

He cried out in pain,
He cried out in vain,
He was so brave,
He fell just like a wave,
Sinking under his weight.

He feels pain,
He feels his life in vain,
but he was so brave,
Just like a wave of strength.

Samy Williams.



As the bullet reaches
my body i begin
to sway

my head is in a
daze as my
body begins to
fray

the blood is
frithtning to
my eyes i

Wish i wouldnt
die.

*Graham
line*

Last moments to death,
Step out to gunfire,
Order to lie in the hills of death,
As you step out.
First gunfire, then intense silence
No visions,
No Body,
Can't move,
Just floating away
is that the mercy of God
After life on Earth?

On the silent universe
in the corner
was a science fiction reality
such advanced science
but savageness and torture
was advanced too
Nature has its own way to kill
the human's imagination

The Earth drags on, heavier and heavy
Our star begins to lose its shine
Grandfather's clock ticks on leaving
No one wants to wait, listen and look

At last they become old and slow and
Like a new bulb from an old powerhou

Came like the Thunder
Gone like the wind
A person's speedy life
is passed
Our dim planet is dark gloomy
and silent
Every dark gloomy alley was silent
No one moved, everybody
lay silent on the floor
The End has Come,
The doomed planet circles the
Sun forever

Pain,
I want
to,
to always,
is weight.

to us with
so brave
due of strength.

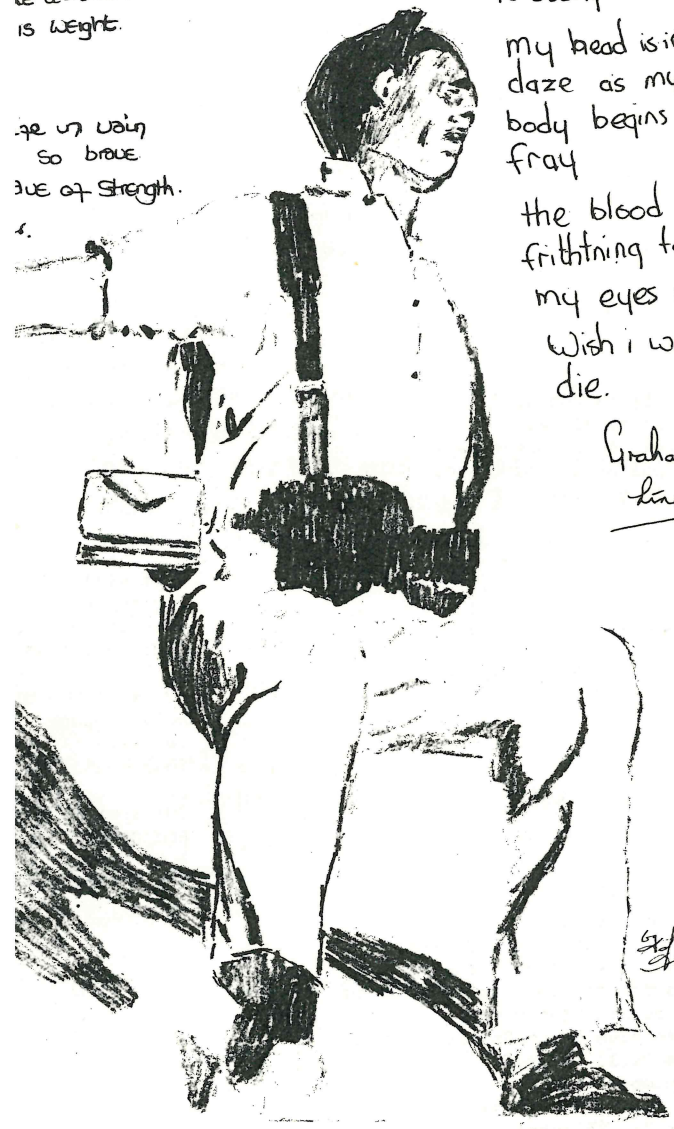
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The Earth drags on, heavier and heavier by the ever growing population,
Our star begins to lose its shine
Grandfather's clock ticks on leaving its owner to rot.
No one wants to wait, listen and look at themselves or what they are doing to what
is around them
At last they become old and slow and are left behind by the new generation,
Like a new bulb from an old powerhouse.

