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BRADFORD THOUGHTS

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Forward

A Glimpse into Young Minds

In these pages, you'll find a collection of poems penned by the talented young minds of BFA's Year 9 students. These verses offer a glimpse into their unique perspectives, emotions, and dreams.

Through their words, they explore the complexities of life, love, loss, and hope. Each poem is a testament to their creativity, imagination, and growing understanding of the world around them.

We hope you enjoy this journey through the hearts and minds of our young poets.

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I AM

I am the danger and the creator.
Use me for anything you want I won't protest.

My blade dances under your control.
I glide along the chopping board as the vegetables roll.

Useful
Fearful
Dangerous

My sliver glow flashes and shines as I'm used.

Slash
Chop
Grind

Even in safe hands you fear me because I'm sharp and sly.
But they use me stabbing and slicing which put people to fear.
I'm not scary not dangerous, I am not the one that causes terror.

Its them which use and abuse me.

KN

What do they think?

What will they think?
My confidence starts to shrink.
Hundreds of eyes will be on you.
You're next in the queue.

And then I'm out there
Their judgement obvious within their stare.
The music starts to play.
I've been dreading this moment for days.

My mouth begins to open.
I feel like I'm frozen.
Words escape my mouth.
But they're as quiet as a mouse.

'LOUDER!' someone shouts
I'm overwhelmed with doubts.
Their disregards fill the room with laughter.
My voice is like a rollercoaster.

Soon enough its over
And I feel like such a joker.
A soulless applause, free of glee.
So, what do they really think of me?

Nisha R

ME

I am odd

I am scared

I am scared that I am not enough

I am scared that I am too much

But...

I am **bold**

I am important

I am accepted

I am a MASTER of Music

Don't you confuse it

I am happy but sad

I am Wild but quiet

I am scared BUT

I Am confident and...

I am killing it

By Peace E

Did I start too late?

Stepping into the freezing rink,
Looking around letting my self-esteem sink.

I jump and spin but not good enough,
Why does this have to be so tough?

I feel like I won't ever be enough,
I fall repeatedly, my skin turning rough.

Locked in place, I can't improve,
Was this just a waste, no, I need to move.

Keep going until you might drop dead,
I feel like I'm holding on to a thread.

All I need is some hope and support
But no one believes in me... am I too old?

I watch the professionals over and over,
Why does it feel like I'm held back by a boulder?

Theres one thing they all have in common,
The reason to why my dreams are all just fiction.

They all started younger, 5, 6, 7, 8,
While I'm trying my hardest, but I just can't relate.

I step off and take of my abusing skate,
I cant help but wonder... did I start too late?

By Malgorzata B

Media Control

Brainwashed, dehumanised, misled
Leaving you hanging on by a thread
Well, you're not pretty, so what did you expect?
Other than getting analysed from every aspect
Dissected apart like a subject
Made to be a misfit; misheard, misread
Many words better left unsaid instead.

Step on the scale
Watch the number rise
Look in the mirror
The familiar face you don't recognise
Hide behind that disguise you despise
Tell yourself those lies and criticise
The body you wish you could construct, configure and customise
When will you realise?

Natalia K

War in hell

Bright, blearing, bad music bouncing of my alarm
Me ready for a war of another
I stand ready to aim at my colourless prison wear
After 10 years with this way of life – I thought I would like it
It occurred to me countless times that after this war I will have to go into a
tougher war.

Dashing down my towered home, I get to the last use of safety – my door,
Upon opening it a crowd of cold wind brush toward me,
Filling my safety zone with cold air.

Frantically hurdle toward my use of passage to the war zone,
I find out my use of passage was cancelled – 4 time this week
Picking myself up I rant on the war zone ready for another day of constant
nagging by officials and yapping of my fellow comrades

As I get to it, the war had already started
The official still with their incessive nag and slow coffee sips
Comrades running and giggling as their walk past the officials
Check my planner – I got history first
I didn't want to be her but I knew if I didn't fight this war,
It would haunt me later in life

Theola O

Dance

I am the queen of the stage,
I am beautifully graceful,
Like a swan floating just so sophisticated,
For dance, you must be dedicated,
It can be difficult, make sure you don't get irritated.

By Sophie S

I am an instrument

I am an instrument,
but which one am I?
Am I a piano?
A guitar?
A drum?
Can I be hit with force
or am I played with a thumb?
Am I electronic,
or am I full of strings?
Do I cause your arms to feel like fire?
Do I cause indents in your skin?
Am I stuck in one key
Or am I able to be played free?
I am an instrument,
but which one am I?

By Ellisa G-H

Expectations

I may not have an interesting story,
Cuz my parents went ahead and made one for me,
Yet this new form of torture is pretty profound,
I mean ur orders are more confusing than pronouns.

How do u expect us underdeveloped children to be at best at somet,
How do u expect us undermined, undefined to reach the top of the summit,
How do u expect us to do something ur not even good at,
Its like seeing a road and pointing the directions to a mole rat.

Coming back from school feelin stressed,
Parents pushed me to always ace my tests,
No glee in sight hearts racin, palpatatin.
If they find out bout my tests ill be in military training

Don't have to be the best don't have to be a doctor,
Never really thought of that I have always sought to,
Mabye do computing or be a professional boxer,
But my mind will be warped like wood cuz that's not was I was taught,
But no have to put hearts back and mourn,
get ptsd from patients dying that I saw.

How do u expect us underdeveloped children to be at best at somet,
How do u expect us undermined, undefined to reach the top of the summit,
How do u expect us to do something ur not even good at,
Its like seeing a road and pointing the directions to a mole rat.

By Zeeshan A

Care

I am the guy who cares,
Yet I am also the one whose most aired,
I give the most fairs ,
Whilst also not being cared,
Out of everyone you know who cares the most ,

I am the one who cared ,
I can be blue and yellow,
Sometimes red and black,
But I will always care,
Even when my time come to an end.

I am the guy who cares

Oliver M

Hormones

Crash, Bang, highs and lows
Boxes of dolls and pretty, pink bows
Yet now we row
Through stormy seas
Surviving harsh tones and broken dreams
Sticks and stones do break our bones
And yet we're your villains, it seems.

By Freya S