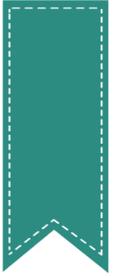




St. Gregory's Catholic High School

Poems with the theme of 'Refuge'





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By Emily in Year 9

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Plodding, trotting, stomping through the mud,
Burning, concerning, streets bathed in blood,
A monotonous trudge,
A boot-trodden sludge,
Travelling, unravelling, tranced by the sound.

Truck wheels spinning, just like my head,
If I am caught, I'll wind up dead,
Travelling, unravelling, tranced by the sound.

Rowing, unknowing, the laugh of the sea,
Hiding, confiding, the need to be free,
Bump! On the shore,
What I've waited for,
Travelling, unravelling, tranced by the sound.

See the man at the border, barrier comes down,
I peek through the gap. He looks and he frowns,
The engine roars,
My heart soars,
Travelling, unravelling, finally safe and sound.



Refuge

By Mysha in Year 8

Refuge is like shelter.

Refuge is like a place to escape to.

Refuge is like a tortoise's shell.

Refuge is like a rabbit's burrow.

Refuge is like somewhere you can hide when you feel scared.

Refuge is like somewhere you can run away from all the noise.

Refuge is like somewhere which makes you feel safe and comfortable.

Refuge is like home.

“This collection of poetry is the result of our October LRC competition in celebration of National Poetry Day 2023.

Here are all of our brilliant winners and runners up from KS3 & KS4.

I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have!”

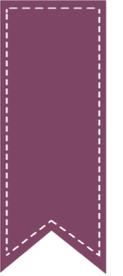
Mrs Huckerby



Refuge

By Ellen in Year 7

I have just started high school
Where I find myself in a land of giants.
Like an ant, unseen and trod on if I'm not careful.
The narrow, crowded corridors
Can make you feel disorientated.
But time is ticking, and I must get through
As the bell could ring at any second.
I'm heading to a place,
Where I am told exists,
A place of peace, tranquillity, and friendliness all around.
Full of books in every colour and subject you could desire.
The fun is truly endless and comes in different guises,
Play games with friends, take part in competitions
And win lots of different prizes.
At last, I have found my refuge.
Sit in the quiet corner, cosy and warm,
Sharing secrets and stories,
Reading books and doing homework,
At last, in the library, I have found my refuge.



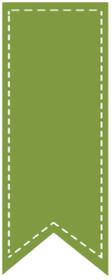
Refuge

By Anna in Year 8

A home should be safe,
A place filled with memories,
And happiness,
Not suffering and sorrow.

A lonely man sits,
On dusty and dirty streets,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
He shouldn't be waiting,
He should be safe,
Surrounded by love,
And hope.

A home should be safe,
A place filled with memories,
Not suffering and sorrow.



Refuge

By Violet in Year 7

In the storm of life, find solace in a safe space,
Where worries fade and troubles embrace.

A refuge, a haven, where peace will stay,
A sanctuary where your soul will be every day.

In times of darkness, when shadows loom,
Find refuge in the stars, their shimmering bloom.

Their gentle light will guide you through,
To a place where dreams come true.

When life storms rage and chaos ensues,
Seek refuge in the calm, where serenity pursues.

Close your eyes, breathe deep, let your worries subside,
In this tranquil haven, let your spirit reside.



Poem about 'Refuge' – Miss Anastas

By Ffion in Year 11

The sky will not cease with its cries for the departed,

Nor will the affection from the sun

Proven to be so solemn in the palms of my hands,

The hands that keep digging;

And digging.

Digging for the blade that will lacerate these strings

Between my loved ones and I

Their own fraying ends beckoning and grasping -

For the sweet release of tranquillity,

As I continue writing to my dearest with an absent pen,

Miss Anastas, the love whom in my pocket weeps.

The only sound I can bring myself to acknowledge

Over the bullets that grace the air around me,

For one day I hope

Those weeps may find a sanctuary of solace;

A fortress of peace in a turbulent sea.

