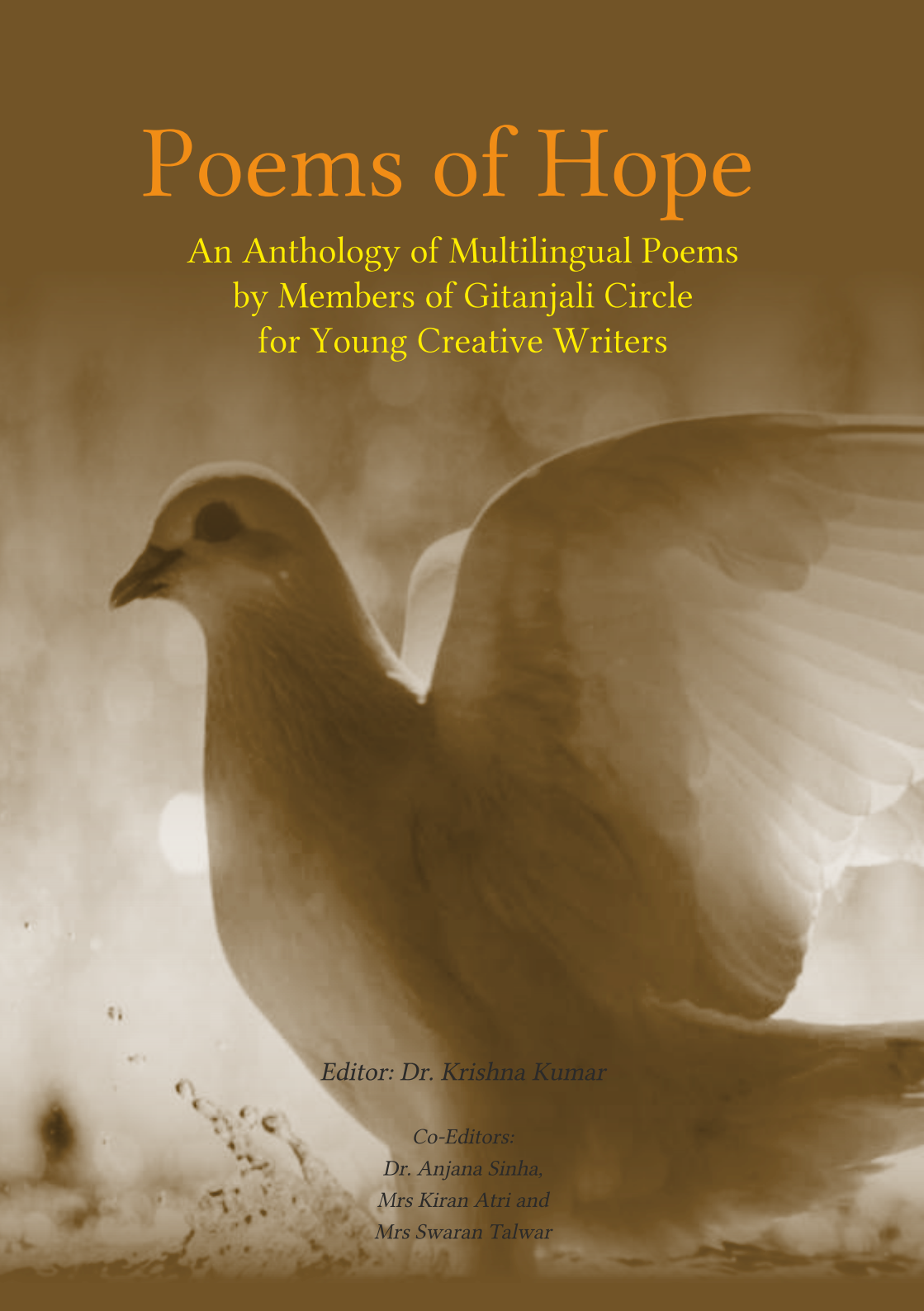


Poems of Hope

An Anthology of Multilingual Poems
by Members of Gitanjali Circle
for Young Creative Writers



Editor: Dr. Krishna Kumar

Co-Editors:

