

As children run through green pastures,
Trying to forget their past,
Holding back the memories,
Of past disasters,
Will they be free at last,
Be saved by remedies,
For hidden fractures.

They must be saved fast,
Or they will be conquered by their nemeses,
The buried scars deep inside of them,
The death and despair that surrounds them,
Until they stumble down onto the grass,
And try to block the pain,
That will always be with them.

As children run through green pastures,
Holding back the memories,
Trying to forget their past,
They must be saved - fast.

Louis B
Year 8

Windermere

Travelling on that solemn train,
Thoughts of my family, I shed a tear,
Inside my heart was nothing but pain,
As we travelled to Windermere.

Torture, suffer, misery was all I knew,
Flashbacks to corpses and blood and the fear
It was scary travelling after WWII,
Was it just another holocaust at Windermere?

At first, I was scared and all my family were dead,
In England with strangers and just me all alone,
But there was no torture, no guards - just basketfuls of bread,
I had fresh sheets and new clothes I could finally call my own.

It all clicked, Windermere was just a safe place,
Where I could create everlasting bonds,
I couldn't describe the smile on my face
when we would laugh as we dived into the lakes and the ponds.

I was a boy again, the skies are clear,
The grass is green in Windermere.

Stephen S
Year 8