



As a remedy against the inescapable boredom of confinement, each one of us in the 2nde LL English group has been breathing poetry.

The style, precision, rhythm, free verse, images, the structure of a sonata or the symbols we use are all in the goal to recreate the poetic styles of the early 20th century poets, Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams.

The poems are based on our own lives and experiences and they work to remind us that if we don't stand in awe or we're not undone by the world around us, perhaps we're not paying close enough attention.

Let the poem be,

- Josefina Infante, Reda Ouadi and Emma Sibout

Pencils - Ada Bonilla

I have a lot of pencils in my pencil case
More pencils than fingers on my hands
I have all sorts of pencils of different
sizes, colours and leads
Pencils are the best medium to write
on a sheet of paper
But most of all
I love the sound a pencil makes
When its tip is gently scratched by the surface
of the grainy textured paper
A silent sound that only the one
who's holding the pencil hears
It tickles my ears
As if your closest friend
whispered their funniest memory
Making you want to laugh
yet not doing it in fear
of destroying the atmosphere
The pencils moves, it scratches, dances and sings
The rhythm of the sound calming

Urban temptation – Josefina Infante

Lights change, cars rush through
Pick a red wild strawberry
Beware the green snake

Love is a dog from Hell- Emma Sibout

Look away, shadows
are looking for the living
that Cupid has hit

The alluring red
painful sensation is back
the burning fire

Cerberus howls

guarding the doors of Morta
the pain, joy & despair

Hades has found me
I kneel in the night to you,
my soul is now dead

Why should I care ?

Darkness-Louis Arnould

The sun is dead,
The moon is gone.
A glowing rose,
Withers alone.

Darkness engulfs
All that it finds,
Consumes and leaves
Nothing behind.

The shining stars
To Dark have faded,
My lonely soul.
By god, forsaken

When all is Dark,
The battle lost.
I shall not care.
For you, are gone.

Stupid poem n° 6- Martina Vidal

standing on the edge of the platform
as trains pass by and leave trails of dust behind them.
smoking your cigarettes of corruption,
telling lies in black and white.
you like to think you're fine,
but hell smells like empty beer cans and burnt rubber.
and the ink on your fingers is best friends with the blood on your hands,
so brace yourself for impact.

play songs of long lost sirens and sailors,
navigating the black gold seas
and choking on plastic straws.
red knuckles from having punched one too many walls,
still only black blood leaked out the wound.
needles and pills won't save you this time.
the poison in your throat corrodes your lungs
and dissolves your heart.
Jump

Mattress- Reda Ouadi

The mattress is in my room
In the apartment
In the building
On Earth.
It's made out of microscopic fibres
Entangled together, so much
That it creates a solid structure
And at the same time
A soft support for my back.
It's filled with cotton, just enough so that my back doesn't feel
The wooden structure of the bed frame.
Dreams are strangers to me.
When I sleep on the mattress,
I just see black.
People fantasize about their weird dreams
Talking about how they were dancing with Saturn.
I don't dream.
I wish I could.
Pink strings ornate the outside of the mattress
Uniting and forming roses.
Roses remind me of my grandmother.
I don't really like my grandmother.
I also don't like sex.
I'm a surgeon, and I see thousands of roses every day.
I guess I've had my dose of it.
On top of that, I'm not the social butterfly of my group of friends.
Being a surgeon takes a lot out of you,
Especially Thursdays. Beatrice works Thursdays.
I hate Beatrice, and I'm sure she hates me.

She says I'm fat.
The mattress helps me.
It sees my pain and turns it into pleasure
I sleep on it, I cry on it.
It soaks up my tears.
It soaks up my soul.
It soaks me up.
Let it soak you up.
And even though you end up losing your physical body,
Which will turn into a empty doll
Subjected to the torments of life,
At least you'll be separated from it
Laying like a sleeping puppy
Without needing to worry about anything
Without needing to leave the mattress.
Without needing to leave the mattress.
Without needing to leave the mattress
Ever again, because my mattress can do that.
So at the end of the day,
I plump my sandbag of a body on it
And hear a crack.

