**Poetry Selection Week 2**

**Young Writers’ Collective**

**Ledbury Poetry Festival Community Programme**

**Out the window by Sophie**

Staring out the window

My mind an empty void

The sky a mixture of blue and pink

Bleeding out as it stretches into the horizon

It’s evening now, yet it shines bright

A stark contrast to my dark room

Green treetops peeking above the houses in front of me

The charcoal roads and pavements so silent and peaceful

Cars laying dormant in the car park

Just waiting for the time their owners can use them again

Last night an argument erupted across the street

But tonight, it’s so quiet

**Social Media by Harvey**

I never used to think of it as "social" media. I saw it as a tool.  
Now that I can’t see or speak to the people I hold dear, with social media i feel as though they are near.  
Before there was just Facebook for me, now discord ,snapchat and WhatsApp have opened my eyes to the possibilities.  
Video and voice chat has allowed me to chat to my parents and nerd out with my friends.  
I now truly understand the "social" side of social media.

**Out the window by Jayme**

Out my window I lent,

For the big event.

Waiting for it to turn eight,

So we can all celebrate.

Those that try to keep us safe

And stop us going to our grave.

Which puts them at risk,

Every time they start their shift.

I see people on the street,

Clapping to the beat.

I see some with drums,

Some are standing with their mums.

Others hanging out their windows,

One was even waving their pillow.

Some people were shouting,

Others were just clapping.

I could hear people singing,

Others were just listening.

As they smoked their cigarette,

This is something I will never forget.

I was so delighted,

That we were all united.

Even though we were two meters apart,

I could feel the love deep in my heart.

**Specially Selected by Ellie**

I am no believer in God but when I tell you that someone, somewhere specially selected this girl for me know that I mean it.

I have been abused not just physically but mentally. I have been told probably most things you could think of. So I ask you to sit and think, think about what might be the worst thing you think I’ve been told.

Let’s start with image.

“Ugly” had it,

“Fat” yep had that,

“Disgusting, vile, obese” had those too.

Now let’s think mental.

I have been told I have no place on this earth, to breath, to live, to be happy. I have been told I am worth less than the shit on the bottom of their shoe. I have been told I will never be loved, just - because - I - am - me.

I have been used in more way than one. So the smart kid in school gets used for their brains, okay, I feel for them. But I have been used for my body, and when I said no I was torn down mentally until I froze. I - froze. I have been brought up to “stand up” and “don’t let nobody hurt you”. So why did I freeze? Only God knows. Maybe I was specially selected to have this upon me so someone else didn’t have to.

But we are getting off track, I tend to do that. Sorry.

What I’m trying to say is, I have someone who loves me. I have someone accepts me for me and loves me for me.

Like I said before, I am no believer in God but I do believe that someone, somewhere saw my pain and sent her for me. Maybe I was meant to endure all of that pain and mental suffering to reach my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow after the storm.

I guess what I’m trying to say is, don’t let nobody hurt you. And if they do or they already have, know you’re enough. And know that your pot of gold is waiting for you too. But don’t rush. It’ll come. Because they were specially selected to come at a certain time. They will come and you can be happy and you can feel loved and you will be happy and you will be loved.

I promise.

So, whoever it was that specially selected her for me, thank you. Truly.

**Kelsey: What’s Outside My Window**

Birds, torn rubbish bags, scattering the Hereford city streets. Not a single person in sight. The only thing i can see is flying birds hovering in the sky over our town. No noise from people drunk leaving pubs or the kids playing in the streets. No motorbike engines running or boy racers razing around the streets.  What can I hear out of my window is a familiar noise a noise you may get from the seaside, the seaside bird that flies over the beach and makes noises calling to one another that echos.

Now you ask what’s outside my window keeping me awake or disturbing my piece and quite fucking sea gulls that are accumulating in numbers, nesting on roof tops and circling above the town while they watch over businesses and houses for food

**Trapped inside – a response to Harvey’s poem *missing out* by Jayme**

I use to dread going back to my flat,

I wanted to stay out.

I would look up at the clock,

I wanted time to just stop.

It never did,

So on my bike I would ride,

To the place I would only sleep.

Early I would rise,

So that I could leave this place.

For a few hours at least,

Is that to much to ask.

Now I am trapped here,

I am not allowed out.

I look out of my window,

Its sunny and bright.

Oh how I long to go out side,

To get on my bike

And go for a ride.

We are allowed to exercise,

But it’s only an hour a day.

I want to go out for full fucking day.

Now I am stuck here,

Memories flooding back.

I am losing time again,

As I sleep the day away.

Nightmares haunt me,

Not letting me sleep.

Oh how I long to leave,

So that I can do my photography.

Instead of sitting here on my own,

With the memories that just won’t go.

I want to be free again,

I want to see my family and friends.

I don’t want to be locked up,

Like a tiger in a cage.

My mind won’t rest,

As I clean up my mess.

Everywhere I turn,

It reminds me of her

And all the things she use to do.

Oh how I long to leave this place,

It’s slowly driving me insane.

**Kelsey: Empty Spaces**

Empty Spaces

Due to Covid 19 we have to stay at home, which means no work, no school, no commitments or routines.

Just empty spaces in our mind. What do we fill it with? Well it’s up to you!

For me, the empty spaces in my mind I need to fill why because I will I loose myself and who I am as a person and I refuse to let mental health win!

Empty spaces, yes they need filling, filling with positivity, strength and the biggest thing of all determination! Determination to better oursselves, to grow to achieve and to succeed in life.

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