

I sit in my room, alone,
In my dusty, draughty, dirty room.
No one to talk to,
No one to play with,
Just me.
It's now 11 o'clock, but my clock does not chime, it's broke.
I hear some drunks singing and walking in figures of eight.
They don't know how lucky they are,
If only I could go out with mates and get drunk,
Huh, if I had the money.
I sit all day with nothing to do, no one will employ me,
So no money is coming in,
A pound will get me out, out of this place, the place where
loneliness dwells.
I have no friends, no money, no trust, no faith.
I am just one of those people whose heart is pining for someone
to talk to,
That's all we want,
Company.

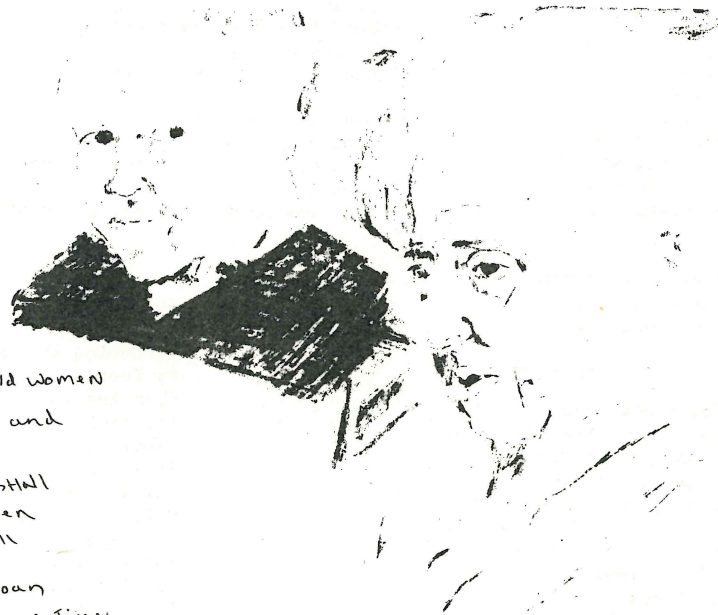
Karen Chatterway

I am old and tired
With a hairnet on my head
Wrinkles on my face
And I wish I was dead

I am shaky
And cannot hardly see
I sit at home crying
With my head on my knee

Peter Drew

Loneliness, all these people an
loneliness with
Smiles, false smiles, never a d
false smile.
The worries all seem to come to
Why did Sue have to die?
Why did the house catch fire?
Why wasn't I there to save her?
The firemen It was their fault,
soon enough.
All the people crowded round wa
Watching them carry out my baby
My poor burnt baby.
She was only 10, she was too yo
Why couldn't it have been me?
The memories haunt me at night.
If I wasn't so selfish, I'd hav
And missed Bingo for once.



THERE ARE Lots of old Women
MEN AS Well
All sitting in Rooms and
Looking at well

THAY wonder if they shall
See me would or even
See me sit as well

THEY moan, they groan
THEY sit and cry some times
THEY think they're going codie.

MATHEW

27.4.91.

I am lonely, walking about the
day. Nobody seems to want me.
about the street all imagining r
a millionaire, with a thousand p
my pocket. The more I imagine t
more I think I am not wanted any
People push me from place to pla
me to go away, because you are u
I feel as if I could cry. I am
old clothes I live in an old hou
sleep in an old bed. I wear dir
which are torn to pieces. I wis
happy like other people walking
street all day. I don't have an
to talk to, but I talk to myself
house is broken, full of mice wh
and eat my clothes at night. I
sleep at night with all the nois
make. But one day I hope I will
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loneliness with
Smiles, false smiles, never a day goes by without a
false smile.

The worries all seem to come to me.

Why did Sue have to die?

Why did the house catch fire?

Why wasn't I there to save her?

The firemen It was their fault, they didn't get there
soon enough.

All the people crowded round watching.

Watching them carry out my baby,

My poor burnt baby.

She was only 10, she was too young to die.

Why couldn't it have been me?

The memories haunt me at night.

If I wasn't so selfish, I'd have stayed home with her

And missed Bingo for once.

Ramona Harris

This world is dark and lonely.
Even though you have lots
of friends you are still
alone. Alone to survive, to
live, really it's just like
a ghost town, alone at night,
alone at day. People say
they will help but they are
just as same as the rest.
No one wants to know. Why
do we have to suffer? Why
can't they help us? You have
the T.V. you have the radio
but it's just a cover. You
see this world at night so
dark and lonely. Why does
it destroy us? Why does it
destroy itself.