*Dr. Anjana Sinha,
Mrs Kiran Atri and
Mrs Swaran Talwar*

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2013

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PREFACE

Poems of Hope is a collection of multilingual poems by the members of Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writers recently founded on 8th April 2012. The parent organisation Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle (GMLC) was founded in 1995 to promote multilingualism. Gitanjali has been named after a girl of 16, who died of cancer in 1977 in India. She expressed her pain and helplessness in poetry, secretly and eloquently in English. Her poems were found and published in the form of a book after her death. GMLC has been encouraging young creative writers since its inception. And with a view to start a group for young writers a poetry programme in association with SAMPAD was organised on 23rd April 1998 at Haxagon Theatre of Midlands Art Centre, Birmingham. A collection of poems by the participants-'Yuv-Vani' was launched on the occasion of the World Book Day in 1998. It contained poems by 12 local young writers. However, they could not be galvanised to form the group as intended. Until recently various unsuccessful attempts were made to assemble children to form the group but due to complexity of problems of school going children and working parents it could not happen

In 2011 GMLC decided to work differently i.e. to launch the group and see the response. In one of our regular meetings, one of the Co-editors of the anthology, Mrs Kiran Atri was asked to motivate and mobilise young children and also to coordinate the activity of the forthcoming group. For this purpose a core group was formed. The group had numerous meetings. A very promising young talented Mr Unnat Krishna was asked to Chair the group. It was decided to launch the group on 8th April 2012. Dr. Anjana Sinha and Mrs. Swaran Talwar, other two Co-editors of the anthology, joined in to plan the launch. A detailed A5 leaflet outlining the concept, was widely distributed at various schools, community centres and temples etc. The response was not very encouraging.

However, due to personal contacts of GMLC members and friends the projects moved on. Prestigious venue of Counsel General's Office was made available. As the date approached, organisers realised that 8th April fell during the Easter holidays. Some core members were becoming a little disheartened thinking that prospective children may have gone away on holidays.

As the time moved on, entries kept coming to Mrs Kiran Atri. Most of them were poems, although we had invited them to send in any style of creative writing. Entries were collated and suitably classified by Kirtan Atri and Swaran Talwar to help us execute the launch programme. Parents were informed in good time by the editors of the anthology as to what they need to do on the day. On the day the hall decoration work was taken up by Dr. Anjana Sinha helped by Mrs. Chitra Kumar, Stage management by Swaran Talwar and the programme compering by Unnat Krishna. Everyone was delighted when a large number of people turned up for the launch. Children and Parents arrived in time and were briefed by Swaran. This type of meticulous planning resulted in a very successful programme and we are proud to be able to bring out this anthology to encourage our young creative writers. To make the programme more attractive the organisers decided to give to all participants a shield, an Easter egg and a certificate of participation.

Poems of Hope contains work of 19 young creative writers from different parts of the UK. Unfortunately not all could attend the launch due to various reasons. The editors decided to include a maximum of two poems per participants. It is regretted that two contributions in Tamil by Arun and Siva Priya Thirugnanarajah could not be included as it did not conform to the structure of the anthology. It contains 27 poems from children as young as 8 going up to children of 13. Children's age given in the anthology refers to time when they had composed the poems. For a change the number of boys outnumbered girls.

Most poems are centred around family, society and what they see every day in life. There are a number of surprising poems full of imagination on various aspects of life. War has also been depicted in these poems.

It was hoped that this anthology will be published in late 2012 but due to ill health of its editor since May 2012 the whole process was delayed. It is extremely regretted but I am pleased to be able to do so now. Arranging the order of poems in this anthology was not an easy task and hope we have got it nearly right. Some invaluable suggestions to this end were given by Roshni and Shekha but they could not be implemented due to logistical reasons.

The organisers hope to continue this work to bring out the best out of our children and produce world class creative writers. We can only create opportunities and the rest will depend on you the participants and their parents. We had no funding for the entire project, so far, and would appreciate the benevolent funding by generous people of the community. The anthology is now in your hands, enjoy reading and promoting by gifting to your friends and relations.

