

BURNING IVORY

POEMS
2016

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EXETER SCHOOL

A World without Animals

Imagine a world without animals,
Where deserts echo despair,
And the jungles are lonely.
A hunter's hush across the world.
For it's only an animal they laughed.

Shots were fired at innocent creatures.
Their pain lived on when they didn't,
And no remorse was felt as they fell,
Not a burial or a prayer was whispered.
For it's only an animal they laughed.

Animals may still be remembered,
But not for their mighty acts,
But the money they made the poachers,
A head for two thousand pounds.
For it's only an animal they laughed.

One day there will be no animals,
Just characters in a bedtime story,
For the next generation will never know,
Who their ancestors murdered for money.
It's simply a trade they laughed.

Megan Bailey

In Autumn's Chill, the Colours are a Ruse

In autumn's chill, the colours are a ruse.
Irksome leaves dance on wind's despotic beat,
Night bares her jewels, stained by moonlight, silent, sweet,
Until hills and woodlands then reflect new hues,

Inspiring a Nightingale to sing about the views.
Here I watch, amidst the familiar heat,
Silhouettes of many yesterdays fumbling at my feet,

But these mortal days are like a once felt bruise.

For now the world has fallen out of rhyme,
Out of time, out of trust, out of hope.
For as you pass, the trees are set ablaze,
The Nightingale no longer sits to sing.

Deep scarred now is Earth and deep scarred too our minds.
Too late to think, to act, to make that change in time?

Bethan Reynolds

Peacock

Everyone gazes in admiration,
Won over by its majestic beauty.
The most desired of all birds,
With the most patronizing strut,
Feathers lined with shades of wild sapphires and emeralds
That flutter and unfurl in regal display,
Covered in cobalt, blue windows of the soul,
Each scanning for love, or just simply
Looking for attention.
The winking eyes of a flirt-seeker,
That stare at you like you are worthless.
Iridescent colours all merge together,
Vivid purple flashes briefly, before being submerged once again.
With its vast tail and effortless looks,
Its own kind bows down,
Watching in envy;
As it glides under the cloudless canopy,
Belittling its slaves.

Phoebe Solway

Thief

A flurry of feathers,
A shriek then she dies.
The bright green gleam of satisfied eyes.

He tore through the house,
Left a crime scene behind.
Who couldn't tell that they'd been robbed blind?

White socks in the snow,
The hunter's now cold.
This gingerbread snatcher's no longer so bold.

The hounds started baying,
The trail's been set.
"You thief!" cried the Huntsman. "But I'll have you yet."

He turned tail and fled,
A flicker of flame.
This long simple chase is no longer a game.

Ears flat by his head,
Pure instinct holds reign.
He's terrified deep in the mud-clogged lane.

He streaks through the bushes,
The hounds swarm the woods,
The horsemen come seeking a corpse, their goods.

His red pelt is stained,
All matted with mud.
His glassy eyes staring, stone dead, in cold blood.

Emma Daly

A Naïve Nation

We are committed to find the city,
The one's that's engraved in our history,
But no one has solved the mystery
Of a city with legends, dreams and felicity.

As our ignorance grows stronger
And we are oblivious to realise
That our sea levels continue to rise
And that land above water may be no longer.

For instead of finding Atlantis
We will have converted our world
Into an underwater world
Simply by our own antics.

Lauren Sampson

The Shark Fin

In pristine open waters, it runs free
Slowly drifting through the waving seaweed,
And everything moving out of her way when they see her.
She's distracted by the extreme beauty of the sea,
Then he's gone.

Her hazy, equivocal eyes scan the area for her pup.
Her immense shadow looms over the sea bed,
Her dexterous tail creates turbulence underwater,
As the sand spreads creating a cloud of silt,
When panic starts to set in.

The raging waves hurtle towards the shore,
As her incisive dorsal fin emerges from beneath the waves,
The people on the shore watch with trepidation, unsure of what might happen,
When she catches sight of the boat.

Her tail vigorously moves from side to side,
And that deadly snarl of jagged razors starts to appear.
The helpless youngster's undeveloped tail lies there, hanging off the boat,
Whilst the dark, red blood trickles down the chipped wood
And disperses into the water as the realisation starts to sink in.
He's dead!

Jashan Patidar

The Fox

The white light swings
From side to side
Two shiny circles
Peering back, Watchful.
The circles fall and disappear
The bright light follows,
Swinging,
Down,
It loses her.

In cold black sky,
She slinks away
Blood matting fur,
Her thick coat running,
Red with pain.
No longer rich,

Copper warm and soft,
But cold,
Spiked up
In fear and shock.

Eyes swim,
She falls,
A muddy ditch.
Her limbs are leaden,
Frozen,
Still.
Head rises,
Falls.
Eyes glassy.
Set,
And straight ahead.

Harsh footsteps fall,
Bright light,
Returns and skitters.
Fallen leaves,
Red, orange, ochre,
Glimpse of branch.
It sways,
Deliriously drops,
Points forwards,
Ditch is passed.

Red ears prick up
And follow him
He sighs and leaves,

Kicks up a cloud
Of twigs and dust,
The sounds all fade.

