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# Mother Tongue Other Tongue

Celebrating 10 years

*an anthology of poems from  
the 2022 North West competition*



THE QUEEN'S  
ANNIVERSARY PRIZES  
FOR HIGHER AND FURTHER EDUCATION  
2019

# Mother Tongue Other Tongue

*“Through the many languages of  
poetry, in multiple tongues, we  
can hear the truths of this world  
we must learn to share.”*

**Dame Professor Carol Ann Duffy**

Former Poet Laureate and Creative Director of the  
Manchester Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University

## **Mother Tongue Other tongue 2022**

This anthology was published by Manchester Metropolitan University

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# About Mother Tongue Other Tongue

The Mother Tongue Other Tongue project has engaged over 40,000 young people since it started in 2012, celebrating the many languages and culture that live side by side in Britain today.

The project was successfully piloted by Manchester Metropolitan University and Routes into Languages NW as part of the Manchester Children's Book Festival in 2012. Over the following years, the model was disseminated via a number of regional Routes partners across the UK and also by SCILT, Scotland's National Centre for Languages, each taking slightly different approaches in order to serve the needs of their local communities.

In 2019, Manchester Metropolitan University was awarded the Queen's Anniversary Prize for Higher and Further Education for Mother Tongue Other Tongue and its achievement in helping to foster pride for community languages and cultures.

## What people have said ...

*"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."*

**Imtiaz Dharker** (Poet, Artist and Documentary Film-Maker)

*"I was very impressed by the pupils who took part in Mother Tongue Other Tongue. The poems shared powerful and moving narratives from the pupils."*

**Annie Zaidi BEM** (Football Coach and campaigner)

*"All of the young people who enter this competition should be very proud of themselves. Mother Tongue Other Tongue values all languages and I am pleased that pupils have had the opportunity to celebrate languages in this way."*

**Amir Khan** (British Boxer)

*"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."*

**Malala Yousafzai** (Education campaigner and youngest Nobel Prize Laureate)

## Foreword

You are about to read a collection of poetry, written by young people between the ages of 8-18, as part of the 2022 Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition.

'Mother Tongue' is about sharing poetry in a 'mother language', whatever that means to the individual. 'Other Tongue' encourages pupils to be creative in a language that they are learning. Our project is now ten years old and we have learned so much since 2012, when it was devised by the then Poet Laureate, Carol Ann Duffy, along with colleagues from the Faculty of Arts and Humanities at Manchester Metropolitan University and Routes into Languages North-West.



The poetry submitted by pupils, who enter this competition covers a huge number of languages, topics and levels of linguistic ability. The job of the judges (all Manchester Metropolitan University students with bi- or multi-lingual experience) is to find pieces that are written with passion, creativity, humour and empathy.

Mother Tongue invites pupils to share poems, lullabies, songs – remembered or taught, or even original – in a 'mother tongue', whatever that means to the individual. So we don't have to limit the number of languages submitted, we do not judge these entries on the pieces submitted. Instead, we invite the young people sharing them to offer a translation and a commentary that explains their reasons for sharing this particular piece of work.

Other Tongue entries are judged on the pieces submitted, so these languages are limited to those taught in schools. Our judges take into account the ages of the young people being creative in a language that is new to them and judge on creativity, originality and use of language.

Each piece you see here in the anthology has been selected by at least three judges. 25 different languages are represented and poems cover a huge range of themes. They include poems that are at times funny, thought-provoking, even heart-breaking. We hope you will enjoy them as much as we have.

**Becky Swain** (Director: Manchester Poetry Library)

**Kaye Tew** (Education Manager: Manchester Poetry Library)

# Mother Tongue

*“In poetry we look for the unique and different stories and one of the advantages of having another language is that you have access to a whole other set of metaphors, a whole other way of thinking.”*

**Bohdan Piasecki**  
Poet

Young people between the ages of 8-18 were invited to share poetry or songs from a language they regard as their ‘mother tongue’.

In this category, pupils could share original or already existing text in any language. Our judges selected winners based only on the commentary, which explains the poem and why they chose to share it. Our winners in this category are

Name	Year	School	Language
Success Ikwunze	5	Lily Lane Primary School	Italian
Zand Bahaalddin	5	Lily Lane Primary School	Kurdish
Britney Omoruyi	5	Lily Lane Primary School	Spanish
Marvellous Ogundiya	6	Lily Lane Primary School	Yoruba
Liya Solomon	7	St Peter's RC High School	Amharic
Susannah Kapiszka	7	Co-op Academy Manchester	Polish
Yoana Dimova	7	Co-op Academy Manchester	Japanese
Sarina Amiri	7	Co-op Academy Manchester	Persian
Prishaa Katiyar	7	Altrincham Grammar School for Girls	Hindi
Awais Oktay	7	Didsbury High School	Turkish
Harm Arshad	7	St Peter's RC High School	Urdu
Amaya Amber	7	Oasis Academy Leesbrook	Hindi
Tanjila Mozumder	7	St Peter's RC High School	Italian
Eva JinYi Wu	7	Lancaster Girls' Grammar School	Mandarin
Fernando Benedict	7	British School Muscat	Indonesian
Sean Jeffers	8	All Hallows Catholic College	Gaelic
Rubbat Mukhtar	8	Oasis Academy Leesbrook	Hindi/Panjabi
Gianna Cisnero	8	All Hallows Catholic College	Filipino
Ahmed Alshamaki	8	Didsbury High School	Arabic
Johanna Alofabi	8	Sale Grammar School	Yoruba
Haya Stephens	8	British School Muscat	Arabic
Dua Rahman	9	British School Muscat	Bangla
Kavya Suresh	9	Lancaster Girls' Grammar School	Tamil
Natalie Pineger	9	Poynton High School	Japanese
Maya Poplawska-Noga	9	Poynton High School	Polish
Valentina Rexhaj	10	Abraham Moss Community School	Albanian
An Dang	9	Sale Grammar School	Vietnamese
Haad Ashraf Ahsan	10	Abraham Moss Community School	Urdu
Umaiza Tasaddak	9	Cheadle Hulme High School	Ukrainian
Daria Bogolyubova	13	Lancaster Girls' Grammar School	Russian
Amina Begum	12	Oldham Sixth Form College	Spanish

Our first Mother Tongue winning entries came from Lily Lane Primary school, where pupils were asked to write a poem in their first language and say a little about why celebrating these languages is important ...

### Italy, my home Success Ikwunze (Year 5)

Italia è dove io sono felice.  
Mi piace perché ci sono le piscine.  
Quando andavo in piscina  
con mia zia e i miei cugini  
avevo un costume che  
brillava come la luna.

Italy is where I'm happy.  
I like it because of the pools.  
When I went to the pools  
with my aunt and my cousins,  
I had a costume that  
shone like the moon.

Quando andavo a scuola  
la mia maestra Bernadetta  
era la mia preferita,  
ridevo sempre con lei.  
Anche se non sono con lei  
la ricordo sempre  
quando vado a dormire.  
Lei è come la luna.

When I went to school,  
there was my teacher Bernadetta.  
She was my favourite teacher,  
I always laughed with her.  
Even if I'm not with her  
I will still remember her  
at bedtime.  
She is like the moon.

It's important to celebrate our languages because it makes us feel proud of ourselves and others who speak the same language. It also encourages people to speak their languages more often. I chose to write about swimming and school because it gives me beautiful memories.

### This is Kurdistan Zand Bahaalddin (Year 5)

كوردستان هەرگیز دەولەت نەبوو  
هیچ شوێنێکمان نەبوو بۆ مینینەمو  
بەلام سەرۆک کۆماری عێراق  
بیریاری دا کە ئێمە بکەینە بەشێک لەوان  
ئەو وەک هاورێیەکمی باش یارمەتی ئێمەیی دا  
هەموو لایەکی هەستیان بە سوپاسگوزاری لە  
کوردستان کرد

Kurdistan was never a country  
We didn't have anywhere to stay  
but the Iraqi president  
decided to make us part of them.  
He helped us like a good friend.  
Everyone felt grateful in Kurdistan.

لە کوردستان لەدایک بووم  
بەلام کاتێک تەمەنم حەوت سێ سێ بوو  
من و دایکم هاتین بۆ ئینگلتەر  
من هەموو رێگاگان وەک نەخشە دەزانم  
هەست بە خەم دەکەم چونکە  
ماوەی دوو سێ هەمان نەبینیو

I was born in Kurdistan  
but when I turned seven years old  
me and my Mum came to England  
I know every road like a map.  
I feel really sad because  
I haven't seen my relatives for two years.

لەداهاتویدا حەز دەکەم گەشت بکەم  
بۆ ماداگاسکار، دۆبەیی و ئەمریکا  
دەمەوێت وەک دەقیقە ئانتونۆرۆ بۆ  
دواتر من زۆر هەست بە دلخۆشی دەکەم

In the future I would like to travel  
to Madagascar, Dubai and the USA  
I want to be like David Attenborough  
Then I would feel very cheerful.

It important to celebrate speaking Kurdish because it might make people who speak that language not feel lonely. I chose to write about my story because I want people to know about my life and people to be aware of what happened to other people.

### Oceanix Britney Omoruyi (Year 5)

Mi familia y yo fueron a Oceanix en  
Valencia  
Había muchos animales.  
Tantos como libros en una librería.  
Mi sentí mal porque se quemó  
El fuego hizo que Oceanix cerro  
En reflecto, me senti bien porque fue  
antes de que cerraron  
El fuego fue peligroso como jugando  
con cuchillos  
Como mis recuerdos que me hacen  
llorar

My family and I went to Oceanix in  
Valencia  
There were many animals.  
As many as books in a library.  
I felt bad because it burnt.  
The fire caused Oceanix to close  
In reflection, I felt good because  
it was before they closed.  
The fire was as dangerous as playing  
with knives.  
Like my memories that make me cry.

It is important to celebrate our language because you won't forget how to speak it and you'll have the best memories of the country. I chose the zoo because I felt so bad when it closed down and that was my special holiday as I lived in Pamplona, not Valencia. I felt proud doing this poem because it's reminding me again.

### Be Smart Marvellous Ogundiya (Year 6)

Lati England si Spain  
Orun ti mo joba  
Emi li angeli  
Şugbon eyi je irora gaan  
Emi ko feran ri o ti nkigbe  
Maşe purọ  
Kini idi ti o fi purọ nipa eniyan yẹn  
Ko dara to  
O si wà oyimbo ti o ni inira  
Maşe fi ara re şile  
O nilo lati sanwo

From England to Spain  
The sky I reign  
I am an angel  
But this is really painful  
I don't like seeing you cry  
Don't lie  
Why did you lie about that guy  
He was never good enough  
He was quite rough  
Never give yourself up  
He needs to pay

My name is Marvellous and I speak Yoruba. It's my family's language. It's important to celebrate your language because... it's your legacy, your heritage, it's your language, the one you grew up living. You can't forget, it's your personality. It's your country's language. It's been in your family for ages. I choose this subject to show how girls, women should be treated and how they're not just a doll you can play with and throw away later. To show that girls are humans and how they shouldn't be scared to stand up for themselves. I want to make a difference.

Si gbogbo awon omobirin  
O ti wa ni a parili  
Iwo ni ohun gbogbo  
Şe o feran orisun omi  
Maşe fi ara re şi keji  
O lewa Mo ka  
Feran ara re  
Ko si elomiran  
Otito ni o so  
O ti wa ni imole  
O OLOGBON

To all girls  
You are a pearl  
You are everything  
Do you like spring  
Never put yourself second  
You are beautiful I reckon  
Love yourself  
No one else  
You are right  
You are bright  
YOU ARE SMART

## It seemed appropriate to start our Year 7 section with a poem inspired by Malala Yousafzai ...

### *Change the world* Liya Solomon (Year 7)

<p> <b>ለትኩህላዎ ነገር መቆም ልሉብን</b>  <b>ላትታገል ተላላ ለትቆረጥ</b>  <b>ዕዳላን በተሟላ ሁኔታ አንጠቀምበት።</b>  <b>እና ለሁኔታ ለላወቁ ለንሁን</b>  <b>ትምህርት ሁልጊዜ ቀልፍ ይሆናል</b>  <b>እና ነዘያ ነጻ ልንወጣ ለንቅላላን</b>  <b>በመንገዳችን ጠቢብን ለንሁን</b>  <b>በዘመናችን</b>  <b>ለአንድ ልጅ</b>  <b>አለተወላጊ</b>  <b>መጽሐፍት እና አላባራባት</b>  <b>ዓለምን ሊለውጥ ይችላል።</b> </p>	<p>           We have to stand for what is right            Do not give up without a fight            Let us make full use of our power.            If we stand will conquer            Education will always be key            And then we can be free            Let us be wise in our ways            In the circle of our day            For 1 child            1 Teacher,            Books and some pens,            It can change the world         </p>
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The poem 'One Chance' explores how opportunities in life should not be wasted as they are precious. 'Regret is repentant': this quote highlights how regret makes you feel bad and leaves you wishing you could change things. This poem has been written because in my own life, I have felt sorrow over things I haven't done. I think it's important for people to make good choices now before it's too late. Choices have a big impact and we need to consider that fact that choices could really affect our future.

