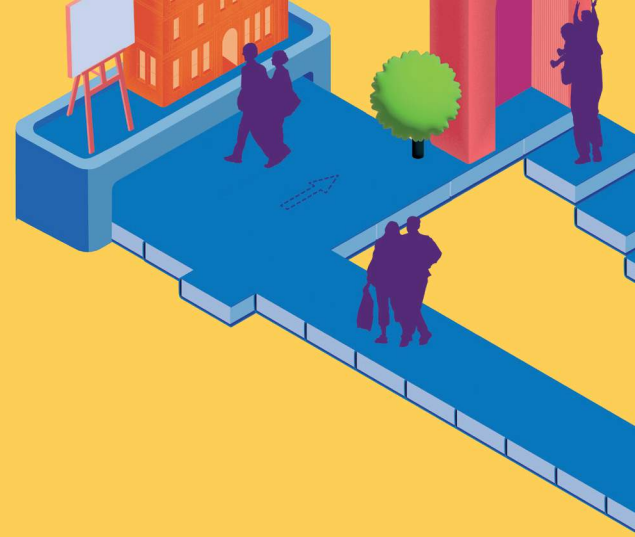


Manchester City of Literature



By Umaiza Tasaddak, Cheadle Hulme High School

‘Я хочу знову мріяти’

Я хочу знову мріяти

Війну я бачила і знаю

Як дуже тяжко нам було

Та віри в перемогу не втрачаю

На рідну землю повернутись я бажаю

Допоки будете малих дітей вбивати,

прокляті вороги?!

Залиште нас у рідній хаті

То ще побачите, як вмієм ми радіти
і сміятись

Я хочу знову мріяти співати і вірші
лише радісні писати.

‘I want to dream again’

I want to dream again

I have seen and know the war

How hard it was for us

But I do not lose faith in victory

I want to return to my native land

How long will you kill small children,

damn enemies ?!

Leave us at home

Then you will see how we can
rejoice and laugh

I want to dream of singing again
and just write happy poems



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Manchester City of Literature

By Ahmend Alshamaki, Didsbury High School

‘نغيزامي إاد’

ءارحص لاس تلدا
للليق تادمس
غنا هوترومات
لمكن سالف تومنا

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

نيقراتين ارومت وداج دا نرفي
نغيزامي إاد وباك دا تولان د هراوز د

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

ارومتن لاشيفان يراناد اورفسنا
الت ميقت ايبي لغانيفتس يرانا

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

This poem is about the Amazigh people which are the indigenous people of North Africa. The poem talks about the Amazigh of Libya and says we start from the sahara desert to the sea - showing that the Amazigh are a part of all of Libya. The poem is talking about how the Amazigh are proud of who they are and will never give up their culture and language. The idea behind this poem is important to me because I think it is important to remember the indigineous people of any country and for them to be given the right to speak, write and sing in their own language. In Libya, the Amazigh people were banned from teaching and learning Amazigh in schools, and the government in the Ghaddafi-era fought against allowing parents to name their children with Amazigh names. The poem mentions the names of many of the cities in Libya that are Amazigh cities. I am from Yefren and I am proud to be a Libyan Amazigh. I have written this poem using arabic letters, instead of tfinagh- the Amazigh alphabet, so more people are able to read it.



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Manchester City of Literature

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By Amina Begum, Oldham Sixth Form College

‘Que te voy a echar de menos’

No entiendo la razón.
Todo se está terminando.
La puerta de este reino se está cerrando
Dicen adiós pero ya la sonrisa se está esfumando.

No quiero comprender la razón.
Mi vida es un molino,
las aspas se mueven demasiado rápido
Sin dejarme apreciar los bonitos diseños.
Intento anclar mi vista en ellas para que el barco
se embarque_

y quizás así pueda vivir mis sueños que yo perdí a medio camino
y en mis ensueños.
pero no,
nada funciona, ni contestar con un hasta luego, ni anclar la vista,
ni intentar atascar mi pie en la puerta...

Todo se está desvaneciendo.
La vida prosigue
aun cuando los relojes han dejado de funcionar,
dejándome en un trance sin igual.

Si los Quizás, y Hasta Luego y Buenas Suertes y las veces
que he dicho que esto no es un final fueran contables,
quizás los ríos, océanos y mares
no se unirían por todas las lágrimas que he perdido.

