



# Sunset

The day's turning darker,  
The night's trying to come.  
The sunset plays one more game  
Before the day's done.

Before it goes, it blasts its rays  
Of gold, orange and red.  
It doesn't want to say goodbye  
Like toddler fights its bed.

It dances over the ocean,  
All the colours start to drain  
Slowly they change to grey  
As the sun sets at the end of day.

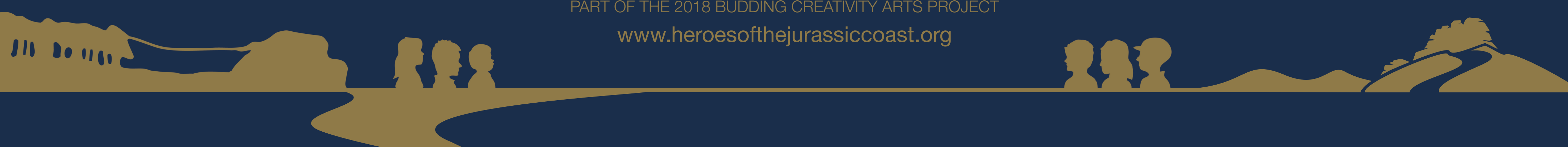
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# The Golden Hour

The golden sun has set on your time in power,  
We will be heard.  
Gold, jewels and pearls,  
Won't silence our demands.

We don't have the need and greed  
For pure, rich gold,  
Just for the peace after  
The golden hour has come.

We have built up an army of what you see as  
Insignificant creatures.  
The golden hour is here,  
Get ready for a fight.

You can't expect peace from us when all you've  
Brought is war.  
The golden hour is now,  
Right here, right now.

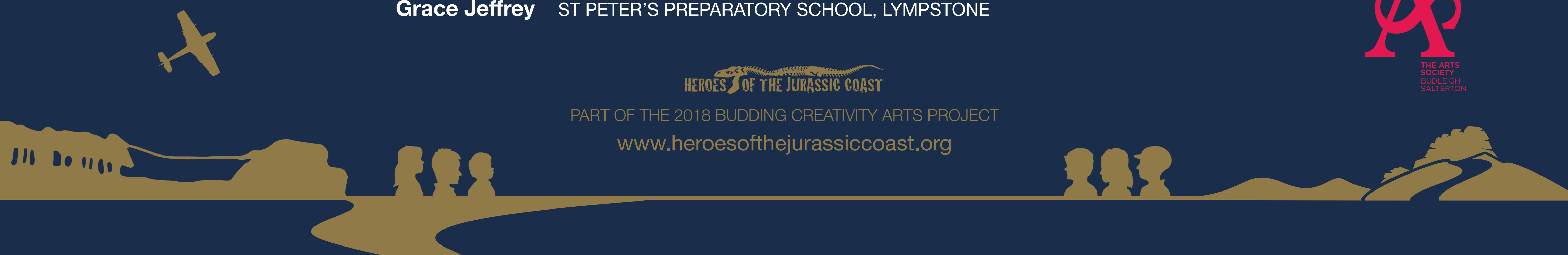
The golden sun has set on your on time in power,  
Your tyranny is over.  
The golden hour is now.  
Your time is up.

Grace Jeffrey ST PETER'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, LYMPSTONE

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# Golden Watch

The golden watch twinkles in the sun,  
Showing off its golden summer face  
He will never be misplaced.

Every day he hears his wake up call,  
The ding to the door of his only  
Way out,  
Anxious to see his buyer he waits.

Eager to show off his golden hands and face  
He dances in the soft sun.  
The watch can hear faint whispering  
he says, "Is this the watch I desire?"  
The golden beauty puffs out its chest and  
says with a smile, "Yes".

