

Mirror To My Soul



Platanos College Creative Anthology 2023-2024

Introduction to *Mirror To My Soul*

This collection of works entitled *Mirror To My Soul* has been created by pupils of Platanos College. This anthology contains creative writing and art work that convey our thoughts, beliefs and feelings about the world around us.

As well as our observations of our local community, wider society and global events, we also reflect inwards upon ourselves, our lives and our families.

Through this anthology, you will see through our eyes: we are young people growing up in a world that is diverse yet in conflict, unified yet divided and beautiful yet facing death.

We look forward to turning our dreams and aspirations into reality, yet we live in uncertain times; war, climate change and poverty are very real challenges that we see around us.

And yet, we remain hopeful for peace, equality and the future of this planet that we all share.

We know that as children of Platanos College, living in Lambeth and growing up in London, we live in complex times. We see ourselves as global citizens, whose voices about local and worldwide matters must be heard. We ask to be seen and heard.

Through this anthology, you will see what matters to us as young people. So, please take this time to hear our voices and see through our eyes, as we welcome you to view the *Mirror To My Soul*.



Introduction by Zayan Miah and Zahra Rezay (Year 8)

Introduction Artwork by Nataly de Freitas (Year 9)

Front Cover Design by Asma Mohamed (Year 9)

Back Cover Design by Naveen Said (Year 7)



Artwork by Gabrielle Manu

I

Mother Nature



Artwork by Jibrielle Choudhry

From our birth to our death
Always there for us,
Mother Earth.
We take advantage
And take her for granted
Even though she is the reason that
Our lives started,
Mother Earth.

Some things may be bright
But not as bright as her Northern lights.
Trees wave side to side,
As she spreads her joy and life.
Life as we know it may end tomorrow,
So you shouldn't always be so hollow.
Night and day, she is here to stay,
Our Mother Earth.

Richard Ferreira Dos Santos Wren

Oh Mother, Oh Mother,
I am sorry we hurt you,
We all love and care for you,
We didn't mean to desert you.

Oh Mother, Oh Mother,
What have we done?
We are sorry we hurt you,
We just wanted to have fun.

Oh Mother, Oh Mother,
How can you ever forgive us?
We are trying our best,
We even made an electric bus!

Oh Mother, Oh Mother,
I am sorry we hurt you,
We all love and care for you,
We didn't mean to desert you.

Daniel Freitas

Modest and obedient
Only sad when we are sad
Truly our friend
Her smile reflects on us like the sun
Everlasting beauty
Radiant and kind
Natural at protection
All Loving
The Mother of the earth
Unifying all of us
Ready to fight for us
Even when she is in pain

Winner Oguejiofor

How sweet you are, Mother Earth
Mother Earth is green
Mother Earth is blue
I do not know what I would do without you.
How loud you are
How calm you are
You are like a bright shining star
All of your daffodils
All of your roses
The smell of the flowers
Running through our noses
The kindness we have for you
The love we have for you
I can't imagine what
We would do without you

Janelle Isibor

Mother Earth wraps her arms around us all,
While we burn and crush until she falls.
Mother Earth protects us from dangers,
If we leave her, we can't be her saviours.

Mother Earth helps us when she is needed,
And we just leave her to pick up the pieces.
Mother Earth is now in need,
And we - the next generation -
Are the ones who need to hear her pleas.

Harun Farhan

Mother Earth is a beautiful world
Its vibrant colours glisten in the surroundings
 With emerald green trees
 And the soft warm breeze
 Waves of ice blue ocean.
But deep inside lies locked emotions,
Rubbish and plastic causing commotion
How we wish to breathe in her sunset glow
But now the earth is at an all time low
 Mother Earth
 A cruel world.

Laila Ouhab

Green grass and leaves passing by
Clouds shimmering with joy
Majestic flowers swishing by
Lovely trees stand about
Oh mother Earth you are so powerful
Waterfalls rush down,
To the clear, crystal blue river
The magical enchanting forest
Beautiful flowers chilling around
The greenery of trees
Mother Earth you are the essence of life
You tell us what is right
Your smile is so bright

Malak Bentaleb

Vast fields of peace descend,
Everlasting like the sky.
Lenses snatch their eyes
Bundles of elaborate jade and olive
As dense charcoal misery clings,
Polluting the air.
A mix of realism?

Masses of hate and platinum misery
Cling to distorted bodies
Blurring all thought and action.

Masses of joy and love race by
Particles cling to bodies of Nature,
Spreading to those around them.

Leilani Morris

Mother Earth, a gentle soul,
Whose lands and seas make us whole.
In her embrace, we find our worth
A tapestry of beauty, Mother Earth

In the rhythm of life, Earth's heartbeat,
Nature's symphony, so complete
Mountains high valleys deep,
In her arms, all life we keep

In the melody of the world, Earth's song,
A chorus of life, where we all belong
Under the sky's vast, endless dome,
Mother Earth, our eternal home.

Ilyas Abdulhafiz

The caretaker of all living things
The home of all animals
The main survival source of the world

A beauty so rare
Yet we tend to destroy it.
Mother Nature gives us life
Mother Nature heals

We destroy the things that help us
We cut down the trees that give us air
We kill the animals that are nothing but pure

Mother Nature is our source of life
Mother Nature is a seed that blossoms
And creates more life.
Yet we destroy it.

Mother Nature is true beauty
Mother Nature is life's meaning
Stop destroying the source that helps us.

Matilde Cardoso

You gave us warmth,
We gave you coldness.
You gave us oxygen,
We gave you carbon monoxide.
You gave us loyalty,
We gave you betrayal.
You gave us hope,
We gave you concern.
You gave us fertile fields,
We gave you drought.
You give us life,
We offer you only death.

Henrique Roque

As plastic falls into the depths of the ocean,
And animals struggle for survival,
It terrifies me deep inside, tears me up.
I hear the cries of creatures of the deep,
Animals suffering
And my heart ... it's trembling.
We need to make a change!!!
For today, tomorrow, forever.
We must stand united as a team!
Saving animals makes my soul smile.
The question is:
Are you with me?

Brianna Minott-Gordon

She is strong
She is bold.
She knows stories that haven't been told
She is bright and lush
Bringing the sun up.
She clears the sky and brings rain
Forms clouds and brushes them away.
She pushes the oceans,
Calling huge blue waves.
She feels the enchanting air
Flowing through her hair.
She can hear small birds chirping majestically.
The trees are swaying
Children are playing
But the world is spinning
Time is ticking
Icebergs are melting
Trees are burning.
The days getting hotter, rivers flooding.
Now Mother Nature is scared
Nothing she can do!
Her own creations betray her.
She cries out loud,
Her tears flood the land.

Carolina Pinto Ali

Her precious smile gazing upon her treasures,
Brings light in the midst of darkness.
Her loving kindness sends waves through earth
Like sunshine on a hot summer's day.
She's the shooting star that her children wish for
And the gift that many plead for.
Her tears of joy replenish the oceans
And her long luscious hair,
So silky and so smooth radiates love.
The addition of another creation,
Springs the blossom of another leaf
In the depths of her mane.
She protects and she cares
She doesn't let her treasures suffer despair.

Oluwafunmilayo Ilori

Mother Nature,
Wherever you are,
Protected by her love and creation,
This planet is our treasure

Mother Nature,
Before I found the truth,
My life was in monotone.
After I found the truth
Everything started to take on colour

Mother Nature,
She knows whatever you do,
Harming the earth won't be good for you,
Smoke, smoke, smoke is everywhere,
Polluting and harming our vital air

Mother, Mother
Suffer, Suffer
Is this really what we want for her?

Aryan Hussain Ahmed

She cares for us
She provides food for us
She gives us warmth

Yet We destroy her icebergs
Yet We destroy her forests
Yet We destroy her shields
Because of the selfishness of humanity
The greed of people
The desire for money

At what cost do we destroy her?
For in the end, we destroy ourselves

She give us the sea
We give her plastic
She gives us tropical forest
We cut down her land for ourselves
She give us fresh air
We give her planes that pollute her skies

She gives us love
We give her hate

Hamza Ali

One solution would be to add more life to this word
More green land.
But why don't we do it?

If our key was for more green
Then this world would have been connected
With Mother Nature
A long time ago.

In our society this world would rather be
Locked away with walls of pure stones
Than be one with Mother Nature and be in peace.

Mother Nature is one of earth's necessities
She births all life.
Mother Nature can bring peace to this world
If only we could see it.
Mother Nature would bring green to this world
If we only listened.
Mother Nature is in us
But we won't show it
Because of how society is today.

Kyle de Freitas

Mother Nature, Mother Nature,
The world is becoming cruel;
Your mission was successful,
But now we're breaking the rules.
Waves of hope fill the sea and
Now you're looking down at me.
Don't abandon me –
You would have becoming cruel,
You would have forgotten love,
You would have forgotten You.

Nefetari Dale

She wraps her warm arms around us,
Hoping for her children to heal her,
Stop the earth breaking apart.

All the while,

Trees fall due to our selfishness,
Sea levels rise, bringing floods and disease
The oceans boil, their fish gasp for oxygen,

Coral reefs are destroyed,

Homes taken,

Infernos rage.

Mother Earth,

Please forgive us for

Our greed and destruction.

We are the Earth's virus

Make us well.

Rasharne Dixon-Warren

Her tender arms wrap majestically around us
Embracing us in love and devotion.
Her beauty surrounds us everyday
A beauty to view - we don't have to pay

Yet we still act heedlessly,
Calling this mesmerising place home
Whilst we kill her.

Rain, like a wet kiss, falls from the sky
Trees dance upon us
Vicious creatures battle it out
To see which will make it out.

Yet we still act a though headless,
Calling this mesmerising place home
Yet still, we damage her
Hoping one day that you will see
The true value of this luxurious thing

Nibras Ahmed

Mother Nature: here lives our joy and prosperity,
Out of nowhere, our world becomes a tragedy.
The pollution and climate change we're facing,
Hurting Mother Nature, her nourishment fading.
Every day our world suffers more and more,
Ruining Mother Nature's gifts, we cannot ignore.

Now's the time to nourish her before it's too late,
As this is our mission, and certainly not our fate.
The world must see she is more than we assume,
Understand through her water and air, we grew.
Right now, we can all help to make a big change,
Exchange the damage, bring her to her true state.

Maya Dinesh

Mother Earth, a gentle soul,
Whose lands and seas make us whole.
In her embrace, we find our worth
A tapestry of beauty, Mother Earth

In the rhythm of life, Earth's heartbeat,
Nature's symphony, so complete
Mountains high, valleys deep,
In her arms, all life we keep

In the melody of the world, Earth's song,
A chorus of life, where we all belong
Under the sky's vast, endless dome,
Mother Earth, our eternal home.

Ilyas Abdulhafiz

A lone tear falls astray from her eye
As she embraces our inflamed planet.
The disquieted mother watches
As war begins and lives end,
But it is out of her hands.

Climate change, a looming threat,
Captures her beautiful nature in its claws,
Leaving forever scars on her innocent child.
Her verdant eyes glisten with tears,
As ashes fall into her hands.

Her beauty, an endless source of fascination,
Slowly coming to an end.

