

Prudhoe Community High School





Sword

We approached rapidly.
The galloping hooves echoed around the valley
My master gripped me tightly; his sweaty fist
clenched my cold metal handle.
Charging across the battlefield we slashed and
ripped through the bodies of our foe.
BANG!
My vision blurred like an out of focus image.
My world slowed down, the bloodthirsty screams
and shouts rang in my ears.
I looked down.
My polished metal surface lay splattered with deep
crimson blood like a Picasso painting.
Next to me my master lay groaning, dying with an
oozing wound in his chest.
His proud, strong chest it was my job to protect.
I failed.

Millie



Slowly awakening from a season of hardships,
Cold blustering nights fighting your undeniable
return,
As though meant to be by some unfathomable force,
You still came back to us,

An unforgettable sight as you open your yellowing
arms,
Welcoming those whom need you,
With a grin you watch the day go by and bask in the
sun,
Because you'll always come back to us,

Sunflower, oh, sunflower glorious in your beauty,
Your season of bliss has ended,
Be fruitful and multiply!
As your seeds are thrown and tossed and planted.

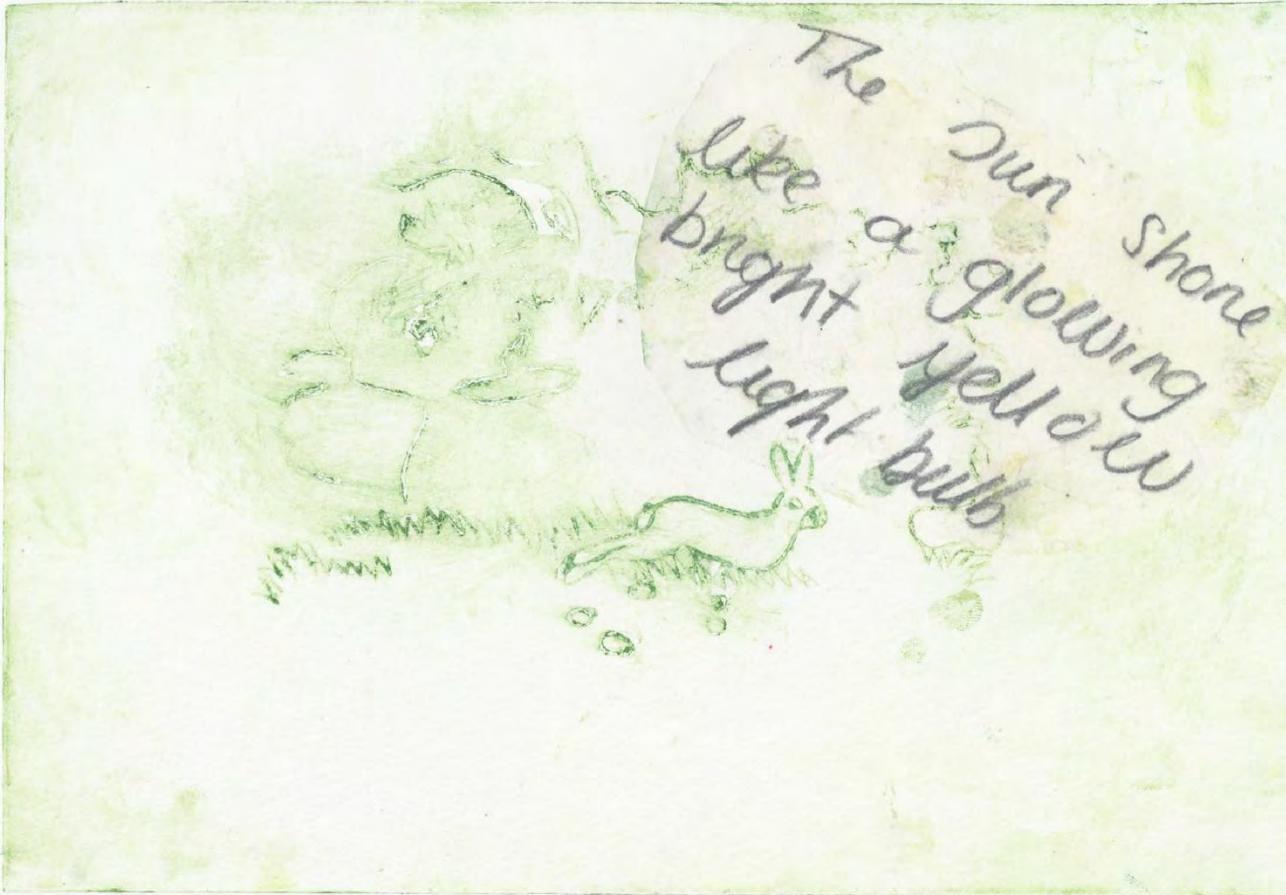
Olivia



Sycamore

Beautiful tree,
I noticed you because of your undeniable
tallness and elegant branches,
Towering over the old worn out wall,
your branches spread and your leaves are small,
You lighten the darkened shadows,
Your vibrant colours illuminate the dullness of
the wall,
as you stand so tall,
The breeze of the wind brushes by,
You fill the empty gap between the wall,
But why do you stand in the middle of the wall?

