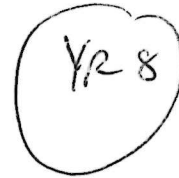


Name: Teddy Crosky-Fergusson

The house you are in: Nelson

BRUERN ABBEY SCHOOL

Refuge poem



My refuge is my family

Before I met them, I didn't know who would look after me
Before I met them, I didn't know what would happen
Before I met them, I didn't know if I would survive
Before I met them, I didn't know what adoption was

Now i've met them I, have a dog's who loves me
Now i've met them I, have a horse
Now i've met them I, have a trampoline
Now i've met them I, have a home

Since i've had a family, I know who I am
Since i've had a family, I know what I feels to be loved
Since i've had a family, I know what I feels to cared

Now I Know what a family feels like

Name matthew exell

House drake

In the green forest
Far from all people
hidden by the trees
No one will see

A glowing happiness sparkles from inside
Im joyful when at the hill
All my fears rolling down hill

Being high in the sky
Saying good by to fear
I can be my self
When i land im back

I feel safe when i am there
I feel happy when i am there
I feel myself when i am there
I feel peaceful when i am there.

My happy place by matthew exell

Really fabulous matthew.
i'm so pleased you finished it
Very heart felt.

Yr 8

Name: Graham McClelland Bruern Abbey School

The house you are in: Drake

Refuge in Ravioli

In a world where injustice and cruelty are a large part
Being bullied can break a heart
I face the taunts and the hurtful jeers
Here, among pots and pans, I face my fears.
I find solace in the heat
Spreading out the pasta sheets

With dough and spices in my hand,
I knead and roll in shapes so grand
My refuge from sorrow and despair
Each piece is a packet of love to share.

For in the simple act of creation
I find self-worth and feel affection
Though the bullies still exist
Ravioli brought me bliss.

With every pinch and every fold
I pour my heart into the gold
And when I fill them all with pride
The comfort I feel I can't hide

Each delicate parcel I carefully mould
Filled with love and stories untold
As I knead the dough, my worries fade
The cutlery comes out, the table laid.

With newfound courage, I face every day
The bullies words have no sway
I share my ravioli, all day and all night
Spreading love, courage with all my might.

I invite my bullies to come taste and see
The joy that gathers in ravioli
They gather round, till friendships are built
Forgiveness is both sown and reaped.

In the warmth of friendship, differences fade away
Love and compassion are growing, day by day.
The love in their hearts is my creation
With ravioli comes transformation

This is my tale of resistance and art
I hope my story shows the power of hearts
I am a boy, no more in despair
Who found love and comfort in my cooking affairs.

My refuge

Is going out on the dirt bike

My refuge is jumping across the sky

My refuge is wheelieing down the street

My refuge is racing across a track with my friends

My refuge is riding in the dark

My refuge is riding too the sunset

This is my refuge

Name: christopher errey
in:wellinton

bruern abbey

The house you are

Refuge poem

Rushing through the water

Water thrashing through my face
water thrashing through my waist
Please respect my quiet place

Chlorine going up my nose like a garden hose
I don't wear many clothes
Please respect my quiet place

The water make me could
And makes me more bold
Please respect my quiet place

When i swim i feel free
Like a garden tree
Please respect my quiet place

The edge of the river where I stand
I look down and down At the water going past the rocks
it's satisfying but sometimes I'll have to stop
But that's not for a long while.

The edge of the river where I stand
I feel the water rushing through the tips of my nails
it's satisfying but sometimes I'll have to stop
But that's not for a long while.

The edge of the river where I stand
I hear the water crashing against the rocks
I hear the Water moving the rocks
it's satisfying but sometimes I'll have to stop
But that's not for a long while.

The edge of the river where I stand
I can taste the smell of the leaves
it's satisfying but sometimes I'll have to stop
But that's not for a long while

Nelson forever.

Name: Max Marnham

The house you are in: Drake

Ode to Pompey.