### *One Chance* Susannah Kapiszka (Year 7)

<p> <b>jedna szansa</b>  <b>Masz tylko jedną szansę w życiu, aby</b>  <b>doświadczyć wszystkich tych</b>  <b>niesamowitych możliwości, więc nie</b>  <b>marnuj jej.</b>  <b>Żal dźga w plecy,</b>  <b>Żal jest skruszony,</b>  <b>Żal to uczucie smutku,</b>  <b>Nigdy nie jest za późno, aby zmienić</b>  <b>swoje życie i czynniki.</b> </p>	<p>           You only have one chance in your life to experience all these amazing opportunities, so don't waste it. Regret is backstabbing, Regret is repentant, Regret is a feeling of sorrow, It is never too late to change your life and factors.         </p>
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This is an original poem I wrote called Change the world in Amharic (the Ethiopian native language) because it's my mother's mother tongue and my other tongue.

The reason I wrote this poem is because of the inspiration of Malala Yousufzai. I copied the quote "one child, one teacher, one book and a pen can change the world" is a quote from Malala. I chose to write this poem because in some countries having an education is like finding diamonds and that is not fair. Every child should have a right to an education and to learn. People like Malala are the inspiration for girls to show that they can and do everything that boys can do and promote world equality for men and women.

So, I wrote this poem to promote that anyone can do anything if they want to and if you have determination and believe you can achieve anything if you're:  
Woman  
Man  
Too young

### *Poor Little Thing* Yoana Dimova (Year 7)

かわいそうな小さなこと  
 海に自由に泳いでいる小さなイルカがいました  
 その美しさはこれまでにないほど目に見えました  
 この小さな生き物が持っていた力は並外れたものでした  
 誰もがいつも悪いことを過小評価していました  
 ある日、それは本当に何ができるのかをみんなに示すことにしました  
 1回の強い水しぶきで津波が発生しました  
 きらめく水が岸にぶつかると、人々は恐怖に震える  
 哀れみを感じますか？  
 恥ずかしいですか？  
 あなたはこのかわいそうなことを誤解しました

There was a small dolphin swimming freely in the ocean  
 Its beauty was visible to all  
 The power of this little creature was extraordinary  
 Everyone always underestimated it  
 One day, it decided to show everyone what it was really capable of  
 With one strong splash, it caused a tsunami  
 While the sparkling water hits the shore, people tremble in fear  
 Do you feel pity?  
 Do you feel ashamed?  
 You misunderstood this poor little thing

### *Humanity's Pain* Sarina Amiri (Year 7)

درد بشریت  
 ،مردم برای احساس درد به دنیا آمده اند  
 .برای گریه کردن، دلشان شکسته، عذاب می کشند  
 دنیا همیشه کامل نیست  
 .و البته، هر فردی در طول زندگی خود دردی را تجربه خواهد کرد  
 ،اما اگر برای کسی که رنج می برد احساس درد نمی کنید  
 پس آیا شما حتی انسان هستید؟  
 واقعا دل داری؟  
 یا فقط به خودت احساس میکنی؟

People were born to feel pain,  
 To cry, have their heart broken, feel agony.  
 The world isn't always perfect.  
 And of course, every single person will go through pain in their lifetime.  
 But if you do not feel pain for the person who is suffering,  
 Then, are you even human?  
 Do you really have a heart?  
 Or do you only feel for yourself?

The poem 'Poor Little Thing' explores how something small can have a significant impact on the world. 'With one strong splash it made a tsunami': this quote tells us how something little can create something so huge that even the strongest people cannot stop it (since you cannot stop an almighty tsunami). The poem was inspired by my own experiences of feeling that I couldn't make a significant difference in the world and then realising that through my words and actions I could. I have chosen to write about this because a lot of people don't appreciate the small but stunning things in life. I think it is important because when someone tells you that you can't do something, you feel quite dejected that people are underestimating you for who you are. The poor little thing in this poem is the dolphin since people always underestimated it because it seemed insignificant but actually it held much more power than anyone thought it actually did.

I have written this poem because it is so important to care for each other and love each other. We need to feel sympathy and empathy for fellow human beings and understand the pain they are going through, now more than ever.

My poem was inspired by Sadi Shirazi's Persian poem that is believed to have been written in 1258 AD. The message of shared humanity remains and this poem could be linked to the war happening now between Russia and Ukraine. We are watching through TV screens with blurry tears stinging our eyes and feeling the people's pain at having to flee from their precious homes and lose their loved ones.

Hopefully, this poem inspires you to become a better person and you'll share with me the hope that this horrible war (and other wars around the world) end soon.

Some poems were shared because they sparked memories and emotions ...

### Childhood Memories Prishaa Katiyar (Year 7)

बचपन की यादें

जब मैं छोटी थी  
बहुत शरारत करती थी  
माँ के दुपट्टे को काट कर  
गुड़िया को सजाती थी ॥

माँ जब सोने को बोलती  
मैं अपने कोठरी में छुप जाती  
सोने का बहाना करती  
जब तक माँ अपना काम निपटाती॥

फिर दिये कि रोशनी में  
किताब हाथ में लिए  
एक नयी कहानी में खो जाती,  
और दिल में चल रहे शब्दों की लहर में  
बहती हुई  
एक नयी दुनिया में पहुँच जाती।

बचपन की मुस्कराहट मेरी  
गरम धूप की किरण जैसी,  
हंसी मेरी छलछलाते झरने सो मचलती  
आँखें मेरी सागर से गहरी  
और दिमाग में पूरी दुनिया समेटे हुए,  
मैं रोज़ नए सपने बुनती॥

दोस्तों के साथ हाफ्स्काच खेलना  
हर छोटी बात पर बेवजह हँसना  
कभी नाराज़ होना, कभी मनाना  
वो बचपन के दिन और हर पल का  
खिलखिलाना॥

अब कहाँ गया वो बचपन?  
आज जब बड़ी हो गयी  
तो य महसूस हुआ  
वो मासूम दिन तो पीछे रह गये,  
काश एक बार फिर कोई बचपन लौटा दे,  
काश फिर से उन पलों से मिलवा दे॥

When I was younger,  
I was very cheeky.  
I would take my mums dresses  
And turn them into dolls clothes

I would hide in my closet at night  
Uncovering a new story, eager to be  
read.  
The waves of words, flowing in my  
head  
Until I sense a shadow loom over  
me.

My smile is a ray of sunshine  
My laughter is a waterfall of joy  
My ocean eyes peering out my  
window  
My brain travelling to its secret  
universe

Me and my friends loved to play  
hopscotch  
1,2,3...  
Playing together, laughing at  
everything,  
Enjoying the special times back  
then.

But now as I've grown older  
I have come to realise one thing-  
How I wish to go back to my past,  
And re-live those special moments  
again.

The reason I wrote my poem about childhood is because people are always talking about the different things they did in their childhood all day, when they didn't have phones, and how nowadays we spend our time on our devices when we get the chance. I asked my mum what different things she did in her childhood and took some ideas to convert it into a poem.

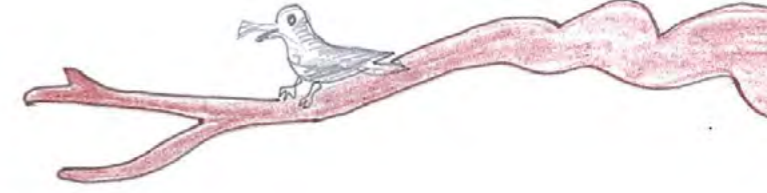
### Dedeler her zaman Sevilmeli

Awais Oktay (Year7)

Beni ugandırir misin,  
Huzur içimale uyua musun.  
Beni dükkandlara götütür müsüm,  
Bu anilar ortalkuta uçuşsun,  
Beni her zaman sevebilirim,  
Yanimala kalabilir misin,  
Benimle kalabilir misin?

This poem is about my grandparents taking me to the shops in the early morning when I was younger. They kept me safe, and this is a true story. All the sweets represent my grandparents buying me sweets and correlates to the sweetness of them. The sweetness of my grandparents.

### Thirsty Crow Harm Arshad (Year 7)



پیاسا کوا

ایک کوا پیاسا تھا  
جگ میں تھوڑا پانی تھا

کوا ڈالے کنکر پانی آیا اوپر  
کوا پیاسا پانی ہوئی کہانی  
ہوشیار کوئے سی ہوئی کہانی

This poem is my most favourite. When I was younger, I think when I was two years old, If I started crying my parents would read this poem to me to calm me down until I stopped.

I speak three different languages: Urdu, Spanish and English. When I dream at night, I dream in Urdu. At school I talk in English, but I think about what I want to say in Urdu first and Then I speak in English.

This poem is called the Thirsty Crow. When I started school in year one, we used to read this poem. I enjoyed it because it is all about never giving up. It talks about how the crow is really thirsty. He sees a pot and there is some water, but there is only a small quantity of water and he can't reach into it. He doesn't give up, he sees that there are a lot of stones around the pot, so he decides to put all of the stones in the pot and slowly the water starts to rise up, allowing him to drink from it. He then flies away.

I think I am like the crow in the poem. My first language is Urdu and at first, I couldn't speak English at all, but by being persistent, I kept practicing until I became better and more confident.

## **The Bangles** Amaya Amber (Year 7)

Bole chudiyan  
Bole kangana  
Haai main ho gaya tera saajna  
Tere bin jiyo naiyyo lagda  
Main te mar jaava  
Lehja lehja ... soniye lehja lehja  
Dil lehja lehja ... ho ho o

The bangles are saying  
The bracelets are saying  
That I have become yours, my beloved  
I can't live without you  
And I would die  
Take it away ... my beloved take it away  
Take my heart away ... ho ho o

The reason why I chose the song Bole Chudiyan was because my great grandmother used to listen to this if she felt upset or she didn't feel too good. At this time many people including my great grandma were vulnerable and thought bigger people such as business men or celebrities were very corrupt. But whenever she came to see her daughter, my grandma in Britain they would all gather around and watch the movie which features the song Bole Chudiyan and she would wait until the song to be played and would dance around the fire.

So ever since she had sadly passed away every event we dance to the song in honour of her memory and before or after the day of her death we always watch the movie to still feel like she is here with us right now or in the moment. To make her feel like a queen like she is and was and because of this we can including me can show the upcoming generation the compassion she had in her life with so little. This song makes me proud that I understand a different language and culture. My great grandmother is a link to my past and future. Therefore I have chosen this song.

## **The Butterfly**

Tanjila Mozumder (Year 7)

Farfallina  
Bella e bianca  
Vola vola  
Mai si stanca  
Gira qua  
E gira là  
Poi si posa sopra un fiore  
E poi si posa sopra un fiore.

Ecco ecco  
L'ho trovata  
Bianca e rosa  
Colorata  
Gira Qua  
E Gira Là  
Poi si posa sopra un fiore  
E poi si posa sopra un fiore.

I was born in Italy, so technically my mother tongue is Italian. However, my mother's tongue is Bengali.

When I'm happy I have tears of joy, but when that joy gets taken away it turns into fear.

I crawl like a caterpillar, but when that caterpillar transforms into a butterfly, I too can fly.

And when you see that butterfly moving from flower to flower, feeding on nectar, collecting pollen on its wings, that butterfly is like me Learning new things

Like a new language or meeting a hundred other beautiful butterflies

Tasting new food

That butterfly is me.

I travelled from Italy to England and I have met so many new people and have learned a new language: English.

## 长歌行

[汉] 汉乐府

青青园中葵，朝露待日晞。  
阳春布德泽，万物生光辉。  
常恐秋节至，焜黄华叶衰。  
百川东到海，何时复西归？  
少壮不努力，老大徒伤悲。

Eva Jin Yi Wu (Year 7)

## **A Long Ballad**

By an anonymous poet in Han Dynasty

The garden mallows are in fresh green hue,  
The morn sun is rising to sparkle dew.  
The spring's blessing spreads to every place,  
All living things shine with enchanting grace.  
Yet the dreadful autumn will always come;  
Flowers will wither, leaves turn yellow and glum.  
Rivers flow east to the sea and never rest,  
When will they ever turn back and run west?  
If we do not strive in our precious youth,  
In old age we'll only sigh in deep ruth.

I knew the poem for a long time, and it always acted as a motivation for me. The last two lines always calls out to me and it gives me a feeling that I should try and challenge myself and be out of my comfort zone sometimes. It also encourages me to study more and plan my time carefully and thoughtfully.

Another reason for why I love the poem is that the language the poet used for the description and the contrast is just beautiful. This poem also makes me realise that some beautiful things don't last, and I should appreciate it when it is there, and that some things are irreversible, like time. Once it is gone, it is gone for ever.



# Mother tongue, Other tongue

By Fernando Benedict Year 7

I HAVE CHOSEN AN INDONESIAN SONG BY THE ARTIST ISYANA SARASVATI NAMED...