Ears flatten,
Soft and velvety,
Tail twitches,
Scattering,
Soft autumn leaves.
Her blood runs,
Seeping,
Earthen clay
A reddish brown.
She fades.

Jess Wright

Ebb and Tide

Once, it roamed through the seas, uncontested,
Drifting slowly in the deep blue below,
Forever searching yet forever home.
For a tranquil existence it's surely destined.
Now, from the deep it's most rudely wrested,
Bloody and battered, its heartbeat now slows,
Its eyes meet mine, yet no judgment they show,
Leaving my conscience severely tested.

Soon this great creature, most sublime,
By crude men and sharp blades assailed,
Will hear its own twisted mourning bell chime,
Will see itself stolen for sale,
Sharing the fate of many of its kind,
The exploited, persecuted and innocent whale.

Georgia Willis

The Earth has music for those who listen...

Laden by the tank on my back,
Suffocated by my own hair slapping against my face,
The sharp wind down my throat.

The boat stops somewhere far out at sea,
Bobbing on the waves like a helpless toy in the bath.
And before I make the dive, I'm exhilarated.

My heart beats fast.
I shut my eyes, compose myself and then I fall into the unknown,
Ready to explore the secrets and stories it holds.

And in that moment when air turns to water, I open my eyes and take my first breath.
The sunlight broken into a mosaic of colours,
The feeling of freedom so intoxicating.

Tiny fish living their busy lives by the swaying coral,
Shoals in their own cliques like a group of gossiping girls,
And the odd lonesome wanderer looking mysterious and majestic.

I no longer feel burdened the tank that lies upon me,
But fascinated by this new dimension.
Light where no man can see, Sound where no man can hear, Life where no man can
breathe.

Every colour in the spectrum at every angle,
Life in every direction,
And silence... no words to capture the beauty.

From above, it seems no more alive than a bucket of water,
Yet below is more life than the skies overhead and the land it kisses.
The only things in a hurry to leave are the bubbles, racing up with each new breath.

As I advance further into the depths, red begins to disappear.
As do the jolly schools of fish.
As do the luminous colours of coral.

And then I think. What will be of this one day?
Will the views these creatures see be nothing more than a barrier of glass.
Will we forget that nature is not merely a gift to humanity, that we are creatures of
nature to?

Humanity is made up of people as the ocean is made up of drops,
As the waves pound on the shoreline, humanity pounds on the fragile ecosystems.
Nature is not a place to visit, but our home.

Like the ocean at the mercy of the wind,

We seem swept away by the demands of our times; cars, devices, disposable goods.
Yet we too are as insignificant as any other gift of nature, just with a bigger ego.

We may never notice the beauty,
If we are too busy trying to create it.
For we are drops, but together we could make an ocean.

Bonnie Wood

Pure and white, all that can be seen

Pure and white, all that can be seen,
The sun shines down to hit the ice all around;
Out comes life in leaps and bounds.
Splash through the water, the thick ice that gleams,
The food filled water where rays soon beam.
Beneath the surface is heard the booming pound,
But submerged below the water it drowned,
So surreal, the quiet before the scream.
But no longer shall that be the case,
It's their own helpless screams that will be heard,
Their beauty weakened with each painful pace.
The actions we commit, they are so absurd,
Yet they pay no price, get away without trace.
This has to stop. Our vision is blurred.

Martha Jones

Warming up

They stand alone against the summer floods,
The cold-hearted mammals stained red with dread,
Tears lurking as certain death lies ahead,
The ripped open carcass lies still in blood.
Soon this thriving species, no longer loved,
Will have its fate sealed whilst we are in bed.
Global warming is happening and that's all that's said.
We need to take action to stop the mud
Appearing on top of crystal blue tops.
Their thick white fur is no longer needed,
As camouflaged, due to the new-born rock,
The cold water laps, the warnings not heeded,
Their lives are helpless, their howls in shock.
Please save our breathing planet, they pleaded.

Demelza May

Alpine Whistle

Innocent, (ignorant) they journeyed to unknown,
Foreign places. A hostile climate of wintery Alps.
Windy roads led to...
More windy roads and
Creeping over the edge – back on windy
Roads. Again, but down, down the mountain (ridges). Up again.
Down Again. Up – Down – Up – Up – Up to
The mountain top where the cross looms,
Overlooking the valley.

Purple, yellow, green. Pink flowers entwined,
Within the deep, blue. Pools flowing,
Frogs flex (jump – stop – jump).
A flutter behind your ear (butterflies), goes into the pastel hue,
[Try find me.]

Alpine huts stand alone in their sublimity.
Tiny homes of the naturally untamed,
Now tamed unnaturally.
Hurt, Enclosed,
Overpowered.

In the Seebersee hut, amiable people said,
'Viel Glück! Die sieht man hier nur selten (Danach...)',
'Good luck! You don't see them much here anymore (After...)'.
But what...
[Have you found me?]

[See me?]
I see. No, I don't see...
So far away but yet feels so close.
Perching on craggy, (basalt?) rocks,
Standing small but mighty,
Whistling. (Ring, whoot, Trill)
Posing proud, majestic.

The marmot. Not just one. The one.

