



How many? How many? How many?
by Emanuela (Year 13)

First I will start with me
For a long time it was only three
1 in secondary and 2 in primary
But now when trying to count thoroughly
my hands are no more enough to complete the task entirely.

One hundred and nine thousand, eight hundred and forty-three (109,843)
racially motivated hate crimes
24.5 stop and searches for every 1000 of us
But its 5.9 for every 1000 of them.

I sit quietly at the salon
While the taming of the mane begins.
I know the ceremony is coming to an end
When the last 2 braids start to look like twins.

I start to smell the burning of the synthetics
the 4c curls of my genetics transform into my desired aesthetics.

After, I am welcomed with all kinds of phonetics
Oos, aah, eees, wows!

But then I remember the deep south
And I'm cursed by the cacophony of screams
from my poor people, who couldn't have their American dream.
If I ask you now the figure I said in the beginning
Your brain dismembers itself
And the devil stands there grinning,
Saying
How many? How many? How many?

Midas Touch
by Edward (Year 7)

You are like my diamond in the sky
Your heart is fiery as your mind
An opal shining oh so bright in the high
It's like you're going to make me blind
All I touch is gold

Oh, why, why, why
Is there silver and gold?
Oh, why, why, why
Are there stories to be told?



Falling into your eyes
I can't escape but I try
Swimming in your lies
It feels like I'm going to die
All I touch is gold

Oh, why, why, why
Is there silver and gold?
Oh, why, why, why
Are there stories to be told?

Constellations full of creation
Destruction full of corruption
Happiness from the shininess
All I touch is gold, gold, gold.

Me and the Robin

by Freya (Year 11)

On a frosty dawn I sit beside the window
My eyes darkened with despair
Any hope I once held
Torn from my heart with such brutal force

The patter of rain against the glass
Signalling the joy that does not appear anymore

Then I spot it
The robin flits atop the fence
Almost close enough to touch
Through harsh cold glass

Its feathers appear soft as the fresh snowfall
Its bright colour stills my whirring mind
Tweetering an exquisite symphony
The robin seems to wink at me before it goes

Suddenly everything felt okay again
My heart started beating with love instead of blood
All the pain had whisked away like magic
I truly believed that little bird had saved me

Every day I sat by the window waiting to thank him
And every day he appeared



Just like a fantastical recurring dream
I relied on my lucky robin

Much time passed, however
I grew accustomed to Mr Robin
Sometimes I would not bother waiting beside the window
Since I knew he would come anyway

I did not notice the pain creeping up until it had almost consumed me
And I waited wistfully hoping to catch a sight of my dear friend

But robin did not come
I felt like crying, but no tears ensued
Instead all I could do was sit in silence
And I could never bring myself to wait by the window again.