## "UNTUK HATI YANG TERLUKA"

### DIRECTLY TRANSLATING "FOR A BLEEDING HEART"

Lyrics of the song (Indonesian)

Untuk hati yang terluka  
Tenanglah, kau tak sendiri  
Untuk jiwa yang teriris  
Tenang, ku kan temani  
Hidup itu sandiwara  
Yang nyata ternyata delusi  
Terlarut posesi berujung kau gila sendiri  
Jika kau tak dapatkan yang kau impikan  
Bukan berarti kau telah usai  
Jika kau tak dapatkan yang kau impikan  
Bukan berarti kau telah usai  
Biarkan kegelapanmu  
Menemukan titik terang baru  
Pasukanmu kan kembali  
Memelukmu yang baru

Untuk hati yang terluka is a song that talks about topics relating to perseverance, ambitions and deception. The song starts off by saying that you are not alone in not being able to achieve your goal yet, there will always be people who are in a similar problem as you. The singer Isyana Sarasvati states that she has written this song to "revive the souls of an injured person." From the lyrics "Jika kau tak dapatkan yang kau impikan bukan berarti, kau telah usai", ( English: even if you don't get what you dream of, that does not mean it is the end of your life), we can infer that the "injured person" is someone who did not succeed in achieving their ambition. "Hidup itu sandiwara, yang nyata ternyata delusi" talks about how things might not be as they seem. "Hidup itu sandiwara" directly translates to life is a stage. I theorise that this line talks about how other people might present themselves as things they are not, for example being rich, happy or successful. Hence the next line "yang nyata ternyata delusi" : sometimes, what seems to be reality is actually a delusion. This further expands on the fact that people may fake their success. The following line "Terlarut posesi berujung kau gila sendiri" advises you to not follow those who pretend to be what they are not as you can lie to others, but you can not lie to yourself which might trap you in a difficult situation that will drive you crazy. This is why this song is significant to me. It reminds me to persevere even when goals seem unrealistic and impossible. Not achieving your goals yet does not mean that you are a failure, because your worth is not determined by ambition. It also covers the fact that you should sense if someone's success is real or fake. People will act how they want to be perceived and that is not always their true colour. Do not let those who fake their act of being happy, rich or successful discourage you from achieving your dream. As Shakespeare has said, " All the world's a stage, and everyone are merely players".

what is this song about and why is it important to me?

Year 8 pupils were proud to share poems in their mother languages ...

## Céad míle fáilte Sean Jeffers (Year 8)

Céad míle fáilte,  
Go dtí an tír emerald seo,  
Faoi stiúir Naomh Pádraig,  
Le lámh chúnta Dé.  
Ián de scéalta an lepreachán,  
Agus potaí líonadh le hór.  
Banshees go caoineadh,  
Agus béaloideas na sean.  
Trína scolairí agus filí  
Rann saibhir, amhrán agus focal  
Scéalta faoi a stair  
Agus cloistear fulaingt.  
Nuair a sheinneann Colleens an chláirseach  
Agus fir óga ag troid cath  
Cé go bhfuil daoine eile ag treabhadh talún  
Nó claonadh a n-eallach  
Áit a ndéanann fathaigh cabhsa  
Agus tiomáineann Boru na Lochlannaigh amach  
Cosnaíonn caisleáin teorainneacha.  
Titim a Ard-Ríthe.  
Ar an oileán beag glas seo  
In aice le séipéal le speach  
Líonann crosa Ceilteacha na reiligí  
Chun ómós a thabhairt dá mhuintir.  
Tír seo na seamróige  
Tá go leor deora le feiceáil  
Ach tá go leor athraithe  
Le himeacht na mblianta  
Le haghaidh deiseanna nua  
Tá go leor fágtha  
Ag fágáil a gcairde ina dhiaidh  
Agus a ngaolta bereft  
Ach mar a deir siad in Éirinn  
Cé gur féidir le leanaí fánaíocht  
Beidh siad ar ais i gcónaí  
Ní aon teallach cosúil lena gcuid féin.

A hundred thousand welcomes,  
To this emerald land,  
Led by Saint Patrick,  
With God's helping hand.  
Full of tales of the leprechaun,  
And pots filled with gold.  
Banshees that wail,  
And folklore of old.  
Through its scalars and poets  
Rich verse, song and word  
Tales of it's history  
And suffering are heard.  
Where Colleens play harp  
And young men fight battle  
Whilst others plough land  
Or tend to their cattle  
Where giants make causeways  
And Boru drives out vikings  
Castles defend boundaries.  
The fall of its' High Kings.  
On this green little island  
Near a church with a steeple  
Celtic crosses fill graveyards  
To honour it's people.  
This land of the shamrock  
Has seen many tears  
But much has changed  
With the passing of years  
For new opportunities  
Many have left  
Leaving their friends behind  
And loved ones bereft  
But as they say in Ireland  
Though it's children may roam  
They will always return  
There's no hearth like their own.

I wrote my poem because my mum's side of the family is Irish and because I love Ireland. Ireland is like a second home to me I love the people the landscape everything about Ireland I love. I named my poem cead míle fáilte which is Irish for a hundred thousand welcomes. I named my poem this because Irish is very welcoming country the first time, I set foot in Ireland I was immediately accepted, and I felt like I was already one of them. I had to have help on the Irish part of the poem as I don't speak Irish that well. I based my poem on the culture of Ireland for example in my poem I put where giants make causeways and boru drives out Vikings. Boru was a famous Irish king who fought the Vikings and when I put a hundred thousand welcomes to this emerald land led by saint Patrick with gods helping hand. Saint Patrick was a famous saint who preached that god Jesus and the holy spirit were one.

## Teri Mitti – Your Soil Rubbat Mukhtar (Year 8)

Aye meri zameen mehboob meri  
Meri nas nas mein tera ishq bahe  
Pheeka na pare kabhi rang tera  
Jismon se nikal ke khoon kahe

Teri mitti mein mil jaawaan  
Gul banke main khil jaawaan  
Itni si hai dil ki aarzo  
Teri nadiyon mein beh jaawaan  
Teri Kheton Mein Lehrawa  
Itni si hai dil ki aarzo

O my beloved motherland,  
your love flows in my veins.  
blood coming out of bodies says  
that your color should never fade.

I wish to merge in your soil,  
I wish to bloom as a flower,  
it's the wish of my heart,  
that I flow in your rivers,  
that I wave in your fields (as a harvest),  
just that much is my hearty wish.

I have decided to choose this song because it has strong connections with my family and my heritage. It reminds me deeply of my late auntie that passed away with heart problems during pregnancy – which fell after my birthday. This song truly overwhelms me but also inspires my dream to help me to go to Pakistan help people with heart problems during pregnancy in Pakistan. In Fatehpur is my hometown and where I have grew up for the first 5 to 6 years of my life with my happy family. The part in the song that talks about “Teri mitti mein mil jawan, gul banke mein khil jawaa” “I’ll turn into ashes and mix with your soil, o motherland” is one of my favourite line because for me it me that if my auntie was still her we would spend time together and that she has pass away and I am still far from my hometown. This song connects me to my life here but also to my childhood in Pakistan. Even with the pandemic I still feel connected to my original home.

*“Mother Tongue Other Tongue is a project that celebrates all the richness of languages spoken in Britain. It feels as though 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.”*

**Imtiaz Dharker** (Poet, Artist and Documentary Film-Maker)

## Philippines Gianna Cisnero (Year 8)

Mahal ko ang aking kultura at ang aking bansa.  
Ang kagandahan nitong paroting nakaligtaan.  
Ang mga ginintuang dalampasigan nito ay nakalot ng likidong kayamanan.  
May kakasibang pagkain na walang katulad.  
At mga taong nakasanot ng mga makukulay na burdang damit nag awa sa satin o seda.  
Sana ay nakulang nito ang pag kilalang narorapat.  
Dahil ito ay kumakatawan sa aking tahan, aking pamilya, ang Pilipinas

I love my country and my culture, a place you have to see.  
For it's beauty is overlooked, by many people constantly.  
Its golden beaches, engulfed in liquid riches.  
Has exotic good, unique and different like no other.  
With people wearing embroidered clothes, satin or silk. In vibrant colours.  
I hope this gets the recognition it deserves.  
For this represents my home, my family, the Philippines.

I wanted this poem to help people recognise the Philippines more. It is an amazing place and I'm proud to be who I am. This poem was inspired by my experience, how I always visited the sunlit beaches and ate the amazing food.

## Ahmed Alshamaki (Year 8)

### دايمازيغن

ادلت سالصحراء  
سمدانت قيلول  
تامورتوه انغ  
انموت فلاس نكمل

دايمازيغن دايمازيغن  
دايمازيغن ان لما انموت

يفرن اد جادو تمورا نيتارقين  
د زواره د نالوت اد كابو دايمازيغن

دايمازيغن دايمازيغن  
دايمازيغن ان لما انموت

انسفروا داناري افيشال نتمورا  
اناري ستفيناغ لبيبا تقيم تلا

دايمازيغن دايمازيغن  
دايمازيغن ان لما انموت

This poem is about the Amazigh people which are the indigenous people of North Africa. The poem talks about the Amazigh of Libya and says we start from the sahara desert to the sea - showing that the Amazigh are a part of all of Libya. The poem is talking about how the Amazigh are proud of who they are and will never give up their culture and language. The idea behind this poem is important to me because I think it is important to remember the indigineous people of any country and for them to be given the right to speak, write and sing in their own language.

In Libya, the Amazigh people were banned from teaching and learning Amazigh in schools, and the government in the Ghaddafi-era fought against allowing parents to name their children with Amazigh names. The poem mentions the names of many of the cities in Libya that are Amazigh cities. I am from Yefren and I am proud to be a Libyan Amazigh. I have written this poem using arabic letters, instead of tfinagh- the Amazigh alphabet, so more people are able to read it.

This poem is called Ise logun Ise (work is the antidote for poverty) is a Yoruba poem which I have been encouraged to learn by both my dad and my godfather as it was something they both learnt when they were young. I would say this poem is quite important because it brings me back to my roots to learn the Yoruba traditional philosophy of life. Its good in way because it brings us back home and helps us to remember the things that Nigeria was going through in the early times of this poems. This poem comes from Joseph F. Odunjo who was a politician novelist and a poet whose period was around the time when Nigeria had just split from England and had become independent. The line that most especially resonates with me is the last line 'work hard and plan well now because time waits for no one'. Since I've started high school, I've felt that time has just flown by and I've had no times to do anything. However, having those subtle reminders from my native land have been really encouraging in many situations.

## Ise Logun Ise Johanna Alofabi (Year 8)

Ise Logun Ise [Work is the antidote for poverty]  
 ... Mura si se re, ore mi [Work hard and work smart, my friend]  
 Ise la fi ndeni giga [Hard and smart work brings success]  
 Bi a ko ba reni fehin ti [When there is no one to rely on]  
 Bi ole la ri [Its like we are lazy]  
 Bi a ko ba reni gbekele, [When there is no one to trust]  
 A te ra mo se ni. [We focus more on our work]  
 Iya re le lowo lowoh [Your mother might be rich]  
 Baba re le lesin lekan [Your father might own a thousand and one horses]  
 Ti o ba gbojule won [If you rely on them]  
 O te tan ni mo so fun o [In truth, you might be on sinking ground]  
 Apa lara igupa ni ye kan [families are like the arm, while extended family are like the elbow]  
 B'aiye ba fe o loni [If you are loved by the world today]  
 Ti o ba lowo lowo, won a tun fe o lola [If you are still rich, they will love you tomorrow as well]  
 Abi ko wa nipo atata [If you have an esteemed position]  
 Aiye a ye o si terin terin [You will be honoured with "fake" laughter]  
 Je ki o deni ti ra ngo [If you unfortunately lose your money or position]  
 Ko ri bi won ti nyin mu si o [They'll turn their back on you]  
 Iya mbe fomo ti ko gbon [There is suffering for the foolish child]  
 Ekun mbe fomo ti nsare kiri [and there is sorrow for the child that have no plan or vision]  
 Mafowuro sere ore mi [Don't waste your formative years, my friend]  
 Mura sise ojo nlo. [Work hard and plan well now because time waits for no one.]

Haya Stephens (Year 8)

## النور الخفي

أشعر أحياناً بالوحدة  
 كأن ليس لدي رفيق إلا النجوم المتناثرة في سماء الليل المظلم  
 أشعر أحياناً بأن لا قيمة للحياة  
 كأن لا شيء يهمهم  
 أشعر أحياناً بالتعب الشديد  
 نوع من التعب النوم لا يمكن إصلاحه  
 فمن السهل جداً الاستسلام  
 أن تستسلم وتغادر  
 ولكن إذا استسلمت بعد كل ما مررت به  
 فلن تعرف النتيجة في النهاية  
 لا تخجل من المحاولة  
 في هذه الدنيا المخيفة الكبيرة  
 كن شجاعاً  
 كن مثابراً  
 كن طيباً  
 بغض النظر عن مدى شعورك بالتعب  
 بغض النظر عن عدد الأيام التي قضيتها في البكاء  
 مهما كانت الأمور تبدو سيئة في الوقت الحالي  
 بغض النظر عن عدد الأيام التي قضيتها متمنياً أن تكون الأشياء مختلفة  
 أعدك بأنك لن تشعر بهذا أبداً  
 تحدث المعجزة عندما لا تستسلم مهما كنت ترغب في ذلك  
 يقع الكون دائماً في حب قلب عنيدي  
 لا تخف من الفشل  
 حتى لا تستيقظ في العام المقبل و أنت في نفس مكانك  
 فندوبك هي رمز للقوة  
 حول الملك إلى قوة  
 وفي يوم من الأيام ستشكر نفسك لأنك لم تستسلم أبداً

The language used in this poem is Arabic. It is the language my mother and her siblings grew up with, as they are Omani. Growing up, it was hard for me to practice Arabic, given that I only spoke it at home, with my mother's side of the family since my father is British.

The poem "Al Noor Al Makhtefi," which translates to "The Hidden Light," was initially written by me. I was inspired to write this poem because I understand how sometimes it feels like everything is pointless. As if everything seems to go wrong all the time. As if you're losing everything and everyone. But one thing people don't seem to acknowledge is that when you lose something, you also gain something. Sometimes you can feel ever so lonely, and I wanted to show anyone feeling this way that they're not alone. The importance of this poem is to help you find the light in your darkness. To always look on the bright side of things, and I know that it is a cliché, and sometimes life feels like an endless maze of nothingness, but there is always a way out. It is so easy to give up. To give up on everything and simply leave all your problems behind, but you would never know the outcome. You would never know if all your hard work paid off. All the time you spent fighting would have all been a waste. You only live once, so take risks and be unapologetic! And whenever you feel like giving up, remember why you held on for so long in the first place.

