

Poetry Magazine

WHO WE ARE

a collection of poems and illustrations
class 10ks



lily braun grammar school

The project was carried out under the supervision of Mrs. Kelly.

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1. INTRODUCTION

Have you ever felt like words express things beyond their actual meaning?

These are the words that made us become honest and poetic:

Go home and write
a page tonight
and let that page come out of you
then it will be true

Poems we often relate to express our feelings better than we are able to do ourselves. This includes feelings, you are not sure of or are too afraid to express because, sometimes, poems open our hearts and speak directly to us. In this magazine, we take you through a journey in which you will explore a collection of poems that include topics such as life and its struggles, friendship, thoughts about the truth and even about dreams.

As you read on, we invite you to think and reflect on your own truths and feelings. Each poem has its own story and gives you the chance to realize, you are not alone in having feelings you are too afraid to express. This magazine helps you to see the world through an honest perspective. Some poems express all the feelings you are unable to put into words or perhaps too scared to say aloud. After all, all these poems are written from the heart and hopefully, relatable for you, even if you might not be able to grasp the true meaning behind some of them.

Overall, you, as the reader, have the opportunity to open your heart to a very real world of feelings to connect and reflect.

Written by Medine

Twist N' Turns

by Hanne

Go home and write
A page tonight
And let that page come out of you -
Then, it will be true

A page, you say?
Alright, ok.
I got to do it anyway!

I know a few people
With quite the talent.
Man, I wish I could lend it

That would be useful
In life and in school.
To be able to write
And able to rhyme.

As you can see:
I'm able to write.
But not as free
As others might.

This is taking a lyrical twist.
It's not what I planned to do
There is of this kind enoo'
That's not what I missed

I'm switching the styles
Like turning the tiles
Of a memory game.

That's why you came.

Or not, who knows?
As the saying goes:

All things must come to an end.
Now then, farewell, my friend!



2. POEMS ABOUT A DAY IN LIFE



School day

by Sedef

I wake up early, tired and slow
Grab my bag and here I go

The school day starts, we read and write,
Some things are easy, some are a fight

Lunch with my friends, we laugh and play
Then back to class, I'm not afraid

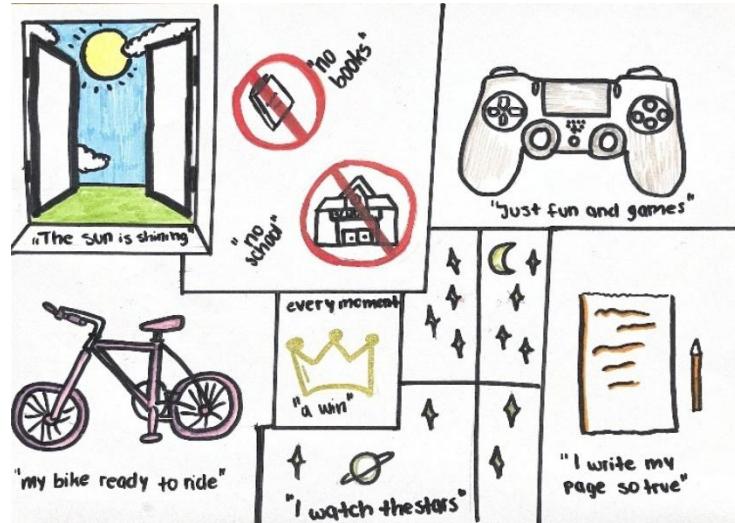
The bell rings loud, the day is done,
We go back home and have some fun

My holiday routine

by Zeinab

I wake up early
The sun is shining clearly
No school, no books today,
Just fun, games and time to play

I run outside,
My bike ready to ride.
The wind is fast
My day off runs past



I see my friends and joy comes when
We laugh and play again
We climb, we jump, we swim
Every moment feels like a win

At night, I watch the stars
Dreaming of lands afar.
Then, I write my page so true
To keep my day alive for you.