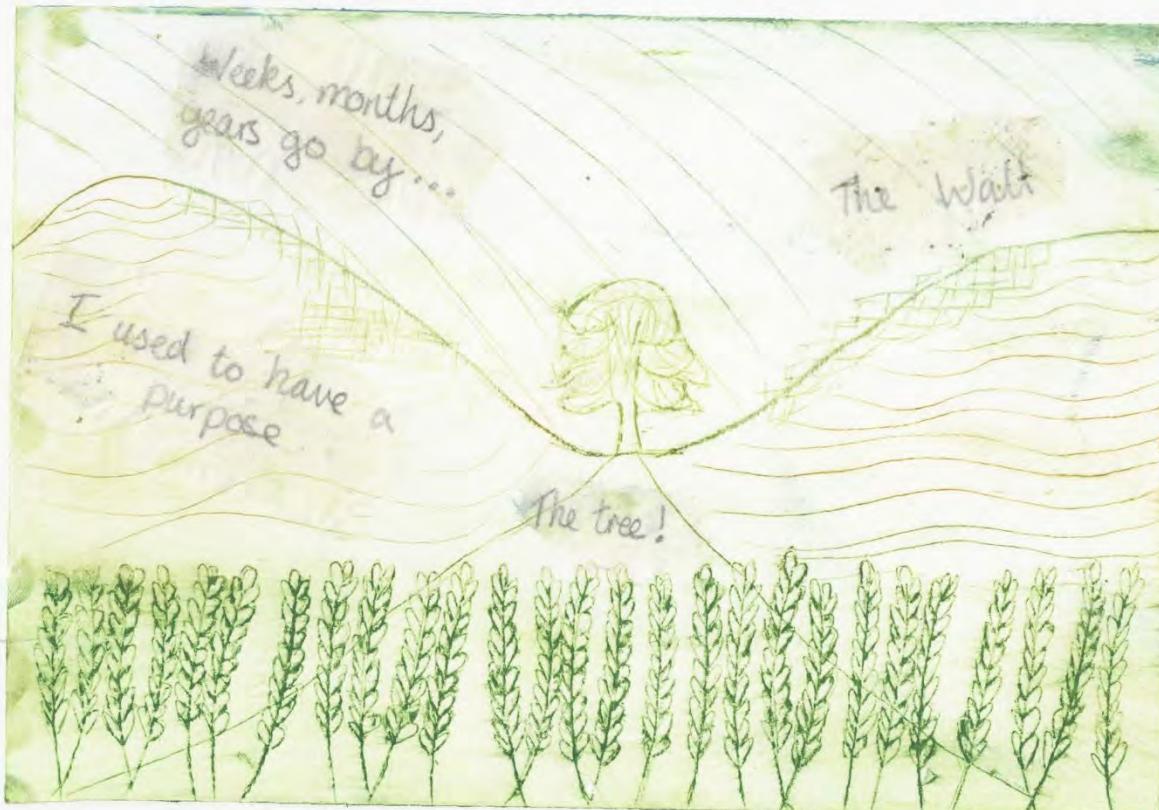
Georgia



The rabbit bounded down the hill.
The leaves rustled like a fly away
crisp packet.
And the sun shone down
like a bright yellow lightbulb

Molly

The Wall



Weeks,
Months,
Years go by.
No one stops
to say hello.
They all walk
past. Trudging on.
And I
only wish I
could join
them.

The tree!
The tree!
Look at the beautiful tree!
What about me!
I'm here just as well
but they don't seem to
care.

I used to have a purpose.
Separating
Left from right
North from South
Friend from foe,
That means nothing
Anymore.
I think they've forgotten.

People took my parts for their
own use
so now I suffer on
For I feel not whole
and rather empty
and in some place
Gone.

I wish I had
what you had,
a family,
a home
but it seems
that I don't
even own
myself
as I crumble away...

But I'll keep on
seeing
Until the last brick falls

I may be old
but I'm still strong
And I don't need
you to say
hi.

Daisy

The Shield



My body stands tall,
The bellowing screams echo.
My sharp enemy stood waiting,
I knew I was powerful.

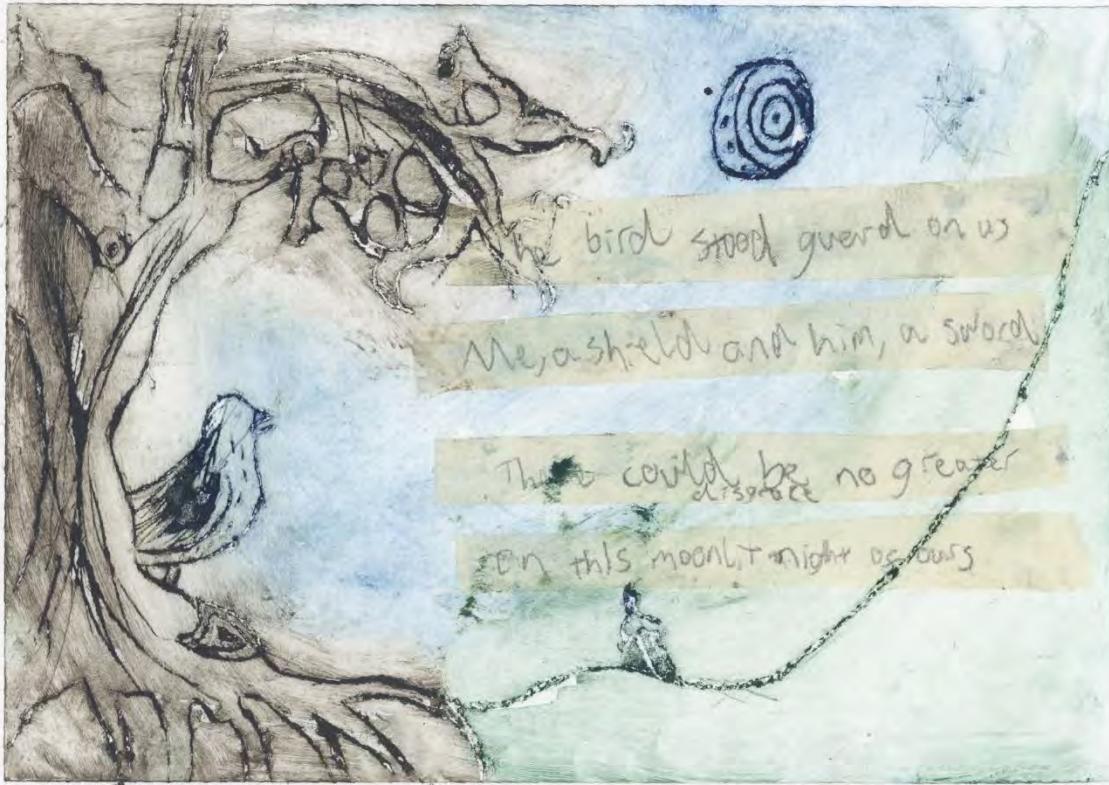
I felt the pressure on me,
My heart had started to race.
I knew that I had to win,
But I was going at a very fast pace.

