

# *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)

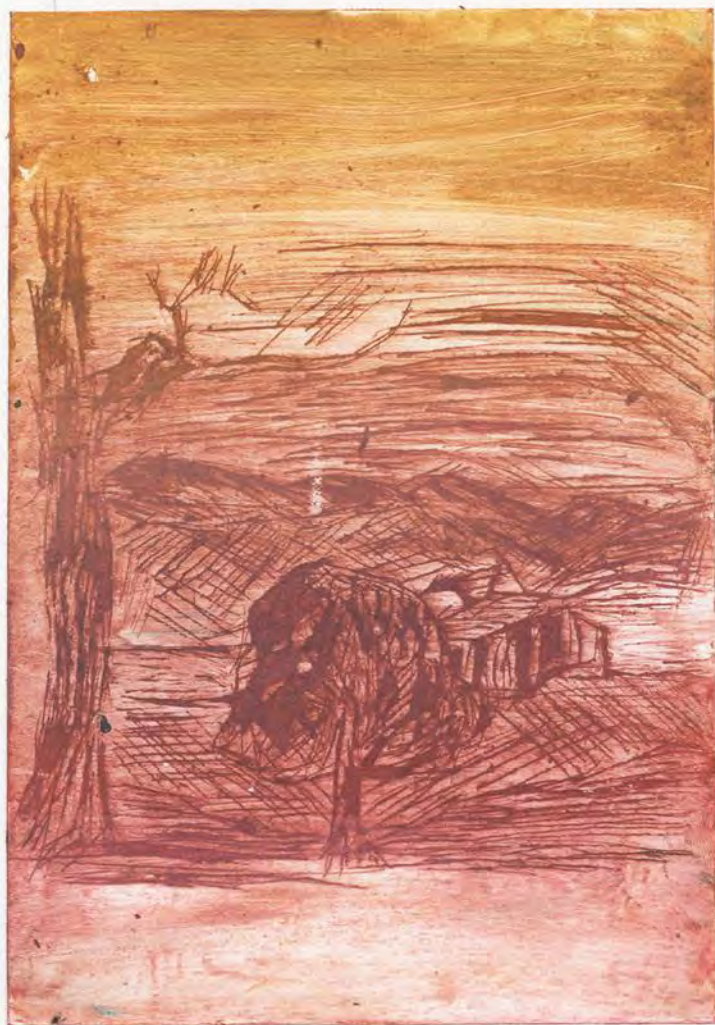




## *The Sycamore Gap*

My roots plunge down into your earth.  
Cold air scrapes 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



