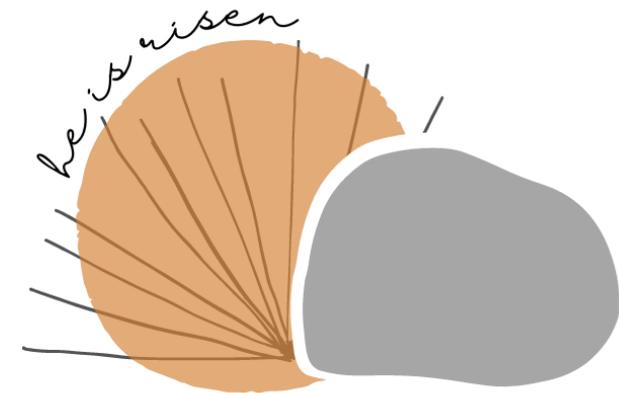


Easter Poems 2021



Easter 2021 Poems

A Harringay friend of mine recently told me his musical tastes have changed during the pandemic. He now finds himself listening to a lot more gospel music. Not being a religious person, this took him by surprise. But he says the depth of pain that that music is able to articulate, coupled with the intensity of the hope, spoke into how he has been feeling in lockdown.

Easter speaks a similar language. It speaks of huge loss -- on Good Friday we Christians remember the horrible act where the Son of God was murdered -- and seismic hope -- on Easter Sunday he is raised again, and everything sad begins to come untrue.

For this special Harringay poetry collection we invited contributions from our church, our local school and our neighbours, and we weren't disappointed! People were welcome to contribute poems from any faith or viewpoint, and all we asked was that it was on the theme of loss and/or hope. Thank you to all those who contributed, and I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have.

Rev. Pete Snow, St Paul's Harringay

Rule

A time to pray and watch
the shimmering river of artifice, while a concrete
Trinity clambers upon this busy

terrace (if we only had one): poised
like Thomas Beckett in a growing city
at a constant, lethal watch, a Rule to overcome

the brutalism of rules. Vespers
and then candle-lit refectories, lain out with Dostlar peppers
as the Gospel paces through our mind.

Sam Hickford, Harringay

Little bird

Little bird
Seen but unheard
I love you

Aphra, South Harringay School

I Miss You Guys

I wish I was back at school,
Instead at home while I weep and ball,
I miss my friends I wish this would end,
I feel like everything will descend,
But look a light in the distance,
But everyone walks by like it has no existence,
I follow this light the last bit of hope,
Suddenly I fell down a mystical slope,
Into a land where the corona is gone,
But no one is drawn to their devices,
It's like everyone's heart rises,
Everyone is talking,
And all are walking,
Not using silly machines like cars,
They should be put behind bars,
And then I see,
The older me,
Playing with my friends,
They all had different minds,
Not talking about games and phones
Playing together instead of alone,
Look the light is back,
A thing has changed in my heart has no crack,
Because I know there is hope,
Yes there is hope,
There is hope,
There is HOPE,
Yes there is hope,
So next time your down,
Do not frown,
There is
HOPE

William, South Harringay School

The World's a House

The world's a house which houses finite souls,
Who only grasp infinity in vain,
Or ever hiding from eternity.
This year the infinitesimal destroyer
Plunged many into the depthless deathly night.
It warped our finite grid by eternal claws,
Then slyly snatched our loved ones overnight.
And on our hearts it scratched a bloody wound.

On wooden beams the eternal man expired,
But by it he pulverised death's bony claws,
And stopped the helpless tears oozed from our bruises.
Yet greater still is his reviving power.
He forged eternal mercy into space
And weaved eternal life into our time.

Brian Mak, St Paul's Harringay

The Burial

*'Joseph took the body, wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and placed it
in his own new tomb.'*

Matthew's Gospel, chapter 27, verse 59.

Blind rainfall,
Bleak graveyard,
Light and laughter out of sight.
Wet mud,
Fresh dug,
Reserved for death's encroaching night.

Heavy arms,
Heavy steps:
What a path to have to tread.
Clean linen,
Crisp flowers,
Laid upon a muddy bed.

Oh my son,
You precious treasure!
Sunk beneath the turf.
Such an innocent!
Sunk in mud you went
As death snuck in and took you first.

I still look down
And just see mud,
Cold and bleak and brown.
Great loss,
Deep loss,
Loss that never gets undone.

His grave,
My grave;
Buried with the son I love.
My God,
Not mud,
Takes this son to reign above.

Angels camping,
Sorrows dampening,
Face like lightning by the tomb.
Grave not needed,
Grace now pleaded,
Gone ahead to see me soon.

Pete Snow, St Paul's Harringay

A Tiny Tiny Creature

A tiny tiny creature strikes like a bomb in the air
Turns my busy bee city into a desert which is not fair,

I can no longer see my family and friends,
I am hiding until this virus ends!!!

I am sick and tired of not going to school,
But even if I try to fight it, it will forever rule.