The battle had commenced,
It all went way too fast.
I crumbled in the moment,
I had forgotten my own task.

The taste of blood filled my mouth,
I had just been hit hard.
I knew I could never be forgiven.
Instead I was just scarred.

Emma

The Shield



I failed my master again and now I've been cast away
The first time I was distraught but someone came
along
A Roman man, not Greek, and took me around the
world,
I felt joy protecting this master, a pure hearted man,
But now I finally see him for who he truly is
One scratch on my face, and he tossed me away
Truly, he was black-hearted and foul. But still,
I cannot be angry, for he took me around the world
With me he petrified all, like a snake bite
And with his sword and the strength of Hercules,
though I suppose
I should call him Hercules now
He cut down all who opposed him and then laid them
to rest

Ioan

The night sky



Brightest star in the darkest night,
Shining with the brightest light,
With the universe staring back,
As you glide along your western track,
A constellation giving hope,
And a single star giving light.

Ciaran

Boxing Gloves



Finally I see light,
That must have been a long fight.
Wait, who are you?
You're not the man I'm used to.

I remember my first time in the ring,
The bell went ding!
We hit him first,
His lip went burst.

We had a big gain,
When the bell went again
We had a little drink
Back out we went; he was on the brink.

It was his turn to his us,
Then there was a lot of fuss
We hit him back,
And his nose went crack!

We knocked him out,
He wriggled round like a trout
Time for the next men,
When we fight again.

Scott

The Wall



The wall
Over 4 metres tall
The hills so high
Touching the sky
Here whatever the weather
Encompassed by heather
Time stood still
Just beyond the Sill

Shea

The Cooking Pot



The fields drown in golden light,
As the nature comes alive,
Clouds like candy floss
Drift across the minty blue sky,
Up and up.
The wold-like wind howls
and sways the grass softly
And tall ancient trees angrily rustle.
As the deep deep echoes surround me.
I lie in front of what was a great barrier,
A strong defensive wall,
But now all I see is the remains,
The remains of what protected brave soldiers,
A matter of life of death.
Today, dark brown dirt covers my face
And fills my ears,
I am being forgotten,
As I'm drowning, drowning.

Grace

A Milecastle



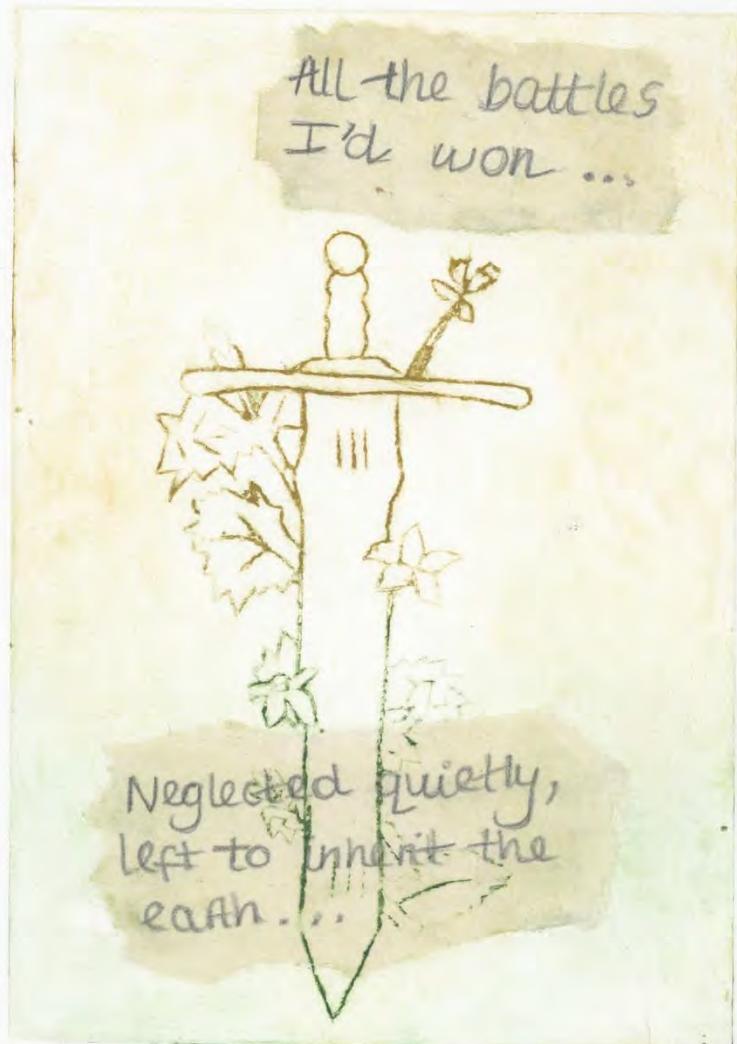
I take the pressure, I see
the pain
protection is my aim. Here
they
come again to break me
down
like a deadly current. But I
must stay strong. I view
the
battles, feel the war. How
long
will I live? For much
more?