«He do be kinda chunky doe»

Noah Erik Connor Brial Thomsen, 05/02/2021

Dining Table

The big table
Sits in the middle of the room
Several pound of dark wood
Rough edges marked with dents
Where the chairs have spent years.
Lighter knots tie together
Three pieces of separated wood
Trying to avoid the pieces splintering apart
But they can only do so much...
We used to have another table
But we liked this one more
This table
Where we sit for hours upon hours
writing

eating
playing
talking
celebrating
This table
who thrones in the living room,
the King of the household
All life spins around it
Like the planets spin around the sun.
If you listen closely,
you can hear stories
of a family
of a dinner
of a life
You can hear sounds of
a child laughing
a teenager crying
an adult talking
At the Dining Table

Chloe Giloppe - unconditional love

when i'm lost in the
darkness, you are the light that
makes love find the way.
i think of you, and
dream about you, in colours
that do not exist.
– timmy

I own a deck of cards
It's worn and old
Each card now stained with age
The edges no longer sharp
The cards bent
A fading thought in my mind
A fading mind in my life
They give a strange feeling when shuffled
Each card a wing

All flapping in the air at once
As a bluejay flies away from your enclosed hands
Flying towards an unknown fate
An early grave
Or a free life

Louis Arnoult - Necklace

I've always had golden necklaces
With loads and loads of pendants
Pearls, precious stones
Ruby, sapphire, amethyst
But my favorite one is an emerald one
Its green charm is so appealing
It has a drop like shape, a tear constantly sliding down my neck
Held by four little golden dots
Hiding a whole world on its other side
A hidden face, a different side of the moon
That only few people can see.
I've had my necklace for more years than I can count
And it makes me think:
Who wore it before me?
Perhaps it was made for a green eyed princess
Who wore it when she met her prince
I wonder what was on her mind
when she put it on
Or perhaps it was inspired of her prince's eyes
Eyes that saw war, love and pride
Eyes that fell in love
Then I wonder
How did this necklace land in my hand
Who will wear it after me
Am I going to give it to my daughter?
Or lose it?
Or sell it?
Will it remind its owner of me
Long after I'm gone
For all I know it'll live hundreds of centuries
But right now it's part of my existence
Or am I part of its?

Lilia Bouayad - My phone

I have a phone
The model is pocophone f1
It is 155mm in height and 78,3 mm in widths
It weighs 182 g.
Inside of it there are many electronic components.
Like it's Redmi Pro processor.
It's manufactured by Xiaomi
But it is not a Xiaomi phone,
It's a pocophone
I use it a lot,
in the morning when I wake up
In the night when I try sleep
I even use it when I'm not supposed to
Like in English class where I am currently.
Inside of it there are games,
applications
and pictures.
Pictures of people I know
Pictures of my cats
Pictures of my family
Some pictures I remove,
Some I keep
Some pictures are important
They help me remember
Like the pictures of my old cat
The day we brought her home
She was tiny and really shy
She wouldn't come out of her cage
We gave her food and she started exploring.
She got comfortable and fell asleep on my laps
I started petting her and she purred
I tried to hug her but she got mad
She scratched my face.
I am sad
and my face hurts
She leaves
I am sad my face hurts and I am alone
But she comes back.

The pain vanishes
But now she's sick and she wants to leave
So we let her go
the cat is gone
And now I am sad,
I don't want to forget her,
That's why I keep the pictures.
I have a phone.

i forgave the world when i met you – guess who

there's this painting
in the hallway of the museum.
it's not the most popular one of all
because unlike others,
it doesn't have its own room
and it sits alone in the hallway.
maybe it was put there for only the most
observant guests to see,
to protect it from the flashes of the cameras,
to keep its beauty a secret.

this is my favorite painting.
it's not very colorful
and at first glance,
you might think it's
not very complex.
but when you
stare at it for a while, you can see
it's true nature.

in the painting,
there are two boats.
one green and one
red.
opposite ends of the color wheel,
they complement each other.

the boats sit on a deserted beach.
almost as if everything and everyone
had vanished

into thin air
and they were
the only ones left.

they seem in love
with each other.
they sit, closely together
like if they had promised themselves
they'd stay together
for eternity.

however, both boats seem sad.
in pain,
like if they had been
through hell
and then
back.

one of the boats leans against the other,
I imagine her asking:
"Do you think the pain
that comes with love
is worth it?"

the other boat
the green one,
stays still
with his loved one's bow
leaning against his.
he takes his time
with his words
so that
they come out perfect.

finally, he says:
"I forgave the world when I met you".

Aina Fuentes