## Winning entries from year 9 and 10 students covered a range of languages and topics ...

### Moder Gorob, Moder Asha Dua Rahman (Year 9)

অতুল প্রসাদ সেন

মাদের গরব, মাদের আশা, আ-মরি বাংলা ভাষা।  
 (মাগো) তামার কানে, তামার বালে, কতই শান্তি ভালোবাসা।  
 কি যাদু বাংলা গানে,

গান গয়ে দাঁড় মাঝি টানে, গয়ে গান নাচে বাউল,  
 গান গয়ে ধান কাটে চাষা। ঐ ভাষাতেই নিতাই গারা,  
 আনল দেশে ভক্ত-ধারা, আছে ক এমন ভাষা এমন দঃখ-শ্রান্তি-নাশা।।  
 বিদ্যাপতি, চণ্ডী, গাবিন, হম, মধু, বঙ্কিম, নবীন- ঐ ফুলেরই মধুর রসে বাঁধনো সুখে মধুর বাসা।।

Moder gorob, moder asha,  
 A'mori bangla bhasha!  
 Tomar kole tomar bole  
 Kotoi shanti bhalobasha.

Ki jadu bangla gaane ---  
 Gaan geye dar majhi tane.  
 Emon kotha ar ache go!  
 Geye gaan nache baul,  
 Gaan geye dhan kate chasha.

Oi bhasha tei nitai gora  
 Anlo deshe bhokti dhara ---  
 Mori hai hai re !  
 Ache koi amon bhasha,  
 Amon dukkho-sranti-nasha?

Biddapoti, chondi, gobin,  
 Hem, modhu, boshim, nobin  
 Aro koto modhup go ! --  
 Oi fuleri modhur roshe  
 Badhlo shukhe modhur basha.

Our pride, our hope,  
 Our own Bangla language.  
 In your lap, in your words  
 How much peace and love.  
 What magic is in bangla song

Singing that song the boatman pulls  
 Where else is that?  
 Singing and dancing Baul,  
 singing and cutting paddy farmer.

Root beginning in that language  
 Brought devotion in the country.  
 Alas, alas!  
 Where there is such a language  
 Such sorrow-fatigue-intoxication?

Biddapoti, chondi, gobin  
 Hem, honey, boshkim, new  
 How much more honey!  
 In that sweetness of the flower  
 Happiness built a sweet home

The poem is written by Atul Prasad Sen, a famous Bangladeshi poet, wrote this poem many years ago before the war of Bengali language movement in 1948. The poem was written to give motivation to those who fought in the war. This poem was eventually turned into a song.

This poem makes you think of the beauty of our language and country. Bangladesh is the only country who had to fight in a war and protect its language. This poem makes you feel the empathy for the people who lost their lives for the language we speak now.

When Atul Prasad Sen wrote "Moder Garob Moder Asha" about a century ago, Greater Bangla was going through a renaissance, and this song is lovingly written about Bangla, describes how the language holds the emotions of a Bangalee, and the essence of his/her nationality. During Bangladesh's Liberation War, the song inspired freedom fighters. Five decades later, I hope it inspires us to hold on to and nurture our roots.

## My Trips to India! Kavya Suresh (Year 9)

பயணம் - இந்தியாவில் உள்ள எனது  
கூடும்பத்தைப் பார்க்க

நான் விமான நிலையத்திலிருந்து  
வெளியேறும் போது, எனது பூலன்கள்  
மாறுபட்ட நிறங்கள் மற்றும் முகங்களால்  
பதுங்கியிருக்கின்றன.

கடந்த இரண்டு வருடங்களாக நான்  
விலகியிருந்த எனது கூடும்பத்தை  
வாழ்த்துவதற்காக  
மிகவும் இறுக்கமாகத் தழுவி, சுவைவழித்த  
நரேத்தை மாற்ற முயற்சிக்கிறேன்

அவர்களை அன்பாகப் பிடித்துக்  
கொள்வது - அவற்றைத் தளையாகப்  
பார்ப்பது, திரையில் உரையாடல்களை  
ஈடாகட்ட முயல்வது

நான் காரில் அமர்ந்திருக்கும்போது  
கலவையான உணர்ச்சிகளால் என் இதயம்  
மூரணப்பட்டது

நிலம் மற்றும் கலாச்சாரத்தின் பாசத்தால்  
வறுமலை மற்றும் மாசுபாடு மலேவோங்கி  
நிற்க

நான் அங்கு கழிப்பது வாரங்களா அல்லது  
வறும் நாட்களா? எனக்கு தெரியாது.  
நான் அங்கு கால் வைக்கும்போது நரேம்  
திடீரென்று இரண்டு மாறை - இல்லலை -  
மூன்று மடங்கு வகைமாக

நேசித்த மற்றும் வறும்புக்கப்பட்ட விமான  
நிலையத்திற்கு நான் திரும்பி வருவதற்குள்  
என் இதயம் உடனெந்துவிட்டது

என் முகத்தில் கண்ணீர் வழிகிறது -  
அவர்களை விட்டு வெளியேறும்போது  
நினைத்து மிகவும் அழுவதேன்.

ஆனால் சூழற்சி ஒவ்வொரு சில  
வருடங்களாகும் மீண்டும் மீண்டும்  
நிகழ்கிறது!

My senses are ambushed by the variety of colours  
and faces, as I run down the exit of the airport

To greet my family that I have been away from for  
the last two years.

Embracing so tightly, trying to replace the time  
spent away.

Holding them dearly - seeing them clearly, trying to  
make up for the conversations through the screen.

My heart conflicted by the mixed emotions as I sit in  
the car.

The sight of poverty and pollution overridden by  
the affection for the land and culture.

It is weeks or merely days I spend there? I do not  
know.

Time is suddenly twice - no, three times as fast  
when I set foot there.

My heart is fractured by the time I arrive again at the  
both loved and hated airport.

Tears running down my face - sobbing so hard at  
the thought of leaving them

But the cycle only repeats every few years!

I wrote this poem in one of my family's ancestral  
languages - Tamil. Tamil is a Dravidian language,  
primarily spoken in India and is one of the  
world's oldest and ancient languages. I chose to  
write this poem about my cultural background  
and how it can often be difficult growing up with  
what feels like two different worlds. Constantly  
going back and forth from India often leaves a  
void in my heart; it can be challenging being  
thousands of miles from your family. Regardless  
of a phone call or a facetime, it will never be the  
same as seeing them in person. I wrote about  
the mixed feelings on my trips - the ups and  
downs of going back. Finally, no matter what  
happens - even seeing my family for a few weeks  
every few years, it is what I look forward to the  
most!

## The Tulip Song

Natalie Pineger (Year 9)

チューリップの歌  
咲いた 咲いた  
チューリップの花が  
並んだ 並んだ  
赤、白、黄色  
どの花 見ても  
きれいだな

Blooming, blooming  
The tulip flowers are  
In a row, in a row  
Red, white and yellow  
Each flower really is  
Quite beautiful

Written by Miyako Kondo, 'The Tulip Song' is a nursery rhyme that my  
mother used to sing to me when I was feeling upset. She also taught me  
to play it on piano, the first thing I ever learnt how to play.

Although I no longer play piano, I now love music. Each time I play my  
instruments, I sing or I attempt to write music, I feel most like myself,  
more so than when I do anything else.

Whenever I hear this song, I am reminded of the roots of such a sincere  
passion, and also of my mother singing this song, calm while everything  
else felt like chaos. I am filled with warmth, comfort and nostalgia.

## An Embroidered Handkerchief

Maya Poplawska-Noga (Year 9)

Mam Chusteczkę haftowaną  
Co ma cztery rogi.  
Kogo Kocham, kogo lubie  
Rzucę mu pod nogi.  
Tej nie Kocham,  
Tej nie lubię,  
Tej nie pocałuję.  
A chusteczkę haftowaną,  
Tobie podaruję.

I have an embroidered handkerchief  
That has four corners.  
To the one I love,  
To the one I like,  
I'll throw it at his feet.  
I don't love this one,  
I don't like this one,  
I won't kiss this one.  
An embroidered handkerchief,  
I will give to you.

My family used to sing this song to me when I was little and many other  
songs but I chose this one because it reminds me of my grandmother.  
She used to always embroider and sew all of my clothes so now this song  
reminds me of her.

Valentina Rexhaj (Year 10)

## Te Ka Lali Shpirt

Brano di Silva Gunbardhi

Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du  
Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du  
“Hej, rri normale” thua  
Zemër jo nuk dua  
Marrëzisht të ndjej  
S’je veç bota për mua  
Shumë më shumë të dua  
S’të gënjej kur them  
“Se lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan të ka  
Hej lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan të ka”  
Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan (ole, ole)  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du (la-la-la)  
Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan (ole, ole)  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du (la-la-la)  
“Hej, rri normale” thua  
Zemër jo nuk dua  
Marrëzisht të ndjej

S’je veç bota për mua  
Shumë më shumë të dua  
S’të gënjej kur them  
“Se lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan të ka  
Hej lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan  
Lali xhan-xhan të ka”  
Komericial kohët e fundit  
O bo prishtina-tirona  
Po evulon muzika po luhet sot  
Siç po ta don  
Rrepi po m’bon sllogan  
Fast slow jetën ta zgjat  
Yeah girl, unë ty po t’pushtoj  
Me fjalët më t’mira  
Për vete po t’boj, se  
Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan (clap your hands)  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du (ole, ole)  
Të ka lali shpirt, të ka lali xhan (la-la-la)  
Të ka lali zemër, o sa shumë te du (la-la-la)

I wrote a song in Albania from the 21st century; a song by Silva Gunbardhi called ‘Te Ka Lali Shpirt’. The song talks about love and suffering. This song is important to me because it reminds me of my grandma. It was 2019, the night of the New Year. My grandma was sick at that time so she couldn’t do so many things; she couldn’t walk so much or see but that day she was so happy. I think that was the only day when I saw her really happy. My family for the first time was reunited and I was really happy. When the song started, we all started dancing, even my grandma who was struggling to walk. I don’t know why we got excited when the song started playing – maybe for the beat or something like that, but I just know it was one of the happiest moments in my life.

## Về Quê An Dang (Year 9)

Hôm nay con về quê.  
Trời nắng đẹp, gió mát  
Cánh đồng xanh bát ngát  
Cả nhà cất tiếng hát

Hôm nay đi về quê  
Thưởng thức món quê nhà  
Tôm, cua, cá, vịt, gà  
Ăn uống đến tẹt ga

Hôm nay được về quê  
Gặp họ hàng rất đông  
Các bác, các cô chú  
Cùng anh em thật vui

Lần thứ hai về quê  
Sau nhiều năm không về  
Cảm thấy thật hạnh phúc  
Mong sớm được trở về!

Hôm nay con về quê  
Đi qua hai con mương  
Để ra đồng thả hương  
Tưởng nhớ người đã khuất.

Titled ‘Về Quê’, the inspiration behind this original poem comes from my homeland, Vietnam. ‘Quê’ is a concept that does not exist in the UK; yet it is central to Vietnamese culture. It literally translates to countryside, but it’s a place where our ancestors lived for years, and relatives still live there. It’s a place where our whole family comes together ‘gặp họ hàng’, chat together, and say prayers together ‘thắp hương’. I especially love talking to my cousins as I only see them once a year there. Another great thing about ‘Quê’ is the feast we have every time! ‘Tôm, cua, cá, vịt, gà’ – are different types of food we eat.

Overall, this poem writes about the importance of family and the joy with getting together with loved ones on a ‘Trời nắng đẹp’ (beautiful sunny day).

Haad Ashraf Ahsan (Year 9)

## Search for the Destination

Allama Iqbal

منزل تلاش کر

Search for the destination after the destination  
(If) you find a river search for a sea.

منزل سے آگے بڑھ کے منزل تلاش کر  
مل جائے تجھ کو دریا تو سمندر تلاش کر

Every glass breaks when injured by a stone  
Search for a mirror that breaks a stone itself.

بر شیشہ ٹوٹ جاتا ہے پتھر کی چوٹ سے  
پتھر ہی ٹوٹ جائے وہ شیشہ تلاش کر

What has happened from your prayers, centuries have  
passed

سجدوں سے تیرے کیا ہوا صدیاں گذر گئیں  
دنیا تیری بدل دے وہ سجدہ تلاش کر

Find the prayer that changes your life ...

I chose this poem by Allama Iqbal because it gives clear and meaningful advice of how to be successful in life.

First stanza

In the first two lines the poet talks about ‘hard work’. He says, ‘After one goal go for the next one.’ By this the poet means do not stop. If you reach your goal and think ‘That’s it now, I can chill,’ you will never be successful and you will keep falling behind. He also gives an example of how to keep advancing. ‘Look for a sea once you find a river.’ This is a very clear example of how you should keep advancing in your life. Allama Iqbal is trying to convince us that everybody should keep taking small steps and these small steps will take you to the success one day.

Second Stanza

In this stanza Allama Iqbal talks about being ‘unique’ and different from others by taking support of two objects ‘stone’ and ‘glass’. He is trying to copy what others say, but you should be yourself, talk by yourself, have your own opinions and confidence to express them. Otherwise, if you start copying others, you will lose trust in yourself and you will not have an idea of what to do in life.

Third Stanza

In this stanza, Allama Iqbal talks religiously about prayers, he says nothing has happened, nothing has changed from your prayers, you have been just wasting your time. And then he says, ‘find a prayer that changes your life’. In this quote, Allama Iqbal, as a believer of Islam, very indirectly invites his readers to not just pray and pray knowing that nothing is changing. This leads to not finding peace in your life. Go and explore and find out what’s wrong or right, which prayer/religion is right wrong.

