


**Manchester
Metropolitan
University**

**Manchester
Poetry
Library**

Mother Tongue Other Tongue

2024

Mother Tongue



This year 2,700 young people between the ages of 8-18 took part in Mother Tongue Other Tongue.

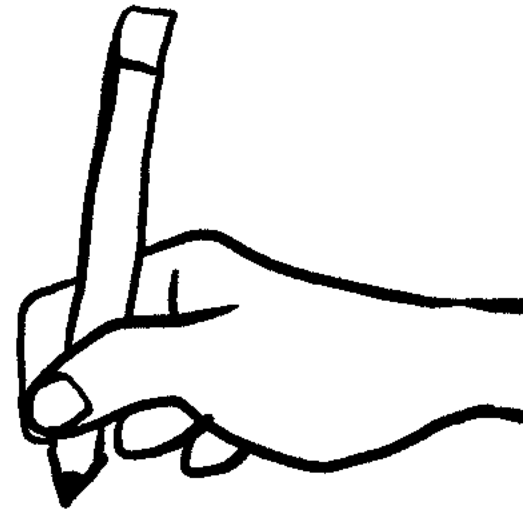
Our judges read 250 entries from 38 schools, in 50 languages.

Mother Tongue invites young people to share poems and songs in a language they regard as their mother tongue.

These can be poems that they have found, or that they remember from childhood, or that others have shared with them. Or they can be original and written by the young person in their mother language.

We asked everyone to say something about why they wanted to share their particular poem.

*Congratulations to all our
Mother Tongue 2024
winners!*



Mother Tongue winners this year came from:

All Hallows Catholic College	Altrincham Grammar School for Girls	Archbishop Blanch C of E High School	Bolton School Girls Division
Bridgewater Primary School	Bury Grammar School	Cheadle Hulme High School	Co op Academy Priesthorpe
Dean Trust Ardwick	Didsbury High School	Fairfield High School for Girls	Falinge Park High School
Fallibroome Academy	Lancaster Girls Grammar School	Laurus Cheadle Hulme	London Academy of Excellence
Manor Park School and Nursery	North Halifax Grammar School	Oldham Sixth Form College	Sale Grammar School
St Bernard's Catholic High School	St John Fisher Catholic High	St Monica's RC High School	Weatherhead High School
Whalley Range High School			

Winning pieces represented 28 languages...

-
- Albanian
 - Arabic
 - Bangla
 - Bengali
 - Bulgarian
 - Chinese-Traditional
 - Czech
 - Dutch
 - Eritrean
 - Farsi
 - French
 - Gujarati
 - Hindi
 - Irish
 - Kurdish
 - Malayalam
 - Persian
 - Polish
 - Punjabi
 - Romanian
 - Somali
 - Spanish
 - Tamil
 - Telugu
 - Turkish
 - Ukranian
 - Urdu
 - Yoruba

Our winners were aged 8-18, we hope you enjoy reading their work as much as we did...



Angelin John (Year 8)

All Hallows Catholic College

I shared the poem 'Waiting' because it is my favourite poem in the whole world. This poem is like a part of my life because this is the poem that my grandfather, who died two years ago, taught me when I was in my childhood.

The poem 'Waiting' reminds us of the love and care of my grandfather. His presence is like a heaven to me in the same way when I read or write this poem and it feels like my grandfather is standing next to me again.

When I feel this, I feel like I am in a new world, full of hope and peace. In that world, I feel like me and my grandfather are again young with the same love and care that we used to give each other when I was little.

Waiting
By Rabindranath Tagore
(in Malayalam)

ജീവിടെ ഞാൻ കാത്തിരിപ്പുണ്ട്
 കാലങ്ങൾ മുഗങ്ങളാക്കി
 അനുഭവങ്ങൾ മാറ്റിപ്പൊന്നെ
 വന്നു പൊയി.
 മാധുര്യം നിന്നു ഓർമ്മകളും
 മഴ പൊച്ചുനൊഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടും
 നൊന്മാനെ ഇന്നുതന്നെ
 നമനങ്ങൾ ഇടനെഞ്ചു
 വിടയാറുണ്ട്.
 ദേഹം ഓർമ്മക്കൂടിൻ
 വാതിലിളക്കത്തിൻ
 കൂടെ നെടുവിർപ്പുകളെങ്കി
 വിരഹബന്ധനവും
 കാറ്റിളക്കുമാ പരിഷ്കര

കാത്തിരിപ്പ്

കാത്തിരിപ്പ്

വാതിലിളക്കത്തിൻ ദേഹം നെടു-
 വും ശബ്ദമൊഴിഞ്ഞുപോയും
 വെറുനെഞ്ചെങ്കിലും
 മൊഹം തൂടിക്കാറുണ്ട്.
 മഴത്തുള്ളികൾ ചിതറി നെരിച്ചു
 പച്ചപ്പുറച്ചു വഴിത്താരകിൻ
 പൂച്ചിരിഞ്ഞു നിശ്ചിതമുതൽ
 കാത്തിരിപ്പിനു അന്ത്യമുണ്ടാ-
 കുവെന്ന് നിന്നിലെ വെളിച്ചം
 നന്നിലെ അന്ധകാരത്തിനു
 പ്രതിരോധമുണ്ടെന്ന വിശ്വാസവും
 പെരി ഇവിടെ ഇന്നും ഞാൻ
 കാത്തിരിപ്പുണ്ട്.
 നി അറിഞ്ഞാലും ഇല്ലെങ്കിലും
 നിന്നു ഓർമ്മകളിൽ മുഴുകി....

Kitty Yan (Year 8)

All Hallows Catholic College

I chose this poem because it is a perfect argument for why we should take care of our world. We are all related and any damage or disruption to our planet will lead to hurt for us all.

This applies to everything:

- Global Warming / Climate Change
- Ending Racism / Getting Equality
- Deforestation by Large Companies

The poem was written in 430 AD and is still relevant today.

The Poem of Seven Steps

七步诗

The Poem of Seven Steps

煮豆燃豆萁，豆在釜中泣。

Cooking beans with bean husk as fuel,

The beans in the pot weep.

本是同根生，相煎何太急。

Once sharing the same roots,

Why must we hasten to consume
one another?

By Cao Zhi (in Traditional Chinese)

Aadya Arya (Year 8)

Altrincham Grammar School

I wrote this poem about my identity. 'What I lost' represents the hardships I experienced being brought up as Asian-British. I now understand despite being brought up in England my roots, culture and heritage all come from India, and that's something I've learnt to be proud of.

The thing that triggered my confusion was when I'd have to fill out forms; I'd fill out my birthday, gender but when it came to nationality I'd always fumble between Asian and British.

The only way I could describe the feeling was like having a double

life. Eventually I was speaking English all the time but my parents would urge me to speak in my mother tongue but to me, English was my mother tongue. So, with time my ability to speak Hindi lessened. I wonder if it was because I was young and couldn't fathom two languages or whether I was influenced by the environment and people around me.

Over time, I re-learnt Hindi and as of now I can fluently speak it however it's no longer my mother tongue.

What I lost

मैं ब्रिटेन में पला-बढ़ा हूँ- मैं अंग्रेजी बोलता हूँ- मेरे माता-पिता भारत में पले-बढ़े हैं- मैं हिंदी बोलता हूँ मेरी पहचान मिश्रित थी. और इससे मुझे कोई परेशानी नहीं हुई क्योंकि वे मेरी जड़ें थीं, आपस में जुड़ी हुई थीं और इसी ने मुझे अनोखा बनाया

मैं अपनी हिंदी लूंगा और उसमें अंग्रेजी मिला दूंगा मेरे माता-पिता को मैं प्यारा लगता था लेकिन अन्य बच्चे अजीब लगते थे जैसे-जैसे मेरी जड़ें फैलीं, वे बढ़ती गईं और जैसे-जैसे सब कुछ बढ़ रहा था, भाषा के बारे में मेरा ज्ञान भी बढ़ रहा था

लेकिन मैं यह अभिशाप नहीं चाहता था जो मुझे उपहार में मिला था इसलिए मैंने खुद पर बदलाव और झूठी पहचान थोपी मैंने अपनी मातृभाषा त्याग दी और वह अभी भी वापस नहीं आई है अतीत में और अब में, मेरी हिंदी पर कालिख पोत दी गई है

मैंने अपनी पहचान खो दी है, और वह मीठा ज़हर अब भी चुभता है लेकिन इस अहसास के साथ भी मैं गा नहीं पा रहा हूँ उस डंक के बावजूद भी मैं कुछ बोल नहीं पा रहा हूँ क्योंकि जिस जीभ को मैं जानता था वह समाप्त हो गई है और कमजोर हो गई है

मैं अब अपने भीतर की शांति के साथ संवाद करता हूँ और कैद में बेजुबान आवाजों के साथ जिओ

By Aadya Arya (in Hindi)

Tolin Khalil (Year 9)

Archbishop Blanch C of E High School

I am a Kurdish girl from Syria, whose family was forced to flee the country because of the war. My poem is based on my experiences of war and the experiences of other who were living in my country at the time.

The Kurds' hand symbol is two fingers symbolizing our wanting for peace and independence. I will forever hold my hand as a voice for my community.

I was inspired by a quotation from the UN secretary general called Antonio Guterres:

"They are not just numbers, they are not even refugees, they are mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, children with the same dreams except a twist of fate has bound their lives."

Behind Every Tale is a Story

26 melyon li seranserî cîhanê,
Û bi melyonan jî penaberin,
Xewnên piştgirtî ji hêzeke filitî
Ev rewşa vî miletiye.

Berhengarî dijware, di rê de xwe li deryan werdikin,
Hwirdoreke dijmin ne tenduriste,
Mafê mirovên belengaz jê standin,
Ew li hinek aramî digerin.

Di paş her gotinekê de çîrokek heye,
Lehengî, nermî û arîşe,
Ji bo keçeke ji malbatê qetiyayî di rûyê cengê de,
Hejmarên degên nayên bihîstin.

Milet li Başûr ji zordariyê direvin,
Birçî û tî,
Laşî wan di rêde bi gavekê re Jan dide,
Dangê wan nayê bihîstin.

Ew nikanin pîrika xwe di nivînê de hembêzkin,
Hêvî dikin met û xaltiyên xwe dîsa bibînin,
Em bi şans mezin bûne,
Ew hatin paşguhkrin,
Hinekan dilopek av hêvî dikir,
Hinekan jî dilê xwe dixwarin.

Lê di nav bêhêvî yê de,
Her tim hêvî heye,
Deqak ji demeter bê dawî dide,
Ev Kane bibe şans,
Bîranînên xwe rakirn ne we qumê
Li nîşaneke aramî yê digeriyan.

Şûneke ku bi mal re peywendîdarbin,
Şanseki ku karbin hindrî xwe boşbikin,
Li dijî bed kariyê,
Çirkeyek ji dema te,
Bi hev re em kanin guhertinê çêkin.

By Tolin Khalil (in Kurdish)

Menna Almusawi (Year 9)

Archbishop Blanch C of E High School

I am originally from Baghdad in Iraq but currently live in the UK. My parents have always been very keen to speak Arabic to us at home since my sister and I were always mostly surrounded by the English language. Now I can fluently speak the language with my parents and my family members who are still living in Iraq.

I got inspired to write this poem because I want to show how special Iraq is to me. My favourite part of the poem is "From Mousel to Basra cities with their own flair" This line shows how diverse Iraq is with different cities and cultures within the country. Iraq is very special to me because even though I have not visited it recently, I still feel a deep connection to it due to the Arab community in Liverpool and traditions that we have in our family.

Peace Be upon Iraq

سلامٌ على ارض ونهر وهضاب العراق
سلامٌ على اول من اخترع الكتابة في
العالم
من الموصل الى البصرة عراق واحد
متعدد الاطياف
سلامٌ على الرجال الصامدين الأقوياء
يبقى صوت الامل بك مدوي ومسموع
سلامٌ على بغداد التي ستبقى محور
الحياة

By Menna Almusawi (in Arabic)

Sama Sahhab (Year 10)

Archbishop Blanch C of E High School

I was born and raised in Liverpool but my roots trace back to Iraq. Growing up in Liverpool with an Iraqi heritage has shaped who I am and how I see the world around me.

My submission is a song by Iraqi singer Kadim Al Sahir and Sarah Brightman. This song focuses on the concept of peace. It's a touching song which talks about ending conflict and starting something new, with hope and understanding. It reminds us that we need to come together and get along, no matter where we're from.

On a personal level, this song makes me think about how I want the world to be - a place where people are nice to each other and

everyone gets along. It's inspiring and reminds us that we all play a part in making our world a better place.

Living in a diverse city like Liverpool has exposed me to different cultures, ideas and perspectives, which I believe has enriched my upbringing. Being Iraqi means cherishing my heritage and traditions whilst also embracing the multicultural environment of my home city.

For me, peace isn't just about not fighting - it's about making sure everyone feels safe and has a chance to live a good life. When there's peace, we can focus on things like school, friends, and our futures without worrying about bad stuff happening.

War is Over

يا نبي سلام عليك

يا رسول سلام عليك

يا حبيب سلام عليك

صلوات الله عليك

انت نور الله فجراً

جئت بعد العسر يسراً

ربنا أعلاك قدراً

يا إمام الأنبياء

Song by Kadim Al Sahir and Sarah Brightman (in English and Arabic)



Inrah Seedat (Year 7)

Bolton School Girls Division

My mother tongue, Gujarati, holds a special place in my heart. It is more than just a language; it is a connection to my heritage, culture and family roots.

Growing up hearing Gujarati spoken at home became the soundtrack of my childhood, carrying with it a sense of warmth and familiarity. Embracing Gujarati has enriched my identity, promoting a deep appreciation for the tones of its expressions and the richness of its Indian history.

I wrote this poem/song for its simple yet deep depiction of familial love. It tries to capture the essence of the unwavering bond between my parents and my three siblings. The repetition of 'My mummy, my daddy' highlights the profound impact of parental love in my life.

It reminds me of the unspoken assurance that, no matter what challenges arise, my parents will always be there for me.

Mathani Bhet

Chand e puchhyu taraone,
Tarao e puchhyu hazarone.
Duniyama sawthi pyaru kon?
Mummy, mari mummy!
Pappa, mara pappa!

Nadi e puchhyu hodi ne,
Hodi e puchhyu mazi ne.
Duniyama sarama saru kon?
Mari mummy, mara pappa!
Mara pappa, mari mummy!

Ghas e puchhyu zaad ne,
Zaad e puchhyu pakshione ne.
Duniyama sarama saru kon?
Mari mummy, mara pappa!
Mara pappa, mari mummy!

Dada e puchhyu dadi ne,
Nana e puchhyu nani ne.
Duniya ma sarama saru kon?
Teo baddhaj mane kahe:
Tari mummy, Tara papa,

Pappa ghusso kare to kyan jaon?
Dodti dodti jaon mummy pase!
Mummy ghusso kare to kyan jaon?
Dodti dodti jaon pappa pase!
Duniyama sara ma sara chhe!

By Inarah Seedat (in Gujarati)

Eliyana Tesfalem (Year 5)

Bridgewater Primary School

This song is very popular in our country, Eritrea. My parents sang it when they were children.

I first heard this song in England when I was four years old and I liked it. Even now, my sisters and I sing it together and we really enjoy it.

Original clapping song in Tigrigna (in Eritrean)



Eliyana Tesfalem Y5-ks

SeṢṢṢ - ሰ።።።

ሰ።። ሰ።። ንብ ክሰ።።
ገዛና ዓጻፊና ሰጠሃ ክፃዳ
ተጠብኩ ተጠብኩ ስኢኒያ
ክብ ገፀገፀ ባክሪ ሪፂጠያ

ቻፊ ቻፊ ቻፊ ሓዲገኪ (2)
በዓል ዕዳል ኢና ዝወሰዳኪ (2)

ክብተ ክዋጠቱ ሓጠጥን ወዲ (2)
ክሓጠቱ ርክፍፍፍ በቲ ክንዳጠቻኪ (2)

ክለቱ ክለቱ በቲ ክንዳጠርቢ (2)
ክርክብኩም ኢና ጠቻክለተ ጌሪ (2)

ጌካ ጌካ ጠሃኪ ፈሓሓክ ክንተጠብኪ (2)
ክገጠኡ ኢና ክነ ዋዛ ክፃመራላኪ (2)

ጠቻኪ በጊዕኪ ጠቻኪ ክዚ ዘጠን (2)
ክፃፍኒ ስኢጠሃ ክት ርክሲ ተጠን (2)

Victoriya Ivanova (Year 5)

Bridgewater Primary School

My mother asked me to write this poem for my family's country. It is by Peyo Yavorov.