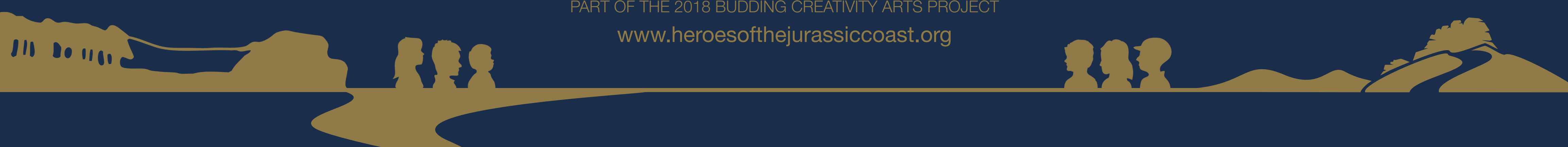
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## Gold Poem

Gold as rich.  
Gold as precious.  
Shining bright like sun and fire.  
Giving wealth and providing money.

Gold is filthy, angry and deep,  
Fire and fury,  
Hatred and betrayal.  
Burning like sun and fire.  
Losing wealth and burning money.

Beauty or hate.  
Sun or fire.  
Poor or rich.  
Gold is beauty,  
For those with lots of it.

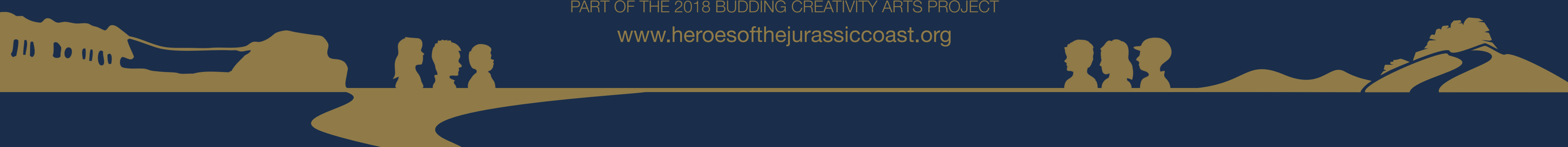
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# Gold

Like the evening sunset

Glistening

Made from ashes of fires still burning,

Made by the young

Stolen by the old,

Horded

Bought

Stolen or sold

Borrowed

Squandered,

Liquid gold,

Hard

Yellow

Iceberg cold.

Autumnal yellow

Piercing gold

Dripping

Woven

Squandered gold.

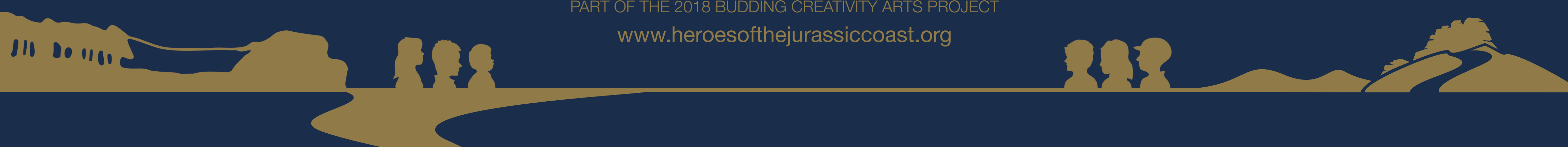
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# Gold

I've got gold bars,  
I'm in my palace counting dollar.  
Lamborghini sport cars,  
Gold diamonds round my collar.

I've also got Gucci, LV and Versace,  
24 Carat gold Jet named Archie.  
I'm rich and I've got to pay no fare,  
I'm one in a million and am a millionaire.

People trying to rob me like I owe them a fine,  
Drinking at clubs and spraying red wine.  
But it's a golden ring that I stole,  
And I love my palace with all my heart and soul.

I got lots of money and I'm classed as one of the bads,  
But I'd rather go out to parties with my lads.  
Romeo and Juliet, they had a gold ring,  
Mine's Matt Black colour, on my left wing.

They arrest me for my money like I committed a crime,  
And Rolex dreams but I'm just lost in the time.  
My net worth is almost reaching 100 mil,  
Diamond encrusted shotgun playing for a triple kill.