Day of love

by Inka

The morning light
my mom's voice breaks the air
everything is shining pure and bright
parents eyes filled with gentle care

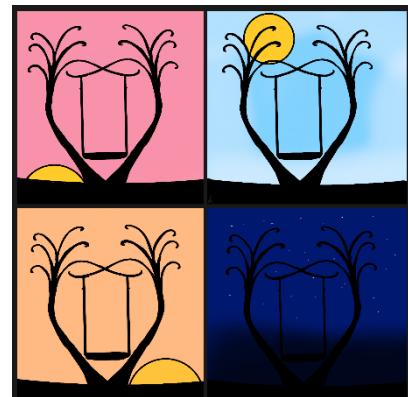
My siblings laugh – this atmosphere
my father says "Time to come home"
loving faces everywhere
I am never alone

The hours flying along the gate
lessons are starting to bloom
a glance that wakes an unknown fate
and your laughter fills the room

I learn that love can take new shape
so that you can't say a word
like sunlight caught in a gentle cape
and you hope it doesn't hurt

Under the golden shining boughs
I see two hearts entwine
hearing them speaking their vows
and listening to bells that sweetly chime

Beneath the sky, so perfectly blue
I stand a step away



but know their promise true
and that they will find a way

The sun goes down, the shadows speak
they sit there after years
even though they now feel weak
I see the smile behind the tears

They say, "Our love remains, a glowing flame
but our world turns slowly grey
our life presented in a frame
but our hearts stay bound forever"



I dance under the midnight rain
seeing my dream clear
listening to my favorites song refrain
I sense it, I am here

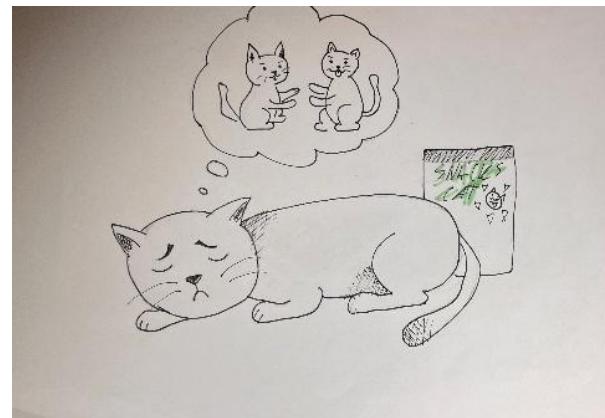
The night arrives, not feeling fear
for some time, closing my eyes
but love, eternal, lingers here
where every morning lies

Cat's life

by Yaren

Every time I see my cat
I think, for myself: what the heck?!
Cause whenever I want to caress her neck,
She is laying next to her snacks

Sometimes, I just want to be like her,
Stay in bed all day and lick my fur





School

by Zehra

I go to school everyday
to find a job, someday
I work really hard to get real smart

Some days are exhausting,
some days are haunting
But at the end of the day it's worth something

Me and my friends are stressed very much,
but if we go through it together
we will make money – enough