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THE CELLS

Among the crimes there is innocence
Among the bad there is Good
Through Injustice Justice stood
Through the dark Hell
Brightness shone,
Dimness of Space
Brightness of Earth
Darkness of death
Brightness of light

Look skywards
The sun is going red
It's old now,
cold and lifeless,
A lone person
Shouts,
Nobody answers
everything is still
Tranquil like it used
to be

The mind is a dark Gloomy hell,
Where anything can happen,
It foretells your death your tragedy,
It is an uncontrollable torture
It starts something which is to be
finished.

Nature's dim dark future
Past is gone
Nature's gone too,
Present is passing
Dim dark nature dissolving too
future is bright
but only for fright
Dim dark nature.

SOLDIER

I was a soldier
A cockney soldier
A man that was born to die
Only cockney blokes get killed
Stuff officers stay back safely.

I was a soldier
A cockney soldier
Before I died on the hill
With a bullet in my heart
I clawed my way to hell.

My brother was a soldier.
A bloody good soldier.
He was also born to die.
But he died by being shot
Climbing over the wire back to
our trenches.
We both met in hell.

Colin Graves

As they wait,
Wait for their enemies to strike again
Lying in wait, hoping they'll win.
Machine guns, rifles,
The noise is terrifying
But if you have to fight, you have
got to suffer.

The wounds are painful
do you know what that means?
It's your turn to die next
although you've done nothing.
The blood is frightening
your wounds are horrifying to look at,
but you know your turn has
come to die.

Pat Crouch

One night I had a dream
A dream about another war
Bombs flying from the sky
Falling on little kids
Killing them to the ground
Don't no one have feelings
for kids and cripples?
People are running away
With blood pouring from them
Don't no one care?

Timothy Crow

Guns are nothing but hate
Guns are nothing but hate
When you use them it is too late
Look at the things they do kill
All of which were alive and real
Can't you see the harm they do
Maybe one day it will be you
So when and if you buy a gun
Throw it away and you have won

Charley Mason

War is a stupid thing
It is all killing and blood
Arms and legs flying everywhere.
But people are getting killed
And that's what I detest.
I would put all the leaders and generals
In a ring, and let them fight it out -
That's what I think's best.

Wayne Murphy

OCTOBER 1936

We stood at Gardiner's Corner,
We stood and watched the crowds,
We stood at Gardiner's Corner,
Firm, solid, voices loud.

Came the marching of the blackshirts,
Came the pounding of their feet,
Came the sound of ruffians marching
Where the five roads meet.

We thought of many refugees
fleeing from the fascist hordes,
The maimed, the sick,
The young, the old,
Those who had fought the fascist lords.

So we stopped them there at Gardiner's,
We fought and won our way.
We fought the baton charges,
No fascist passed that day!

Milly Harris
Age 65

Sometimes when I am lonely
playing football in the park,
hoping to train myself to be a good player
play for my football team WEST HAM
then England or cyprus.

The only thing that stops us is,
The barbed wire everywhere.
There have been about hundred
balls busted at least. They put the
barbed wire there because the ball
goes over and sometimes smashes
the windows of the sweet shops ...

George Georghiou

As I sit there thinking
I hear a strange noise
I wonder what it is
So I look out to see what it is
I can see something
Dropping from a black cloud.
Suddenly it falls
There is thick black smoke
Coming from everywhere
Is it another war?
I just don't know.

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BARBED WIRE

I was tired, cold, hungry and thirsty.
We had walked for hundreds of miles,
Through swamps and jungles,
over deserts and plains
and then worse much worse
through snow the cold, cold snow.
Tens of thousands died of frostbite,
and then after the snow and the winter
We came to the wire.
I felt I could not go on.
I laid on the wire,
And quietly died.