Y digo perdido;

porque en vano yo los considero,
sí, que todas me hacen daño,
me desentrañan mis adentros
que me dejan sin aliento...

Quiero recogerlas todas de vuelta y al verlas volver a llorar,
de pensar que he llorado sin parar
porque la puerta se está cerrando,
pero a medio camino, el orgullo y enseñanza me
está dejando.

¡Y qué triunfo!
El de terminar sin nunca haber terminado.
Pues las caras, los recuerdos y los momentos,
llaves y pestillos no tienen _

Una sola mirada hacia atrás remueve el mundo,
pues lo que viene en el futuro yo no lo conozco,
ni tampoco tú, ni ella, ni él.

Pero si hay algo de mí en mi consciencia,
tu compañía es, la que me inspiró a ser quien soy hoy,
tu compañía,
la que era como mi madre por la que por las mañanas
me levantaba
y en las duras noches acompañada lloraba,
tu compañía
que perlas hizo de mis pecados.

Y por esto, y las otras tres mil razones,
yo te digo aún sin querer decirlo,
que te voy a echar de menos.

Que sí, que echaré de menos tus sonrisas
y tus halagos,
y tus enhorabuenas,
y tus broncas.

Tan solo recuerda,
que conmigo me llevo esta experiencia,
que ni el tiempo ni la vida nos puede hacernos deshacer de ella.
que ésta terminará llevándose mi vida con ella.
Pero aún así, admito que te voy a echar de menos.

Que te voy a echar de menos.

.....

This is a poem dedicated to a teacher who spent hours and hours of her free time after school to teach Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, and poetry to me, a student who could only listen. This poem is dedicated to a person who transformed my insecure self, to a student who, by January year 11, had started getting her first grade 9s in English Literature. It's dedicated to the person who helped me build the strongest base of my life. She helped me gain confidence in myself and self-belief, helped me believe that I COULD strive for my dreams, helped me understand that I only deserve the best.



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By Umaiza Tasaddak, Cheadle Hulme High School

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By Kavya Suresh, Lancaster Girls' Grammar School

'பயணம் - இந்தியாவில் உள்ள எனது காடும்பத்தைப் பார்க்க'

நான் விமான நிலையத்திலிருந்து வளையறும் போது, எனது பாலன்கள் மாறுபட்ட நிறங்கள் மற்றும் மகங்களால் பதுங்கியிருக்கின்றன.

கடந்த இரண்டு வருடங்களாக நான் விலகியிருந்த எனது காடும்பத்தை வாழ்த்துவதற்காக

மிகவும் இறுக்கமாகத் தழுவி, சலவழித்த நேரத்தை மாற்ற மயற்சிக்கிறேன்

அவர்களின் அன்பாகப் பிடித்துக் கொள்வது - அவற்றைத் தெளிவாகப் பார்ப்பது, திரையில் உரையாடல்களை ஈடுகட்ட மயல்வது

நான் காரில் அமர்ந்திருக்கும்போது கலவையான உணர்ச்சிகளால் என் இதயம் மூரண்பட்டது

நிலம் மற்றும் கலாச்சாரத்தின் பாசத்தால் வறுமலை மற்றும் மாசுபாடும் மலேலோங்கி நிற்க

நான் அங்கு கழிப்பது வாரங்களா அல்லது வறும் நாட்களா? எனக்கு தெரியாது. நான் அங்கு கால் வகைக்கும்போது நேரம் திடீரென்று இரண்டு மூறை - இல்லலை - மூன்று மடங்கு வகைமாக

நேசித்த மற்றும் வறும்பட்ட விமான நிலையத்திற்கு நான் திரும்பி வருவதற்குள் என் இதயம் உடனென்றுவிட்டது

என் மகத்தில் கண்ணீர் வழிகிறது - அவர்களை விடும் வளையறோவதை நினைத்து மிகவும் அழுவதேன்.

ஆனால் சூழற்சி ஒவ்வொரு சில வருடங்களுக்கும் மீண்டும் மீண்டும் நிகழ்கிறது!

'My Trips to India!'

My senses are ambushed by the variety of colours and faces, as I run down the exit of the airport

To greet my family that I have been away from for the last two years.

Embracing so tightly, trying to replace the time spent away.

