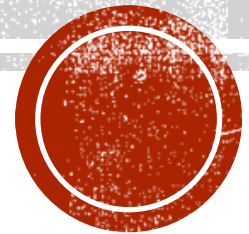


KS4 POETRY: WAR



Beautifully Inevitable

I felt like I was dreaming.
Everywhere I looked there was panic
And stress and love and hate.
How can I save a world that is breaking?

Our pride is lost,
Our love is wasted.
This deadly demise -
It is beautifully inevitable.

It slows us down – it makes us stop;
It makes us question our purpose.
Why do we fight Ares
If he is always going to win?

It makes us stop,
But we have to go again,
We have to fight,
We have to fight,
And if we lose, we die.

It feels like it,
But I know I'm not dreaming.
I knew he was always going to win.
I know that we are lost.
How can I fix a world that is broken?

By Aden Brookes



Their Scarlet Ghosts

Tired, forgotten, alone- I felt like I was dreaming

A cacophony of sounds that surrounded me just moments ago

Fade gently to a continuous ringing

Firearms dazzle like glowing eyes from a distance

The ground beneath me trembles in contradiction to myself

Where I lie peacefully amongst the chaos.

For once in my life the constant, piercing cries in my head come to a rest.

In the vast nothingness of the sky,

Dirt and ash fall like snow,

Collectively building up around me,

Burying me kindly.

The complete disorder and confusion that surrounds us

Parts with the lives lost in this war;

I watch as my family fall to the ground,

Embraced by their scarlet ghosts,

Separating from the shell of what once was.

If God truly exists, why won't he save you?

By Georgia Tandy



For King and Country

I wish I was dreaming,
Bodies lie amidst the rubble and dust,
Lifeless.
Even if they are still breathing,
I am empty.

Trapped. A prisoner
who has received a life sentence,
Only waiting to be called from the waiting room
By death himself.

Life is violent,
A constant war.
Life is terrifying,
One challenge of who can get to the top.
Life is suffocating,
Draining happiness, draining hope
And leaving a costume of a man.

Follow the orders.
Say nothing.
Risk your life in the process.
For king and country.

“For king and country” they said,
“You’ll be honoured” they said.
We’re just nameless cogs,
All working in one big clock.

By Megan Croad



Charge Of The Heroes

We finally awoke and were running
Faster and faster and faster toward a soulless enemy
That craved the world, us, everything
And such a villain must be removed.

Charred and choking air consumed everything
For burning, blinding, bruising every one of us.
A dark cloud polluted the skies,
As if God had handed us over.

Charging endlessly to an impossible goal,
A goal that would crush men's morale, perishing all but the dead,
A goal that would gun down even the strongest, but worst of all,
A goal that pushes the willing far, far beyond repair
We knew we would die. Yet, we did not care.
We desired the life of heroes.
Of honour.
Of acknowledgement.

They clambered and stumbled
And rolled and tumbled
As they got no closer to their enemy
And the planes were ready
But needed those artillery guns gone.
All they needed was one more man.

Is cowardice wrong?
Is it a crime that deserves a punishment worse than death?

I remain smothered in white feathers,
A mark and a sign of what I am,
To tell everyone who I was, am and forever will be,
To warn people, that I am a coward.

By Tyler Cadman



I Bet On Losing Dogs

Bullets ruffled my hair like a lover's breath
as I peeked out from the trench,
a cemetery for those typhoons wrapped in flesh.

Fear borrows my body without asking so that my hands become its hands; my legs
become its legs.

And I run.

I run so fast I'm afraid I'll never stop.
Each breath compels me to surrender to my animalistic instincts.

Ravage.

Maim.

Kill.

A question like a stone in my shoe, impossible to ignore.
Would they let me lose on these losing dogs?
As I look in their eyes as they're down?
As I'm losing by their side?

Should I just waste away on this roof while the self is not so weightless. Pondering
death of the self,
The absolute freedom.

But as I grow closer to not existing, the more honest I become.
I plead to unzip the air and escape into it.
While us wild 'men' don't get the blues.

Someone must have seen me die.
You must tell me someone saw me die.
I deserve to be seen.

By Erin Stokes



Untitled

Mocking and taunting me the clouds stared from above,
Watching as my fate was being chosen.
The explosions around me were as loud as thoughts,
And as big as life itself -
This was hell. Life was war,
draining and dramatic,
a competition where you only matter if you win the game.
That day I stood there waiting for death,
That day kept replaying in my head.
I was in pain.
That kind of pain you fear,
That kind of pain that plunges your heart and drains your soul.
Does God organize chastisement for those beyond the grave?