The people built me and
I continue to be
maintained.
I give back to you my
loyalty and protection. I
am
always a shoulder to cry on
a strong rock. But I can't
battle time not without
your help.

Now I am nothing.
History in
your land
I am judged
daily and
I struggle
to
stand.
Now the clock is ticking
my time is nearly up
the people lose interest
I have been left to rest
like dust I
have been forgotten
insignificant and lost.

My time
is up. I am
finally gone.

Jonty



Sword

All the battles I won,
my blade was once vicious
and deadly,
the last thing they saw.
I still see their eyes,
brilliant terrified eyes
horror pierced through
me.

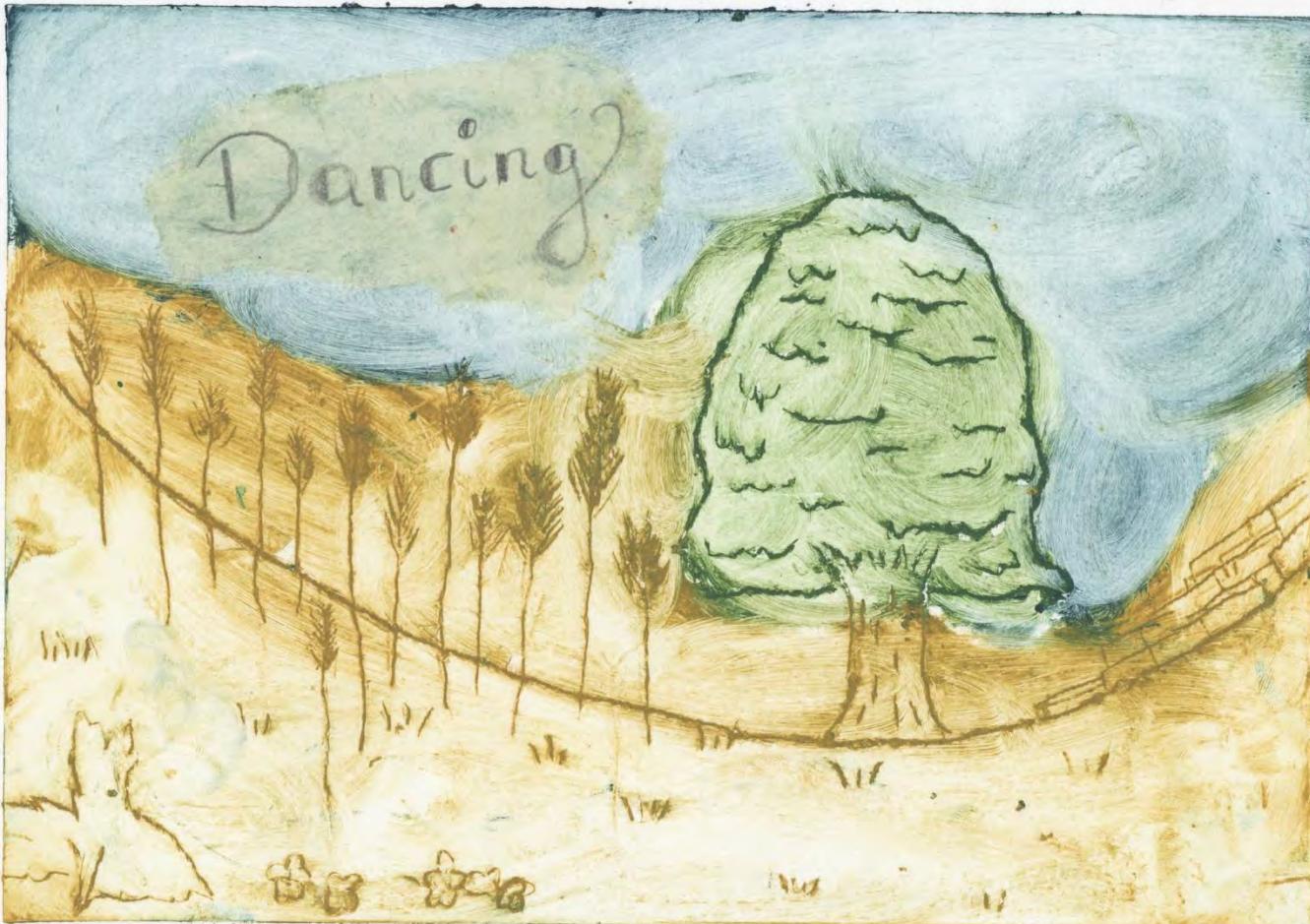
They betrayed me,
my glory was lost,
tossed away,
discreetly, quietly,
the flowerbed awaited.

Time was endless,
seemingly,
but curious eyes stared;
my flesh was wounded,
gaping holes like scars.