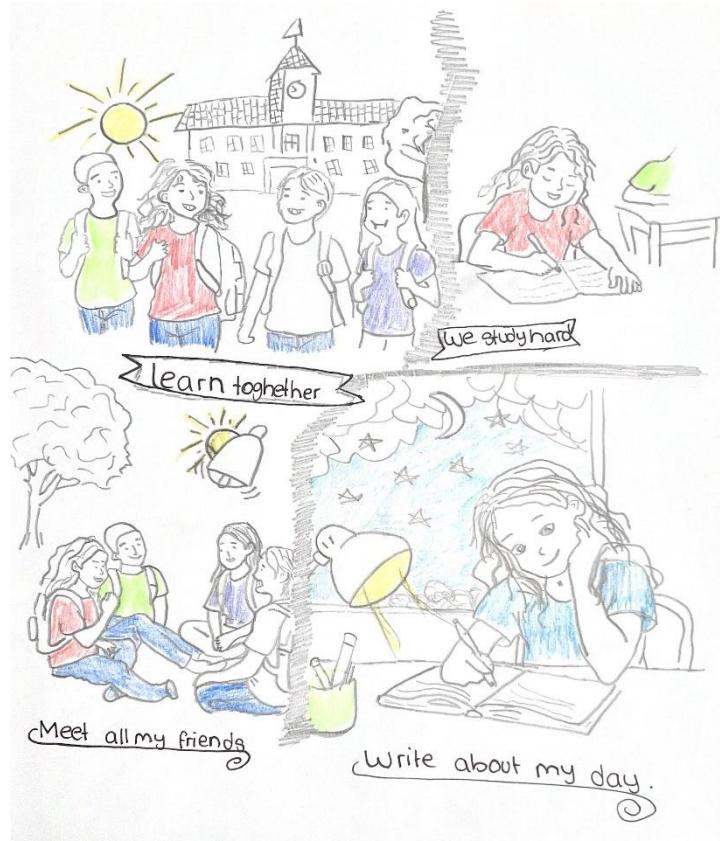
A day in life

by Fatma

I wake up early, the sun already bright,
So, the day begins just right
I pack my bag and walk to school,
Meet all my friends, which always feels cool.

We learn together, we study hard
We write our exams and do our part.
After school, when the bell rings,
We talk about so many things

Then I go home, homework to be done,
I take my pencil, can this be fun?
Again, I write about my day.
Thinking to myself, is this the way?
Does putting my day on paper
Make it more true, later?



A melancholic night

by Sophie B.



Write of breath
Of streets that break
Of dreams whispered of what you fake

But life took a turn

Write of lights on window glass
Of time that runs
Of hours that pass

Write of hearts that never sleep
Of laughter loud
Of wounds too deep

Write of home
Not place, but feel
Of things you lost
Of things that heal

Write of you
Your pulse, your fight
And let that page
Become your light.

3. POEMS ABOUT FRIENDSHIP AND STRUGGLES

Where are my homes?

by Sophie S.

I don't know what to say, alright
I don't know what to write
I think of my two homes every single night

The first, I spend my every day
I feel and speak there
The second is so far away
I can't reach it everyday

Both are on my mind, you see
The one is too far from me
The other is near, always here
Juggling with happiness for me



When thoughts burn, friendship shines

by Viktoria

When your thoughts are burning,
your friends are right there, always returning.

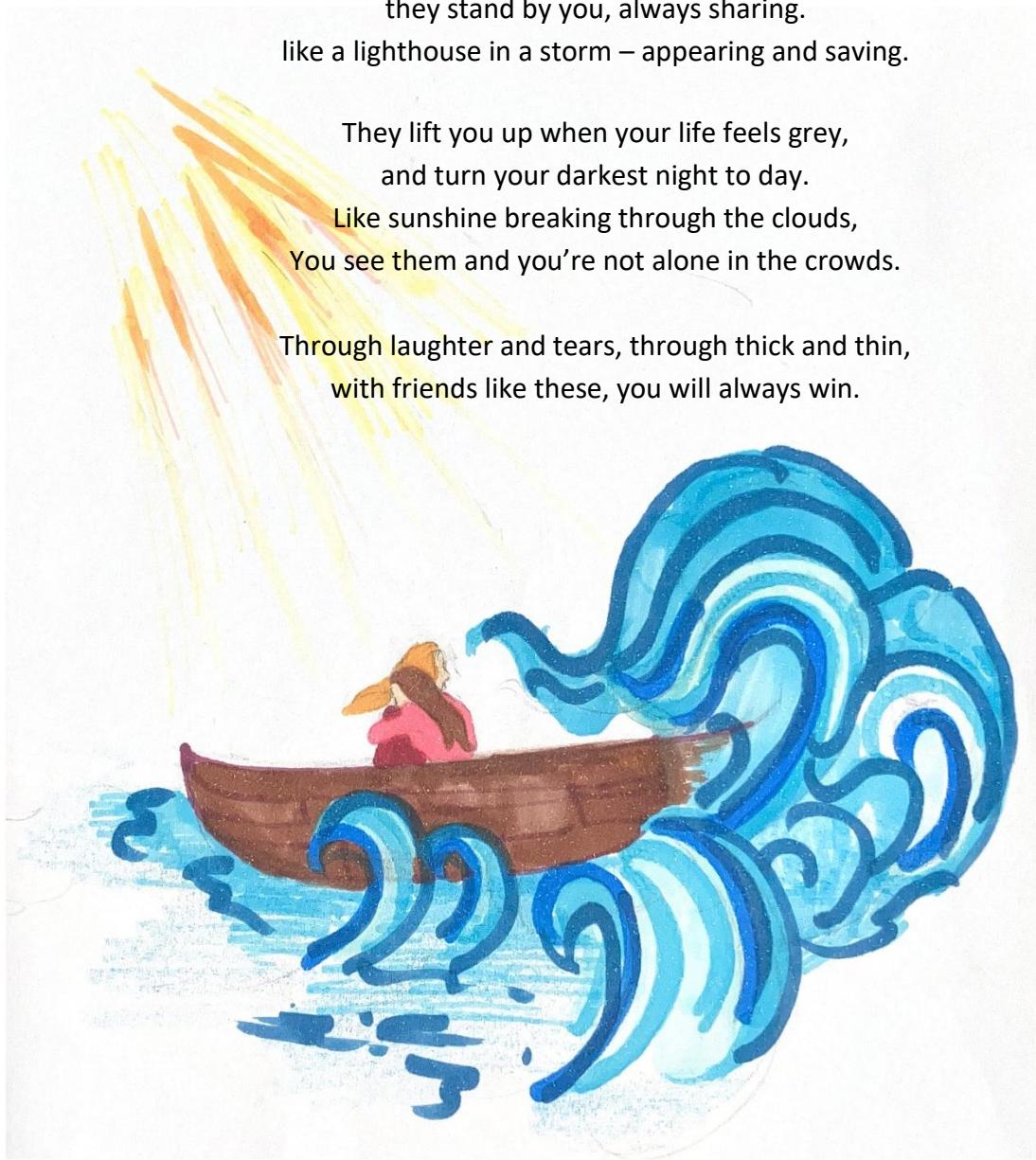
Their presence, it heals like a warm hug,
your burning thoughts fly away like a bug.

