



**THORNS**  
COLLEGIATE ACADEMY

# YEAR 10 POETRY



**SHIRELAND**  
COLLEGIATE ACADEMY TRUST

# CHANGES



Is this the new normal?  
Is this how life's going to be?  
Above me, stars illuminate the night sky.  
Guiding stars, standing still. Motionless.  
The air -  
hypnotic, see through, rare.  
Planet Earth is blue,  
and there's nothing we can do  
but the sun rises in spite of everything  
in these uncertain times.  
Clouds are flying by  
and I think it's gonna be a long, long time  
before everything's right again.

*by Liam Whittaker*

# CHARGING, RAGING, STORMING

Around me, the laws of gravity are ignored,  
miniscule and large pieces of rock float freely  
in the infinite dark depths of space.

In front of the ship,  
the horizon seems as if I am in a loop,  
darting past stars that illuminate the inky skyline.

To the left of the rocket,  
the buoyant shuttle seamlessly  
evades the bombardment of boulders.  
Lights flicker warning as signs course through my body,  
plummeting down to the Earth at rapid speeds,  
thinking how people are in trouble beneath me.

However the real fact is that the Earth doesn't care.  
Billions of people on this planet and  
only a few know your existence on a personal level.  
I am insignificant. Rapidly approaching  
my death  
just to realise that in 5 years' time,  
I will be a grain of sand, untellable  
from the rest.

*by Adam Partridge*

# DON'T QUIT



And to the side of me  
Drunken messes  
Share a drink called loneliness  
And realise it's me

For I am my own mistake  
Bullied at birth for being stupid  
Thinking about their thoughts at the age of 1  
But I powered through it all  
And became the richest man  
But I still drink a glass of loneliness, alone and forgotten

Because even someone as rich as me knows  
Money can't buy happiness  
So I threw all my money away  
And went to the piano man

He told me everything about life  
It's meaning and purpose.

*by Sam Butler*

# DREAMS



That day thinking,  
wanting, struggling  
I wanted it to end. Needed the  
chaos to stop. That day we thought  
would never come has, and I think it's  
going to be long, long time.

Rattling around in the depths of my mind,  
I wondered if this was real. I missed reality, life, family.  
Lost, anxious, confused - I felt like I was dreaming.  
Missed by strangers and taken by isolation; everywhere  
I looked, gloom followed.

A thought began to become real in my mind,  
consuming everything else: a thought that told me  
that reality itself is  
lonely,  
dull,  
isolating.

As if it was like existence  
was gone. But I slept again  
and dreamt this time.

*by Joe Chance*

# EMPTINESS



The world was my oyster,  
life was amazing,  
life was exciting,  
life was normal.

This world,  
my current home,  
isn't real;  
planet earth is blue,  
tears run down its face,  
as eyes peer out of windows.

What does lonely feel like?

I have become someone else,  
corrupted by emptiness.  
I am trapped.  
Can you hear me?

It's time to leave the capsule,  
if you dare.  
I am lost in space.

Do you think it's going to be a long, long time?

*by Katie Goodenough*

# FREEDOM



As the bayou insects sing,  
the streets of Louisiana burst with energy,  
and the French Quarter's kaleidoscopic jazz dances and vibrates  
through the Mississippi,  
the birthplace of culture.

Have you ever dreamt so vividly? I had stayed clean for so long,  
but I had given up -  
who knew I would choose the  
the path of the  
flames?

Has your fuse ever frayed?

From there on my story had become a lot more  
dreadful and a lot more plagued;  
it is quite funny as I was  
literally dancing with  
the Devil.

My bell is so close to being rung -  
behind me, is nothing, but waves upon waves of darkness,  
as if the ocean of the cosmos is slowly sweeping in step by step  
to engulf me and drown me in eternal damnation.  
As I looked at the stars they stared back like judges, mocking me  
and taunting at my failures and mistakes.  
It was as cold as hell.

Sometimes we must test the water, sometimes we must gamble,  
and sometimes we must even place our own people at the  
end of the blade.

I left the capsule, but was it worth it?

*by Muhammad Ibrahim*

# JUST WAITING



I still stare into nothingness,  
like something was still there,  
but also as if it had vanished;  
as if I was only a couple of  
hundreds of thousands of miles away,  
I could still feel the other half of me here,  
though I never stayed with them.

All this science, I don't understand.  
All I hear on the comms,  
all of it seems unreal.  
Any man's death takes a blow to my heart -  
if they suffered, so will I,  
and so I still follow orders on a different planet to them,  
unlike those who still disappoint, a mere meter away.

Flew me far away from everyone, told me to take  
my protein pills and smile away. Told me planet  
Earth is blue and there is nothing I can do,  
but stay away.  
I've done what was asked, haven't I?

Still stuck in the abyss,  
holding on for the only shooting star,  
that chooses to never come.  
Still bored beyond comprehension,  
still far away,  
still alone,  
still...  
It's gonna be a long, long time.

Then, one day, perhaps, maybe, they might say,  
"Time to leave your capsule,  
if you dare".

