Im Sommer verbringt die Lerche hier Zeit, um ein gemütliches und sicheres Nest in dem Baum zu bauen -

Verschiedene Vögel kommen und gehen mit den wechselnden Jahreszeiten.

Die Vögel fliegen graziös zwischen den Wolken.

Der süße Geruch von frischem Heu erfüllt die Luft.

It is simply beautiful and every moment you spend in nature should be treasure.

To be oblivious to nature is just a shame!

eyes but an essential need for them

In the summer the larks spend time here, in order to build a cosy and safe home - a work of art in my

You could almost say that they are the key to our existence

Big as they are yet still so inconspicuous in their appearance, that you almost don’t notice them

The sweet smell of fresh hay fills the air.

Même si le ciel n'est pas bleu

The artist is speechless

in the light

artist's face

Mother Tongue

Tous les traités de paix et toutes les guerres menées.

Under my reign of time.

As long as the beginning.

My life has been very long.

I've always been there, as fluid as a river.

I have seen all life, have and been saddened by all death.

You call me mysterious, but mystery is my pet.

I will go down to the bottom of the abyss, I will rise again to blow the sky;

The sky, the wind, the moon, the stars, the sea, the water, the mountains.

I will not live in a closed cage, I will see all the world around me.

How is Ireland today

Chandu-khor is a Chinese nation that has been bitten by any pain

What are the seekers hoping for;

Tuhin crosses the pole

In what expedition are people going to the top of the Himalayas.

I will not stay in a closed room, I will see the world now, -

I don't like!!

Do you like peach?

Do you like pizza?

Yes, I like, yes I like!

Do you like garlic ice cream?

Yes, I like, yes I like

Yes, I like, yes I like

Yes, I like, yes I like

I don't like!

Do you like juice?

¿Te gusta el ajo?

¿Te gusta el queso?

Si me gusta, si me gusta

Si me gusta, si me gusta

Si me gusta, si me gusta

¿Te gusta el helado?

I don't know!
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Foreword by Malala Yousafzai
Education campaigner and youngest Nobel Prize laureate

“I am honoured to be part of the Mother Tongue Other Tongue project. I grew up speaking Pashto, Urdu and English. Growing up, living in Pakistan, I thought the world ended at the Swat Valley mountains but when I came to the UK I realised the world was a bigger place, with so many different cultures and languages to explore. I realised how speaking your own language and learning a new language allows you to appreciate your own culture and identity and learn about others too, truly celebrating diversity and multiculturalism.”

“When you are learning another language, you learn to think in that language, you learn to speak in that language and you learn to believe in that language and it allows you to think from a completely different perspective: it’s not just about the words and the grammar but the culture and the language it is associated with.”

“It’s a skill - a talent - and I hope those of you learning a new language continue to do so because the more you learn, the broader your mind becomes and allows you to think big.”

Foreword by Dame Carol Ann Duffy
Former Poet Laureate

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry competition celebrates the many languages spoken in the UK – both the languages pupils learn at school, and the languages that they speak at home. As Poet Laureate, I am delighted to have been able to support the Laureate Education Project and have been thrilled to read the inspirational poems sent in by young people from all over the country. It is heartening to see the passion young people have for their language, writing and poetry. When you are young, you often discover that you have a talent for something, whatever that might be; you should follow it, be true to it and pursue it.

Differences in languages and culture are often considered barriers to communication but the language of poetry is read all over the world and all cultures have their own poets and poetry. The young people represented here are poetry’s children and the way they see our world is fresh and inspiring. In appreciating the poetry of others, or in sharing original poetry in their own language or in a language new to them, these fledgling poets bring another perspective to an art form, which can break down such perceived barriers.

I would like to thank all the talented and inspirational young people who took part in Mother Tongue Other Tongue, for sharing their thoughts and ideas through the powerful medium of poetry.
Foreword by Professor Sharon Handley
Pro-Vice Chancellor of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Manchester Metropolitan

As the Director of Routes into Languages North West I am passionate about promoting languages and encouraging pupils to learn new languages. I love the Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry Competition because it does just that – it celebrates the Mother Tongue, the language that is spoken at home, as well as promoting the Other Tongue, the opportunity to learn new languages at school. I have been very impressed with the standard of entries to the competition and would like to thank the young people and their teachers for their enthusiasm and creativity. I was very touched by some of the entries, which engaged with very powerful issues including immigration, war, family and relationships.

I would very much like to thank the Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy, for her creative leadership of this initiative and Amir Khan, the world-champion boxer, for his endorsement of the project. The Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition has been inspirational, and has enthused and motivated many young people to value languages and the diverse cultures of their communities. I hope you will enjoy reading the poems in this anthology.

Foreword by Amir Khan
British Boxer

I was delighted to launch the Mother Tongue Other Tongue Poetry competition and attend the National Celebration Event at Manchester Metropolitan University. I think it is important to encourage pupils to learn other languages and to be proud of the languages they know from home. As well as English, I speak Punjabi and Urdu and I am learning Spanish. It definitely helps me communicate with people when I travel around the world.

The entries to the competition are inspirational and all the young people who entered should be very proud of themselves. The competition values all languages and I am pleased that pupils have had the opportunity to celebrate languages in this way.

I would like to congratulate all the winners and thank pupils and teacher’s for taking part. I hope you enjoyed the project and you continue to take pride in speaking and learning languages.
Preface

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue multilingual poetry competition is a national Laureate Education Project, led by Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy. The competition celebrates cultural diversity and the many languages spoken in schools in the UK. This anthology compiles some of the fabulous winning entries from young writers in the North West for the 2021 competition.

Mother Tongue Other Tongue is a national project, co-ordinated by the Poetry Library. It was originally devised by Dame Carol Ann Duffy in collaboration with staff in the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Manchester Metropolitan University and has been running since 2012. There are two separate parts to the competition and entries are welcomed from children aged 8 to 18.

The Mother Tongue part of the competition requires children who do not have English as a first language, or who speak a different language at home, to share a lullaby, poem or song from their Mother Tongue. They then write a short piece in English to explain the poem's significance to them.

The Other Tongue part of the competition encourages children learning another language in school such as French, German, Spanish, Italian, Urdu or Mandarin, to use that language creatively to write a poem. The 2015 competition was officially launched by award winning boxer, Amir Khan. Amir had this to say about the competition:

“"I think it’s really important to encourage more pupils in school to learn a language and this competition is a great way to boost children’s confidence.”

In 2016, the competition was officially endorsed by Malala Yousafzai, youngest Nobel Peace Prize winner and education activist.

“Our cultural heritage, identity and languages are all important to us and poetry is a great way to express these – I am very inspired by The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Project.”

In 2017, the competition was supported and endorsed by Annie Zaidi, widely considered the most prominent presence for women in professional football, and winner of the 2015 Helen Rollason Award at the Sportswomen of the Year Awards. Annie was honoured in the Queen New Year 2017 honours list British Empire Medal for her services to football coaching and is passionate about languages.

“I was very impressed by the pupils who took part in the Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition. The poems, shared powerful and moving narratives from the pupils.”

Foreword by Imtiaz Dharker,
Poet, Artist and Documentary Film-maker

Mother Tongue Other Tongue gives young people a way to cross borders in the most exciting way – through language. Moving between a first language and a learned one, listening to what is shared, what is different and what happens in translation, is an act of empowerment: it changes the way students see their own lives and others, as well as how they imagine themselves in the world.

