

Year 7 Winners

First Place

The Black Spring

Grey clouds drift across the once blue Spring sky
And the world is silent and deathly dark.
Locked down behind closed doors I can but sigh.
But hope is near, hear the song of the lark.
See the buds blossom, smell the warm earth,
Nature reclaims it's right to grow and give birth.

Cooped up in close confinement, trapped inside;
Sunshine gleams, the garden beckons, the trees wave,
Our daily release, we no longer hide.
The world has realised it's nature it must save.
In this dark time, the promise of Spring
Soars above our grief and makes us sing.

The black Spring has begun, hear its cold call.
Fear and disease spread widely through the land,
While a carpet of golden yellow grows tall;
Daffodils bloom untouched by human hand;
Fat bees begin to buzz and busy birds nest.
For humanity this is the biggest test.

By George Harris

Second Place

Spring is here, But not for me!

Spring is full of sun and life,
Lambs are born, the world is bright

Fields of flowers would fill my eyes,
But not this year, I'm stuck inside

A virus appeared out of the blue
It locked us down, me and you

I hated school but now I miss it,
I have learnt to appreciate it

Stuck in here, I'm now home schooling,
Because outside the virus is ruling

My mum is fun but not as clever,
I want a teacher that can teach me better

How long do we have to be in here?
I'm getting tired of feeling fear

When my courage draws me out,
I will be free without a doubt

To see my friends and have a laugh,
To buy some sweets and go to the park

Hopefully spring will still be here,
When we get the all clear.

Charlie Martin