Nevertheless, her love for us knows no bounds.
She nurtures us with her gentle touch,
Guiding us to a future filled
With harmony and peace.
Her love for us is a boundless stream,
Continuously flowing and caring
For every aspect of our being.

Ines Abreu Ferreira

I love the way the sun shines on a bright and sunny day. Even when it's rainy, I love the shades of grey.

I love the smell of the ocean, the sound of waves upon the sand. I love the sensation of seashells and how they look in my hand.

I love to watch the stars glimmer as the bright sun slips down the rocky mountains.

At night, the birds sing lovely songs, helping me fall asleep in my cosy bed, wrapped in warm blankets on a breezy night.

When I wake up, leaves fall silently on the decking, as the sky clouds over.

Summer is ending.

Olmedo Guerrero

She wrap her arms around us
Smelling the smoke that will turn her to dust
Yet she still holds tight
As painful as it gets
She hold on with all her might
Her only mission to look after and nurture

But we put her through torture
She feels the fire
She tastes the smoke
Her future has been captured
And we are the captors
We heat her to her limit
Oblivious to the fact that we need her

Will she survive?
Will we survive?
The answer is undecided
Our fate is up to her
Her fate is up to us

Ana Correia Ribeiro

She has great love for her precious children,
But they cry for her to come to their rescue.
The precious stars dance under her command,
As her helpless children cry down below.
Doves laugh from the heavens above,
Overpowered by the scream of the hell.
Heaven or Hell
Mother knows
We all die in the end.

Shareen Zainu

Her long green hair, decorated with golden petals, wraps around us in her motherly embrace.

Her gorgeous ocean eyes stare down on us in awe. Her eyes drink up the endless oceans as she kisses the soft sand, creating an aromatic smell of flowers. Towering trees loom over us, casting a shadow of protection. Her prepossessing voice hums us to sleep as she paints the sky a midnight black, covering us with her blanket.

The world becomes foggy as she leisurely loses her vision; the once enchanting world has faded away. Roaring fires alight in her eyes, red veins bursting through them, painting them a crimson red.

With bloodshot eyes and blood oozing down her figure like a volcano, she explodes. Her children cry in agony as their lungs are crushed.

She only watches, as her beautiful creation is destroyed, her hair no longer green, but ash grey.

She's dying, and its all our fault.

Nataly Sandoval De Freitas

She weeps as she grasps her burning children,
Their bones charred from years of grief.
Her creation has long outlived
The bounds of her protection,
Her fatal mistake spreads like a fierce fire.
The waves of eternal waters
Flooding, destroying, devastating.
The land she had carefully planned -
Delicate lives lost and rapid death ensue.
All because of her fatal addition -
Who burn her children
Who drown her creation
Who only think of their green greed.

Karina Ribeiro Sanches

A flower bloomed on the floor
A passageway to life — a new open door.
The sky, the land, the sea: our world.
Leaves that sat on a tree, resting and curled.

She makes us all feel free,
Trees, bushes and leaves: all evergreen.
Each leaf holds a beautiful sight
Over the years getting prepared to take flight.

Dandelions, roses, daisies: these all take part
Although the things that matter most
Are the ones that don't fall apart.

Love, life, nature: these are what build our
homes

These things don't disappear
They only rebuild themselves.

Kelly Oliveira

Holding humanity in her embrace
 Her love was an open and shut case
Flowers bloom graciously under her ethereal hand
 She was truly a guardian of the land

Her hold weakened, desperately clinging on
 She withered over our violent hate
 While we hold silly debates
War and crime rise like never before
 Our woes she can not ignore

 She clamours to try and help
 Yet all she is met with is our savagery
Her lungs blacken — she can no longer breathe
 Smoke arises from her breath
The earth is filled with the stench of death

 Fire rises, scathing her body
 Yet no human feels sorry
Scars and blood drain down her corpse
 Her blood is our land
 Her blood is on our hands

Luana Alexia Monterio

She cradles her creation
Yearns for their help
But
They resist and
As she tries to hold them,
She sees the horrors they've inflicted
The screams of her children
The smell of the fires
Crying out for her help
The greed of humanity

Yet her heart is open,
Willing to forgive

But the winds are deafening
The oceans crying
Reminding her their future is gone
Like the trust she has in them.

Asma Mohammed-Ali

On Earth we grow
While Mother Nature watches us below
To cry and to sing along
Our earth may not last for long
In factories we shouldn't trust
Our trees and wildlife are turned to dust
On this planet we are takers
But there are no multiple Mother Natures.

David Matias

She weaves the seasons one by one
With every breeze, her secrets spun
Her heartbeat echoes in the deepest valleys
Where rivers run and nature rallies

But when trees fall along with rising seas
And nature dies right at her feet
And with every turn the skies turn dark
And with every burn nature falls apart

What will she do when fires scorch the skies?
A hungry inferno, laughing as nature dies.
What will she do when tornados uproot trees?
Where they once lived — where there once was
peace

She weaves the seasons one by one
With every breeze, her secrets spun
But her pulse is now faint, in the scorched valleys
Where rivers once run and nature had rallied

Sarah Maksene

She smiles at her children lovingly,
Protecting them in her long, blue arms,
But as she holds them, life falling apart,
She weeps at the torture of the falling men,
 Begging them to be free.
And yet it's out of her hands,
Creatures frolic carefree in the lush forests,
 Playing to their heart's content,
 However, she must gaze on
 As their future disappears,
Like there's nothing left to live for.

Lujean Kelifa

In the cradle of dawn's golden light,
Mother Earth awakens, ever bright.
Her fields adorned with blooms so fair,
Whispers of hope dance in the air.

Rivers cascade with a gentle grace,
Mountains stand tall, a steadfast embrace.
Life thrives in every corner, every bend
A symphony of existence, without end.

But beneath this facade of tranquil bliss,
Lurks a shadow, a tale of amiss.
For humanity's folly takes its toll,
As we plunder and pillage, taking souls.
Oceans weep with a silent cry,
Forests echo a mournful sigh.
Species vanish, their cries unheard,
As we consume, leaving scars, absurd.

Mother Earth, once vibrant and alive,
Now bears the scars of our reckless strive.
Her plea for mercy falls on deaf ears,
As we drown in our own selfish fears.

So let us heed this sobering plight,
And strive to make our wrongs right.
For the end draws near, unless we mend,
And honour the beauty of Mother Earth
To the end.

Zion Isiakpere

In the silence of the night, the earth sighs
Her tired whispers carried by the winds cries
The taste of bitterness lingers in the air
As she weeps, burdened by the world's despair

Mother Earth, with love so deep
Watches over us as we sleep
In the whispers of trees,
She cradles us with gentle ease

Nesrin Osman

The beach stretched endlessly, a ribbon of soft white sand meeting the azure expanse of the sea. Palm trees swayed gently in the breeze, their fronds rustling like whispers shared among old friends. The sun hung low in the sky, casting a golden glow that turned the waves into liquid fire. The air was filled with the salty tang of the ocean, mingled with the sweet scent of tropical flowers. Small crabs scuttled across the sand, leaving tiny, intricate patterns in their path. In the distance, the rhythmic lullaby of the surf crashing against the shore, blended harmoniously with the calls of sea-birds, creating a symphony of nature that lulled the world into a tranquil atmosphere.

Lanaya Warren

Trees, ocean, sand—a glorious paradise stood in front of me. The sun-soaked ocean relentlessly dazzled like stars. Its waves sang a soothing melody that danced to the rhythm of the tides. A salty aroma carried whispers of tranquility and serenity.

The breathtaking sky was a canvas with hues of blue and vibrancy as the sun glowed warmly. The scattering of clouds created a sense of calm to my soul, making the sky an inspiring sight to behold.

Gently, sand embraced my feet as I walked along the shore. It was a warm comforting bed for the waves to kiss.

Gracefully, trees swayed to the flow of the ocean breeze. Their leaves whispered the secrets of the ocean and their branches reached out as if they were trying to touch the beautiful scenery.

Azeem Jomarie Dearne

She wraps this world in loving kindness
But only the humans decide -
They are full of greed and pride
Instead of helping our unique planet,
We are killing this earth.
Mother Earth - her duty to keep us safe
Yet she smells fire and sees the destruction
We are creating
But she knows all humans have been warned,
Hears animals crying as their habitats are destroyed
Sees the trees falling, tumbling to the ground
As time passes by
She can see that soon the world will disappear
If we sit back relax as if nothing happened
Just like flowers wither away
The world will fade
Mother Earth is full of worry and fear
To see future generations destroyed

Grace Sauce Moina

The azure ocean glistens in the pearlescent, shimmering sunlight as the evergreen palm trees sway in the soft wind; the scenery looks like it's from a movie.

As I walk through the burning blonde sand, the radiant sun illuminates my body from above, the heat igniting my skin.

As the topaz water reaches my feet, I can spot miniscule fish swimming around a delicate shade of denim blue. They swim mindlessly around me as bubbles rise to the top of the water.

Beautifully, a ruby starfish dappled with specks of marigold lies on the apricot sand beside me.

Alluring, magnificent, graceful: those are the only words that can describe what I behold.

Ines Abreu Ferreira

II

We Are The Children of Lambeth



Artwork by Ana Vidal

Living in Lambeth is living with the bad weather.

Living with roadkill, the stench of a bloody mess.

High crime rates,

Littered grounds.

Traffic - everyone honking as you stand confused.

Living in Lambeth, a home to different cultures,

Living in Lambeth is being able to see the rainbow

after the downpour.

With talented musicians playing on the streets,

As kids ask parents for a pound coin to give them.

Living in Lambeth is like life:

You never know when you'll see clear skies

Or grey clouds.

But that's the fun part of life,

Is it not?

Ava Bui

Welcome to Brixton,
Where all different cultures are mixed in,
Luscious food smells and market shenanigans.

Brixton is where everyone goes,
Although it has its highs and lows,
Mums shopping with children in tow.

People gather to work and socialise,
While others come to shop till they drop,
Down the road you can't miss the chicken shop.

Windrush Square is an inspiration,
The Ritzy offers the latest movie recommendations,
For fitness and fun visit Brixton recreation.

Aarifah Mazamil

Brixton, London, you are a city within a city,
A melting pot of cultures and people.
You are the sound of reggae music
And the smell of curry,
The sight of street art
And the taste of fresh fruit.

You are a place where everyone is welcome,
But you are also a place where crime is rife.
You are a place of opportunity,
But you are also a place of poverty.

You are a complex and contradictory place,
But you are also a beautiful and vibrant face.

You are Brixton, London,
And I am glad to call you home.

Shakari Palmer

Brixton is place where flavours flourish,
Diversity is common,
Songs are iconic,
And smells are pleasantly blinding.

Brixton is a place where sound
Is both a blessing and a curse,
Music is too good to be true,
People aren't the nicest with words,
And ultimately no one is the same.

Brixton is a place where food is fantastic,
Seasoning surrounds your taste buds,
All from different countries,
All from different backgrounds.

Brixton is my home,
My place of living,
My kingdom,
My heart.

