

Manchester City of Literature

As part of the Comino Poet in Residence project, a collaboration between the Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University and the Comino Foundation, Year 7 pupils from Falinge Park High School worked with Poet in Residence Caron Woolfe, the A6 Theatre Company and Commonword. Here are a few of the poems that were created:

A street is an eternal dance
My street is very tiny but very happy
I smell the food the people make
Sometimes I hear the people celebrating outside
Always happy kids playing on the pavement
I see old statues and new litter

Adrian

One of the loudest houses on my street,
our walls are not soundproofed
others can hear us sometimes
arguments, cheers and the television,
the phonecalls and the banging doors
and the crying, sometimes the crying

Alizah

Number 98 has a red door
He always say hi when you see him
Number 96 my 4 bedroom house
with a cellar and 9 people in it don't ask
Number 94 is a friend's house he is 78
walks a fluffy dog whose name is Coco
Number 92 the last house a women lives
there I don't really see her
but if I do she is like a bright butterfly

Aroosa

My neighbours have big parties
they often give us cake.
So many cars on my street
coming and going, days and nights
sometimes I go into the street
and stand, watch, make things stop.

Eesa

Me and my friend make plans
going for a walk after dinner
and I say to him we can go tomorrow
because it's a dark night but,
he says no it's okay, chill, don't be scared
I think of witches and nightmares
screams come from an old house
I say to him let's go back but he says
no let's check it out, let's go

Hadi

A shining green car outside my window,
a cloudless sky with the sun through glass,
kids outside playing, a sweet smell of curry,
birds singing in the bright green oak trees
shopping for patterned clothes, new shoes
brand new smiles and lasting happiness

Hezha



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Never Give Up

Trust in yourself and defy the haters;
don't let hate break your path,
never give up, and re-build.

No matter where you stand
you can achieve everything.
think smart and work hard.

Don't let the cruelty of the world
break your paths and dreams.

Build history so the next generation
recognise your achievements.

So work hard to rise
and shine like the moon.

Sameer

Just 'Cause I'm Dark-skin

Just 'cause I'm dark-skin
don't mean I'm different.

You treat me like an outsider,
you make me feel like I don't fit in.
Your words break me to pieces.

As much as I grow you bring me
back to square one.

Baraa

Their Words

When you look in the mirror
I want to see you smile.
How beautiful are your
dimples.
The words they say are not true
you're different but deserve love
too.
Why are you scared,
what can they do?

Nusrat

1. 20th Century Football

Back in time, it was dark,
things were tough
and also rough;
we never had enough.

Women were never out
men always had a shout,
no respect for LGBTQ people,
and racism crept about.

A ball brought us together
and yet still left us out.
Though it's still here today,
now there's enough room to play.

2. Found Poem

When Mary Shelley was 16,
she disappeared behind a bookcase,
crucial and alone,
she heard a voice calling her to greatness.
So their dreams will not reflect the death of ours.
When they found her, she was treated as nothing.

Love will never return
and when we speak we are afraid
our words will not be heard.

When our stomachs are full we are afraid
of indigestion,
when our stomachs are empty we are afraid
we may never eat again.
It was like we were never meant to live.

Ali & Abdul



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Trapped between walls, Spirit
demons ghost alike are
manifested to be inside me.
vandalised with graffiti
I am your canvas.
notes the size of bullets
an Arts display
: I AM A WALL.

Dylan

Walls are everywhere
Walls have marks and cracks
Long days of being abused by countless people
Every second asking when it will stop
Hours of sleep missed
Seconds of pain everyday
Walls are all messed up
Too many holes to count
Every second asking when it will stop

Alfie

I don't like being blue tack, they stick
me, to the wall. They stretch me and
compress me

Taim

Walls

Walls...
Sooooo boring.
Sooooo plain.
Nothing to do when there is a wall around you.
Better off being surrounded by a fire.
Walls don't speak.
Don't move.
And don't understand me,
in conclusion,
I don't recommend a wall.

Hassen

The walls surround us
How do they feel?
Are we their friend?
How do they get entertained?
Are they lonely?

Zeeshan



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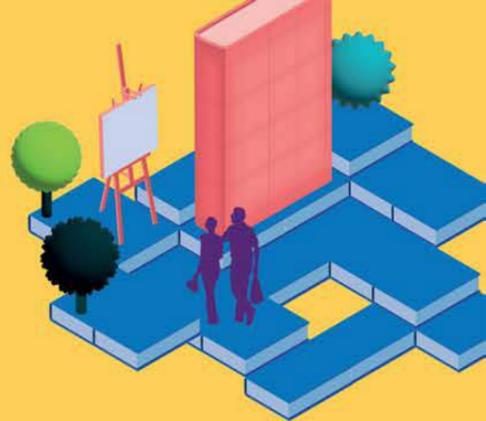
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The Loud House

A hyper neighbour blasts music in her garden
She has a dog that barks too loud
The cat always comes to our garden
stalking us or doing its business
another neighbour who cleans his car
always with the radio on, a race car driver
Hussain Faizal

The loud cars racing down the street
running over the rubbish on the road
as loud as a busy circus,
cats meowing, dogs barking,
sometimes even the trees join in,
swaying, hushing and whispering
Jackson

Opposite the house, the sweet shop,
remembering the times I went there on Eid.
Also, I see the lime-green Chevrolet,
which parks in different places
and the special traffic cones, the signs
Finally, I see the brown door- my home.