Your friendship keeps you safe
like a boat through every wave.
'cause, friends are really caring.
they stand by you, always sharing.

like a lighthouse in a storm – appearing and saving.

They lift you up when your life feels grey,
and turn your darkest night to day.
Like sunshine breaking through the clouds,
You see them and you're not alone in the crowds.

Through laughter and tears, through thick and thin,
with friends like these, you will always win.



The butterfly with a broken wing

by Olivia

In school, they try to give their best
but after some time, they need some rest

nobody sees, how they really feel
but on them, there is a rolling wheel

They are asking themselves, what they did wrong
at the same time, they need to be strong

Every day, they're doing their best
but never being on the top, like the rest
And even when trying to be fast
they always end up to be the last

Feeling stupid, sad, disappearing, not seen
Like a butterfly with a broken wing
thinking that flying shouldn't be their thing



but just a few years, then they are free
by doing something, where they agree

And maybe someday, someone sees their best
and then they're not feeling like being the last

Hello, can you listen to me?

by Zoe

I don't feel like hiding
because I want everyone to discover the real me
I'm not weak, I'm strong
I'm not quiet because I want to be
I'm an introvert
In truth, I want to belong somewhere

All I hear is, "Do this" or "Do that,"
but I hate it because you treat me like a maid.

During school, no one asks for my opinion

But if they do it's only because
they don't want to work themselves

Besides, I hate these tedious team exercises

So, I'm only there out of sympathy

Everyone I talk to lies to each other

Everyone I talk to lies to themselves



People have flaws but instead of realizing
they yell at me and blame me for anything

In my class, everyone should be there for each other as the want

In my class, however,
everyone is only interested in themselves and
how they can embarrass each other.