*by Tyler Cadman*



# M.I.A

Do you remember what the real world looked like?

Above me, the sky beamed  
iridescent colours,  
a marriage between fear and hope,  
spoilng the sun's attempts to sleep.

Reality was a kaleidoscope of a million  
dreams and memories,  
a new adventure waiting to be explored,  
a paroxysm amongst beautiful  
destruction.

I missed the chirping of the birds,  
the symphony of laughter of my grandchildren.  
I miss the Earth and  
my wife.

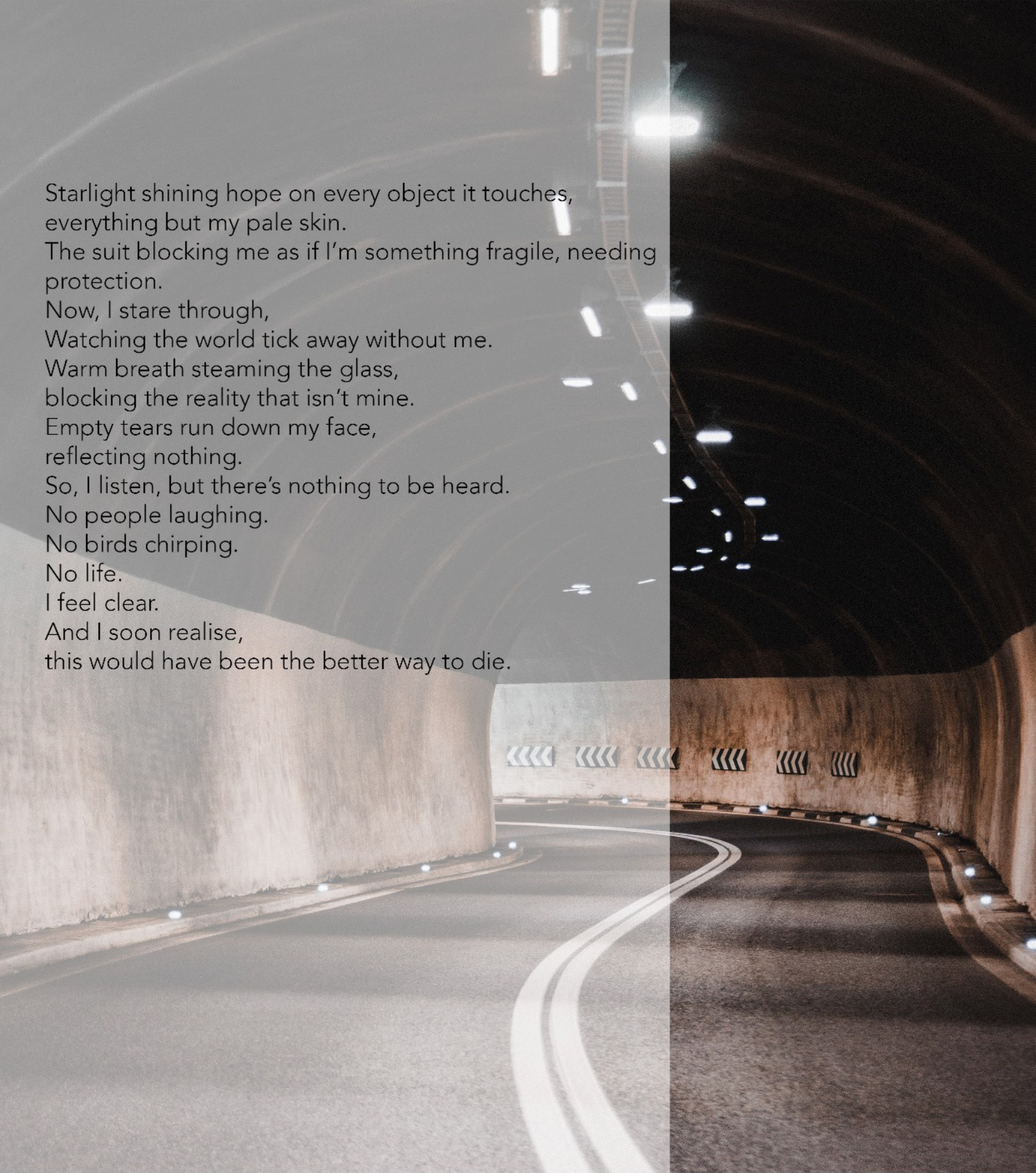
I wonder if I'm missed?  
To be missed is to be loved by those who  
were once around us.

It's lonely out here in space.

Do you remember what the real world looked like?

*by Marnie Duffell*

# SPACE



Starlight shining hope on every object it touches,  
everything but my pale skin.  
The suit blocking me as if I'm something fragile, needing  
protection.  
Now, I stare through,  
Watching the world tick away without me.  
Warm breath steaming the glass,  
blocking the reality that isn't mine.  
Empty tears run down my face,  
reflecting nothing.  
So, I listen, but there's nothing to be heard.  
No people laughing.  
No birds chirping.  
No life.  
I feel clear.  
And I soon realise,  
this would have been the better way to die.

*by Katherine Stonelake*