Ann Tarry

I am lonely, walking about the street all
day. Nobody seems to want me. I walk
about the street all imagining myself as
a millionaire, with a thousand pounds in
my pocket. The more I imagine things, the
more I think I am not wanted anywhere.
People push me from place to place telling
me to go away, because you are wanted.
I feel as if I could cry. I am old in
old clothes I live in an old house, and
sleep in an old bed. I wear dirty clothes
which are torn to pieces. I wish I was
happy like other people walking about the
street all day. I don't have any friends
to talk to, but I talk to myself. My
house is broken, full of mice which come
and eat my clothes at night. I hardly
sleep at night with all the noise the mice
make. But one day I hope I will be happy
like other people and be rich.

Darshan Kaur

THINKING

Looking at people
Thinking what they are thinking,
Is it troubles she or he is thinking about,
or is it children?
Maybe it's a drunken husband,
is she thinking 'What nice people.'
Or how right they are or wicked
and how the children look.
Or is she thinking 'I wonder how my
children are.'
Or the men thinking 'Is my wife left me
or is she in the pub as usual.'
NO ONE knows
NO ONE WANTS to know.

Marion Sheen



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and
Hall
in
can
me Times
sing codie.

MATSHU

27.4.91

SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT

They are the people of the night
Walking along the streets
Cold, hungry and sometimes drunk.
When people pass by
They circle wide
Not feeling the hurt
The night people feel.
Not knowing or caring why
They live like animals
Finding food in dustbins.

They make their homes
On dumps and in fallen down houses,
On door steps or in the roads,
In parks or benches in churches
And even in the house of God.
They are turned out
In to the rain and cold
Of the night.

Finding more shelter
They cover themselves
With newspapers or torn blankets,
For their clothes
No longer keep them warm
For they are old and torn
Like their owners,

Torn apart by people.
Who do not understand
And despise them.

Torn apart by children
Who torment them,
Throwing stones and tins
At them when they pass,
Torn apart by the world.

The rats and other night creatures
Run over their cold stiff bodies
At night.
They bite them and tear
At their flesh,
And sometimes the clothes
Become their shelter.

In the day
They walk along the roads
Stopping people for money.
How many of us humane humans
Walk by nose in the air
Looking at them as if they
were the lowest of the low?

So stop hurting them
And help them.

Moira Lynch



My future
a millionaire to a tramp,
what will be my future?
It's limited to
brains,
and if I haven't got brains -
a tramp
a nightwatchman,
no brains needed in those things.
Or with brains a millionaire
prime minister
an executive.
Brains -
the gap between reality and tramps.

Jimmy Went

Any old Rags, any old rags.
At 9 o'clock H.D. Ritchens comes
along with his horse Ned,
With a shout a noise of the hoofs.
No rags today along here Ned.
Then the noise slowly seeps
into the distance.
Any old Rags, any old rags ...

Colin Graves

My future, what is it?
Or is that too much a question
that my mind can't function
to answer.
It's that open space that every-
one looks into.
We step forward a pace.
Leave past and present and
concentrate on the future.
The thing I must penetrate,
And put up, against patience.
But I
Must use the patience to
withstand the suspense of what
my future holds.
Not me, you, or anyone can
tell you what you're waiting
for.
You'll never reach your peak.
Future!
Future is infinity
That goes on and on.
It never ends until one gives
in, and it's you.
It grows old, you die.
And never can you tell what
you once had, but you never
did find out what it was
you were seeking.

Sharon Harrison

THE MAN

There was a man in the street,
So old and cold he could not
speak,
With eyes of blue and hair of grey
He walked and walked by, did not speak.

He walked through the day,
He walked by night,
With clothes so old with holes,
So if you see this man, help him
if you can.

Beverly Davis

No money no food
And only rags to wear
Nothing to pawn except the ring I wear

Walking down the same old streets
I have holes in my shoes
And my coat's split
My shirt is a piece of cloth to keep
me warm.

My harmonica keeps me alive
I beg for my life
I can hardly see
No one talks to a tramp like me

John Kerslake

My name is Jack
and I live in the back
of a city slum
with rain beating on my back

I was born in the rain
And there I'll probably die,
I may look like a tramp
But this tramp doesn't lie.

I knew a little tramp once
I lent him half a crown
he said, 'I won't forget you, mate'
Now he owns a building in the centre
of New York town.

But for me there is little hope,
Like rain I come and go
I said I'd never told a lie
But my name is really Joe.

Billy Douglass

WHAT DO THEY FEEL?