Can you really call that a community?
I've been constantly trying to fit in somewhere
since I was six but I've always been rejected or excluded
It's no different here

Instead of seeing me as an equal
everyone pities me or lie to themselves
I'm a prisoner in my own head
but I want to be free and spread my wings
like a bird in the sky
Because in truth, I only want one thing
I want to a real friend

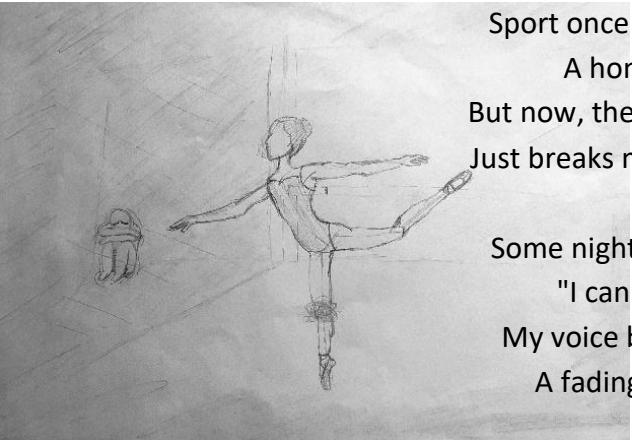
The pain no one hears

by Flora

My knee, my knee, it aches so deep
A quiet pain, I cannot keep.
For years, I've carried all this weight,
And every step reminds me – straight

I train, I push, I give my all,
Yet, still I stumble, still I fall.
The pain stays close, it never fades -
It follows me through all my days.

I begged for help, but no one replied,
So, all my tears stayed locked inside.
Toddler-me danced without a fear
But grown-up-me is just standing here.



Sport once felt safe, my place to be,
A home where I felt free
But now, the thing that made me shine
Just breaks my heart – no longer mine.

Some nights, I whisper on the floor,
"I can't do it anymore ... "
My voice breaks quiet in the dark,
A fading hope, a dying spark.

I'm tired of fighting through the ache,
Of smiling wide while I might break.
And no one sees the weight I bear -
How heavy pain can feel to wear.

So, here I stand, alone and worn,
Life shadowed, silenced, bruised and torn.
And though the world won't hear my cry,
The pain still lives, no hope close by.

The Trustworthy

by Angelo

What do I even know about who I am?
Most days, I feel like a stranger wearing my own face.
But my friendships have survived thick and thin,
like a band trying to stay together even when the stage
shakes.

I'm flicking my pen, trying to catch a spark in the dark,
writing down the moments we had back then.

And when I look at me and them,
I realize we're just reflections in the same cracked glass
not as different as I once thought.

Maybe knowing that
is knowing something, after all.



4. POEMS ABOUT DREAMS

Dreams

by Eleonora

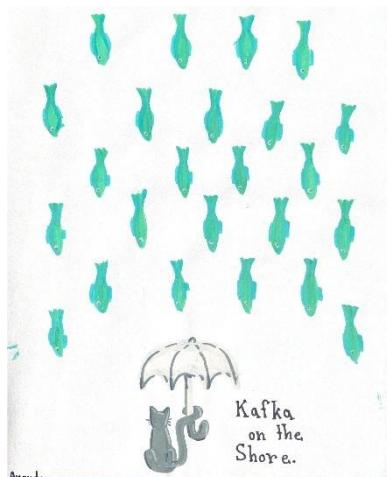
Start writing now,
Don't be afraid
Your words are light
But will they fade?



Write about the sky,
The sun or the clouds
Brightest light or white as snow?
Write about happiness
And write about pain?

Write about friends
Or dreams that end?
Write about days
That end in a moment?

Keep writing on,
Don't be afraid
Your words are light
They will not fade.



Surreal life as Kafka on the Shore

by Ananda-Sherin

Just like Haruki Murakami wrote a page - more than one
About a boy named Kafka who suddenly from home has gone
As sly as a fox he's thinking outside the box

Cats speak riddles, fish fall like rain
Dream and truth entwine again

Between two worlds, the borders blur
What's real, who knows, what's sure?

A mothers shadow, sometimes near
Calls silent for him to hear

In the very end, a curse life was
one the father gave
'Kafka' tried to escape – or did he?
He lived a life where everything was surreal and unorganized.