Dr. Krishna Kumar

Founder Chairman of GMLC

CO-EDITORS' REPORT

In 1995 Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle (GMLC) was founded in Birmingham by Dr Krishna Kumar and Mrs. Chitra Kumar to provide a platform for creative writers to promote multilingualism. Over the years this organisation has arranged many prestigious literary and cultural events as well as producing many high calibre writers, whose work has been published in different languages. The launch of the Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writers, on April 8th 2012, was a landmark occasion in the history of its parent organisation.

This collection of poems from our young writers' "Poems of Hope", has given us a fascinating insight into the minds of our youth. They have used the captivating medium of poetry to explore the world around them and to explain their views of society. Their poems give us a chance to not only remind us our own youth but to learn about the world today through their eyes.

We had little idea of the enormity of the task which we had set out to do. A lot of background work was needed to motivate and mobilize the young children and to inform parents about the importance of the group. Parent's assistance played a vital part in the involvement of the children as they performed the poems at the prestigious Consulate General Office, Birmingham. To our delight, Unnat Krishna, a young medical student, agreed to act as the chair and proudly led the team. He very successfully compered the programme on 8th April 2012. Transcribing and typing the poems was an enormous task taken on by Dr. Anjana Sinha, whilst Mrs Kiran Atri collated and ensured that all the book material met the requirements. Search for young local talents was carried out by Swaran Talwar, and her team, an experienced teacher and an executive member of GMLC, who through her liaison with parents was able to give the project a much needed personal touch.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all parents, and the local community, Gitanjali members, and the Birmingham Consulate staff. Our sincere thanks also go to Founders of GMLC, Dr. Krishna Kanhaiya (Secretary GMLC) and Mr. Surendra Atri for their hard work and general support in publishing this book.

We are delighted and honoured to be co-editors of 'Poems of Hope'. It has been a challenging task and an exciting journey. The creation of this book has encouraged our talented young people and has allowed them to explore their world creatively. This book is a celebration of our heritage, a legacy to be carried on by the younger generations.

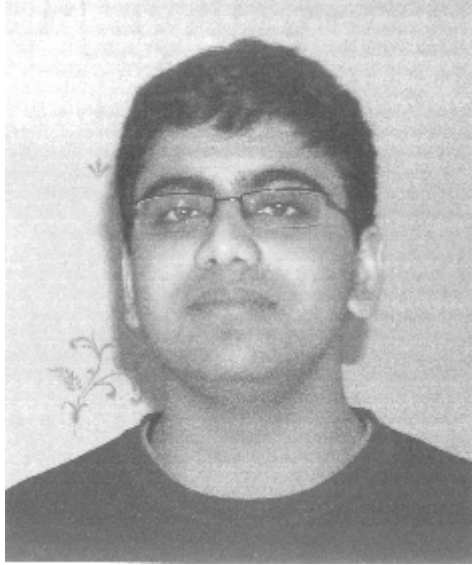
As the Nobel Prize winning poet, Ravindra Nath Tagore wrote, “Child you are carrying the fluttering flag in your hand, I can see you are the message of the Spring”. While we try to teach our children about life, our children teach us what life is all about.

Co-editors

Dr Anjana Sinha

Mrs Kiran Atri

Mrs Swaran Talwar



Unnat Krishna

Age: 20 years

Place of Birth: Patna, India

Interests: Chess, Karate, Cricket and History

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

April 8th 2012 marked the launch of the Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writers. This is a group formed with the intention of encouraging young people, regardless of creed, colour or background, to express their creativity in a variety of written genres. To augment the multilingual ethos of Gitanjali, participants can produce their writing in any language they wish.

As observed during the inauguration, creativity was expressed from poetry in English and Hindi. It was most inspiring to witness children as young as five recite fearlessly to an audience of adults. I certainly would have had to think twice at that age (...hoping that doesn't make me sound too old!).

But before conveying any further details of the event, let us address the very notion of creativity:

Why encourage creative writing? And perhaps more pertinent to the event, why should we promote young people to write creatively?