Jaiyana



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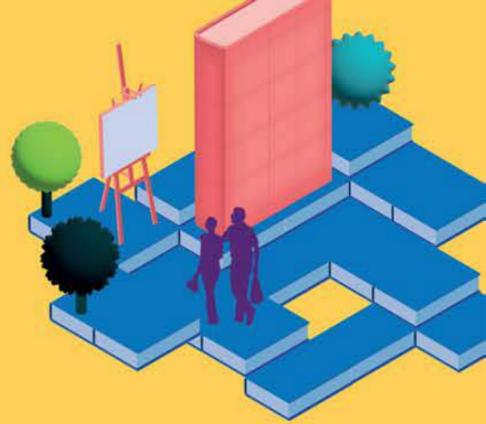
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That Dream Again

Her hair blew away,
her worries faded away.
She was free once again,
she had a reason to smile again.
Her eyes dazzled,
and her scent blossomed
as she awoke again.
Her heels were dancing
as the moon shone at her.

All alone with no support,
her smile turned upside down
again.
Wishing for that dream again
she cried again,
tears in her eyes again,
breaking down
alone,
asking herself again:
Why does this happen over and over again?
Her hair blew away.

Sarah



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Be Happy

Trust in yourself and burn, everyone says
just learn, do what you like, but the journey
will be like riding a bike on the motorway.

If you want to do so, play a sport—
it's not like you'll end up in court!
You can easily make friends

and your emptiness will come to an end,
They say you can't do it because of your gender,
but stay happy and don't give up.

Awais

Behind The Goal

Football

has shown many sides.

It has shown improvement, it has
shown equality and accessibility. But it
has shown the pain, the time of suffering
and fear; hate and loss; the time of insecurity;
the time it was all hidden with a smile behind
a goal. The crowd jeer but they will never
know what I went through or what they
face day to day, but like a ball
behind a goal, the struggles
were all worth it!

Safa



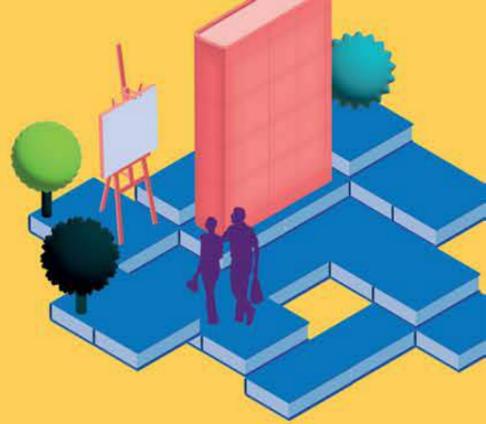
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Picture

As I hang on the wall
an older version of me
walked through the door
she looked happy and free

she knew I was watching her
her every move
her every step
she stepped closer to the wall

the room was silent
she stared into my frame
the noise was violent
as if I was to blame

she stood there for ages
looking modest and pure
it was me from the future
acting grown up and mature

little did she know
feeling trapped for years
I'd be stuck within these walls
hidden alone with my fears

Frame

I walked into my room
and on the wall hung
a picture of myself
from when I was young

I felt as if it was watching me
my every move
my every step
I stepped closer to the wall

the room was silent
she stared into my soul
the noise was violent
as if to break me whole

she'd been hung up there forever
without a thought or doubt
she was stuck in a picture
with no way out

little did she know
these walls will become older
eventually she will grow up
I feel her getting older

Alisha & Ruby



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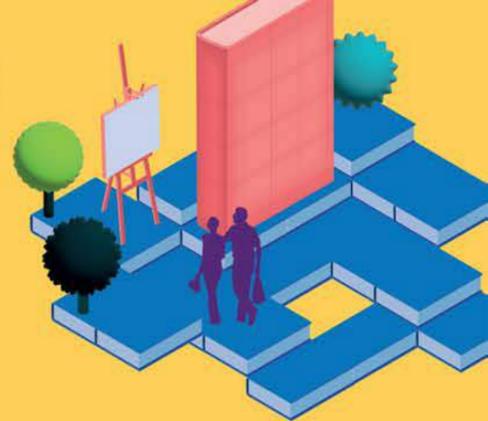
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My neighbourhood is quiet.
Few cars pass by my windows.
We don't know many people
but everyone smiles. I feel safe.
Our neighbours are kind.
It feels like home and belonging.