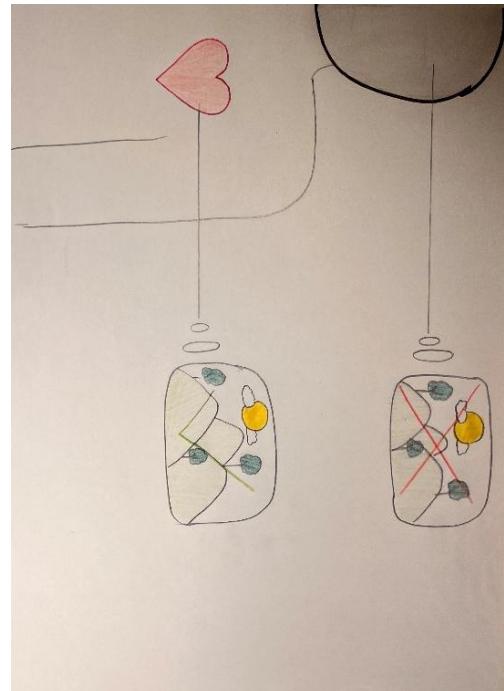
A place I know that exists

by Medine

There lies a land beyond everything bad
Where spirits are free
And where they want to be

No wars no crimes
Only peaceful times
My mind denying it exists
However my heart insists

One day, I shall uncover this mystery
Simply to behold this eternity



5. POEMS ABOUT THOUGHTS AND TRUTH

My true page

by Oskar

They say, go home, write one page tonight,
but the truth is, it doesn't come easy, right?

My head is full, my heart is loaded,
I write my words, yes, they feel honest.

The city talks, I hear the beat,
so many faces, so many feet.
The lights blink on, the cars don't wait,
I write them down before they fade.

I'm like the sky, half dark, half blue.
I don't know myself, but maybe you do.
I write to find the parts I miss,
to feel my thoughts, to feel like this.



My page is not clean, my lines not straight,
but still they show a simple weight.
Not all is true, but most is me,
and that I know—I let it be.

The truth

by Payda

Go home and write a page tonight,
And let the page come out of you—
Then it will be true.

But truth mean's little in their eyes:
Appearance rules, like painted skies.
They claim, 'We only judge what's real!'



Yet, act like masks that hide what they feel.

No, you just don't understand,
You keep on asking why they never let you stand
Beside them, why they never take you serious-
To them, you're like a jester, curious, delirious.

Because you're still refusing to take the pill,
The only thing making you lie quiet and still
In the middle of the room – bitter at night,
But once swallowed, it sharpens your sight.

What is the truth?

by Jacob

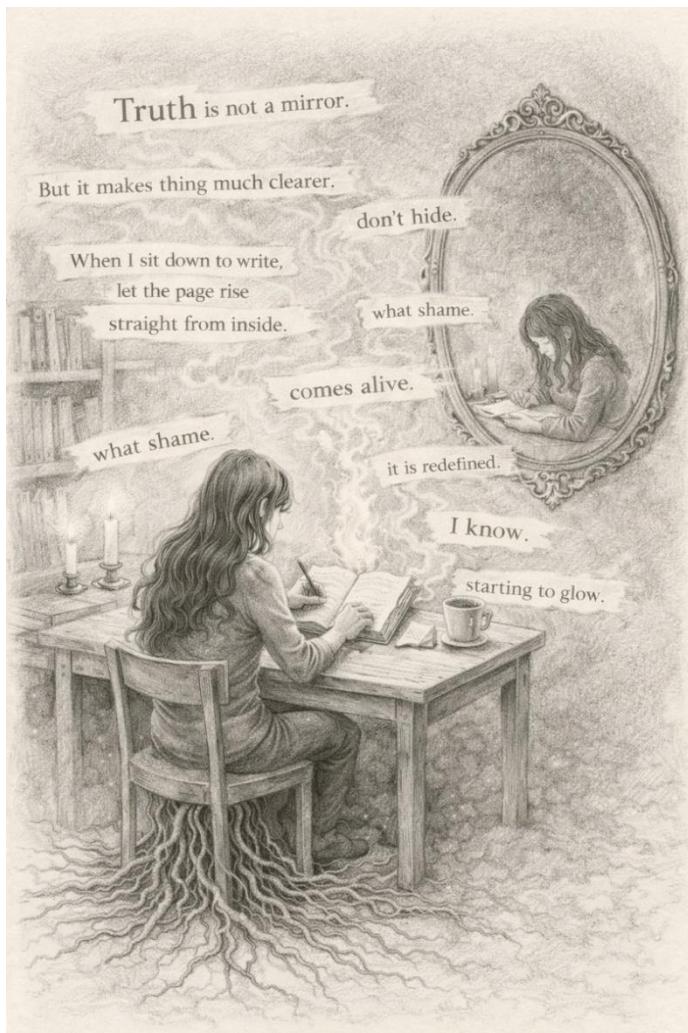
Go home and write a page tonight
And let the page come out of you
Then, it will be true.