It is often said that creativity is the highest form of intelligence. Of course, to create something, one needs not only knowledge, but the ability to apply this knowledge to offer a novel insight into the world. As a recent school-leaver, I feel that creativity was often overlooked in the curriculum of secondary education. A competitive climate has left many students following a culture of studying primarily to pass exams. And consequently, individual thought has been squandered in favour of satisfying markschemes set forth by exam boards. This is but one reason why Gitanjali could play a pivotal role in helping young people develop an appreciation for creative literature.

Another benefit of Gitanjali is celebrating our ties with South Asia. Ours is undoubtedly a fascinating part of the world. Bharat; Hindustan; India. Three words whose origins can be traced to three different languages - such that the very names given to the nation become a simple, yet profound example of its linguistic diversity. Even more impressive is how so many of these languages have over 10,000 native speakers each. Of course, the subcontinent is renowned not just for the spoken word, but more broadly for its myriad of cultures. It was thus encouraging to see performers focus their writing towards these cultural themes, such as ancient Indian dance forms.

Other themes portrayed by the children ranged from the tragedy of war, all the way to complexity of nature. It is perhaps unsurprising that all present were impressed by the quality of the poems - these are clearly bright young people, who have demonstrated a depth of thought and intellect well beyond their years. Naturally, at the end of the event, all participants were rewarded with a certificate, trophy and - given it was Easter Sunday - a chocolate egg!

Before concluding, the inauguration was blessed by the presence of its guest speaker. Mrs. Shergill, concluded the proceedings by commemorating the event in memory of her daughter, Rebecca, a keen writer herself, who sadly passed away at a young age. We hope that her memory will continue to inspire children to take up creative writing.

Overall, the inauguration proved to be not only entertaining for all attending, but a valuable opportunity for young children to excel on both writing and presenting skills. The Gitanjali Circle for Young Creative Writer is very proud of its young poets, who will no doubt continue to nurture their creativity in the coming years. We endeavour to maintain such progress and it was a privilege to have witnessed such an occasion.

Thank you very much for your time!



D.O.B.: 29 Dec 2001

Ms Aditi Sharma

P.O.B.: Khartoum (*Sudan*)

Interests: Singing, Reading, Dancing, Writing & listening to Music;
writing poems for the last two years.

मेरा देश

सबसे अच्छा और सुन्दर है हमारा भारत।
जो है रंग-रंगीला हिंदुस्तान॥
उसमें हैं काफी घूमने की जगह।
और घूमते भी बहुत सारे इन्सान॥

भले ही हमारे देश में हों कुछ कमियाँ।
लेकिन मेरे देश का लोग करते हैं मान॥
फिर भी सब कुछ भूल कर।
हम सब कहते हैं कि हमारा देश महान॥

हिंदुस्तान में हैं कुछ गरीब।
पर लोग देते हैं उनको दान॥
लेकिन एक अच्छी बात नहीं है।
कि कुछ लोग हैं बेईमान॥

हमारे देश में जन्मे हैं कुछ महापुरुष।
जिन्होंने दिया है दुनिया को ज्ञान॥
उनकी लोग बहुत इज्जत करते हैं।
और गाते हैं गुणगान॥

अगर तुम्हें एक अच्छा इन्सान बन जाना है।
तो तुम मत बनना शैतान॥
और करना ऐसे काम।
कि बढ़ जाये देश की शान॥

Meraa Desh

The colourful India
With lots of places to visit
Many tourists come to India
My India a beautiful-great country.
People respect our country
Even though there may be some shortcomings
Ignoring it all
We say 'our country is great'.

Poor people in India
Receive alms from others
But some dishonest people in it
Bring bad name to our country.

Many great souls born in India
Gave deep knowledge to world
The world respects them
And talks about them.

Do something good
For the country
Instead of being naughty
If you really want to be
A good human individual.



Age: 15 years

Akanksha Sinha

P.O.B.: Patna, India

Interests: Guitar, Cooking and writing; writing poems for the last seven years.

Discrimination

Why do we judge people by their looks?
Why don't we judge them by their soul?
Why can't we all be equal?
Why can't we unite as a whole?

Why do we differentiate between boys and girls?
When both are just the same,
Sometimes girls are better than the boys,
But sexism puts them to shame.