Annoushka Sljivic

The Mass Murder of Magic

The lovesick mermaid threw herself in head first, and became foam on the seashore
But her lungs filled up with suffocating spilt oil.
She can't believe that the human who did this to her, is the one she died for.

Back at her home, the legendary city of Atlantis, cans and plastic bags tower over it
and it watches its citizens being suffocated by spark coil.
Not only this fallen fortress, but the entire deep azure expanses, even our Cornish sea,
All of the seven seas are affected by this poisonous, never-ending turmoil.

People of extraordinary beauty that can change their shape and swim freely are known
by folklore as the Selchie.

But they were betrayed and hunted whilst defenceless in their seal form,
They swam and swam 'till they could swim no more, and were bludgeoned to death
without mercy.

Look carefully amongst a hunter's "prize" room, between the heads of deer's and the
bodies of badgers and foxes, reduced to looking so pitiful and forlorn.
Hidden amid the delicately placed and arranged bodies of the game and countless
others,
You'll see the hunter's pride and joy, the mounted and stuffed head of the fighting
unicorn

The lost tales of Puck, Tinkerbell and Peter Pan used to be told to children by
mothers,
Even the greatest of writers had inspiration from these creatures, so full of mischief,
wit and wicked retorts.
And the famous love-hate relationship of Oberon and Titania, the infamous royal fairy
lovers.

But as I slowly walk through what was once a wood, I see the ground littered with
tiny fairy bodies that died without support,
I look carefully around, straining to remember myths and legends from long ago, I tilt
my head straining to listen but I can't hear a sound,
I can't help but wonder at what happened to the King and his consort.

How did they die? Some were burned, some were strangled, and others drowned.
We destroyed their hidden world, obliterated their homes and stole their land,
Bodies of vanished legends buried in a small insignificant mound.

When we killed nature, we killed the magic from which these wondrous creatures
came.

How we could do that, I still don't understand.

We committed mass genocide, omitting all trace of their existence, thus
When they died they took our tales and myths with them, Mother Nature's final
command.

They tried to hide for a reason; they were killed because of a destructive and wasteful
lust.

They failed to hide and take cover; their presence was obliterated; they cease to exist
because of us.

Rebekah Wajed

The Polar Bear

The blistering snow storm
Settles down.
The vague figure of a lone wanderer, the majestic predator,
The beautiful polar is revealed
Trekking across the bleak wasteland.
Ploughing through the snow,
The polar bear can only be seen by its distinguishing black features
From its white coat of camouflage.

As the polar bear approaches its prey,
It slows and its movements become more delicate on the crisp snow and ice.
It halts.

Then, with a burst of immense power, it deals a lethal blow.

It can now feed its vulnerable cubs
And live another day in the harsh environment

Its actions, though bold,
Are somewhat chivalrous and noble.

Ollie Clark

SIDMOUTH COLLEGE

Africa

Africa

Behind the poverty, behind
the conflict, lies a beautiful and peaceful land,
full of tropical beaches and unique animals. These animals
must be admired today; for there are poachers roaming the drylands
like they own it. Come every sunset, on secluded
mountains animals dread to sleep the night.

Their cubs are forced to scavenge
for survival. Poor people in
rich lands scramble
for resources.

This is
Africa.

Thomas Mead

Feel

Feel the heat of the beating sun
Feel the dry grass beneath your feet
Feel the rare breezes ruffle the leaves
Feel the crumbling sand in-between your toes
Feel the mud dust floor.

Africa.

See the breathtaking sunsets painted across the evening sky
See the gorgeous golden beaches with sapphire seas
See the clear night speckled with twinkling stars
See the endless waterless sand of the Sahara.

Africa.

Hear the never-sleeping hustle of the city
Hear the echoing roar of the dominant lion
Hear the singing of the local tribes.

Africa

Charlotte Horn

What is Africa to You?

Darkness and guilt, poverty and despair.

Africa.

Togetherness, love and community.

Africa.

Endless grounds of hopelessness contrast with
the proud togetherness.

As tradition dances, tranquil, iridescent skies fade whilst
death and darkness swallow the light.

Death hugs the poor in Africa.

Recklessness kills in Africa.

The new-borns gasp for a first breath, gazing into the unknown,

While lakes and lagoons

All suffocate and breathe their last.

Heartless

Poachers

March

With

Haste.

A bullet carpet leads the vulnerable

Animals to their death.

What is Africa to you?

A place of

Hope?

A place of

Disease?

Elly-Jane Waddell

Africa

Hot
Dusty
Calm
Fur brushing against the soil.

The families lie in burning sun
Listening to gentle wind

Strength
Power
Courage
They are bold.

They wait
Scared, anxious, worried
For the poachers to arrive.

Running from the devils
Running from their death.

Guns
Poison
Explosion

Silent-watcher
Life-taker.

Rebecca Fallows

The Bond

The bond they have
Pulls them together.
Bold posture imitates
The predator. The solid gaze into the
Distance strikes fear into the predators'
Hearts.

The caring mother
Protects its cubs from the outside.
She creates a
Stable foundation
To survive.

But more than just a predator
Is out there
Taking lives for their
Benefit. Killing machines.

Cold blooded
Cruel hearts
Lie out there
Untouched.