I've won the lottery, not got a price to pay,  
I don't need anyone's help because I will get my way.  
Down in my basement I've got a collection of guns,  
And also got a camo defender that just weighs tonnes.

I've got a Hugo Boss blackout watch,  
It's clean pristine and really top-notch.  
you're driving in my limo I'm sitting in the backseat,  
Don't try and argue because you'll get the defeat.

In my scabbard, I have a gold plated sword,  
But my Bugatti is sick and as fast as concord.  
Sitting on my emerald velvet throne that I perch,  
and they feel like talking to god in a temple, mosque or a church.

Chilling at home on my PC MAC,  
Or going to the casino and playing Blackjack.  
In the Caribbean 27 degrees centigrade,  
Or going to Australia and hanging out in Adelaide.

Don't be annoying, you look like a sea squirt,  
And don't just judge me on my Supreme t-shirt.  
I'm a party animal, I've been downing champagne,  
And my poems are lit, just like I am Gucci mane.

Try and have a go at me, I'll throw you to the floor,  
And I've got the magic powers just like I am Dumbledore.  
Now it's about time we wrap up the scene,  
But I'm still drunk on red bull and full of caffeine.

**Jack Fanning** ST PETER'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, LYMPSTONE





## Day By Day By

Last week the snow fell deep and crisp,  
Within a day it had gone like mist.  
Today the sun had shone all day,  
Telling us summer is on its way.

The summer days are long with light,  
As gleaming sun sets into the night.  
The golden days sun shines far and wide,  
Only broken by the cloud high in the sky.

The burning bright sun sets with colour of red,  
As it shimmers on the water's edge.  
Glowing there with star all night long,  
Till morning wakes with a birds song.

I long for a holiday when summer's here,  
We can go to the beach where the water is crystal clear.  
The sun will shine on the golden sand,  
Which will get burning hot to touch with the hand.

From my bedroom window autumn is here with a sigh,  
The golden leaves are getting crisp and dry.  
The waters is shimmers in the last of the sun,  
As the birds are getting ready to fly and run.

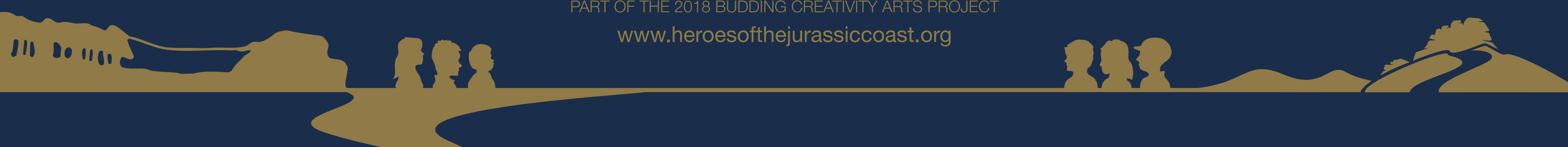
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# Alone Butterfly

In the deep flowers,  
Among the golden wheat,  
Flies a golden butterfly,  
Through the summer grass.

Her wings shine and shimmer,  
In the golden summer sun.  
The graceful patterns dance around,  
As she flaps her golden wings.

As the golden butterfly,  
Fly across the pale blue sky,  
She leaves a trail of golden dust behind her.  
But she felt all alone,  
Alone. Alone. Alone.  
Oh how she felt alone.

But one day came  
And walking in the meadow,  
Came a young boy young boy closer and  
closer he came.

A golden jar swooped over her head,  
Trapped,  
Trapped she was.  
Taken far far away.

She felt there was no-one for her,  
And she would be always alone,  
The butterfly flutters and fluttered beautiful  
golden wings.

She soon gave up she soon did,  
Soon she had lost all her energy  
All her air was taken.  
The golden slowly dripped away,  
Oh how it dripped away.