Jasaiah Thomas

Living in Lambeth, oh what a delight,
A place where cultures blend, day and night.
From Brixton's vibrant streets to Clapham's charm,
Lambeth's spirit shines, keeping us warm.
In the heart of London, this borough thrives,
With history and art that truly survives.
From Tate Modern's masterpieces so grand,
To murals on walls, a creative demand.
Brockwell Park's greenery, a tranquil retreat,
Where nature's beauty and serenity meet.
Picnics, sports and lidos — a refreshing embrace,
Lambeth's parks offer a peaceful space.

The Thames River flows, a majestic sight,
Reflecting Lambeth's glory, shining so bright.
Stroll along its banks, admire the city's grace,
As Lambeth's spirit dances with every pace.
From O2 Academy's music that fills the air,
To the Country Show's joy, beyond compare.
Lambeth's cultural scene, alive and thriving,
With art, music and performances, so inspiring.
Cafes, gastropubs and flavours so diverse,
Lambeth's culinary scene, a delightful curse.
From Borough Market's treats to global cuisine,
Every palate satisfied, a food lover's dream.

Transport links abound, connecting far and wide,

Exploring London's wonders, side by side.

Buses, trains and tubes, a network so vast,

Lambeth's accessibility, an adventure to last.

Living in Lambeth, a journey to embrace,

A vibrant tapestry of cultures and grace.

A place to call home, where memories enthrall.

With open arms, this borough welcomes all.

Crystal McDougall

Stockwell is my home,
A place that brings me comfort wherever I go.
Neighbours and friends always gather together,
And that's how we show our love to each other.

Stockwell is my home,
A place of cultures and traditions,
This is what we share in this community,
As this is what makes everyone happy.

Stockwell is my home,
Where aromatic smells fill the air;
From several restaurants and fast food places,
You can never have enough food here!

Here in Stockwell, I am never alone,
These are the reasons why
Stockwell is my home.

Maya Dinesh

When you live in Lambeth
You live with bustle and amble
Traffic is a recurrent routine,
Like a never-ending loop
The blaring rackets of the markets
Awaken us in the dawn
The pigeons rummaging through streets,
Quarrels of neighbouring foxes
Though all hours of darkness

When you live in Lambeth
You live with the bustle and the amble
A pod of cultures amalgamate
To make a community
The captivating aromas of traditional dishes
Transport you around the world

When you live in Lambeth
There is both dissension and tranquility
You live with the bustle and amble

Joana Caldera Coelho

My home a place to relax
A place of comfort
Where secrets are hidden
And tears and laughter are shared
My home a safe place to reflect within,
Where memories, flashbacks and thoughts
Are hidden in the walls.
My home a base, a roof, a shelter
And an all-loving spot full of
Joy, memories and love
My home is a loving dove.

Rayaan Isse

In the heart of Brixton, streets alive,
A vibrant tapestry, where stories thrive.
Bringing up Brixton, a tale untold,
Where history whispers and dreams unfold.
Colours dance on electric walls,
Marketplace symphony, as the city calls.
Voices blend in a rhythmic beat,
Brixton's heartbeat, both wild and sweet.
The noisy streets full of glee
And busy markets that you can see
Through reggae rhythms and market chatter,
Brixton's essence, a vibrant matter.
Bringing up Brixton, with pride and grace,
A community's story, a welcoming space.

Lanaya Warren

Livin inna London, a one grand adventure
From di iconic sights to da diverse culture.

A vibrant wey di culture roam
A place wey no dog a live pon road.
From di Caribbean flavours to di markets delight

Livin inna London, mah feel di vibes so right.
Although it's not like the Caribbean wey di light shines
bright

Livin inna London wey di light rarely shines,
It's either grey or black and white.

Di hustle and bustle, di city's vibrant beat
Every corner tells a tale, every street a different treat.

Try nah fi miss di bus inna London
If yah miss it, it a go be long gone
Not only will it be long gone it will have you late for school
Which is bothersome.

Malique Farrell

In Lambeth's embrace, where vibrant streets unfold,
A tapestry of tales, in hues of stories old.
Beneath the urban rhythm, a heartbeat strong,
Resilient souls, in a chorus of belonging.
Market stalls adorned with treasures rare,
A kaleidoscope of cultures, a vibrant affair.
Brixton's beats and Vauxhall's silent River Thames,
In Lambeth's arms, diversity proclaims.
Whispers of history linger in the air,
In Lambeth's veins, a legacy to bear.
Lambeth Palace's spires and the Windrush's song,
Lambeth's spirit rises, unnamed.
Community echoes in the laughter shared,
In parks and schools, bonds are repaired.
An array of voices, a mosaic of faces,
In Lambeth's embrace, unity embraces.

So dance, Lambeth, in the city's embrace,
A spirited stride, full of culture and grace.
In every corner, in every stride,

Lambeth's story
Forever alive.

Yahya Rodani

Living in Lambeth, a place of great charm
A place where the Thames flows with grace and calm
A place where the streets are lined with trees
And the air is filled with the scent of sweet peas.

Then again, it's not exactly what we hear
As we all know looks and sound can be deceiving
And sure, the Thames flows with grace and charm
Yet some neighbourhoods flow with the blood
Of innocents
And some flow with lines of children
Wanting to become criminals

But the streets of Lambeth are not all gloomy
Most streets bustling with vibrance, with culture
And most importantly, diversity

Sure, some areas can be a bit dangerous
But don't let all of that deteriorate your view on
One of the oldest
And most diverse
And most action packed boroughs

So try not to look in the dark
If there's a light switch on the other side
Don't be afraid to switch it on
And you shall see
All that Lambeth can truly be.

Sebastian Ujka Roca

In Stockwell's heart, a blend of sights,
From vibrant days to shadowed nights.
Where laughter rings and dreams take flight,
Yet echoes linger of unseen fights.

In parks, where children laugh and play,
And people greet in streets each day,
The warmth of community holds sway,
Amidst the hustle, come what may.

But in the pulse of Stockwell's beat,
Resilience thrives in every street.
For in its heart, both bitter and sweet,
Lies the essence of lives complete.

So let us embrace its highs and lows,
As through its streets, our journey goes.
For in the blend of joy and woe,
Lies the essence of Stockwell's glow.

Samantha Figuera Da Silva

In Brixton challenges may arise,
Like any place, it has its lows and highs.
Some may face struggles, it's true,
But let's focus on the positives too.
Brixton's spirit, it will never fail.
Oh, the Jamaican patties, the taste of Brixton,
Delicious and flavourful, a true foodie tradition.
Golden pastry, full of meat or veggie delight,
A taste that takes you on a tastebud's flight.
From the jerk chicken to the curry beef,
These patties bring joy and a sense of relief
In the markets of Brixton

Yusra Shuriye

In Stockwell's streets, a symphony unfolds,
Where senses come alive, stories untold.
The sight of vibrant murals, colours so bright
Awakening the eyes, visual delight

The scent of spices wafting through the air,
From bustling markets, flavours to share ,
Aromas of curries, herbs and sweet treats
Tickling the nose, a delicious feast.

Samuel Da Silva Candido

On them streets, dead bodies fill up in the air

On them streets, Man's best friend is now a dagger

On them streets, it's about survival of the best

On them streets, gangs are in charge

On them streets, hoody men are in shady alleyway

In those fancy grand areas, money flies in the air

In those fancy grand areas, money flows like water

In those fancy grand areas, people live life

With no fear

On these roads

The further you go,

The more life is safe.

Hamza Ali

In Lambeth, where raindrops play
Towers tall, like giants sway
Stories hide in every street,
Whispers soft, where strangers meet

Rainy days, a gloomy theme,
People's minds in a sad daydream
In a young mind, a tale untold
A 12 year old's world unfolds.

Zion Isiakpere

Brixton is where colours mix and cheer,
People blend, a pot sincere.
Electric Avenue, lively sound,
Voices and flavours from all around.

Ancient graffiti on concrete walls
That share and tell stories,
The old and new in Brixton's calls.
Market stalls and reggae's play,
Whilst bright spirit lights the way.

Change may come, but strong we stand,
Brixton's heart, a diverse band.
Community strong, dreams ignite,
In Brixton's rhythm, day and night.

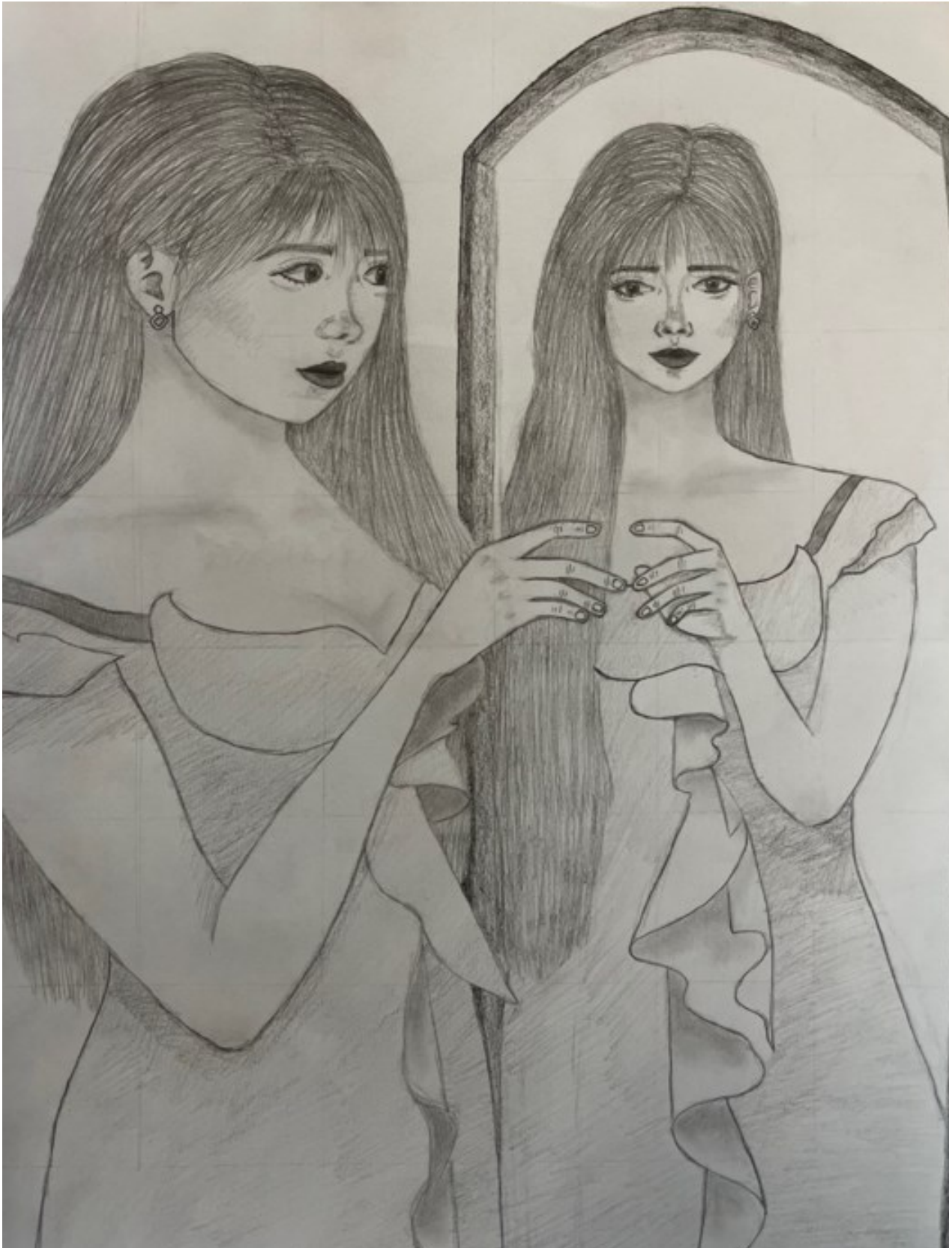
Zahra Rezay

Living in Lambeth, lavish and loud,
Boring and terrifying,
I hate the sounds
Men with bayonet blades
Insert their cutlery
Into others' arteries

Kevonie McFarlane

III

2024: The Year Of Me



Artwork by Ines Abreu Ferreira

This year I will be myself
The better person of no one else
I might be quiet but wait and see
Until you see my real personality

Last year I was fun, but this year I will be better
I will stop worrying and just do whatever
Face the real world and accept it
Not be bored and lay in a lazy pit

I will see the world with my eyes only
I don't need the opinions of those who will harm me
I will be who I want to be - I won't be alone
I'll fly above the world like a drone

But nobody will be controlling me
Because I am my own person
So just leave me be
This year is all about me because it's my life
And I won't get hurt by your sharp knife
Because words don't cut me
And don't leave scars

So, this year I will change and that's a fact
I won't feel harmed or be attacked

Rosie Button

With the New Year's dawn, a promise anew,
Resolutions crafted, dreams to pursue.
Step by step, in the journey we'll find,
Simple joys, and peace of mind.