Why do we prefer pretty to ugly,
When ugly people might be great?
Everyone is beautiful on the inside,
So everyone should meet the same fate.

Does it really matter if you're black or white?
So why people care?
Don't abuse people because of their colour,
Their despair is just too unfair.

What do you care what I believe in?
Whether I'm Hindu, Christian or Jew,
I'm entitled to my own beliefs,
It's my religion, my life, my view.



Age: 10 years

Arpit Datta

P.O.B.: Khanna (Punjab), India

Interests: Reading, listening to music, likes to play cricket and football. Writing poems for one year.

आशा की किरण

हर सुबह एक नई आशा लाती है
यह आशा की किरण रोज जगाती है,
नए-नए सपने दिखाती है,
सपनों को पूरा करने का एहसास दिलाती है,
इस आशा के सहारे दुनिया चलती है,
सब सुधारते हैं अपनी गलतियाँ,
हमें रहता सुबह का इंतजार,
कभी नहीं माननी चाहिए हार,
सदा करें मुसीबतों का सामना,
कभी न छोड़ें आशा का सहारा,
यही दिखाती मंजिल का द्वार,
मुसीबत में भी नहीं साथ छोड़ती आशा,
यह उतनी ज़रूरी जितनी हमारी भाषा,
सदा रखें मीठी वाणी,
स्वच्छ जैसे पानी।

Aashaa Kee Kiran

Each morning brings a new hope
This ray of hope
Awakens and gives new dreams
And a realisation of accomplishment
The world keeps ticking with this hope
We mend our mistakes, for
All await a new dawn
Without accepting defeat
Face the hardship
Without losing hope
As it leads to doorsteps of our destiny.
Hope and language
Both are important
Keep your spoken words sweet
And as clear-clean as water.



Age: 10 years

Emile Achall

P.O.B.: Stourbridge, UK

Interests: Reading, Games, Reading, Sports. Writing poems for eight year.

The 'No Remorse' Lightning

My eyes shut,
When the lightning struck,
The clouds were what it cut,
Lives were what it took,

Fear and pain,
Like a huge cane,
It drops to the ground,
And makes a huge sound,

Many flashes,
And even more bashes,
It always came,
Like it was an addictive killing game,

It BASHED, BANGED AND BOOMED,

We were all doomed,
It was the devils killing machine,
It was truly the no remorse lightening.

My Baby Sister Ria

I love my little sister,
She's lovely in every way,
I met her and I kissed her,
Finding out about my sister was my best day,

She is a new family member,
I waited for her for an era!
Same as me, she was born in September,
I am her brother, her carer,

Love her with all my heart,
When she smiles I have a preview of heaven,
When she's older I'll make her smart,
I'm ten but she makes me feel eleven!!

She is delightful,
She really makes me feel happy,
She is really beautiful,
But you should never smell her nappy!!!



Age: 11 years

Jamie John

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Football, Guitar, Drawing, Writing stories, poems and comic strips. Writing poems for three years

Paradise

Some where over the clouds of despair
Lies a place where all can live

With harmony in the air
In this place we all can give
In this place we all can share
Somewhere over the clouds of despair
Lies a haven filled with untold riches
Its walls ornate with love
Protected by the dove
The presence of the Lord is here
To peace its residents do adhere
For this, is paradise...



Age: 14 years

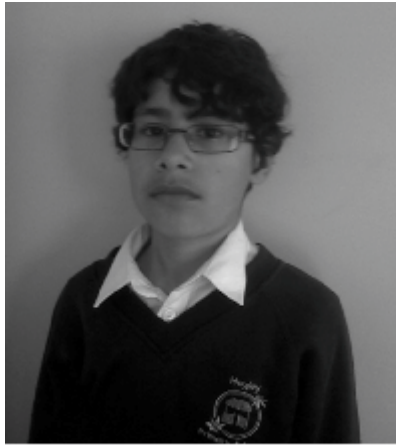
Kanan Singh

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Football, Dancing, Violin, Gymnastics, Ballet, Art. Writing poems for 6 years

What is war?