She went silent as her golden wings dipped  
away,  
Drip. Drip. Drip.  
They soon turned to black,  
All her golden was gone.

But her golden spirit  
Is still shimmering and shining in the golden sun,  
Searching for her golden love  
Through the golden meadows  
For another golden butterfly.  
But still alone. Alone. Alone.

**Isabella Maddicott** ST PETER'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, LYMPSTONE







# Lion

In the savanna lay  
And prayed,  
The king gold lion.

For whenever he is  
Afraid, he turns into gold.  
He shall always hold  
His loving loyal kingdom  
Safe in his loving heart  
Of gold.

Wilf Hayter ST PETER'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, LYMPSTONE



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# Gold

The golden beams of light,  
Shine though leaves as thin as paper,  
Nothing can stop the golden beams of light.

Just as the golden ball sinks into the east,  
The autumn leaves fade away  
Nothing can stop the golden beams of light.

It presses against the leaves, forcing them to break  
Then it turns, red ,angry with the clouds  
Nothing can stop the golden beams of light.

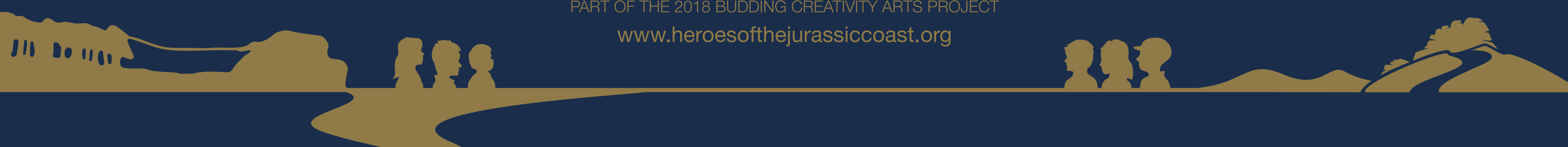
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## Gold Love

She was wearing it on her finger,  
She was wearing it around her neck,  
She made my heart bigger,  
So I paid using a cheque.  
I spent hundreds on her, but yet it wasn't enough.

I lay weeping in fear,  
What she will do next?  
Why oh why, won't you disappear,  
Oh please, please just go away.  
You just make it so complex.

Bang! Oh, oh, it's glistening in my eyes,  
The sun pours from a gash in the skies,  
Blinded by the searing light,  
It's the end, the end of it all,  
I'm about to die...

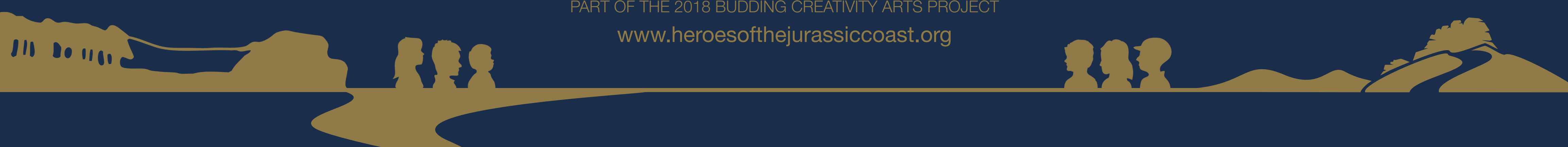
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# Slaves to the Chains of Riches

Steam, sweat, clustered and wet, slaves to the chain of riches;  
Hold me high, swing me back and hack,  
Back and forth back and forth.  
Hammered and rolled, bought and sold, little do you know where I will go.  
I'm Lost and tossed until the sirens come,  
Heavy chains swinging low, back and forth, back and forth.  
I'm carried away now. I'm a slave to the riches.  
Hold me high, throw me down, hammered and rolled, hammered and  
rolled.  
Now I'm bought and sold, placed, feeling like waste. Pick me up put me  
down.  
No end to the slavery of riches.