In conclusion, he gives 3 major rules to fulfil for success without them success isn’t possible.

1. Do not stop, keep moving up and up. Work hard.
2. Be yourself. Never copy what others do. Be confident in yourself.
3. Have a real faith. Do not just pray and pray, but still don’t have peace or success in life. Explore and find the right and peaceful religion.

There were many poems inspired by the current situation in the Ukraine, the judges thought these next two were particularly moving ...

## Я хочу знову мріяти

Umaiza Tasaddak (Year 9)

Я хочу знову мріяти  
Війну я бачила і знаю  
Як дуже тяжко нам було  
Та віри в перемогу не втрачаю  
На рідну землю повернутись я бажаю  
Допоки будете малих дітей вбивати,  
прокляті вороги?!  
Залиште нас у рідній хаті  
То ще побачите, як вісім ми радіти і сміятись  
Я хочу знову мріяти співати і вірші лише радісні писати.

## I want to dream again

I want to dream again  
I have seen and know the war  
How hard it was for us  
But I do not lose faith in victory  
I want to return to my native land  
How long will you kill small children,  
damn enemies ?!  
Leave us at home  
Then you will see how we can rejoice and laugh  
I want to dream of singing again and just write happy poems

Daria Bogolyubova (Year 13)

## It's time!

Alexander Pushkin

Пора, мой друг, пора! Покоя сердце просит —  
Летят за днями дни, и каждый час уносит  
Частичку бытия, а мы с тобой вдвоём  
Предполагаем жить, и глядь — как раз — умрём.  
На свете счастья нет, но есть покой и воля.  
Давно завидная мечтается мне доля —  
Давно, усталый раб, замыслил я побег  
В обитель дальнюю трудов и чистых нег.

It's time, my friend, it's time! The heart wants rest —  
The days slip by, the hours take away  
Fragments of our life, and you and I  
Plan how to live and — just like that — we die  
No happiness on earth, yet there's freedom, peace.  
I've long dreamt of an enviable fate —  
I've long thought, a weary slave, to fly  
To some far place of labour and true joy.



Alexander Pushkin is one of the most famous Russian poets of all time and I chose this particular poem of his, because I think that it holds relevance in today's political environment, in light of recent global events, despite being written in 1834. This poem holds significance for me, as a young adult, because I feel like it serves as a reminder that each individual person has their own personal beliefs and feelings, and they aren't necessarily representative of the actions of the government. I, like most Russian citizens, have family living all over the Soviet Union, so I think that this poem is good food for thought. On a more sentimental note, I have fond memories of visiting the Pushkin Museum in Moscow with my grandmother, and walks to the Black River region in St. Petersburg with my mother, which is the site of his fatal shootout. His writing in general has played a significant part in the modern Russian literature that I read, so it was an easy decision to choose a Pushkin poem.

Illustrations by the author

We are delighted to close our Mother Tongue section with this poem from a Year 12 student, written as a thank you to her teacher, who went the extra mile for her.

## Que te voy a echar de menos

Amina Begum (Year 12)

No entiendo la razón.  
Todo se está terminando.  
La puerta de este reino se está cerrando  
Dicen adiós pero ya la sonrisa se está esfumando.

No quiero comprender la razón. Mi vida es un molino,  
las aspas se mueven demasiado rápido Sin dejarme apreciar los bonitos diseños.  
Intento anclar mi vista en ellas para que el barco se embarque\_

y quizás así pueda vivir mis sueños que yo perdí a medio camino y en mis ensueños. pero no,  
nada funciona, ni contestar con un hasta luego, ni anclar la vista, ni intentar atascar mi pie en la puerta...

Todo se está desvaneciendo.  
La vida prosigue aun cuando los relojes han dejado de funcionar, dejándome en un trance sin igual.

Si los Quizás, y Hasta Luegos y Buenas Suertes y las veces que he dicho que esto no es un final fueran contables, quizás los ríos, océanos y mares  
no se unirían por todas las lágrimas que he perdido. Y digo perdido; porque en vano yo los considero, sí, que todas me hacen daño, me desentrañan mis adentros que me dejan sin aliento...

Quiero recogerlas todas de vuelta y al verlas volver a llorar, de pensar que he llorado sin parar  
porque la puerta se está cerrando, pero a medio camino, el orgullo y

enseñanza me está dejando.  
¡Y qué triunfo!  
El de terminar sin nunca haber terminado.  
Pues las caras, los recuerdos y los momentos, llaves y pestillos no tienen \_

Una sola mirada hacia atrás remueve el mundo,  
pues lo que viene en el futuro yo no lo conozco, ni tampoco tú, ni ella, ni él.

Pero si hay algo de mí en mi conciencia,  
tu compañía es, la que me inspiró a ser quien soy hoy, tu compañía,  
la que era como mi madre por la que por las mañanas me levantaba y en las duras noches acompañada lloraba,  
tu compañía  
que perlas hizo de mis pecados.

Y por esto, y las otras tres mil razones, yo te digo aún sin querer decirlo, que te voy a echar de menos.

Que sí, que echaré de menos tus sonrisas y tus halagos,  
y tus enhorabuenas, y tus broncas.

Tan solo recuerda,  
que conmigo me llevo esta experiencia,  
que ni el tiempo ni la vida nos puede hacernos deshacer de ella. que ésta terminará llevándose mi vida con ella.

Pero aún así, admito que te voy a echar de menos.

Que te voy a echar de menos.

I wrote this poem as a gift to my English Literature teacher a few days before I left high school. This is a poem dedicated to a teacher who spent hours and hours of her free time after school to teach Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, and poetry to me, a student who could only listen. And if she was lucky she'd get a reply of three words maximum because I couldn't speak English. This was in year 10, yes, when I felt like all my teachers expected me to fail everything. When no one believed in me.

She didn't stop there. She was the only person in school I could go and speak to because I knew I wasn't going to feel ashamed of myself for not being able to speak English (my class fellows would probably leave it at "couldn't speak" and not "couldn't speak English").

The next year, when I was in year 11, she again, listened to me when I spoke to her about a problem I had in my new class (because I wasn't in her class anymore) and by next Monday, (I had spoken to her on Friday) she had managed to get the head of English to change my class.

Yeah, I couldn't believe it myself.

In summary, this poem was dedicated to a person who transformed my insecure self, to a student who, by January year 11, had started getting her first grade 9s in English Literature. It's dedicated to the person who helped me build the strongest base of my life. She helped me gain confidence in myself and self-belief, helped me believe that I COULD strive for my dreams, helped me understand that I only deserve the best.

# Other Tongue

*“Writing a poem in a language you’re learning is an amazing way to learn. Experiment! If you get stuck, try translating a line from a poem you like. Have fun, you never know what you will create.”*

**Usma Malik**  
Writer and Lecturer

Entries for this section of the competition were made up of poems written by young people between the ages of 8-18, written in a language that they are currently learning in school.

Our judges selected these pieces based on their creativity, originality and the use of language. The poems were all judged within their age categories. They appear here, in our anthology, roughly in order of year groups but, within this, are in no particular order. Some of these poems are presented here with a translation. Others, we have left just in the original, with a judge’s comment, so you can enjoy them as intended; in the original language. We hope you reading them as much as we did.

Name	Year	School	Language
Michelle Nwachukwu	6	Lily Lane Primary School	Spanish
Willow Lewis	5	Heathfield Knoll School	Spanish
Maisie Denham, Xander Williams & Sofie Jandusova	4	Manor Park School and Nursery	Spanish
Benjamin Wilson	5	Ludworth Primary School	Spanish
Orla Mackintosh	7	Cheadle Hulme School	French
Emily Hamlin	7	Cheadle Hulme High School	French
Rebecca Adshead	7	Hazel Grove High School	French
Samuel Peak	7	Cheadle Hulme High School	French
Felicity Seymour Smith	7	Hazel Grove High School	French
Heather Bollington	7	Hazel Grove High School	German
Mang-Hao Shi	7	Cheadle Hulme High School	German
Escher Day-Banham	7	Didsbury High School	Spanish
Alexandros Theodosiou	7	Cheadle Hulme School	Spanish
Caleb Ayebare	7	Cheadle Hulme High School	Spanish
Minahil Iqbal	8	Didsbury High School	French
Jemima Gibson	8	All Hallows Catholic College	Spanish
Isabella Rogan	8	Laurus Ryecroft	Spanish
Laabiah Majid	8	Laurus Ryecroft	Spanish
Sarah Oluwalade	8	St Peter’s RC High School	Spanish
Rebecca Smith	8	All Hallows Catholic College	Spanish
Poppy Gleave-Chadwick	8	Laurus Ryecroft	Spanish
James O’Reilly	9	Sale Grammar School	Spanish
Oghosa Aimuyo	9	St Peter’s RC High School	Spanish
Michael Flynn	9	Fallibroome Academy, Macclesfield	German
Laren Ward	9	Cheadle Hulme School	German
Cate Matthew	11	Lancaster Girls’ Grammar School	Spanish*
Daisy Hodges	12	Lancaster Girls’ Grammar School	Spanish
Niamh Gordon	12	Fallibroome Academy, Macclesfield	German
Lauren Smith	12	Fallibroome Academy, Macclesfield	German
Daisy Ainsworth	12	Altrincham Grammar School for Girls	French
Abigail Harvey	12	Poynton High School	German
Christopher Ainley	12	Fallibroome Academy, Macclesfield	German
Teddy Bland	12	Oldham Sixth Form College	Spanish
Jessica Pickard	13	Oldham Sixth Form College	Spanish
Kenzie Goulding	13	Oldham Sixth Form College	Spanish
Keira Allcock	13	Oldham Sixth Form College	Spanish

\* Cate’s poem appears on the back cover. The judges loved the message in this poem and felt that it encapsulated the essence of Mother Tongue Other Tongue.

The poems on these next two pages were our favourites from the entries submitted by primary school pupils, starting with an impassioned plea not to outlaw the learning of Spanish in schools!

## Hola

Michelle Nwachukwu (Year 6)

Me gusta aprender Español.  
Lloraría si desapareciera.  
Imagínese si alguna vez fuera desterrado.  
Desde Inglaterra o Escocia o Francia  
sabes que mejoraría  
nuestro aprendizaje de la cultura española  
este dolor me persigue como un buitre  
volando en el cielo  
Hay alguna manera de detenerlo  
por favor busque rápido  
antes de caer en el pozo  
donde tengo que sentarme y aprender  
Matemáticas, inglés y Asignatura  
esta molestia se está volviendo bastante catastrófica  
ahora sabes que me gusta aprender español  
no me hagas llorar no lo hagas desaparecer  
Adiós.

The judges loved the way this important message was delivered with humour. Please keep teaching Spanish in schools, we agree!

## Tan Como

Willow Lewis (Year 5)

Azafrán tan rojo como el fuego  
Batidos tan esponjosos como una nube  
Churros tan bonitos como una rosa  
Desayuno tan delicioso como un pastel de  
chocolate y...  
un guiso tan genial como tú!

Saffron as red as fire  
Smoothies as fluffy as a cloud  
Churros as pretty as a rose  
Breakfast as delicious as a  
chocolate cake and...  
a stew as cool as you!

A poem of similes, this poem made us feel hungry!

## Emociones y colores

Maisie Denham, Xander Williams, Sofie Jandusova  
(Year 4)

cuando estás feliz, estás rosa  
cuando estás enamorado, estás rojo sangre  
cuando estás enojada, estás roja.  
cuando estás triste, estás azul.  
cuando estás preocupada, estás turquesa  
cuando estás seria, estás negra  
cuando estas de acuerdo, estás amarillo.

The judges enjoyed the way these young poets took a range of emotions and gave them all colours.

## El Rey Perro

Benjamin Wilson (Year 5)

Me llamo Raimundo. Soy el Rey Perro.  
Soy tan famoso -  
De hecho, tengo mi propia marca Se llama Cuatro Patas.  
Soy tan extraordinario De hecho, tengo mi propia corona.  
Soy dorado justo como mi corona. Me encanta perseguir  
las ardillas, Y las palomas también.  
Mi humano se llama Ben El Rey Humano.  
Me encanta pasear a Ben  
En el parque o a lo largo del canal.  
Pero lo que más me gusta es cuando el Rey Humano me  
hace cosquillas Mientras vemos mi película favorita...  
Una Pareja de Tres.  
Mi humano y yo somos mejores amigos La pareja  
perfecta.

### The Dog King

My name is Raimundo. I am the Dog King.  
I'm so famous -  
In fact, I have my own brand It's called Four Paws.  
I'm so extraordinary - In fact, I have my own crown. I'm  
golden just like my crown. I love to chase squirrels, and  
pigeons too.  
My human is called Ben The Human King.  
I love to walk Ben  
In the park or along the canal.  
But what I love most is when the Human King tickles me  
While we watch my favourite movie... Marley and Me.  
My human and I are best friends The perfect couple.

The judges appreciated the creativity involved in writing this poem from the dog's perspective. The poem is funny, but touching, too, describing how much he loves his human.

*“Learning a language is a skill, a talent,  
and I hope that those of you learning a  
new language continue to do so because  
the more you learn, the broader your mind  
becomes and that allows you to think big.”*

**Malala Yousafsai** (Education campaigner and youngest Nobel Prize Laureate)



There is a definite nature theme going on with these French Y7 poems ...