Immediately useless,
no more fire and glory.
Alas,
the battle was lost.

Rebecca

Dancing in the wind



I stand there,
swaying back and forth,
side to side,
dancing in the wind.

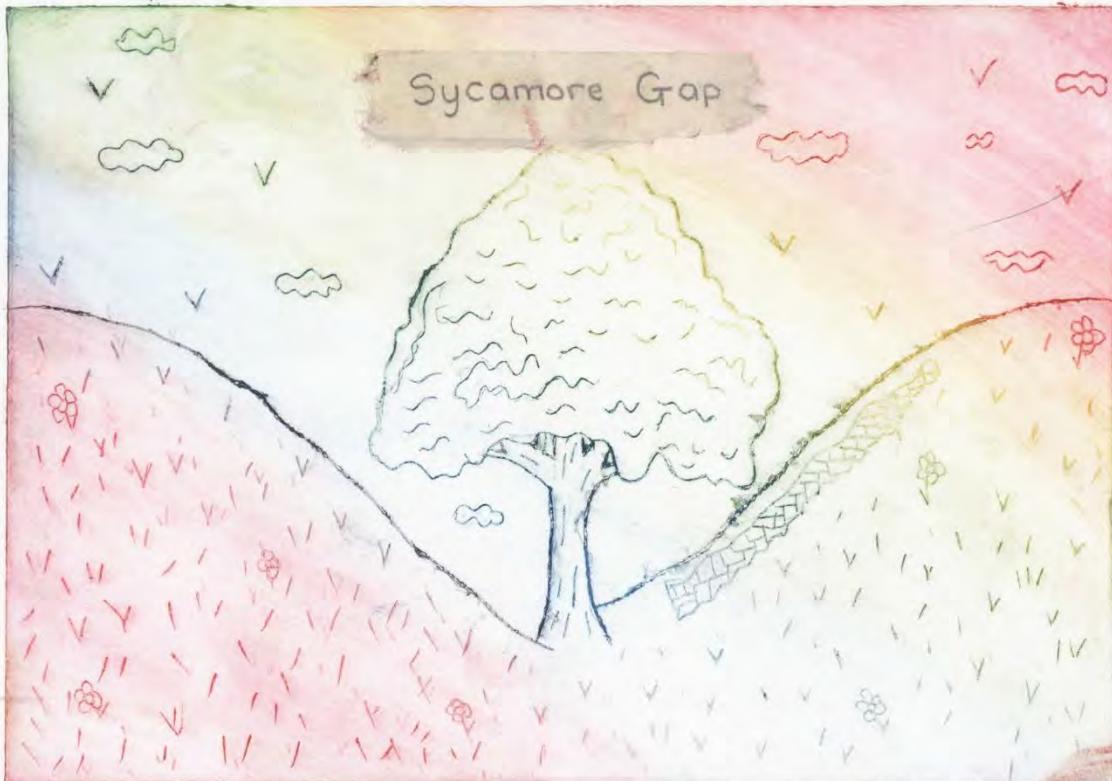
Me and my family,
proud and strong,
thousands upon thousands,
dancing in the wind.

Crickets that hum,
from all directions,
amongst us while we were
dancing in the wind.

Staring at the wall,
that once stood robust and imposing,
that crumbled while we were
dancing in the wind.

But I always felt small,
compared to the tree,
I'm the plant that no one wants to see,
so I carry on dancing in the wind.

Alina



Sword

Don't they know that I,
The destroyer of nations,
The reaper of souls,
Once made grown men
cower
and tremble in terror,
as I sliced, swepted,
swooped, stabbed,
slaughtering millions of
sorry soldiers?

Don't they know that I,
The killer of countries,
The murderer of men,
Once had kings on their
knees, begging for for-
giveness,
for pity, for mercy,
for life?

Don't they know that I,
a sword of superiority,
wielded by warriors who
are looked at in awe
and wonder,
was once their hidden
advantage,
their secret weapon?

Don't they know that I,
Should be on the
battlefield, not trapped
behind glass, locked
away from former glory,
dying, decaying
destroyed, on display,
for all your belittling eyes
to see?

Amy

Flowers

We grow on trees
And clench for dear life
To the branches that surround us.

The lives sucked out by the bees,
Children pick at us like thieves
But we aren't able to make a fuss.