Toby Neumegan

Strength

Strength, courage
Poise and ambition
Gone in seconds

A trail of blood.
Violence.

Skins used for fashions whilst
The people are left to rot.

What is the point?

Just for riches,
Money spent on nothing.
Spent on space.
Spent on hell.

Josh Jones

Lioness

Peacefully, the lions lay among the nourished grass,
Gazing into the tranquil distance.
Her young cubs frolic and play
Amidst the long strands of grass
That bow down at the feet of the bold lioness.

As the sun sets, the youth she protects grows weary, and yet
She's still alert.

Poachers always threaten;
Always pose a danger.
Poachers are always there.

With audacity, she protects her playful cubs,

Always watching
Always waiting,
Ready.

Her life is nothing compared to her cubs.

They are the future.
Her future.

Anya Hawtin

The Big Turn

The real Africa:
Beauty – nature – perfect skies.

The real Africa:
Golden sand – bright eyes.

The real Africa:
Action – war – love,
Peace.

The real Africa:
Bloody rivers – falling trees.

The real Africa:
Death at dawn – bullets shot.
The real Africa:
Tension - danger - never get caught.

Oliwia Orłowska

Poaching Kills Nature

Africa:

Picturesque, sun-kissed, enchanting.

Africa:

Ancient trees, sunset skies, herds of animals.

Africa:

Peace, savannah, serenity.

And...

Nature.

Nature:

Pride, bravery, power.

Nature:

uniqueness, beauty, strength.

Nature:

Magnificent, wildlife, bold.

But...

Poaching kills.

Poaching:

Death, injury, destruction.

Poaching:

Poison, guns, cold-hearted.

Poaching:

Explosion. Fear.

Death of nature.

Charlotte Horn

In Africa

The place you will never know
Truly, deeply, underneath
A story of terror, disease and poverty.
A continent of hatred
and poachers.

In Africa

The place you will never know
Is rumoured and spoken about;
But you shall never know it.
Dirty poachers roam
Destroying wildlife as they know it
Piece by piece.
Adverts show only the negatives
Placing an image in our minds.
This is what we think of Africa
But I don't think it's kind.

In Africa

The place you will never know
Spills happiness and joy
Bringing tourists from around the world.
Riches and greed may dominate the continent;
They won't help the poor but will pamper the wealthy.

In Africa

The place you will never know
Covered in wildlife and animals
The views will put you to sleep
Giving you the peace of a lifetime.

This is Africa
The one continent you will never know.

Leon Dance

Shadows

Love and power and pride. Grazing peacefully
Under the baobab tree unaware.

Shadows
Approach, creeping like the
Night itself.

The gun is lifted.

Explosion.

A river of blood streams
Through the African bush.

The shadows disappear.

Samuel Cambridge

COLYTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Balloon

A lake, beautiful eye,
Watching us, spectators,
As the dew-webs evaporate
And mist lifts the morning.

We hover over
Heavy-legged herbivores,
Nudging in the distance -
Harmonious, nosing crowds - specks.

Just a gust to skim us,
A delicate dusting
Of sights in the quiet of the elevated air.
Tiny are the mighty,
A barely-blink might miss them,

Before we drop down,
Softly
Into scale.

Junior Creative Writing Club

The Ivory

Ivory, treasure of treasures,
Carved with intricate detail,
Creamy surfaces polished,
Prized above a life.

Grey stone giants, wandering far
Beneath billowing clouds,
Lush green plains free to roam,
A peaceful creature's home.

Lives brutally ended,
Tusks on a wall,
Trophies of Cruelty,
Shrouded nobility.

Trapped, bathed in dust,
Trinkets in a cupboard,
Bloody histories forgotten,
Lying, caged within

The Ivory.

Kirsten Hawkins

Carve

Paint a picture of delicacy,
Carve a story of death.

Create a work of craftsmanship,
Cause a scene of despair.

Form a thing of beauty,
Tell a tale of horror.

Treasure distinctive carvings,
Plunder from the land.

Fashion a pale ornament,
Showcase subtle skill.

Display the craft of cruelty,
Admire its heavy price.

Joanna Young

Ugly Craft

Tanzania –
The sky, an ocean;
Great, virtual, striding gods;
Animals of glass.

A greater power watches them
Silently.

Lacy beauty,
Delicate features;
A rotten core;

Ground stained red;
World bleached white.
What sky smiles down
On this sight.

An ugly craft.

Julia Thwaites

Lost Light

Ivory -
Hand-crafted, exquisite,
Intricate, trinkets.
Crafted from death.

Once alive, majestic, strong,
A sixth-sense-wisdom all their own.
Grey shape; strong cloud in the dawn.

Dark is the carcass,
Secrets lost,
Dying like the soft Tanzanian sunset.

Light sinks below the horizon.

Anna Mackay

Run

Brutally taken,
Beautifully crafted
By blood stained hands.

Skin, land of the savannah;
Ears, brown leaf of a violet;
Feet, roaming freely;
The world goes by.

Over rust-coloured ground,
Gunshot like a scream.
The land licks its wounds
Deeper, deeper runs the stream.

Georgia Hedditch

From Open Plains

Great acacia shelf:
Leather-bound words,
China-crafted clock,
Ring of pure suns,
Small bleached box,
Jewel and gem engraved,
Open plains of ink,
Scrublands of paint.