Holding them dearly – seeing them clearly, trying to make up for the conversations through the screen.

My heart conflicted by the mixed emotions as I sit in the car.

The sight of poverty and pollution overridden by the affection for the land and culture.

It is weeks of merely days I spend there? I do not know.

Time is suddenly twice – no, three times as fast when I set foot there.

My heart is fractured by the time I arrive again at the both loved and hated airport.

Tears running down my face – sobbing so hard at the thought of leaving them

But the cycle only repeats every few years!

.....

I wrote this poem in one of my family's ancestral languages – Tamil. Tamil is a Dravidian language, primarily spoken in India and is one of the world's oldest and ancient languages. I chose to write this poem about my cultural background and how it can often be difficult growing up with what feels like two different worlds. Constantly going back and forth from India often leaves a void in my heart; it can be challenging being thousands of miles from your family. Regardless of a phone call or a facetime, it will never be the same as seeing them in person. I wrote about the mixed feelings on my trips – the ups and downs of going back. Finally, no matter what happens – even seeing my family for a few weeks every few years, it is what I look forward to the most!



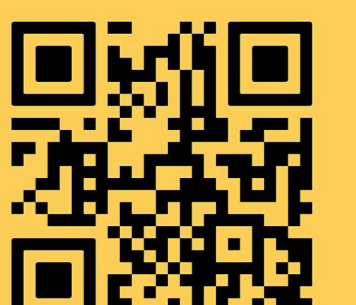
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By Ahmend Alshamaki, Didsbury High School

‘نغيزامي إاد’

ءارحص لاس تل دا
لل ليق تادمس
غنا هوترومات
لمكن سال ف تومنا

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

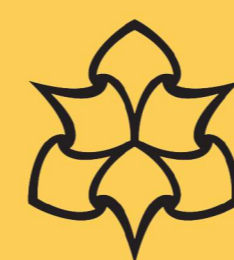
نيقرا تي ن اروم ت ودا ج دا نرفي
نغيزامي إاد وبك دا تولان د هراوز د

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

ارومت ن لاشي فا يراناد اورفسنا
ال ت ميقت اي بيل غانيفتس يرانا

نغيزامي إاد نغيزامي إاد
تومنا امل نا نغيزامي إاد

This poem is about the Amazigh people which are the indigenous people of North Africa. The poem talks about the Amazigh of Libya and says we start from the sahara desert to the sea - showing that the Amazigh are a part of all of Libya. The poem is talking about how the Amazigh are proud of who they are and will never give up their culture and language. The idea behind this poem is important to me because I think it is important to remember the indigineous people of any country and for them to be given the right to speak, write and sing in their own language. In Libya, the Amazigh people were banned from teaching and learning Amazigh in schools, and the government in the Ghaddafi-era fought against allowing parents to name their children with Amazigh names. The poem mentions the names of many of the cities in Libya that are Amazigh cities. I am from Yefren and I am proud to be a Libyan Amazigh. I have written this poem using arabic letters, instead of tifinagh- the Amazigh alphabet, so more people are able to read it.



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By Sean Jessers, All Hallows Catholic College

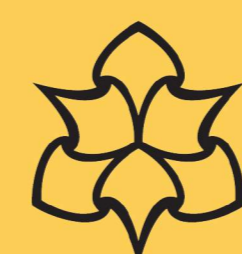
‘Céad míle fáilte’

Céad míle fáilte,
Go dtí an tír emerald seo,
Faoi stiúir Naomh Pádraig,
Le lámh chúnta Dé.
Ián de scéalta an lepreachán,
Agus potaí líonadh le hór.
Banshees go caoineadh,
Agus béaloideas na sean.
Trína scolairí agus filí
Rann saibhir, amhrán agus focal
Scéalta faoi a stair
Agus cloistear fulaingt.
Nuair a sheinneann Colleens an chláirseach
Agus fir óga ag troid cath
Cé go bhfuil daoine eile ag treabhadh talún
Nó claonadh a n-eallach
Ait a ndéanann fathaigh cabhsa
Águs tiomáineann Ború na Lochlannaigh amach
Cosnaíonn caisleáin teorainneacha.
Titim a Ard-Ríthe.
Ar an oileán beag glas seo
In aice le séipéal le Speach
Líonann crosa Ceilteacha na reiligí
Chun ómós a thabhairt dá mhuintir.
Tír seo na seamróige
Tá go leor deora le feiceáil
Ach tá go leor athraithe
Le himeacht na mblianta
Le haghaidh deiseanna nua
Tá go leor fágtha
Ag fágáil a gcairde ina dhiaidh
Agus a ngaolta bereft
Ach mar a deir siad in Eirinn
Cé gur féidir le leanaí fánaíocht
Beidh siad ar ais i gcónaí
Níl aon teallach cosúil lena gcuid féin.