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

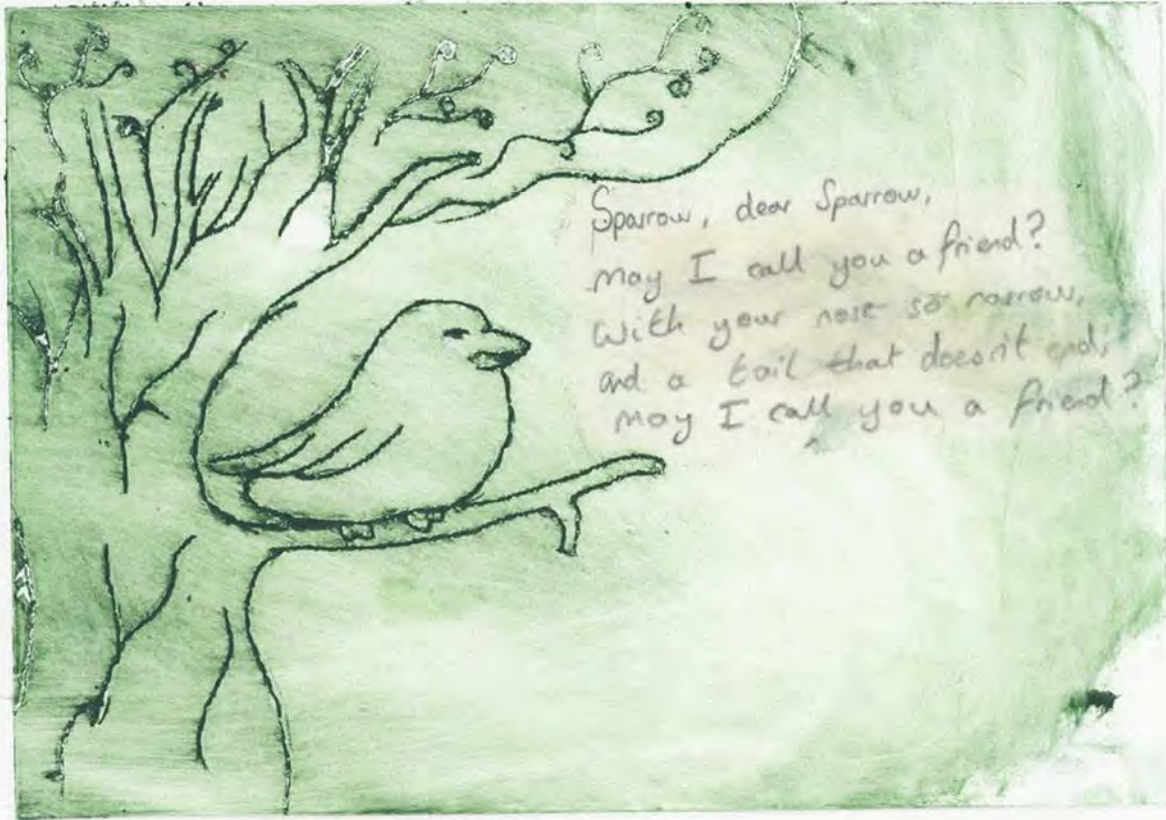




The trees, satellite dishes capturing the radio  
signals of the birds cries,  
the various rocks, acting as underground  
platforms to the bugs and insects alike,  
the moss and lichen, littering the cascading  
hills, just wishing they had been recycled,  
The estates houses, the bushes, the rabbits  
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 uneazed.