They are able to pay attention to the words, the lullabies and songs they grew up with and shine all that light into the place where they are today. This is a project that celebrates all the richness of languages spoken in Britain. It feels as if it should always have existed, and I wish I had something like it when I was growing up. It would have saved me all the years of stumbling over my own tongue before I learned to respect it. It is inspiring to see these young people coming to language as something freshly discovered, newly-made. That is where poetry begins.

""
Es ist einfach schön und jeder Moment, den man in der Natur verbringt, sollte geschätzt werden!

Tomaten auf den Augen vor der Natur zu haben ist nur schade!

Im Sommer verbringt die Lerche hier Zeit, um ein gemütliches und sicheres Nest in dem Baum zu bauen – ihre Freunde zu sehen.

Am Himmel leuchtet die goldene Sonne auf die bunten Blumen, die in den sommerlichen Strahlen funkeln.

Der süße Geruch von frischem Heu erfüllt die Luft.

¿Te gusta la pizza?

¡No me gusta!

Si me gusta, si me gusta

¿Te gusta el queso?

¡No me gusta!

Te gusta el ajo

¿Te gusta el helado?

I don't like!!

Do you like peach?

I don't like!

Yes, I like, yes I like
What is diversity?

It’s where we realise we’re all unique, Whatever our race, colour or background, This is where our differences don’t fall weak.

I’m very proud to say, That I’m unique in my own way. Whether it’s because of the place my family goes to pray, Or the way I speak my mother tongue today.

Our country is diverse, And together we are like a light, Through the ups and downs of life, We will always shine.

Commentary:
My poem is original and I made it up in my mother tongue which is Bangla. This poem is important to me because it shows that diversity is important. Diversity is an important word and it means that everyone is unique and everyone has their differences, but no one should be ashamed of them and no one should be discriminating against someone just because of how they look, or their religion or their background. It says in my poem that I am very proud that I am unique in my very own way and the example I use is my family going to the mosque. This is with lots of other Muslim families too because their families go to the mosque especially on the Friday for the Jummah prayer. Our country accepts all religions and that means that we are free and are allowed to go to mosques while other people can go to churches or temples. I got the inspiration from this country itself. I see that there is racism in lots of other countries but then I compared it to our country, England, and we have diversity. This means that we are appreciated for our differences and we recognise that we’re all unique. Our country is very lucky to be filled with cultures from all around the world and we can always be there when our neighbour needs help. Together, we are one and that shows that we are united.
Mother Tongue 2021
Year 7, 8, 9
Winner: Mridini Magesh, Sale Grammar School, Tamil

This song is not only important to me but most of India. Achamillai is written in Tamil, one of the oldest languages in the world. There are many languages in India, Tamil is only one of them. Achamillai is a poem of bravery and strength. It is a song that was written for women’s rights in the 20th century. This song is also to teach kids like me to be brave and never give up. It has a great meaning and that’s why it has been sung or spoken for many years. My parents were taught this in India when they were my age.

Achamillai, Achamillai
I will be brave, I will be brave I will never give up
Even if the whole world is against me I will be brave
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what
Even if someone bullies me I will be brave
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what
Even if I have become so poor I have to beg I will be brave
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what
Even if I lose all my friends, family and things I will be brave
I will be brave, I will be brave no matter what

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Commentary:
The language this poem is in is Malayalam, one of the many Indian languages. It is the language that my parents grew up speaking, as they are from Kerala, in southern India, where Malayalam is spoken.

This poem talks about the importance of planting trees and how we should be grateful to trees for all they do for us. The poem says we plant trees for our mothers (commemorating the dead), the little children (for the future), for the birds (to roost and make a nest in), for a better tomorrow (a better future), for lifesaving air, for the rain, for beauty, for shade and for tasty fruits. I was inspired by this piece as there has been a rapid decline in trees in the Amazon rainforest, and this poem reminds me why trees are worth saving. It is essential because I want people to be aware of the fact that trees give us life and they shouldn’t be chopped down to urbanise the globe and for mankind’s selfish interests.

On the contrary, we should be planting more trees as they give us all the benefits that the poem states! If there were no trees, there would be no oxygen in the air and we would all die! Also, we wouldn’t be able to enjoy the luxuries of our favourite fruits, like apples, pears and plums! This is why trees matter so much to me! Without trees life on Earth would not be sustainable, so this poem gives out a powerful message to everyone and reminds us that we all should be planting more trees for a better tomorrow.
Ich wache auf,
deutsche Flugzeuge kreischen über mir,
Bomben stöhnen in der Ferne.
Eine weitere Nacht ist vergangen
und ich lebe noch.
Ich schaue zum Bett meiner Mutter,
aber es ist leer.
Sie ist schon auf und nach oben gegangen.

Ich renne panisch auf die staubige Straße;
ich kann nicht einmal schreien.

Ich lässe mich neben Mama an die Wand fallen
und dann sehe ich sie; überall.

Körper,
alle auf dem Boden liegend,
und ich versteh,
warum niemand gekommen ist,
um Mama zu helfen.

Die Sonne geht auf wie an jedem anderen Morgen,
aber ich kann immer noch die Sterne sehen;
überall.

Jüdische Sterne

Commentary:
I was inspired to write the poem ‘Sterne’ because of the war started by the Nazis on the first of September 1939 in Germany. Europe and Germany were destroyed in this war. Many German and European Jews were chased from their homes. Germany was split and millions of lives were unnecessarily taken away. In our world today, we still see starving children, we can hear the desperate shrieks of the suffering and we can smell the scent of burnt cities. We have destroyed others, and ourselves. We have battled in plenty of wars but we never had a victory. Even when we won wars, we lost lives, love, trust, and our families. This is the world we have made. This is our world, our home. We have separated ourselves, and we have fought each other, our family. Wars do not solve problems or bring peace, wars release our anger but build more hatred for the future. Everyone can fight and hate, but is that what we want? People have been killed but we have only let hate blossom into a dark flower. Always growing. We have to destroy this flower before it releases its nectar and we crawl into the depths of this evil trap. Children were left alone in the world, no one left to love them. It is terrible when children have to struggle through life on their own, but many do. Why? Mostly this is because we let their parents die in battle, either with other people or with illnesses. On average 112 children are being left alone each day, to fight the evils of our world. We are all the children of Mother Earth. We are brothers and sisters in heart, no matter what borders we have drawn on maps, we can never draw borders in our hearts. In the last decade 12 million children were left homeless because of war. Is this really the world we wanted to have or will we change it before it is too late? With my poem I want to remind people of how cruel war is, we can learn from history so that we don’t make the same mistakes again.
রইব না বদ্ধ খাঁচায়, এদখব এ-সব ভুবন ঘুরে-আকাশ-বাতাস চতুর্দশমণ্ডলীতায় সাগর-জেল পাহাড়-ছড়ায়।

আমার সীমার বাঁধন টুকে দশি পড়ব লুট; পাতাল নামে গড়, নামব নীচ, ওঠব আবার আকাশ ফুড়; বিবেগ-জগৎ আমনির্ভর আচিন পুরুষে পাড়ে।

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Translation:
I will not stay in a closed room, I will see the world around me. The sky, the wind, the moon, the stars, the sea, the water, the mountains.