War is playing a game of darts;
some you hit some you miss
The friend that you began to know,
Now, fall to the ground like a set of pins
A barrage of bullets constantly fire at you,
just like a lion attacking his prey
It is an ongoing process;
there is no way of stopping it
You become trapped in a box;
there is no way of escaping
Dead bodies cover the floor,
like red sheet laid on atable
The endless, ear piercing cries
Make your natural environment
But the courage starts to build up inside you,
like a glass filling up with water
Soon you become brick wall;
anything that hits you will break



Age: 10 years

Keshav McCarthy

P.O.B.: London, UK

Interests: Football, Drumming and Swimming. Writing poems for 1 year.

War

Rifle hits rattle.
Cries of "Retreat the battle"
Helmets clatter
Bodies shatter
Shells whistle
The floor painted red
Injured on a bed
Soldiers bled
More and more dead
Spare arms and legs and
body parts on the battlefield
Memorials are held
For those who were shelled
We lost their bodies
Left their families in ruins
Children lose their dads
Their bodies wrapped in pads
Draped in flags
Ready for their coffins
Tributes were made for bravery
Now it's history
But then it was fresh and new
The war was blistering
They ran out of resources
Forced to surrender
They had a lot of reminders
A day we will always remember



Age: 12 years

Keshav Singh

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Football, Hockey, Badminton, Art, Saxophone and Cello. Writing poems for 4 years

Darkness

I crawl through the darkness; in my world it's always black.

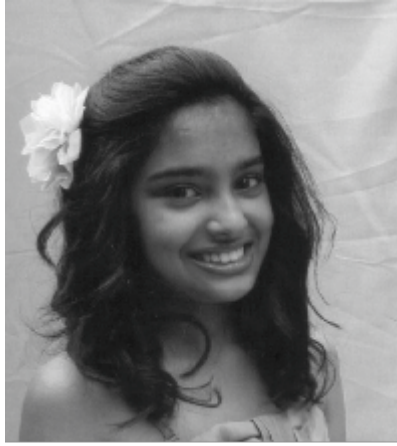
I see things, but only in my mind,
as darkness always surrounds me.

I can never tell, if it's day or night,
for me life is just an ongoing **process**.

I have never seen my family, and I know I never will,
because I'm a man whose eye doesn't work.

My world has been cast into darkness.

And yet my life is enriched with colour,
for darkness is not the only thing I see.



Age: 9 years

Kriti Singh

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Piano, Violin, Ballet and Kathak Dance. Writing poems for 2 years

My Weird Friend At School

When I was at school
I thought I had a friend
And I gave her my pencil, just to lend,
She tried to distract me
And never gave me back,
But then she decided
to put it behind a rack,
I was getting impatient and had to wait,
Until suddenly, it was handed back late,
I spoke to the girl and said to her,
“ How dare you try and take my things”,
She said her sorry and respected me,
As if, I was the noble king!



Age: 10 years

Madeeha Saher

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Reading, writing poetry, playing the violin, swimming, netball, horse riding.
Writing poems for 5 years

A river full of memories

Buy me a river full of memories
That I will remember forever
That will keep me happy and safe
Buy me a river full of happiness and sadness
That I can look at, smile and frown on
Buy me a river that's mine to keep forever
That shows my emotions from inside
And keep them safe in a personal bank
Buy me a river that is stuffed with heart and memories
That I will remember forever.

Twidley Dum Twidley Dee

Twidley Dum Twidley Dee

Where do you fly where do you be?

Twidley Dum Twidley Dee

I fly over mountains and run through the sea

Twidley Dum Twidley Sticks

How fast do you move while the clock ticks?

Twidley Dum Twidley Sticks

indeed I move fast while the wave kicks

Twidley Dum Twidley Fie

Do you stay low or do you raise high?

Twidley Dum Twidley Fie

I stay below rivers as well as the sky

Twidley Dum Twidley Fare

Do you stay here or do you stay there?

Twidley Dum Twidley Fare

I'm not only here I'm here there and everywhere



Age: 10 years

Nikhil Mediratta

P.O.B.: Liverpool, UK

Interests: Tennis, Cricket, Go-carting and Music. Writing poems for 2 years.