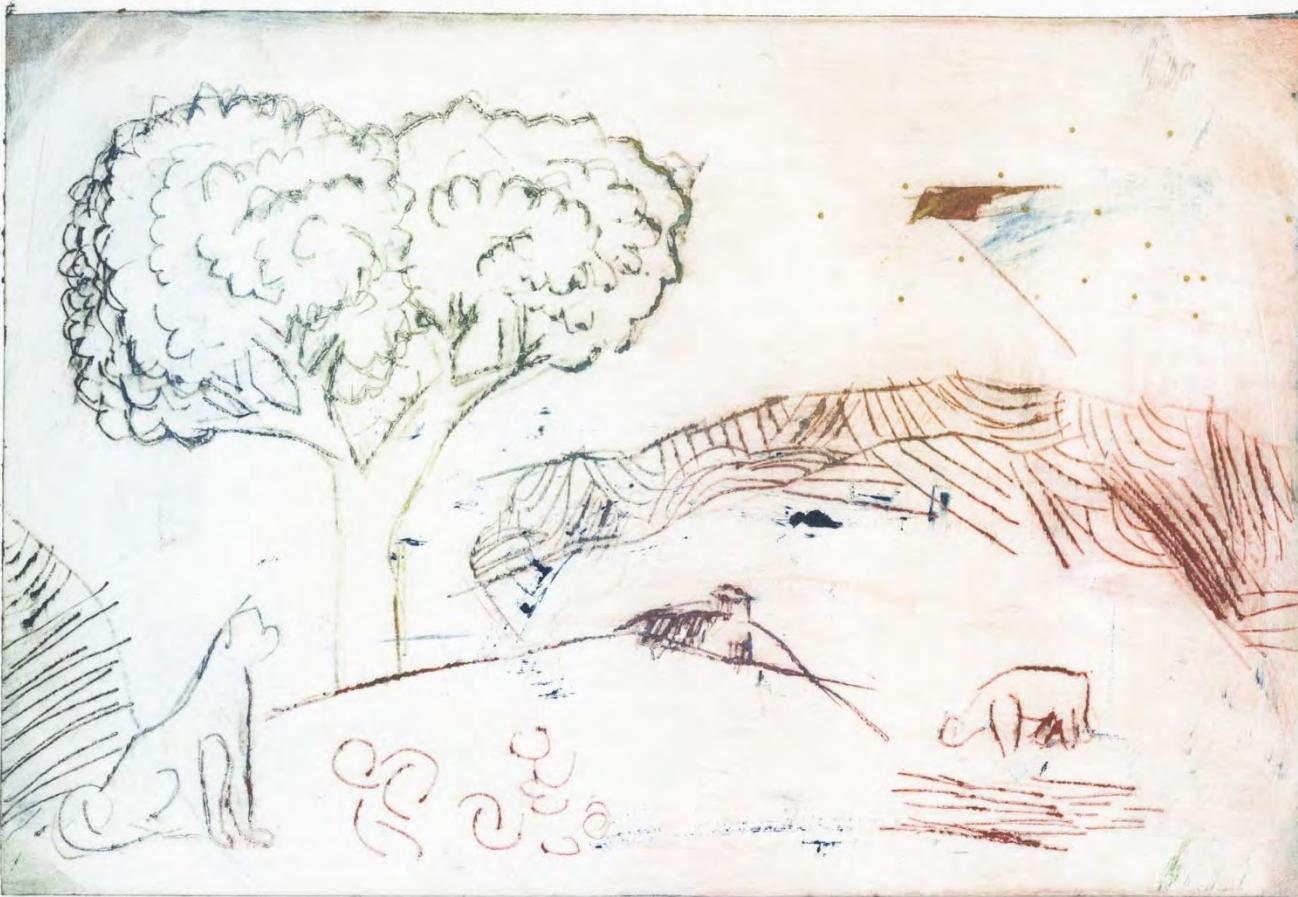
We have no control over where we live,
Just planted for decoration,
But it's time we make a change
And that change will happen soon.

We deserve lives,
We deserve a say
In what happens to us.

So let's make a change,
Stand together
And be brave.

Lucy

Leaf



Trees

full of twigs,
roots stretching their fingers,
a flower lingers,
nature smiles,
happiness has been achieved.

Abbey



Little floating droplets of life
surrounding me.
Like glitter reflecting in the sunlight
Their spirits engulfing the air making it
thick with their souls.
Breathing felt difficult, the air from my
lungs.
Snatching it, stealing it, reclaiming
their presence.
Maybe they thought they were
forgotten...
Maybe they knew they were forgotten...
Would they ever be forgotten?
Daylight was brewing yet it was still
dark.
the men from the battle had given up
not trying to get out
not trying to get in
staying down, crawling in their graves.

Poppy

As I watched the Roman Wall



I stand still against the grass,
My roots firmly attached
To the soil beneath me.

As I watched the Roman Wall
My upright position
Stood like a statue, peering
Over the closed barrier

As I watched the Roman Wall

Branches grew thinner
Around me as

The leaves turned dark.
As I watched the Roman Wall

The urge to go over
Grew like my trunk.
Slowly, slowly and slower
As I peered over the Roman
Wall

Trapped, but becoming free.
Still, but starting to move.
Frozen but turning alive.
As I looked over the Roman
Wall

My branches rose up,
The leaves turned light,
My roots stretched with an
impulse.

I saw under, beauty, love
As I crossed the Roman Wall

Mark



My life was basked with warmth
My walls enriched with flavour
Come, I'd call to those I'd serve, come
forth

It's time to eat
Drink and sink, I'd tell my friends
Drink and sink and let it end

My life was filled with spices
My fire burned so bright
I'd cook, and burn, and swirl and spin
When it was time to eat
Heat and flame, I'd call to them
Heat and flame to me in

My life was filled with purpose
My purpose was my food
I'd scream, I'm here I'm here I'm here
When it was time to eat
Let me help, I'd shout so loud
Let me help, I'll make you proud

Katy

The Wall

The tall, colourful, blossom hills,
Tower of the roof of the Sill,
Jagged rocks sprout from the Moor
Many tourists Robin hood tree does lure.
Vast expansions of swishing grass,
Rocks are thrown into the lake Splash!
The crumbled wall shakes across rolling hills
Memories stain the wall, a legionnaire standing
over a Celt he killed.

Oscar



Sword

Typical!
Not that I wanted
To be buried with him...
You understand,
But I
Grew used to the
Dark and the rank
Sweat smell of him.
Then, there was
The stink as he
Decayed whilst I,
So much the
Stronger weapon,
Shouted my fury
Into his dead ears.

Now, you who grub
In the earth with
Inferior mettle,
Blind me with
Forgotten light.