My refuge, Is Fratton Park...

You can feel the passion, building inside
You love the breeze of being by the seaside.
You love the feeling of blue everywhere,
You love the fact that everyone cares,
Walk down the alleyway; near the south stand,
Go through the turnstiles; and get your ticket scanned,
Get yourself some food, and go find your seat,
It's almost kick-off, so be ready for the heat...

The lads walkout, and everyone chants
Blue Army! Blue Army!, I think we've got a chance,
The ref blows his whistle, and it gets tense,
The away fans start chanting cos their ground is a shed.
Paddy Lane, with a brilliant ball in,
But good old Colby, missing it thin.
Oh wait, there's a chance to shoot!
But the keeper saves it, and the defender boots,
Everyone sighs,
Then it's half time.

Get yourself some food, and get back to your seat,
It's still 0-0, but there's room for some heat,
Ten minutes left, still no joy,
But then the ball goes to the ball-boy,
He gives it quick, before they set up there defense,
Everyones praying, and it gets tense,
Pack to Lane,
This could be insane,
BISHOP!!!!
The golden boy scores, the crowd goes mad,
The away fans are in pain, they must be sad.
The ref blows for fulltime, and everyone cheers,
The away fans must be in tears!

Name: Max Marnham

The house you are in: Drake

Pompey till' I die! Pompey till' I die!,
I'm so glad, it wasn't a tie!
Walk back to the car, and drive to your house,
Saint's lost today, they're as quiet as a mouse!
Pompey are the best, we all know it's true,
Play up Pompey, and up the blues!

Name: William Barker

Bruern abby school

The house you are in: wellington

Refuge poem

Cooking

I'm in the kitchen
The smell filling my nose
A burger sizzling in the pan
I flip it the oil spits
I flinch my hand
I take it out

I toast the bun
I Put on the sauce
I put on the burger
It taste so good
I feel safe in the kitchen
With the smells and the sounds

Name Anonymous year 8 boy

House Nelson

Bruern Abbey School

YR 8

Take a deep breath
Let it out
He called you names
Like chicken and lion mane
He was a meanie
But he Can't hurt me
Because i'm older and you're younger
I can defend myself and you can't
I'm your brother and i will be your refuge

Name: Jack Hammon

The house you are in: church hill

Bruern abbey school

Refuge poem

Yr 8

My Happy place

My happy place is a place in the wild
A place of calm
a place where you can be as free as a child

My happy place is a place where I cook
A place of mixing
A place of reading from the cookbook

My happy place is a place in the snow
A place of snow men
A place of skiing and not going slow

My happy place is a place in the rain
A place of umbrellas
A place of looking in the sky for planes

My happy place is Bruern school
A place of learning
A place of playing in the woods which is very cool

Name: Charles tdm

The house you are in: Churchill BA

Bruern Abbey School

Refuge poem

When I go skateboarding I feel comfortable
When I do skate tricks and roll
And when I can't land a trick I fall
So then I get up and try again
Sometimes it hurts and I feel some pain

When I go at the skate park I feel safe
Seeing people do amazing tricks on obstacles on shapes
Popping my board on ramps and then fall
So I get back up try again and then I land it so I roll away

When I walk in the streets And it starts to rain
The skatepark helps me to shelter from the rain
I start to skate on the soft concrete
I jump on ramps up and down from stairs to rails.

