

The Ride of My Life!

2024

An anthology of poems
by Year 6 students
Australian International School,
SINGAPORE

The Ride of My Life!

About This Flipbook

Enjoy exploring these 45 poems
by Year 6 students of the
Australian International School (Singapore)

The students display a remarkable range of
talents. They write vividly about childhood,
friendship, identity, growing up,
our relationship with nature,
riding roller-coasters (real and metaphorical!)
loneliness, boredom — and much more.

Their poems surprise with their delightful
freshness and honesty and give insight
into the hearts, hopes and minds
of our 11-12 year olds.

*The waves roll gently, a soft lullaby,
Kissing the shore as the seagulls cry.
Each crest a story, each trough a sigh,
In the dance of the tide, her worries die.*

from 'Out the Window'
Mia Grace Elgamal



TEACHERS

Suzanne Johnson – 6U and 6V
Najib Madina – 6T and 6X
Buzz Nichols – 6R and 6Y
Emma Titley – 6S and 6Z
Julie Morgan – 6W



Anthology
compiled/edited by
Roger Jenkins



Moving is like a maze,
Winding through countries,
Weaving through friends.

Everyday,
i have to take a new path,
Which leaves me feeling
Confused,
Lost.

From Kuwait,
To Dubai,
Then Shanghai,
Japan,
To Australia,
And finally Singapore.

All of those countries
are different
But what's always the same
Is that i can't seem to find
Anywhere
To call home.

Harper Le-Devenish

Dear Year Six,

In making this personal selection, I picked poems that appealed to me and made me think, 'I want to read that again!' While some have a strong sense of structure, others appealed for their thoughtful or vivid writing, or the way the writer expressed their feelings. Some poems made me laugh, some made me (as a Dad) wince, thinking 'did I make my boy feel like that?' And several made me think 'Gosh — I wish I could write a line as memorable as that.'

When I first met you, I said the advantage of writing poetry is that, as it is briefer than almost any other kind of writing you do in school, you have time to choose your words more carefully and effectively. As a result, it is possible for you to write a memorable phrase or line that even an adult would be proud to call their own. You have proved me right time and again in these poems, as spot-on similes leap off almost every page. I am particularly pleased to see the number of non-native English-speakers successfully using poetic techniques to enhance their writing

Your poems provide fascinating glimpses into your individual personalities and life experiences. Many of you show a strong awareness of the world and your evolving place in it.

No one expects a brief unit on poetry to produce polished poets — though I think several authors included here have the potential to become one. There are definitely those who could consider a career that requires their powerful writing skills! However, the unit has prompted many of you to be more empathetic — to see things from another point of view — as well as to be observant, while using words more carefully and creatively, concisely and precisely, to say what you want to say.

This is the first time I have created an interactive flipbook, instead of simply presenting the anthology as a pdf document. One is never too old to learn, right?

What drew me to the idea of a flipbook was being able to add audio to it, so that you can both read and hear 33 of the 45 poems read by their authors!



[To find out more
click on this icon!](#)

I am grateful to the Year Six English teachers for accommodating my request to record some of the authors. I apologise that, on the day I had available to do so, I was unable to capture every poet's voice!

I hope reading (and listening to!) this diverse collection of poems by your friends in Year 6 will give you as much pleasure as it does me.

Roger Jenkins,
November 2024

Background to the Poetry Incursion

As part of a unit on Poetry, the Year 6 English staff at AIS invited me to return again this year to conduct two 60-minute workshops with each class.

Building on the good work the teachers had already done, I highlighted various approaches to writing poetically.

Each student was given a photograph as a trigger (there's a sample on page 36) — with questions to prompt thought about possible perspectives or emotions, or how the picture might relate to their own experience. As a result of eight classes working from one set of visual prompts, there are fascinating range of responses to the same starter — the girl at the window and the wave both proved popular.

The students began writing during the workshop and continued at home and in class with their teachers over the following days. They submitted their drafts online and I gave feedback on each one — mostly encouraging more precise or powerful choices of verbs (do crabs 'walk'?) and adjectives (replace *nice*, *awesome*) and urging the deletion of redundant words (such as 'just' and 'pretty' as qualifiers!)

Occasionally there'd be a cliché I'd ask them to rephrase, or I'd encourage the writer to look for an alternative word to avoid a lazy repetition. Some pruning of padding, or re-arranging of lines for clarity of thought, was occasionally recommended. I was also a line of last resort when inspiration deserted a couple of authors whose title remained 'Poem for Mr Jenkins'.

I would like to compliment two groups of writers for the quality of their writing. I have oft heard the opinion that boys 'don't like to' (or can't!) write poetry, but there are plenty of examples here clearly demonstrating that this is not true!

Secondly, students who are still developing confidence in their use of English prove yet again that they are more than capable of coining a phrase, crafting a striking simile, or producing a poem that resonates with a voice of their own cultural tradition.



How does the flipbook connect to the poetry Unit of Inquiry?

This is the third year I have had the pleasure of conducting a poetry incursion. Each has produced some remarkable writing that encourages me to think that poetry is a unit which draws out the best of the Year Six cohort.

Roger Jenkins,
1995 Singapore Literature Prize
From The Belly Of The Carp

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NOTE: most of the illustrations in the book are images that the poets responded to. Those with a ● are added for aesthetic purposes



Roller-coaster — Logan Hogg, 6X

I stepped onto the cart, shivering with fear.
I could feel terror slowly climbing up into my feet.
I was strapped in. There was no turning back.
My life flashed before me. Was this my final breath?

So I closed my eyes , pleading for the best.
Then we took off with a jolt, a shake, a rattle and tumble.
It climbed up the steep hill, with gentle careful moves,
but when we reached the tipping-top, my heart just dropped.
There was no wait, no pause for suspense,
No time for my mind to comprehend.
The cart plunged, diving at full speed.
My neck snapped back,
So I screamed with fear.
The cart was speeding, faster and faster.
So I screamed, louder and louder.
I closed my eyes, hoping I wouldn't die,
screaming so loud, I thought I'd lost my voice!

But suddenly, for no apparent reason,
I wasn't scared anymore.
Screaming turned to laughter, as I enjoyed the ride.
making memories that would last forever.