Two Beautiful Eyes is a famous poem in Bulgaria. It is an amazing poem about the soul of a child. My favourite part of this poem is that it starts with pretty eyes and two beautiful eyes. I feel calm describing it.

Two Beautiful Eyes

dve hubave uche
Dve hubave uche. Dushata nade
N dve hubave uche, musica-lache,
ne, eskat i ne, oberstavat te
Dushata me se moly, dete
Dushata me se moly!
Strasty e nevoly
Ghte hvulut utre norhu teay
bulto na gram e grah.
Bulto na gram e grah
ne ste go hvulut nush thy tyh
Straste e nevoly.

Dushata me se moly,
dete.
Dushata me se moly,
ne eskat e ne oberstavat te!
Dve hubave uche. Musica, lache
N dve hubave uche. Dushata ne dete.

By Peyo Yavorov (in Bulgarian)

Calista Certan (Year 4)

Bridgewater Primary School

I wanted to write this poem in Romanian for my mum. The title of my poem is 'Mother's Heart' because it is about my mum's kindness and how she takes care of me and supports me and loves me. I chose to write this because my mum means everything to me and I really love her.

Mother's Heart

Inima mamei

Eu o iubesc pe mama mea
La fel cum ma iubeste ea.
Mă îngrijește, mă ocrotește,
Cuvinte dulci îmi șoptește.
La ea găsesc alinare
Yar ca mulțumire îi dau o floare.

By Calista Certan (in Romanian)

Laaibah Arshad (Year 8)

Bury Grammar School

My grandpa was an Urdu poet (1970-2021). My native language is Urdu and I grew up listening to and reciting some of his poetry.

My grandpa loved his homeland and would write poetry to express his love. My grandpa was my inspiration and so I chose this poem as it makes me remember my Pakistani roots, though I may live in the UK. I believe that it is important to remember and celebrate your native country and roots. I (just like my grandpa in this poem) refer to Pakistan as my homeland.

This poem is called 'Pakistan o Mera Pakistan'. In English this translates to: 'Pakistan oh my Pakistan'.

In this poem, my grandpa talks about him growing up in Pakistan and reminisces about his experiences while

in his homeland. The experiences that he could not find living in the UK. This poem depicts Pakistan as one's home and gives an insight to the younger generations who have never visited Pakistan. It truly reflects the true beauty of my grandpa's homeland that could never be seen living anywhere else.

I like this poem because my grandpa talks about his childhood and there is a clear difference from my childhood (here in the UK) and his (in Pakistan) during the 1940's.

Pakistan O My Pakistan

پاکستان او میرے پاکستان
پانچ دریاؤں کا بیٹھاپانی جن کی لہروں پہ لکھی کہانی
ان بہاروں کو کیسے بھلا دیں جن میں بیٹے ہوں بچپن جوانی
پاکستان او میرے پاکستان
پھول کھلتے رہیں اس چمن میں آئے خوشبو میری انجمن میں
ان فضاؤں میں چھائی ہیں خوشیاں اٹھی لہریں میرے تن بدن میں
پاکستان او میرے پاکستان
چاند تارے کا پرچم ہلائی اس کی دنیا میں سچ دہج نرالی
اس کی عظمت پہ ہم کٹ مریں گے اپنے خوں سے جہیں ہے سجالی
پاکستان او میرے پاکستان
اپنی ہمت سے لی ہے آزادی چاہے دشمن نے کتنی سزا دی
ہم نے دھرتی کے اس بتکدے میں ایک شمع فروزاں جلادی
پاکستان او میرے پاکستان
میرے اللہ کا تو خاص احساں تجھ پہ دنیا کی ہر چیز قرباں
تو قیامت تلک ماہ تاباں میرے خوابوں کا رنگیں شبتاں
پاکستان او میرے پاکستان (محمد انور۔ لیورپول)

by Mr Mohammed Anwar (in Urdu)
(Founder of the Circle of Literary Friends)

Polina Boichuk (Year 7)

Bury Grammar School

My first language growing up was Ukrainian and in the solitude of my thoughts this was my language. Nowadays, my thoughts traverse Ukrainian and English and sometimes I even dream in English. But my bigger dream is not to forget my mother tongue which takes me back to my culture, identity and fond memories of my childhood and my first word 'baba' or was it?`

Christmas is a nostalgic time for me and brings back warm memories of happier times steeped in tradition. When I think of Christmas, my mind wanders to family and the times we have spent together. These traditions provide stability for me in an otherwise changing world. Christmas is a time of sharing and giving and I hope I can share our traditions in our new town, yet still look for the first star to appear in the sky knowing that my Ukrainian family are looking up too. This is why my poem means more to me now than ever before.

Mother Tongue

Christmas Traditions

Я дуже люблю зимову пору року.

Коли розпочинається зима я відзначаю своє деньнародження і у нашій сім'ї стартує святковий Грудень.

Саме у перший місяць зими у мене і мами і бабусі днвнародження, а ще багато свят із різними традиціями і обрядами.

Моє найулюбленіше свято це різдво.

Звичайно, що ми стараємося дотримуватися Українських традицій, але подарунки під ялинкою я також люблю.

Моя мама розповідала як це свято відзначали коли вона була маленька і говорить, що зараз все не так як було.

Але я дуже люблю коли ми їдемо у село Кутище до моєї старенької бабусі Марти, де завжди особлива атмосфера за святковим столом.

Готується **12** різдвятих страв, накриваємо стіл і коли перша зірка з'являється на небі ми сідаємо вечеряти.

Я люблю слухати як мої рідні розказують про якісь історії життя, коли всі сміються, радіють та потім колядують.

Я недуже вмю калядувати, але в нас є спеціальна книга де можна знайти різні тексти колядок.

А потім я біжу до ялинки і починаю відкривати подарунки.

Нажаль, уже **2** рік я не з своїми родичами і цього року відзначатиму Різдво не в Україні, не в Франківську і навіть не у Кутищах, але в англії. Як далеко від дому ми бу усе одно будемо готувати **12** страв як кутю, вареники ,пампухи . А потім будемо колядквати напевне по **Viber**, але щоб ближче разом

By Polina Bolchuk (in Ukrainian)

Iris Leung (Year 7)

Cheadle Hulme High School

This poem is about my thoughts when I was on the plane, leaving my hometown and coming to England.

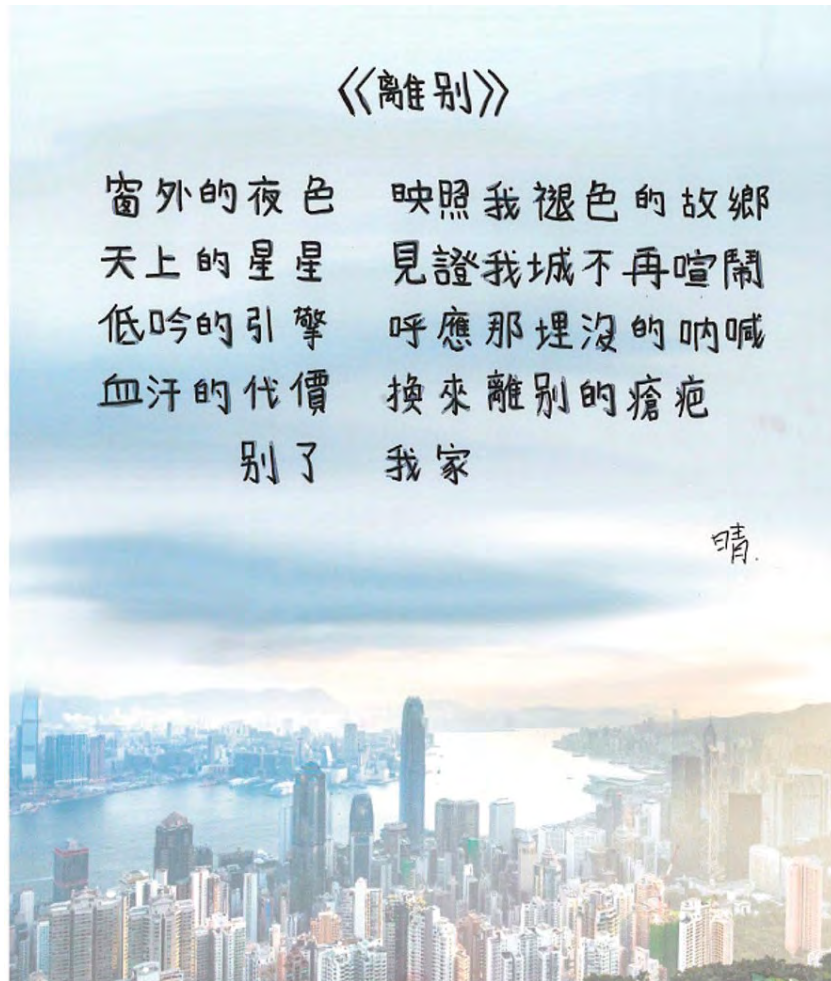
The place I was born is no longer prosperous and stable. The blood and sweat of our Hong Kong citizens spent to strive for our rights has eventually led to separation.

Farewell

《離別》

窗外的夜色 映照我褪色的故鄉
天上的星星 見證我城不再喧鬧
低吟的引擎 呼應那埋沒的吶喊
血汗的代價 換來離別的瘡疤
別了 我家

晴



By Iris Leung (in Traditional Chinese)

Charvy Gali (Year 8)


Co-op Academy Priesthorpe

The reason why I chose this poem is because I may not be able to tell my mum how much she means to me. This poem says it all. Even though my words will never do enough in thanking her for the great contribution she made to my life, I want her to know that I am deeply grateful. She has supported me and encouraged me throughout my life. She's the best among the rest!

No one has a pure heart other than your mother. She believes in you and she'll always be there for you in your hardest times. She is the only one who understands you and will always believe in you. She must have made a lot of sacrifices for your happiness.

Mother Tongue

Mother



అమ్మ

లోకం లో మన తొలి ప్రేమ అమ్మ
తొలి నమ్మకం అమ్మ
మన సంతోషం తన సంతోషంగా
మన బాధ తన బాధగా
భావించేదే అమ్మ
మన తొలి స్నేహితుడు
మన తొలి విమర్శకురాలు అమ్మ
అన్నీ తనై నిలిచిన మా అమ్మకి ఏమి ఇవ్వగలను.....
ఈ నా తొలి కవితను తనకి అర్పిస్తున్నాను
ప్రేమతో
నీ కూతురు అనన్య
కవిత రచన : **అనన్య**

Manandari.com

Poem 'Amma' by Padeti Johnson (in Telugu)

Sahana Jayachandran (Year 10)

Coop Academy Priesthorpe

The poem celebrates Tamil land's natural beauty and cultural heritage. It describes

“the wind carrying flower fragrances and the earth's fertility, the cooing and chirping of birds that come fluttering”; symbolising a deep connection with nature.

The arrival of Tamil poets in the line “When the first poets of the Tamil land arrived, the marriage of Tamil life happened” signifies the union of culture and environment, creating a harmonious way of life.

It describes the interconnectedness of nature, culture and people. This fusion of elements enriches the readers' appreciations of Tamil tradition. It captures the essence of a thriving, culturally vibrant community, deeply rooted in its natural surroundings.

தமிழ் - Tamil

புலம்பெயர்ந்த காற்றின் பொழிவும்
பூமியின் சமுரசியும், களிசெட்டு
வந்த சூயில்களின் கூங்கும் சூச்சும்;
தமிழர் நாட்டின் முகல் புலவர்கள்
வந்து கொண்ட போது, தமிழ்
வாழ்வின் திருமணம் நடந்தது!

- சப்பிரமணிய பாரதி

By Subramaniya Bharathiyar (in Tamil)

Nastaran Sharifi (Year 10)

Dean Trust Ardwick

I am from Afghanistan and I have chosen this poem to represent my identity. The poem says that human beings are connected like the parts of the body and their creation is from one gem. It is also transmitted to other humans. Anyone who is not saddened by the pain and sorrow of others does not deserve to be among human beings.

I think this is a good time to reread this and remember how many people die every day and suffer from the inequality of this cruel world. This is the main reason why I wanted this poem; to remind us of the reality of the living world.

The Children of Adam

بنی آدم اعضای یکدیگرند
که در آفرینش ز یک گوهرند
چو عضوی به درد آورد روزگار
دگر عضوها را نماند قرار
تو کز محنت دیگران بی غمی
نشاید که نامت نهند آدمی

By Saadi of Shiraz (in Farsi)



Qaali Daahir (Year 7)

Dean Trust Ardwick

I have written this poem to shed light on why my name is a very large and important part of my identity.

A large part of my inspiration to write this poem stems from colonialism and our independence, and the freedom our ancestors have fought for; the same freedom displayed by the women from Somalia.

Qaali means the word high value, expensive and luxurious so to be named after such a prestigious word means a lot to me. I embody being Qaali every single day.

All Somali women are Qaali

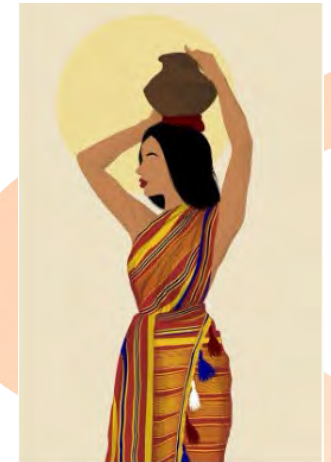
Dhaqanka iyo raaxada,
Magaca Qaali waa naadir.
waan ka mahadcelinayaa magaca la ii bixiyay,
Magaca la ii dhiibay,
Oo waxaan muujinayaa inaan ahay Qaali maalin kasta.

In la xoojiyo xorriyadda loo soo halgamay,
Waxaana laga sheegan jiray beeraha Muqdisho, waa hore.
Xiddigta cadna way ina hagaysaa,
Wax kasta oo naga hadhay.
Xusuus fog oo xanuun badan
Waxa aanu ahaan jirnay
Umad kastaa waxay leedahay calan u gaar ah annaguna waanu leenahay
Muujinaya cirka buluuga ah ee naga sarreeya,
Muujinaya xorriyadda,
Waayo, xor baan nahay.

Qaali' da Soomaaliya ayaa si qurux badan u matasha dalkeena,
Qaali' da Soomaaliya waxay si fiican u matalaan dhaqankeena.
Qaali' -ka Soomaaliya ayaa ka sii daaya in ay ka sarreeyaan.
Qaali' da Soomaaliya, magaca daa'imka ah.

Sida aan u dhigay, way caddahay in la arko.

By Qaali Dahir (in Somali)



Rea Sejdiu (Year 8)

Didsbury High School

This poem is about the nature, mountains, and countryside in Kosovo. Kosovo isn't as well developed as the UK, but everyone there really appreciates the slower pace of life. The poem follows a street dog who everyone loves & is known by the entire street in my home town of Pristina in Kosovo.

I sold them

Vendi ku jetonë rrënjët e familjes,
Vendi ku gëzojmë kujtimet e verës,
Me fusha të gjelbërta,
Dhe lumenje të pastërt,
Kodra krenare që më duket që me flasin.

Vendi që më jep ngrohtësi të veçant,
Aty dhe ku më pret qeni im I artë.

Shoku im besnik, më jep dashuri pa kushte,
Më zbukuron verën me parqafime e puhtje.

Edhe pse i vjeter, zemera tij është si një qenush i vogël.

Ky është Rocky im, në Kosovën time,

Ku dashuria buron dhe lumturia lulëzon.

By Rea Sejdiu (in Albanian)

Zainab Hamid (Year 7)

Fairfield High School for Girls

My poem is about the dreams of peace while being rooted down in war and conflict. My artwork represents this through the image of the girl, letting go of the birds. This shows the desire for freedom and how hope is one of the strongest lights. Birds fly without restrictions and there is no limit to how far they can go. The chains are keeping her stuck to the ground, immobilising her, yet they cannot crush her ambition and resilience.

You dream of roses while standing on thorns. We are fed up with these corrupt governments who are only after the gain they can earn for themselves. The people can no longer take it and we will set ourselves free.