Mario Pensamento

It's a new year
A change
The new me:
Resilient, focused, brave
The days of tears are gone
Now a glow of happiness surrounds me
Today is the new me
A first step

Mihad Saeed

This year I will be

As sharp as a razor, thinking quick and clear,

An ox, strong and proud.

The clouds of decisions of last year will no longer
chase after me, wailing and screaming

I will be as transparent as a crystal,
Not letting lies spiral out of control.

I will not let anger bubble up and twist and turn
In my mind.

I will be as calm as the stillest of waters .

As gentle as a lamb, caring for others,

A horse gracefully chasing towards my dreams.

I will no longer be a hare rushing
In and out of things,

Instead I will be a turtle savouring the small things,
Taking it slow and steady.

2024 will be the Year of Me.

Ava Bui

Like Fireworks In The Sparkling Starry Sky
I shall Fly To My Desired Goals
Like Golden Black Birds

To Me Stopping My Annoying Arguments
To Being Sweet And Humble
Just Like A Bumblebee

I Want To Be Alive Inside Out
Full Of Joy And Happiness
Just Like The Emotions Swirling
Through My Mind

Not The Anger And Sadness
That Whirls Around The Back Of My Head

Instead Of Turning Down Like A Withering Rose
I'll Instead Look Up To The Dark World
And Bloom Like The Blossoms Of Spring

Though I May Fall Down Like Rocks
Thrown Deep In The Oceans
It Will Never Be Too Late To Rise Up
And Shine Luminously Like Fire

I Will Never Give Up This Year.

Amy Chen

The year of '24 is a story
That hasn't been untold
Life introduced and life deduced
Challenges faced left and right
Only way to avoid them is to hurdle high
The fate of 2024 has already been written
All that is left is for the story to be told

Mohamed Choudhry

Old memories slip away,
Backing away for new memories
To slip in like the incoming tide.
For I shall make a forgetless field
Of new memories .
With the wings of a falcon I shall soar
Through tiresome troubles.
Passionate oceans of ferocious fireworks
Illuminate the inky vault of heaven .

Leilani Morris

Like a panther,
No opportunity will be out of reach,
Like a phoenix,
When I fall, I will always get back up,
Crowds will not look down at me
Instead they'll look up,
Never again will I entertain pointless arguments,
Never again will I let the inevitable fill me with rage.
This is the year of me,
The me I want to be,
The year that I achieve,
2024: this is the year of me.

Jasaiah Thomas

2024: this year is for me
To shine as bright as a star
Every second I spend
Will make me who I want to be in the future
In the past, I have failed
But this year, I will rise up
Never give up in my goal, for I am persistent
Whatever I dream will come true
If I work hard
Waiting for a new start
A new beginning to play my part
A chance to make things right
In a future prosperous and bright
This year I'm a new person
Who in the past, had a dark side
But now the clouds of 2023 have left
And the light of 2024 will rise up
My head will not be down
But instead it will be up
Looking forward to achievements
Last year I made mistakes
The previous year I blundered
This year I shall do better
2024 — here we go!
I can't wait !

Honey Sauce Moina

In 2024 I am an eagle soaring through the sky
Wondering if I can poop on people
To see their reactions.

In 2024 I am myself but a new, improved me,
I am loving, caring and also selfless

In 2024 I am a star shining bright
A diamond signifying hope
Telling you to not feel alone because
There is always someone watching you
Who wants you to succeed.

Jahmarlley Bollers

This is my year
I reign proud and strong
I will be legendary
The heavens will hear my name
I will slay my foes tomorrow or today
I will be respected
I will be praised for saving this dying world
From death and decay.
Across the world they will know who I am
I will be respected
They will all know
My power.

Nalee Baban

The New Year passes by like mayflies.

Each year is filled to the brim with expectations;

Expectations we know we will fail to achieve.

And yet, the cacophony of hopes and dreams always
floods my mind:

Will I have better attendance, a positive mindset?

Will I focus on schoolwork and revise, or let myself
help others with things they work for?

Whatever the dream,

I will know that it can sprout into something new.

Whatever the hope,

I will know that it can come true.

Whatever the wish,

I will know that it can be achieved.

Whatever the goal,

I will know that all I need is to put in effort.

Karina Ribeiro Sanches

That 10 second countdown,
Is the start of my new dawn.
Every second that goes by,
Springs back flashbacks in my mind
Like a record player.
My chance to change my life around
Is closer than ever.
The determination in me is like a spark
Ready to ignite.
I will no longer be the same person
That I used to be.
This is the year of me.
No more tears, no more fears,
I will be like a fountain overflowing with joy.
No more limitations, no more setbacks.
I will be a rocket, soaring to my glory
The time has come to land in 2024.
It is the dawning of a new day,
It's my time to shine.
I am on my way to better days.
This is the Year of Me.

Oluwafunmilayo Ilori

IV

Connections



Artwork by Khloe Ndjoli

In potent poison my pen drips,
A word or two displayed on my lip
Dare I say my hearts true whisp?
Where my heart and soul mix
Mind and thought split.

In true harmony
Truth etches its way to my skin,
Blackening my blood, trapping me.
Do I shriek and scream for release,
Or shudder and sob for peace?

These shredded piles, discrete lies,
Put to display for honour and truth,
Burning bright, like the flame in your eye
I dare to run, deep into your chained heart,
Locks and chains kept away.

I fear the truth is near
My heart and head want to run,
The one I love doesn't dare to lie?
To cover the slithering snake
A coward afraid to show and share.

The truth that hurts the soul
Teaches the mind,
These fragile words
'I love you',
Whisper into my ear, chilling my bones.

'I love you', my hand writes,
Poison slipping into the paper,
Sealing the fate the one made
Lies and secrets scream for fame.
And the one has ended the game.

Yasmeen Qureshi

Oh my dearest friend, my mind
My reason and motivation to overthink.
From the little things to the biggest things
Can't help but feel this way now

Can't help but overthink it all out
Can't change the fact that I can't stop it.
I love the fact that I've got you
But I also hate the fact that I have you

Oh, my dearest friend, my mind
I would still like to thank you for waking me
Up from all my hallucinations

And opening my eyes that deny it all
Deny all the pain and rejection
Stop me from bleeding even more
To the point where
My river of blood stops leaking

Iara Chaves

Love and obsession
Are hard to tell apart.
They both make my heart
Beat fast and smart.
Is it love or obsession
That drives me to you?
Do I want to possess or cherish you true?
You are my everything -
My sun and my moon.
Your arms are my heaven,
Your smile is my boon.
You are my addiction,
My drug and my cure.
You fill me with passion
And you make me feel pure

Zahra Qureshi

The wind howls, rain runs down the window
I sigh, it's cold, I'm tired, but I'm afraid...
Afraid that if I close my eyes and let go
I won't wake up again: I'll fade.
I know the drill, the pain, the suffering:
All self-inflicted, all on rainy days.
They ruin my mood, they make me cling
To gloomy thoughts, to dark and dismal ways.
What a day, what a life, what a mess.
I fall asleep, I'm afraid of falling
Falling too deep, too far, into the abyss
A place where I shall not want to leave,
Appalling -

But maybe there is hope, maybe there is light
Maybe there is someone who can hold me tight
Maybe there is a reason to keep on living
Maybe there is a chance to start forgiving

Zahra Qureshi

You are my light, my leading way.

In this world I am empty,

But you are my whole.

Without you I'd be gone.

You are my friend not foe,

And for that I thank you.

You are my helping hand.

In this world I am helpless,

But you are the builder.

Without you, I'd be a crumbling building.

You are my support,

My ride or die.

And for that I thank you.

You are the dark hole.

In this world you don't exist

But you stick in my head

And feed off my emotions.

You make me feel.

And for that I thank you

You are nothing new.
In this world you are my safe space.
Without you I'd be lost
But I can't venture off, scared to leave.
And so I follow you.
And for that I hate you.

You are my heart and head.
Bound together
Will I be OK?
If I let go
Can I survive or will I-

Yasmeen Qureshi

Betrayal: a bitter taste
In a friendship's garden, a dark space.
Promises broken, trust shattered.
Leaving hearts wounded and tattered.

Deceit's shadow, a painful art.
Leaves a scar upon the heart
Yet in the darkness, I embrace my gleam
To heal my heart and mend my dream.

Forgiveness: a path to choose
To mend what's broken and heal the bruise
For in the end, through trust may bend,
True friendship's a bond that can still ascend

Sydney White

Praise the frequencies
Plucking major strings inside me
Feeling?
Like blossoming peonies
Enriching my soul
As I lay in cherry blossom fields
Bass takes control
And wields me
It shields me.

Mario Pensamento

My love, you are one in a billion
A star among millions of stars
A gem in a sea of urchins
A wonder that's truly ours
But what is the sun compared to you?
To compare that to you is a crime
Because just a single smile from you
Lights up galaxies upon galaxies.
I love art, but you are breathtaking.
To call you such a piece is not fair
Your beauty is incomprehensible
No painting or sculpture can compare.
I don't believe in God, but you're an angel
Kind and sweet: what more is there to say?
You fill my heart with joy and gratitude
You brighten up every single day.

Zahra Qureshi

In the dance of emotions, tangled and tight
Love and pain intertwine day and night
A fragile balance, a delicate thread
Navigating feelings when words are unsaid

So let the storm of emotions subside
Embrace the truth that you cannot hide
For in vulnerability strength is found
And healing begins on hollow ground

So when the tempest finally clears
And silence falls, dispelling fears
Know that behind Anger's art
Lies a broken soul, but with a mending heart

Sydney White

Do you know how I hate the rain?
And it rains in this world too.