But as soon as the ride started, it ended.
I stepped out of the cart, legs jiggling like jello.
I could feel the terror slowly slipping off my feet.
I turned back to the cart, thinking go again?
But I shook my head instead, and said "no, not ever again..."

The Ride Of My Life — Jai Toeng, 6Z

A roller-coaster is life
You have moments when you don't know
what's going to happen next,
Or when you count down the time
till something happens,
Like when you go ever so slowly
up to the top of the roller coaster

Then...
BANG!

Emotion hits you
You are excited, fearless, terrified —
and joyful all at the same time!
You grip onto life with everything you have
Because you know if you lose life
You'll never get it again.
But then you let go
And realise
Everything will be OK.
Life is a roller coaster...



My Terrible Day

— Victoria Sindo, 6Z

School started horribly.
I got off the bus — and realised
I left my phone on the bus!
But it was too late.
The bus drove away.
It took everything in me not to let my anger
distract my exams.

Exams! We were taking our exams.
There was a threatening thunderstorm.
“Boom!” Lightning struck outside the window.
I screamed.
Everybody stared at me.
I covered my face with the exam paper.
Embarrassed, like a turtle hiding in my shell.

Lunchtime it rained.
When I opened my lunchbox
My lunch fell, sinking in a puddle.
I was trying not to cry.

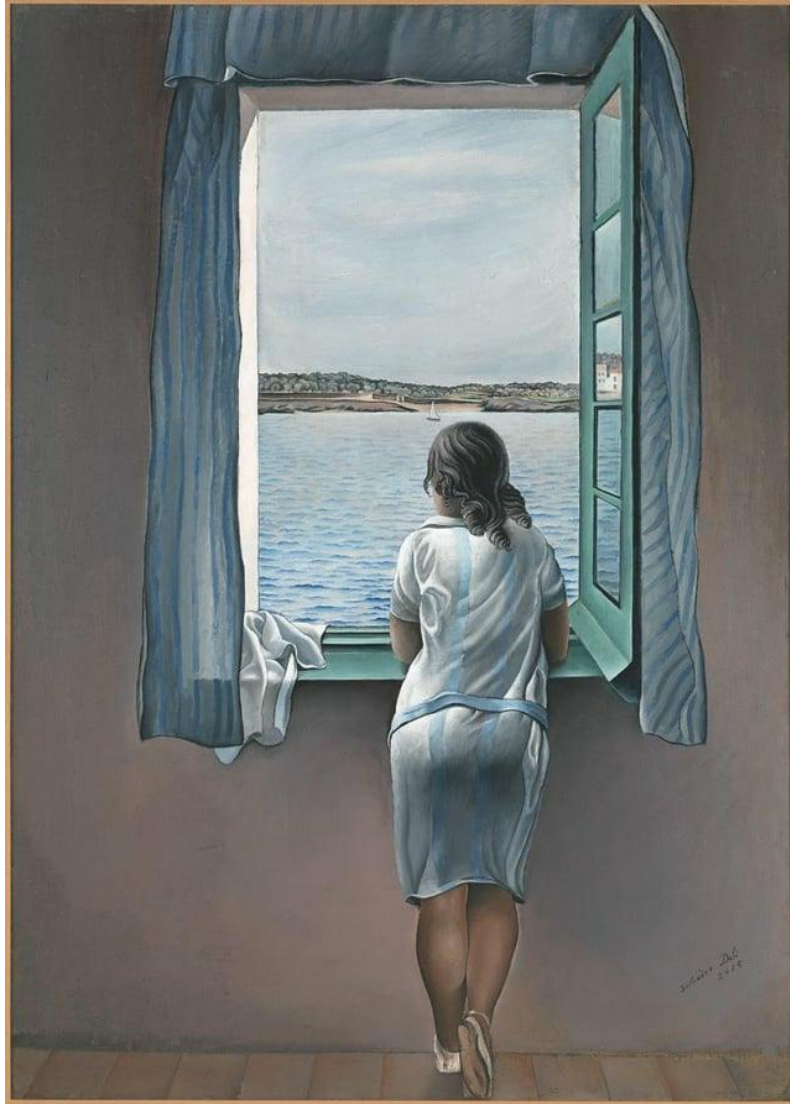
The bell rang.
School was finally over.

Today was a roller-coaster of emotions —
I couldn't wait to get off!

Hope — Ethan Siswandjo, 6W



Hope is a vibrant yellow,
like a flower's first bloom
It tastes like
a refreshing bottle of cold water after a long run.
It smells like
a home cooked meal, its sweet aroma filling the air.
It looks like
a garden of flowers, flourishing with colour.
It sounds like
a choir's harmonious singing.
It feels as if you have been stuck in a cave for hours
and feel the warm radiance of the sun
leading you like a guiding hand to the exit



Young Woman at a Window
is a 1925 painting
by Salvador Dalí.

The One Who Waits — Sabrina Zheng, 6U

Leaning out the window
She smells the salty sea air
She sees the boats bobbing up and down
The girl waits

Whatever could she be waiting for?
Maybe she's waiting for someone?
Perhaps she's watching for an opportunity

Or she might just enjoy the view
Poor girl, she doesn't seem to know
She doesn't need to wait!

If she climbs out the window, she won't be late
If she climbs out the window,
She'll have the adventures of her dreams
The water calls her name everyday
Calm yet firm.
And yet the girl still waits
Hope and disappointment fills her up everyday
But no one knows what she's waiting for.

She just waits

and waits

and waits.

