Haydon Bridge High School
Majestic against the sky
deep in a cavity
it stands
proud and loud
full of life
surrounded in orange
mounds and structured horizons.

Anna (teacher)
The Sycamore Gap

My roots plunge down into your earth.
Cold air scraples away my leaves.
The sun kisses my branches
as I watch the running thieves.
I watch as history is torn away
brick by brick, day by day.
With no lips I cannot say
Roman history is fading away.

Masie and Paige
The sun sets across the horizon.
The shadows grew mesmerized by colour.
The yellow and orange hue.
The clouds close like curtains, putting the sun to bed.

Megan
Leaves are green
Grass is jewelled
The morning sun rises
Showing that flowers are dewed.

The leaves have fallen
the grass is gone
and see the moon rises
with a beautiful song.

Grace
Sword Artefact

Yes, I’m sharp,
But here I say, trust me.
It doesn’t represent my soul
Or my true personality
I was once silver,
Brand new and bright,
But now what roams on me,
Gives me a fright.
I get scared of where I’ve been put,
Frightened of what I’ve seen,
Places traumatic,
Places I’ve been.

I’ve been left alone,
Taken out and used,
Great wounds I’ve made,
Menacing soldiers I’ve bruised.
But here right now,
I’m broken in shards,
After people played and used me,
Like a bunch of cards.
Here I lie,
The future unknown.
Will I survive?
Nobody knows...

Lottie
Nature is love

Nature is beauty

Nature is peace

Fiona (teacher)
Lost where battles have been won
Amongst the buttercups, bugs and Boulders, stands trees
Stands sycamore.

Our history is your present
Marching through time, unstunned by mankind’s blitz,
Stands a tree
Stands a sycamore.

Their present twisting the future,
I’m lost again, where are my Real friends? Stood a tree
Stood a sycamore.

Ellis
My branches, my trunk, my leaves,
I’m noble, I’m proud, but
I’m unsung, I’m insignificant
Because the sycamore looms over
My presence.

Charlie
Morning dew cold against
Feel
A lonely winding
road
That takes me where
I cannot see
The water at the lake
Is crystal clear
The green grass
Cows chew silently.

Bobbi
Daisies

The winds intertwined
between your gentle, white fingers.
Your yellow face glows against
the sun.
Elegantly, your lively stem rises
from the dying earth beneath.
You make no sound yet you
sing so sweet.
We don’t deserve you.

Matthew
The trees, satellite dishes capturing the radio signals of the birds cries, the various rocks, acting as underground platforms to the bugs and insects alike, the moss and lichen, littering the cascading hills, just wishing they had been recycled, The estates houses, the bushes, the rabbits homes, if we got rid of humanity, would it still be there?

Nathaniel
Trees sway in the wind
The quiet echoes haunt me
So I sit uneasy.

Animals of the verdant hills,
Come out at dusk,
Come out beyond the mills,
Bring out the fruits so we can chew on the husk.

Sparrow, dear sparrow,
May I call you a friend?
With your nose so narrow,
And a tail that doesn’t end,
May I call you a friend?

Hope
Hidden from view,
I stand tall, proud and elegant
waiting for the summer sun to
warm my aged branches.
Wind whistles around me
whilst I patiently stand
looking out protecting this land.
Still I wait for the summer
sun to Warm my aching branches.

Jennifer
All Alone

All alone on the hill side,
Weeping in his sadness,
He wants to hide,
And has no happiness,
No attention.
The big tree is more popular,
He doesn’t get mentioned,
He is singular,
Why is the big tree famous?

Hannah
The Tree

The only one
With dying leaves
Flowing in the wind.
The only one...

Mahrie
The trees are green
like the grass the
bugs crawl around the
land.

The breezy wind is
a cold and frosty
blow.

The flowers grow and
The flowers blossom.

I sit on the grass
Whilst the trees blossom.

Ebony
Nature everywhere
Vast Heather patches,
Grouse hiding among them,
Bees flying from pink clover,
To pink clover.
A wall dividing the land,
The rolling hills too.
Cotton grass swaying in the wind,
Sheep grazing the ground,
A worn path created,
As seasons come and go.

Megan
The Tree

The leaves bright green
The trunk thick and long
It stands here in the wind
Its posture so strong.

Erin
The Sycamore Gap

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The sun kisses my branches
as I watch the running thieves.
I watch as history is torn away
brick by brick, day by day.
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Masie and Paige
Rustling tree
Mighty
Triumphant
I noticed you because
Of the two hills that
Surrounded you
Why are you here?

Dennis
I’m just a tree, Britain’s tree of the year.
I’m where they filmed Robin’s money and cheer.
I sit in a gap a hill on each side,
come and find out the secrets I hide.
The Romans made a force here, though we just see rubble.
What’s left of the wall is nothing but stubble.
They ran those barbarians out of my land,
apart from queen Boudicca who stayed by my hand.
They built them a fortress, number 39.
All they did was bring plenty of wine
If a slave did get away they’d be whipped in double,
when they were defeated I rose from the rubble.
I’m just a tree, Britain’s tree of the year.
And at the end of the story is the end of all fear.

Kane
4 Years

4 years and not times sabre,
4 years and nor the sword of nature
can touch this price of paper.
But if they had, they’d still be powerless,
because the power of nature
makes them look cowardness,
but maybe they never had the ambition
to make paper deconstruct,
maybe time, the thing killing us and nature,
the thing we’re killing has moral
stands and a code of conduct.
4 whole years and the ink is still sharp
4 whole years and still plays the angels harp.
Will it be tomorrow it’ll vanish to vapour
or will not even I see them end of the paper
Harvey
I Was

I have no energy.
I am lying amongst several forgotten things.
I was once a hero, but now I am history.
Viciously thrown like a piece of trash.
I was once a hero, once loved by a hero
I was like their polly pocket,
holding everything together.
I was once strong and shiny, now
I am ancient, I am lonely, I am fragile.
My strength has slowly died like my owners love for me.
I have no energy... I once did.

Chelsey