole
Purpose in life to protect his lands from the
destruction of a chaotic tyrant he once fell
victim to.

Andrew
Suicide

Dense air suffocates.
Thick tendrils absorbing the
sounds of life and,
Survival.
The heart of nature:
Cobalt and navy, violet and plum,
pear and juniper
All muted and warped.

Here, the clouds seem to cling to
the hills,
Trees seem painted with dew.
Hushed, stilled, silent, muffled,
soundless,
But, peaceful?
Peaceful, has never defined this
place.

Rocks still cascade down hills,
Swallows still whistle from
behind daffodils,
Streams still live with trout
bearing silvery gills,
Yet they seem lifeless.

Rockfalls reduced to silenced
crumbling,
Choruses reduced to a slight
mumbling,
Rapids reduced to droplets
tumbling,
Sentience has been subdued.

Mist pollutes.
The insects fall victim to the
ambush.
Every single plant, animal, takes
shelter.
Brawling with neighbours,
But still, so hidden-
So quiet-

Nature is choking itself.

Charlotte
The day I learned to fly

Here I stand at twilight,
Something watching me as I wandered through the now desolate fields,
Observing me. Listening to me,
Around me I can hear them,
whispering to each other about nothing and yet, about everything.
I can only imagine them in the day time,
Dancing to the bird songs and singing a tune of their own, as they go about their day.
Smiling all day, every day.

I look around trying to grasp them with my eyes,
Huddling together under a fully-grown sycamore tree,

Many, in fact, fly up and nestle in the trees leaves.
I’ve always wanted to fly.
I sit myself down in a grassy ditch overlooking the utopian village below my feet,
My eyes flutter close as I imagine a life as one of these creatures,
An equal is what I would be, living a life I had always dreamed of,
Not having to worry.
Life would finally come together.

The cool breeze hits my freckled cheeks first and then envelopes me -tight,
A tear escapes my eye as I close my eyes for the last time.

Kayti