Birds of Happiness

Vogels van Vrijheid

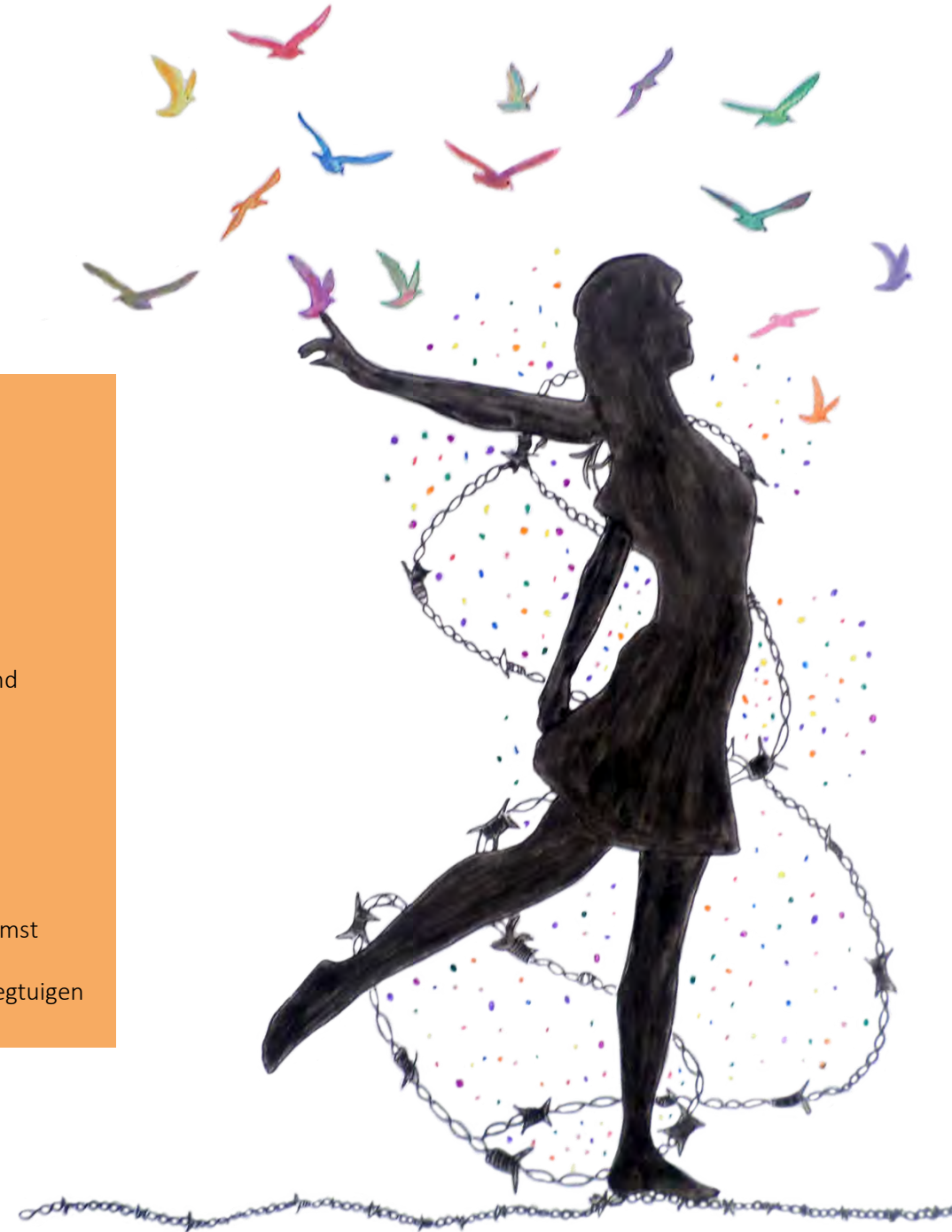
In het hart van de chaos, een vloeien van vrede
Een melodie van hoop die nooit zal kreuken
Geen geweld meer, geen haat meer
Gewoon liefde en vriendelijkheid om te veiren

In elke ziel een verlangen naar zachtheid
Om een rustige en heilige plek te vinden
Waar verschillen met liefde en zorg worden omarmd
Eenheid en begrip vult de lucht

Geen wapens mur, geen oorlogen meer
Laten we bouwen aan een werk waarin
Vrijheid heerst. Waar de liefde voor
Altijd zuiver licht blijft

Laten we samen staan, hand in de hand, Een toekomst
creeren die zo groot is
Waar vrede ons volkslied is en liefde onze zweefvliegtuigen
En in harmonisch zullen we altijd blij zijn

By Zainab Hamid (in Dutch)



Saqib Abid (Year 9)

Falinge Park High School

My parents are fluent in Bangla and I am not. I wish I could be but I know it's not too late to pick it up. I understand the suffering of my ancestors who had to fight to preserve Bangla as a language as part of Bangladesh's fight for independence in 1971.

I have written this poem to convey the struggles of someone whose parents can only speak a foreign tongue and how they cannot connect to their parents as it causes a barrier between them and their parents and how their mother tongue begins to deteriorate.

"As I am explaining to my mother, I struggle to articulate my words, like I'm looking for a needle in a bucket of rice,"

My Mother Finally Understands

আমার ভাষা প্রকাশ পায়,
আমি এটা দেখতে পাচ্ছি,
এর শিকড় আমার শরীর দখল করে এবং এটি আমার ছায়া হয়ে
ওঠে,
আমি প্রবাহিত অবস্থায় কথা বলতে শুরু করি,
চিন্তা না করেই,
আমি আমার পাতার অভয়ারণ্যে সম্পূর্ণ এবং স্বাচ্ছন্দ্য বোধ করি,
আমার মা অবশেষে বুঝতে পারে।

By Saqib Abid (in Bangla)

Aleena Afrin (Year 9)

Falinge Park High School

I wrote this poem to express my journey of identity. Language is what makes me different from everyone else and helps me communicate with members of my family who cannot speak English.

I used to feel like an outcast as I didn't know my mother tongue as a child. As I grew up I was surrounded by people of different ethnicities and felt embarrassed to speak.

As I grew older I realised the importance of embracing my culture. My mother tongue is my superpower!

Liberated Soul

All my life I've been an outcast
Questioned about my mother tongue
Feeling like a stranger,
To my own country
Don't know where or when it was freed
Was it 1921 or 1873?
When i am asked about my mother tongue
I stand and stare
Not knowing what to say
Inside I'm feeling bare
Everytime a day goes by
I feel it slowing fading
But whilst i dream

আমি আলোর রশ্মি দেখতে পাচ্ছি
(I see a beam of light)

এর পাশ দিয়ে একটি সুন্দর নদী বয়ে গেছে
(Past it a beautiful river flows)

এটা আমার ভিতরে কিছু জাগ্রত
(Its awakened something inside me)

এমন কিছু যা আমি আগে কখনো অনুভব করিনি
(Something I've never felt before)

আমি একজন ভিন্ন ব্যক্তির মত অনুভব করছি
(I feel like a different person)

একজন ব্যক্তি যার ডানা বেড়েছে
(A person who has grown wings)

আগে আমি খাঁচায় আটকে থাকা পাখি ছিলাম
(Before i was a bird trapped in a cage)

এবং এখন আমি একটি মুক্ত আত্মা
(And now i'm a liberated soul)
এবং এখন আমি একটি মুক্ত আত্মা
(Waiting to fulfil a life full of hopes and dreams.)



Toshiba Rennymon (Year 9)

Falinge Park High School

This poem is about my struggles trying to learn my mother tongue, which is Malayalam.

It reflects some of my disapproving family members' attitudes towards my struggle to learn my mother tongue when brought up in an English speaking country.

This also displays my desire to learn my mother tongue as I am trying to celebrate and get closer to my culture as well as get closer to my older family members.

I Have Lost My Tongue

എന്റെ കുടുംബവുമായി താരതമ്യപ്പെടുത്തുമ്പോൾ എനിക്ക് അന്യമാണ് അവർ എന്നോട് ചോദിക്കുന്നു "എന്താണ് തെറ്റു സംഭവിച്ചത് ഈ ഭാഷ പഠിക്കാൻ നിങ്ങൾ എങ്ങനെ കഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു?" എന്നാൽ അവർ ഒന്നായപ്പോൾ മുതൽ അത് പഠിച്ചു

By Toshiba Rennymon (in Malayalam)

Huma Hussain (Year 9)

Falinge Park High School

This is a poem about how someone's mother tongue got lost. This is a very fundamental part of someone's identity. Through speaking my language, I can communicate with the older generations in my family. Sometimes I feel like an outcast when my family is speaking our home language. I want to be able to embrace it as much as I can.

A Wildfire

Mother tongue a wildfire sleeping in time
Embers glow, waiting to ignite, so sublime
My Spanish heritage flames, bright and warm
New life to words, an awakening norm,
Rekindled whispers, once lost in the past

Dentro del bosque de versos olvidados, yace
un fuego inactivo, bajo cielos oscuros
frases perdidas anhelan florecer y crecer
Encendido por la herencia, una vez más fluirán.
A medida que la lengua materna surge, un incendio forestal Renacido

By Huma Hussain (in English and Spanish)

Marina Tonu (Year 8)

Fallibroome Academy

I am from Moldova and speak Romanian. I moved to England when I was six without knowing English at all.

This poem reminds me of when I was little. I used to love to read out poems and remembered a few by heart. (I have lost this talent.)

One of the poems I loved when I was younger is this one. I would recite it all the time and my parents always proudly filmed me. I still love this poem. It reminds me of home and how far I've come in just six years.

Mama

Foicica dulce poama,
Toata lumea are mama:
Mielul, iedul, ursulica,
Puiul cel de randunica...
Fuge noaptea si dispare,
La tot puiul bine-i pare,
Ca din nou e dimineata
Si-si vede maica la fata.

By Grigore Vieru (in Romanian)

Saimah Patel (Year 10)

Lancaster Girls' Grammar School

Inspiration for this poem stemmed from the sight of the aurora borealis on May 10th, which transitions from Spanish (other tongue) to Gujarati (mother tongue) to convey the speechlessness it prompted. Seeing it at home was mesmerising, leaving me speechless.

The linguistic journey reflects the overwhelming nature of the lights, making it difficult to form words, triggering a return to the native tongue at an attempt to keep going.

The final stanza, entirely in Gujarati containing the same line repeated, emphasizes the profound speechlessness induced by this breathtaking phenomenon.

The Northern Lights

en el manto negro del cielo
Las violetas parpadean y cobran vida
Los verdes pintan un rascacielos
azules bailando como para decir despedida

રંગો નાચે છે, un espectáculo sin fin,
ધૂમતા અને નૃત્ય કરતા જુઓ, toda la noche sin fin
અંધાર માં ખોયા, en la noche sin fin,
Aurora boreal, ઉત્તર આલોક, siempre sin fin

આકાશમાં આગળ ઉજાળા, brillan como fuego
અત્યંત અદ્વિતીય, muy única
રંગો નાચે છે સ્વર્ગીય નૃત્ય, espero verlo luego
અત્યંત અદ્વિતીય, muy única

ઉત્તર આલોક, આકાશ પર તેનો આકર્ષક ઘાટો પહેરાય છે।
ઉત્તર આલોક, આકાશ પર તેનો આકર્ષક ઘાટો પહેરાય છે।
Saimah Patel (in Gujarati and Spanish)

Hannah Mintoff (Year 7)

Lancaster Girls' Grammar School

When I was 4 my babcia (grandmother) and dziadek (grandfather) gave me a book of poems by Jan Brzechwa. A renowned children's poet. Every night my mum would read me some of these poems however this was my favourite because it reminded me of my Dziadek because he is a hunter and would tell me about his stories in the forest. Jan Brzechwas book was turned into a movie called "Akademia Pana Kleksa" which means "Mr. Kleks' Academy". It is almost like an old version of Harry Potter. It was made in 1946 and Mr Kleks was a headmaster for a magical academy for wizard.

Wild Boar

Dzik jest dziki, dzik jest zły
Dzik ma bardzo ostre kły.
Kto spotyka w lesie dzika,
Ten na drzewo szybko zmyka.

By Jan Brzechwa (in Polish)

Tynka Zemanová (Year 8)

Laurus Cheadle Hulme

My mum grew up on books by Ernest Thompson Seton, whose books later laid the foundations for a movement called the woodcraft movement, from which grew the Tramping movement. From her childhood, my mum remembers sitting around a fire with others and singing Czech folk songs like 'Rosa na Kolejích' and sleeping under the stars. Some of my favourite memories of Czech are going to my great-aunt's cottage with my family and singing songs while my uncle and grandad played their guitars.

This song is known as the Tramps hymn, a community my mum and grandad grew up in. The song shows a strong yearning for freedom. Tramping played an important role against communism in Czechoslovakia and, although it wasn't forbidden, tramps were often beaten, equipment taken and later their magazines were made illegal. They were oppressed and their lifestyle controlled ... they believed strongly in freedom and were the beginnings of today's ecological movements.

Rosa Na Kolejích

Tak jako jazyk stále naráží na vylomený zub
Tak se vrátím k svému nádraží abych šel zas dál
Předemnou stíny se plouží
A nad krajinou krouží
Podivnej pták
Pták nebo mrak

Tak do toho šlápni ať vidíš kousek světa
Vzít do dlaně dálku zase jednou zkus
Telegrafní dráty hrajou ti už léta
Nekonečně dlouhý monotónní blues

Je ráno
Je ráno
Nohama stíráš rosu na kolejích

Aida dobře hlídá pocestný co se nocí toulaj
Co si radši počkaj až se stmí a pak šlapou dál
Po kolejích táhnou bosí
A na špagátku nosí
Celej svůj dům
Deku a rum

Tak do toho šlápni ať vidíš kousek světa
Vzít do dlaně dálku zase jednou zkus
Telegrafní dráty hrajou ti už léta
Nekonečně dlouhý monotónní blues

Je ráno
Je ráno
Nohama stíráš rosu na kolejích
Nohama stíráš rosu na kolejích



A Song by Wabi Daněk (in Czech)

Arwen Amin (Year 13)

London Academy of Excellence Tottenham

Whenever I speak Gujarati or Irish to my family they instantly light up. It's another way to communicate which makes us closer, as I am included in something which is native to them.

I wrote this poem to display both my Indian and Irish heritage as a connected rather than conflicted part of me. Biryani was a dish that Baba (my paternal grandmother) would sometimes make, and

the first quotation is part of her mantra—which was also played at her funeral. Whenever I see these words I am reminded of how much I appreciate and love her.

The second tercet also shows how food has connected me to my culture, as brown stew is a dish which my Granny (my maternal grandmother) makes whenever we visit her in Ireland. Thinking about it always makes me incredibly nostalgic.

Originally

The soft scent of biryani and the tapping of a ladle,
the mutter of my Baba as she recites her morning prayers,
'Om bhur bhuvah svaha,' she says.
The warmth of brown stew as it's wafting through my body,
the humming of my Granny as she makes her way upstairs,
'Tá an lá go hálainn,' she says.
The pitter of the rain as I lull myself to sleep,
and I reach for such memories again.

By Arwen Amin (in English, Gujarati and Irish)

Elif Zehra Iris (Year 6)

Manor Park School and Nursery

I chose to write my poem about Spring because it reminds me of the good days I had in Turkey. It helps me to feel the warm, perfect Spring I witnessed in my home country.

I used to play with my friends in the friendly breeze, with the birds singing a soft tune. This poem reminds me of when I was little.

BAHAR

Aktım gözlerimi bir güne,
Düşündüm ne yapacağımı bugün de.

Güneş parlıyor,
Havanın yumuşak esintisi rahattalıyor.

Yaşıyoruz en sevdiğim mevsimi,
Bahar kaplıyor şehrimi.

Çocukların neşeli sesini duyunca,
Anladım neşe ile buluşacağımı gün bayunca.

By Elif Zehra Iris (in Turkish)



Luca Mullaney (Year 7)

North Halifax Grammar School

I have been learning about this poem at Ukrainian School and I thought it would be a nice one to share. The poem is called 'You know that you are human' by a Ukrainian poet called Vasyl Symonenko. Symonenko is a famous poet in Ukraine and his poems are still very much alive in the country today and inspire Ukrainian people at a time when they need it the most.

The poem talks about the idea that everyone on this earth is unique. In his words he reminds us all that life is short and we must live for today and enjoy life. Every life counts. Symonenko speaks directly to the reader and uses repetition to emphasise the point that we are all special in our own ways.

Ти знаєш, що ти — людина (You know that you are human)

Ти знаєш, що ти — людина.
Ти знаєш про це чи ні?
Усмішка твоя — єдина,
Мука твоя — єдина,
Очі твої — одні.

Більше тебе не буде.
Завтра на цій землі
Інші ходитимуть люди,
Інші кохатимуть люди —
Добрі, ласкаві й злі.

Сьогодні усе для тебе —
Озера, гаї, степи.
І жити спішити треба,
Кохати спішити треба —
Гляди ж не проспий!

Бо ти на землі — людина,
І хочеш того чи ні —
Усмішка твоя — єдина,
Мука твоя — єдина,
Очі твої — одні.