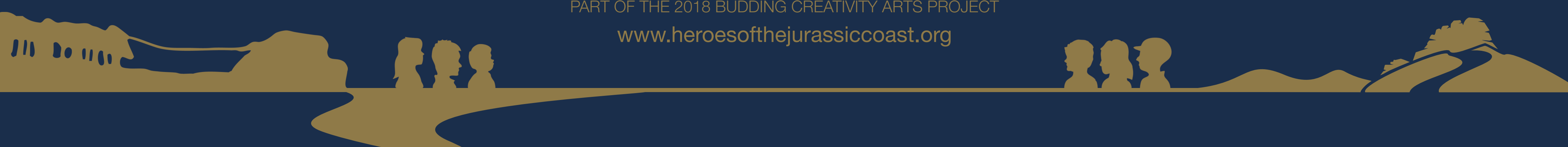
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# The Riches of Gold

Oh the riches of Gold,  
All your wishes foretold.  
Shining as it twinkles in the sun.  
Fame and fortune lie in your reach,  
Oh how much fun,  
Make the riches of Gold.

Oh the riches of Gold,  
All your wishes foretold.  
A drive in your Lambo, a lovely, great big mansion,  
That is what comes when you spend.  
Oh Gold, it's a great attraction,  
That is the Riches of Gold.

But where there are the riches of Gold,  
Your wishes may not be foretold.  
For the greed is overwhelming,  
Your gold as shiny as the sun,  
Goes dark as your life ends its timing.  
That is the ruin of Gold.

But where there are the riches of Gold,  
Your wishes may not be foretold.  
For the body lying is a scar in your life,  
As that is what you did for Gold.  
You did it for his treasured Gold and with the Knife,  
Gold was the ruin of you

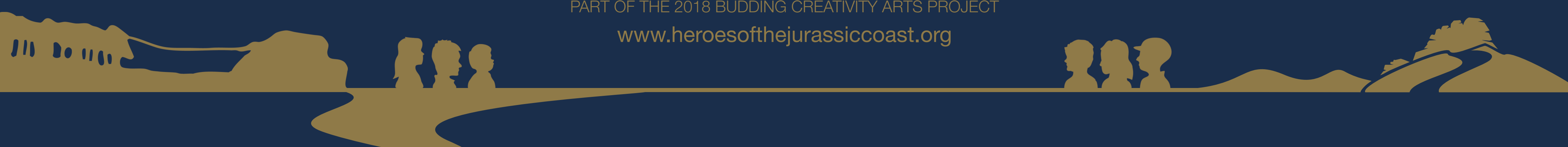
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# The autumn leaves

Before her beauty blossoms,  
The green of her youth,  
Covers like ink.

Feeling like a prisoner,  
roots hold her back,  
Telling her not to go.

Threatening to fall,  
Holding on by a thread  
The winds come and her strength gives in.

Night falls.  
Untold magic appears,  
Camouflaging the ground.

Crunching and crumbling under foot,  
Like clapping of a crowd  
Or the lapping of the waves in a storm.

Gradually her beauty,  
Perishes to nothing,  
Until next year she lays alone.

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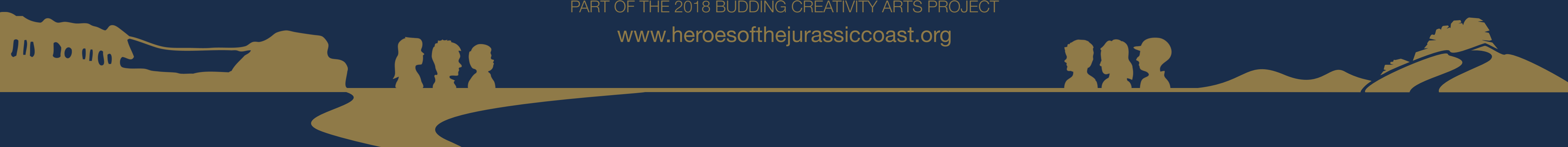
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# Golden Leaves