My boundaries are broken; I will read in ten directions; I will go down to the bottom of the abyss, I will rise again to blow the sky; I will see the world in the palm of my hand.

Mother Tongue 2021

Year 10, 11

Kanon Akter, Oasis Academy Leesbrook, Bengali

Original poem in Bengali - Shonkolpo by Kazi Nazrul Islam

কব না বদ্ধ ঘের, এবার জগৎটােক, একমন কের ঘুরেছ মানুষ যুগান্ত

েদশ হেত েদশ হেত ছুটেছ তারা একমন কের,
িকেসর আশায় করে হেরছ মরেছ একমন কের বীর লােখ লােখ,
িকেসর আশায় করে হেরছ মরেছ একমন কের মরন-যুধায়।

েকান েবদনায় চান্দু-েখার এ চীেন র জােত
এমন কের উদয়-েবলায় মরণ-েখলায় ওঠল মােত।

Translation:

I will not stay in a closed room, I will see the world now, -

I am going to the moonlit world Achin Pure;
I will listen, the hint is coming from any ‘Mars’.
Chandu-khor is a Chinese nation that has been bitten by any pain
In this way, Mati got into a death-game at dawn.
How is Ireland today

He is going to be independent;
How the Turkish brother cut the chain overnight!
How the sun-lamp of Greece nibbled in the middle of the sky.
I will not live in a closed cage, I will see all the world around me.
The sky, the wind, the moon, the stars, the sea, the water, the mountains.
My boundaries are broken
I will read in ten directions; I will go down to the bottom of the abyss, I will rise again to blow the sky; I will see the world in the palm of my hand.
Commentary:

I have decided to choose this poem because it relates to my lifestyle a lot. In this poem Kazi wishes to travel all around the world to know more about how people from around the world live and communicates with each other, it is also important to my mother and she likes to sing it out. He mainly refers this the ladies and girls who years ago were expected to stay at home and care for the household, nowadays all girls are important to society, because they are conquering the world after men – this is inspiring to me & comes from the quote “thakbo na ko boddho ghore, dekhbo ebar jogottake”. This links to idea of freedom because as I know that not everyone likes to be kept in the house for long period of time, this can happen to everyone; school is a release for me, where I can be myself.

I personally believe that this might be a good poem that might link with me, and reflects on my own personal experiences, particularly spending a lot of time alone during the pandemic; I just want to be free. In this poem the poet determines that he WILL be free, and I also believe that I will be free as I turn 18, my aspirations are to have the life of my dreams, succeeding at 22, which is 7 years ahead; and this poem really helps me realise this.

This poem was written to show how others communicate, and care for each other, as we all know, when we settle ourselves in a new city, country or town, it takes a pretty long time to adjust, I don’t know if I’ve been repeating the same thing over and over again, but in here, I am describing my feelings, if I continuously say something, it actually shows how much I think about that stuff, and that there is less possibility of me forgetting all about them. I am a person who got so used to being kept inside the house, that when someone would leave in in the world around me, I might get lost; my friends calls me a TIGER when I’m with them.

Returning to the Kazi’s poem, when I heard this poem for the 1st time, hearing my mom reciting it, I completely fell in love with it, “love at 1st hearing” I don’t know why but I felt like it will suit me a lot, especially with my targets and determinations of doing something, and never giving up on something I really want to do and must doing it for my good. Long story short – you must never give up on your dreams, in the world, many people might say many things but YOU need to follow YOUR aims, not others, because remember that if you succeed achieving your dreams, no one else will be able to stop you anymore!!!
Zindagi kya hai?
What is life?

Apne khwabon ke liye agey barhna,
To move forward for your dreams,
Abi taqat ko le kar uchaiyon par charhna,
To conquer heights with your strength,
Jo chahiye uske liye mehnat karna,
To work hard for what you want,

Siwaye khuda ke kisi se na darna,
Not fearing anything except the Almighty
Apne haq ke liye hamesha larhna,
To always fight for your rights,
Zindagi woh hai jo tum usse banate ho,
Life is what you make it,
Aur tum woh ho jo zindagi tumhe banati hai,
And you are what life makes you,

Commentary:
I have grown up speaking Urdu at home since it is my first language. In addition to this, I come from a family of highly esteemed poets of Urdu literature (my grandfather Hasan Shaheek Mazhari and my great grandfather Allama Jameel Mazhari). I think of Urdu as my gift from God and my pride in the modern world. Studying Urdu literature has inspired me to begin writing my own collection of Urdu poems of different genres as a past time. The second last couplet is taken from my great grandfather Allama Jameel Mazhari published in his book Guldasta Dar Guldasta (Volume 4). A poetic technique that I have used is called ‘maqta’ which is a way to add the poet’s pen name as a credit to complete the poetry. This specific poem is inspired by the societal pressures and views that are commonly enforced on the youth of our community and how we as people can help overcome this and achieve what we want by doing the right thing despite many people opposing us. This poem also highlights the mindset that is rarely found in present times of finding the positive in the most difficult situations and how important one’s attitude towards their life affects their achievements. I am privileged to be given a creative platform where I can express my love for Urdu and my heritage as a British-Indian and incredibly grateful for this opportunity.
You Didn’t Know

You didn’t know!
You’ll know that I’ve succeeded,
but you won’t know how many times I’ve failed.
You’ll know I’ve been accepted into a new job,
but you won’t know how many times I have been rejected.
You’ll know I finally bought a house,
but you won’t know that our house fell on us!
You’ll know I have a new car,
but you won’t know I walked furthermore.
You’ll know I’m the first one to be in the morning,
but you won’t know insomnia kept awake till the morning!
You’ll know I’ve moved to another country,
but you won’t know the cruel reality.
You’ll know about the happy ends.
But you won’t know about harsh and hard beginnings.
So please be merciful when judging others,
Don’t make your gaze narrow and oblivious!

Commentary:

I wrote this poem because of the bad experiences I had in my life.
We don’t have our own house yet; we don’t have our own car!
Most importantly, we were forced to leave our country Kuwait behind with all our childhood memories.
Evil eye or envy is a very harmful and cruel feeling, and it is the worst thing in this life, especially from your closest people.
Now, we have a better and stable life, but no one knows what we have been through to reach this point.
Everyone has different stories in this life, we do not know about others’ suffering, so we can’t judge a book by its cover!
We should be kind and understanding to each other because life is very difficult and there are many sensitive people who cannot recover from those difficult times.
Life is like a train, this train will stop in different stations, one by one till the final destination……
�े ये पावसा – Rain come here

रेग रे पावसा, हुला देखो पैसा
पैसा झाला लहरी, पाऊस आला मोठा
रे ग रे ग मसी, माझे मुळके भरी
सर आली धाउन,
मुळके मेले वाहुन!

Rain, come here, come here, I’ll give you a coin
The coin turned out to be fake,
And the rain came down heavily,
Shower (of rain), come here, fill my pots for me
The shower came running,
And my pots were washed away!

Commentary:
And my pots were washed away!