Onto the mist the words I've engraved
Shouting, kicking, screaming and struggling
Down to the last breath
With nothing but wonderful silence.

Beside my hand, a cricket bat.
Swinging, breaking, spiralling, swirling
Across the sky until the bat snaps in two,
With nothing but wonderful silence.

Stopping: and it rains in this world too.
Do you know how I hate the rain?
By not thinking of it as hate.

In my voice the sound is rage.
Swearing, cursing, mocking,
Degrading the word until I give up
And lie on the ground,
With nothing but meaningless silence.

When I stopped, it rained in this world too.

The rain was... lovely.

Teanna Tran

V

Reflections



Artwork by Zahra Rezay

Stop. Look out of your nearest window.

Let me command your mind

So that birds die out in mid-July.

Show you that your paper thin skin

Can be cut out into tears around my eyes.

Let's tell the force between the areas of grey

To drive.

Down, down, down

Onto the dead birds of July.

Teanna Tran

As I stroll through the park,
Something catches my eye.
It's like a light shining in the dark,
Like a star in the night skies.

It is like looking through a mirror,
Because what I see is me.
I can't see things much clearer,
So I have to count to three.

My reflection is so beautiful,
It never occurred to me.
I've never been so thankful,
So thankful that I'm me.

Annesama Mvirya

They look at a mirror, at the reflection
Even at a puddle, there it is.
Raindrops splashing on it over and over.
The reflection is almost everywhere,
Always watching them.

It shows the person who they really are.
They aren't the same,
So many different personalities
They've put on a mask, changing who they are
Just to fit in with some other people.

They might bully others,
But would they really do that?
Hurting others just to fit in.
They could act all kind,
But talk about you behind your back.
They may act like they love and care about you,
Then stab you in the back.

All they'll do is make up a lie.
To change themselves for some other people.
They may be good, or bad, then cover it up
With the opposite
Just to hide their true personality,
Locked inside the reflection.

Rafael Santos Durante

Our reflections hold years of history,
Centuries of love, centuries of loss.
It is all reflected in who we are today.
Our rich roots sprout from our ancestors,
And they slowly grow vivid, verdant leaves
Which are our future.

'Don't dwell on the past', they say,
But how can we not dwell
When it follows us everywhere?
We carry around our past
As a lesson for the future.

Our reflections allow us to reminisce
And remember it all: we can't rewrite it.

But there comes a time when juniper leaves
Become crimson and fall off their trees,
And a new tree grows, its roots steadily
Spreading.

That's when we can look at our reflections
In a different way,
Recognise that we can build our own future,
Write our own story
And our new graceful tree will grow.

Ines Abreu Ferreira

Imagine an everlasting reflection,
Your image cast upon the relentless waves.
Wondering if this reflection shall ever change,
Or if it will linger throughout your mind.

He rose feeling all but comfort.
He paused amidst the blanket of water,
Luminous, calm and temperate.
Glimpsing upon the majestic glow above him,
Thoughts swam throughout an endless ocean.
The glowing sun cast his reflection.
On the water, all he could see was
A book wide open.
Like a body of water, he concealed his real self,
A lustrous version he didn't know existed.

Tranquility and serenity invaded his heart,
Unleashing a waterfall of tears.
He reached out to them.
Yet, it was just an everlasting reflection.

You think
Where am I? Why am I here?
A familiar figure gradually
Ripples into your vision
Their appearance gets clearer and clearer
Until you can see their whole form
You can't recall their friendly face
But you know them.

Its hits you, a wave of grief surges,
Crashing through your mind
That's not the person you know
Their face is distorted, no emotion in sight
Joy has not existed in this thing
That's when their face grows melancholic

Suddenly, a feeling of warmth soars rapidly
A sense of empathy enters my soul
I feel sorrow.

What happened to this person?
Their face grows more and more familiar
Making me reminisce about memories of me
I discover this isn't another person
It is a reflection

Azeem Jomarie Dearne

As I look through my reflection
The world so extensive,
Reflecting on life's beautiful ride.
Contemplating about people and nature
The world around us,
Thinking about the things we do and see.
The world's like a mirror,
Whatever we say or do,
Always has a way of coming back to us.

In reflections we see things
In fact, we see everything,
Everything in the mirror's gaze feels right.
I close my eyes for a second,
And realise lots of things have happened.
Looking into the mirror,
Thinking about how fast the time is going
In real life.

Danait David

As I look in the mirror, all I see is that my reflection is who I am on the outside only - but not who I am on the inside. People may wear a face on the outside that puts an angel to shame, yet carry the heart of the devil within.

I try to be the best me, but I might not always succeed; I have my flaws on the outside and inside. I can't change my face, but I can change the way I see myself. Instead of looking in the mirror and trying to change my flaws, I should look on my strengths; the strengths my parents taught me and gave me - not the flaws that society and myself have created.

Society has its flaws, just as we all do. Prejudice will always be present, just like the ugly face of racism.

I'm not ashamed of my reflection and neither should you be of yours.

Ana Correia Ribeiro

Mirrors break and shatter,
Just like the world that truly matters.
Sometimes we distort our looks,
Yet reveal not what's in the books.
In a world of cheating and deceit,
Nothing ever seems truly complete.

Zahra Rezay

There are different types of reflections:
Either a mirror reflection -
Seeing how you look in the mirror,
Or reflecting on your conduct or behaviour -
What you did or how you can change.
Reflection is when you think about something -
Observing, looking, thinking.
It could be considering something
Such as feelings or ideas.
Look in a window and you will see yourself
Reflecting on the world.

Grace Sauce Moina

Mirrors abundant in the modern day,
Reflecting a scattered reality.
We can see the paths where dreams have bled
Through windows of hope and dread
All made of fractured glass.

Once-proud forests now fall and cry
And man's grip has disfigured the oceans.
Cities made of steel and glass,
Where time passes and people's hearts
Grow cold.

Yet there are tiny sparks amid the shadows:
A child's laughter, a stranger's gain.
Goodwill blossoms like vibrant wildflowers
And hope perseveres even in the darkest hours.

We need to see in reflections not just what is,
But also what is possible:
The ability to transform our fate.

Yahya Rodani

In mirrored lakes, the skies align
A world in flux, a fragile sign
Where forests burn and cities rise
In glassy depths, the truth belies

A child's hope, a fleeting dream
War-torn lands, the silent scream
Oceans warm and ice that cries,
Reflections hold our planet's sighs

Yet in the ripples, futures gleam
Of healing hearts and nature's scheme
In reflections, we discern
A better world, for which we yearn

Lanaya Warren

VI

This Is Me



Artwork by Azeem Jomarie Dearne

This is me
The girl I hate,
The girl with flaws.

This is me
The girl I hide,
That hides their face with their hair.

This is me
The girl that always wants,
Wanting to fit in.

This is me
The girl who cries,
Cries because she thinks she's not enough.

This is me
The girl who changed,
Changed to be liked.

This is me
The girl who broke herself,
To be perfect

This is me
The girl who doesn't fit in,
The girl who lost.

This is me
But maybe with all my flaws,
There's a place.

This is me

The girl who didn't win,
You can't win when you lose yourself.

This is me

The girl rebuilding herself
To be how she was before.

This is me

The girl who doubted herself
The girl who was perfect before

This is me

The girl with the flaws
The girl who is human.

Yasmeen Qureshi

Oh my dearest friend, my mind,
My reason and motivation to overthink.
From the smallest thing to the biggest,
I can't help but feel this way now.

Can't help but overthink it all
Can't change the fact that I can't stop.
I love the fact that I have got you
But I also hate the fact that you are mine.

Oh, my dearest friend, my mind,
I would still like to thank you for
Waking me up
From all my hallucinations.

And for opening my eyes that deny it all,
Deny the pain and rejection.
You stop me from bleeding even more,
So my river of blood meets its end.

Iara Chaves

I am an elegant bird soaring through the skies
I have the courage of a lion
I feel like I own the world
Leaping through the court
Hearing celebratory cries coming from the crowd
The feeling of adrenaline coursing through my veins,

I want to be successful
Scoring goals left and right
Working as a team
I wish to be the best that I can be
I hope to challenge myself.

Joana Caldeira Coelho

In the field, under the sun,
Me as a twelve year old boy ready to play.
With each kick I feel alive,
Chasing my dreams, striving to thrive.
My boots dance on the grass so green,
A football magician, yet to be seen
Passes and goals, my heart's delight,
In the game, I find the might.
Through sweat and tears, I try never to stop
In my heart, football forever crops.
The beautiful game, my world anew
On the pitch, my dreams come true.

Leonardo Augusto

As I stare into the mirror, doubts start to swell
A soul longing to be free
Eyes that hold both joy and pain
A heart that hides my every strain

Seeing myself
A wave of emotions fills the air
Distorted images, a test of my will
In waves of confusions
I find my truth

Eyes meet, doubts disappear
Beauty shines, feeling fearless
Smiling back, she can see
A girl who has much more to be

Stephanie Candido

Jovem, engraçado e talentoso, seu nome é Leo
Menino de treze anos, com um coração
apaixonado
E apaixonado pelo futebol, ele chuta e corre
com habilidade e força
No campo ele é uma estrela brilhando tanto

Seus sonhos são tão altos
E ele fará de tudo para conseguir isso
Mesmo que ele tenha que lutar
Ele pratica duro dia e noite
Este é o Leão

*Young, funny and talented, his name is Leo
Thirteen year old boy, with a passionate heart
And a love for football, he kicks and runs with
skill and might
On the field he's a star shining so bright*

*His dreams are so high
And he will do anything to achieve them
Even if he has to fight
He practises hard day and night
This is Leo*

Leonardo Augusto

With the right mindset and dedication
Nothing is impossible to achieve
I'll work hard with determination
And my goals I will surely retrieve

God's willing, I'll make it through
And conquer every challenge I face
Nothing will ever stop or subdue
My passion and my drive to embrace

With each step forward, I'll grow stronger
And with each hurdle, I'll learn and grow
My perseverance will last even longer
And my success will show

So with faith in my heart and a drive in my soul,
I'll push through any obstacle in my way
And reach for the stars, my ultimate goal
Till my dreams come true every single day

I've always wanted to fly
Ever since I was a child
Up high in the sky
Adventures waiting to be compiled

Being a pilot is my dream,
And I'll work hard to make it come true
Exploring the world, places to be seen
And making my family proud too

I know it won't be easy
But I'm up for the challenge ahead
I'll study train and practise, you see
To make sure I'm well-prepared instead

So let me chase my dream
Of soaring through the air
And one day I'll beam
As a pilot beyond compare

Tylah Morrison Fraye

This is who I want to be,
A bright, cheerful child again
Without this pain taking over me
Without these explosions of overthinking,
Of repeatedly asking myself, *why?*
It appears out of nowhere,
A sudden wave of overwhelming feelings,
I need to scream until my lungs bleed,
Until my tears become oceans,
But I can't cry, I can't scream,
I only mourn.
I mourn in silence:
It seems to be my own comfort.
It floods over me, drowning, killing me slowly,
I'm being captured into the depths of darkness.
I'm all alone.
Stuck, silent, still: there's no hope now.
I am alone.
I was always alone, wasn't I Nataly?