Meu bairro é tranquilo.
Poucos carros passam
pelas minhas janelas.
Não conhecemos muitas
pessoas mas todos sorriem.
Sinto-me seguro.
Nossos vizinhos são gentis.
A sensação é de lar
e pertencimento.

Larisa

As you walk down my street,
You hear a kettle screaming ready to burst,
Further smells of astonishing cooking fills your nose,
Passing you see a lava orange sports car,
Then a lovely smell of flowers amazes you,
Now be silent as you pass a snoozing night shift worker,
Watch out as a mother and daughter race down the street,
Congratulations, you have reached the end of my street.

Milo

Kids from another house want me to play out,
some of my neighbours are not very nice.
It can be dangerous stepping out, shouting,
staring and waiting for something to happen
on our street and another street and another

Marcus



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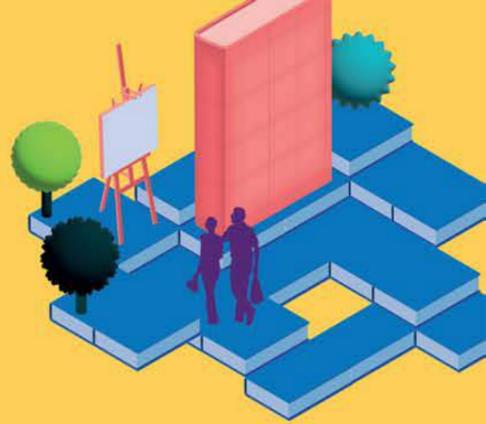
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Sexism

Women are treated unfairly,
men are treated unfairly.
They say women should go to the kitchen,
they say men don't cry.

Everyone is the same no matter what gender,
we are all capable of doing things we like,
you just have to work hard.

Aida

You Matter

If they wanna be gay it is always okay,
you matter as we all do,
people can change, even you.

Ayaan

Be Proud of You

You are needed.
Doesn't matter if you're a woman,
brown, a man, black.
Take time in yourself,
love yourself—
you should always love yourself.
And most importantly, be proud of you.

Farezan

Apologise For Nothing

I apologise for nothing;
live life with no regrets.
Not everything in life
has to be work, enjoy it a little.
Spend time with your family
or friends— make memories with them.
Don't make life just about work.

Hashveen



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Wall. What a boring thing
If I was that, I'd be
ztempted, ragny not
toyjul at all. I'd very
much hate to be a wall
All this gobbledegook and negativity
Floating around me makes me
Kaboozled and confuzzled but I ignore the yine and just think
They're floggsy chook
They walk and walk so clueless and lost
They carelessly look at me as if I've caused a crime
All their downward
Expressions make me say damn. How boring it must
Be to be them.

Ariyan & Hudhaifah

Addressed to Miss *****
Private and Confidential
Walls

Walls, big walls, little walls, diagonal walls, colourful walls, cracked walls, are they ugly? Would you rather paint and brighten up a cracked broken wall or hang a portrait over it and pretend they aren't there. Would you rather express and expose the cracks on your wall with colour to show that the cracks aren't ugly and it doesn't upset you to see the cracks anymore, it's a past mistake. Or would you rather hide them with a portrait, a beautiful lie. You can't paint your walls and heal until you expose your cracks, be proud, you have nothing to be embarrassed about, it's healing, it's normal. A beautiful lie or an ugly truth, which could also turn into a beautiful truth.

Your life might feel like walls sometimes or a long row of domino walls, one thing goes down then they all do. They all go down if you take one wall out of a house the house falls down, it will take you with it.

Not everyone has a wall house, your wall could represent your plain expression, your powerful personality if you were afraid of the world you build your walls high right? Or are you fearless of the world, your walls are your barriers. Will you raise them or let them down?

Lily-Mae



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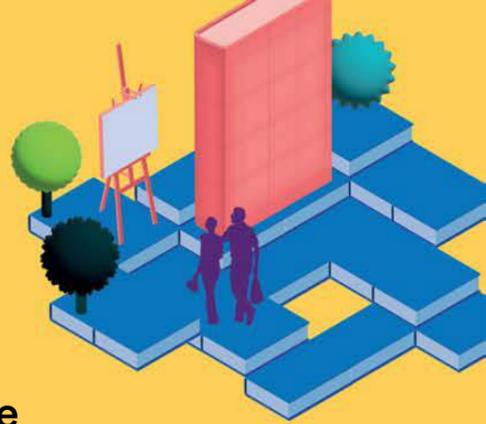
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I'm angry
Really really angry
Thoughts racing through me
But I can't concentrate
All I see is red
Red for anger I translate
I run to my room
They don't understand
I want to scream
I go to my walls
They hold my memories
Memories of friendship and laughter
Paintings of happiness
But even this can't calm me down
I scream

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