Such a secret ivory hides,
Africa's echoes trapped inside;
Concealed within the craftsmanship:
Ivory jail.

Lucia Goulev

White Gold?

White stone bleeds red.
White turns gold,
Glinting, into leaves of green
To set and rise through orange flashes,
To lose its lustre on some shelf,
And yellow under artificial light,
Until white isn't white anymore.

Nature changes colour; man changes it again.
Only the gold remains.

Phoebe Jeffries

EXMOUTH COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Tears of a Child

(from Eddie's point of view)

I look outside the window pane,

Thinking what it would be like to have that person
to protect me and keep me safe.

They stole the last part of my puzzle,

The last part of my family.

I will never forget the memories,

The memories of when he never let go of loving me.

Now I'm a lonely child trying to find my way back to when my family was complete.

But why am I dreaming when I know that all this
is never going to happen?

I'm not going to get the dad who protects me,

I'm not going to get the dad who keeps me safe.

Now I'm sat here looking out towards the horizon,

Silently crying. Nobody can hear me,

I feel like I'm in a galaxy far away from everyone else.

No one's there, just me and my imaginary dad.

I'm the sun, my dad is the earth orbiting around me like
the love we have between us...

Charlotte Walker

The Poacher's Son

I creep along the shadows,
And no sound shall I make.
I'm hunting down that elephant,
The one next to the lake.

My papa is Head Poacher,
He's teaching me his tricks.
He's ace at hunting elephants,
He learned when he was six.

I see my Papa watching
He's there behind that tree.
I have to shoot this elephant
To make him proud of me.

Eva Squires

The Silent Cry of a Child

There she is lying

Still.

Unblinking.

The men they came like a storm sweeping through the Serengeti,

Walking to the rhythm of my heartbeat.

They stole my mother,

My protection.

No one ever heard me.

I am forgotten, I am alone.

I stare into the night sky

A star shines brighter than the rest.

I imagine her deep hazel eyes that I hardly knew looking down at me,

Protecting me,
Fighting all the fears that I face with me.
I have lost everything but my hope.
That never breaks.
That never fails.
Yet I am here and she is there
Still.
Unblinking.

Louisa Jones

The Future of Life

Breathing no more
No longer walking on this earth
Humans stole my power
They stole my family
My friends
The last part of my puzzle
I can forgive
But not forget
I lost my life from trying to erase the nightmares
So what's the point in trying anymore?
I'm the last of my kind
So I might as well wait for death to knock on my door
I'm waiting for its gnarled fingers to tap on the rough wood
And whisper in my ear
"It's over, you can wake up now!"

Its words seeping into my brain
But why am I questioning all of this
It is not a dream it is the deadly reality
I can't escape it
It's become my life...

Tish Buck

Poacher

I saw the stunning, golden glow of the sun setting,
I felt the jeep as it whizzed along the dirt track.

I could see the herd of elephants grazing on the plains,
I felt sorry for them.

Then I heard the shot of my mate's gun,
And an elephant fell.

I was too late to save it,
I had never cared before.

But I did now.

I would never poach again.

Holly Hales

Mourning for Mother

Plodding along the dusty desert
The sunset silhouetting my body,
My baby tugging on my tail as she tiptoes on behind me,
Every crunch of the dehydrated grass shoots a pain up my body.
My mouth is so dry I can barely breath.
I hear my baby crying out for water as my trunk swishes round her to push her on,
There's nothing else I can do.

We walk for hours hoping we will find a drink but no,
There's not one drop of water in this habitat.

I walk.
My baby gives a huge wail almost like she's in pain, but no.
I pick up my trunk to swish it round my baby, to push her on.
As I turn everything is in slow motion.
I see some car lights.
Suddenly I know what's going on.
I hear a gunshot and let out a huge wail.
The only thing I can do is fall. I am dying.

The last vision I wanted to see was my baby.
I looked over to her small, dry face and watched as a tear fell down to the dry earth.
That was the water we needed.
That was what we needed to stay alive.

Maybe I was supposed to die.
Maybe I wasn't.
But I did it for my baby!

Satara Singleton

Friends (1)

Friends are the ones who bring out the different sides of you.
They are the ones who annoy you the most;
The ones that will say don't worry, about a thing, because every little thing is going to
be all right.
The ones that laugh at every joke you tell them even if they have heard it before;
The ones that say just be you, because who else will?
The ones who remember the good times, and the bad.
Friendship is an important thing and can't be bought, stolen or found.
It is a treasure,
Keep it safe.

Ellie Lineman

Friends (2)

Fun
Rays of hope
Incredible
Explore
No rules
Days of laughter
Sleepovers
FRIENDS!

Holly Hales and Poppy Taylor

The Poacher

I tiptoe through the dense forest making no sound,
I am not scared I tell myself as I look around,
The forest seems to talk,
I hold my gun tight as I walk,
But the animals are eerily quiet.

I reach the plains the lights so bright,
The orange sunset glows, for it is nearly night,
A young elephant stands afraid and alone,
I look in its eyes suddenly wish I was at home.

I drop my gun and trudge back to the jeep,
This memory, this vision I will certainly keep.