Natures golden leaves,  
Lay crisp and gold.  
With every step I take,  
The whispering of the trees,  
Become more intense.  
Every breath the wind takes,  
A golden leaf sheds from his home.  
Tossing and turning,  
The leaf flows to the thawing ground,  
Greeting its blanket of snow.  
Drops slowly getting bigger,  
Snow starts to cover the leaves,  
Like a soft winter blanket.  
Autumn sun,  
Shone down upon  
The blanket like snow,  
  
Releasing the gold and red leaves ,  
Lying silent and still,  
Patiently waiting for the wind  
To come and sweep them away.  
The wind let out a short gust of air,  
Blowing the cold and crispy  
Leaves across the icy trees roots.  
The next gust of air came.  
Brushing against the tree,  
More intensely knocking the last few leaves,  
as they call out to the tree.  
Falling to the ground the leaves are distraught .

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## Gold sun

It ran boldly under the hills in the far distance,  
crying as it left.

I could see it shining like a heroic peace of gold  
And seeing it go, a tear came from my eye  
dropping in the sunlight,  
falling straight and slow.

As the sun took its final breath  
it dipped down under the mountains,  
Not seen for 12 hours but to be remembered.  
Then the moon came and covered the world  
with its immortal darkness.

But in the morning, the sun attacked the moon,  
sending it away and shining down on us  
mighty beams of gold.

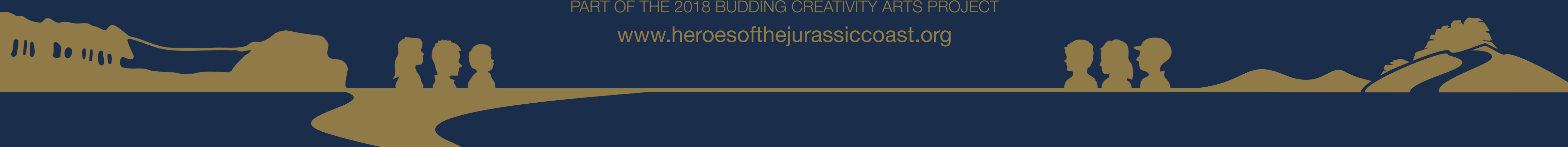
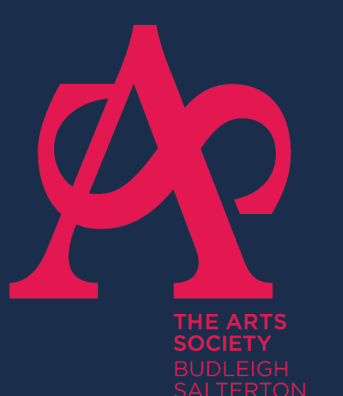
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# The Gold Ring

His breath covered my window and blinded my sight,  
Faintly I saw him scramble with his coins and drop a couple on the ground.  
I heard the rustic bell sing a tune and a confident door shut after.

Shy footsteps came towards me.  
Skin.  
As cold as ice, breath like a sauna,  
Examined in a cupped hand.  
Rudely, he squinted at me and judged.  
An assured smile awkwardly nodded at the shop keeper.

I could feel the small space suffocating me after being in there for what felt like months,  
until finally, light flooded the prison.  
A crying girl stared, hysterically waving her hands up and down.  
She mouthed a word and suddenly, I was moved again,  
Lifted by the same hands as before and placed delicately on a fragile finger.

Shown to various women as they squealed with excitement.  
An elderly couple's cheeks ached with happiness.  
I saw the man more and more.  
And of course the women's smile,  
Her finger my perfect size.

White enveloped my vision,  
Blue and pink flowers tickled my nose,  
Cake tempted my taste buds.  
I once again saw her notorious smile,  
By now joined by five other girls.  
Music greeted the guests,  
And bells, not as dated, sang.  
I was close to the elderly man,  
His eyes sparkled more than before.