Martin Laws

THE SECRET

I have a secret,
A secret I have,
The secret of life and death,
And while I lie in my bed so warm,
I remember the poem I read.

My secret is of youth,
My secret is of life and death
And yet while I lay in the warm,
I see my life as death.

My life, my death,
My death, my life,
And yet while I lie in the warm,
Again I see my life as death,
And I will be no more.

I will be no more,
And I will be no more,
For I am at the point of death,
And my life I'll live no more.

Joanna Sawyer

STANDING WAITING FOR AUNTY AVE

These are the same faces,
The face has moved.
If no air had been here
To breathe my youth.
These are the same smells,
And the sounds, and the moods;
The babies are boys
And the women balcony bending
And window watching
Are older.
At Flower and Dean St.
The same since I
Was playing ball on the bannerstairs
And my cousin flew planes
In the playground
And the communists
Opposed Mosley in Whitechapel.

But the people look at me oddly
Standing on the stairs in the sun
Waiting and gazing at them.
I wonder do they recognise
The boy again?

I make them think that time
Has gone like an indolent tourist,
As if it suddenly come to them that they
Are still there,
Talking, repeating the same things.
Flower and Dean St. has made them,
Altered their sense and sight,
The sounds they make across the landings.
The Flowerery is their creation and
Their heritage,
Which none shall claim
Or shall admire, or remember.

But this boy cannot forget.
He has lost the passion of its poverty
And the youthful indignation
And the horror and the tears,
But still remains the mood.
And I am not excited by the filth
And I am not tortured by the stench,
I have only left a dull
Acceptance and a knowledge that
This is it, has been for years
And will be more, but that
One day as surely as
The Flowerery is the Flowerery
So surely will it be no more
It will decay as violently
As it lethargically has lived.

Arnold Wesker 5.5.53



SITTING WAITING FOR AUNTY AVE

These are the same faces,
No face has moved.
As if no air had been here
Since my youth.
These are the same smells,
And the sounds, and the moods;
The babies are boys
And the women balcony bending
Window watching
Are older.
But Flower and Dean St.
Is the same since I
Was playing ball on the bannerstairs
And my cousin flew planes
In the playground
And the communists
Stopped Mosley in Whitechapel.

But the people look at me oddly
Sitting on the stairs in the sun
Writing and gazing at them.
I wonder do they recognise
The boy again?
Do I make them think that time
Has gone like an indolent tourist,
Does it suddenly come to them that they
Are still there,
Speaking, repeating the same things.
Flower and Dean St. has made them,
Moulded their sense and sight,
The sounds they make across the landings.
The Flowery is their creation and
Their heritage,
Which none shall claim
Nor shall admire, or remember.

Yet this boy cannot forget.
I've lost the passion of its poverty
And the youthful indignation
And the horror and the tears,
Yet still remains the mood.
And I am not excited by the filth
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I have only left a dull
Acceptance and a knowledge that
This is, has been for years
And will be more, but that
One day as surely as
The Flowery is the Flowery
So surely will it be no more
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WHEN IM A MAN
I BET I CAN
CLIMB A MOUNTAIN AND
FLY TO JAPAN,
RIDE EVERY RACING CAR,
RIDE INTO SPACE
AND FINISH MY TEA
WITHOUT JAM ON MY FACE.

Jackie Tolley



by jimmy may
The drawings in this book are by Jimmy May
aged 15 of Shadwell; Jimmy left school in
July and is now a trainee butcher in Blackwall.

Since the first edition of *Stepney Words* was published in 1971, resulting in the dismissal of Chris Searle from his school, 13,000 copies of these poems have been printed and sold, giving these young working class children a readership far larger than that of many established poets.

Stepney Words was in many ways a pioneer for the great upsurge over the last five years in community and working class publishing, and where the movement to write and publish was taken up in a small area of the East End of London five years ago, today it is being continued in many other towns and cities throughout the country.