Why must we murder, slaughter and kill?
Why must we die? It's against my will!

I wish poaching would end forever,
Why can't animals and humans work together?

Eliza Taggart

Extinction of the Elephants

I stared out at the sunset.
At that glow I'll always know.
My gaze fell on the elephants.
The lives so innocent, although,
Their big, big hearts are melting down.
Melting to the core,
At the sight of all their relatives,
Falling to the floor.

Five have fallen,
Infected by poison,
Injected by bitter poachers.
Their evil souls are black as coal,
Just like the guns that they all hold.

Those poachers want my elephants.
They want their huge sharp tusks.
They're killing off their friends – the Rhino's.
It's like someone's pulled the flush.

They're silent in their death wish.
That wish they never made.
That wish they share with elephants.
That wish they see each day.

And now,
My little elephants,
Stand in the draining light.
They know their fate,
They dread it much,
But they all know it's too late.

Eva Squires

Gazelle

I scarpered as I saw the jeep,
Racing along the track.
I sprang through grasses and made a leap,
With the trees to watch my back.

I did not need to run,
Instead the elephant was in danger.
They just do it for fun,
To us they are strangers.

Holly Hales

The Hunt

The ground shook wildly as the elephant rushed past,
Trampling shrubs and bushes underfoot,
He knew what was happening,
He had heard his friends talk about it but he never believed them.
The elephant kept running, eyes wild, never looking back,
He could hear the Jeep's engine whirr behind him,
He could hear the click of the gun,
He heard the deafening roar of the gunshot,
Then he heard nothing.

The man jumped down from the Jeep,
A murderous smile plastered on his face,
He had done his job.
The Hunt was over.

Josh Mahoney

THE MAYNARD SCHOOL

Rose-Tinted Thoughts

Black and white memories replayed
Across the sandstone of my mind,
Lost in the waves of my history,
Forgotten in the echo of an ivory horn.
White-washed across my eyes like a flush of
rose-tinted light,
Glimmering in the night-time darkness,
I look back on my faded past,
Torn with age and singed at the sides,
The unbuckling of a seatbelt,
The dust caught in the rippling rays of the sun.
Age is just a number, I was told,
But as my years tick by, my person pictures
Become jaded
In a time paradox caught in the hoof print
Of old memories.

Anais Wilson

In the African Night

The shadows of men with things to hide,
Huddle around the dancing light,
White gold turned black by greedy hearts,
There are things to see in the African night.

Smoke black as poachers' hearts and stinking of fear,
Makes small noses flare, and swift legs take flight,
Polluting the air and the innocent mind,
There are things to smell in the African night.

The herd of elephants with bullets in their hearts,
Cannot be seen in the fire-bright,
They watch in silent fury from high above,
There are mysterious things in the African night.

They'll be back tomorrow, back to their foul trade,
With a gunshot's sharp crack and a whoop of delight,
And an elephant's scream as she's wrenched from life,
There are things to hear in the African night.

Sophia MacLeod

Burning Ivory

I watched as the flames grew,
Burning.
Burning ivory.
I watched the poachers,
Their faces hostile,
Unforgiving.
A fire burning as bright as the morning sun,
Ivory as white as snow.
I watched and remembered the elephants,
Those gentle giants,
So calm.

Their world was pulled apart
At the snap of a trigger.
Now I watch as the fire dies down:
Ash piles of ivory,
Faded to black.
Burning.
Burning ivory.

Amelie Cosgrove

African Skies

Flying high above Africa,
I feel the heat on my face,
The elephants are drinking from a watering hole,
All in the same place.

It hasn't rained in days,
There isn't much water left,
The drought is getting worse each year,
Because of climate change.

Soon there'll be no water left,
The elephants will be parched,
Not to even mention,
The zebras, lions or giraffes.

It's bad enough that the hunters,
Are killing elephants for their tusks,
But now with climate change too,

No animals stand a chance.

I'm high above Africa,
In a colourful air balloon,
And I know if things carry on the way they are,
There'll be no animals here soon.

Tilly Tomlinson

Painting the World

If I was asked to paint the world a colour
Just one
To stand out bold and strong
From the grey and black of dull galaxies
Or faraway lands with nothing to please:

I'd paint the world green
From core to crust,
Not red for hate or passion or lust.
Just green for spontaneous, miraculous new life
Opportunities, possibilities: a world without the strife

Of blue where the sky is infused with grey
Streaked with loss and blurred to betray
Where palettes become distorted and abstract and confused,
With bleak tints of grey and wild hues of blues.

My world would be green,
Not purple or pink,
Or orange like the sunset -
For those colours sink

Into the apricot dawn and are lost for whole days,
To become disfigured and blended by the sun's scorching rays.

My world would be calm, and patient and true,
Where chameleons are changed and life starts anew.
If I had once chance, to choose one colour that stood out from the rest,
I'd paint the world green.
Yes, I think green would be best.

Emma Machell

Baobab Tree

Blazing, lingering, tropical and romantic.

Sunset.

Silhouettes of curled trunks

And white ivory tusks.

So beautiful and yet so dangerous.

They have no idea that a

Poacher,

Is creeping across the

Sandy,

Forgotten land.