‘Welcome’

A hundred thousand welcomes,
To this emerald land,
Led by Saint Patrick,
With God’s helping hand.
Full of tales of the leprechaun,
And pots filled with gold.
Banshees that wail,
And folklore of old.
Through its scalars and poets
Rich verse, song and word
Tales of it’s history
And suffering are heard.
Where Colleens play harp
And young men fight battle
Whilst others plough land
Or tend to their cattle
Where giants make causeways
And Boru drives out vikings
Castles defend boundaries.
The fall of its’ High Kings.
On this green little island
Near a church with a steeple
Celtic crosses fill graveyards
To honour it’s people.
This land of the shamrock
Has seen many tears
But much has changed
With the passing of years
For new opportunities
Many have left
Leaving their friends behind
And loved ones bereft
But as they say in Ireland
Though it’s children may roam
They will always return
There’s no hearth like their own.

I wrote my poem because my mum’s side of the family is Irish and because I love Ireland. Ireland is like a second home to me I love the people the landscape everything about Ireland I love. I named my poem cead míle fáilte which is Irish for a hundred thousand welcomes. I named my poem this because Irish is very welcoming country the first time, I set foot in Ireland I was immediately accepted, and I felt like I was already one of them. I had to have help on the Irish part of the poem as I don’t speak Irish that well. I based my poem on the culture of Ireland for example in my poem I put where giants make causeways and boru drives out Vikings. Boru was a famous Irish king who fought the Vikings and when I put a hundred thousand welcomes to this emerald land led by saint Patrick with gods helping hand. Saint Patrick was a famous saint who preached that god Jesus and the holy spirit where one.



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Manchester City of Literature

By Prishaa Katiyar, Altrincham Grammar School for Girls

‘बचपन की यादें’

जब मैं छोटी थी
बहुत शरारत करती थी
माँ के दुपट्टे को काट कर
गुड़िया को सजाती थी ॥

माँ जब सोने को बोलती
मैं अपने कोठरी में छुप जाती
सोने का बहाना करती
जब तक माँ अपना काम नपिटाती॥

फरि दिये करिोशनी में
कतिाब हाथ में लिए
एक नयी कहानी में खो जाती,
और दिल में चल रहे शब्दों की लहर में बहती हुई
एक नयी दुनिया में पहुँच जाती।

बचपन की मुस्कुराहट मेरी
गरम धूप की करिण जैसी,हंसी मेरी छलछलाते झरने सो मचलती
आँखें मेरी सागर से गहरी
और दमिाग में पूरी दुनिया समेटे हुए,
मैं रोज़ नए सपने बुनती॥

दोस्तों के साथ हापस्काच खेलना
हर छोटी बात पर बेवजह हँसना
कभी नाराज़ होना, कभी मनाना
वो बचपन के दिन और हर पल का खलिखलाना॥

अब कहाँ गया वो बचपन?
आज जब बड़ी हो गयी
तो य महसूस हुआ
वो मासूम दिन तो पीछे रह गये,
काश एक बार फरि कोई बचपन लौटा दे,
काश फरि से उन पलों से मलिवा दे॥

‘Childhood Memories’

When I was younger,
I was very cheeky.
I would take my mums dresses
And turn them into dolls clothes

I would hide in my closet at night
Uncovering a new story, eager to
be read.
The waves of words, flowing in my head
Until I sense a shadow loom over me.

My smile is a ray of sunshine
My laughter is a waterfall of joy
My ocean eyes peering out my window
My brain travelling to its secret universe

Me and my friends loved to play hopscotch
1,2,3...
Playing together, laughing at everything,
Enjoying the special times back then.

But now as I've grown older
I have come to realise one thing-
How I wish to go back to my past,
And re-live those special moments again.



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