ये ये पावसा, is a popular nursery rhyme from the Indian State, Maharashtra. Being quite a hot country, rain was much appreciated by its public; the rainy season, called for joy and flourishing crops. Although I, among many others, grew up in the city of Mumbai surrounded by its fumes and intimidating buildings, the pitter-patter of the rain would have this song come flooding back to me every-time without fail. As a child, I would skip along with my grandparents to their native village to join in with the fun of the season. It is still a vividly painted image in my mind – one which I ought to never forget. Splashing in the mud with the neighbours’ kids, we would all sing this tune at the top of our lungs in the hopes of the clouds hearing us. It was said that singing would please the Lord of rain (Indra). Hence, the kids of these unnamed towns came together to form such simplistic poems in order to entertain him and earn more rain for their crops. Whenever these clouds rested and the thundering waned to slight dripping, us children burst into our songs and dances as the farmers grinned from behind their ploughs. While the intent and desperation for food seems rather melancholy, the thought of this poem has brought me recollections of nothing but euphoria and laughter. I had twirled around in fields I cannot recall, with kids whose names I have now forgotten, and yet here I am. Here I am, ten years later and still remembering every syllable of this song as if it were my own name.
The poem ‘Hamdardi’ precisely translates to ‘sympathy’ which is written by the national poet of Pakistan, Dr Muhammad Allama Iqbal. It’s a conversation between a nightingale and a firefly. The nightingale is concerned and sad as darkness has enveloped everything and he can’t find his way home. The firefly availed him with its full heart to illuminate the nightingale’s way. Despite being an insignificant insect, who had nothing more than a light on its back, the firefly didn’t hesitate to serve the nightingale.

This poem is my favourite because it gives a message of hope, compassion and solidarity. Iqbal encourages us to identify and use our best qualities to make a difference to other people’s lives. He doesn’t want us to feel abhorrent or consider anything contemptible. He delivers a message of peace, kindness and benevolence. This poem intrigues me because it evokes the spirit of compassion for others and relates to the present day where the world has become selfish, rapacious and materialistic. We barely tend to think about others and dismiss the opportunities to serve people. We have become ruthless, our hearts don’t ache while seeing someone in pain and trouble yet Iqbal demonstrates the scenario of a tiny insect who did the utmost to help someone else, selflessly. Iqbal emphasises the concept of goodness and compassion and suggests that having the best physique doesn’t make you a good person but being kind and empathetic to others elevates your status. This poem fascinates me because it sheds light on the shared issue and voices my thoughts. Iqbal used a simple yet astonishing method to convey a wonderful message to the world. This poem is close to my heart because I memorised it years ago but the connection hasn’t withered after all this time.
The song 'Big Fish' is part of the original soundtrack of the Chinese film 'Big Fish & Begonia', released in 2016 after being in production for 12 years.

I first heard this song whilst watching the film in China with my mum and cousin, and whilst at the time the song seemed a conventional, ethereal background song, over time my perception of it has gained significance.

Some of my favourite lines of the lyrics are in the chorus, which roughly translate to: 'I'm afraid for you to fly away, afraid for you to leave me, but even more afraid of you remaining here forever'. The conflict in the thoughts of the speaker reflect the numerous paradoxes we experience in life, and the complex emotions we feel when parting with someone especially important to us. Despite the lyrics referring to a parting between close friends in the film, I believe they also highlight the emotions of parents, who grieve the loss of their children to the cruel world, but would rather they leave than have no progress at all in their lives and "remain" in a stagnant position. The image on the page opposite is taken from the film's poster, which displays the feelings of pain and tragedy prominent in the storyline - not only do the lyrics of this song also reflect the several tragedies in the film, but the music and Zhou Shen's ethereal singing do too. Another reason why I love this song so much is the context behind it: despite Zhou Shen's voice being initially considered as surprisingly feminine, this song was perhaps the first which introduced him to the world without being subject to comments on his gender, as for most people, they had heard the song in the film before knowing who sang it. People were more focused on his captivating voice, now often described as '天籁之音', meaning that his voice and skills reach the highest tier in the world of music. Through Zhou Shen's story and journey with music, this song also breaks gender stereotypes and represents society's acceptance of him.

After becoming familiar with Zhou Shen as a singer who loves to combine Chinese and popular-style music in his singing, and due to appreciating my Chinese heritage now more than ever, I now view 'Big Fish' as possessing the beauty and enchantment which traditional Chinese music has, but isn't restricted to. The complex emotions in the song and which the song evokes, as well as the personal connection I feel with it, make it a timeless piece of music which I hope the world appreciates too.
Am Himmel leuchtet die goldene Sonne auf die bunten Blumen, die in den sommerlichen Strahlen fannkeln.

Man könnte sogar sagen, sie sind der Schlüssel zu unserer Existenz.

The birds fly gracefully amongst the clouds, in order to build a cosy and safe home — a work of art in my eyes, but a vital need for them.
Other Tongue 2021
Year 4, 5, 6
Theo Holden, Oakhill School, French

Les coups de pinceau
Contre la page
La page illumine le visage
des artistes
La photo fait briller
le pièce
Les émotions des
artistes montent
La rien la page est
maintenant tour

La beauté s’envole
Cage comme un oiseau en
plein essor
Les yeux des artistes
Scintillent dans la lumière
L’artiste est sans voix avec
son travail
L’artiste est dessiné dans
Son image
L’artiste est perdu dans sa
Photo ne sachant pas s’il
S’echappera un-jour

The brush strokes
Against the page
The page brightens the
Artist’s face
The picture shines
The room
The artist’s emotions rise
The nothing on the page
Now is everything

The beauty flies out it’s
cage like a soaring bird
The artist’s eyes twinkle
In the light
The artist is speechless
With his work
The artist is drawn into
His picture
The artist is lost in his
Picture not knowing if
He'll ever escape

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The artist is speechlessb
With his workb
The artist is drawn intob
His pictureb
The artist is lost in hisb
Picture not knowing ifb
He’ll ever escapeb

¿Te gusta?
¿Te gusta el helado?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
Te gusta el ajo
¡Sí, me gusta, sí, me gusta!
¿Te gusta el helado de ajo?
¡No me gusta!
Te gusta el jugo?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta el queso?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta el jugo de queso?
¡No me gusta!
¿Te gusta la pizza?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
Te gusta el melocotón
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta la pizza de melocotón?
¡No me gusta!!

¿Te gusta?
¿Te gusta el helado?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
Te gusta el ajo
¡Sí, me gusta, sí, me gusta!
¿Te gusta el helado de ajo?
¡No me gusta!
Te gusta el jugo?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta el queso?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta el jugo de queso?
¡No me gusta!
¿Te gusta la pizza?
Si me gusta, si me gusta
Te gusta el melocotón
Si me gusta, si me gusta
¿Te gusta la pizza de melocotón?
¡No me gusta!!

Do you like?
Do you like ice cream?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like garlic?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like garlic ice cream?
I don’t like!
Do you like juice?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like cheese?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like cheese juice?
I don’t like!
Do you like pizza?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like peach?
Yes, I like, yes I like
Do you like peach pizza?
I don’t like!!
Growing up

Childhood, adulthood,
It’s all great, but what about
Those memories we make
When we’re growing up?
Did you ever think? Did you
Ever consider that what
Was in the middle
Could be something bigger?
When we’re growing up. All these
Struggles to get to the top
You would think it’s on our minds
But apparently not.