The harbour of her embrace shall never be forgotten

No, not by me.

Futile compared to supplies of men – abandoned like the previous depleted swimmers,

Oh, how they complicate the mantra.

How the drums of fire govern the sky,



The LRC

By Isabella in Year 8

My refuge is the LRC,
It is the best place to be,
I like to look at all the books,
I like the way the LRC looks,
The air con is nice and chilly,
And sometimes we are quite silly.

How my heart cracks and stumbles to her: I could never forget

Miss Anastas.

Where are you, my love?

Are you amidst the barrels that glisten through the trees?

Perhaps you are guilty of running along the foreign shores,

Where men's hearts were set ablaze, their stories - countless:

And yet untold.

The raging tempest leaving families torn, cities scarred,

The hurricane stirring and winding in my ribcage,

The rain pouring in my skeleton frame

The purification of its own substance running dry.

Miss Anastas, come back.

The conflict thrives with deep and steady strides

As I trace my fingers over the outlines of your beauty.

Soldiers scurrying – their destinies intertwined with bloodshed

Bloodshed that hopes swords will one day be sheathed,

That bullets will one day be yearned behind the finest glass

Of the finest museums,

Next to her painting.

Miss Anastas.

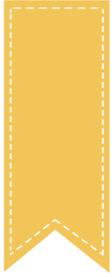
Are you there, sweetheart?

A glimmer of light, so full of hope within its tapestry of time,

The sign of your love that shall never prevail

For I see you through the shadows cast by the crimson sun's decent;

I see you through the soldiers that seek survival,



A Refugee

By Aadya in Year 7

A refugee, a wanderer in search of peace,
Like a leaf blown by the wind without release.
Their journey, a stormy sea with no land in sight,
Their hope, a flickering candle in the dark of night.

Their heart, a refugee camp filled with longing,
Their dreams, a bird trapped in a cage, longing.
Their tears, a river flowing without an end,
Their struggle, a mountain they must ascend.

A refugee's journey is not for the faint of heart,
It's a struggle for survival right from the start.
The world is a battlefield, a never-ending war,
And they're caught in the crossfire, seeking a shore.

Their hopes and dreams were shattered, their homes left behind,
Their future is uncertain, their fate is undermined.
They're like a bird with broken wings, unable to fly,
Their spirit crushed, their soul left to die.

Aadya

Survival that was led astray many moons ago.

Oh, was it you, my love?

Did you create their innocent lives to pay the heaviest cost?

For their compassion did not triumph,

For their aborted weapons did not reciprocate

Their unity and resilience.

Miss Anastas, please.

Why do you constrain holy war upon my country?

Was it I, Miss Anastas?

Was it the innocence of my children?

Or perhaps the adoration of my spouse?

I beg for your forgiveness

Miss Anastas.

As I plummet into your arms of worship and deceit,

As I stare into your eyes once filled with idolisation and now

With demise,

Finally granting my wishes of shuffling this mortal coil.

Thank you, Miss Anastas; my refuge.



Refuge

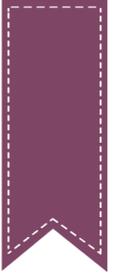
By Bertie in Year 7

Through the rushes blows,
A scent on the wind,
The scent of a soft haven of peace.

Of peace and of refuge,
Of tranquil and calm,
Of love and of grace.

Away from the troubles and strife of the life that we live,
Away from all war and,
Away from all disputes.

Of love and of refuge,
This life cannot give.



Refuge

By Dylan in Year 10

Home, a place of comfort, and place of warmth.
Though not where one rests their head,
but where one feels accepted.

Refuge, In a place of hope, a safety net.
Where you shelter from the storm of reality,
and take comfort in the fire of love.

Come on in, and enjoy a warm meal of joy, and a slice of trust.
Tonight's entertainment is a book of your life,
Where you can look back and be grateful for times like this.