What do they feel
those little kids
running and jumping in the streets
playing run outs
or knocking on doors
what do they feel
rolling on the floors?
In the country, or on Mars
do they play the same as those?

Caroline Lindsay

THE ROLLING ROPE

As you run up the ramp
You've got to be fast
Or else you'll slide back down again.
When you get to the top, you can see the
of the people's heads,
Then you walk along a thin, half-burnt
You've got to be careful or else you'll
Then you come to the rope
the rolling rope
Somebody swings it up
You grab hold of it
Then you jolt
You're on, you're on the rolling rope,
You feel like Tarzan falling through the
You look at the post
It's coming nearer and nearer
You think you're going to crash,
But the rolling rope is slowing down
As if it knows you're in danger ...
Then it stops.
You get off and start again.

David Franklin

MY HERO

My hero is a brave man
with muscles like steel.
He rides a big white stallion
up and down each hill.
One day he will come for me
on the horse I told you of.
My hero has shoulder length blonde hair,
Wearing leathers rich and soft.
A silver sword will glisten
in the sun that he creates,
His hair will swing and shine in the sun
As he rides looking for me.
On the day that he does find me
Oh, how happy I shall be.

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You've got to be careful or else you'll fall off.
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WHEN I AM NAUGHTY

When I am naughty
I get sent to bed
With a whack round the leg
I hear the door open and shut
Who could it be?
Aunts or uncles
But what do I care
I'm in bed with dreams in my hair.
I hear the birds singing
The trees are very still.
I hear the cars whizzing past
As if they're late for work,
I hear children playing
People speaking too ...
When I'm naughty that's what
I have to do.

Nicky McQueen
Age 8

EMPTY DOCKS

I go to a raft
it is so big and fat
it floats on water
and moves like a rat

It is in the ghostly docks
it's made of solid wood
from the gates of the locks -
I go in the daytime and in the night

I go with my mates
We climb the big gates
to get on this big fat raft
And then we row out and about

We cross the water
from side to side
We heave with sticks
in a heavy great stride

We know we will cross
to see the moss
on each side
of the rocky docks

Gary Matthews

LILLIAN BOARD

Now I lay here ill, as I
remember when I ran and won
and lost. People cheered me.
I thought it would never end,
but it did. I don't think I can
bear this pain any more. But I
have to. I want to live to run.
They say I am getting better,
but I don't think I am. Why did
it happen to me? I never thought
it could, I thought it would only
happen to other people. Dr. Issels
has been marvellous to me, but even
all the pills and drugs he gives
me ... they don't work. I don't
want to die. My last bit of
strength has gone. I am dying now.
Don't leave me. They will probably
forget me in a week's time. But I
really don't want to die.

Ann Tarry

AS I WALK WITH DEATH

As I walk along the beach
The waves splashing around my feet,
I hear the birds above my head
Singing their songs of love.

They fly around singing their songs,
Singing their songs of love.

I will walk till I can walk no more,
The birds will fly till they can fly
no more,
But whatever happens in this world
Our soul goes on living, so we're told.

If our soul goes on living as we're told,
Where will it go when it's left us?
It might go to Hell
It might go to Heaven,
But there's one thing we know for sure,
We will be dead and forgotten.

No one's going to remember us when we're
gone,
And why should they, anyway?
It's not like we're a Tchaikovsky or
Beethoven.

So why not end this nonsense by saying,
'No one's going to remember us when
we're dead and decaying.'

Joanna Sawyer

I've been through the pain before
We could find the money
I don't want to kill it,
It's human like me
What shall I do?
I will have to find the money
To have the
ABORTION
The money I pay to have
it done would be able
to pay for my
CHILD
if I let it live...
which I don't think
I will.
I have four other kids
Why can't I make it five?
We'll manage somehow...

While I was thinking this
The abortion has been
Done.
Now it's all over...

Janice Lee

GRANDAD

'Grandad, Grandad, Grandad'
I hear the kiddies cry.
'Give us a tanner',
Why in my day

No one would cry for sixpence,
It was unheard of,
Only beggars do ...
I hear my mother cry
'Charlie, dinner's ready...'

Oh I was happy way back then
But everyone must grow up
And break away from families.
Oh, how I loved my childhood,
But now it is all gone
I'm brought back to reality
With the kids calling

'Grandad, Grandad, Grandad,
You're dreaming you silly old man,
Give us a tanner an' we'll go away
Grandad, Grandad, Grandad ...'