I have decided to write this poem because people often think about and celebrate childhood and adulthood but they miss out what is in the middle, which is growing up. I think people should be more educated on the struggles of growing up so they can be a helping hand to those that need one.

Creciendo

La infancia, la edad adulta,
Todo es genial, pero ¿qué
Pasa con esos recuerdos que
Hacemos cuando crecemos
Creciendo? ¿Alguna vez
Pensaste? ¿Alguna vez
Pensaste que lo que estaba
En el medio podría ser algo
Más grande? Cuando
Estemos creciendo.
Todas estas luchas por llegar a la
Cima pensarían que están en
Nuestras mentes, pero
Aparentemente no.

I have decided to write this poem because people often think about and celebrate childhood and adulthood but they miss out what is in the middle, which is growing up. I think people should be more educated on the struggles of growing up so they can be a helping hand to those that need one.
La vie du temps
Tu m’appelles mystérieux, mais le mystère est mon animal familier.
J’ai vu toute la vie, ont et été attristés par toute la mort.
J’ai toujours été là, aussi fluide qu’une rivière.
Une fois que j’ai fait un pas, vous ne pouvez pas revenir en arrière.
Ma vie a été très longue.
 Aussi longtemps que le début.
Tous les traités de paix et toutes les guerres menées.
 Sont arrivés sous le règne du temps.
 Sous mon règne du temps.

The life of time
You call me mysterious, but mystery is my pet.
I have seen all life, have and been saddened by all death.
I’ve always been there, as fluid as a river.
Once I’ve taken a step, you can’t get back in reverse.
My life has been very long.
 As long as the beginning.
All peace treaties and all wars waged.
Arrived under the reign of time.
Under my reign of time.

The Boy Who Lost His Mum
The boy wears a smile
Even though his mother is gone
The boy plays in the street
Even though the sky is not blue
The boy is quiet
Even though the city is noisy
No one knows he’s lonely
Because he never spoke after losing his mother.

The Boy Who Lost His Mum
Le garçon porte un sourire
Même si ta mère est partie
Le garçon joue dans la rue
Même si le ciel n’est pas bleu
Le garçon est tranquille
Même s’il y a du bruit dans sa ville
Personne ne sait qu’il est solitaire
Parce qu’il n’a jamais parlé après avoir perdu sa mère.
After The rain

After the rain, I know the sun will shine.
And the sky will change colour into blue.
After the rain, everything is changing
It washes away all the stain.
And bring out different feelings.
I hope rain can also wash away
All my doubts and fears, my hatred and pain.
Then it becomes clouded to my eyes,
So then I can see the sunshine after the rain.

Ein Neuanfang

Die Welt hat sich den Virus eingefangen
Unser Leben wurde zum Zirkus
Die Welt verneigt sich der Kummer
Doch wir können nur in unserer Blase bleiben
Wir trugen unsere Masken, um unser Leben zu schützen
Und jeden Tag beteten wir zum Himmel hinauf
Vereint stehen wir, geteilt fallen wir
Lasst uns alle durch die Spitze der Mauer klettern
Auch wenn die Nacht vorbeikommt
Die Sonne wird am Himmel scheinen
Die Vögel singen, der Wind tanzt
Teilen wir die Freude über einen neuen Anfang
Wie ein Wind, der über das Meer fährt, setzen wir die Segel
Wir gehen weiter und weiter, um nicht zu scheitern

A New Beginning

The world caught the virus
Our lives became the circus
The world bowed down with trouble
Yet we can only stay in our bubble
We wore our masks to protect our lives
And everyday we prayed up to the skies
United we stand, divided we fall
Let’s all climb through the top of the wall
Even when the night comes by
The sun will shine over the sky
The birds are singing, the wind is dancing
Sharing the joy of a new beginning
Like a wind cruising the sea we set sail
We go on and on aiming not to fail
La Vue de l’Oiseau
L’oiseau déploie ses ailes et s’envole dans le ciel. Avec le vent sur ses plumes il commence son voyage annuel.

Quelquefois la vue de l’oiseau est bien. Il voit les vergers grands avec beaucoup de fruits et les lumières de villes dans la nuit. Il voit les lacs paisibles et les belles rivières et les bateaux de pêche colorés sur la mer. Il voit les montagnes enneigées et les personnes contentes sur les plages sablonneuse en été.


L’oiseau atterrit et il plie ses ailes. Il a vue le monde le bien et le mauvais. Il voudrait faire un changement. Mais, comment ? C’est juste un oiseau.

The Bird’s View
The bird spreads its wings and flies away into the sky. With the wind in its feathers it begins its annual journey.

Sometimes the bird’s view is good. It sees large orchards with lots of fruit and the city lights in the night. It sees calm lakes and beautiful rivers and colourful fishing boats on the sea. It sees snow-capped mountains and happy people on sandy beaches in the summer.

But sometimes, the bird’s view is bad. It sees ugly factories blowing out disgusting smoke and oceans filled with polluting plastic. It sees people fighting in wars and poor children without homes or food. It sees sick people who are unable to go to hospital and people who walk for miles to receive minimal clean water.

The bird lands and folds its wings. It has seen the world the good and the bad. It wants to make a change. But how? It is just a bird.
Détester,
C'est un chose terrible. Je le déteste.
En fait, la seule chose dans ce monde je déteste,
C'est la haine dans ce monde.
Quand on déteste on se nourrit de la joie des autres pour nourrir notre dépendance.
Quand on déteste les gens, on encourage les autres à les détester.
On ne sait pas qu'on est dépendants parce qu'on compose des histoires pour justifier notre
haine.
On ne sait pas que la haine consomme tout l'amour, la paix et la joie dans notre cœur.
On ne savait pas que notre haine vient de la colère,
Et la colère est la tristesse et l'insécurité en feu.
La haine est une projection de honte et d'insécurité.
Notre haine pour les autres est ce que nous détestons de nous-mêmes mais n'a pas le courage de faire face.
Parce que c'est plus facile détester que de faire face la vérité.
C'est plus facile blesser les autres que blesser nous-mêmes et admettre nous avons tort.
Personne est né haineux,
Nous apprenons à détester.
La seule remède est d'enseigner l'amour et non le tolérance.
L'opposé d'enseigner la haine est d'enseigner l'amour.
Si la haine est de la glace, l'amour est la chaleur.
Si on veut faire fondre de la glace, on faut utiliser la chaleur.
Nous devons enseigner nos enfants ne tolère pas les autres,
Mais adorer et apprécier leur différences,
Alors, que nous pouvons combattre la haine avec l'adore
Et le monde sera meilleur à l'avenir.
Devuélveme mi corazón, por favor

Una tarde de verano, te quitaste tu chaqueta,
Cuando no estabas mirando, yo deslizé mi corazón en la manga de tu abrigo.
Ahora usas mi corazón en tu manga
Para que todos vean –
¿Puedes sentirlo?
¿La manera en que mi corazón salta cuando dices mi nombre?
¿O como corre cuando me miras?

Te di mi corazón,
Salvajemente, apasionadamente, espontáneamente,
Pero no devolverás tu corazón
¿Pero puedes al menos devolver la mía?
Trató de arrancarte el corazón de la manga
Pero como una manzana en agosto,
Era demasiado joven, demasiado terco para ceder.