Bruem Abbey School

Name: jack weston
The house you are in: drake
Context of this poem oskar is my dead dog and my best friend

Yr 8

Oskar

my dog is barking
The forest is calling

him on all fours
me on two

In all the little spots
And all the big spots

No one can see just me and you
We would do all the walkies just us two
Just me and you
Through and through

His memory is my refuge
If he can hear me
He should know
There's a huge
Space just for you. *him*
-Jack Weston

Name:

The house you are in:

Theo ross
Chrichill
Bruern abbey

Refuge with friends

My dog was here but he didn't like me
My dog was here but he didn't notice me
My dog was here but he stayed away from me

I tried to cuddle but he left me there
I didn't know where to go
Then I found my place in my bedroom

But then my dog intruded
I had to move
I saw him head down in his bed
Frown on face
And then I felt that we were
in the same place

I started to open up
let him into my warm embrace
As he started with a smile on his face

At first my dog hates me
But now he adores me
Its funny how this dog really was for me

And even when we get angry we are friends to the END.

Refuge poem

Name: Olly Franks

Bruern Abbey School

The house you are in: Nelson

Refuge poem The refugee

He seeks a home
He seeks a life
He seeks love
He seeks friends
He seeks a roof under his head

He wants fresh water
He wants a bed
He wants clothes
He wants food
He wants a roof under his head

And that is all that this boy does hope and believe
But he is all there can be.....
A Refugee

Name:theo stanway bruern abbey

The house you are in: wellington

YR(8)

Refuge poem

My refuge is calming
My refuge is relaxing
My refuge is time consuming
My refuge is cooking

I enjoy it because of the feeling when the tray comes out.
It is fun because no one cries or pouts.
When it all comes together
In a small mixing bowl
And when its put together,it makes me feel whole

It doesn't matter if its steak or pie
Every little thing is worth your while
From pot to plate
It will be worth your wait

From kneading the dough
To plating up a steak to go
When the steam lifts
It's nothing but bliss.

Name:Aston

House:drake

My Refuge

*My room
My bed
Soft snuggles
Old teddies and a warm hug*

*My room
My pillow
Loud angry
Smashed punched punched punched*

*My room
My gaming part
Baging desk!!!!
Throwing controller*



*My room
My minifridge
Drinks bottle fizzing
Gulg, gulg, gulg*

Excellent poem Aston.
Really very heartfelt
and honest.

Name: Henry Doyle

The house you are in: drake

Bruern Abbey
School

Henry

Refuge poem

I feel safe at home

I fell safe at school

I feel safe on the pitch

I am a refugee in detention

I am a refugee in chapel

I am a refugee in french

I am unsafe on a boat

I am unsafe on the beach

I am a refugee

Ned Perry

Bruern Abbey School

The house you are in Churchill

Refuge

My refuge feels like my soft, comforting, warm bed
My refuge smells like a warm summer's evening
My refuge sounds like a bubbling bath
My refuge looks like a movie in bed
My refuge tastes like a Rainbow in my mouth

Name:monte
drake

bruern abbey school

The house you are in:

Refuge poem

On the track
I feel free

On the track
I smell diesel

On the track
I feel the weale

On the track
I hear the engine roaring

On the track
It is a long smooth rode

On the track
I taste the fabric in my helmet

Name: christo kane

The house you are in: churchill

Bruen abbey school

Refuge poem: safe place

My refuge feels like a controller

My refuge smells like pizza

My refuge sounds like man city chant

My refuge looks like my house

My refuge looks tastes like burger

I feel safe with my mum because she its my family

I feel calm when i am in my house because its my home

My refuge is my house because it is where i feel safe

Name:matthew mc

The house you are in: DRAKE 😊

Bruern abbey school

Refuge poem

My refuge feels like a keyboard,

Keys clicking

LED blinking

Sound surrounding me

And pc whirring.

END OF POEM

Bruern Abbey School

Name: Lucas Dutruit

The house you are in: Nelson

Refuge poem: My Safe Spot

I have an area, very far away
Where I rest everyday.
I feel safe there, I feel ok
But this place, is really far
Away.

I can never access this place
During the day, it just seems so far
Away.

It is my bedroom. Yet lies Miles
away.

In this area, I have time to play
I have the space to relax and
Do what I want all day. This
Place is my Safe Spot, Where I can get
Away.

Which I have my family in
We sometimes play
Board Games or design
New things, Where I can get
Away.

