



# Anything You Want

Gold -  
A meaningless object  
Yet so valuable.

Gold -  
So little  
Yet so much.

Gold -  
So lonely  
Yet you're surrounded.

Gold –

It pays your bills,  
You're condemned to its wills,  
And after you've tasted it  
You're hungry for more.  
But once alone with it,  
It can be such a bore.

Gold –  
Like the glowing of the tar barrels,  
Like the darkness of the night.

Gold –  
It is the biggest enemy among us.  
Gold rules over us.

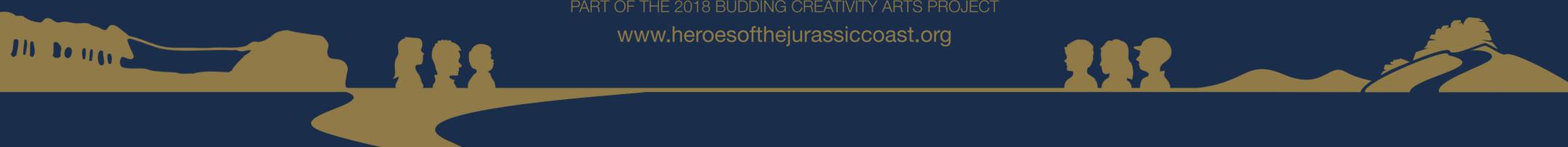
**Scarlett Spencer** THE KING'S SCHOOL, OTTERY ST MARY



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# Gold

I have it. I don't.  
I have it. It flew away.  
You see it. I don't.  
The other way around,  
Under the bridge,  
Twisting and turning,  
Through the county.  
It's in your eyes  
And now it's not.

Gold is here. There.  
Nowhere.  
A way to see the world,  
A warmth as the sun is,  
A mask of a dream.

Gold is real. Gold is not.  
Gold is embers. Gold is hot.  
Gold is. Gold isn't.  
Gold is a flame,  
Riding in barrels of tar,  
Dodging the crowds,  
Searching for existence.  
In reality  
Or not.

They are here. There.  
Everywhere.  
Running throughout town,  
A scream as they make,  
The ring of a deafening bell.

I have it. No.  
I have it. There it goes.  
It lives. It thrives.  
If threatened it survives,  
From highest point up at the church,  
To busy shops and in the dirt,  
Gold could be anywhere.  
It's in your eyes  
And now it's not.

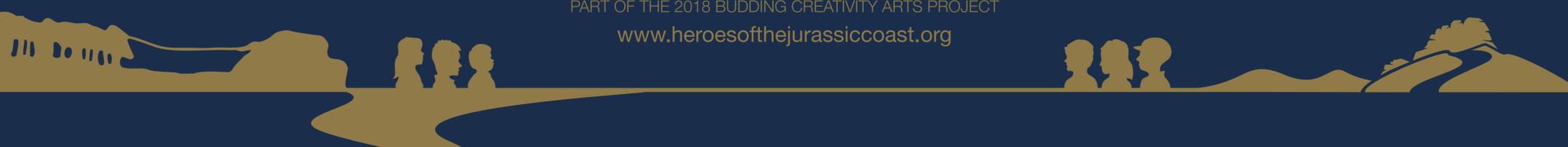
Lyra Henderson THE KING'S SCHOOL, OTTERY ST MARY



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# Gold

The golden flames  
Of the barrel each year,  
The golden light  
From 'The Volunteer',  
They both light up the street at night,  
Beautiful things that shone bright.  
But there's one type of gold  
That comes as a gift.  
It can't be earned,  
Only witnessed,  
Unless you're the one  
With a heart of gold,  
You can only watch  
This miracle unfold.  
It can't be broken,  
Or even touched,  
You feel it  
If you are loved  
By the one  
With a golden heart.

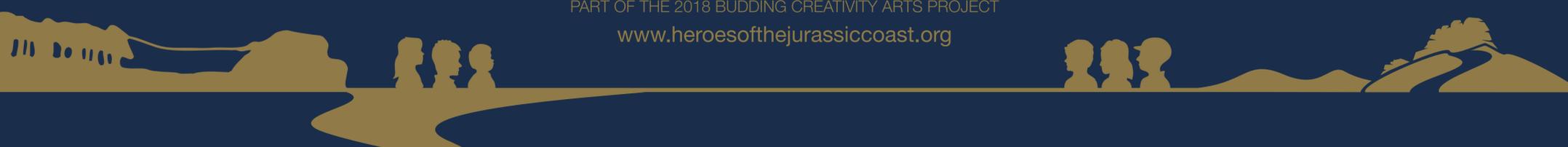
**Chloe Curran** THE KING'S SCHOOL, OTTERY ST MARY



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# Gold

The golden sun rests in the sky  
Bathing the land in a warming light.  
I gaze out at the countryside,  
A breath-taking sight.  
Because Spring  
Spring is in the air.  
It's in the lilting melodies of twittering birds  
In the rich, green tree tops  
It's in the sweet scent of flowers  
It's in the golden hexagons of honeycomb  
It's in the darting bird  
It's in the buzzing of bees  
The ripples on a lily-laden pond  
The golden sunlight filtering through the trees.  
Spring is here.

It's in the fluffy light alabaster clouds  
It's in the azure blue sky stretching for miles and miles and miles,  
Dotted with the fluttering figures of birds crying out.  
It's in the joyous sounds of children laughing  
The butting of the butterfly on the light, warm breeze,  
The rustling of the wind brushing the grass.

And as I rest my weary head, I see new life taking place,  
Snowdrops speckled across the land.  
I feel the warm sun caressing my face  
And I hear  
The orchestra of Spring.

Connor Ghazghazi THE KING'S SCHOOL, OTTERY ST MARY



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