Who could think that your fractures of

Ivory

Are worth more than gold?

Run fast now

Your fate is at

Risk.

Don't linger under the baobab tree,

The leaves

And branches are

Hypnotising.

You hear a crunch of a bad man's boot

And now you know

That you should have run,

And all because of that

Hypnotising

Baobab tree.

Miller Fowle

Waiting

They are coming for me

I can feel it

Treading through the long grass waving in the wind

Their guns already pointing, aiming towards me.

I feel their eyes staring at me

Judging me, judging my value

I know my time has come

I am one of the few left

There will be no more soon

There will just be the smell

The smell of Burning Ivory

Ellie O'Brien

The Savannah's Sacrifice

The red sea seeps like petrol

Over the African lands,

Yet it is not Christ who parts it,

But the poacher, blade in hand.

He comes not for food, or thirst, or need,
But driven here by basic greed,
He strikes to take his stolen prize:
An ivory tusk, and a life on the side.

Abandoned on her grave of sand,
The elephant bleeds from the wound he planned.
Watching the sun bow its head in sorrow,
She sees her lands dyed red and yellow.
And out of this burning stream of light
A silhouette arrives to soothe her fright.
He crosses the burning pool of blood,
Sitting beside her, filled with love.

The orphaned calf does not understand
His mother's blood is flooding the land.

Isabelle Halpin

Spirit

Flames grow old, just like us.
They curl rapidly to the beat of bones,
Rattling together, slowly yet boldly.

Millions of savannah spirits arise.
Their thoughts still placed on
Reaching, bending or striding
For that pure succulent leaf.

The luscious green is cursed.
Dazzling as the gleaming star

Shining brightly in the north.

Those men are soulless.

They strive for money, not for hope.

Murderers,

Who are unaware of what they have done.

Gone!

With a piercing echo of a gunshot,

It falls.

Unaware that the fascinating tree cost it

Its life.

Verity Howle

Burning Ivory

The sun will rise,

Will shine white,

The sky is glassy blue.

The water is clear,

The sun is here.

All is ivory bright.

The sun is up,

Has reached its peak,

Has burnt the sand dark gold.

But golden sand

Looks plain and bland

Next to ivory white.

The sun is setting:
Fading fast.
The sky is stained blood red.
Above the fire,
A funeral pyre,
The stars shine with ivory light.

Now night has come,
The sky, burnt black.
The golden sand is ash.
White is black
And charred and cracked:
Join the ivory fight.
Georgina Ward

The Five Penny World

“That is 5p, please.”
He said, as I packed my shopping away.
Paid in cash,
Got a tenner back –
But no 5p today.

Rooted around my bags,
Fumbled for my empty purse,
Scanned for my change,
Found five pennies –
And finally, I was off!

Went to the cupboard,
Chucked that bag in with a hundred others,

As the “SAVE THE WORLD” poster loomed just round the corner.

That bag now wallowing in the depths of a plastic exclusion
In the cupboard under the stairs and
Our world is much the same –
Wallowing in pollution and plastic
Because soon it will suffocate
In our laziness.

It seems as though no one cares,
That our world is wearing away.
High emissions, rising sea levels,
Are increasing every day.

So, next time you sigh as you open your purse,
To find that solitary 5p,
Don't be annoyed at others:
Scrutinise yourself.
Pick up some litter and recycle your bags.
Then maybe we won't live in
“A five penny world”.

Anya Hitt

Spread Your Wings

Life is always changing,
For better or for worse
In every place, in every world,
In bad times we throw the blame at anyone in sight.
We hold responsible poachers,

And gangs who cause pollution,
We blame the poor
Who clutter up our streets,
We punish the loggers with cruel words
Behind their backs,

But we don't see ourselves,
Standing in front of the mirror
While we scream at the news about what's happening,
A lazy caterpillar's
Ugly feet
Trespass over the world
Leaving oil marks
And black holes that can't be undone.

We could be a world of dazzling butterflies though,
Spreading our wings and helping all,
Redeeming the animals,
From the elephant to the cat –
All we have to do is break through the cocoon,
Make a transformation,
Turn our world back in time,
Go from toxic to exotic
And spread your wings out far and wide!

Miri Cooper-Wedge

The Tears of a Mother

The tears fall
As she strokes the bare cheek
The innocence,
Seeping through its skin.

The dust clouds the judgement,
Of unknowing eyes.
The pain surrounds her thoughts.

The first times, never happened.
The first steps.
The first word.
The first laugh.
If only this had never happened.

The heart vibrated,
As she screamed into its fragile body.
The heart stopped,
As it had always been.

Its untouched skin,
Was starved of growth
Of the richest kind, love.

And the small body,
Was cold, in her limp arms.
Never to be warm again.

This is what makes

The tears of a mother,

Fall.

Emily Williams

Ivory Tower

The tower of ivory loomed over me,
Scurrying away from the men with guns.

Frightened for our lives,

A shot blasted through the air.

When we knew we were safely away,

We looked back.

A palace of ivory shimmering,

Glistening in the sunlight,

Belonging to animals,

Stolen by man.

Poaching for fun,

Killing to destroy lives.

A sizzling fireball of ivory,

Amber turning jet black.