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

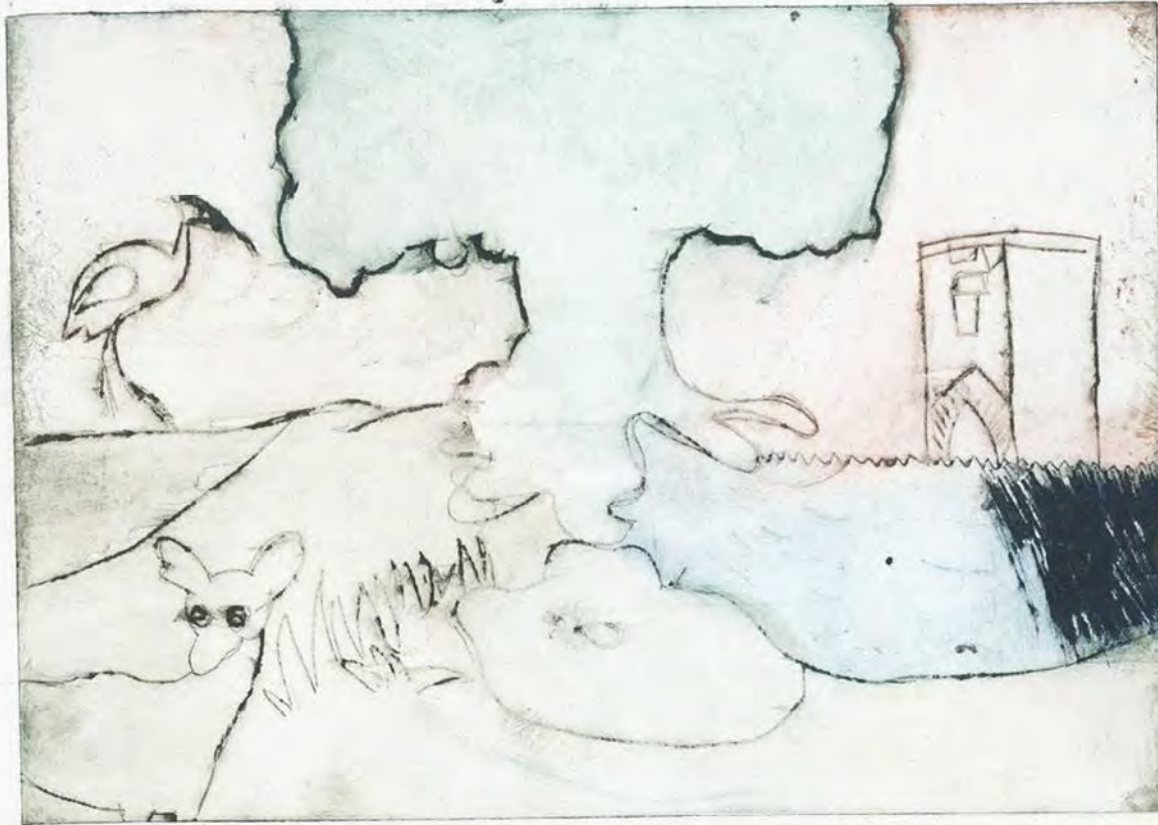




Hidden from view,  
I stand tall, proud and elegant  
waiting for the summer sun to  
warm my aged branches.  
Wind whistles around me  
whilst I patiently stand  
looking out protecting this land.  
Still I wait for the summer  
sun to Warm my aching branches.

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.

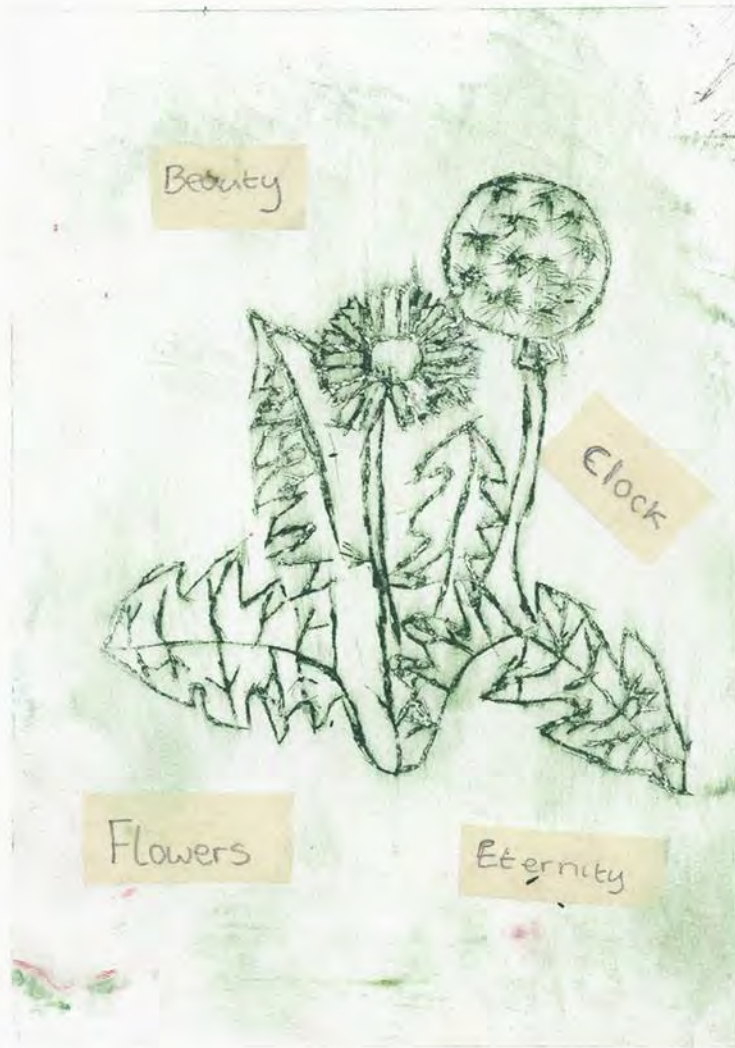
Ebony



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



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as I watch the running thieves.  
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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