By Василь Симоненко (Vasyl Symonenko) (1935-1963) (in Ukrainian)

Suriya Bagri (Year 10)

North Halifax Grammar School

Living 4000 miles away from Punjab, where my heritage lies, I was never interested in Punjabi culture growing up. Until I found a passion for Punjabi music. Through the music, I found my identity and have been fascinated with the culture ever since.

When I was eight years old, at a wedding, I first discovered this song and saw the true happiness that it brought to others listening to it. It was truly in this moment, six years ago, that I fell in love with my culture and rediscovered my identity.

Although it meant little to me in that moment, it was through that very song my roots were dug up. That is the reason why I chose to share this song. It shows that a simple string of words put together can change and transform people's lives, everyday.

Sip Sip

ਮੇਰੇ ਨੈਨ ਨੇ ਸ਼ਰਾਬ ਦੀਆਨ ਦੇ ਬੋਟਾਲਾਂ
mere nain ne sharab diyan do bottalan
ਇਹ ਬੋਟਾਲਾਂ ਚੋ ਸਿਪ ਸਿਪ ਪੀ ਵੇ
ehna bottalan cho sip sip pee ve
ਚਾਖ਼ਦੀ ਜਾਵਨੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਅੱਖ ਮੁਨਦੇਜਾਂ
chadh di jawani meri agg mundiyon
ਚਾਖ਼ਦੀ ਜਾਵਨੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਅੱਖ ਮੁਨਦੇਜਾਂ
chadh di jawani meri agg mundiyon
ਅਜ ਪੈਣਾ ਅੱਜ ਜਾਏ ਜਾਨ ਦਾ ਮੀਠ ਵੇ
ajh paina angevarenyan da meeth ve
ਨਈਨ ਨੇ ਸ਼ਰਾਬ ਦੀਆਨ ਦੇ ਬੋਟਾਲਾਂ
nean ne sharab diyan do bottalan
ਇਹ ਬੋਟਾਲਾਂ ਚੋ ਸਿਪ ਸਿਪ ਪੀ ਵੇ
ehna bottalan cho sip sip pee ve

A song by Jasmine Sandlas (in Punjabi)



Sibbir Salehin (Year 13)

Oldham Sixth Form College

I grew up in Barcelona in the Raval neighborhood, a neighborhood where there have always been many social problems such as drug sales, evictions, problems in the streets, etc.

This poem explains what it is like for a new person seeing the neighborhood for the first time, where many good and bad things happen at the same time: art in the streets, robberies, a beautiful building, a fight.

I was inspired when a friend from high school who was from a wealthier family and had never visited the neighborhood came to visit me. He explained why this place

is so unusual and the stereotypes he had about a slum neighborhood. He talked about how he has gone through feelings like insecurity, fear, etc. when he came to my house. This amazed me, because in my eyes my neighborhood is different.

That day I convinced him to go out and explore and I told him many stories about the neighborhood and the good things. Since that day he has come to my house without any fear.

El Raval

Bajo el manto de la noche, sus calles susurran cuentos,
donde el arte y el lío son eternos asientos
En el Raval de Barcelona, donde la mente se desnuda,
se ocultan sus secretos en cada esquina muda.
Entre luces y sombras, se teje su enigma sutil,
un barrio de contrastes, de pasiones en exilio.

El Raval, doble sentido, en cada verso se esconde,
un poema inacabado, un problema que responde.
Así, el Raval de Barcelona, en sus dos personalidades
esconde mil historias en sus estrechas calles.

By Sibbir Selehin (in Spanish)

Zuzanna Dawidziuk (Year 7)

Sale Grammar School

This poem, written by Władysław Betza, has a few titles, like 'Wyznanie Wiary Dziecięcia' (Confessions of faith of a Polish Child.) It was published in 1900, when Poland was deprived of its independence. During this time, proper education for children was even more important than today.

Only instilling patriotic values in subsequent generations allowed Polish identity to survive. For this reason, poets created simple, accessible poems that made it easier to learn national signs and symbols.

This poem has a call and response structure. The child's answers are fairly simple, but they contain the essence of Polish national identity.

Katechizm

KATECHIZM Polskiego Dziecka



- Kto ty jesteś?
- Polak młody
- Jaki znak twój?
- Orzeł biały
- Gdzie ty mieszkasz?
- Między swemi
- W jakim kraju?
- W polskiej ziemi
- Czym ta ziemia?
- Mą Ojczyznę
- Czym zdobyta?
- Kwią i blizną
- Czy ją kochasz?
- Kocham szczerze
- A w co wierzysz?
- W Polskę wierzę
- Coś ty dla niej?
- Wdzięczne dziecię
- Coś jej winien?
- Oddać życie.

By Władysław Betza (in Polish)

Al Ayman Sarker (Year 9)

St Bernard's Catholic High School

It has been well over three years since I last experienced the weather of Bangladeshi seasons, and due to Covid, it's been four years since I truly enjoyed them outdoors.

This poem is an original account produced from fragments of my memory, attempting to recreate what it feels like to be present in each season in the Land of Six Seasons.

Drawing from the experiences of distant farmers I read about as a child, and what I personally saw, smelt, and felt, the aim was to express the environment and emotions of living through these seasons in a poetic fashion.

বাংলার ঋতু (Seasons of Bengal)

গ্রীষ্মের দাবদাহে রোদ্দুরের খেলা,
চাঁদের আলোয় রাতে হয় এক মেলা।
বাতাসে জড়ানো কৃষ্ণচূড়ার ঘ্রাণ,
মনে হয় জড়িয়ে ধরে সবার প্রাণ।
তরমুজ রসে মিষ্টি মাতাল,
গরম দিনে গাছের তলায়,
সুগন্ধ ছড়ায়,
আম ও কাঁঠাল।

বর্ষার মেঘের চেহারা থাকে কালো,
বিদ্যুৎ চমকে আকাশে ছোঁয় আলো।
আকাশ ভেঙ্গে পরে টপ টপ বৃষ্টি,
চাষীদের বুক হয় আতঙ্ক সৃষ্টি।
এই দিনে কেও উল্লাস, কেও উদাস,
সুযোগ নেই খেলার বাহিরে, হোক মাটি বা ঘাস।
কদম ফুলের গন্ধে কোমল বাতাস,
বৃষ্টির জলে বাংলার মাঠ ভাস।

শরতের হাওয়ায় কাশফুলের ভেলা,
মেঘের আড়ালে চাঁদের মুখ, যেন সাদা বেলা।
দিনের বেলা সেই হলে আকাশে থাকে লুকিয়ে,
পর্যায়ক্রমে সূর্য বেরহয় সোনালী ধানের রূপ নিয়ে,
ছড়ায় ধানের মাঠে সোনালী এক আলো,
চাষীদের মনে এ ঋতু কতোই না ভালো?

হেমন্তে আসে ফসলের মাঠের গান,
ধানের খেতে ঝরে সোনালি প্রণবান।
সূর্যের আলোয় দিনগুলি হয় মৃদু,
আকাশ স্পর্ষ নীল, ধানের খেত যেন মধু।
শীতল হাওয়ায় ভোরের শিশির গাছপাতায় ঝরে,
মাঠে মাঠে ফসলের খুশির সুর বয়ে চলে।

শীতের সকালে কুয়াশার চাদর,
গাঁদা ফুলের শোভায় প্রকৃতি পায় আধার,
শিমুল ফুলের ঘ্রাণ ফিরে আসলো আবার।
শীতল বায়ু বইছে, সারা দিন, সারা রাত,
ঘরে ঘরে মানুষ গরম কাপড়ে মোড়া,
শীতের এই দৃশ্যই হল সেরা।

বসন্ত আসে ফুলের বনে,
রঙিন পাখির গান, কে যে শুনে?
গাছপালার সবুজে ঢাকে মাটির কাল্লা,
ফুলে ফুলে বাগান যেন সোনার ঝর্ণা।
বসন্তের স্পর্শে শোভা বাড়ে,
নতুন প্রাণে মন যায় হারিয়ে।

By Al Ayman Sarker (in Bengali)

Ireoluwa Adeyeye (Year 9)

St Bernard's Catholic High School

I wrote this poem in reference to experiencing a different life when I moved from Nigeria to England a few years ago. The social problems in the world such as inequality, corruption and racism are much more evident here than in my own native country.

We must all endeavour to make the world a fairer place by ending our hatred and disrespectful attitude towards each other as, like I said at the end of my poem, life is worth living for.

I'm Sorry Little One

Ma binu kekere
Ma binu pe won mu o
Wa sinu aye aiya yi.

Aye ibi ti awon okurin
Tiw a ni yin fun jije a
Obinrin ni a
Npe ni asewo.
Aye kan nibiti elyameyo
Tun dabi eni pe onyo kuro
Ni ipase paapaa lehin awon
Ewadun ti ehonu – Irora
Akon ni asan.

Ma binu pe awon asaju
Iran yii ti fa ibaje iori
Iran ti mbo.
Ma binu pe oni kati rir
Otiti lile ti adbaye wa.

Aye kan ti a baje
Pupo lati moa won
Asise tire

Aye kan nibiti awujo
Ti dojuko ohun ti ko
To nigba ti awon ise
Alaim o ti n sele ni
Oju ti o han gbangba
Bawo ni a se baje.

Ma binu, a binu, se won binu
Aye ni to ngbe
O kun fun awon oke
Ati isale.
Frows adi ops sugbon
O ko mo ohun ti yoo sele
Ni ola.

By Ireoluwa Adeyeye (in Yoruba)

Emaan Baloch (Year 11)

St John Fisher Catholic High School

Munawwar Rana, the esteemed Urdu poet and author's contribution to Urdu literature is his poem 'Maa', which beautifully encapsulates the profound essence of a mother's love.

This poem starts off with telling how a mother's love is unending and she will stand with and for you in your darkest and hardest moments of your life. So never break her heart with your words or actions. Your mother is like a shadow which follows you and protects you.

This poem reminds me of my mum and how much she does for us. She works hard to take care of us and teaches us the values of society we need to know. She also teaches me and my sibling about our Pakistani traditions and culture. And she makes delicious food.

Mother

بچے کی دعا بچوں کے لئے

لب پہ آتی ہے دعا بن کے تمنا میری
زندگی شمع کی صورت ہو خدایا میری!
دور دنیا کا میرے دم سے اندھیرا ہو جائے!
ہر جگہ میرے چمکنے سے اجالا ہو جائے!
ہو مرے دم سے یونہی میرے وطن کی زینت
جس طرح پھول سے ہوتی ہے چمن کی زینت
زندگی ہو مری پروانے کی صورت یارب!
علم کی شمع سے ہو مجھ کو محبت یارب!
ہو مرا کام غریبوں کی حمایت کرنا
درد مندوں سے ضعیفوں سے محبت کرنا
مرے اللہ! برائی سے بچانا مجھ کو
نیک جو راہ ہو اس راہ پر چلانا مجھ کو

By Munawwar Rana (in Urdu)



Johan Abreu (Year 7)

St Monica's RC High School

Spanish is special to me because I have been speaking and hearing that language my whole life and it is a big part of me and my personality. It is the language I first wrote in and it is the language I first read in.

This poem means that I cannot use my mother tongue even though I have been using it my whole life. This is important to me because it is the language I have been speaking since I was 2 and it is hard not to forget it.

Mother Tongue

Sin mi lengua soy nada
Intento no olvidarla
Pero eso es imposible
Es como tener algo que no puedes usar
Es como tener amigos a los que no puedes ver,
Es como tener una mitad inútil

By Johan Abreu (in Spanish)

Isabelle Manoj (Year 7)

St Monica's RC High School

I have written my poem in English, Hindi and Malayalam. These languages represent my culture and how I speak with my family at home. It is amazing knowing that I can spend time at home speaking different languages with my family.

This poem is about how home feels like to me and how life feels like at home spending time with my family every day. Home is an amazing place to me and I am very grateful that I have an amazing place to live.

Home is Home

Veet oru pratheyka lakshury pole kaanappedunnu
Oru surakshit sthalam
Mikacha ormmakal srishtikkanulla oru sthalam
Veet shaanthamaaya sthalam pole thonnunnu
Tvyil oru sho
Janaliloode oru kaattu
Ammamar kari paakam cheyyunnathibte manamaanu veedinu puthiya chedikalude kalam
Puthiya bekking
Veet oru comfurthe son pole thonnunnu
Shaaswathamaaya oru sthalam
Njangal ulppeduna oru sthalam
Veet veedaanu

By Isabelle Manoj (in Malayalam, English and Hindi)

Pola Ludant (Year 10)

Weatherhead High School

I have written "Do you understand me?", using both English and my mother tongue Polish, in order to encapsulate both praiseworthy aspects and shortcomings of the ability to speak foreign languages.

I moved to England in March 2015, at the age of 6 years old. My knowledge of the English language once consisted of 5 words ('dog', 'cat', 'parrot', 'red' and 'yellow') but now when I look back at that time I'm filled with pride.

I hope that this poem brings comfort to people in similar situations- we can turn these into something inspiring.

Do you understand me?

Do you understand me?
As I'm on the phone to my mum
Stringing unusual sounding sentences together.
Another word for home, another word for school
Different to what I'd say if in conversation with you.

Do you understand me?
And the casual switch in my brain
As I step into my house
And my thoughts and the words from my tongue metamorphose
From English prose to Polish verse?

Do you understand me?
And the validation I feel
As I'm applauded
For this distinctive ability to speak.
"You speak another language? That's so cool!"

It's cool, until it's not.

Quite often I wonder...

...if you understand me?
I tak jak się czułam kiedy miałam 6 lat (And the way I felt, aged 6.)
Siedząc cicho w klasie angielskiego (Sitting silently in an English classroom,)
Pozbawiona dźwięku tego co wydawało mi się domem (Stripped of the sound of what feels to me like home)

If you understand me?
Kiedy zwykła reklama w moim telewizorze (When a simple advert on my TV)
Sprawia że tęsknie za światem który opuściłam 9 lat temu (Makes me miss a world I left 9 years ago)
I za słowami które kiedyś rozlałam po jego ulicach. (And the words I once spilled over its streets.)

If you understand me?
Kiedy mówię że chcę iść do domu (When I say I want to go home)
I nie mam na myśli cegieł oddalonych o pięć minut spacerem (And don't mean the bricks a 5 minute walk away)
Ale do lądu do którego dotrę tylko przez 2 godziny w samolocie (But a land I'll only reach by 2 hours on a plane.)

I wonder if you understand
Moje uczucia I moje umiejętności. (My feelings and my skills)
Bo pomimo lamentów (Because despite the laments)
Te uczucia I umiejętności są tym za co jestem wdzięczna najbardziej. (These feelings and skills are what I am most grateful for).

Freya Candeland (Year 8)

Weatherhead High School

This poem is about a man visiting his daughter's grave. I feel I can empathise deeply with this poem. I visited my grandfather's grave recently and experienced the feeling of being oblivious of everything else around you.

I like the honest, forward tone of the poem and its acceptance of sadness. The line "Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps" illustrates the feeling of desperately wanting to see someone whilst knowing you can't.

This poem gave me a sense of peace and understanding that whilst the death of a loved one is sad, it's okay to miss them.

Tomorrow, at Dawn

Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne,
Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends.
J'irai par la forêt, j'irai par la montagne.
Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.

Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit,
Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées,
Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.

Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,
Et quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.