## Les Saisons

Orla Mackintosh (Year 7)

Été, Hiver, Automne, Printemps  
Encouragez l'année avec ce qu'ils apportent.  
Chaleur vive et froid glacial,  
Les feuilles tombent et les fleurs poussent.  
Les étés d'abord avec la plage à vos côtés,  
Bronzer et écouter la mer et la marée.  
Chaque enfant dans le pays,  
Ils auront une glace à la main.  
Temps agréable, le soleil printanier brille,  
Les fleurs poussent, jaillissant comme des vignes.  
Le printemps est une si jolie saison,  
Tout peut être dit sans raison.  
Des feuilles dorées gisent sur le sol,  
Pourtant, certaines restent vertes toute l'année.  
Matins brumeux, humides et gris,  
Le vent souffle tout au long de la journée.  
Vous le voyez dans les premières veilles,  
Ombres des arbres nus.  
Les enfants rêvent du matin,  
Pour que les cadeaux du Père Noël fassent rugir.

From the sunbathing on the beach in summertime, through pleasant spring weather and autumn winds, to the anticipation and excitement of Christmas Eve. The judges were impressed by the use of imagery that brings the seasons alive in this poem.



## Les petites grenouilles

Emily Hamlin (Year 7)

BONJOUR!  
Nous sommes les grenouilles,  
et nous sommes petites!  
Nous adorons noyer dans le bassin,  
parce que c'est relaxant.  
Nous avons les yeux grandes,  
et aussi les jambes!  
Les jambes sont genial pour sauter,  
et les yeux sont bonne pour regarder.  
Nous aimons manger des moules,  
parce qu'il sont très délicieux!  
Maintenant, nous disons "Au Revoir",  
et nous espérons vous voir un autre jour!

The judges enjoyed this playful, original poem in which two happy and playful frogs introduce themselves. We learn that they like eating mussels and they have big legs; great for jumping! The poem demonstrates a good grasp of French and also of poetic structure.

## Les imperfections

Rebecca Adshead (Year 7)

Plus vous regardez quelque chose longtemps, plus vous remarquez l'imperfections.  
C'est le problème des insécurités,  
Plus vous vous critiquez,  
Plus vous inquiétez de votre apparence physique.  
Mais ce que nous devons comprendre est que personne ne remarque des soi-disant imperfections que nous voyons lorsque que nous nous regardons dans le miroir.  
Toutes ces choses sont des caractéristiques humaines.  
Nous ne sommes qu'une petite abeille dans un grand et beau ciel.  
Vous avez seulement une vie,  
Profitez-en !  
Aimez !  
Aimez l'abeille !  
Aimez-vous pour que vous êtes,  
Et pas pour la façon dont vous pensez que les autres vous perçoivent.

This poem uses bees as a metaphor to tell us stop criticising ourselves and embrace who we are. We are all bees in a beautiful blue sky! The judges thought this was a creative and original idea, with a compelling message.

Illustrations by the author

## L'oiseau qui aime manger

Samuel Peak (Year 7)

Dans la campagne  
Il y avait un beau lac  
Dans le lac il y avait une île  
Et dans un arbre il y avait un oiseau

L'oiseau dit – Je suis triste!  
Je mange beaucoup de fruits.  
Mais je pense qu'ils sont très barbant  
Je dois trouver une nouvelle cuisine!

L'oiseau vole au lac  
Et elle voit une grenouille  
L'oiseau dit – Qu'est ce tu aime manger?  
Donc la grenouille croasse – Des insectes et des feuilles.

À mon avis – l'oiseau dit  
Un animal qui aime les insectes  
Est vraiment incorrect

Je n'aime pas  
La grenouille qui  
Pense que les feuilles sont délicieuses  
Car selon moi elles sont trop pourries

L'oiseau vole à la forêt  
Et elle voit un singe  
L'oiseau dit – Qu'est ce tu aime manger?  
Il crie – J'ai des noix qui je mange

À mon avis – l'oiseau dit  
Un animal qui aime des noix  
Est vraiment incorrect

Je n'aime pas  
Le singe qui  
Pense que les noix sont délicieuses  
Car selon moi elles sont trop résistant

L'oiseau vole à la mer  
Et elle voit une tortue  
L'oiseau dit – Qu'est ce tu aime manger?  
La tortue dit – Je mange les poisons

À mon avis – l'oiseau dit  
Le tortue qui aime les poisons  
Est vraiment incorrect

Je n'aime pas la tortue qui  
Pense que les poisons sont délicieux  
Car je ne peux pas trouver ils!

L'oiseau vole au île  
Et elle voit un peu de rose  
Il y a un ver! – chante l'oiseau

Oh! Je pense que les vers est mes  
Nouvelle cuisine préférée!

The judges loved the way this poem told the story of the journey of a curious bird as it searches out its new favourite food. After discussing the options with a frog, a monkey and a tortoise, it decides that worms are its favourite meal after all!



## Qu'est-ce que si la mer était le ciel?

Felicity Seymour Smith (Year 7)

Qu'est-ce que si la mer était le ciel?  
Et tu pourrais lever les yeux regarder les poisons passer!  
Qu'est-ce que si la mer était le ciel?  
Et le ciel était la mer?  
Et les oiseaux s'envolèrent sous la terre,  
Aussi content que possible!  
Qu'est-ce que si le ciel était la mer?  
Et les requin ont nagé au-dessus avec joie!  
Qu'est-ce que si le ciel était la mer, et la mer était le ciel?  
Quelle question ridicule à poser à mon mon!  
Mais qu'est-ce que si le ciel était la mer,  
Et la mer était le ciel?  
Eh bien, je ne suis pas sûr, je ne peux pas nier!  
Tout serait à l'envers, et vous ne sauriez par pourquoi!



'What if the sea was the sky? ... and the sky was the sea? ... and the birds flew around underground? ... Everything would be upside down and you wouldn't know why!' this quirky poem has creative themes and a gentle humour that brought a smile to our faces.

Illustrations by the author

## More year 7 poems, this time in German ...

### Frühling, Sommer, Herbst und Winter

Heather Bollington (Year 7)

Frühling ist zuerst,  
Mit Lamm und die Hühner,  
Es ist warm und nett,  
Mit kein Regen,  
Es ist alles gut!

Sommer ist unglaublich,  
Es ist sonnig jeden Tag,  
Es ist heiß und Frisch,  
Mit viele Spaß für dich,  
Es ist ziemlich entspannend!

Herbst ist in Ordnung,  
Es ist nicht warm oder kalt,  
Es gibt gute Spaziergang,  
Mit keinGrund spät zu sein,  
Die Tagen sind kürzer!

Winter ist am letzten,  
Mit Schnee und kaltes Wetter,  
Es ist sehr komisch,  
Obwohl es nervig ist,  
Und die Bäume sind sehr schön im Frost!

The judges enjoyed this journey through all of the seasons.



### Meine Katze

Mang-Hao Shi (Year 7)

Meine Katze ist freundlich.  
Sie isst zu viel Fisch.  
Meine Katze ist laut,  
aber sie hasst die kalt.  
Meine Katze ist süß,  
Sie sagt tschüss!  
Ich liebe meine Katze!

This was a charming poem full of humour. The judges liked the rhyming in the middle of the poem.

Illustration by the author

*“It is inspiring to see these young people coming to language as something freshly discovered, newly made. That is where poetry begins.”*

Imtiaz Dharker (Poet, Artist and Documentary Film-Maker)

## Year 7 Spanish poems were on a variety of themes ...

### Los Sentimientos

Escher Day-Banham (Year 7)

Me siento en mi  
dormitorio  
los sentimientos corren  
por mi cabeza  
yo miro en el espejo  
el espejo roto  
veo una figura  
que no reconozco  
uno con el que no comparto  
sentimientos ni tengo los  
mismos deseos que  
lo miro a los ojos  
veo rabia,  
vergüenza,  
miedo  
de su ojo hay una sola lagrima.

An interesting poem about identity and feelings explored through the motif of a mirror; not recognising the figure looking back at them.

### Mi Casa Multicultural

Alexandros Theodosiou (Year 7)

Mi casa es multicultural. ¿Verdad?  
Mi casa es multicultural.  
Mi libro es inglés.  
Mi estuche es chino.  
Mi lámpara es japonesa.  
Mi lápiz es alemán (de marca Staedtler).  
Mis plátanos son ecuatorianos.  
Mis posters son italianos.  
Mi estantería es estadounidense.  
Mi plato favorito es griego.  
Mi casa es multicultural.  
¿Mi casa es diferente?

The judges thought this was a deceptively simple poem that reflects the many global influences that affect our lives and the way we live. It really made us think about our interdependence with other inhabitants of our world.

### La Silla de Ruedas

Caleb Ayebare (Year 7)

La silla de ruedas  
A veces me encanta  
Porque puedo hacer los caballitos.  
Pero, también es un poco mala.

Porque no puedo hacer los deportes  
Pero me gusta mucho el fútbol  
No puedo correr, o saltar,  
o subir un árbol.

Sin embargo, la silla es útil  
también es rápida y cómoda  
y en general es  
muy bien

La silla de ruedas  
es mi buena amiga  
Sí, Quiero correr  
y saltar

Pero, sin la silla,  
no tengo libertad  
así que seré feliz  
¡Y eso es verdad!

The judges enjoyed the insight they felt this poem gave them into the complicated relationship the poet has with their wheelchair. At times, it is described as a good friend, without which they have no freedom but the poem still expresses the frustrations of being limited. A great message reflecting a complex reality in a positive light.

The judges also enjoyed reading these poems from Year 8 pupils. The first is in French and the others are in Spanish ...

## Les Montagnes

Minahil Iqbal (Year 8)

Les montagnes sont grandes  
Les montagnes sont fortes  
Encore  
Les montagnes peuvent être failbes  
Les montagnes peuvent s'effrondrer  
Les gens pensent toujours à ceux qui sont forts comme incassable  
comme intouchable  
Mais les gens ne sont pas toujours comme ils semblent être.  
Ils sont tous diffenents comme toi et moi  
Alors  
Les montagnes ne sont pas grandes toujours.  
Les montagnes ne sont pas fortes toujours.  
Mais qui que nous soyons, nous apportenons.  
Peu importe que tu sois jeune ou vieux  
Timide ou audacieux  
C'est qui tu es qui competra  
Pour toujours à l'intérieur et à l'extérieur  
Toutefois  
Les montagnes montreront seulement  
Ce que leur réputation pensera savoir  
Que les montagnes sont grandes  
Que les montagnes sont fortes  
Mais qui nous soyons, nous apportiendrons toujours.

Using mountains as a motif to explore how people are viewed because of their status within communities, this poem questions social hierarchies. The judges thought this was a fantastic, original idea, with confident use of language and poetic technique.

## Bolivia

Jemima Gibson (Year 8)

Quiero visitar la Bolivia donde mis padres se encontraron,  
Ver lo que ellos vieron.  
  
Visitar el paisaje hermoso,  
Las montañas cubiertas de nieve de los Andes,  
El agua claro como el cristal del Lago de Titicaca,  
El solar blanco brillante que se extiende por millas,  
Y la selva tropical que tan caliente y húmeda.  
  
Experimentar la vida indígena,  
Bailando con las cholitas  
Las mujeres bajas con los sombreros y las faldas largas.  
Mientras escucho flautas de pan,  
Y canto el Aymara.  
  
Explorar la ciudad de La Paz,  
Una de las más altas del mundo.  
Con sus mercados ocupados y edificios en el sol,  
Está situada en un valle, rodeada de montes.  
  
Ver los animales del Alte Plano,  
Las alpacas con sus ojos abiertos y las llamas que escupen,  
Los corderos que circulen,  
Las vicuñas muy blandas,  
Y una observación rara de un zorro ártico.

'I want to visit Bolivia where my parents met ...'  
A wonderful description of the places that the poet's parents have described, creating a series of magical images. Enough to make anyone yearn to visit this beautiful country.

## El Baile

Isabella Rogan (Year 8)

El baile es mi vida y mi roca.  
Me encantaba bailar como loca.  
Me da fuerza y mucha hambre.  
Lo peor es cuando tengo calambre.

Mi cosa favorita en todo el mundo.  
Es actuar a mi familia cada año.  
No puedo dejar de bailar ni un segundo.  
Tengo hormigas en mis pantalones.

El baile tiene mi corazón.  
Y lo hará por los siglos de los siglos.  
Tengo una razón por lo cual me fascina mucho.  
Es porque tengo el mejor de amigos.  
En mi otra casa que es el estudio de baile.  
Con mi otra familia.

You can feel yourself dancing with the poet here and end up almost loving dancing as much as they do. The judges particularly liked the last two lines '... my other home, the dance studio, with my other family'.

## El verano

Laaibah Majid (Year 8)

El verano ha llegado y  
también las hojas verdes brillantes  
Es hora de plantar semillas  
de color marrón avellana.  
Plantas con cuidado bajo el brillante sol dorado  
donde la suave y fresca lluvia llegará.  
Y observa como crecen hasta convertirse en mantas  
verdes y altas  
Hasta que llegue el momento de despedirse  
Y esperar a que este momento  
comience de nuevo.

A poem about the changing seasons, which focuses on summer and its passing, ready to watch the whole thing go through the cycle of growth again. Simple, but evocative.

