Week 4 Young Writers’ Writing

From Ledbury Poetry Festival Community Programme  
  
**Healing Hands by Ellie**   
  
Hands don’t heal like people say,  
all I know is that everything will be okay.  
Hands don’t heal,  
they crack and they peel.  
They peel the layers away,  
to make everything okay.  
The touch of a hand is all it can take,  
for goodness sake.  
Hands that heal,  
hands that peel.  
Hands that cry,  
and hands that sigh.  
Warm hands cold heart some may say,  
but come what may,  
those hands that once peeled,  
will surely be healed.  
  
**The blossom fears to touch me by Kelsey**  
The blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees.   
A  second generation that formed from the seeds   
The grief has taken over but why should I try when my body wants to cry  
I am the second generation that formed from the seeds   
the seeds that should have began to flourish,   
flourish at the start of spring,   
spring slowly turning to summer   
but one bloom in that blossom tree didn’t open this year and now the blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees.  
  
The roots of the blossom tree grew before my generation    
my generation that seen the last bloom of blossom this year at the start of  spring,    
now the heavens have opened and we all heard that bell ring    
 One blossom bloom bud did not fully flourish this year   
so is it I who is scared of the blossom to touch me as I walk between the tree   
because my roots are still growing but give me time   
and I will blossom and produce the 3 generation of seeds   
but until then the blossom fears to touch me as I walk between the trees  
 **I can hear your face begin to smile by Sophie**The light shines all around you  
A glowing angels halo  
The good days, you’re so full of life  
You light up every room  
The bad days, that halo constantly remains  
Standing strong against the negative force field trying to pull you under   
To drown you  
But you keep fighting   
They say beauty is only skin deep   
They clearly haven’t met you   
Beautiful on the inside and out   
A heart of pure gold   
Your joy lights up my very being   
Every day, I hope to see you smile  
To hear it in your voice  
To feel it in my soul  
Because that smile  
Is more than anything I could ever wish for   
**Smile *In response to – I can hear your face begin to smile,* by Jayme**Smiling is infectious,  
You catch it like a cold.  
  
Someone smiled at me today,  
I started smiling too.  
  
I rounded the corner  
And he noticed my grin.  
  
That’s when I realised,  
He caught it from me.  
  
I thought about the smile  
And couldn’t believe its worth.  
  
A simple smile just like mine,  
Could make its way around the earth.  
  
So if you feel a smile begin,  
Make sure it doesn’t go undetected.  
  
Let’s start a healthy epidemic  
And let the world get infected.   
  
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