I think you should write of dreams that never sleep,
Or of promises we try to keep.
Let sentences be rivers and thoughts be the sea,
Flowing with your honesty.

Write of skies that never end,
Of hearts that break, and hearts that mend.
Use rhythm like a beating drum,
Until your truest self has come.

At the end of the day,
The reality has to stay.
So write, and let your soul ignite:
Go home and write a page tonight.





No mirror

by Sughra

Truth is not a mirror.
But it makes thing much clearer.

When I sit down to write,
I let the page rise
straight from inside
raw and honest – don't hide.

Truth is a flame – what a shame.
It burns, it warms, it has no shape or name.
It hides in the dim corners of the mind
Where fear leans gently against hope, it is
redefined.

The page comes alive
It breathes with each word I say,
It bleeds with dreams, I barely dare to keep.
I write to uncover what silence holds,
to root myself in words I know
And watch myself starting to glow

My thoughts

by Alexa

So, I sit here with my pen
Waiting for the perfect words to come again
I sit and start, just take my time
to write this poem, to write this rhyme

No perfect rhythm, just writing blind
I just write what comes to mind
I write about life, about what I see
Of what is real, of who I am, of who I'll be



My page is open, honest, clear
A place for thoughts, my point of view
I don't know all, but that's okay
I learn a little more everyday

The meaning of words

by Niklas

Go home and write a page tonight
And let the page come out of you
Then it will be true

So, now I sit at home at my big desk,
a bit like a blank page.
I'm not really sure
what "true" is supposed to mean.

Maybe it's just normal things
my bus ride home,
the cold air
that hits my face like a slap,
the music in my ears
that carries me like a wave.

Maybe it's stuff I can't see,
because I'm not meant to notice it.
But you said "write",
so I try
even if it feels like searching for something in the dark.

This page is simple.
It's nothing special.
But it came from me,
like a thought finally becoming real.
So, maybe it is true.

Between silence and truth

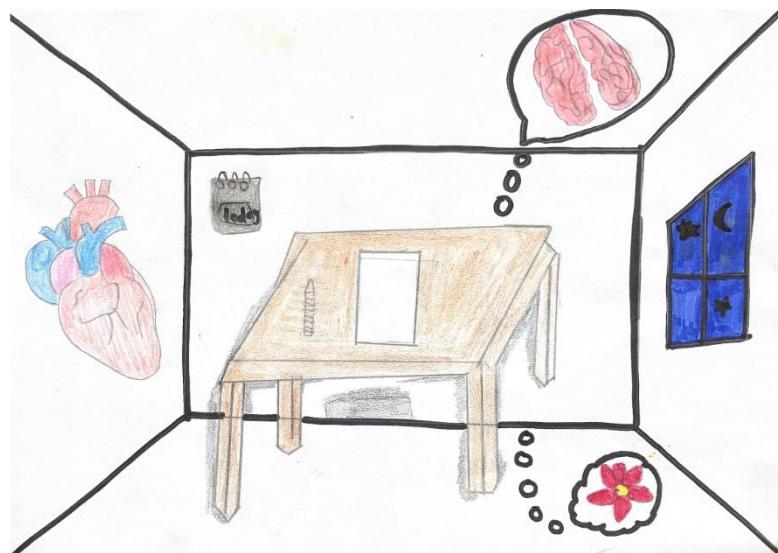
by Ilayda

I sit in my room
Quiet like the moon.
My thoughts start to bloom
Maybe I'll write something soon.

My page is white,
My mind feels tight.
But, I try my best tonight
To turn shadows into light.

