

You Only Get One Life

By Melissa Otero-Zambrzycka

Open the app, shut the door,
Time after time, coming back for more,
Another swipe, another scroll,
Another notification on the phone,
A nagging need to know every hit,
Every detail, every bit,
“What are they saying?”
“What do they think?”

The need to feel that acceptance,
From a group of strangers, you don't even know,
The feeling when that comment,
Makes you hit an all time low,
The toxicity of the fact,
“They don't care how you feel,”
Putting your heart out there is a gamble,
Yet you chose to spin that wheel,

And so you isolate, compensate,
For people you'll never meet again,
When in reality, waiting outside that door,
Is only the truest friends,
But your eyes cannot leave that screen,
It's a vortex you cannot reverse,
You cannot leave, even if you plead,
And every hateful comment hurts,

But you're stuck in this matrix,
And “Who cares, you're all alone,”
But it only takes one move to escape it all,
Go on, turn off your phone.

Get out into the real world,
Write your own story in colourful ink,
You've only got one life,

“Who cares what people think?”





Back in the day

we used to spend all day playing outside,
now all we do is watch movies online,
we reclus to our phones not wanting to move,
when back in the day, we ran astray,
imagination was key fuelling us with energy,
Now people die over hate being spread,
hating their lives because they are at threat.

people work their hardest to try and get likes and views,
making them more important than people and good news,
capturing their whole lives on camera,
finding themselves more superior when younger,
when back in the day we used to play swords with sticks,
jumping in muddy puddles,
There was no limit to our tricks.

people look at their bodies with shame,
hate themselves when they are not to blame,
grow eating disorders from silly comments,
spiralling for some old nonsense,
when back in the day we used to have lots of fun,
playing tag,
"oh no he's it run"

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back in the day we didn't care about looks,
nor social media,
all we cared about was books,
we ran around playing hide and seek
knew not to be found,
but to be hidden surrounded,
we always hoped for a happily ever after
though that was not to happen,
if we were on our phones for ever after

back in the day it was better
though we had to send the occasional letter
back in the day it was funner
though there was the occasional runner
back in the day it was good.
better than any phone could.



-lily bissett mactwen



The hidden bit of Churchill school

Written by Eliza Gilson

Looming great and proud, standing tall,
Is Churchill School, school of wonders.
It's quiet now but it shan't be soon,
Life will roar and screech out loud.

Step inside, why don't we, take a closer look,
Push, push: open the worn gate,
Walk down the gum filled lanes,
Grime to your left, mud to your right.
The hidden bit if Churchill School.

A bell bongs, bongs, bongs,
Students push their way out,
They laugh, they chat, they swear,
But they're not really there.
Behind the mask, behind the accessories,
Each on is on the media...

Step inside, why don't we, take a closer look,
Tug, tug: open the broken entry.
Walk straight past the graffiti.
Grime to your left, mud to your right,
The hidden bit of Churchill school.

Teachers stroll past, trying to smile,
They push past the unlawful,
Take in those who are different, who care,
And walk right past...

They hurry to their classrooms,
Maybe today will be different,
No. nothing ever changes, why should it?
They teach, they pray they shout:

But they're not really there,
Behind the masks behind the accessories,
Each one is on the media...

Step inside, why don't we, take a closer look,
Pull, pull; open the sagging door,
Plod right around the broken benches.
Grime to your left, mud to your right,
The hidden bit of Churchill school.

A bell bongs, bongs, bongs:
The day is done; the busses come.
The drivers shout, they push, they try.
But they're not really there,
Behind the masks, behind the accessories,
Each on is on the Media...



At home all three are alike,
They communicate with those they just left,
'why talk really and truly, when you can talk online?'

It's all just the same.

The same.

The same.

The hidden bit of Churchill School...