*So if you're ever in town,
Drop by to see the famous waiting girl
Leaning out the window!*

Freedom Outside The Window

— Lok Shi Sum, 6R

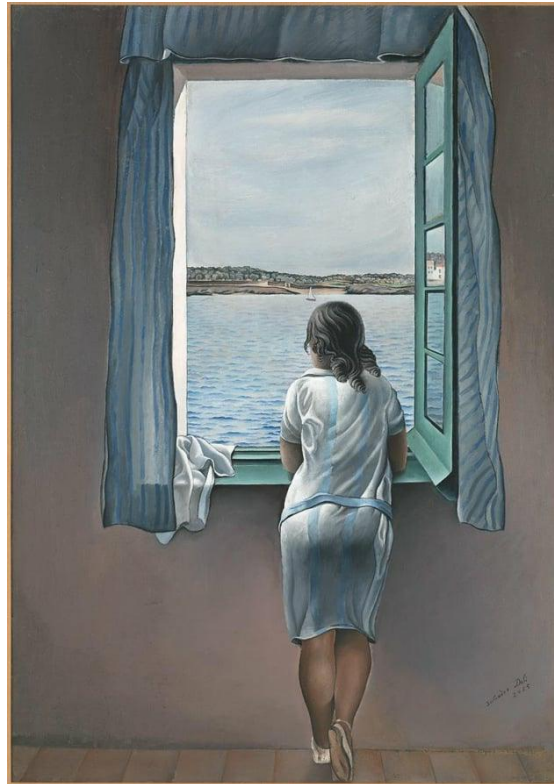
No one knows what the river waters do,
nor what it thinks, nor where it goes.
But it's cold and empty here,
alone in this room.

Looking out, i see boats, people,
and the water waving to me,
as if to say: "Come down! Play with me!
Step into the waves and feel the breeze!"

I can see the clear river waters
twinkling brightly in the glowing sunlight.
I can smell the clean, fresh air outside the window,
I can almost taste the salty waters down below.

The distant shore lies beyond me,
but I am trapped and I gave up.

For ages, I have been looking out this window.
As if it was the door to my imagination.
Imagining everyday I could get out of this room,
(with no doors, no exit,
only a small window to look out of)
and start a new life.



Dream — Seeun Kim, 6V

I'm looking out the window.
While hiding in the dark shadow.
Seeing the marvellous river,
a blue, beautiful river.
I want to dive into that river!
I wish to swim and explore.
Want to fly freely like a bird
In a cool and high sky.
I want — I will get out of this
Small, smelly, dark room
With its silence of emptiness,
Nothing.

I know where I am,
And where I wish to be.

I'll run and run,
I'll swim and swim,
I'll keep flying and flying,
Until . . . I reach my dream.

Window Dream

— Jasmine Kinch, 6Y



Morning light spills through my window,
A crisp breeze tangles in my hair,
Salted air dances on my skin,
Waves roll like gentle sighs.

The salted sea splashes my face.,
With crabs clicking on the shore,
The clams are laughing under the water,
While my toes dug into the sand.

Oh, to be a mermaid, wild and free,
As the waves embrace me.
With salt on my skin, the breeze in my hair,
I dive into dreams, leaving worries to air.

Window Wish — Stevie Murphy, 6W

The wind whistles, the waves swish
This view is a wish.
I stare thinking how beautiful life really is.
'Miss!'
Back to work i say, *sigh?*
Leaving this wonderful view
I leave in awe as i must go make stew.

Slam! Clank! Bang!
Life is like New York city's traffic, so busy
I wish i could go back to the the lovely window,
i just need a key
I go in and it's so peaceful,
This view is wonderful — and so is the sea!



When I open the window,
I can smell the scent of the world.
When I open the window,
I can see other kids' dreams.
When I open the window,
I can hear people's voices.
I love to open windows!

— Seoeun Kwon 6R





from *WAVE*
a wordless book
by South Korean
author-illustrator Suzy Lee

Golden Shores — Abbey Dessent 6S

Golden shores shining like stars
Where seagulls lie

The waves that dance
The waves that die

Salty air
A cool breeze brushing past my shoulder

The sand that tickles the water
The spiky sand that caught between my toes

Golden shores
Where seagulls lie



Waves — Chloe Foo, 6X

Waves are giants
Far out at sea
But here in the bay,
They're small, and weak

Birds soar overhead,
Flapping down strong gusts of wind
Swooping down low and up high
As they dodge large waves

The sand is smooth like paper
From the scrub of water,
As I jump and splash
I sink lower in the sand

The tide wraps
around my feet and ankles,
As I kick up small waves,
Water drips down my face
As foamy spray crashes down after

If I was calm,
I could smell the salt in the sea,
Or hear the gentle swoosh of the ocean
Maybe I'd see the small ships on the horizon
Or the waves that were giants, far out at sea.



The Beach — Olivia Burke, 6T

Salty smelling air filling up your lungs
as water brushes against your feet,
this was what I loved,



Squishy soft sand between my toes,
bright blue water that shimmered
like a thousand diamonds in the sun,
I couldn't ask for anything better
I always come back to the beach

The sea would keep me company when I was alone
the seagulls playing around in the sunny skies
the crabs as they dug into tiny holes in the sand
they kept me company when no one else was around

My family never really understood my love for the beach,
they always said it was dirty
("washing the sea out of your hair was never worth it,")
and would never go into the water,
They'd rather stay on the beach
sitting under the shade of big trees.

But this was what I loved
the sun shining on my head as I ran in the sand
collecting seashells that looked as expensive as gold
The sunset, the sunset on the beautiful beach was priceless
the pink and orange clouds like cotton candy,
as the sun slowly goes down
I would never leave the beach.



The Girl's Joy — Brendan Smith, 6W

The girl, lonelier than the dark,
Stomps in the wave
striving to get one last moment of joy
With cool air striking at her cheeks, wrecking her soul
She splashes in the freezing water
And with sand tickling her toes as she runs with the seagulls
Her lifeless heart she tried to grasp on for so long,
saw a splat of colour, as it overtakes
the grey emotion of her past.
As her hair, swayed through the wind joyfully
The seagulls diminished into the sky,



A wave breaks,
sweeping her into the ice cold dark of the ocean,
Even as she sinks, through the corals, trenches and the fishes
she smiles, as she achieves one ... last moment ... of joy.



SUMMER IS CALLING — Charlie Eade, 6T

The summer is near
I can hear it calling
This year it will be fun
This year will be different

Seagulls are chirping
Waves crash at the shore
People are laughing
They've got the whole world to explore

Kids play at the beach
Kids play in the sand
Kids go down the slide
They're the happiest in the land

The summer is near
I hope it comes soon —
I'm really excited
For winter this *June!*

Tranquil Winter — Jihoo Kim 6R

winter calms me down
winter's like a vacation
it relaxes me

winter's breath is cold
winter whispers quietly
snowing on the ground

winter is tranquil
it comes by and goes away
like a drifting leaf

now they are all white,
the bare trees out the window
they all look so cold

snow's silent whisper
fills my soul with so much hope
soothes everyone's heart

just imagine a world
filled with such clean, clear snow
just imagine it

ME

— Jiayao Sun 'Rainbow' 6Y

I am a dolphin
in front of my friends,
cheerful and joyful, making them laugh.