By Victor Hugo (in French)

Setayesh Azizi (Year 9)

Whalley Range High School for Girls

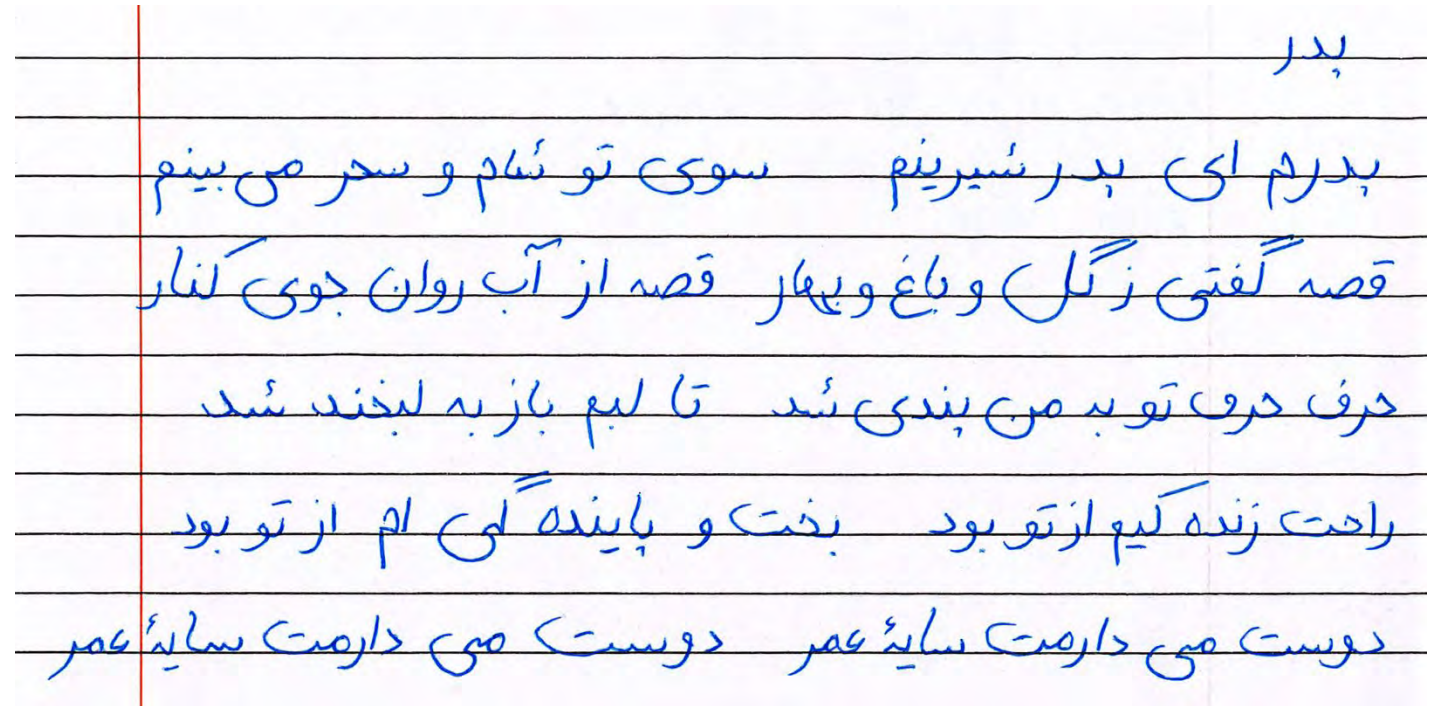
This is a Persian poem about how much our fathers mean to us and how much we love them.

The poem talks about a young child listening to their father telling them stories, which brings them much happiness. This poem is taught to children around Year 3 to 5 in Afghanistan.

The poem is important to me because it ends with the young child expressing the love they have for their father, which is written beautifully and is very heart-touching, using many techniques, such as repetition.

I recently learned this poem, just as the children in Afghanistan have.

Fathers



By Setayesh Azizi (in Persian)

Congratulations to all our Mother Tongue 2024 winners...

Angelin John

Kitty Yan

Aadya Arya

Tolin Khalil

Menna
Almusawi

Sama Sahhab

Inrah Seedat

Eliyana
Tesfalem

Victoriay
Ivanova

Calista Certan

Laaibah Arshad

Polina Boichuk

Iris Leung

Sahana
Jayachandran

Nastaran Sharifi

Qaali Daahir

Rea Sejdiu

Zainab Hamid

Saqib Abid

Aleena Afrin

Toshiba
Rennymon

Huma Hussain

Marina Tonu

Saimah Patel

Hannah Mintoff

Tynka
Zemanová

Arwen Amin

Elif Zehra Iris

Luca Mullaney

Suriya Bagri

Sibbir Salehin

Zuzanna
Dawidziuk

Al Ayman Sarker

Ireoluwa
Adeyeye

Emaan Baloch

Johan Abreu

Isabelle Manoj

Pola Ludant

Freya
Candeland

Charvy Gali

Setayesh Azizi

Thanks to our wonderful judges...

Ching Yan Chan (Erika)
BA Social Work

Rebecca May Magalhaes
(Becky May)
MA Creative Writing

Connie Rigby
MFA Creative Writing

Anita Ngai
MFA Creative Writing

Laura Martin-Cisneros
Spanish Tutor

Lebonetse Khubamang
BA Linguistics

Humayra Rahman Begum
*Business Management with
Spanish*

Nazia Dina
Library Assistant

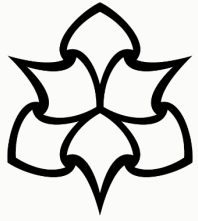
Sumithreyi Sivapalan (Sumi)
PhD

Abhijeet Singh
MFA Creative Writing

Mother Tongue Other Tongue

Edited and created by the Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University, Mother Tongue Other Tongue was created by Professor Carol Ann Duffy DBE, Creative Director of the Manchester Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University.

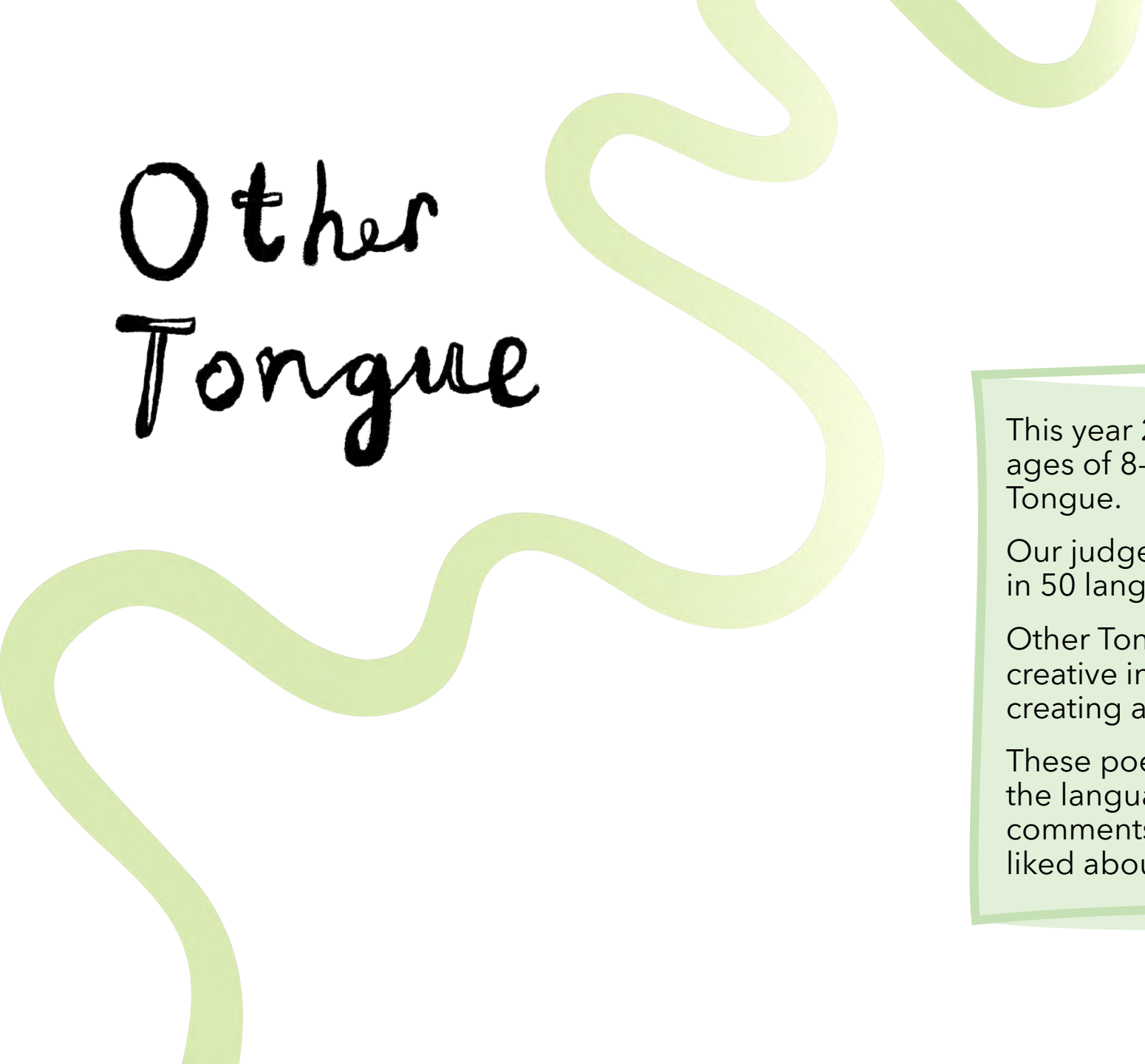
“Through the many languages of poetry, in multiple tongues, we can hear the truths of this world we must learn to share.”



**Manchester
Metropolitan
University**

**Manchester
Poetry
Library**

2024



Other Tongue

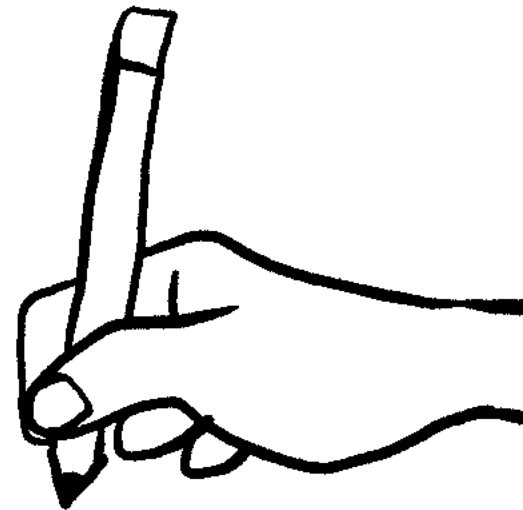
This year 2700 young people between the ages of 8-18 took part in Mother Tongue Other Tongue.

Our judges read 250 entries from 38 schools, in 50 languages.

Other Tongue invites young people to be creative in a language they are learning by creating an original poem or a song.

These poems were read by native speakers of the language, who have shared their comments about the poems and what they liked about them.

*Congratulations to all our
Other Tongue 2024
winners!*



Other Tongue winners this year came from:

All Hallows Catholic College	Archbishop Blanch C of E High School	Bolton School Girls Division	Bridgewater Primary School
Bury Grammar School	Cheadle Hulme High School	Co-op Academy Priesthorpe	Dean Trust Ardwick
Didsbury High School	Fairfield High School for Girls	Falinge Park High School	Fallibroome Academy
Lancaster Girls Grammar School	Laurus Cheadle Hulme	London Academy of Excellence	Manor Park School and Nursery
North Halifax Grammar School	Oldham Sixth Form College	Sale Grammar School	St Bernard's Catholic High School
St John Fisher Catholic High	St Monica's RC High School	Weatherhead High School	Whalley Range High School

Winning Other tongue pieces were written in...

French

Spanish

Swedish

BSL

German

Our winners were aged 8-18 - we hope you enjoy reading their work as much as we did...

Die erste Seite

Die erste Seite
ein neues Kapitel
im Schnelldurchlauf durch
Geschichten.

Endlose Freude, Liebe und Leid
Glück zwischen den Zeilen
Ich weiß, dass ich hierher gehöre

Spät nachts
schläft nur ungarn
Ich würde lieber weitermachen

By Phoebe Robinson (Year 8)

All Hallows Catholic College

German

What the judges said...

The judges really identified with this sweet poem 'the first page' and appreciated the poet's love of reading.

El tren del tiempo

El tiempo como un tren corriendo en su camino,
con cada momento del día.

No te sientes y te quejes cuando se haya ido, pero siéntate y mira cómo
se ha ido

El tiempo como un tren corriendo,
por la vía llevando todos los recuerdos,
pero nunca regresando.

Sube a bordo hacia lo desconocido,
o párate solo en la parada.

By Hannah Gingles (Year 8)

All Hallows Catholic College

Spanish

What the judges said...

Although this piece is short, it offers a powerful reflection on life. We really liked the metaphor of time being like a train, and how although we can never return to where we've been, we can choose to travel towards the unknown, or stop where we want. The rhythmical sounds of the poem reminded us of the rhythm of a train.

El Sol Brilla de la Lluvia

El sol brillará después de la lluvia,
Sin embargo, bajo la lluvia, caían

Como Lágrimas incluso como bailarinas caen suavemente desde el oscuro
cielo nublado,
Mientras el cielo llora,
Mientras los cristales caen del cielo.

Despacio, despacio
El sol muestra su rayo
Hay algo especial en cómo se ve cuando acaba de llover.
Brillante

Los rayos del sol sobre los charcos los hacen brillar
El cielo azul como el más puro de los zafiros.

Así como se sentía la vida cuando parecía que la lluvia nunca terminaba
Cuando la vida es cruel,
Cuando la vida es dolor,
Encontrarás la belleza otra vez
La vida será paz,
Encontrarás paz,
Serás libre.

El sol brillará después de la lluvia.

By Niamh McMonagie (Year 8)

All Hallows Catholic College

Spanish

What the judges said...

This is a beautiful poem full of hope with an impressive use of images that made us see the world differently – the way the rain falls like dancers, how the blue sky is like sapphires. We also really liked the use of repetition in this piece, especially how the end of the poem returns to the beginning and we realise that, as a reader, we have been changed.

Aprender

Dicen que la insti es para aprender
Pero, ¿qué significa esto realmente?
¿Quieren aprender solo sumas y restas,
O cómo analizar un poema?
En realidad, aprender es mucho más que esto.

Aprender significa dolor,
Aprender significa pruebas.
Significa perder amigos,
Significa mantenerse fuerte.
Hay desafíos que luchar
Y luchas que superar.

Pero luego hay otranto cara del aprendizaje una vez más.
La parte donde aprendes a perdonar,
Olvidar y seguir adelante.
La parte donde dos extrañeros se hacen amigos
Y aprendes a apoyarlos y escucharlos.

Y así, al final, aprender significa mucho más
Que escuchar hablar a los profesores.
Significa amor, respeto y confianza para
Hacer lo que mejor sabes hacer.

By Caitlin Rogers (Year 9)

Archbishop Blanch C of E High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

There was nice cadence to this poem and it made great use of repetition. We liked the insights into learning.

Pasada y Presente

Mientras doy los pasos por el camino de los recuerdos,
El camino es recto, fácil y claro.
Siento el calor de la infancia filtrarse profundamente en mi cerebro,
No tengo nada que perder ni nada que temer.

Mientras el sol brilla,
Iluminando las imágenes que me rodean.
Todas mis preocupaciones se sienten ligeras,
Sé que aquí es donde quiero estar.

La brisa fresca envuelve
Como una manta cálida y reconfortante.
Pero ese sentimiento ya no se puede encontrar,
Mientras me empujan a un planeta completamente nuevo.

El futuro está nublado,

By Fiyinfoluwa Okupe (Year 9)

Archbishop Blanch C of E High School

Spanish

Todo empañado por la preocupación.
Intenté superarlo,
Desesperado y con prisa.

Mi visión está borrosa,
No puedo entender.
No puedo sacar mis palabras,
Nunca puedo cumplir con las demandas

Mientras recorro el camino que tomará el futuro,
Poco a poco me doy cuenta de que el camino no será recto.
Mi mente se siente pesada por el peso de mis errores,
Pero sé que las cosas mejorarán, sólo tengo que esperar.

What the judges said...

We liked the way the poem dealt with such a relatable topic – about exams and an uncertain future. This showed a nice personal touch and explored good progression of feelings.

Hands Build Image

This poem intends to use the beauty of the language to represent any poetic forms, such as stanzas. This is because sign language is not a written language.

As I am not fluent myself, I have attempted to use correct grammar, as BSL uses a different form of grammar to standard English.

I structured the poem in this way as I wanted the silence of the video to show how the Deaf community has been silenced, and also to help replicate how Deaf people see the world differently. This also helps to focus the watcher on the signs, and the true beauty of BSL.

The translation provided shows exactly the signs I have used and what this would say in standard English. I wanted this separate piece also to be symbolic, as it shows how society have ignored the differences in the two languages, in terms of grammar, and how the Deaf community are being corrected, despite using their own grammar.

The poem itself questions why we haven't made use of this beautiful language and ignored it until recent times, when the UK officially recognized it as a language.

By Ella Moss

Arts Emergency Manchester

BSL

Hands Build Image

I ^{sign} WONDER ~~NO SIGN WHY?~~
why we don't sign

^{MADE} FOR ^{EYES}, ~~LANGUAGE NO USE~~
that we don't use

^{Telling} STORIES THROUGH ^{FINGERS}

HANDS BUILD IMAGE
LANGUAGE ^{is} IGNORED
HIDDEN BECAUSE ^{it's} DIFFERENT
~~CENTURIES~~ USED *for centuries*
ONLY NOW ^{is} "LANGUAGE"

~~NO USE SIGN WHY?~~
why don't we use sign language?
ACCEPT ^{this} CULTURE

~~BARRIER~~ ^{cross the barrier} CROSSED
NOT DIFFERENT COMMUNITY
not that different to us

USE SIGNS LIKE US: HELLO
we wave - a sign - so they are like us

ENGLISH STILL BUT DIFFERENT
we a different form of English
~~FINGERS~~ TALK *with their fingers*

HANDS BUILD IMAGE

I WONDER SIGN NO USE
why don't we use sign language?