Days are ages and years long,
But we need to be iron strong.

To wash my hands every now and then I used a river
To get the virus out of my body and my family forever

I'm hopeful that one day the sun will rise
The pandemic will run away as a surprise.

Aland, South Harringay School

Isolated

I feel like I'm stuck
Stuck in the mud
With no where to move and nothing
To lose.

As I stare outside,
I think about my old life.
I miss my friends and wanna see
The outside.

Behind bars is were I stay because
Corona decided to go on holiday.
It traveled everywhere and now it
better be ashamed.

Because now, I will probably
Not see my family living far away.
However I'm grateful to know that
today they are doing okay.

And hope that soon I will be freed
and scream hooray. Knowing that
the world worked together to save
the day.

Serajna, South Harringay School

Tomorrow's Glory

*'I consider that our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the
glory that will be revealed in us.'*

Paul's Letter to the Romans, chapter 8, verse 18.

It is not worth comparing our present sorrow
With the glory that will replace it tomorrow.

Not the desperation for this season to end,
Nor the heavy absence of a missing friend.
Not the steady decline of my once strong mother,
Nor the tragedy of never seeing each other.
Not the longing to go back to how things were,
Nor the pain of knowing that there is no cure.

It is not worth comparing our present sorrow
With the glory that will replace it tomorrow.

Not the bleak existence of the anxious mind,
Nor depression's prison making hope seem blind.
Not the struggle to take just one step more,
Nor the fear of stepping outside the door.
Not the piercing blackout of physical pain,
Nor the prescriptions needed just to keep sane.

It is not worth comparing our present sorrow
With the glory that will replace it tomorrow.

This glory – it will be like nothing on earth
When we're changed on the day of our second birth.
The sun will be dulled by his glorious light,
As he shatters all darkness making everything right.

Sara Snow, St Paul's Harringay

I have journeyed for months and weeks and days,
and now I see home as I look up and gaze,
at the house I grew up in the one I left behind,
I come back to it now not knowing what I will find.
My father angry and wrathful? That would be his right,
forgiveness he does not owe me, to see me is no delight.
But I will fall on my knees and acknowledge my wrong,
to cry out for mercy even though I no longer belong.

As I draw closer to home I look up and see,
something, someone, running towards me.
I am weary from travel but my vision now clears,
it is my father he is running, to me he now nears.
Anxiety and fear, love and hope they build up inside,
as I fall to my knees having been humbled from my pride.
I look up at him now and I begin to speak,
but he cuts me off, embraces me and kisses my cheek.

The tears they flow now as I remember his love,
and here in his arms my heart soars like a dove.
I wait as he holds me to hear what he will say...
"Welcome home my son, we rejoice in this day!
For once you were lost but now you are found.
you were dead but now in you life does abound.
Come in my son, come and take your place,
You have come home, so come enjoy my grace."

Carl Brooks-Plunkett, St Paul's Harringay

Whisked Away

I can feel the sorrow in my heart bleeding out,
Leaving a deep, stubborn scar in its place

All the things that were possible
Were suddenly whisked away

Opportunities and dreams came tumbling down,
Like rows and rows of dominoes all plummeting to the ground

Sirens and news reports echoing throughout my life,
My emotions like a rollercoaster ride

But as a gloomy cloud disappears,
a rainbow may appear

Standing out from the inky darkness,
Golden, shimmering stars hover in the air

Bare concrete roads
Are a blooming, lush field

A shrivelled, broken flower
Is a delicate, red rose

Spreading like a wildfire,
A sweet, optimistic scent lingers in the air

Because even now,
Hope is a flame, still blazing bright and strong.

Shivonne, South Harringay School

Hope

The world is crying,
People are dying,
As others are encountering losses,
They don't have enough time to appreciate the lovely green mosses,
People aren't able to cope,
They now have to hide and mope.
Is there still hope?

Spring has come,
Ready to remove all glum,
Flowers are blooming,
Without thunder booming,
There's lovely weather,
However we can't even be together.
We've run out of hope...

Summer is here, yet all the people are still disappeared,
Most of the restrictions are being eased,
Everyone is really pleased,
Apart from others who have lost all hope,
And everyone has to wash their hands with soap.
Can there still be hope?

He is lost;
my heart within me longs for his return,
to come back to our home for this I do yearn.
He is lost;
his actions and words they were painful for sure,
but he is my son, my love for him is more.
He is lost;
and I want him to be found, to be by my side,
to know forgiveness that only I can provide.
He is not lost, he is dead.

I hope...
Perhaps I can work for my father instead?
not worthy as a son but as a servant I dread.
I hope...
Forgiveness, something I do not deserve and nor can I earn,
but to be back at home with my Father, this I do yearn.
I hope...
to see his face once more as I fall on my knees,
and say "Father I am sorry, forgive me please."
I hope...

I hope...
that he may yet come to see sense,
and come back home where he needs no defence.
I hope...
that he knows that his place is as my son,
that is still true today, even after what he's done.
I hope...
to see his face once more as I run out to meet him,
to embrace, to kiss, to tell him I love him.
I hope...