I am a lion
in front of my enemies,
undefeatable and formidable,
I defeat them quickly.

I am a deer
in front my parents,
kindful and blissful to the people I love.

I am a bee
in front of my classmates,
hardworking and patient,
to finish all the things.

I am a cat,
when I am alone,
quiet and agile.



I'm Not A Lump!

— Samuel Blainey, 6Z

Some think i'm a lump
Jimmy thinks I don't like to play
But I'm as playful as a dog

Jeff doesn't think I keep my cool
But I'm as lazy as a cat

Tom thinks I'm weak
But I'm as strong as a lion

Jamie says I'm boring
But I'm as mischievous as a monkey

Tommy thinks I'm scared
But I'm as brave as a wolf

Some think I'm a lump —
But I'm proud of who I am

7 Ways Of Looking At Me

— Cassandra Croxford, 6U

1 My parents look at me like this
Happy, Well Behaved, Not organised

2 How my sister looks at me?
Bestie, literally BFF!

3 While my lil bro looks at me
I'm Bean-bag, Horse, Pig

4 My neighbour stares at me and thinks...
Dog person, Plays only with dog,
Just e v e r y t h i n g d o g.

5 How Stripes (my fish) sees me
Giant, feeder, really big

6 Thankfully, my friends see me
Playful, artist, amazing

7 How i see me ?
Christian, artist, happy!

I love me, myself is important,
and nobody can change that!

I Don't Like School — Alice Bond, 6W

People look at me differently:

My mum sees me as a angel,

My dad sees a champion.

My *yaya* sees me as a blessing,

But my teachers always see me messing.

That changes the way my parents see me:

I'm suddenly now a disappointment,

My past achievements are nothing to their eyes,

All that matters are

the report cards in their hands,

I don't like school anymore.

I swim day and night,

And work as hard as I can,

But sometimes it's not enough,

Sometimes I never am.

Sometimes I forget my homework,

Sometimes I can't finish my work,

But all they see is the unfinished work,

The fatigued, unaccomplished sets,

The un-submitted homework.

Not me. Never me.

I wanna go home,

But sometimes going home doesn't help,

I don't like school anymore.

HELP!

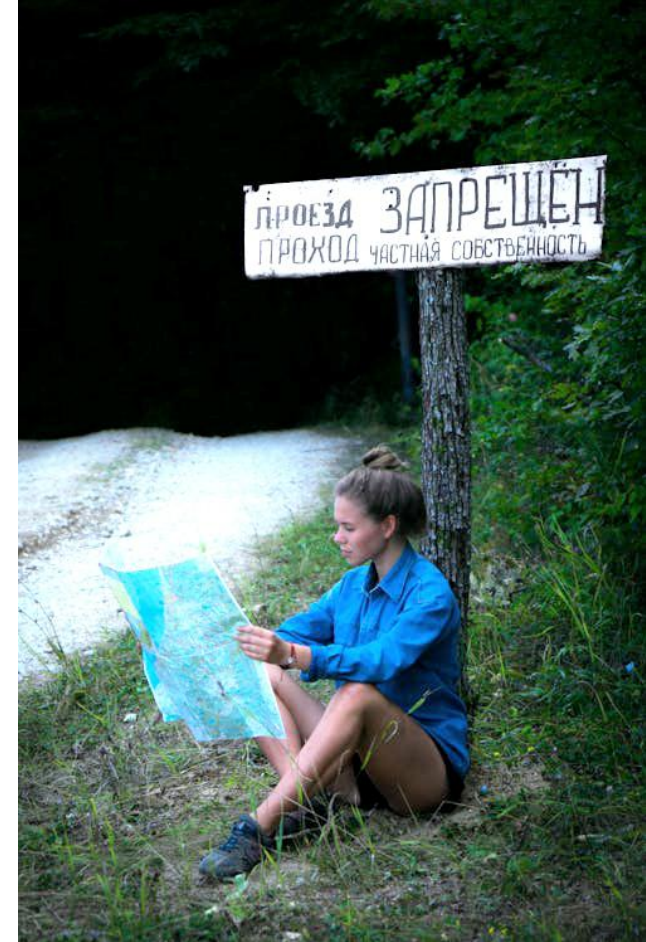
Moving Is Like A Maze — Harper Le-Devenish, 6R

Moving is like a maze,
Winding through countries,
Weaving through friends

Everyday, i have to take a new path,
Which leaves me feeling
Confused,
Lost.

From Kuwait,
To Dubai,
Then Shanghai,
Japan,
To Australia,
And finally Singapore.

All of those countries are different
But what's always the same
Is that i can't seem to find
Anywhere
To call home.



Lost — Jiyun Kim, 6V

A dark and unknown past
Calling my name from both left and right
Opinions swirling inside my head
Confused

Both path rocky and dark
Light I want to find
Nothing helping me
Just a map, with no guidance

Masks

— Haruno Kanehiro, 6W

Which mask should I wear?
The one that will fit me in,
Or the one that will leave me out?

The masks stare at me,
Like a crowd of people.
All with different faces.
It is a gallery of the happy,
The sad and the upset.

It makes me remember home,
With the traditional Japanese masks
Like *Kishin* demon masks.
They hide your identity....
Everyone looks the same.

What mask should I wear?
I gazed at them all,
With desperation grasping at me.
I swiftly grabbed one with a joyful expression,
And instantly regretted it.

What mask should I wear...?



She Storms To Her Room

— Madeleine Sevi, 6Z

She storms to her room
feeling hurt all over again.
The more hurt she feels
the more she changes
her personality.
her painted masks
layering her masks on herself to feel perfect
all about herself.
"Everyone is so much better than
I despise my face!
No one shall ever see my face ever!"
She yells then starts to wonder
"Is something wrong with me?
My masks?
the emotions?
Just say so already! "

She looks outside and sees a girl her age
wearing a unicorn hoodie in the park
with pigtails and bows.
not feeling embarrassed, just enjoying herself.