Une Ville Qui ne Dort Jamais

Le soleil se rend
Pour que l'étoile brille
Et illumine le ciel sombre.
La lueur des étoiles
tout Paris
La foule s'élargit
Autour de la Tour Eiffel
En attendant qu'il vole la vedette
A chaque minute qui passe, l'horloge glisse
Chaque instant glisse, disparaît
comme la fleur au printemps
Tombe dans un froid glacial,
Mais Paris change...
Au lieu de cela, la foule devient plus bruyante
Et plus fort, plus gros, plus gros
Parce que cette ville
Cette ville
Qui scintille dans l'obscurité
Cette ville
Où les souvenirs s'effacent en douceur
C'est la ville qui ne dort jamais
Même dans les moments terribles
Un morceau de Pâté en croûte
Me ramène
Vers la ville qui ne dort jamais

PragnYa Nath (Year 8)

British School Muscat

French

What the judges said..

We enjoyed the playful use of language and metaphors and liked the mention of "pâté" at the end (like Proust's madeleine).

La Cometa

Arriba y arriba,
y abajo y abajo.
En el Cielo hay una cometa
en un día ventoso.

Pero la cometa no está satisfecha.
Aunque puede volar a muchos lugares,
todavía está atada a la cuerda,
y no puede sentirse libre.

De repente sopla un viento fuerte
y la cuerda se rompe.
La cometa vuela libre y feliz
pero ¿Por qué no puede ir a donde quiere?

Arriba y arriba
y abajo y abajo.
La cometa, que pierde el control de su
dirección,
poco a poco desaparece en el cielo.

By Kylie Cheung (Year 10)

Cheadle Hulme High School

Spanish



What the judges said...

Some lovely repetition and for me, the image of a kite being tied down and not being able to go where it wanted was a metaphor for how life feels sometimes.

Les Bonbons

J'adore les bonbons parce qu'ils sont vraiment délicieux.

Les bonbons sont très sucrés.

Aussi ils sont savoureux mais pas dégoûtants!

Je mange toujours les bonbons surtout après le collège.

Cependant ils sont mauvais pour la santé!

Ils sont bons!

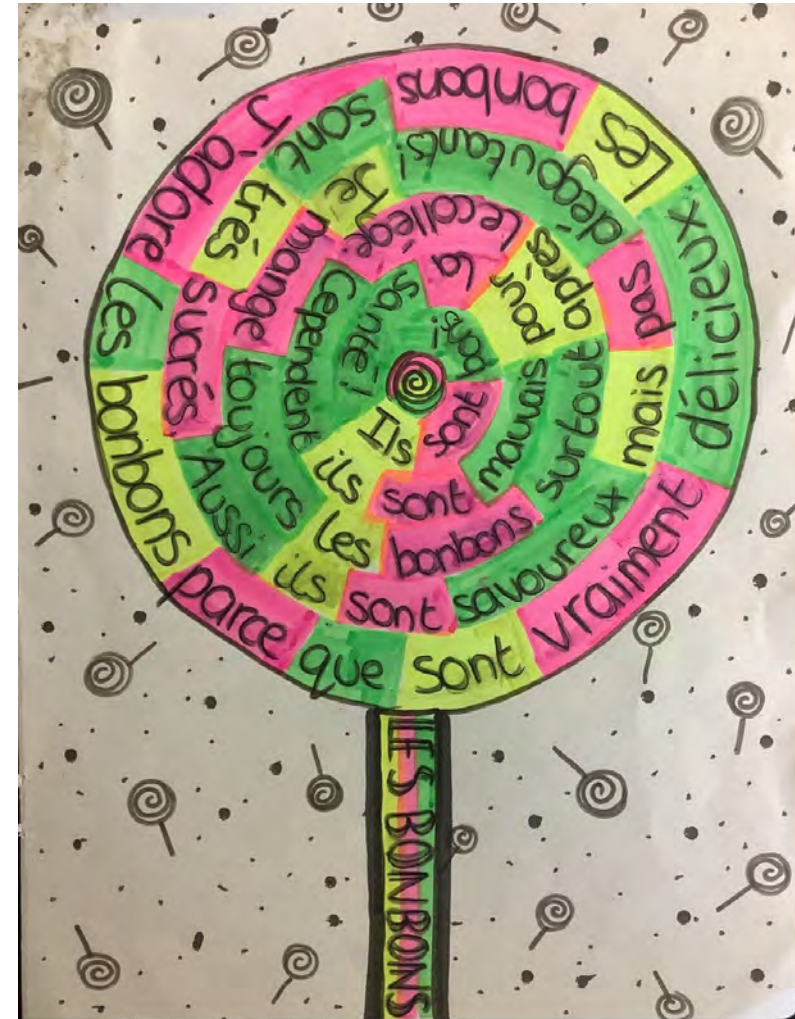
By Charlotte Bradley (Year 8)

Cheadle Hulme High School

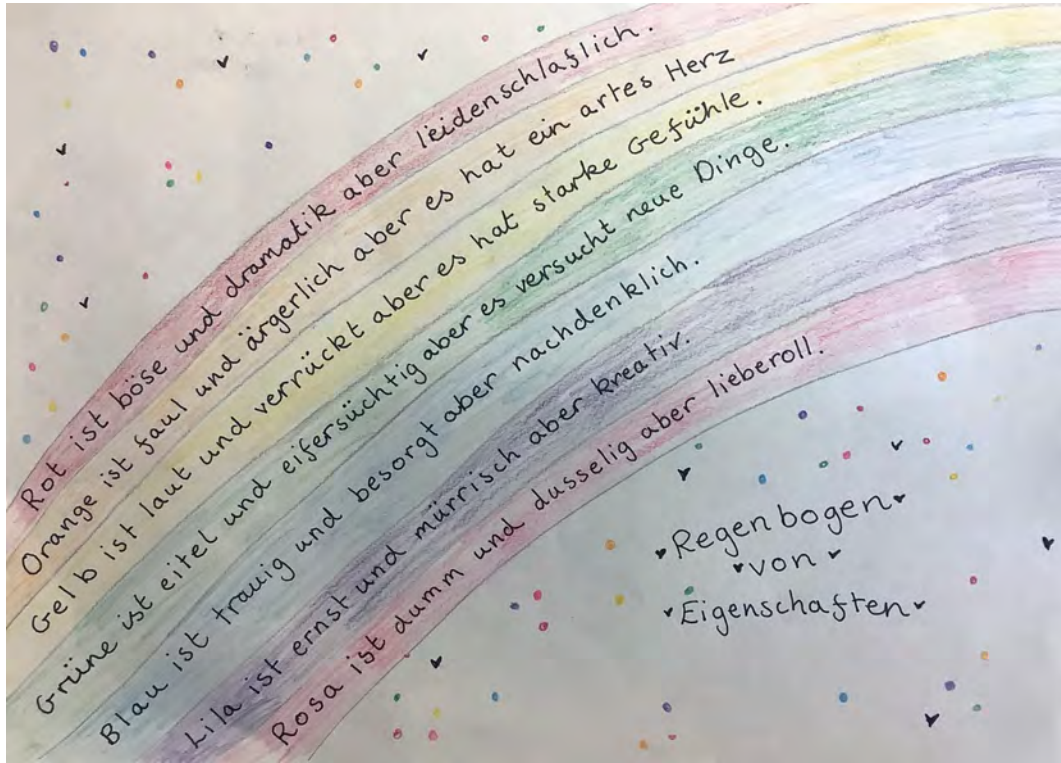
French

What the judges said...

A sweet little poem, made our mouths water. We loved the illustration, too. We assume the student's classmates would relate to this poem well. The creative use of form shows the student's appreciation of poetry's flexibility.



Regenbogen von Eigenschaften



What the judges said...

This poem was written with lots of care and detail and uses a lot of challenging German vocabulary. It reminded us of the great German poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who wrote his own Theory of Colour around 200 years ago. He also attributed each colour certain characteristics and, as in this poem, these character traits are a mix of negative and positive.

By Laura Copley (Year 8)

Cheadle Hulme High School

German

C'est Moi

Je m'appelle Zach.
J'ai deux ans.
J'ai les cheveux très blonds.
J'aime beaucoup le pain grillé mais je déteste les légumes.
J'adore jouer avec des voitures et des jouets.
C'est moi!

Je m'appelle Zach.
J'ai cinq ans.
J'aime l'école et j'adore mon chien parce qu'il est très amusant.
J'adore Lightning Mcqueen!
Je m'entends bien avec mon frère car il est sympa.
C'est moi!

Je m'appelle Zach.
J'ai huit ans.
J'aime jouer avec mes amis à Roblox.
Je voudrais un chat mais mon chien les déteste!
Je m'entends mal avec mon frère car il est agaçant.
C'est moi!

Je m'appelle Zach.
J'ai onze ans.
J'adore le foot car je passe du temps avec mes amis.
Je déteste les hamburgers parce que le boeuf est dégoûtant.
Je m'entends parfois bien avec mon frère.
C'est moi!

Je m'appelle Zach
À l'avenir, j'ai quarante ans. J'ai les cheveux gris!
Je m'entends très bien avec ma famille, même mon frère.
J'ai un chat qui s'appelle Billy.
J'adore être détective car c'est amusant et très intéressant.
C'est moi!

By Zach Farnell (Year 7)

Cheadle Hulme School

French

What the judges said...

We liked the structure of this, exploring life's themes through repetition. It made us smile at the end (and feel old!)

Las arenas movedizas del tiempo

Una vez no fui nada -
Ni un granito de arena.
Entonces nací.

Yo era un niño pequeño
A punto de empezar la escuela.
Estaba disfrutando de mi tiempo en la escuela primaria
Pero terminó 10 minutos después de empezar.

Ahora me enfrento a los retos de secundaria -
El tiempo es milagroso pero extraño.
El tiempo pasa tan despacio cuando estás en el presente
Pero cuando miras atrás,
Ha pasado en un segundo.
Las arenas movedizas del tiempo.

By Alistair Burgess (Year 7)

Cheadle Hulme School

Spanish

What the judges said..

We loved the framing device of the grains of sand and the thoughtful reflections on the passing of time.

Vacaciones

¡Sueño con mis vacaciones en España!

Sueño con mis vacaciones en España -
Cuando vi un caballo fantástico,
Cuando jugamos en la playa,
Cuando hicimos turismo.

Sueño con cuando me bañé en el mar,
Cuando asistí a un partido de fútbol,
Cuando vi un camaleón -
Que se llamaba Pascal.

Sueño con cuando comí la comida típica,
Cuando vi un flamenco pequeño,
Cuando vi una puesta de sol hermosa,
Cuando salí con mi hermano.

Sueño con cuando fuimos a un restaurante
italiano,
Cuando vi un delfín con mi abuela,
Cuando visité una tienda nueva,
Sueño con mis vacaciones en España.

By Georgina Herrington (Year 8)

Cheadle Hulme School

Spanish

What the judges said...

A very personal account of holidays enjoyed, using repetition and containing lovely images of a holiday in Spain. Like a series of holiday snapshots that make you want to go back and do it all again.

Die Welt ist wunderbar

Bella Italia, kochen kann man lernen,
Pizza und Pasta - sind zum Schwärmen.

In Spanien tanzt man Flamenco mit Anmut,
Die Bewegung und die Musik sind nur zu gut.

In Frankreich genießt man Croissant und Skifahren!
In Griechenland gibt es Oliven und antike Ruinen.

In Norwegen, wo die Hügel so klar erscheinen,
Lernt man die Natur zu lieben und bringt einen fast zum Weinen.

Und zurück in England nach all der Reise,
Tee und Kuchen auf britische Art und Weise.

Einfach und schön, die Welt entdecken,
Mit jedem Land die Neugier erwecken.

By Idris Latif (year 8)

Cheadle Hulme School

German

What the judges said...

This poem had really good engagement with form. It rhymes and is very well composed.

La guerre c'est l'enfer

La tragédie partout
Effusion de sang, bataille et guerre
J'espère que tu es heureux là-bas
Tragédie, je me dirige vers le no man's land
Demain à l'aube
Il est peu probable qu'il revienne
Mais s'il te plaît, ne pleure pas
Je mourrai au service du roi et du pays

Écoutez le bruit des mitrailleuses
Entendez l'hélice tourner
Alors que les zeppelins glissent sous le soleil
Alors que le monde continue son péché régnant
Les lumières sont éteintes
Le monde est plongé dans l'obscurité alors que les bombes
crachent leur éclat explosif.

Tout s'est passé ; tous aveugles;
Se battre encore et encore

By Madeline Roberts (Year 8)

Co-op Academy Priesthorpe

French

Je ne sais pas quoi trouver
Les sacs à dos sont une tonne
Au fond se trouvaient des poumons corrompus par la
mousse
Comme nous avons accueilli le gaz
nous avons chanté nos chansons
Et mets notre masque

Pourtant, les hommes marchaient péniblement et
péniblement
La plupart sans bottes
Mais boitait à cause du sang versé, épuisé
Personne n'a entendu les tirs lointains
Ou la pluie d'obus à gaz tombant doucement autour
Un soldat tire la sonnette d'alarme
Mais les obus avaient déjà atteint le sol

What the judges said...

A heartfelt poem about war, using good variation of language and images and capturing the suffering and confusion of soldiers in the battlefield very well. The lack of punctuation in this poem throws the reader into a world where the rules are not followed and they have to figure things out for themselves.

I am a woman from Guinea

Je suis une femme
Oui je suis une femme
Oui je suis une madame
Je dois accepter un polygame et je dois pas faire
d'amalgame
Ma maison se trouve dans la cuisine
J'accepte la douleur comme après une injection de
lidocaïne
Je fabrique des bébés comme une usine
J'ai été exciser
Pour ne pas être exciter
Je dois toujours être parfaite même épuisé
Je dois être parfaite
Même sans être contrefaite
Je dois faire de longues études
Pour ne pas finir par être sa maigritude ordure
Sans jamais recevoir sa reconnaissance
Je dois me taire et accepter son adolescence

By Fatoumata Camara (Year 11)

Dean Trust Ardwick

French

What the judges said...

This is a wonderful poem that does not mince words or try to sugarcoat female oppression. It conveys the blunt, brutal truth.



Soy mas que sola yo



By Lilly Hannon (Year 7)

Didsbury High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

A short and deceptively simple poem about all the people we are to the people in our lives.



En sombras profundas

En sombras profundas,
pesado y frío,

En silencio lleva carga
sin brío,

Un corazón frágil
es lo que queda,

No puede liberarse
de las cadenas,

Un espíritu roto,
al límite llegando

El luche silencioso,
De un alma quebrada.

By Raiyaan Mawlood (Year 8)

Didsbury High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

This sophisticated poem had a nice cadence and rhythm to it and was memorable.



Mon Avenir

Je veux vivre en France,
Je veux visiter les monuments et explorer la
campagne,
Je veux danser au ballet de l'opéra de Paris,
Je veux faire des pirouettes sous les étoiles,
Je veux faire des pas du chat et fouettés dans toute
la ville,
Je veux posséderai un grand manoir,
J'aurai une piscine dans mon jardin,
Je serai le meilleur que je peux être,
Je vais aller loin,
Je vais être fier de moi,
Je vais faire plaisir à ma grand-mère.

By Alexa Garrett (Year 8)

Fallibroome Academy

French

What the judges said...

Passionate poem, with good images. We liked the mention of Grandmother at the end and the hints at family history and heritage.

Other Tongue

Mi dia

Verse

Me despierto por la mañana, el sol brilla con fuerza,
Salgo de la cama, es hora de empezar bien el día
Me lavo la cara, me cepillo los dientes, me siento fresca
y limpia
Preparo el café ¡la rutina perfecta!

Chorus

Es mi rutina matutina, ¡ah sí!
Moverme, sin tiempo que perder
Es mi rutina matutina, ¡vamos por allí!
Sin pensar en el mañana y el ayer

Verse

Me visto con estilo - sí, estoy de moda
Me miro al espejo, sintiendo como una estrella
Entonces desayuno - frutas y cereales
La comida más importante, sin mencionar mi favorita

Chorus

Es mi rutina matutina, ¡ah sí!
Moverme, sin tiempo que perder
Es mi rutina matutina, ¡vamos por allí!

Sin pensar en el mañana y el ayer

Bridge

Luego hago ejercicio, pongo mi cuerpo en movimiento
Saltando y moviéndome, lista para todo
Escuchar música me llena de alegría
¡La aprovecho al máximo - la mañana es mía!