This is who I want to be,
A loveable child again,
I destroyed all good things in my life.

Why?

Why, Nataly? I am scared.
Scared to be a failure, scared of judgement,
Scared of life.

It feels like I've parted from the ways of hell
Yet I still don't see the beaming heavenly light.

Silence yet again.

Everything hurts

The feeling of hurting others around me aches,
Those hurtful words I thought I could forget,
Have beaten me yet again.

In this numb soul I live in, I still feel it all:

It's a heavy burden I can't control.

My body fights against this restless battle,

Exhaustion has taken over my body,

From new starts to the years of trying,

I still fail.

This is who I want to be,

I want to be me again.

Right?... Nataly?

Nataly Sandoval de Freitas

VII

My Song To The World



Artwork by Indigo-Rose Egundebi

In a world full of chaos I find my peace
A melody that soothes brings sweet release
With every word I sing I'll make a stand
Spreading love and hope across the land

This is my song to the world
A message of love, let it be unfurled in unity
We'll rise, hand in hand
Together we'll make a stand

Let's break down walls, let love lead the way
Embrace each other every single day
No matter the colour, the gender, or creed
In this song, we'll find the love we all need

So let the music play, let it be heard,
A song of love that spreads like a bird
Together we'll make a difference, big and small
Our song to the world, let love conquer all

Yusra Shuriye and Nesrin Osman

The world is in a state of disaster
Wars are waging all over the earth
Climate change is melting the poles
At this rate there may not be a tomorrow

People are starving
People are suffering
People are homeless
People are dying

So many problems that we should have solved
Racism still covers the globe
Sexism too, but we only care about it now.
Will equality only happen with the end of the world?

It's horrible how we ended up in such a way
We're running out of time, so we all have to say
Why can't we work together to make a better place?
But governments won't listen, only caring for greed.

Rafael Santos Durante

A dreadful world versus a world of light
One is lively, resilient and bright,
Whilst the other is shameful and full of spite.
Limitless oceans waving left and right
Vibrant forests, always in sight.

But flip the globe to see a different view,
Bloodlust landscapes consume hopelessness
Nothing is left but emptiness.
Tears stain the earth
Only leaving a river of pain.

A mirrors with two sides, forever intertwined,
One full of promises, the other full of nightmares.
Yet there's a glimmer of grace within every despair.

Richard Ferreira Dos Santos Wren

Praise the start, the middle and the end
Praise the light that guides us through our life
Praise the pain, although it hurts
Praise the plants providing us life
And praise the love that brings our birth.

Acknowledge the burdens that drag you down
Forget the screams, instead listen to
Soothing sounds
Forgive those who give us hate
Embrace those who bring us warmth
Praise our existence for it is why we live.

*Eyad Abdelwasi, Tiago Silva Jesus,
Yahya Rodani*

Praise the ones for today
Praise the ones we lost on the way
Praise the memories
Praise the trajectories

Praises for the rest of history
Praises for the known and mystery
Praises for the rest of days
Praises for our old age

From young to old
The stories told
From enemies to friends
Praises never end.

*Zayan Miah, Zion Isiakpere,
Eliab Endale-Tesfaye*

L'intimidation a poussé les gens à se retourner les uns contre les autres.

Vous verriez un vieil ami se retourner contre l'autre.

Chaque type d'intimidation cause du tort.

Les gens doivent devenir plus vigilants.

Les victimes pleurent jour et nuit, se noyant dans les larmes.

Les intimidateurs intimident parce qu'ils ne sont pas sûrs d'eux.

Mais couvrez leur douleur comme un manteau de fourrure.

Les intimidateurs causent de la douleur et blâment.

Ils veulent que leurs victimes ressentent de la honte.

Les intimidateurs devraient parler de ce qu'ils ressentent.

Cela pourrait vraiment briser l'accord de l'intimidateur.

La plus petite chose qu'ils puissent faire est de partager leur sentiment,

Ce qui pourrait conduire à de nombreuses nouvelles guérisons.

Bullying has made people turn on each other.

You would see old friends turn on the other

Each type of bullying causes hurt

People need to become more alert

Victims cry day and night, drowning in tears.

Bullies bully because they're insecure.

But cover their pain like a coat of fur.

Bullies cause pain and then blame.

They want their victims to feel shame.

Bullies should talk about how they feel,

It could really break the bully's deal.

The smallest thing they could do is share in feelings,

Which could lead to many new healings.

Kader Kaddour Ouattara

Where has humanity gone?
Do my eyes need to be blue and my hair blonde?
Why does the world hear my shout for help as whispers?
Do they not see all of the protesters?

Since 1948 we have been attacked,
Nobody has done anything to protect our backs.
The world leaders should know right from wrong,
What is taking them so long?

A river full of tears,
Sounds of bombs ringing in our ears.
How can I be found under the rubble?
If no one is saving us from this trouble.

Everyday is pain and torture,
Is there any hope for our future?
Suffering from many years of trauma,
Looking around and I can't find my mama.

Lucky to survive days, weeks and years,
Living through blood, sweat and tears.
You cannot remove the smiles from our faces,
We are all just anonymous cases.
They can pull the trigger,
But our faith is bigger.

Aarifah Mazamil

My world

It can be so sweet

Yet so bleak

My world.

My society

Tearing at the fabric of our confidence.

My world

Don't you see?

See how these people feel

My world

Devastatingly making us believe we are not enough.

No never enough until perfect!

My world

Shattering the spirits

Like a villain.

My world

Spewing words

Words that cut deep.

My world

Isn't so sweet

With these cruel hands

My world

Won't you let us breathe?

Take a moment to laugh at your words.

My world

We are humans,

We are lost

My world

We beg to be guided

Not abandoned

My world

Help us rebuild our love,
For others and ourselves.

My world, My society

Can't you be sweet?

My society

Bring those sweet words and self-love.

My world

Love us for who we are!
And not what you made us be.

My world

Accept the imperfect
Accept the flaws of humans.

Be sweet

My world

Yasmeen Qureshi

Be unique and innovative
Like the different patterns on a butterfly's wing.
Persevere, even if you feel like
You're hanging on a string.
But remember rest is important too:
There's only so much a phone can do on 1%.

Dream as if you're on cloud nine,
Although miracles don't just come to you,
Hard work turns your desires into something
You can easily acquire
Just so long as you don't let go
Everything will elegantly flow.

The sun smiles down on you every day
Realise that things want to go your way.
Harmony and peace come
When your mind is filled with love and ease.

Beyza Aydin

Malicious intent in every word they say,
Young people continuously suffer everyday.

Several people brutally murdered,
Only the people to blame seem unbothered;
Never willing to take the blame,
Great at always accepting fame.

Together, we can't let them win this war,
Otherwise, what would all this be for?

Together, we can't let them win this war,
Helping each other will only aid more,
Empathy in turn, will fill our core.

Weeping mothers hold their children in fear,
Oppressed, she sheds a mournful tear.
Roads destroyed as if a tornado passed,
Lonesome in the midst of a desert so vast.
Dunes of demolition, trees on their last breath.

Ines Abreu Ferreira

In this spinning globe we hustle and grind,
In the depths on the earth where treasure is mined.
In the caverns of possibility hope is enshrined,
So dig deep, my friend, where dreams are refined

In this vast expanse, where stars are unfurled,
From city blocks to deserts, our stories are twirled.
A symphony of chaos, where dreams are hurled,
In this cosmic cipher, our existence is swirled.

Let's raise our voices high, let truth unfurl,
In this wild, chaotic dance — welcome to our world.
Whispers of lost love, etched in bark and vine,
A symphony of longing, where hearts align.

Zayan Miah, Tiago Silva Jesus, Eyad Abdelwasi

With a background of sunset skies,
A poet's disguise emerges as a verse.
My words, a soft touch, a dance,
A love confession and a poem to the world.

On the canvas of the embrace of early morning,
A delicate grace constructed in whispers.
Rivers sway, mountains resound,
My poem to the world is this one.

Stardust stories start to unfold beneath
The moon's breath-taking brilliance.
Every heart had a twisted tale
A timeless cadence to the universe.

Love will abide in every glance, even if one looks
Across vast, verdant fields and oceans.
Our flags are flown together,
My poem to the world, a symphony.

Yahya Rodani

Love brings peace and peace brings unity
Those three qualities are what the world needs
Let us take this Opportunity
That's why I've written this poem for you to read

Having joy comes with respect
Not having those things is incorrect
It's time to make a difference in this nation
Let's not ruin our beautiful creation

Annesama Mvirya

VIII

Labyrinth



Artwork by Nesrin Osman

Walking home, the daggers spat at me,
Making every inch of my hair damp.
I gazed at my own reflection in a puddle,
Like a peckish eagle aiming for its prey.
From another dimension of the world,
I see a charmingly grotesque figure
With a blank expression.
Over the years, metal has rusted
And tears have fallen like roses.
Neglected, isolated, mentally drained:
My own thoughts suffocate me.

Talitha Soares Rodrigues Goulart

Terror, mystery, gloom; it cast an enchantingly eerie spell. Twisting through the shadowed corridors of my mind, I stumbled upon a sinister truth that sent shivers down my spine.

The building, abandoned and ominous, was haunted by its past memories. Violently, eerie screams echoed through the corridors, as doors slammed shut.

Mysteriously, the fog enveloped the old mansion, concealing its secrets in an impenetrable cloak. Behind thick clouds, the sun struggled to break through.

Like a powerful giant, the rusty steel gate rose before me, looming over me.

Zahra Rezay

Crows screeching like a sadistic, blood thirsty bat. The celestial moon shines in the never-ending dead of night sky. There is loathsome litter on the concrete, graphite ground. Murder is a common thing here; this dystopian place is filled with vindictive, wrathful wolves in sheep's clothing. And the bell goes *ding!* at midnight.

Talitha Soares Rodrigues Goulart

Racing through the woods, her precious pendant shattered to the ground.

Heartbroken: Grandma would be disappointed.

Anger took over - a spreading wildfire.

A shadowy figure wearing an identical pendant emerged from the flames, desperate to save her.

Tears streamed down her cheeks as a puddle formed at her feet. A warm hand of reassurance touched her shoulder.

“Ready to reunite?”

The crackling fire simmered down, leaving a single spark lying beside the pendant as ashes rose to the sky.

Hafsah Abdorahman

As we turn to see all that will unfold,
I realise my heart feels cold.
And although you are right beside me,
The suffering I go through, you don't see.

As we turn to the sounds of silence,
I don't know how to end my sentence,
Because I know you won't budge.
In your heart there remains a smudge.

Although you act oblivious to it,
I know you feel most of all
Whilst others rise above it, we can't.
We don't fit in.
It really isn't a world we can call
Wonderful.

What is this place we call home?

Sumaya Hassan

Fury Burns within, a raging flame
Masking the hurt, bearing the blame
Eyes that hide a stormy sea
Betray the pain that's deep in me

Anguish's shield, a fragile guise
Concealing Tears, unshed Cries
Beneath the rage, a wounded heart
Longing for healing, a fresh start

In the stillness of night,
Whispers of sorrow take flight.
A tale untold, a silent plea
Echoes of pain that none can see

Memories linger, wounds unhealed
The way of the past, a heavy shield
Yet hope remains a flickering light
Guiding the Lost, through the darkest night

Sydney White

Moonlight, darkness, clouds: it was a truly haunting scene. Twisting and writhing like tortured souls, the gnarled branches clawed at the sky. The building was a decaying monolith of despair, a grim sentinel over the desolate landscape. Violently shuddering in the cold wind, the skeletal remains of the architecture whispered secrets of forgotten sorrows. Behind the clouds, the full moon cast an ethereal glow, illuminating the ghostly courtyard below.