Then she realises: just be herself!
She sprints out of her room
feeling inspired,
wearing her old clothes but wearing no masks!
The happier she feels
the more she will stay herself forever.

Emotions Hidden — Kenar Wiwoho, 6Y

Emotions hidden, like a secret kept
A heart that beats,
but words unspoken
The pain of love, the ache of loss
Locked away, where no one can see.

The mask of calm, a smile so wide
A soul that weeps, deep inside.
The fear of being seen,
the shame of being known —
A life of pretending, all alone.

The weight of the world
upon our shoulders,
The burden of our deepest desires,
The struggle to be strong,
the need to be vulnerable.
A life of hiding, like a burning fire.

But oh, the freedom that comes with release
The power of words, the grace of peace
To let go of the past, to find our way
To live a life in truth, day by day

So let us hide no more, let us be
Our true selves, for all to see
For in the light of love and truth
We find the courage to break free.



The Zoo In Me — Thomas Carstairs, 6R

Down through the jungle, of nerves and veins
Down through the jungle, inside my brains,
The leaves dance on the breeze
A welcome respite from heat, a disease
And over the treeline, a bird spreads its wings
And soars, like a morning breeze, over all things.
An eagle, gliding, surveying the ground,
It looks down, and swoops, so haughty and proud.
Swoops on ...
A small, afraid mouse
Huddled, and crouched
In my brain
In my brain.



Down through the caverns, of bones and of skin,
Down through the caverns, inside my hands,
The river flows, through gyres and gains,
As it flows, peacefully through the caverns and chains.
Inside the bright, cobalt waters an octopus plays.
Dancing and playing in the gentle waves;
Bright blue skin, glistening in the sombre light,
Dexterous tentacles toy with shrubs and coral, sharp white.
An octopus can open a jar,
Inside my hands it helps me to play the guitar.
In my hands.
In my hands.

Down through the halls, of cogs and of wheels,
Down through the gears, and inside my feet,
The gears make clanks and clangs,
A maze of tunnels, and overhangs.
A cheetah races, and paces, around the rusty halls,
Raring, racing,
Agitating, agitating,
To go, to run,
In my feet.
In my feet.

Another Chance To Play

(a dialogue duet) — Kiera Briody, 6Z

"And here's your guitar ..."
They say that every time you pick up your guitar,
"Play it like it's the last time."
Well, when I first held my guitar
it felt uncomfortable
The shape was so awkward —
It made me feel awkward too

"Why is she so awkward?"
I sound like ... I wasn't even tuned
But slowly, my song became better

Now I practise daily.
When I hold my guitar
It is less awkward
I'm less worried about breaking it
I press my finger softly
On the smooth wire of the strings

Now I sound as smooth as silk
She practises everyday

My fingers glide like a bird
The smell of the glaze is like a chemistry lab
It is a lot harder than I thought it would be
But I won't give up



She's definitely getting better
Me and her
We're starting to have a good harmony.

They say that every time you pick up your guitar,
'play it like it's the last time.'

But for me, there will always be
another chance to play



Who's A-fraid Of A Sousaphone?

— Kiara Thiagaraj, 6V

The brass!
It's noise haunts me
My nose and eyebrows scrunched
The sight of people around me
Scared me.

The Brass
Looked like a snake
Curving around a man.
My hands cover around my ears —
I'm saved!



They Hear The Ice Cracking

— Takumi Yamamoto, 6S

It's freezing here,
The smell of ice like dried paper
They hear the ice cracking and toppling into the sea.
They're waiting for help, from the ice at the ground.
And the ice floats towards each other,
making them gather.
A penguin, tiny, its orange beak shining,
and the other one dwarf by a giant,
its fluffy white fur reflecting the sunlight.
Even they are different,
they have a same problem,
Global warming.

A Flash Of Freedom

— Cloe Garcia Prieto, 6U

I leave school at the end of the day,
But I refuse to join the fray.
Everyone leaves or pedals away,
But I stay,
And I wait.

Classmates and strangers glare,
I don't shy away from their stare.
But i need to be alone, to prepare,
To mount my friend, my mare.

I call her, li saddle her,
And the world transforms.

Suddenly, I'm
Racing, Running,
Wind rippling through through my hair.
Courage and valour grip my heart.
Swerving through battlegrounds,
Ducking into claustrophobic caves, armour clad.
Raising my sword and bringing it down,
Slicing the shadowy tendrils
that wrap around my body,
Lifting me free.

As fast as it started, it stops.



I slow down, I get off.
Instantly tired, I huff and I puff.

I hear my mother call out from inside,
I remove my helmet and pull over my bike.

I slouch, no longer free,
But I must be brought back to reality.
All night I wait for the next time,

I can be back to being a knight



Daydreams — Sooah Yang, 6Y

Daydreams drift us
 from the world's harsh reality
 While the night paints bright colours in the dark.
 Children, teens, and grown-ups — all,
 Even babies, animals, ants in a line —
 Everyone dreams; daydreams all day long.
 Some dreams are gentle, like a warm fur,
 Others are daring, like a voyage through the stars.
 They shift with age, with season and time:
 A child might dream of quests unknown,
 Teens of halls where they feel understood,
 While others may chase treasure, a pirate's bounty.
 Daydreams swirl, whimsically, surreal,
 Touched sometimes by flickers of doubt.
 In the end, we often dream the same:
 Something warm, kind, to satisfy the heart.

In My Dreams — Isabel Tang, 6Y

In my dreams
 In my dreams I am loved.
 In my dreams I am welcomed.
 In my dreams I am happy.
 In my dreams there is always laughter.

In my dreams there is never pain
 In my dreams I never mess up

In my dreams I never fail
 In my dreams I never cry

In my dreams
 Everything is perfect.

The Attic — Amelie Furlong, 6T

The attic is where your worst nightmares live,
a black hole sucking all your life away.

The floorboards creak as if they were screaming.
An eerie sense of something watching me
close behind.

The windows SLAM shut.
Scary spiders scuttle silently
along the roof and walls.