Memories of a Tiger

As I gaze at the stars,
I feel so imprisoned in this foreign land.
My pride was taken away,
My homeland left behind.

Only I will ever know
The pain and suffering of this land.
I left my loved ones
In such a far off place.

Now I am trapped in a man made green patch
With a boundary line.
Oh, how I took my freedom for granted.
Those days are left behind.

My orange and black strips of thick fur.
My deep-set eyes, gazing at the sky.
I once felt like a tiger.
Now I am lost. Why oh why?

I could sprint with great force,
As I hunted my prey.
I was the great beast,
Who provided the best feasts.
The wild and proud life in me,
Is now a dismal and gloomy one.
My soul is wondering
What to do.
Oh!
Think!



Age: 10 years

Ojas Pandey

P.O.B.:Palampur, H.P, India

Interests: Cricket, Writing and Chess. Writing poems for 1 year.

Cheetah

The cheetah is a thundering typhoon,
A lighting bolt catching its prey,
Its claws are sharp knives immaculately slicing into flesh,
It rips flesh with its vicious jaws,
In the African marshlands nothing can escape its deadliness,
It is also caring for its young,
It will do anything to protect it even if it has to face stronger,
bigger animals, Lions, Tigers, Leopards,
Hyenas, or even elephants
I say it is a beautiful loyal animal that's a nightmare for Gazelle.

Crab

There once was a crab who thought he could grab.
Tried to catch a cricket ball.
But got hit by the bat.



Age: 8 years

Pranav Pandey

P.O.B.: Kingston, Surrey

Interests: Playing Cricket and Football, writing poems. Writing poems for 3 years.

Spring

Kites fly in the sky
They do fly very high,
When the wind blows
Trees start to shake
Even the lilies by the lake

Birds struggle to fly in the wind
They should stay in their nest
To have a nice long rest

Bees buzz around
Looking for nectar
On the ground
Tulip tips pop out of the ground
Children like to run around
That tells me they are all signs of
Spring!!!

Yellow and White

Yellow and white
Are very bright
Colours of Indian Gods
Peas pop out of their pods
Oh the magnificent yellow and white!

Yellow and white
Make a lovely sight
Crops start to grow wild
The weather starts to get mild
Oh the magnificent yellow and white!

Yellow and white
Makes the Goddess Saraswati in sight
Happiness to everyone
Knowledge to all
Oh the magnificent yellow and white!



Age: 9 years

Priya Joshi

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Writing, reading, tennis, cricket, swimming, netball, yoga, talking and playing with my friends. Writing poems for four years.

Winter Garden

Let's talk about my Grandmas garden.

In the winter.

Everywhere I look I see frosted greenery.

But, what is the true meaning of winter you ask?

Well I'll tell you.

An ice cold snowy blanket,

tucking the cold covered flowers asleep,

Ready for the next year, ready to rise!

Springing up in the spring, dancing in the Summer.

Being beautiful in Autumn for the last time but, in the winter,

Well you've had all the fun, it's time to pack up and now it's
time to go to sleep.

Because it's WINTER!

Making cakes is fun

Making cakes is fun,
Sometimes it can get a bit messy.
When it's cooking I like to run
In the garden
I like making cakes with one of my friends called Jessie
When it comes out ready
It's not as good as I thought it would be
And it's not really that steady
When people ask me who made these burnt cakes
I'm too embarrassed to tell them
IT WAS ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Age: 10 years

Rohan Joshi

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Reading, tennis, electronics, writing and poetry. Writing poems for four years.

Magnolia tree

Spring brings the magnolia tree into full bloom.
The flowers are not quite pink
The lovely petals are flushed and rosy coloured.
The pink flowers are silky smooth, standing up,
Right from a distance they all look the same size,
Huge flowers looking up to the sun.
You got to stand and watch their magnificent glory.
Its delicate beauty makes you to want to smile,
Makes you happy, makes you wonder.
Where were these flowers hiding during winter?
All the trees in my neighbourhood.
Bloom at the same time.
Who tells them it's time to flower?
Next time I look, half the tree is bare
The pink petals are on the ground, near my feet
Magnolia petals are gone for another year!!!!



