The Fading Chimpanzee

As I opened my black stained eyes
From a sleep with no good side
Ashes of shredded trees
Demolished with fire
Surrounded me
The screaming of a murderous chainsaw
Plunging into a restless heart of another tree
Slabs of bleeding bark
Like skin from ourselves
Soaring as a single soul
Above the blacked out branches
Of water lost trees
My heart… it’s
Fading away so slowly
So painfully
Gone

Alexander Wall, aged 12, Tranby College.

Beauty

Giant glamorous guppies glide gracefully threw the glimmering grape green grooves in the water
Sun glazed seagulls swoop and somersault in the sensational summers sky
The seawater rolls in on to the ragged rocks creating a wondrous wave
Courageous cliffs surround the cleansing cove bright soft yellow sand forming dazing dunes covers the earth
Creaking caves conquer a wonderful land
That maintains its beauty still untouched by a human hand

Riley Mitchell, Aged 12, Tranby College
Fish

They never stop swimming
They have almost no limit to where they can go
Or what they see
The wonders of the sea
They see them everyday
Most of us never see them in our lives
Yet they never see the wonders of our world
What a wonderful adventure it would be to share our worlds
And see what the other could see…

Jamie Leopold, Aged 12, Tranby College

Orang-utan Capture

The warm, reassuring glow of the sizzling sun beamed upon my face
I am lost without a trace
Surrounded by thick, steel bars
Like an elephant in a jam jar
Stolen from my mother at two months
I have even forgotten how to jump
I am being kept for trading
My bright, matted orange fur is dull and slowly fading
No hope
All is lost
They think it’s a joke

Beth Western, Aged 12, Tranby College
The End

One breathe
One beat
One crash
Then heat

Intense white fire
Deep fissures through land
The quaking then breaking
Man hand in hand

To other begins
This happenstance no big deal
To humanity
To this life
The end all too real

The sun fizzles out
Nothing left to caress
And to think with our planet
Man was careless

Earth’s core burns so bright
It bursts through our planet
And melts all in sight

A punishment
A reward
The only way forward
Encouragement useless
But nothing ignored

Through suffering
Burning
Cries of pain
Earth shatters
Sky tears
Yet we died not in vain

Our purpose fulfilled
How to be sure
Just think
No more suffering
No crime and no law

Were we used
Were we useless
Experiments no less
Faith
Was it trickery
Was war for the best

We never will know
Our earth not intact
If we’d known this was coming
How would we react

Emily Williamson, Aged 12, Tranby College.

Today is a never ending nightmare, emotions running high.
A grey and gloomy morning, as I could see my fear in the discouraging sky.
The sound of the grand piano resonates from bar to bar.
The gleaming, glistening scales of the fish I’ve dreamt about for so long, seem so far.
The hot and humid atmosphere, causing my coat to feel heavy on my feeble and flimsy back.
I sit alone and empty, ‘when did my life get so off track.’

Jodie Smith, Aged 12, Tranby College
**Madness**

I found what they wrote  
They left a note  
Describing their life  
Of unbearable pain  
Like a unstoppable rain  
That they live  
When they land it is like a knife  
Stabbing with terrible strife  
All their fears forming in tears  
In the one moment before they jump  
There is no room for fear here  
Like a prison without a lock  
Like a boat without a dock  
They are lost but will never give in  
To pay the cost  
In the jump that will make or brake  
A life the blood rushes to their brain  
Through one vain fear must not be near  
It is madness  
This madness called Parkour!

**Riley Mitchell, Aged 12, 7 K, Tranby College**

Parkour was training for the French military. Parkour is normally practiced outdoors without any spectators. Parkour is the art of movement.

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**Fire**

Waiting for a spark to awaken his soul  
He patiently waits to achieve his goal  
Perfect conditions tempt him to flare  
With discarded leaf litter strewn everywhere  
The heavens provide him with a crucial spark  
And now he rears from the dark  
He leaves a trail of smoke and ash  
Obvious signs that he is back

Ripping through forests with the winds on his side  
Destroying populations that used to thrive

His enemies approach determined to win
After a long battle he has to give in

Shoots sprout from the blackened Marri tree
Life returns to the forests that were in jeopardy.

James Case, aged 12, Tranby College.

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Stormy Days

Shutters pounding against windows
Thumping of pouring rain
Howling of the screeching wind
Feeling like it will never end

No one can sleep
For the noise is unbearable
Cries of sadness from your new born
Of which, not now

Pitch black outside
Lights flickering like a fading match
Chandeliers swinging like branches in the wind
Wondering whether we will be plummeted into darkness

Faces full of dread
Only comfort is each other
For the frightening warning of the wind
Is much too terrifying too handle alone

Sitting silently in the living room
With blankets for warmth
Shakily sipping ice water from a glass
Soon making fingers numb
Although making no difference to your shivers

Cannot watch TV
For the power’s out
The only entertainment
Is water crashing against the carved cliffs
Though even that is not amusing

Frustrated and tired of this downpour
Wanting to sleep
Yet cannot
When will it end

Khloe Willmott, aged 12, Tranby College.