The boxes lie still,
I steered clear of them,
not knowing what was in them.
The curtains swish fast —
maybe a ghost haunting you?

The cold air gives you chills.
The eerie feeling of something watching you
in the darkest shadows.

The trap door, as heavy as a truck
as I tug at it to pull it up.
The steep stairs slippery as you run down them.

The attic is where your worst nightmares live.



The Monster — Maya Pillay, 6S

The girl sees its red eyes
peering through the trees
It's brown furry body
is like a dark forest.
In fear, she covers her ears
From its deafening scream
Thinking it's about to snatch her
With its sharp, pointy claws.

She jumps away in fright
Its 'ROAR' louder than a lion
Sobbing and wailing as loud as she can
Hoping help will come and save her.

But then it fades,
the monster's still near
Whispering doubts she's held for years:

Was it real, or something in her mind?
The answer, she fears, she'll never find.

Carousel

— Elliot Crothers, 6R

The crank of a stick,
The whirl of a wheel,
The sounds of lights buzzing and humming.
The laughter of kids,
The clicks of cameras,
The sounds of children screaming in joy.

And the ride spins and spins.

The crunch of popcorn,
The cracks of candy,
The sounds of gears groaning and whirring.
The blasts of music,
The cheers of a crowd,
The sounds of metal below creaking.

But the ride spins and spins.

The thuds of a fist,
The bang of hammers,
The sounds of screams now louder than before.
The boom of a box,
The snap of a rod,
The sounds of metal now creaking more.



The children shout
The children scream
But no-one notices
And no-one seems to care
Neither children **norepinephrine**
As the ride spins faster

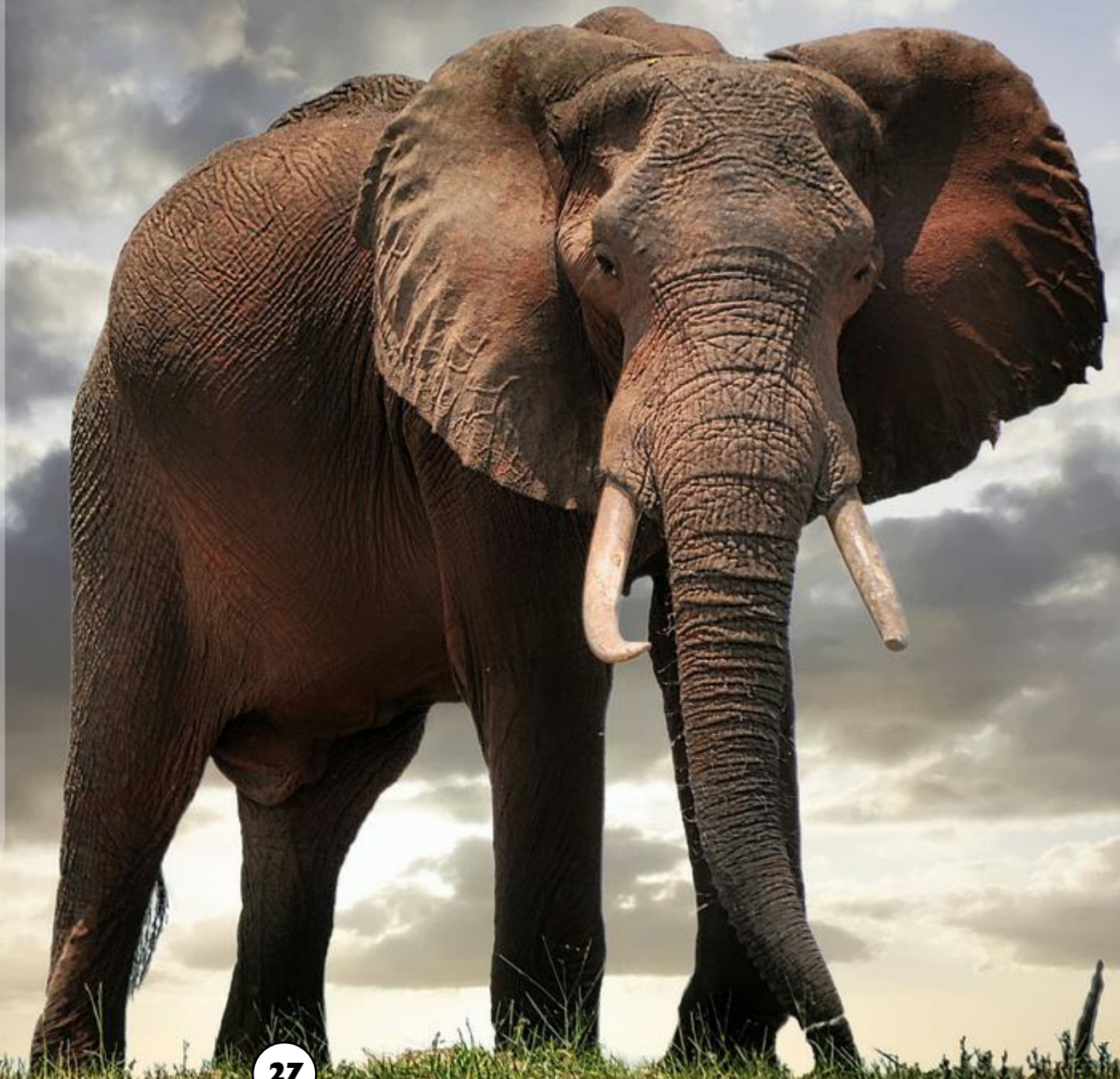
The children cry out in hope of help,
But their noise is drowned.
And they are left there.
Like forgotten socks
Like leftover food
Like an appointment,
made to ease the tension.

Their pleas are but whispers of wind.
Almost silent.
But not quite.
Until
They
Are.

Elephant

— Alexandra Follet, 6W

She stands still,
Her eyes staring poignantly
into the distance.
Her grey, wrinkled skin
blanketed with dust,
She lifts her leg,
plodding as if treading
through thick water.
Each step a slow, thoughtful motion,
she feels no need to rush.
Her trunk sways gently,
dancing to the rhythm of her feet
pressing into the ground.
Smooth and large are her feet,
brushing the the prickly, dry grass.
As she moves, the ground gradually
becomes damper, greener, fresher.
She knows where she will find water again.
She understands the way of the land,
Her ancient wisdom
painting a path in her mind.
She walks thirstily forward.