Age: 13 years

Roshni McCarthy

P.O.B.: London, UK

Interests: Athletics, Swimming (Life Guard – Award of Merit). Writing poems for five years.

Life Goes on

Live your life to the full
Inside is the true beauty
Forever young try to live
Eternity is not the length of life
Growth is a regular occurrence
Onwards is the best direction
Every day is a new one
Same is what everyday isn't
Only once do you live
Now make the most of it

Fame

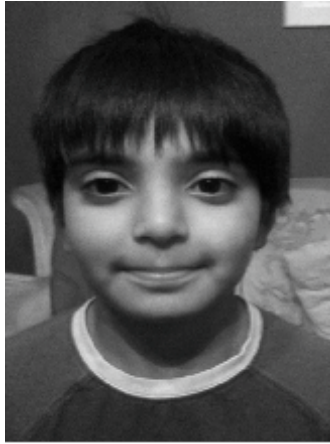
Sitting down there in that black dress
Everything wrong it was all a mess
Spotlight on should've been a song
But there wasn't and it all went wrong

Booed off stage
She was so ashamed
Then she starts to cry
Mascara runs down that bambi eye

All the time she misses the fame
She tries to relive now but it's not the same
That camera flash
And all the cash

She was at parties all the time
Up until the day when she did that crime
All that fame she had dried up
She couldn't even sell a cup

But it can't be turned back
Not that attack



Age: 9 years

Satyam Verma

P.O.B.: London, UK

Interests: Mathematics, Cricket, Tennis, Golf, Reading. Writing poems for three years.

What's New?

Brother and sister fighting in a knot,
A little baby screaming in the cot,
Vases, jewellery, broken things,
Now it's worse the television's gone ping.
Dad is screaming; looking like a bear,
But we're too busy,
We don't care.
But now mum has gone around the bend
We must stop,
It is the end.
What's New?

Birthdays

Birthday time is a highlight of your year,

It is a time to get gifts from your peers.

Birthday time is a time for having fun,

You always wish it is never done.

Birthday time has a kiss and a hug,

And presents, flowers or even a mug.

Now birthday time is a time for us all,

To remember, have fun, and have a ball.



Age: 11 years

Shekha McCarthy

P.O.B.: London, UK

Interests: Athletics, Swimming Guitar. Writing poems for three years.

Boredness

Boredness fills the air
Like a horrible stench you can't get rid of
It creates a strange quietness no one really knows how to fill
It slows down time
It just lingers on until someone finds the right thing to say or do
It makes people confused
Confused by the eerie silence boredom creates.

The sofa of sadness

Filled with tears of sadness from when you left me
The sponge, Heavy, soaked and soggy
It feels soft unlike my broken heart
The springs broke like my heart and aren't ready to move on,
yet
The sofa reminds me of my sad memories
The sofa will bounce back when landed on like my heart
The sofa sponge is heavy with all my tears



Age: 8 years

Soham Nathani

P.O.B.: Birmingham, UK

Interests: Writing Poems, Maintains Diary. Writing poems for four years.

Snow

It's a snowy night, full of wonder and delight
Almost magical to see such peaceful glow in an otherwise noisy,
grey neighbourhood
The place all lit up like a playground for creatures and beasts
from mystical lands in

my forgotten fairytale dreams
I wonder if this serene snow will stay or will rackety rain come
and melt it all away

Please beautiful soft snowflakes don't let rain chase you
Let me enjoy the warmth of your white blanket for at least
another day

Memorable Moments







Mrs Swaran Talwar

Executive member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, vice chair of U.K. A.W.C Birmingham, Ex President and Vice President of Indian Ladies Club, Birmingham. A retired graduate teacher who has taught in Birmingham School for 15 years. In the past she has organised and presented many prestigious, cultural, social and literary programmes involving young children. From 1980-1990 she has worked as a freelance artiste and presenter for BBC T.V. Asian Network. She is a poet and story writer. She is delighted and honoured to be a part of the team of editors of “Poems of Hope” which has been a challenging task to promote and provide platform for young creative writers.