My bedroom might not be
In Brazil. Where I have Jet-Skis
Quad-Bikes and a pool with my family
But I still have my Mother, Father and Sister
With me. But it's my safe spot, Where I can get
Away.

My Grand-Parents might be far away, but
They lie here in my heart where everyone else is.
My room is my Sweet Spot and I wouldn't trade
It for the World even though not everyone is there
I still find it safe It's also my Sweet Spot, Where I can get
Away.

Name: Ed Rutherford

The house you are in: Wellington

Bruern Abbey

Refugee poem

In a world of torment and despair
A refugee has a lot to bear
They flee from war seeking a new way
Fight for freedom every day.

With hope as their map they trudge ahead
Wishing they were safe home instead
Through bombs and carnage they are so strong
Sacred hearts are theirs belong

In hope of freedom they cross the sea
Facing the unknown they long to be free
Through the streets seeking refuge
Through the lands they are a refugee

Name:Jacob Prosser

School:Bruern Abbey

The house you are in:Churchill

Refuge poem

In a world where people can be so unkind,
Ginger hair can be what they deride.
But in the warmth of my kitchen's embrace,
Gingerbread baking became my safe place.

I knead the dough and roll it with grace,
Adding spices to enhance the taste.
As gingerbread starts to bake in the heat,
I find comfort and solace, such a sweet retreat.

The aroma of ginger, a fragrant delight,
Fills the air, makes everything feel right.
In my kitchen, I've found my sanctuary,
Learning to savour life's sweet moments, with no hurry.

With every bite of gingerbread I create,
I embrace my uniqueness, celebrate my fate.
In the sweetness of ginger, I find my power,
A refuge from judgement, a place to flower.

Max Huntley

1 of 2

Bruern Abbey Nelson

Where west ham fans belong

When they came down to the den
They were as smug as they could be

When they came down to the den
They hadn't got a clue

When they came down to the den
Bill and the lads were waiting in the pub for them

When they came down to the den
They chanted as if they were going to make it home to see their children again

When they arrived at the den
The millwall boys were there first

We sang

**ELLO, ELLO, WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS,
ELLO, ELLO, WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS,
IF YOU ARE A WEST HAM FAN
SURRENDER OR YOU WILL DIE
COS WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS**

When they ran out of the den
We chased them down with razor sharp cutlasses

When they ran out of the den
They were terrified as can be

When they ran out of the den
we hammered the hammers with axes and spanners

When they ran out of the den
They pleaded for mercy but we wouldn't spare them

When they ran out of the den
We measured their coffins or them

Max Huntley

2 of 2

Nelson

Bruern Abbey School

We sang

**ELLO, ELLO, WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS,
ELLO, ELLO, WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS,
IF YOU ARE A WEST HAM FAN
SURRENDER OR YOU WILL DIE
COS WE ARE THE MILLWALL BOYS**

Their refuge feels wooden and damp

Their refuge smells like mud and dirt

Their refuge sounds like nothing

Their refuge looks like nothing

Their refuge tastes like worms and dust

Their refuge was a coffin.

Refuge poem

Head of Churchill

Alex DB

*Take a chance take a dare
But I warn you be prepared*

*Karts crash and people get hurt
That's why I warn you to be alert*

*When I put my helmet on
All my worries are gone*

*When I step into my kart to race
I feel i'm in my safe place*

*I am not an average bloke
My kart isn't just a joke*

*I want to make racing my career
Because when you shift gear
There's no nicer noise to hear*

*I am an endangered lover of speed
But for me that's all I need*

*Karts that I race go 138 kph and that's not slow
But it feels it when your in your flow*

*I have been racing for a long time
So thanks for listening to my rhyme*

*All I ask for is you is to remember the name
Because I am going to go down in the hall of fame*

*If the sound of v8 wheezing by
Is the source of your high*

Maybe it's a race you should try