Chorus

Es mi rutina matutina, ¡ah sí!
Moverme, sin tiempo que perder
Es mi rutina matutina, ¡vamos por allí!
Sin pensar en el mañana y el ayer

By Tess Naughton (Year 9)

Fallibroome Academy

Spanish

What the judges said...

This song put a smile on our faces. It's not easy to write a rap in another language and we loved the way the piece was structured as a song.

Mi Familia y Mis Mascotas

En mi casa hay alegría, mi familia es compañía.
Papá, mamá, y mi hermana, todos juntos en la mañana.

Tenemos un perro travieso, y un gato que es muy tieso.
Con ellos juego sin parar, y nunca dejo de soñar.

Mi abuela cuenta historias, de viejas y grandes glorias.
Y mi abuelo con su risa, siempre trae mucha prisa.

Mis mascotas y mi gente, me hacen sentir tan valiente.
Con amor y con cariño, soy feliz desde niño.

By Harrison Eyre (Year 8)

Fallibroome Academy

Spanish

What the judges said...

We really liked the rhythm in this poem. It is funny and makes good use of rhyme.

Die Hibiskusblume

Haben Sie von der Hibiskusblume gehört?
Symbol für Romantik und Zuneigung
Ihr Seelenverwandter traumverloren
Das Geschenk das blüht in einer Beziehung
Allerdings zeigt sie auch die wahre Schönheit

Die eine Ewigkeit andauert
Nach der sich Menschen sehnen
Schönheit und Liebe sind eine Sucht
Rot, gelb, rosa, blau, lila, orange, weiss
Die vielen Farben der Hibiskusblume
Gefunden in Orten wo es tropisch und heiß ist
Mädchen tragen sie in ihren Haaren
In der Hoffnung ihren perfekten Partner zu finden

By Rita Knowles (Year 12)

Fallibroome Academy

German

What the judges said...

A poem that works well in German,
with nice themes and ideas.

We Sind Alles le Môme

Although you utter words I cannot distinguish,
When things grow dark, cold, bleak, I needn't have to,
For all hearts beat as one in a rhythm we all understand,
I can see the glimmer of your eyes, iridescent with hope,
I can understand the brightness of your smile, alive with glee,
I can hold your hand and you can hold mine,
We can find our feet together and make our own path toward light,
We don't need shared tongues to embrace every member of our world.

Wenn unsere Welten kollidieren,
sind wir wie Bienen in einem Bienenstock,
die sich aufeinander verlassen, um zu überleben
Du kamst zu meiner Hilfe,
obwohl ich Deutsch sprach,

By Chloe Ainscough (Year 10)

Fallibroome Academy

German, French and English

Wir sind alle nur Menschen.

Tes cheveux roux, les miens bleus,
Ta langue germanique.
La mienne est romantique,
Nous sommes tous pareils,
Tous ensemble,
Sur cette planète, nous vivons chez nous.

No matter what language we speak, we are all the same,
Peu importe la langue que nous parlons, nous sommes tous pareils,
Egal welche Sprache wir sprechen, wir sind alle gleich,
Indiferent de ce limbă vorbim noi toți suntem la fel,
неважливо якою мовою ми розмовляємо, ми всі однакові.

What the judges said...

A wonderfully creative poem. We loved the way the poem used a variety of languages and particularly liked the last stanza, with the same line repeated in different languages 'We are all the same, no matter what language we speak'. A powerful message.

Le Silence

On croit en langue;
On croit en langue parlée, en gestes à la main, en mouvement.
On croit en pensée;
On croit en pensée inexprimée, en coups d'œil, en souvenirs.
On vit en chuchotements doux, en cris de la douleur,
En sourires et en rires.

On fait confiance au bruit.

Nos pensées, nos mots, nos actions,
Ils viennent tous de la même chose:
Nos esprits.
Penser,
Faire,
Ressentir,
Tout le temps.
Toujours occupé.

Il y a du bruit,
Dans nos esprits.
Il y a du bruit,
Dans tout ce qu'on fait,
Dans la vie quotidienne.

Mais, il y a de la beauté, dans le silence.

Dans le lever et coucher du soleil,
Dans les chuchotements doux, qui effleurent les vagues de l'océan,
Dans le noir perçant de la nuit, qui est brisé par un million de l'étoiles.

C'est la sorte de silence,
Qui est tellement forte,
Tellement vaste,
Qu'on ne peut pas la décrire,
Avec toutes les langues.

Mais, ce n'est pas du bruit.

C'est calme, et c'est tranquille.
C'est de la musique.

Et c'est sa propre langue.

Ce transcende le bruit.

On n'entendra jamais ses subtilités.
On ne l'utilisera jamais.
On ne la comprendra, jamais.

Mais de temps en temps,
Quand les vagues calment le sable,
Quand la neige transforme les champs verts en toiles vierges,

Vous la ressentirez.

By Isla Gordon (Year 12)

Lancaster Girls Grammar School

French

What the judges said...

This poem, about beauty in the silence of nature was memorable and well constructed. Isla offered an explanation about her poem, which said that 'humans are always talking or thinking. We never stop to observe how all the intricate, quiet sounds of nature intertwine. The silence is complex and beautiful, like music, like a symphony; it communicates like a language.' We thought both the poem and Isla's own description of it just beautiful.

Le Tournesol

Quelque peu plus élevé que les autres,
il se balance à la brise,
l'incarnation d'élégance.
Il ne se passe jamais une journée
que je n'aperçoive pas son visage.
Ses pétales d'ambre brillent au soleil,
une auréole d'or chiffonné ;
la plus lumineuse de tous.
Chaque jour, je m'attends à son regard habituel-
l'entrelacement quotidien de nôtres âmes.
Mais l'illusion prend fin fugitivement,

car quand je me retourne,
Je vois le véritable possesseur de son attention.
Il brille depuis les cieux, son éclat incandescent
brûle chaque trace d'espoir lorsqu'il observe
sa congrégation fervente.
Alors qu'il jette un coup d'œil
à la prairie entière,
la fleur est le seul point de ma conscience.
Il sera à jamais un tournesol, mais je ne serai jamais
le soleil.

By Ellie O'Hare (Year 12)

Lancaster Girls Grammar School

French

What the judges said...

A well-constructed poem with memorable images. We enjoyed the details of the sunflower, it felt very spiritual.

Der Maler

Der Maler sitzt vor dem Fenster;
Seine Wohnung ist hübsch, aber klein.
Er hält Aquarelle in der Hand und sagt sich:
„Was wird mein Gemälde sein?“

Die Farbe sind Lila und Rosa,
Und Gelb, Grün, Orange, Rot und Blau,
Aber der Maler ist ziemlich traurig
Denn die Großstadt draußen ist grau!

Er sieht keine Kinder auf der Straße,
Er sieht keine Tiere im Park,
Er sieht nur Gebäude und Elend
Doch der Maler ist sehr willensstark.

„Meine Blume sind lila und rosa,
Und der Himmel hoch oben ist blau
Zusammen sind sie schön und ich liebe sie alle
Denn sie sind überhaupt nicht grau!“

By Daisy Crow (Year 12)

Lancaster Girls Grammar School

German

What the judges said...

This was a really creative poem and well executed poem that uses poetic techniques, especially rhyme, well.

Finales e inicios

Hay un aroma en el viento
Un aroma de tierra calentita
De flores frescas y hojas verdes
Oigo un canto de avecita.

Pronto, el año terminará,
Mi último año aquí.
No puedo imaginarme sin este
lugar,
Ni este lugar sin mí.

Con viejos y nuevos amigos,
He aprendido aquí, he crecido.
Ya no soy un niño,
En un adulto me he convertido.

Una puerta se está cerrando,
Pero ¡no tengas miedo!
Otra se abre, y a través,
Ya puedo ver el cielo.

El cielo es más grande
Que la vida hasta la fecha;

Yo podría ser aún mejor
De lo que el mundo sospecha.

Luego debo volar, pero volveré
Antes de que te des cuenta.
Quizás podrías unirme a mí,
De viajar no estás exenta.

Por el momento, me siento aquí,
Huelo la brisa de primavera.
Disfruto el final de esta época,
No olvidaré cómo era.

By Cate Matthew (Year 12)

Lancaster Girls Grammar School

Spanish

What the judges said...

This poem feels very personal and has the rhythm and themes of much Spanish poetry. We liked how nature was used and the reflection on how one chapter ends as another begins.



A Veces no se Como Explicarlo

A veces no sé cómo explicarlo,
a veces siento como el diablo,
pero, a veces eso no es el caso, a veces pienso que soy
un mago,
con mis trucos y tratos,
y cuando pienso eso, estoy feliz,
y me olvido de esas memorias malas,
pero eventualmente me recuerdo,
y las memorias me vienen como cien balas disparando.

By Theo Thompson (Year 6)

Manor Park School and Nursery

Spanish

What the judges said...

Absolutely brilliant poem, written in Spanish,
with great use of rhyme and repetition.

Other Tongue

¿Quiénes son los niños?

¿Quiénes son los niños?

¡Somos niños!

Niños con voz.

Niños con opción.

Niños que ven cómo cambia nuestro mundo,

Y cambian con ella.

Niños que reflexionan.

Niños que se preguntan.

¿Quiénes son los niños?

¡Somos niños!

Niños que se sienten sin voz.

Niños que se sienten sin opción.

Niños que se preguntan cómo sería ser adulto,

Y como se verán.

Niños que quieren una voz.

Niños que faltan una elección.

Niños que representan el futuro.

¿Quiénes son los niños?

¡Somos niños!

Niños que gritan con una voz.

Niños que hablan con una opción.

Niños que desean un cambio en el mundo,

Que pronto será los suyos

Niños que se preguntan con voz.

Niños que reflexionan con una elección.

Así que escuche a los niños.

Escuche a la próxima generación.

Porque ...

¿Quiénes son los niños?

¡Somos niños!

Tenemos voz y opciones.

Nos preguntamos.

Reflexionamos.

¡Somos niños!

By Alex Bates, Florence Hollingsbee, Savannah Rose and Xander Williams (Years 5 & 6)

Manor Park School and Nursery

Spanish

What the judges said...

We enjoyed this lovely collaboration and its strong message about what is needed in the world today.

Undergångsblå

Natten krymper och stjärnorna slutar
dansa
Värden slutar vända men himlen förblir
Undergångsblå

Vem mer tittar på månen ensam
Vem mer dansar i regnet ensam
Vem mer ser hur himlen blir
Undergångsblå

Nyx sover när ljuset sköljer över landet
utan dig
Men vem mer ser hur himlen blir
Undergångsblå

När solen går upp på den blå himlen
Då blomstrars livet i dess strålar
Men vem mer
Vem mer kommer alt dö för alt skydda
vårt hem
Vårt hem skyddat av domedagsblusen
Vem mer ser hur himlen blir
undergångsblå

By Matthew Sykes (Year 8)

North Halifax Grammar School

Swedish

What the judges said...

Undergångsblå (Doomsday Blue) is a powerful poem about the protection of the land we live on and how important it is to love and respect all the earth has to offer. It describes how the earth keeps turning and all the flora and fauna exist in a harmonious balance whether anyone cares or not. We were also particularly impressed to hear how Matthew is learning Swedish in his free time and glad he chose to be creative with his new language in this way.

Un viaje extraordinario

En el vasto universo, un viaje emprenderé,
donde las estrellas y planetas, mi vista cautivarán.
El sol brilla radiante, como un faro celestial,
mientras la luna sonrío, con su luz especial.

En el firmamento, las constelaciones se dibujan,
como un mapa celeste, en la noche se despliegan.
Marte con su rojo fulgor, misterioso y fascinante,
y Venus, la estrella de la tarde, tan brillante.

Saturno con sus anillos, un espectáculo sin igual,
y Júpiter, gigante gaseoso, majestuoso en su lugar.
Las nebulosas danzan, con colores tan vibrantes,
y las galaxias se entrelazan, como hilos brillantes.

El espacio infinito, un universo por descubrir,
donde los sueños se elevan, sin límites a existir.
Astronautas valientes, explorando lo desconocido,
con sus ojos en las estrellas, su espíritu decidido.

En el vasto cosmos, la belleza se despliega,
un recordatorio humilde de nuestra propia entrega.
Así que alza la mirada, y contempla con devoción,
el misterio del espacio, una eterna inspiración.

By Rahima Akhtar (Year 13)

Oldham Sixth Form College

Spanish

What the judges said...

We liked the topic and the ambition of this poem, especially the lines about space and the universe. The use of the planets (as in the old poetic trope of the music of the cosmos, the harmony of the planets, and the general idea of celestial harmony and beauty) gives it a scientific touch, bringing it up to date to the 21st Century with scientific advancements and the fascination with the unknown and the possibilities for knowledge that the universe provokes.



Las Estaciones

En la primavera, las flores empiezan a brotar,
El sol calienta, y el mundo a brillar,

En verano, calor y diversión en el aire,
Jugamos y reímos sin ninguna preocupación,

Llega el otoño, las hojas caen con suavidad,
Los colores cambian, y es casi navidad,

Y en invierno, la nieve en el suelo,
Descansamos y nos abrazamos con gran felicidad.

By Ellis Hague (Year 12)

Oldham Sixth Form College

Spanish

What the judges said...

A lovely rhythm to this poem,
following the passing of the year and
defining the seasons in few words.

El Abismo Digital

En el brillo de las pantallas, vagamos perdidos, nuestras almas atrapadas por píxeles, cables cruzados. El mundo exterior se desuanece en el crepúsculo mientras nos sumergimos de cabeza en la noche digital.

El celular llama con su canto de sirena, un oráculo de bolsillo, sobre el bien y el mal. Descubrimos sus secretos con manos temblorosas, cambiando la realidad por un país de las maravillas virtual.

Estamos atados a nuestras pantallas, como marionetas, los hilos de Wi-Fi nos atan, no hay escapetoría, no hay arre pentimiento. El mundo sigue girando, pero estamos atrapados en un bucle, cambiando atardeceres por memes, conexión por primicia.

Hemos olvidado cómo mirar al cielo, perdidos en el brillo de las pantallas, apenas lo intentamos y así caemos, silencios e invisibles, en el abismo digital, donde los píxeles brillan. Nuestras almas píxeladas, corazones fallando, perdidos en el código, por siempre y un día.

By Rosa Hespe (Year 7)

Poynton High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

An original and ambitious poem on an interesting and pertinent topic; how mobile phones are taking over our lives. Good use of imagery makes this a memorable poem.

Monster in Meinem Kopf

Die Leute sagen, du bist verrückt,
Nur um anders zu sein,
Auch wenn Sie versuchen, sich anzupassen
Manchmal kann man einfach nicht gewinnen.

Es kann dunkel in deinem Kopf sein,
Die Türen sind verschlossen,
Du driftest auseinander,
Die Lichter haben aufgehört.

Du bist nicht allein,
Vertrau mir, ich weiß
Jeder fühlt sich manchmal so.