I am lost

Based on Luke's Gospel, chapter 15, verses 11-24

I am lost;
I was foolish and ignorant that day when I said,
Father I want what is mine, I wish you were dead.

I am lost;
I did not walk I ran, as I left home behind,
going out on my own, myself seeking to find.

I am lost;
pain and heartache I caused but did not care,
the inheritance was mine I just wanted my share.
But now I am lost.

He is lost;
my son, my boy, my child whom I loved,
he took what was mine, my own flesh and blood.

He is lost;
my heart breaks today just the same as it did,
when he wished I was dead for a couple of quid.

He is lost;
yet I stand, and I watch as I look out and wait,
as I long for the day that he walks through that gate.
But now he is lost.

I am lost;
I have nothing, no clothes on my back and no food I can eat,
I sold all that I own, even the shoes from my feet.

I am lost;
now no better than pigs, the ones I feed even as I hunger,
and I think, and I dream of the feasts I ate when younger.

I am lost;
and I know what I should do, and yet I cannot,
Go home? Return? Give back what I've no longer got?
I am not lost, I am dead.

Autumn has arrived,
Ready to thrive,
For all those who have died,
Schools have opened,
Everyone is happy,
All teachers are back and snappy.
There's still hope!

Christmas time is here,
However others still aren't able to come near,
We've been separated from all our peers,
We're back in lockdown,
Everyone is feeling down.
There's no hope.

Spring is back,
It's as if we've had a flashback,
Pupils are returning as Easter arrives,
Everyone is back to their normal lives.
All hope is restored!

Saleh, South Haringay School

The Reality

A lost bird I was,
Always dreaming of a change,
But through loss comes hope,

I was blank paper,
Never been given the chance,
Still dreaming of ink,

I was like a seed,
Though rain and sun never came,
But I always hoped,

When the trees came bare,
Before the blossom befell,
All hopes had been lost,

As my sky clouded,
I knew a storm was brewing,
After, clear skies came.

Paloma and Marianne, South Harringay School

Life

There are ups and downs in life
And covid is an example of strife
But we must try not to be down
And we will survive this lockdown

I work on the computer every day
Even if it is sunny outside in May
Not by choice, but I must learn
To keep my mind off this horrible germ

I can't see my family or friends
If I could, I think that would make amends
To all the sorrow in our hearts
And hopefully covid won't go right off the charts

To use up your time you can bake cakes
Even if you end up with a load of mistakes
I wish for so much more
Like, to be with you throughout this war
I miss you all

Albie, South Harringay School

Then And Now

The streets that once held plenty
Are now deserted and empty
Are we alone?
What has happened to our home?
The shops are all closing
Mannequins stopped posing
Are we alone?
What has happened to our home?

But now...

The restrictions are lifting
Our emotions are shifting
Is there now hope?
How did we all cope?
Back with all of our friends
In the classroom together again
Is there now hope?
How did we all cope?

Bambi, South Haringay School

Hope

We were told to stay indoors,
Lock down, restrictions, oh no,
Stay at home, self isolate, just shield and protect,
The houses were like jail, waiting to be set free,
Food running out and shelves all cleared out,
Fights for toilet paper, hand sanitisers and tinned canned food, is this all for real?
Ready, steady, put your gloves and masks on,
Suffocated, can't breath like someone's hands wrapped around my throat,
Hoping and praying this nasty bug called covid stays locked out,
Keep two metres apart, just wait here,
Shops were like fast escalators rushing you in and out,
Don't kiss, hug, touch, just stand back,
Isolated from friends and family like a deserted island,
Face time and video calls, but still not the same, missing you all!
Schools still closed, can't see friends,
Yay no school work, what should we play now?
Oh no, school work online like a never ending line,
So much pressure like a boiling pot on a cooker, ready to explode,
Signs everywhere saying help save the NHS
Thursday nights we give them a clap and a cheer to let them know we're here,
Counting the rainbows, how many can you see?
Playgrounds all taped up to keep away, tape everywhere like a crime scene,
Hours tick by like the fastest setting on a running machine,
I miss how everything was before,
Will we ever be set free? Will things ever be the same?
All we can do is never give up hope...

Tiayan, South Haringay School

Loss

When you were here,
You made me laugh,
You made me cry,
You made me smile o' so wide.
Almost like it led us to a rainbow,
Guiding us to a pot o' gold,
Now that you're gone,
You made my grey, rainy life turn
o so cold!

Makai, South Haringay School

Loss and Hope

Hope won't bring any tears,
Hope is joyful.
Let hope wash away your fears,
Hope is blissful,
Hope is the path to positivity, so let go of negativity.

Loss will bring tears,
Loss is mournful.
Loss drives away hope.
Loss is dreadful.
Let go of your loss and start a path of hope.
Loss can become hope.

By Sarah, 6A, South Haringay School