Purity filling the sky with stench.

Selling off their riches,

For other people's pain:

We live in an odd world.

Peggy Morgan

Burnt Ivory

Placing a necklace around my neck
A beautiful flame carved from ivory,
Hanging from a simple golden chain,
Bought from a Moroccan market,
Many years ago.

Suddenly a dark thought struck me:
An image of the dealer.
Something he'd said,
Or something I'd seen,
Far in the distance.
Now that I think, I saw
A pool of leaking red and some bloody bullets,
A dirt hunting rifle.
What had seemed innocent,
Was no uncovered as a mindless massacre.

Anger filled me:
I was one of the bad guys now.
If only we weren't so blind and brainless,
Then we wouldn't be such a stupid, and selfish race.
How can such a wicked crime be disguised as something so graceful?
But we must be reminded of our mistakes.
And I wear that disgust like the murder it is,
Whilst placing the necklace around my neck.

Nicole Charity

Elephant Voice

I used to roam free and wild,
My great stomping the savannah, as a child,
The light breeze flowing through my leathered skin,
As I laughed and relied upon my next of kin.

Amongst the confusion, the flames, the smell,
One by one my family fell,
We'd rear, we'd shout, we'd scream,
But they kept on, not having heard - or so it did seem.

Those men with their savage eyes,
Greedy for the prize, but at the cost of our lives,
The sound of the shot, the glint of a gun,
I scream, I mourn, I run.

And now I roam the savannah alone,
In a broken and terrified zone,
They'll come back – this time for me,
Until there's nothing left for anyone to see.

What do they want?
Why do they do this?
What can be done?
To stop us elephants being silenced with a gun.

Jasmine Reay

They Still Come

Our pain is lost
In the thump of fear.
The brave and majestic creature
Is lost to fright.

We fear for the unknown,
We fear for the truth

Cold tears spin down
As the thieves come,
Greedy and merciless.

They steal the jewel
Of fellow elephants,
And our hopes and dreams.

We are confused.
We do not know
What we have done – do you?

Hearts are torn,
Like mothers from their babies.
Screeches from orphaned babies
Send a shiver down neighbouring animals.

But they will still
Come
As long as

The ivory burns.

Emily Williams

Burning Ivory

Standing in the midst of danger,

I'm afraid.

I'm scared.

Help will never come,

But I still have

Hope.

I'm frightened,

Frightened of what they might do to me

Worried for when they touch me.

I'm agitated.

When they leap from one branch to another,

Sparks start again:

Their determination is endless.

I'm petrified.

They're coming closer,

Starting to pirouette and plie

The hands of admirers don't stop them.

They've finished.

Flames have burnt the forest,

My body turned to ash

No applause erupts from the deserted forest floor.

Lily How

Burning Ivory

Sitting on a mount of white
A fire burns incredibly bright
With their disregard for elephant life,
Poachers killed elephants not with a knife
But with guns that blaze a deafening sound
The dropping elephants start to pound
The dusty soil of Africa
As the poachers shout, “Eureka!”
They want their money, they want their dough
And no matter how hard we try to say no
They won’t stop destroying their prey
Why should they?
What is but an elephant life
They didn't kill it with a blood-stained knife
So it doesn’t count as murder, does it?
We know what they did with their kit
The fire burns more brightly now
Such an unbelievable row
That fire caused
If only we paused
The time the poachers became evil
And caused a terrible thing so lethal
What a price the elephants paid
What a fire burns ablaze
On top of that mountain of white ivory tusks

Lillie-Jane Bucci

My Last Glance

A faint crunch and crack in the distance echoed across the land
It caused a bit of a stir, especially with the young lads
I swayed my heavy head from left to right
I knew we were not capable to put up a fight
I could only hope it was a rattle of snakes
Or maybe a rustle of leaves requiring a rake
But what was once a rustle became a commotion
Our whole heard split and I found myself gaining a demotion
I was running solo with poachers by my back
That's when I heard the fierce crack
Machine guns were firing not giving me a chance
I turned around and glanced my last glance.

Emily Pike

They'll Be Gone

A pile of lives stolen,
lost to a smoking blaze, forbidden.
Blackened hearts that do these awful deeds
Appalling behaviour of the poachers,
life stealers.
If this carries on,
these creatures will be gone.

Why

What happiness does it give to kill and endangered animal?

Much more of this activity,
they will be gone

No more elephants to show our children
they need to stay where they belong,
or these creatures will be gone.

The elephants will be no longer
They are in a deep pile of fiery trouble
They need our help,
before it's too late
Too late and they'll be gone.

Emma Wickham

Burning Ivory

Fire engulfs
The mound of tusks
Soon to be burned to the ground.

A park ranger looks on, remembering the elephants
That used to roam
This wide, desolate savannah
Now
There are none.
Far in the distance,
A lone elephant calls,
But no other elephants are there to hear it.

Alyssa Gibbons

THE PROJECT TEAM

The Elephants are No Man's Foe

The elephants are no man's foe
So why must they be human prey,
Each hunted down and then laid low
When elephants are no man's foe?

And rhino too to gun and bow
Fall, softly dying, day by day.
The elephants are no man's foe
So why not save them, while we may?

The Project Team