## El Gran Roble

Sarah Oluwalade (Year 8)

Tu memoria es como un gran roble,  
Eso está plantado en mi corazón,  
Y ha crecido alto y fuerte,  
Ya que hemos estado separados.  
Se ha cuidado suavemente,  
Por pensamientos felices a través de los años,  
Y siempre está bien regado,  
Por mi extrañación tú papá llora.  
Y será más hermoso,  
A medida que pasa el tiempo,  
Y puedo mirar y reflexionar,  
Sin preguntarme ni preguntar por qué.  
Porque tus recuerdos son mi consuelo,  
Y cuando pienso en ese gran roble,  
Puedo sentir tus grandes brazos fuertes,  
Envuelto a mi alrededor.  
Sé que no puedo traerte de vuelta,  
Pero tu vida no puede desvanecerse,  
Porque me has traído tanta felicidad,  
Recuerdos inolvidables que hemos hecho.  
El héroe más grande del mundo,  
Tú eres para mí,  
Y siempre te amaré,  
Por siempre y por la eternidad.

The judges thought this was an emotional and creative poem, remembering a loved one as a great oak tree. The poem felt full of sadness but the judges felt that love ultimately shines through to ensure hope is still there through the memories which live on.

## La chica de las trenzas

Rebecca Smith (Year 8)

La chica de las trenzas  
vive en un mundo de plástico  
La chica de las trenzas  
Sabe que se acerca el final  
La chica de las trenzas  
Se le dice que no puede tener un impacto  
La chica de las trenzas  
Espera como especie tras especie se extingue  
Soy la chica de las trenzas  
Y haré la diferencia

The judges felt this was a powerful poem; on the surface, fairly simple, about a girl with braids, who is told she can't make an impact but is determined she will. There also seems to be a message about climate change that brings hope for the future.

## Cactus

Poppy Gleave-Chadwick (Year 8)

Es difícil abrazar un cactus  
Pesado, espinoso y puro y duro  
Lo que parecen hacer es causarme dolor  
Pero con la práctica...  
Encontramos es mejor tirar un beso

It's hard to hug a cactus  
Dull, prickly, and plain  
And all they seem to do is give you pain  
But you will find with practice that  
It's best to blow a kiss

This just made the judges laugh. A lovely way to end our Year 8 winners.

Our Year 9 Other Tongue winners wrote in German and Spanish and covered themes from birth to death, loyalty to our four legged friends and even a mythical planet that we definitely wanted to know more about...

## El rasgo común

James O'Reilly (Year 9)

Nuestro mundo envolver por la división.  
Ciego por codicia.  
Segregado por muros de odio y guerra.  
Sin embargo, estamos unidos por una cosa,  
Idioma,  
¿Cómo decimos nuestra primera palabra?  
¿Qué pasa con nuestro aliento moribundo?  
Las llamadas de la guerra,  
Los gritos de amor,  
Sin importar tu raza,  
Religión o intereses  
Todo lo que hicimos es a  
Través de idioma,  
Aunque muchos,  
Definen su cultura, personas y vida.

James provided his own explanation for this poem, which the judges thought gave a powerful message: "I wrote this poem as current affairs in the world display, we only focus on what divides us, constantly trying to divide each other in certain ways, such as race, religion, interests, sexuality, nationality, never trying to find something that unites us. However, as humans, naturally we have so much in common, one especially the power of language, what introduces us to the world, what relieves ourselves from it, how we express love and our happiness, a power for good, what we all have in common. Why can't we use this for good? Battling issues with the power of words not solidifying segregation. Time to use our humanity for humanity."

## Solía Pensar en Stella

Oghosa Aimuyo (Year 9)

Su rostro juvenil sangró en mi mente.  
Cómo su cabello ondulado del color de las sombras solía rebotar como resortes alrededor de su cabeza mientras saltaba y corría.  
Y cómo sus labios agrietados solían mostrar la sonrisa más brillante bajo la luz de la luna.  
Cada vez que recordaba estos recuerdos,  
Siempre la veía dando palmas al ritmo, cantando música tribal heredada de sus hermanos.  
Las temperaturas abrasadoras de Nigeria invitaron a Stella a explorar solo después de anochecer,  
Pero eso solo hizo que su infancia fuera más memorable.  
Era inofensivo jugar afuera cuando estaba oscuro.  
Cuando mamá se quedaba en la cabaña y miraba a sus hijos desde lejos,  
Ocupada removiendo la enorme olla de arroz jollof que sazonaba el olor del aire.  
En aquel entonces, cuando las cosas no eran tan malas...

Ella y sus hermanas pasaban volando junto a los fértiles árboles de mango y limón en su recinto,  
Rozando con la punta de sus dedos las hojas más altas y, Aplastando las vibrantes flores rojas y moradas que brotaban del suelo con cada salto.  
En aquel entonces, el tiempo floreció como los cultivos que crecían en nuestra tierra.  
Pero ya nada es igual.  
No después de ellos.

Ahora pienso en Stella.  
Recuerdo la sangre que la caía en cascada alrededor de su rostro inocente,  
tiñendo sus mechones de carmesí mientras su olor a cobre contaminaba el aire.  
Recuerdo los sonidos de los gritos,  
Los gritos que luchaban contra las olas rompientes que estrangulaban como si tuvieran ganas de que el bote volcara.  
Había muchos niños que eran como ella.  
Se enfrenta a toda una tristeza tatuada.  
Creo que, en el fondo, todos sabían cuál sería el resultado...  
No había nadie ahí fuera para salvarlos, ayudar y ofrecer suministros.  
Y con el tiempo, la gente como Stella desapareció. Una vez personas felices que se vieron obligadas a irse.  
Relegadas a existir solo en cuentos o poemas.

A very complex topic and an amazing use of language to transmit an incredible message about Stella's childhood and death. It captures the innocence of a Nigerian childhood violently interrupted, and a freedom for children now lost in reality and only preserved in literature.

## Hunde sind nicht nur für Lockdown

Michael Flynn (Year 9)

Mein Hund ist immer glücklich,  
Mein Hund ist immer prima,  
Mein Hund ist immer sanft,  
Mein Hund ist immer lustig.

Mein Hund ist auch meine Familie,  
Mein Hund ist gehorsam,  
Mein Hund ist mein bester Freund,  
und mein Hund bedeutet mir alles.

Und immer noch, verlassen Leute ihre Hunde.

Hunde sind auch kleine Leute, Sie haben Gefühle.

Hunde sind nicht nur für Lockdown, Sie sind für das ganze Leben.

'Dogs are not just for lockdown, they are for life.'  
A very thought-provoking, poignant and relevant poem.

## Rosa Planet

Laren Ward (Year 9)

Ich komme aus dem Rosa Planet.  
Der Himmel ist rosa.  
Die Wolken sind rosa.  
Die Tiere sind rosa.  
Mein Planet ist sehr groß und sehr rosa.  
Das Essen ist auch rosa.  
Mein Lieblingsessen ist rosa Suppe.  
Rosa Suppe ist sehr lecker.  
Manchmal esse ich rosa Erdbeeren –  
Sie sind die besten.  
Das Essen auf unserem Rosa Planet ist sehr lecker und sehr rosa.  
Meine Haare sind rosa.  
Meine Augen sind rosa.  
Mein Hund ist auch rosa.  
Meine Kleidung ist rosa,  
Die sind wirklich schön.  
Ich bin sehr schön und  
..... sehr rosa.

This is a highly original poem which left the judges with lots of questions about the Rosa Planet!

Our Year 12 winners start off with a playful, slightly surreal poem. Having fun playing with a language that you are learning is exactly what we hope young people will do when they enter our Other Tongue competition and we really enjoyed both the poem and the explanation given by the poet in this first piece ...

## La llama que se llama llama

Daisy Hodges (Year 12)

Mi llama se llama llama  
Llamado por su personalidad fogosa  
¿le conocí en la calle o lo conocí en la tranquilidad?  
Cállate llama cállate

Calló hasta que cayó  
Cayó con el choque al ver al flamenco  
bailando el flamenco  
en la calle

Alguien le arrojó una papa al papa  
y el pollo observaba  
desde un payo cercano

Me siento como oro  
Tan ligero como un bello vello en el viento  
El cien por ciento de los flamencos bailan delante de mi  
Oro que nunca despierte de este sueño

Si es un sueño  
Sí, es  
Espero que sueñes con los angelitos  
Mi angelito es una llama  
Que se llama llama.

### Poet's comment:

This poem is intended as a surreal and joyful way to play with the homophones and homographs of the Spanish language. I recently learned that 'llama' also meant flame and in jest I said "so if you had a llama called flame you'd say 'mi llama se llama llama'", and that's what inspired the poem. I wanted to find more examples of the joy and hilarity that ensues when learning a language.

The poem can be a tricky read because of its surreal nature however there is a reasoning behind each section.

The first stanza plays with first this idea of the llama called flame – explained by its fiery personality. Then there's the idea of calle and callar. There the narrator reflects on where they first met the llama – in the street, but also 'la tranquilidad' is a reference to the later explored idea that they met the llama in the tranquillity of a dream; the 'callate' referencing the voices in your head that annoy you when you're trying to sleep.

Next there's the double meaning of 'flamenco' – flamingo and the type of traditional Spanish dance which contrasts the previous serenity.

The surrealism continues with 'papa' as a potato is thrown at the pope, and 'pollo' 'poyo' as a chicken watches from a stone bench.

Rhyme continues with the use of 'bello vello' meaning beautiful hair but also bird down – referencing the birds in the poem, and the freedom associated with them.

Finally, the poem ends with 'espero que sueñes con los angelitos' which is a colloquial way of saying sweet dreams. It has connotations of children which match the playful nature of the poem as it plays with language learning and surreal content that you may dream of as a child.

Other poems in this section play with language in different ways, to explore issues, ideas and, in the case of our next poem, using language to build tension ...

## Konzerte

Niamh Gordon (Year 12)

Das Adrenalin pumpt.

10 Stunden.

Man hat die Karten vor einem Jahr gekauft und der Tag ist endlich gekommen,

Die Kleidung ist bereits ausgewählt und die Zugtickets gekauft.

Die einzige Sache, dass Sie wochenlang worüber gesprochen haben, wird in ein paar Stunden passieren.

Das Brauch, in der ersten Reihe zu stehen, so nah wie möglich zu sein, ist alles verzehrend.

9 Stunden.

Sie ziehen sich an, machen sich die Haare, schminken sich.

7 Stunden.

Sie treffen Ihren Freund am Bahnhof, Aufregung liegt in der Luft.

Ankunft in der Arena mit einigen Stunden Vorlaufzeit und gehen in der Warteschlange.

Sie schauen sich um und sehen, dass alle verkleidet sind, das Wissen, dass alle aus dem gleichen Grund dort sind.

5 Stunden.

Mit der Leute um sich herum zu sprechen, obwohl Sie wissen, dass Sie sie nie wieder sehen werden,

aber für diese wenigen Stunden sind sie Freunde.

Musik auf Wiederholung hören und rechnen, wie viele Leute vor Ihnen stehen.

Drei Stunden.

Die nächsten Stunden fühlen sich wie Sekunden an, Endlich öffnen sich die Türen und es beginnt ein Rennen.

Sie haben einen Platz gefunden und wissen, dass Sie ihn nicht mehr verlassen werden,

Alle sind glücklich, singen und tanzen.

Das Licht wird gedimmt und das Geschrei beginnt.

Es passiert jetzt.

Sie sind echt, die Person, die Sie lieben und von der Sie bisher nur Bilder gesehen haben, steht meterweit vor Ihnen,

das Gefühl ist unbeschreiblich.

Dann ist es vorbei, die unvermeidliche Traurigkeit taucht auf.

Es ist jetzt nur noch eine Erinnerung, die nur durch Bilder wieder erlebt werden kann.

This was an entertaining piece which used suspense and tension to build up to the excitement of the concert. The judges also liked how the beats of the hours mimicked the beats of the music at a concert.

## Erwachsenwerden

Lauren Smith (Year 12)

Ich erinnere mich an unseren ersten Tag  
bereit, neue Leute kennenzulernen  
Freundschaften zu schließen  
Angst vor dem, was als nächstes kommen würde

Ich erinnere mich, dass ich meine GCSEs gewählt habe,  
Durchsuchen der Optionen  
Angst, den falschen zu wählen  
Angst vor dem Scheitern

Ich erinnere mich an den letzten Tag in der Schule  
Am letzten Tag würde ich einige Leute sehen  
Der letzte Tag in Uniform  
Der letzte Tag vor all der harten Arbeit

Ich erinnere mich, wie ich meine neue Klasse traf  
Auswahl aus drei Fächern  
Immer wieder neue Leute kennen lernen

Ich erinnere mich an mein erstes Vorstellungsgespräch

Mein erstes Gehalt

Meine erste Party  
Jetzt werden wir unsere Häuser verlassen  
Unsere Familien  
Wir stehen kurz vor den Prüfungen, die den Rest unseres  
Lebens verändern werden  
Immer unsicher, was um die Ecke ist

A poem about growing up and the milestones that all teenagers will recognise and the fears and worries that come with them. 'Always unsure what is around the corner ...' A very relatable piece that conveys a lot of emotion and leaves the reader with a lot to think about.

## Marseille n'est plus

Daisy Ainsworth (Year 12)

Marseille n'est plus  
Les vagues  
Les vents  
Monstrueuses vagues dans le vent  
Un sentiment dans l'air  
Un mauvais pressentiment  
La destruction  
Les maisons  
Les maisons de Marseille détruites  
Le peuple de Marseille est effrayé  
Effrayé par la force destructrice du Mistral  
Environnant  
Arpentant les rues  
Entourant La Canebière  
La cité phocéenne  
La cité où on se promène au soleil et au bord de la mer  
Aux côtés des jolies fleurs, délicates et rayonnantes  
Les fleurs sont emportées  
Et le calme n'est plus

L'eau monte, les vagues éclatent, les vents hurlent  
Que reste-t-il de Marseille?

