



Gold

Everyone has inner dragons,
Resting inside your soul,
Dragons that keep fear inside you,
Trapped like chains of molten gold.

The dragons breath,
Frozen with fear,
You'll have to try again.
If you can befriend the dragon,
Push it deep inside,
Bury the trouble banish the rain,

Take its gold,
Be free of fear,
Be bold.
Everyone has inner dragons,
Resting inside your soul,
Dragons that keep fear inside you,
Keep you trapped in chains of molten gold.

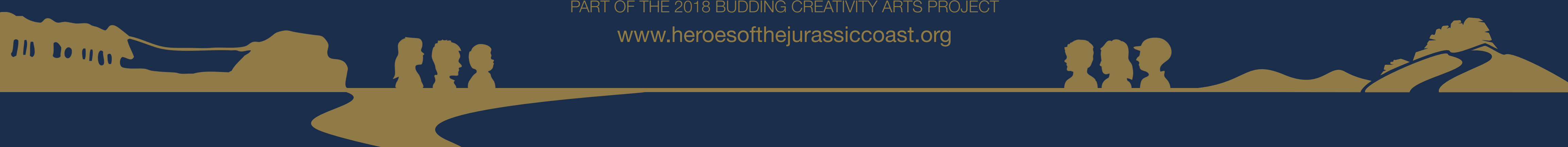
Jaspar Jarmain COLYTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL



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This is How We Are

Once we gathered berries, hunted wild beasts
Arm in arm with nature, happily in peace,
Perfect, joyful harmony; nothing to disturb
Life amongst the animals, picking leaves and herbs

But it couldn't last.

Farming, firm, strong, dominant, tilled up our fruitful past.
How to barter? How to account? How to earn?
Gold.

Such rarity, desperation, pride, anguish, power,
People fought, quarreled, hour over hour
Gaining the upper hand, us rich and strong,
While less fortunate others laboured all day long.

However bad the fighting, the families torn apart,
It did not compare to the corruption in our hearts.
They would fight anyone, no matter friend or foe,
Lust for power, money; watch the hatred grow.

This is how we are: countries, borders, wars,
Why we have murders, disobey the laws.
Powerful dictators, corrupt from all their loot,
Rule with iron thumbs, over people they control.

No matter how hard we fight, we'll never beat the gold,
So thin we won't care or never be controlled.
For the more we trust gold, more darkness can unfold,
And its glittering grip will forever be strong.

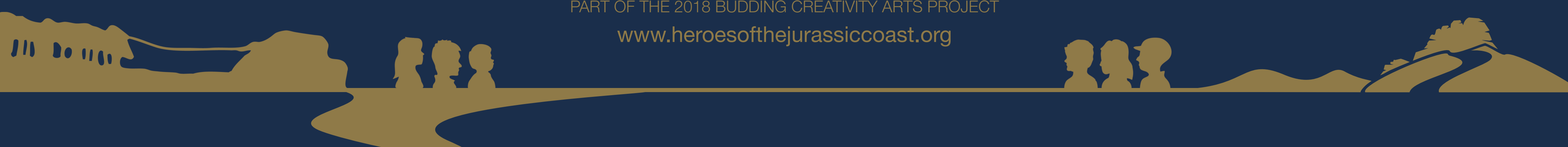
YR7 Ned Remington COLYTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL



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Finding Gold

Beating the rest
Coming first with
Happiness that bursts -
On the podium, above the rest
Knowing you are,
The best of best.

Found in America far on the East
People rushed
To the glittering feast
People travelled far and wide
Dangers and perils -
So many died.

Atomic number seventy-nine
Treasured far beyond fine wine
The better it is
The older it gets
They travelled far, dug deep, battled bravely to get it
Their eyes shine glimmering with regrets.

YR9 Kuda Takawira COLYTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL



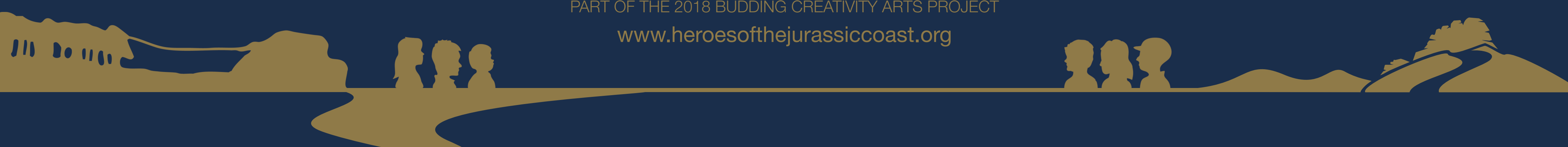
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THE ARTS
SOCIETY
BRIDLEIGH
SALTERTON





The Cuckoo Cloak

Trinkets glitter warmly,
Hiding unforgiving cold –
Dead treasure tendrilled to shape the dying souls.

Insidiously creeping,
The metal cuckoo spreads its wings.
Shrouded humanity -
Polished and corrupted.

Desolate, human hopes
Stop. Black hearts separate,
Fester in their golden cages,
Trapped
'til warmth's kernel buds again.

YR10 Kirsten Hawkins COLYTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL



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