Sandra Balloch

THE PEARL

It's down there, look.
It's glowing ... Oh, why can't
I have it?
I'll jump in,
Oh ... I've scraped my head
on the boat,
How it hurts - it's the pearl,
As I pick it up it's evil.
As I come up the boats are there.
As I look, it sparkles with evil,
The sun reflects off it in my eyes.
My soul hardens, my body hardens,
I am part of the evil now.

Jimmy Went

Now while you're sitting ideally
by the fireside
And you're looking at the world
through darkened glass
Still thinking of the love which
we have had, but is now
in the past

Now as the tears begin to fall
from my eyes
And my make-up is streaming down
my cheeks
I sit in silence but for the
crackling firelight.

Lesley Docker

THE MOON

Three women waving goodbye,
Three men saying goodbye.
The women are going in the air
The men are staying down here.
Going higher and faster in the air
Going further and slower to their homes.
The faster the time is travelling
The further the women are getting.
It is a race:
The men are home
The women are still travelling
The men are asleep
The women are upon the moon
The men are dreaming
The women are walking,
The walk is slower than the dream.

Susan Johnson

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Susan Johnson

One cold and stormy night
As the moon was full and bright,
What was known as Dracula's power
Came on the stroke of the twelfth hour.

He rose from a coffin from a sleep
While the church bell rang with a creep,
He lives on blood alone
Is always breaking people's bones,
He strikes as the wind upon the branches
moans.

As evening falls and morning comes,
He walks away from the London slums.

Margaret Retter

MACBETH

Fear in night
bright in light
It comes in the night
The fear of man arise

It sings out at night
then the bright light appears
and there you see
the ghost of Macbeth
arise

Martin Austin

JACK THE RIPPER

I lurk in the doorways of Whitechapel
In the mists
And the narrow roads
With my knife that is as sharp
As knife through butter.
I hide in the doorways
And slit the whores' throats
Without them making a sound,
And the police are fools
They do not know that I am
one of them,
But who would look for a killer
So terrifying
Dressed in the Policeman's uniform?
Only me ...
For I am Jack the Ripper

Peter Kett

THE UNDERGROUND

Taking the escalator, I lowered myself down, down under
the ground to the awaiting monster.

A large crowd was waiting impatiently.

A small child walked to the edge of the platform and
was on the verge of falling, when her mother
let out a shriek and grabbed her,

And an old man sat in the corner sucking a pipe, half
asleep.

One lady was kicking and thumping a cigarette machine
to find the drawer was stuck.

Dirt, sweet wrappers and paper covering the floor and
overflowing out of garbage bins.

Outside an office a foreign porter was glancing at his
watch to find the train was ten minutes late.

As a sound is heard in the distance, people sitting down
gather their luggage as a gentle breeze warns them
of the train's arrival.

People bustle to get on and off the train.

It pulls off, leaving the unfortunate ones behind for
another boring wait

As the action repeats itself.

On the circular walls there are advertisements for films.

Another mechanical monster has pulled up for more subjects,

And as I walk into this everlasting tube I have a sudden
fear as the doors close behind me.

I am on my own.

I want to get off but now I am imprisoned in a cell that
has been locked and the key has been lost.

As the train chuggs off I look to see the walls zooming
past the windows.

The green and red eyes show the way.

I just sit and wait.

I do not like it in Poplar
It's so dull in my block.
In Chrisp Street there are always
fights and police around there.
I would like to go live in
Canada
Because my uncle and aunt
and my cousin live there
And I have never seen them ...
Well, that won't come true yet,
But it will one day

Christine Doe

BOARDED UP

Just down the road
Is a boarded up shop,
I don't know how long,
It was like that when we moved here.
Skinheads have kicked some planks in,
Leaving holes for the rats to creep in at night
It was owned by Mr. Sternberg,
And he used to give Green Shield Stamps,
The notice is still there,
The shop is number 46,
I wonder how its still there?
I wonder what Mr. Sternberg looked like?
I wonder? I wonder?

Cheryl Tov

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Cheryl Tovey

Soon will be Friday, time to leave

and go out into the world.

It has gone so quick ...

couple of days to go.

See new faces, meet new people -

no more will we see our friends.

Will we see them again?

We don't know

We hope so

Will I be sad?

Or will I be glad?

In this great big world.

Lauraine and Margaret

What will I be when
I grow up?
None of the usual jobs
I do know that

Mum says 'No dirty jobs
We've enough dirt with dad's'
Dad says 'A cushy job
Then you'll be alright,lad.'

But I might surprise them yet
And do the job I'd like
A gardener's what I'd like to be
And a gardener I just might ...

Timothy Crow