By Lauren Griffiths



Untitled

Sleepless nights and warning signs I completely ignored
Infest my mind like ants and
I feel myself spiralling into an abysmal nothing
As I look around and wonder.
Is this it?
Life used to be special.
It used to be something to cherish.
Now it is a never ending nightmare
Where minutes are hours.
And days are weeks.
All I can do
Is cling to the hope I have left.

By Grace Garbett



Untitled

Lay here, the monstrous machine
weighed down my arm like a ton of sculptured stone
that tossed and threw men in the air like toys,
igniting a yellow hare that rolled like a flame.

Uniform rows of khaki colours,
regretfully chanted,
desperately cried and helplessly screamed
amongst a cacophony of explosive sounds
that ricocheted through the fields.

Lay here,
shameful and ashamed of myself,
questioning all of my mistakes.
Chaotic eruptions of fluorescent orange and yellow
carved into flames. Flames of hope.

But I thrust,
Again and again and again.
Power clung to my taste buds,
As I fulfil my duties,
I feed off the glory,
Destroying any resemblance of the old me.

By Holly Raybould



Torment

Tormented, lost, trapped - I felt like I was dreaming,
looking up the black smoke lingering in the air, as
behind me my fellow combatants stood as one, and
around me the constant scream of death filled my ears.

The mud felt like glue binding us to the ground,
as these brave men fought for their lives,
in this purgatory.

Life was restless, life was judging, miserable and exhausted me
every chance it got.

Life was a clock: constant, futile repetition with no sense of
change.

That day I just lay there, waiting, thinking,
begging

to come to some realisation on what was
happening. But was the point in trying?

That day I was alone.

Alone, and curious. Curious about what me and my life
had become; the questions flooded
my head confusing me even
more than before for me to try to
recognise what had become of
me and the beliefs I fight for.

Does God have an answer to my prayers?

By Archie Toy



Purgatory

Surrounding me - a wasteland,
Smoke clouds approaching,
Following orders like a puppet on a string,
This is purgatory

Life was an illusion,
A game for the ones the media follow,
They're the ones who get a happy ending,
While I fade into nothing

Why are we here,
What will become of us?
Death was not something I feared,
But what came after -
Would I get a happy ending?
Or would I fail for my dirty, corrupt hands?

It was peaceful,
The strange, peaceful,
Ethereal,
Unrecognisable reality.

By Abigail Parkin



Inveigled

Abused, corrupted, dehumanised - I felt cheated on.
Fear was staring me in the face.
In my hands I clutched onto my only saviour.
Yet, behind that soul fuelled by pride was but another
innocent man,
looking for answers.
Beneath me the soil was awaiting another body to just fall
upon it like a drop of rain.
This was purgatory.

Am I dying?
For me, life used to be amazing.
Life used to be reassuring, uplifting, charitable.
Life was a kaleidoscope of worries all blended together
yet behind the beautiful image took place
wars between any good and evil,
leaving vivid scars and dark bruises never to be healed or to
disappear as

a tumour was slowly growing in my body.
Demolishing each and every cell of dignity, humanity.
So that I would be another mammal running on a field with
no heart.
With a brain drowned in honour.
Looming above me the sky was polluted with dark colours.
a reflection of the pieces of flesh lying beneath it.
Surrounding me was mayhem.
The kind of mayhem that you only read in horror stories.
The kind mayhem that sends shivers down your spine.

It paralyses you,
trapping you in its cage.
The cacophony of sounds deafened me:
bombs, bullets gunfire all overcoming the screams.
Cries of help that once were on repeat.
I could faintly still hear the noise of the crackling woodfire.
It sat in my ear drums,
making my soul and heart weep in yearning,
yearning to just return home and live a life.
This was no life.
I begged God to free me of this hell I was in.
To show some compassion and mercy,
but it seems the skies were full of sins and mistakes
leaving us to despair.

What does Hell feel like?

By Amin Mahmood



The Cycle

Shielding my head from any debris
from the frequent explosions
painting the sky grey.
The countless bodies of the unlucky,
the skyline of the ruined city,
all serve as a reminder,
a reminder of what happened,
on that one day.

But that day, I just wondered.
Wondered about my life,
Wondered about my family,
Wondered about my friends,
Wondered about my country,
Are they safe? Are they well?
Are my sacrifices good enough?