Te lo ruego:
Devuélveme mi corazón, por favor.

Give me my heart back, please

One Summer’s afternoon, you took off your jacket,
When you weren’t looking, I slipped my heart into the sleeve of your coat.
Now you wear my heart upon your sleeve
For everybody to see –
Can you feel it?
The way my heart jumps when you say my name?
Or how it races when you look at me?

I gave you my heart,
Wildly, passionately, spontaneously,
But you will not give your heart back
But can you at least return mine?
I tried to pluck my heart from your sleeve
But like an apple in August,
It was too young, too stubborn to yield.

I’m begging you:
Give me my heart back, please.
Why I chose to write this poem

I feel like this poem really express the value of a mother and what she does for us, and we can never thank her enough. We should appreciate every bit of it because if she was not there our lives would have fallen apart. It also shows the relationship of a mother to their kids, and how kids should show respect to her and value her. It tells us that our mother makes many sacrifices that we don’t even notice. So as we grow up, we should slowly take care of them as much as they did us since we were born. Moms are the only people who love you the most in this world.
Le Grand Chien Noir-Un poème d’Emilie Anderson

Je connaissais un grand chien noir  
Qui adorait dormir sur un trottoir poussiéreux toute la journée,  
Comme un géant doux ou une bête paresseuse.  
Ses yeux se fermaient souvent, sa tête lourde ne bougeait jamais du sol.  
La musique joviale du camion de glaces jouait –  
Il ne faisait rien.  
Les enfants jouaient au foot bruyamment dans la rue –  
Il ne faisait rien.  
Un ballon rebondissait sur sa tête –  
Il ne faisait rien.  
Mais il regardait toujours.

Une nuit, quand le ciel a mis son meilleur costume noir  
Et a chassé les derniers rayons du soleil,  
Je suis sortie à l’épicerie du coin –  
Parce qu’on ne peut pas faire de gâteau sans œufs !  
Alors que je rentrais chez moi, j’étais soudain entourée d’une meute d’enfants affames.  
Ils ont fait des larges sourires comme des hyènes, qui pensaient avoir trouvé leur prochain repas.  
Dans l’ombre, j’ai entendu le bruit de pattes  
Et une crie de guerre d’aboiement.  
Les jeunes terrorisés ont fui.  
Le grand chien noir avait fait quelque chose.  
Par là, il a dévoré le plus grand os que je pouvais acheter de la boucherie !
Das Leben – Life
Life is an opportunity, davon zu profitieren
Life is a beauty, bewundere es
Life is a dream, realisiere es
Life is a duty, vervollständige es
Life is a game, spiel es
Life is a promise, erfülle es
Life is a song, sing es
Life is a sorrow, überwinde es
Life is a struggle, akzeptiere es
Life is a tragedy, konfrontiere es
Life is an adventure, wage es
Life is luck, mach es
Life is life, kämpfe für es
Life is too precious, zerstöre es nicht.

Das Leben ist eine Chance, benefit from it
Das Leben ist eine Schönheit, admire it,
Das Leben ist ein Traum, realise it
Das Leben ist eine Pflicht, complete it
Das Leben ist ein Spiel, play it
Das Leben ist ein Versprechen, fulfill it
Das Leben ist ein Lied, sing it
Das Leben ist eine Trauer, overcome it
Das Leben ist ein kampf, accept it
Das Leben ist ein Tragödie, confront it
Das Leben ist ein Abenteuer, dare it
Das Leben ist Glück, make it
Das Leben ist zu kostbar, don’t destroy it.

La Lluvia
La suave tamborileo
Goteando contra en las ventanas
Lágrimas correr bajarse cada cristal
Luz parpadeo, reflejando una universo de estrellas
Mientras las joyas de libertad caerse
Coleccionando en el piso
Creando portales
En mundos por igual
Y yo veo
En cuanto lloran los cielos
derramando sus penas
Ahogando mi
El agua salpicando contra mis brazas desnudas
Fresco, frío
La confortando humedad caricias mi cuerpo
Frescura explotando dentro de mi
Delicada gota colgando de mis pestañas
Ojos cerradas, sentidos vivas
Volvérenos en uno con la lluvia

The Rain
The gentle patter
Dripping against the windows
Tears running down each pane
Lights flashing, reflecting a universe of stars
Whilst the gems of freedom fall
Collecting on the floor
Creating portals
Into worlds alike
And I watch
As the heavens cry
Spilling its sorrows
Drowning mine
The water splashing against my naked arms
Cool, cold
The comforting wetness, caresses my body
Fresness exploding within me
Delicate drops dangling off my eyelashes
Eyes closed, senses alive
Becoming one with the rain
The Party

One still, cold winter night,
There was a flame that stayed lit throughout.
It sizzled and roared
Like delicious, juicy meat on a scorching grill.

But this flame was like no other.
It remained alive and fierce,
Lighting up its lethal lining.
However, it did not seem to be so threatening.

When I came closer I began to see
It’s true colours showing,
All vibrant and joyful
It was like no other.

This flame stayed lit
All through the night and day.
It had a lining that appeared hostile and perhaps even scary
But once inside, all you could sense was its heart of pure warmth.

That is why it kept burning,
The feel of togetherness and celebration. But when
the supply of its fuel ran low,
Then, and only then, did the flame begin to fade.

La Fiesta

Una tranquila y fría noche de invierno,
Había una llama que permaneció encendida en todo momento.
Chisporeteó y rugió
Al igual que deliciosa, jugosa carne en una parrilla abrasador.

Pero esta llama no se parecía a ninguna otra.
Permaneció vivo y feroz,
Iluminando su letal revestimiento,
Sin embargo, no parecía tan amenazador.

Cuando me acerqué comencé a ver
Se muestran los colores reales
Todo vibrante y alegre
Era como ningún otro.

Esta llama se mantuvo encendida
Durante todo el día y la noche.
Tenía un revestimiento que parecía hostil y quizás incluso aterrador.
Pero una vez dentro, todo lo que podías sentir era su corazón de pura calidad.

Por eso seguía ardiendo
La sensación de unión y celebración.
Pero cuando el suministro de su combustible se agotó,
Entonces, y solo entonces, la llama comenzó a apagarse.
**Ich hasse dich (nicht)!**

Ich denke an dich...  
Wenn ich mich...  
Schmachtend und traurig fühle!  
Ich träume von dir in meinen Alpträumen!  
Wenn du dich bei mir über deine Mama beschweren würdest  
Würdest du mir alles anvertrauen  
Die Bedeutung von ‘uns’ ist verzerrt  
Kannst du mein Herz nicht ersparen?  
Ich werd’ in tausend Stücke geschlagen  
Immer wieder, immer wieder  
Vergesse ich dich, um mich selbst zu heilen  
Ich werd’ dich nie vermissen  
Vergiss mich, um dich selbst zu heilen  
Wir passen nicht zusammen!  
Mein Herz hast du entzwei gerissen  
Du bist so chaotisch  
Wie ein turbulentes Gewitter  
Während ich, ich bin wie die Gans, wenn es donnert  
Du musstest immer das Haar in meiner Suppe finden  
Hand aufs Herz  
Kann ich nur sagen, dass ich mich nie wieder in dich verlieben will  
Ob ich das doch tue oder nicht, dass weiß ich noch nicht  
Ich denke, dass ich verrückt werde  
Oder vielleicht habe ich deinetwegen einen Kater  
Ich hoffe, dass meine Erinnerungen von uns verblasst werden  
Und alles, was ich sagen kann ist...  
Ich hasse dich  
Nicht!