Millennia ago
I shone, glinting
In the sun as his
Skilled hand swung,
Stabbed and slashed.
We were victorious!
I have no doubt that
Of him, songs were
Sung and tall tales
Told, yet what
Is my rewards?

To rust. Erode.
Fracture into
Fragments.
Forgotten.

Yvonne (teacher)



Tranquil

Stream

I noticed you because your inviting
calm attract so many things
Like a fountain of life and community
How do you stay so pure?

Anna

The Shield



I remember it so well
The screams, clashing and pain
The day it was my turn to protect my
soldier.

The rain bounced off me like a ball
and the mud didn't touch me.
Every hit made no difference
I was doing my job

The longer it lasted
I saw more of us fall
and they turned into lumps of metal
with no use.

My scratches started to show
and my dents got bigger until
bang!
I fell with my soldier behind me.

That lump of metal which I feared to be
Was no what I had become
The only thing I was made to do
I had failed at.

Caitlin

The Shield

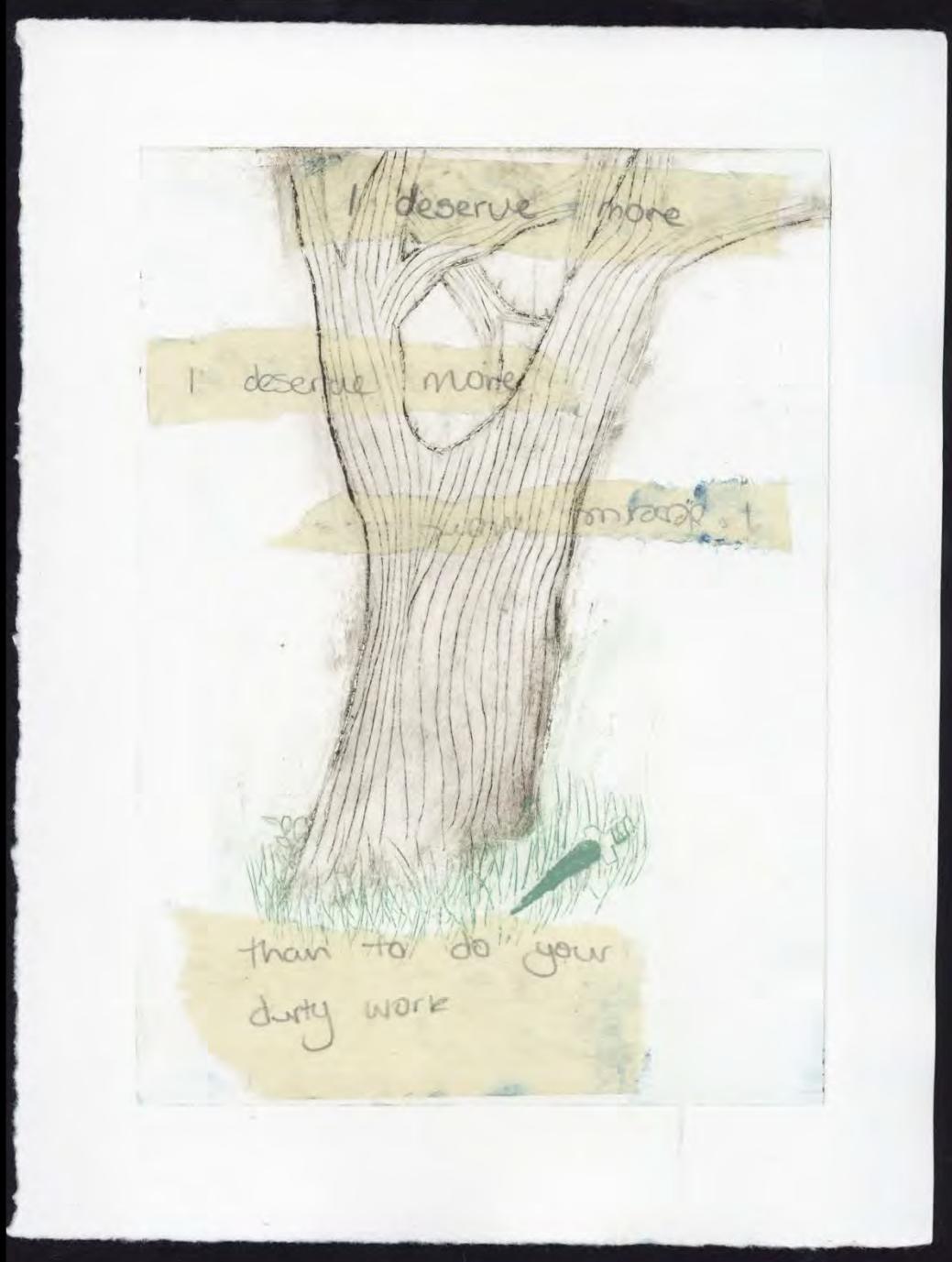
The Sword

Shining and glistening as I'm swung through
the air
courageous, always breaking through
as if I was unstoppable like a Shadow in
Darkness.

When I got stabbed in the back
unable to fight, unable to be heard,
just to be put to rest.

Dylan





The Wall

I want to scream.
I want to shout.
You pick me up.
Dishearteningly.

I have feeling you know!
You may drag me off to sea,
to a new place.
We dock,
You run.

Dragging me through the
crowd.
I see a me!
Another me!
and dozens more.

I look down at your
confident walk,
Left, right, left right.

You march up to someone.
You plunge me into their
chest.