A figure draped in white and gold appeared,  
A serene smile on his face.  
My man, now clad in a suit, graciously took my woman's hand.  
The golden band,  
Joining me for life  
Came a friend.

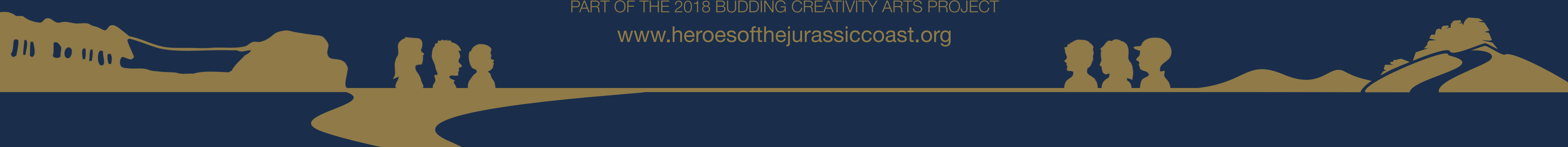
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# Ferrero Rocher

He is the last man standing,  
Everyone fights over him.  
Threatened by the crowds,  
They all look at him longingly.  
He is alone with his golden cloak.  
Friends and family all brutally taken,  
And torn apart by them.  
He has had a short life,  
But yet everyone adores him.

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## Gold coin

Shining like an angel,  
I glint the brightest gold.  
The brightest silver,  
The brightest bronze,  
Whatever you want me to be.

I may be stolen I may be sold,  
But yet I'm still the brightest gold.  
I may be hoarded I may be rewarded,  
But yet I'm still the brightest gold,  
A thousand copies may be made,  
But yet I am still me.

As bright as the sun,  
Makes a child happy.  
Hidden in any minuscule crack,  
Behind your old sofa,  
Under the kitchen table.  
I will hide anywhere I can,  
So you don't take me away.

I glint the brightest gold,  
The brightest silver,  
The brightest bronze,  
Whatever you want me to be.

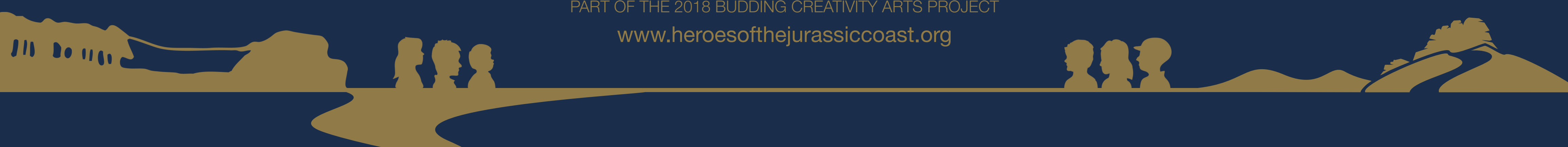
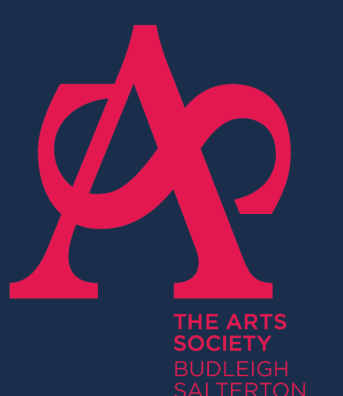
I may be stolen I may be sold,  
But yet I'm still the brightest gold.  
I may be hoarded I may be rewarded,  
But yet I'm still the brightest gold.  
A thousand copies may be made,  
But yet I am still me.  
I shine as gold as I can be.

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# Gold

Gold makes you feel happy but can be addictive,  
It is expensive and rare that's why people care,  
You can even smell it in the air.  
It can make you sad -  
And can make you glad, then it makes you bad.

It is shiny but normally tiny,  
Makes you rich but also itch,  
Buy anything you want,  
Even something really kitsch.

YR7 Charlie Bonnor-Morris ST PETER'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL, LYMPSTONE



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