I think about you  
When I am feeling  
Languishing and sad!  
I dream about you in my nightmares!  
When you would complain about your mum to me  
You would trust me with everything  
The meaning of us is distorted  
Can’t you spare my heart?  
I’m smashing into a million pieces  
Again and again, again and again  
I’m forgetting you, in order to be better  
I will never miss you  
Forget me, in order to be better  
We don’t work!  
You are so chaotic  
Like a tumultuous thunderstorm  
Idiom equivalent (I am a standing duck in a thunderstorm)  
Idiom equivalent (you always pointed out the worst things in me)  
Hand on my heart  
I can only say that I never want to fall in love with you again  
Whether I will or not, I don’t know  
I think, that I am going crazy  
Or maybe I have a headache from you  
I hope that my memory of us becomes faded  
And all that I can say is  
I don’t hate you!
Le Premier Coquelicot
Il y a une fleur
Encore si jeune
Elle brille au clair de lune
Rouge est son brillant
Sa croissance est vite
Elle danse dans le vent
Mais quand elle chante
C’est noir et si profond
Son rouge se renforce
L’âge ne l’empêche pas
Un peu bigarré
Mais beau, malgré ça
Elle ne dort jamais
En fait elle ne peut plus
C’est toujours trop bruyant
Les bruits sont forts et crus
Quand l’août arrive
Un pétale rouge tombe
Puis beaucoup d’autres
Avec le rouge le champ plombe
Le soleil la fatigue
Elle se repose la tête
Et quand ses yeux se ferment
Elle ne sait pas que pour toujours ils restent
Il y aura des autres
On verra des centaines
Avec la vitesse ils grandiront
Car dans leur sol est le sang et la peine

La Lune
J’ai tenu une lune pâle
Entre les doigts cassés
Et sangloté
Jusqu’à ce que l’étincelle s’émousse
Il avait tes yeux
Et ton sourire imparfait
Et avec une voix misérable, il a imité
Ton rire doré et tes soupirs ravis
Je pensais que je mourrais sur-le-champ
En regardant cette image miroir
De toi dans la lune
Alors que je pleurais, tout ce qui nous rendait spécial

The First Poppy
There is a flower
Still so young
She shines in the moonlight
Red is her shine
She grows quickly
Dances in the wind
But when she sings
It’s black and so deep
Her red strengthens
With age it does not stop
A little bit mottled
But beautiful, despite that
She never sleeps
In fact she can’t
It’s always too noisy
The noises loud and crude
When August arrives
A red petal falls
Then a lot of others
With red the field darkens
The sun tires her
She rests her head
And when her eyes close
She doesn’t know that forever they stay
There will be others
We will see hundreds
Quickly they will grow
Because in their soil is the blood and the pain

The Moon
I held a pallid moon
Between broken fingers
And sobbed
Until the sparkle dulled
He has your eyes
And your faulty smile
And with a wretched voice he mimicked
Your golden laugh and delighted sighs
I thought I’d die on the spot
Looking at this mirror image
Of you in the moon
As I cried away everything that made us special
El Primer Pecado:

¿Cuál fue el primer pecado?
Hay mucha gente que lee la biblia y decide que
Fue la tentación de una mujer,
El primer pecado no crecía alrededor los árboles de Edén,
Crecía en la mente humana.

El Libro de Génesis describe cómo nació Eve
De la costilla de Adam.
Había dos marcas de mordeduras en la fruta prohibida,
Del mismo deseo.
Y al principio,
Había dos bocas llenas de desobediencia.

Pero después del primer pecado,
Expulsado de paraíso,
Solo la boca de Adam estaba llena.
Mientras Eve se atragantó por los primeros gritos de dolor humano,
El tragó las primeras semillas de odio.

Y ahora,
¿Cómo me lo justificarás?
El primer pecado,
Misoginia

The First Sin:

What was the first sin?
There are many people who read the bible and decide
That it was the temptation of a woman,
The first sin didn’t grow amongst the trees of Eden,
It grew in the human mind.

The book of genesis describes how Eve was born,
From Adam’s rib.
There were two bite marks in the forbidden fruit,
From the same desire.
And in the beginning.
There were two mouths full of disobedience.

But after the first sin,
Expelled from paradise,
Only Adam’s mouth was full.
Whilst Eve choked on the first cries of human pain,
He swallowed the first seeds of hatred.

And now,
How will you justify it to me?
The first sin,
Misogyny
La belleza del mundo

Durante mucho tiempo se perdió,
Perdido en el mundo de su imaginación,
Los mismos entresijos de sus pensamientos.
Perdido dentro de una hermosa flor incapaz de florecer,
Su esperanza marchitándose como los pétalos de una flor hacen.

Entre los intervalos de cada segundo,
Ni un pensamiento dejó su mente.
Pensamientos de rosas, días soleados,
Algun lugar cálido y amable,
para siempre corrió a través de un túnel de oscuridad
En busca de la luz para dotarla de coraje

Hasta que un día descubriría esa luz,
La luz de un parpadeo dentro de su corazón
Una luz tan vivida y pura,
La construcción de esta obra de arte.
Su mundo una vez de perseguido por sombras de gris,
Ahora convertido en un manto de brillantes estrellas.

Porque vio la verdadera belleza en el mundo,
De cada flor que creció,
El apuro de los ríos melodiosos,
Nubes errantes lejos y cerca,
Los grillos de la madrugada,
La hierba suave y el rocío...

Un mundo tan obscuro pero tan lleno de luz,
Se preguntó debajo de las estrellas
Brillando sobre ella esa misma noche

The Beauty of the World

For a long time she was lost,
Lost in the world of her imagination,
The very intricacies of her thoughts,
Lost within a beautiful flower unable to bloom,
Her hope wilting away as the petals of a flower do.

Between the intervals of each second,
Not a thought left her mind
thoughts of roses, sunny days,
Some place warm and kind.
Forever she ran through a tunnel of darkness,
In search of a light to endow her with courage.

Until one day she was to discover that light,
The light of a flicker within her heart,
A light so vivid and pure,
The construction of this piece of art,
Her world once haunted by shadows of grey,
Now became a blanket of bright stars.

For she saw true beauty in the world,
From every flower that grew,
The rushing of melodious rivers,
Wandering clouds afar and near,
The early morning crickets,
The soft grass and dew...

A world so obscure yet so full of light,
She wondered beneath the stars
glistening upon her that very night.
The Journey Home

I studied you,
sit on the step,
planting produce from our motherland that we can’t buy here -
Life emerged from the soil, and I watched as you pressed your fingers around them, a mix of fresh emerald leaves with their source of life, which was also you.

I studied you,
the care in your hands which has existed for eighteen years, the birth of a different life.
Like my aunts at home, eight thousand kilometres east, lovers of flora, and of life, too.

I studied you,
and couldn’t help but move closer, two small movements of my hands followed - but of course you understood, and moved to the right so that I could share the step with you.