From my travels I keep mementos,
Mementos of the lives I've saved,
Mementos of the lives I've taken,
Mementos of the families I've saved,
Mementos of the families I've ruined,
What seems inhuman to some,
Is every day for some.

And yet, I continued.
Continued the killing,
Continued the destruction,
Continued believing the propaganda,
Continued the cycle.
The cycle of pain,
The cycle of death.

Shielding my head from any debris
from the frequent explosions
painting the sky grey.
The countless bodies of the unlucky,
the skyline of the ruined city,
all serve as a reminder,
a reminder of what happened,
on that one day.

By Taylor Johnson



Doomsday Ashes

The sky roared and rolled with an untameable fever,
wilting poppies and desolate fields; a single tree in the dirt
despite the flames that burned its once vibrant leaves,
despite the ashes that flowed and danced around the trunk,
despite rich history that faded away into the past,
forced to watch the fire envelop
unable to prevent what had already begun.

I just sat there, watching.
He stood next to me -
silent.
Abused.

Begs for mercy and pleads for an end
would only ride on his tongue,
Please, I'm sorry, no more, stop.
Questions unanswered in his head:
Why had they forgotten him?
Would they remember him?
Would they wipe their eyes and weep?

A boy that had caused nothing but conflict; a boy
with a golden heart. Forced to watch the bombs
blow up what was once home. Forced to silently
scream as the deafening ringing in his ears grew and grew.

And yet, we were so, so calm.
Left with the silence of acceptance.
Blonde hair now lay matted down on his
glistening forehead,
eyes trained on the catastrophic explosions
hands shook in the dirt,
cheeks wet with a lifetimes worth of tears.
Everything was now meaningless,
thrown into a city that would never
remember his name

It was finally over.

By Darcy Powell



How to Save Them. All of them.

Awake.
Smoke like a blanket of safety,
Protecting us from the enemy.
We lay stone cold not daring to move.
The air dazzled with pain,
impaling those who stood in its way.

Step by step,
heart to heart,
left, right, left we all fall down,
like toy soldiers.

Life like a piece of string,
growing further and further,
until someone above cuts it.
Into blazing jaws of death we go.
Was I Dreaming?

Life was torture.
Life was uniformed.
Life was a game.
Life is a horror movie,
a living nightmare.

How to save them?
All of them...

That day I was lost,
Alone and dehumanised.
I didn't see my brother's fall,
I didn't see innocence explode,
to the hands of the Devil,
Should I have felt their pain?

If God so wishes,
I shall suffer.
If my soul is broken,
I shall fight forever.
If I must see this pain,
I shall never flinch at it again,
I will find comfort behind this façade.

My job is to lead brave cowards into death,
be the soldier who never loses his
composure
bare the weight of the world on my
shoulders.
But I was cold.

So cold,
it froze my heart,
it pieced my soul,
it shattered my bones,
it corrupted my lungs,
and stole my breath.

This was my duty.
Cheating,
dehumanising,
corrupting,
duty.

Awake.
Smoke like a blanket of safety,
protecting us from the enemy.
We lay stone cold not daring to move.
The air dazzled with pain,
impaling those who stood in its way.

Step by step,
heart to heart,
Left, right, left we all fall down,
like toy soldiers,

living like pieces of string,
growing further and further,
until someone in the skies above cuts it.
Into the blazing jaw of death.
Was I Dreaming?

By Hannah-Grace Mistry



Sword and Gun Day

Negotiations break down.

Frowns and cries echo around.

Shaking from the ground, bullets dramatically fall down
into a billion candles dimly lit, fear for survival hits.

Tomorrow never comes until it's too late.

Mislead and abandon, thoughts consumed by guilt.

Reality that made life twisted and sick.

Retribution, solitude,

Nothing left to lose.

Lost in salvation, nothing felt real; corrupted honour and dignity
shadowed into a nightmare.

Insanity refined, torture whistling overhead.

Anxiety.

Distress.

Looking for answers, the crack of dawn; emotionless
in this tranquil wasteland; kill or be killed, feel nothing
but the recoil, a false reality to comprehend erratic, irrational thoughts,
fading.

Quickly, everything slowed down, blurring intensely.

Alive or dead, no one cared.

They never did.

Negotiations broke down,

frowns and cries echoed around.

Shaking from the ground, bullets dramatically had fallen down
into a billion candles dimly lit, fear for survival had hit.

I think tomorrow has come. I think it's too late.

By Hamzah Akhtar