Flying Fish — Rose Drakeford, 6Y

In the bright embrace of midday sun,
An eagle glides, his hunt's begun.
Above the river, calm and clear,
He scans the depths with piercing glare.

With piercing gaze, he spots his prize,
A glint of scales in emerald tides.
He spirals down in a deathly ballet,
The world held still in a breathless sway.

Talons poised for the perfect strike,
He plunges hard, a lightning hike.
A splash erupts, a moment's fight,
Then he rises proud, sprayed with golden light.

With fish in his grasp, he climbs the air,
A feast for lunch beyond compare.
A king on high, he soars the sky.
An eagle's triumph means a fish can fly!

Eagles Dive — Sophia Yang 6V

In the high sky an eagle flies,
His wings spread wide as it scans the skies

Below the the rivers sparkles so bright
Goldfish dance what a dazzling sight

In a blink the eagle swoops
Plunging down he swiftly loops

Claws grip the fish with ease
He soars high in the warm breeze

Back to the nest what a sight
Nature is a pure delight



In Nature — Lachlan Wallis, 6W

In the hush of dawn, where the mountains stand tall,
the rivers shimmer with life and wonder.
while the wind dances gracefully up in the sky.
Where flowers are blooming, so bright in the light of day ,
every second is a breath of clean morning light.
In the beauty of nature, let your spirit embrace
Each day is a fresh new start
So take a moment to appreciate
and recall that moment when you inhaled so deeply,
savored the freshness of the air,
and heard the birds sing beautifully at last.



My Choice — Anna McAuliffe, 6S



Two doors —
only one leads to success.
The decision is up to me
What will my Destiny?
One covered in bright flowers;
the other just a mouldy wooden door.
Rough brick steps lead to both.
Both doors look exciting
One, bright and beautiful,
One, mysterious.
I heard the crunch of leaves
as I walked closer.
I could feel the shiver
creep down my back .

Which door should I pick?
That, I don't know.



The Magical Door — Ryan McCarthy, 6T

The Magical Door
brings me all around the world
From deserts to beaches
All the wind around it whirled

The door takes me places
Wherever I want
Even back in time
So I can meet some new faces

I can go to different countries
Without even needing a plane ticket!
I walk straight through the door
It's just like magic and I'm there

Takes me all around the world
The Magical Door
But — oops!
I can't find it anymore

Closed Doors — Emily Nguyen

Sabrina Carpenter said:

"Don't smile because it happened, cry because it's over."
Just like how, after you shut the door, you're smiling and I'm crying.
Why was I the only one dying, trying, crying,
fighting to keep us friends?
Why did you pretend?

I still remember your smile, it ran for miles.
Like how I would do, just to save you.

But now, your face is the silence
after a winter's stormy night.
I still wish that wasn't true.
The voices inside my head are scared
to tell you that I miss you.

And it's not because I don't have the courage to —
It's because I'm not sure if you'll care anymore?
Maybe it just isn't the same as it was before.

The broken, shattered door you exited
shut, slammed, stood and sighed.
And I've tried, and tried, and tried, and tried
but it won't budge.

They say, "When a door closes, another one opens".
In front of me, billions of doors stand.
But they're all locked.



Maybe I should just move on.
I would, I could — and I *should*.
Your shadow has already leaped away.
I'll follow along.
I'll leave your door behind —
and I'll be leaving it locked.



Being Bored Sucks!

— Brendan Smith, 6W

Being Bored Sucks!

All you do is wait,
Wait,
And wait,
And I swear, the world slows down!
The seconds turn to minutes,
And minutes to hours,
The waiting never stops!

But.. being bored isn't all bad, right?

It is the thing that sparks creativity in our minds!
It gives us the ideas to make wonderful things,
I bet some great inventions were made,
when someone was bored!
Hey! I know one - Alexander Bell:
with nothing to do and all alone
To call his friend, he invented the phone!
Hmmm...

But when we finish those "great ideas"
We come right back to the start!
Boredom keeps us waiting,
Waiting and waiting — all over again!
But, it isn't all bad!
Sure — when we are bored, we're bored!
But I made this poem — because I was Bored!

Bored Poem — Koby Reed, 6Y

I wish I was never bored.
Boredom is an extinct volcano
Never erupting again.
It feels like a never-ending dream.
It sounds as loud as a whisper
Getting quieter by the second.
It looks like an ocean of emptiness
Spreading across the room like a tsunami.
It is as grey as a thunderstorm closing in on a city
But without the lightning.
I wish I was never bored.

B
O
R
I
N
G

Slingshot — Evie Pironis, 6Y

As we were pulled towards the earth
My mouth open wide
Ready to scream.

As I heard a countdown
My tummy filled with fear
Until i heard a bang in my ear
BANG !!

Shooting up high

Screaming with fear,
going round

Spinning
with my fear

The slingshot slowly stopped
tossing and turning
As it brought us back to earth

When we were on the floor
We both screamed again and again!
Yet we both agreed: it was so much fun.

My Favourite Thing

— Wilbur Gordon, 6X

Boing! Boing! Up and down!
Colourful and bright
Squishy, round and bouncy
I giggle with delight.

It bounces here, it bounces there
It bounces everywhere —
From wall-to-wall and then up high,
So high up in the air!

I chase it around the house
and then into the street:
It hits the gate and then a car
and comes back to my feet.

I throw it to my dog
(It's his favourite game to play)
I yell out, "Fetch!" He brings it back —
"What a good boy!" I say

It's my very special bouncy thing
And brings me so much joy.
I love the way it makes me laugh —
It's a fun thing for a boy.

Honourable Mentions

In the process of writing, students often pen a simile or a single line that by itself is remarkable, even if they are unable to sustain their poetic spark throughout their entire poem.

Enjoy these gems mined from the seams of this Year 6's writing.

In the quiet house, she stands alone,
A girl at the window, where dreams are sown.
Her gaze drifts beyond the glassy pane,
To the ocean's embrace, where whispers reign.