Eerie shadows flickered across cracked stone walls, creating spectral shapes. Among the ruins of the fountain, stagnant water reflected the eerie light, adding to the unsettling ambiance. Like a mausoleum of lost memories, the mansion exuded melancholy and foreboding, inviting only the bravest — or most foolish — to uncover its dark past.

Yahya Rodani

I hear the voices in the silence of the night
Whispers that haunt, filling me with fright
Voices echo in the chambers of my mind
A Symphony of Chaos so cruel and unkind
I try to silence them but they persist
A constant reminder of the Darkness they enlist

In the mirror I see a reflection unclear
A Soul tormented by what I hear
But in the dips of this mental storm
I see Solace and a way to transform

Through support I find my way
Navigating the labyrinth of my mind each day
I embraced the truth of my mind not defining me
For I am more than the voices that you used to be.

Sydney White

IX

Motherland



Artwork by Lanaya Warren

A cultura portuguesa e uma bela canção
Com suas tradições e rica emoção
Das cidades históricas a costa do mar,
Portugal encanta com seu jeito singular.

O fado ecoa pelas ruas de Lisboa
Expressando saudade, amor e paixão
O azulejo enfeita as fachadas das casas
Contando histórias com suas cores vivas

*The Portuguese culture is a beautiful song
With its traditions and rich emotion
From the historic cities to the seaside,
Portugal enchants with its unique way*

*Fado echoes through the streets of Lisbon
Expressing happiness, love and passion
The azulejo decorates the facades of houses
Telling stories with its vibrant colours.*

Samuel Da Silva Candido

আমাদের সুস্বাদু স্বাদ আমাদের জিহ্বায় লেগে আছে,
অনন্য সংস্কৃতি আমাদের এক হিসাবে একত্রিত করে।

রান্নার বৈচিত্র্য কখনো শেষ হয় না,
বিকল্পের একটি রাস্তা যার কোনও ডেড এন্ড নেই।

আমাদের সকলের স্মরণে রাখার জন্য একটি সম্মিলিত
উদযাপন,

আমাদের মন সবচেয়ে সুখী স্মৃতি সংগ্রাহক।

রঙের সৌন্দর্য এক বিস্ময়।

শান্ত অথচ বজ্রপাতের মতো জোরে

*The scrumptious taste of our delicacy laying on our
tongue,*

The unique culture brings us together as one.

*The variety of cuisines never ends,
A road of options with no dead end.*

*A collaborative celebration for all of us to
remember,*

Our mind is the happiest memory collector.

The beauty of colours is a wonder.

It's quiet yet as loud as thunder

Zayan Miah

Ah, ang Pilipinas, isang tapiserya ng mga isla na sumasayaw sa yakap ng dagat na hinahalikan ng araw. Isipin nyo ang malinamnang na pan lasa na pinaka sikat na masarap na adobo at halo halo. Ang kasaysayan ay bumubulong sa mga maralitang lansangan, kung saan ang mga alingawngaw ng mga pamana ng Espanyol at Amerikano ay magka-kaugnay. Larawan ng Maynila, isang mataong lungsod kung saan pinipintura ng mga jeepney ang mga kalsada sa makulay na palette. Ang puso ng Pilipinas ay tumibok sa init, isang himig na inaawit ng mga ngiti ng kanyang mga mamamayan. Kung naghahanap ka ng higit pang mga kuwento tungkol sa kaakit-akit na lupaing ito, magtanong!

Ah, the Philippines, a tapestry of islands dancing in the embrace of the sun-kissed sea. Imagine a symphony of flavours, iconic adobo to the sweetness of halo-halo . History whispers through impoverished streets, where echoes of Spanish and American legacies intertwine. Picture Manila, a bustling city where jeepneys paint the roads in a vibrant palette. The heart of the Philippines beats with warmth, a melody sung by the smiles of its people. If you seek more tales of this enchanting land, ask away!

Azeem Jomarie Dearne

በአፈ ታሪክ በአፍሪካ ልብ ውስጥ ጌጣጌጥ የተደበቁበት የሚባለው ፣
የኢትዮጵያ ስሜን ተራራ ጫፍ ሰማይ የሚነካበት ጥንታዊ እና ታላቅ ወጣ
ገባ ምድር ነው።

ሰማያዊው አባይ ከኃይሉ በተሠሩ ሸለቆዎች ውስጥ እንደ
እባብ የሚሸከረከር ታላቅ ሚስጥር ያለው ነው። ላሊበላ ሚስጥራዊ
የእምነት ከተማ። በ12ኛው እና በ13ኛው መቶ ክፍለ ዘመን ጀምሮ የተሰሩ
ውቅር አብያተ ክርስቲያናት።

አክሱም ሰማይ ጠቀስ የሆኑ ሀውልቶች ያላት ከተማ ስትሆን። አዲስ አበባ
ደግሞ አስደናቂ ታሪኮች እና የተለያዩ ባህሎች በአንድ ላይ የሚገኙበት
ከተማ ናት።

*In Africa's heart, where legends hide a jewel.
It is Ethiopia's Simien Mountain ancient and
grand rugged land, where its peak touches the
heavens.*

*The Blue Nile, like a serpent scurrying through
the canyons made of its force its secrets wide-
spread. Lalibela, mystical city of loyalty.
Rock-cut churches dating from the 12th and 13th
centuries.*

*Axum holds monuments that rise to the sky.
Addis Ababa is a full and bold and overflowing
pot of cultures and stories untold.*

Eliab Endale-Tesfaye

Dançamos ao som de músicas de carnaval
Todos estão tão estáticos.
As luzes piscam em todas as cores do arco-íris
Todas as emoções negativas estão em um nível
nunca antes visto.
Comida tão requintada
Tão delicada
Tão elegante.
Uma estátua para representar nosso salvador
No centro da cidade
Em pé como uma armadura

*We dance to the sound of carnival music
Everyone is so static.
Lights flashing all the colours of the rainbow
All negative emotions are at an all time low.
Food so exquisite
So delicate
So elegant.
A statue to portray our saviour
In the centre of the city
Standing like a suit of armour*

Richard Ferreira Dos Santos Wren

In Trinidad's embrace,
Where the sun meets the sea,
A vibrant culture thrives, rich and free.
Carnival drums with a rhythm so grand
Echo through valleys, sweep across sand.
Steelpan melodies rise, sweet and pure,
Calypso tales in voices that endure.
Masqueraders dance in costumes bright
A kaleidoscope of colour, a feast for sight.
Lining the streets with laughter and cheer,
Voices mingle, stories reappear.
From bustling Port of Spain to Maracas Bay,
A melting pot of people in harmonious array.
Douens and jumbies in folklore abide,
Whispering secrets with each moon tide.
Cuisine that tingles with spice and zest,
Roti, doubles, flavours at their best.
Unity in diversity, a blend so rare,
African, Indian, European flair.
Through History's trials, they've stood tall
A testament to resilience for one and all.
In Trinidad's heart, where cultures entwine,
A unique tapestry, beautifully aligned.
A legacy of warmth, joy and grace,
An island's soul, A beloved place.

Lanaya Warren

Ethiopia, land of ancient wonders,
Where history and culture never blunders.
From the highlands to the rift Valley's
grace,
Diverse traditions and beauty embrace.

Injera shared with friends around the table,
Unity and warmth, a cultural fable.
Music and dance fill the air with delight,
Ethiopia's spirit shining bright.

Abyssinian treasures, stories untold,
In every tradition, a tale to behold.
Ethiopia's heart beats strong and pure,
In every moment, its essence endures.

Ilyas Abdulhafiz

في بلد المغرب المشمس النابض بالحياة،
حيث تلتقي الرمال وهمسات الصحراء،
ينكشف نسيج الحياة،

تمثل الممرات الضيقة للمدينة متاهة حيث يتصادم التقليدي
والمعاصر. الأسواق عبارة عن مزيج
من الألوان مليئة بالتوابل والمنسوجات والسلع الطازجة.

نور الصباح الجميل يدعو للصلاة،
أصوات يتردد صداها طوال الليل في الصحراء،
وماذن تصل إلى السماء،
في أعالي مدينة الدار البيضاء.

فاس مدينة المعرفة القديمة،
كل طريق مليء بالعلم،
مراكش تفتخر بحدائقها الرائعة،
قلب يزهر على الرمال الجافة.

*In the vivid, sunny country of Morocco,
Where sand and whispers of the desert collide,
A life's tapestry unfolds.*

*The narrow lanes of the Medina are a labyrinth
Where the past and contemporary collide.
The souks are a riot of colour, filled
With spices, textiles and fresh goods.*

*The lovely light of morning calling to prayer,
Sounds resonating through night in the desert,
Minarets reaching the sky
In the city high of Casablanca.*

*Fez, with the assertion of old knowledge,
Every path is filled with knowledge,
Marrakech boasts magnificent gardens,
A heart in blossom on the parched sand.*

Yahya Rodani

Lido Beach, where the ocean meets the sand,
In Mogadishu, a paradise so grand.
Under the Somali sun, so warm and bright,
A place where joy and laughter take flight.

In Mogadishu, where cultures intertwine,
We celebrate the richness of our land and time.
Bananas, a staple of our cuisine,
Nourishing our bodies, a gift so serene.

Rice, cooked to perfection, grains so tender,
A symbol of abundance and togetherness,
We remember.

From the traditional Somali tea we sip,
To the hearty meals shared, bite by bite, each dip.

In Mogadishu, our heritage is alive,
Through language, food and traditions we thrive.
So let us embrace our Somali pride,
As we honour our roots, side by side.

Lido Beach, Mogadishu, a place we adore,
Where the beauty of our culture truly soars.
With every step we take on this sacred ground,
Our Somali spirit, forever renowned.

Yusra Shuriye

In this land of sun and sea,
Where Portugal's beauty shines for me
From Porto's love to Lisbon's grace
Portuguese culture, I embrace

I love the language so rich and clear,
With words that bring people near.
From Bon dia to obrigado,
Portuguese with words,
Like music, flows.

Tiago Silva Costa

As cores celestiais do horizonte cativam meus
olhos,
Prédios coloridos barricam becos culturais,
Dentro deles estavam séculos de história.
Enquanto desço por eles, o cheiro revigorante
de bolos recém-assados se infiltrar em meu
nariz,
Pasteis de Nata, Bolas de Berlim, Malasadas.
Os restaurantes exibem seus pratos apetitosos,
intrigando os turistas locais,
Francesinhas, Bacalhau, Caldo Verde.

Ao olhar para cima, vejo mulheres idosas nas
varandas, conversando, observando,
Relembrando enquanto pendurava suas roupas
lavadas.

Catedrais historicamente significativas encon-
tradas em todos os cantos,
Suas estruturas graciosas e divinas se erguem
entre as cidades.