Les vagues engloutissent la Ville  
La ville où la Statue Notre-Dame de la Garde se tient  
fièrement  
Fièrement face au vent un dernière fois  
Elle s'effrite petit à petit  
Elle tire sa révérence  
La destruction c'est ici  
Ici où le château d'If tremble  
Ici où le vieux Port rend son dernier souffle  
Écrasé par une force extrême  
Extrêmement peur, a le Vieux Port  
Le beau Vieux Port et sa belle forteresse  
Le soleil est passé sur la vieille ville  
Il n'y a plus de soleil sur le Palais Longchamp  
Les fleurs ne brillent plus dans les jardins majestueux  
Les fleurs sont emportées  
Et le calme n'est plus

L'eau monte, les vagues éclatent, les vents hurlent  
Que reste-t-il de Marseille?

A creative and original idea in which the poem takes us on a journey through the landmarks of Marseille, observing the physical and emotional destruction wreaked by the Mistral. The judges thought that the use of language was evocative of a destructive storm and they enjoyed the use of sensory imagery and repetition and the way this brings the poem to life.

## Meine ersten Worte

Abigail Harvey (Year 12)

Die ersten Worte meiner Mutter an mich waren  
gesprochen  
Wenn ich es nicht verstand  
Brabbelte und gurgelte ich und versuchte die selben  
Sußen Töne zu formen die mir Frieden **brachten**.

Sie brachte mir bei mit meinen Händen zu  
kommunizieren  
Die ersten Stücke Sprache die ich lernte  
Wurden nicht gesprochen sondern gebändet.

Als ich wuchs, **wickelte** sich die Englische Sprache um  
meine Zunge  
Und webte sich durch meine Gedanken  
Mir die Welt beschreibend.

Ich habe versucht für alles einen Grund zu finden  
Mit einem Namen, einer Bedeutung, einer Geschichte  
Das unbeschreibliche in der einzigen Sprache zu  
Beschreiben die ich kenne.

Seitenweise englische Schrift flüsterte mir zu  
Während ich schlief  
Mit meinem Lieblingsbuch unter meinem Kopfkissen  
Mit geringen Kenntnis ihnen deutschen Autorin.

Ich kenne die Geschichte gut und die Natur ihre  
Charaktere  
Mittlerweile besitze ich zwei Exemplare  
Eine in der Sprache die mich kennt  
Und noch eine in der Sprache die ich versuche zu kennen.

The judges thought this was an excellently written and thought-provoking poem about how language is experienced and learned and what it is to be bi-lingual. 'The language that knows me and the language I am learning to know.' The judges particularly enjoyed the imagery of the words wrapping themselves around the writer's tongue.

## Es ist nicht schwarz-weiß

Christopher Ainley (Year 12)

Es ist größer als schwarz oder weiß  
Es ist ein Problem mit der ganzen Lebensweise  
Es kann sich nicht über Nacht ändern  
Aber wir müssen uns bemühen  
Der Welt ist geteilt  
Der Welt ist gebrochen  
Der Welt ist schrecklich  
Wie müssen uns gegen den Strich gehen  
Alle müssen einander helfen  
Wir dürfen nicht ein Auge zudrücken  
Es hat weder Hand noch Fuß

The language used in this poem is simple but effective, creating a hard-hitting message about the world we are living in today and the need for change. A call to action that should not be ignored.

Our final selection of poems for Other Tongue are all in Spanish, from Oldham Sixth form college students. We struggled to choose between these four pieces, all of which address different topics that are of importance to everyone.

## Paseo solitario bajo el sol poniente

Teddy Bland (Year 12)

Siempre arde algo en el campo,  
quizás el sol no sepa amar sin doler  
a las plantas que dependen de ella.

Los verdes son infinitos en el campo,  
¡ay! qué lugar para perderse,  
se escabullen las arañas en las hileras de trigo.

El frío tiene espíritu en el campo,  
así se seca el aire de la lluvia sobrante,  
se congela en la huella de un pato errante.

Las casas nunca duermen en el campo,  
pero hay que abrir la puerta cuando sueñan  
para que los sueños no desaparezcan en la pared.

Ráíces como redes lucen bajo el campo,  
aún me pregunto si los árboles se sienten solos,  
no hay mucho alrededor.

The language and images used to describe the countryside are beautiful, for example the personification of the dreaming houses whose doors have to be opened to let their dreams out and the poet's wondering whether the trees are lonely.

## Ucrania

Jessica Pickard (Year 13)

Hay dificultades en el este  
Hay personas muriendo  
¿Qué nos va a ocurrir a nosotros?

Hay asuntos con los políticos  
Los ciudadanos están huyendo al resto de Europa  
¿Cómo van a sobrevivir?

Hay conflictos en el ejército  
Están luchando sin formación  
¿Qué van a lograr?

Hay miedo de bombas  
Están tirando bombas desde las fronteras a los inocentes  
¿Cómo van a solucionarlo?

No creo que exista un final  
Van a matar a millones de personas  
No van a conseguir nada  
El mundo va a empeorar

Addressing the war in Ukraine, this poem shows a great use of language. The questions towards the end involve the reader in the sadness and despair of the situation.

## Libro de reglas de la mujer

Kenzie Goulding (Year 13)

Llaves entre los dedos.  
Mantén a otra mujer a la vista  
Auriculares apagados en caso de que te sigan.  
No discutas, podría causar una pelea.

Dar un número falso  
O decir que tienes novio.  
Porque respetan la "propiedad" de otro hombre  
En lugar de tu derecho a decir que no.

Enviar a tus amigos tu ubicación  
en un taxi o en una cita  
Mantén tu bebida cubierta  
No salgas hasta demasiado tarde

No usar maquillaje significa que no te importa nada  
Pero no te pongas demasiado  
No uses ropa reveladora  
Porque los hombres piensan que te pueden tocar

Sé paciente cuando te interrumpen  
Y no muestres demasiada emoción  
Porque ser demasiado alegre o agresivo  
Podría costarte esa promoción

Acepta que te paguen menos  
Pero tienes que trabajar 10 veces más duro  
Desviar las preguntas personales  
Acerca de los niños y el matrimonio

El gobierno dominado por los hombres  
Aprueba leyes sobre nuestra autonomía  
Y gastamos tanto en productos para la regla  
Como precios de "lujo"

Hacemos mucho y sin embargo  
Todavía nos dicen que nuestras preocupaciones no son válidas  
Pero, ¿sería diferente si un hombre lo hiciera?

The judges felt that this poem is an illustration of the tension faced by women, trying to balance the need to protect themselves with wanting to make themselves liked in order not to miss out on opportunities. We felt that the poem conveyed inequality of experience fiercely.

## Cerramos la cortina

Kiera Allcock (Year 13)

Cerramos la cortina  
Nuestra industria es una ruina

El gobierno no nos valora  
Solo cuando es la hora  
Cuando quieren estar entretenidos  
Entonces somos reconocidos  
Pero solo una hora, o dos

Una vida en el teatro no es para siempre  
No podemos volver hasta septiembre  
Nunca recibimos apoyo del gobierno  
La vida sin las artes es como un infierno

Debes encontrar un nuevo trabajo  
El sueldo de un artista es demasiado bajo  
Especialmente durante una pandemia  
Al mundo solo le importas si eres académica

Nadie tiene la libertad  
Esto ha roto mi creatividad  
Los teatros no sobrevivirán  
Pero sin nosotros se aburrirán

Así cerramos la cortina  
Y vamos a la oficina

This poem considers the effect of the pandemic on the arts and the higher value given to academic rather than creative abilities. Very interesting, current and good use of rhyming.

*"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."*

**Malala Yousafzai** (Education campaigner and youngest Nobel Prize Laureate)

# The Judges

**Ana-Maria Botoser** is a student on MA Creative Writing. She also graduated from Manchester Metropolitan University with BA Hons English/Spanish. She speaks Romanian, Spanish and English.

**Melissa Gibson** is a student on MA Creative Writing, specialising fiction for children and YA, at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks English, French, German.

**Lyndsay Lomax** is a second year student on MFA Creative Writing at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks English, German and French.

**Sophie Longbottom** is a student on PGCE Secondary English, she is in her fourth year of study, but her first year at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks English, French, Italian and Japanese.

**Jumana Mehdi** is a student on MA Illustration at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks Urdu and English.

**Darda Mohamed** graduated from Manchester Metropolitan University with PGCE in Secondary English QTS in 2022. She speaks Somali and English.

**Denitsa Nikolova** is a student on MA TESOL and Applied Linguistics at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks Bulgarian, English and German.

**Julie Noble** studied a distance-learning MA in Creative Writing (Non-fiction) at Manchester Metropolitan University and graduated in January 2022. She speaks English and Spanish.

**Yuhong Qu** is a second year student on International Hospitality Business Management at Manchester Metropolitan University. He speaks Mandarin and English.

**Mirela Steel** is a first year PhD student at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks Romanian, English, French and Turkish.

**Deborah Troops** is a second year student on MA TESOL and Applied Linguistics at Manchester Metropolitan University. She speaks English, Spanish, French, Portuguese and she is also learning Italian.

The judging panel was co-ordinated by **Kaye Tew**, Education Manager at the Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University and **Mario Antonio Caldara**, a student on the MA Publishing at Manchester Metropolitan University. He speaks Italian, English and German.

# What the judges said

*“How beautiful to get a glimpse of the richness of language resources and experiences that students bring to their classrooms.”*

*“What stood out for me during this experience is how well some kids have been able to articulate the struggle of balancing languages and cultures, but also the enriching asset that bilingualism/multilingualism can offer - all this wrapped into an interesting creative process that should be encouraged and praised.”*

*“Multilingualism brings challenges for children and young people but also many opportunities in the encounter between their languages and cultures. It was a great experience to read their work and enjoy the creativity, inquisitiveness and pride evidenced in it.”*

*“Their talent was able to reveal the passion and appreciation for their language and culture ... to showcase their struggle, resilience, and strength through the art of poetry. Every student who learnt, wrote, and opened a piece of their journey made me proud to be a Mancunian.”*

*“What stood out for me in this experience was firstly to see how these children are encouraged to be able to express themselves creatively through their own culture and languages. Languages have an important impact on what is being said and by whom and that was articulated very well throughout.”*

*“This has been an inspiring and rewarding experience. The young people have shown such enthusiasm for arts and humanities, which only endorses their importance as part of an holistic education. For me personally it has been a reminder that creativity and passion will always out.”*



## *The final word*

Mother Tongue Other Tongue was created in the Faculty of Arts and Humanities and is administered by the Manchester Poetry Library at Manchester Metropolitan University.

This anthology celebrates work submitted, in 2022, to the North West regional competition. Congratulations to all of the young people whose work was submitted to this year's 10th Anniversary competition. You are all amazing.

As ever, we thank all of the teachers who take the time to encourage their pupils and who submit their pupils' work to our competition. Here is what some of them have said about the project:

*“Students enjoyed creating their own poems and writing about what this means to them. They found translating poems difficult at first but then were very proud once they 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 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.”*

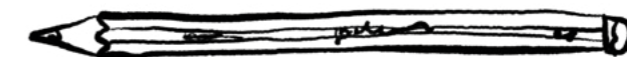
*“... it highlighted to me the importance of creative activities. A poem doesn't have to be complicated, they can follow a quite simple structure but still manipulate language effectively.”*

## *Get involved*

This anthology celebrates winning entries from the 2022 Mother Tongue Other Tongue competition. The project also runs in other regions across England, Scotland and Wales, where it is organised by Routes Into Languages (East, North East, Cymru) and Scottish SCILT.

Please see the Mother Tongue Other tongue website for details of regional partners and how to enter next year's competition **[www.mmu.ac.uk/mothertongueothertongue](http://www.mmu.ac.uk/mothertongueothertongue)**

To discuss running Mother Tongue Other Tongue activity in your region please email **[poetrylibrary@mmu.ac.uk](mailto:poetrylibrary@mmu.ac.uk)**





## *Las Palabras*

Hablar es tan fácil  
Lo hacemos todos los días  
Y en todo el mundo  
Hay tantas formas diferentes

Para decir una palabra o una frase  
Para pasar un mensaje  
Algunas personas conocen muchas formas  
Otras sólo conocen uno

Palabras son unas cosas tan extrañas  
Las usamos todo el tiempo  
Pero su palabra para algo  
Podría ser tan diferente a la mía

A veces es difícil decir  
Lo que hay en tu mente  
Pero en otra lengua  
Es mucho más fácil de encontrar

Ojalá hubiera un apalabra  
Para todo que quiero decir  
Así que aprenderé todos los idiomas  
Hasta que encuentre la manera

Talking is so easy  
We do it every day  
And around the world  
There are so many different ways

To say a word or sentence  
To pass a message on  
Some people know many ways  
Others just know one

Words are such a strange thing  
We use them all the time  
But your word for something  
Could be so different from mine

Sometimes it's hard to say  
Whatever's in your mind  
But in another tongue  
It's much easier to find

I wish there was a word  
For everything I want to say  
So I'll learn every language  
Until I find a way

**Cate Matthew (Year 11)**  
**Lancaster Girls' Grammar school**



**Manchester  
Metropolitan  
University**

**Manchester  
Poetry  
Library**

To be kept up to date about Mother Tongue Other Tongue and other free resources, CPD and how to enter your pupils' work for the competition, sign up on the Manchester Poetry Library newsletter:  
[www.mmu.ac.uk/poetrylibrary](http://www.mmu.ac.uk/poetrylibrary)