And perhaps I’m like them: these plants, rooted, only in a different soil to that of those here.
I am a mixture, growing, cradled by a different climate. A descendant of the dragon who is constantly gliding. And of course, this language that I’m writing in - another culture which I have been discovering.

I wonder
if I am also a kite -
a string in a hand of each of the family,
and unlike the plants - rooted in familiar soil, waiting to be reeled in, beyond the sea, the highest mountain, the Great Wall, all the way back home.
Natur im Sommer

Der süße Geruch von frischem Heu erfüllt die Luft.

Es bringt nostalgische Kindheitserinnerungen mit sich, wie man ohne Sorgen durch die saftigen grünen Felder rennt.

Am Himmel leuchtet die goldene Sonne auf die bunten Blumen, die in den sommerlichen Strahlen funkeln.

Die Bäume führen so viele Geheimnisse - sie sind immer da, werden aber oft nicht wirklich bemerkt.

Groß sind sie und immer noch so unscheinbar in dem Aussehen, dass man sie fast nicht beachtet.

Jede Stunde, jede Sekunde reinigen sie die Luft, die wir atmen.

Man könnte sogar sagen, sie sind der Schlüssel zu unserer Existenz.

Die Vögel fliegen graziös zwischen den Wolken.

Fröhlich singen sie ihre gut geübten Lieder in der Hoffnung, vielleicht einen Partner anzuziehen oder einfach ihre Freunde zu sehen.

Verschiedene Vögel kommen und gehen mit den wechselnden Jahreszeiten.

Im Sommer verbringt die Lerche hier Zeit, um ein gemütliches und sicheres Nest in dem Baum zu bauen - ein Kunstwerk in meinen Augen, aber ein wesentliches Bedürfnis für sie.

Tomaten auf den Augen vor der Natur zu haben ist nur schade!

Es ist einfach schön und jeder Moment, den man in der Natur verbringt, sollte geschätzt werden!

Nature in the Summer

The sweet smell of fresh hay fills the air.

It brings with it nostalgic childhood memories of running care-free through the lush green fields.

In the sky, the golden sun shines on the colourful flowers, which sparkle in the summer rays.

The trees hold so many secrets - they are always there, but often not really noticed.

Big as they are yet still so inconspicuous in their appearance, that you almost don’t notice them.

Every hour, every second, they clean the air we breathe.

You could almost say that they are the key to our existence.

The birds fly gracefully amongst the clouds.

Cheerfully singing their well-practised songs in the hope of perhaps attracting a partner or simply seeing a friend.

Different birds come and go with the changing seasons.

In the summer the larks spend time here, in order to build a cosy and safe home - a work of art in my eyes but an essential need for them.

To be oblivious to nature is just a shame!

It is simply beautiful and every moment you spend in nature should be treasure.
Un poema de estudios culturales

Al inicio, conocemos a Ofelia, libre y desobediente, igual que Adela.
Con caracteres poderosos, en particular el Fauno,
Y los que no están, como Pepe el Romano.
Vidal es el malvado, un capitán del dictador,
y Bernarda, con bastón, protege su honor.
Para Mercedes y el Doctor, ocultar la resistencia es su reto,
mientras que la Poncia pilla un amor en secreto.
Al final, la Princesa Moana renace en el mundo bajo del laberinto,
pero en La Casa de Bernarda Alba, el último acto es bastante distinto.

A poem of cultural studies

In the beginning we meet Ofelia, free and disobedient, just like Adela.
With powerful characters, in particular the Faun, and Bernarda, with her stick, protects her honour.
For Mercedes and the Doctor, hiding the resistance is their challenge, whilst la Poncia catches love in secret.
In the end, Princess Moana is reborn in the world beneath the labyrinth, but in La Casa de Bernarda Alba, the final act is quite different.
What the Teachers Say

“I think it is a wonderful initiative and am hoping it will run again next year so we can build a unit of work around it, with the poem writing as an end activity.”

“The pupils were keen to express something personal about their own experience.”

“The students fully enjoyed taking part in the project. I think they were engaged because it gave them a chance to use their own language in school and show their talents to their peers.”

“We have over 50% of students for whom English is not their mother tongue so they felt proud being able to write in their mother tongue. Also, students who are learning a foreign language were able to see that writing in this language is not as hard as it seems.”

“They enjoyed the freedom of being able to write a poem about any subject of their choice and for those whose mother tongue is not English, it is an activity which makes them value their mother tongue whilst giving us teachers, the opportunity to show that we value their ability to speak a language other than the ones taught in school.”

“This was a good chance for students to be creative and have free rein over what they choose to write about. It really appealed to a range of students. It also helped students come together who may not usually work together.”

“Students enjoyed creating their own poems and writing about what it means to them initially. They found translating poems difficult at first but then were very proud once they had managed to achieve this. Students were able to talk about their cultures and languages with the other members of the Creative Writing club and were pleased with the end result.”

“It provided an opportunity to discuss with each other and gave me a reason to take students off timetable for an activity that made them feel special.”

“Celebrating their own culture and being able to be creative in a language they learn at school.”

“They loved the idea of entering a competition, and all the children in my Year 5 classes really engaged with the task. It was wonderful to see! I think it was the freedom and creativity that they enjoyed and it certainly was a great learning experience for me too. I will do more of that type of work!”

“The challenge of writing creatively in a foreign language.”

“The students were able to see how important languages are and could be in their future.”

“I showed the students some simple techniques (list poems, using adjectives to describe objects, use simple verbs to write about hobbies, schools) to write poems and I think it improved their confidence in written tasks in the lessons.”

“I think it made them realise that the language is not simply a subject you study on a Tuesday afternoon, but it can be a tool to express yourself and be creative, much in the same way that English is.”

“I am working in a class where all the students speak English as an additional language so this was incredibly beneficial for me. I was able to incorporate it into the literacy curriculum through poetry.”

“Poetry is already incorporated into our curriculum but a competition like this adds another dimension as it enables those who speak other languages than the ones we teach to enter in their mother tongue.”

“It highlighted to me the importance of creative activities. A poem doesn’t have to be complicated, they can follow a quite simple structure but still manipulate language effectively. They can be quite inventive, even with little vocabulary and a dictionary! I will be building more creative work into our own curriculum.”
Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2021

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue multilingual poetry competition is a national Laureate Education Project, led by former Poet Laureate, Dame Carol Ann Duffy. The competition celebrates cultural diversity and the many languages spoken in schools in the UK. This anthology compiles some of the fabulous winning entries from young writers in the North West for the competition.

"Our cultural heritage, identity and languages are all important to us, creative writing and poetry is a great way to express these – I am very inspired by The Mother Tongue Other Tongue Project." Malala Yousafzai, youngest Nobel Peace Prize winner and education activist

"It is heartening to see the passion young people have for their language, writing and poetry." Dame Carol Ann Duffy, Former Poet Laureate

“Writing poetry during lockdown has been a real confidence booster for the students. It has allowed pupils to express their creativity in another language.” Danny Hewitt, teacher from participating school All Saints Catholic High in Rossendale, Lancashire

"It is wonderful to see more submissions than ever from pupils keen to share their love of language and poetry, and to explore what it means to be human in these extraordinary times." Becky Swain, Director of Manchester Poetry Library