Os fadistas cantam de forma angelical, todos
inspirados pela beleza da paisagem que os ro-
deia.

Ines Abreu Ferreira

*The horizon's heavenly colours captivate my eyes,
Colourful buildings barricade traditional alleys,
Within them lie centuries of history.
As I walk down them, the invigorating smell
Of freshly baked pastries infiltrates my nose,
Pasteis de Nata, Bolas de Berlin, Malasadas.
The restaurants display their appetising dishes,
Intriguing local tourists,
Francesinhas, Bacalhau, Caldo Verde.*

*As I look up, I see elderly women on their balconies,
Talking, observing, reminiscing
As they hang up their washed clothes.
Historically significant cathedrals
Found in every corner,
Their graceful, divine structures
Stand tall between the cities.
The fadistas* sing so angelically,
All inspired by the beauty of the scenery
They're surrounded by.*

**Fadistas - traditional music genre*

Ines Abreu Ferreira

Eritrea a land of beauty and grace,
Where culture blend and traditions embrace
Form the red sea shores to highlands grand
A nation proud, with history in its hand

In Asmaras streets, the architecture tells,
Of Italian influence and colonial spells
But beyond the buildings, a vibrant soul
Eritrean culture, rich and bold

The Tigrinya language, spoken with pride
Connects generations' linguistic tide
With music and dance the rhythm takes flight
Traditional beats igniting the night

From traditional dress — the zuria and shawl
To the aromatic coffee, a cherished call
Eritrean cuisine, a flavourful delight
Injera and tsebhi, a culinary height

So let us celebrate Eritrea's tale
Its culture, traditions and resilience prevail
A nation of strength embracing its past
Eritrea — a gem that will last forever

Nesrin Osman

As dancarinas a bailar
o fado a tocar
O povo a cantar
Do Porto, a Lisboa ate ao alentejo
O cheiro do comida a fazer
Nao a Melhor do que ser Portugues
Vivemos em paz
Em harmonia
Ouvir o Mar
Sentir a areia debaixo dos pes
Portuguesa para sempre

*The dancers dancing
Fado playing
The people singing
From Porto to Lisbon to Alentejo
The smell of the food cooking
There is nothing better than being Portuguese
We live in peace
In harmony
Listening to the ocean
Feeling the sand under our feet
Portuguese forever*

Ana Correira Ribeiro

در بازارهای افغانستان که رنگ‌ها می‌درخشند

،

ادویه‌ها می‌رقصند و طعم‌ها می‌شوید.
از خیابان‌های شلوغ تا کوچه‌های ساکت،
آشپزی افغان، یک نغمه زنده است.

در قابلمه‌های داغ، دومپینگ‌های مانتو می‌تکانند،
با عشق ساخته شده، روز به روز.
آغله بلانی، در آغوشی تازه، پر از سبزیجات،

هر گام یک سفر است، همانطور که تاریخ جمع می‌کند.

نان از دسته‌های خاکی بیرون می‌آید،
برش‌ها را می‌شکنند، داستان‌ها به روشنی پیدا می‌شوند.
گرمای راحت کهای، یک مراسم الهی است.

لحظات مشترکی که در زمان ثابت می‌شوند.

جواهرات انار، پر از طعم،
در غذاها، آنها کار صبر می‌کنند.
جذابیت خوشمزه پلائو قابولی،

یک سمفونی از طعم، غنی و پاک.

از طریق غذا، ارتباطات پیچیده می‌شوند،
در فرهنگ افغان، گنجینه‌های می‌چرخند.
هر زمان که به یک داستان، یک داستان روایت می‌شود،

یک مهمانی برای حس‌ها، یک فرهنگ قدرتمند.

پس بیایید هر طعم را با قلبی خوشحال به چشم بزنیم،
زیرا در این غذاها، قدرت افغانستان است.
در طعم‌های به اشتراک گذاشته شده، ارتباطات قوی می‌روید،

جشنی از میراث، یک سفر طولانی است

*In Afghan bazaars where colours gleam,
Spices dance and flavorus stream.
From bustling streets to quiet lanes,
Afghan cuisine, a vibrant refrain.*

*In steaming pots, mantu dumplings sway,
Crafted with love, day after day.
Bolani's crisp embrace, filled with greens,
Each bite a journey, as history convenes.*

*Naan emerges from the clay oven's hold,
Breaking bread, stories unfold.
Chai's comforting warmth, a ritual sublime,
Shared moments frozen in time.*

*Pomegranate's jewels, bursting with flavour,
In dishes, the labour of love savour.
Qabuli pulao's fragrant allure,*

A symphony of taste, rich and pure.

*Through food, connections unfurl,
In Afghan culture, treasures swirl.
With each bite, a story's told,*

A feast for the senses, a culture bold.

*So let's savour each taste, with hearts alight,
For in these dishes, Afghanistan's might.
In flavours shared, bonds grow strong,*

A celebration of heritage, a journey long.

Zahra Rezay

In Nigeria's embrace, where rivers flow free,
Peace whispers softly through each rustling tree.

From bustling Lagos to the quiet North's sand,
Unity and harmony fill this vast land.

Markets alive with laughter and song
Villages where people thrive and belong.

Igbo, Hausa, Yoruba, all share
A tapestry woven with love and care.

In the South's warm embrace, where oil rivers run,
Communities shine bright under the sun.

Festivals with dance and drum beats loud,
Celebrating peace in a joyful crowd.

Nigeria, where peace isn't just a dream,
But a living reality in every sunbeam.

Zion Isiakpere

X

Six Word Stories



Artwork by Adham Ahmed

Love and Respect Regardless of Race.
Seas of dreams always contain nightmares.
Ines Abreu Ferreira

Born a twin; graduated only child.
Samuel Da Silva Candido

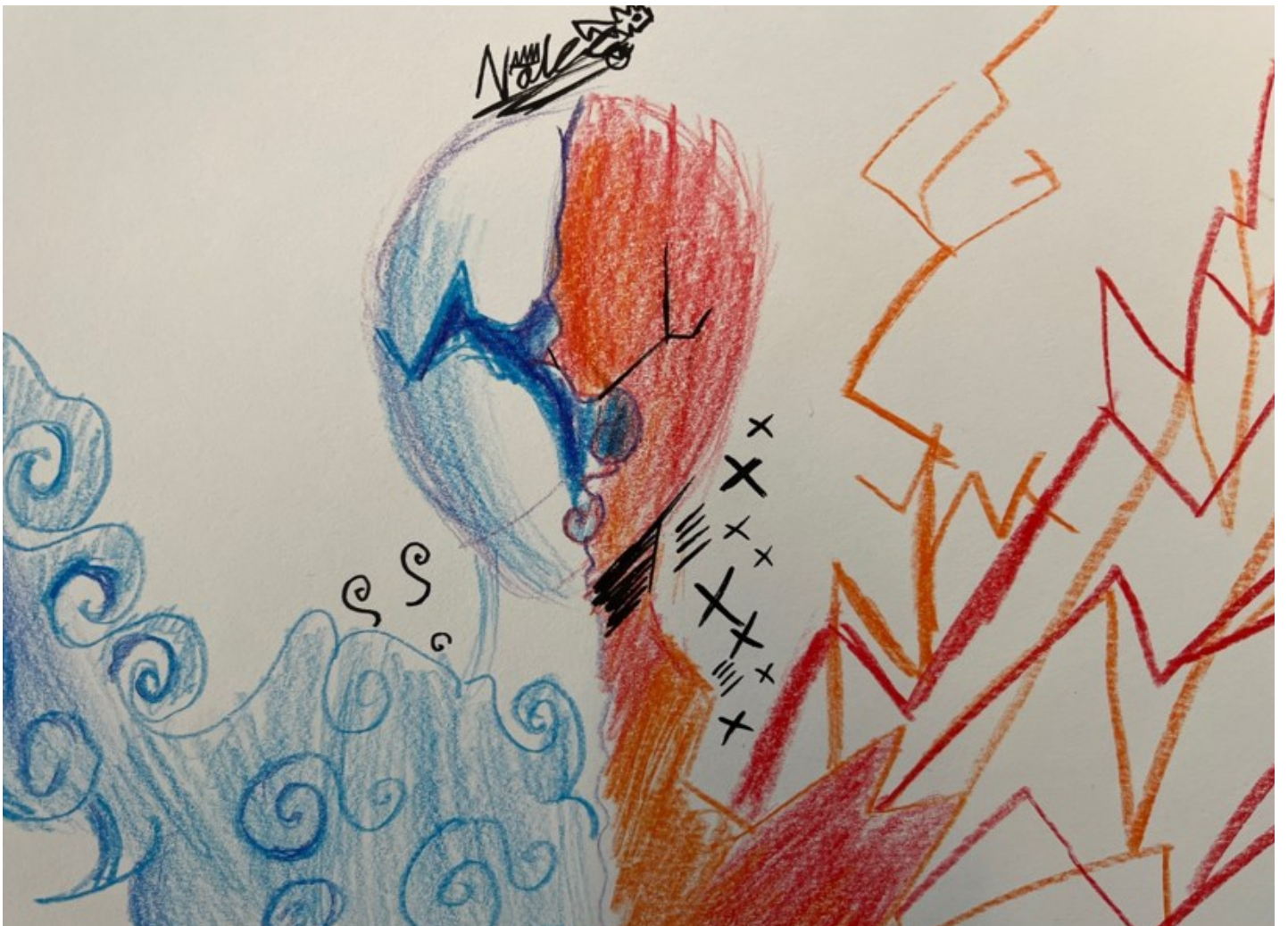
Make the world a better place.
Rafael Santos Durante

Sombre hordes glide through charcoal streets.
Leilani Morris

Sun sets and our dreams rise.
Samantha Figueira Da Silva

Dancing in the rain, joy released.
Zahra Rezay

Lost key, found love, endless adventures.
Danait David



Artwork by Nalee Baban

Counting coins, chasing dreams,
financial freedom.

Chasing dreams, finding purpose,
endless possibilities.

Yusra Shuriye

Collect insecurities, turn them into beauty.

Escape the void, there's no choice.

Go alchemise the darkness within you.

Mario Pensamento

Even the sun sets in paradise.

Live, work, die: don't ask why.

Zion Isiakpere

Crescent moons, waning stars, hopes desires.

Pathways created, doorways opened,
opportunities seized.

Yahya Rodani



Artwork by Wilmer Bonilla

A desire to push will achieve.
Succeeding is not the last stage.

Leandro Mora Pareja

Everything is going to be alright.

Tiago Silva Costa

A lost child to be sacrificed.

Arif Hussain

A talent and star from afar.

Leonardo Augusto

But you said you speak Spanish.

Sebastian Ujka Roca

Symphony sails away with my abyss.

Teanna Tran



Artwork by David Matias

You are perfect; stop changing yourself.

Yasmeen Qureshi

Forgotten souls linger on the planet.

Lanaya Warren

Wanted, found, escaped, died, hell's gate.

Eliab Endale-Tesfaye

Yesterday's error, today's reflection, tomorrow's
correction

Zayan Miah

Broken bones don't fix broken minds.

Richard Ferreira Dos Santos Wren



Artwork by Zuhra Osman



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