Is this all I'm meant for?
nor treasured,
Nor appreciated.

I deserve more!
I deserve more!
I deserve more than to do
your dirty work.

Hannah



Sycamore Gap

The very edge of Rome
now a low wall,
once tall,
this collection of stones
all the same size
invaded by lichen.

An iconic place
then, as now,
the shutter
frames
a lone sycamore
familiar and
who knows how old

The Great Whin Sill
as towering,
striking
as it was before
those roots rook hold.

Bold
today in sunshine,
22 degrees,
eclipsed for centuries
by the great north winter,
the landscape,
this frieze,
of brown, sable, black,
red, gold,
and innumerable greens.

Trying to imagine
a time before
civilisation,
this tree,
and this
u-shaped gap
funnelling
the breeze.

Neil (teacher)



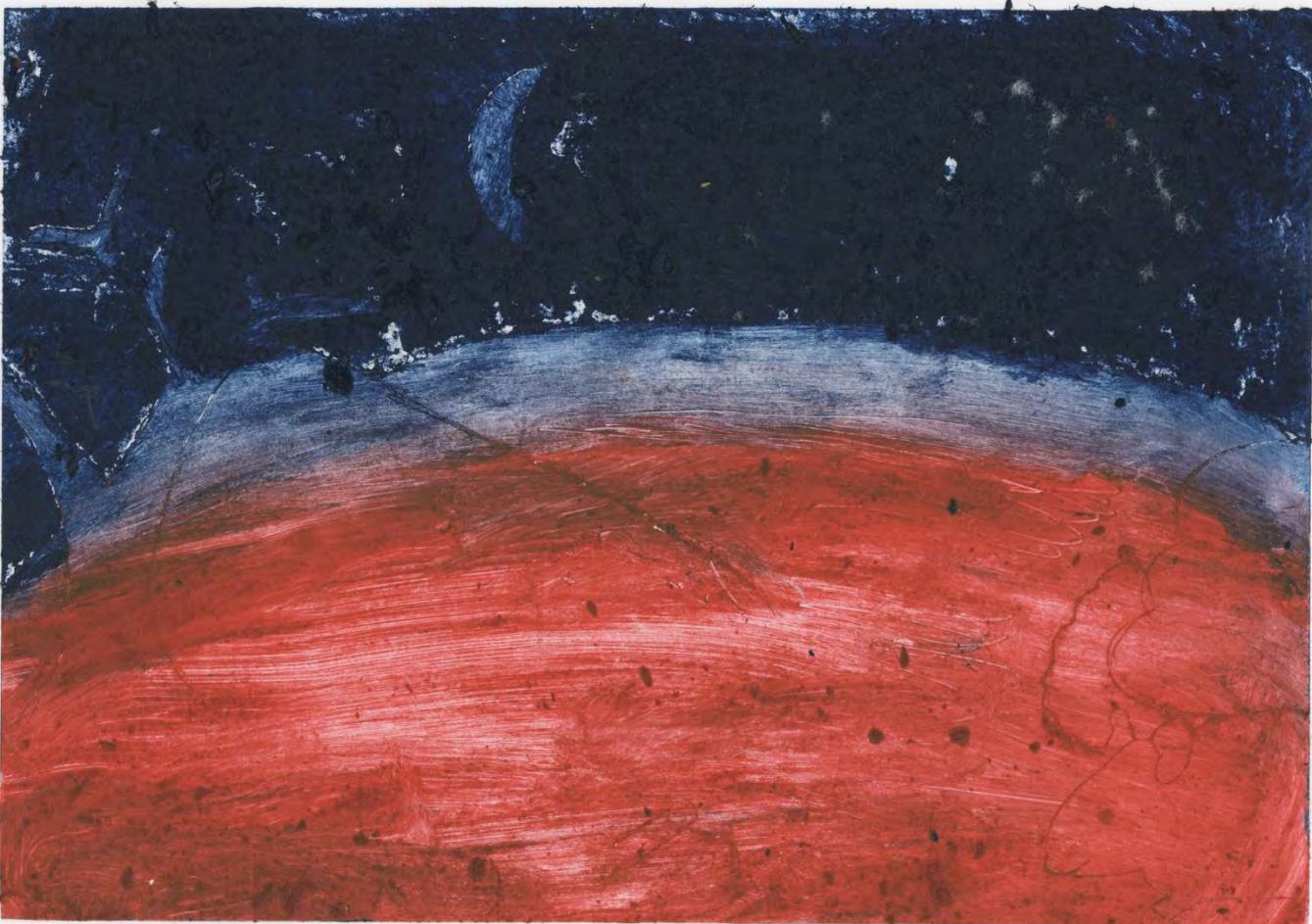
We stand strong,
Silent and unnoticed.
A colourful army scattering the plains

We have seen war and anger,
as well as new beginnings
when life floods the earth

We may seem small, but
know that we are not.

We are more than you think.
We are more than we appear

Lily



Summer? Winter?
it's hard to tell
as the morning sun starts to dwell
The frozen glaze starts to glizen.
As birds chirps are bound to be hidden
No moon or stars can light the blaze
Nor the pops of colour in the maze
as listeners' ears begin to fade

We all love
The north east rays

Lucy



The lively current flowed in rhythm with the
morning breeze
Fresh water lapping over smooth pebbles
Glimpses of plant life sprouted amongst the
silver shimmers
whilst shoals of fish darted
As I looked over the eastern horizon,
My eyes fell upon the dew covered meadow.

Lily & Lucy



Danielle (teacher)