The waves roll gently, a soft lullaby,
Kissing the shore as the seagulls cry.
Each crest a story, each trough a sigh,
In the dance of the tide, her worries die.

— from *Out The Window*, Mia Grace Elgamal, 6U

Birds sang in the young morning like a proud orchestra.
As I smelt the fresh morning breeze, I was delighted.
Skies were soft as warm wool new sheared from a sheep
and grasses were light as feathers, yet quite prickly.

— Ferraldo Ng, 6W

I crept up the stair, noiseless as a shadow,
As the floorboards creaked beneath me.
The slow, squeaky door crept open.
The door led to the dark jagged stairs
The dark jagged stairs led to the risky bottomless pit.

— Anabelle Greene 6R



My heart beats incessantly,
Like a clock out of order
I find myself slowly shifting
towards the door,
being lured out.

— Anya Goyal, 6R

Fear is a sombre shade of gray,
like a ravaging storm looming overhead
It has a bitter taste, each mouthful consumed with disgust
It looks like a dark forest,
seemingly endless and unforgiving,
that smells like a wildfire slowly engulfing it.
It sounds like a gunshot,

— Ethan Siswaqanjo 6W

Sometimes, I dream of diamonds,
glinting in the night sky
Of thunderous sounds
that shake the silence,
Or vivid colours
that writhe like restless spirits.
But no matter where
my dreams take me,
I always return, wrapped in fear.

Dreams are my best friend.
They are my biggest enemy.
They calm me,
They break me.

Still, I'm glad to have them,
Dreams
— Amaryan Trivedi 6R

I lost direction
This feeling is endless Lost,
Watching the world go by
The feeling is like a fork in the road
And I don't know where to turn
My heart is my life's compass
but I've lost my direction
Watching the world go by
— Charlotte Quan-Chai 6W



Breathtaking sceneries
far past imagination;
The picturesque ocean
assists the creation.
Above: the azure blue sky,
where the golden disk soars high.
It's the painting of a masterpiece,
that makes everyone cry.
— Junjia Huang 6V

Remember endlessly gaming on your switch
Kirby and Mario Kart driving into a ditch?
But the one feeling most special of all
Always you know, that your parents at home
The scent of mom's noodle soup that lingers?
— from *Childhoods*, Vu Minh Anh Lam 6W

A door to Paradise, a wondrous sight,
In the scorching desert sands, where life is rare,
A refuge from the heat, a place so fair,
Where verdant gardens bloom, by waters bright.
— Poppy Connolly 6Y

Bowing down to the ground ready to pounce.
Lurking, through dirty streets...watching.
Aiming at my prey, hungry for food.
Constantly aware of my surroundings.
Knowledge is key when capturing prey.

Creep as though I'm not there,
As silent as the abyss of space.
Trapping my prey, I pounce!
— Zain Kinnear 6X

Post Recording Reflections

I had a day to record a cross-section of our young poets, and it is a credit to both their talent and their responsiveness to my feedback (to enhance the expressive qualities of their reading) that I was able to capture as many voices as I did in relatively few takes.

Although pressed for my time (and I did not want to keep anyone out of class for *too* long!) I did manage to speak briefly with four writers whose poems I found particularly remarkable.

Justin Kim talks about consistency in creating a tranquil mood (and missing winter in Singapore!)

Harper le Devenish talks about writing from her experience (and her parents reaction to her poem!)

Thomas Carstairs talks about 'the octopus in his hands' (my favourite metaphor in the entire book)

Rose Drakeford on writing in rhyming couplets.

This is a sample trigger which I gave to some students. The prompts are intended to help focus and suggest ways to structure their response, given the limited time they had to write with me.

The third suggestion was usually more open, so Kiera's wonderful poem about her guitar was a response to my invitation to '*write about music and what it means to you — or different sounds appeal to different people?*' For a set of creative writing prompts [please see here](#).

A SAMPLE POEM TRIGGER:

Each trigger consisted of a visual stimulus and suggestions to help the writer structure their response in the 30 minutes available to write a first draft.

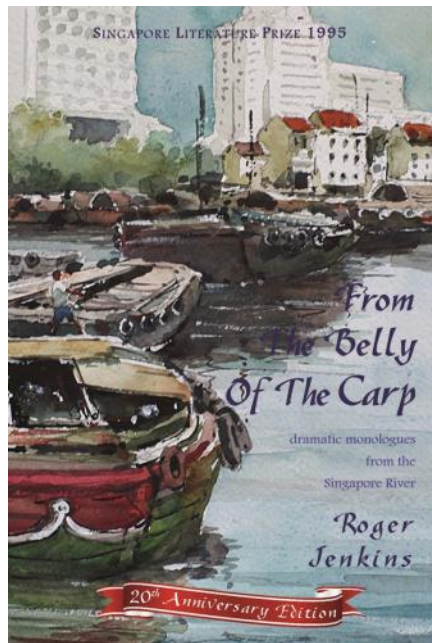


Here are three ideas for a poem:

- What makes you furious, laugh, sad, surprised, scream, confused, embarrassed or? (*Think about the last time you felt each emotion intensely. What triggered it?*)
- Who Am I? (Compare yourself to say 5 different creatures — eg cat, caterpillar, monkey, elephant, chameleon)
- **OR:** A Day In My (Un?)Remarkable Life — Describe what often happens and how you feel/react.

We would love to hear your reactions to the poems written by our Year 6 team. [Please take part in this simple survey.](#)

Send your response by the 6th December 2024 so we can share it with the writers before the end of term.



Responses received by the 7th will be entered in a Lucky Draw: Mr Jenkins has kindly given us three signed copies of his collection of poems, *From The Belly Of The Carp*, which won the 1995 Singapore Literature Prize.

'The belly of the carp' was the name the Chinese pioneers of the early 1800's gave to the south bank of the Singapore River by Andersen Bridge, which is where they built their go-downs (warehouses) and made their fortunes.

Each poem is spoken by a different character connected with the river from pre-Raffles days to the present.

"This fine book embodies solidarity with past Singaporeans, their labours and the concrete realities of their existence

It is a major contribution to the creative recovery of the past. It is Chaucerian at its best."

- Asad Latif, Straits Times