By Rebecca Hudghton (Year 7)

Poynton High School

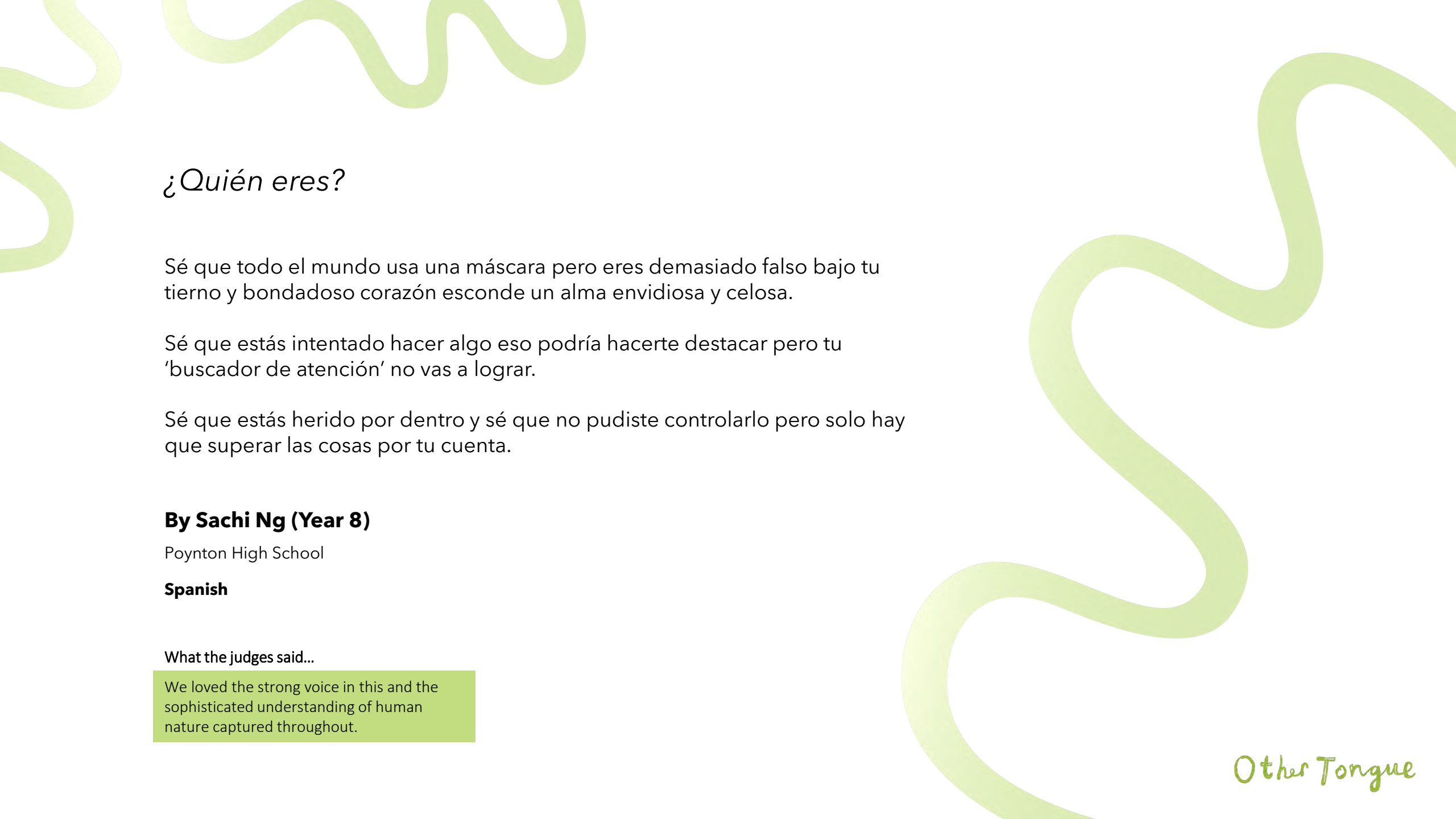
German

Versuche aufzustehen,
Öffne die Türen,
Lass das Licht herein,
Es wird bald besser werden,
Und du wirst dich gut fühlen.

Du musst es einfach versuchen,
Hören Sie nicht auf das, was sie sagen,
Dir zuhören,
Selbst,
Dein Verstand,
Und es wird alles besser werden.

What the judges said..

A powerful poem about emotions and mental health that is calm and reassuring. It conveys a message of hope to anyone who has ever felt alone. Through its recurring imagery of darkness and light, it reminds the reader to take confidence in their own voice. There is a carefully mirroring of the imagery in the structure of the poem, so that it moves gradually from darkness towards light, from being closed off to being open.



¿Quién eres?

Sé que todo el mundo usa una máscara pero eres demasiado falso bajo tu tierno y bondadoso corazón esconde un alma envidiosa y celosa.

Sé que estás intentado hacer algo eso podría hacerte destacar pero tu 'buscador de atención' no vas a lograr.

Sé que estás herido por dentro y sé que no pudiste controlarlo pero solo hay que superar las cosas por tu cuenta.

By Sachi Ng (Year 8)

Poynton High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

We loved the strong voice in this and the sophisticated understanding of human nature captured throughout.

Mon Frere

mon grère est diggèrent.
mon grère est special.
mon grère est unique.
mon grère n'est pas comme
les autres engants.
mon grère ne sait pas lire
comment les autres engants.
mon grère ne peut pas écrire
comme les autres engants.
mais après tout,
est-ce que tout ça a de
l'importance quand.

L'amour n'a pas
besoin de mots.

By Holly Pearson (Year 7)

Priestnall School

French

What the judges said...

A charming and simple poem with a surprising twist. The love for their brother comes through and there is good use of repetition.

Cobayas

Quiero ir a la playa
Quiero ver las cobayas
Que se llaman Maya

Voy a la playa
No veo las cobayas
Que se llaman Maya

¿Dónde está la playa?
¿Dónde están las
cobayas?
¿Qué se llaman Maya?

No hay una playa
No existen las cobayas
Que se llaman Maya

Las cobayas se llama...
¡RAYA!

By Lily Marchant (Year 7)

Sale Grammar School

Spanish

What the judges said...

An original poem that was a bit weird and nonsensical but made us smile. Guinea pigs at the beach ... who'd have thought?

Le réchauffement de la planète

La vie marine est en train de mourir,
Les océans montent,
Les gens pleurent,
Parce que la température monte.
Nous devons arrêter,
Nous devons aider,
Nous devons faire quelque chose.

Les ours polaires sont coincés sur la glace,
Ils ne peuvent pas chasser le poisson,
Ils sont incapables de survivre,
Parce que la température monte.
Nous devons arrêter,
Nous devons aider,
Nous devons agir maintenant.

By Finley Brown (Year 9)

St Bernard's Catholic High School

French

What the judges said...

Nice musicality to this poem and a sense of urgency created by the use of verbs in this poem, which was also reflected in the commentary that Finley also submitted. "I have chosen to write this poem as I am passionate about the environment and about conserving the planet. ... we must start acting now to save our planet for future generations."

Le monde change

Le monde est en évolution constante,
Comme le débit d'une rivière.
Des terres anciennes aux cioux modernes,
Il continue à croître.
Avec les progrès technologiques
les sociétés se transforment,
Pendant que nous naviguons
Dans ce monde en évolution.

L'innovation nous entoure,
À chaque coin de chaque rue,
Des gratte-ciels imposants aux gadgets
élégants.
Mais, au milieu des progrès, n'oublions pas le
passé
Vu que les leçons de l'histoire
Révèlent une sagesse qui durera toujours.

La beauté de la nature demeure
Dans les montagnes hautes et larges,
Dans les océans profonds et les forêts vertes.
C'est là où réside la vie.

Chérissons la Terre, notre grande maison
Et protégeons-la des merveilles d'une main
aimante.

By George Butler (Year 9)

St Bernard's Catholic High School

French

What the judges said...

A passionate and descriptive poem, which pairs ideas and images to get across a powerful message about the importance of protecting the environment for generations to come. George says "I am extremely lucky to live in the beauty of the Lake District ... it is humbling to look at the majesty of nature, in the knowledge that nature lets us live here for only a short period of time ..."

Vom Leuchtturm

Die Wellen brechen sich an Felsen
Und werfen das kalte Wasser hoch.
Das Licht lenkt die Schiffe näher -
Es ist erfolgreich, immer noch.
Die einsam' Nacht wird immer
dunkler,
Leuchtende Sterne verdunkeln sich,
Schatten fallen auf alte Pfade,
Wellen kämpf' am Strand
unendlich.
Gegen den Leuchtturm die Wässer
tanz'
La Corbière erstrahlt im Glanz.

By Georgia Haslam (Year 12)

St Mary's Catholic High School

German

What the judges said...

This is a very well thought out poem, personal and operating at a high level of language and use of poetic techniques.

Sentimiento de hogar

Aquí ne siento libre de hablar
No hay nudos que me hagan sentir incompleto
Siento sentimientos hogareños
Y esta puerta es perfecta.

Mi lengua se mueve con vida
Con mucha alegría
Puedo comunicarme sin guía
Haciendo que mis ojos finalmente se sequen.

Ojalá pudiera quedarme
Pero ese deseo es un desperdicio
Así que estoy guardando eso
Para otro día.

By Sophie Watson (Year 8)

St Monica's RC High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

We liked the idea of the home providing freedom and comfort and the contrast in feelings expressed of the idea of home and the reality of not always being able to find that comfort. The last two verses are particularly impactful, with a message that embeds stoicism about the current situation and optimism that the wish may be fulfilled some day.

Mi poema español

Rory Cannon es mi nombre
Y creo que Marcus Rashford es EL
hombre,
El patea el futbol,
El marca gol tras gol,
Y salvó a los niños del hambre

By Rory Cannon (Year 7)

St Monica's RC High School

Spanish



What the judges said...

A lovely tribute to Marcus Rashford, written as a Spanish limerick. The judges enjoyed the rhyme scheme and agree that he is a worthy hero.

Une Poule Domestique

Je voudrais une poule
domestique
Avec les plumes jaunes
Avec un petit nœud rose
Une poule qui saute à cloche-
pied
Qui danse
Comme un Monsieur Loyal
Je voudrais une poule
Pour saisonner et cuisiner !

By Anu Olugbade (Year 5)

St Richard's Roman Catholic Primary

French

What the judges said...

Run chicken, run! This funny poem just made us smile.



La Poule

La poule,
Timide, stupide
Qui court, qui danse, qui se bat
La poule est bon pour manger, je
préfère,
Qui court, qui chasse, qui accélère
Courageux, intelligent
Le guépard !

What the judges said...

We've never heard of a chicken being compared to a cheetah before! Nice rhythm and symmetry in this poem. We felt sorry for the chicken, though.

By William Chibiko-Mbanu (Year 5)

St Richards Roman Catholic Primary

French

Other Tongue

Other Tongue

La noche

La noche es pacífica
la noche es tranquila
La noche no da alarma
ella te trae
A su abrazo frío
Aunque ella no dará la cara.
Porque la noche tiene miedo
que tendrás miedo
Huye de su oscuridad
Y dejarla llorando
Porque ella no es como su hermana
El día valiente.
El que no se aleja
De la luz, como brilla
Su cálida mirada llenando todo de luz.

By Paige Williams (Year 8)

Weatherhead High School

Spanish

La noche tiene envidia
La noche es confusa
¿Por qué la noche no es la musa de todos?
¿Por qué su cara está envuelta en oscuridad?
Mientras su hermana brilla como Arcos
Dorados.
Toma la mano de la noche
Y susurrarle al oído
"Sin la noche, el día sería libre.
¿Entiendes lo horrible que sería eso?
Sin dormir.
Sin calma.
Sin tiempo para recargar.
Y una pequeña luz se enciende en el corazón de
la noche.

What the judges said...

An interesting and memorable poem, with a good ending. Full of originality and creativity, we really enjoyed this meditation on the difference between day and night and how we need both.

Espacio

La serenidad silencia mi mente
La quietad me envuelve creando armonía
Mi espacio personal es mi santuario

Conversaciones discordantes y quejas en el air
El frenesí a mi alrededor perturba mi interior
Pero honestamente,
¿cómo puedo empezar a preocuparme?

La necesidad de validación constante consume a las personas a mi
alrededor
El clamor por reconocimiento eclipsa la empatía

Pero al final del día , encuentro calma en mi hogar
Solo yo ... y la paz

By Freya Candeland (Year 8)

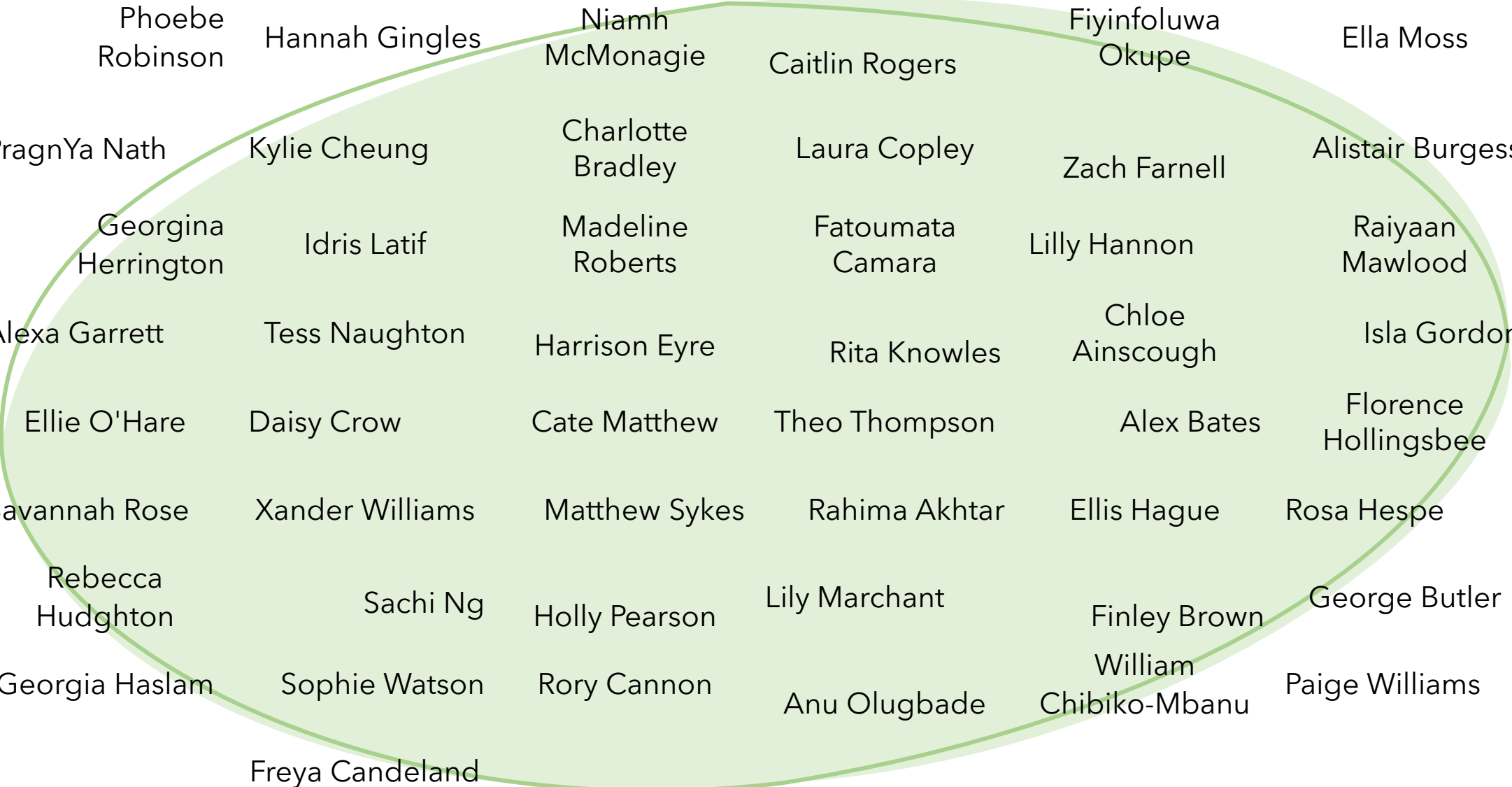
Weatherhead High School

Spanish

What the judges said...

Reflective and life-affirming, an interesting and memorable poem with a message we can all learn from.

Congratulations to all our Other Tongue 2024 winners...



Phoebe Robinson
Hannah Gingles
Niamh McMonagie
Caitlin Rogers
Fiyinfoluwa Okupe
Ella Moss

PragnYa Nath
Kylie Cheung
Charlotte Bradley
Laura Copley
Zach Farnell
Alistair Burgess

Georgina Herrington
Idris Latif
Madeline Roberts
Fatoumata Camara
Lilly Hannon
Raiyaan Mawlood

Alexa Garrett
Tess Naughton
Harrison Eyre
Rita Knowles
Chloe Ainscough
Isla Gordon

Ellie O'Hare
Daisy Crow
Cate Matthew
Theo Thompson
Alex Bates
Florence Hollingsbee

Savannah Rose
Xander Williams
Matthew Sykes
Rahima Akhtar
Ellis Hague
Rosa Hespe

Rebecca Hudghton
Sachi Ng
Holly Pearson
Lily Marchant
Finley Brown
George Butler

Georgia Haslam
Sophie Watson
Rory Cannon
Anu Olugbade
William Chibiko-Mbanu
Paige Williams

Freya Candeland

Thanks to our wonderful judges...

Ching Yan Chan (Erika)
BA Social Work

Sumithreyi Sivapalan (Sumi)
PhD

Anita Ngai
MFA Creative Writing

Humayra Rahman Begum
*Business Management with
Spanish*

Nazia Dina
Library Assistant

Abhijeet Singh
MFA Creative Writing

Laura Martin-Cisneros
Spanish Tutor

Lebonetse Khubamang
BA Linguistics

Rebecca May Magalhaes
(Becky May)
MA Creative Writing

Connie Rigby
MFA Creative Writing

Mother Tongue Other Tongue

Edited and created by Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University,
Mother Tongue Other Tongue was created by Professor Carol Ann Duffy DBE, Creative
Director of the Manchester Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University.

“Through the many languages of poetry, in multiple tongues, we can hear the truths of this
world we must learn to share.”