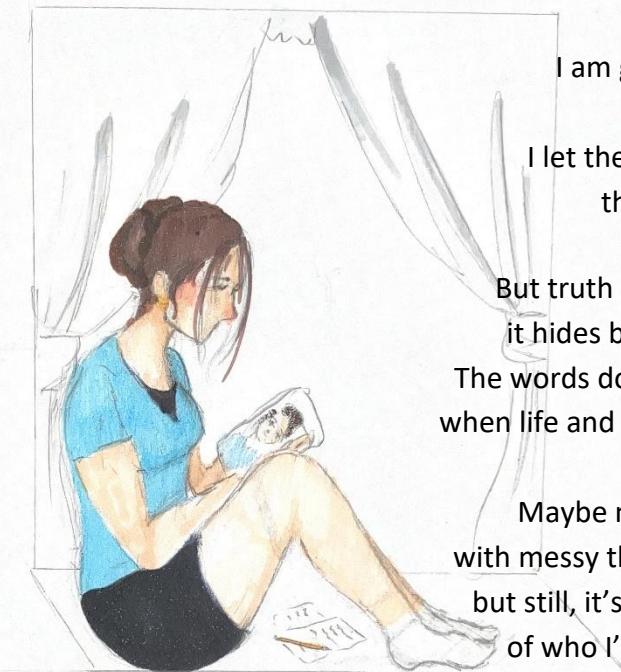
I think of my day,
The games we play, the words I don't say,
The truths that I hide when they get in the way.

Can something so small still rise when I fall?
Can a whisper inside be the loudest of all?
So, I follow the rhyme till my heart feels tall.



My Truth

by Joudi



I am going home to write

a page tonight.

I let the page come out of me

then I will be free.

But truth is hard to catch, you see,
it hides between the lines of me.

The words don't always sound the same,
when life and school play a different game.

Maybe my page is not too real,
with messy thoughts as heavy beats feel,
but still, it's mine, it speaks somehow,
of who I'll be and who I am now.

Thoughts

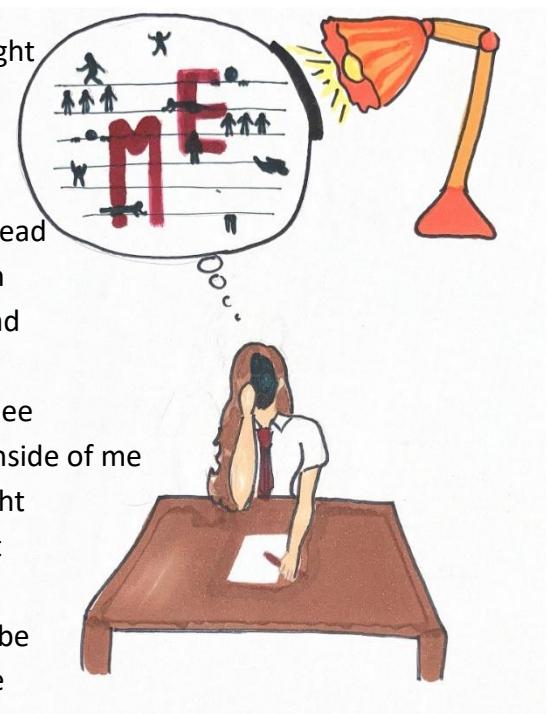
by Arbesa

They said go home and write tonight
So, I just try to get it right

I have a page, I have a pen,
I have thoughts here, they fill my head
I try to grasp the thoughts again
But when I write they hide instead

I know what I feel, I know what I see
But my words won't match the thoughts inside of me
Still, I try to write despite the fright
Maybe, one day it will feel right

This page is me, as plain as it can be
Just words I write for you to see



What's fake, what's real, what's truly you

by Eva

Write about life, about the sky
About the dreams that never die
Write what you feel, both good or bad
The times you're strong, the times you're sad

Your words can show the world your view
What's fake, what's real, what's truly you?
So, write with heart, be brave, be free
Until there's no thought left to be

And when you read these lines one day
You'll see how far you've found your way
Each word you write, each thought you think
It is your truth, your life – in sync

So, take a pen and let it start
A page can hold your soul, your heart
Your words can show the world your view
What's fake, what's real, what's truly you!