



Wild Matters Poetry Anthology

*by the Wilson's School Poetry
Foundation*

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We extend our heartfelt thanks to the student poets whose honest words bring Wild Matters to life, to the teachers for their steady guidance and encouragement, to the editorial team for shaping this anthology with care, and to the school leadership for nurturing a space where young voices can be heard. We would also like to thank Ms Hughes especially, for her crucial and continuous support in the anthology's creation.

The Wound

**I asked the woman in front of me,
'Where does this train head?' She replied, 'Maranhão.'
I replied, 'Oh? What is it known for?'
'Murder.'**

My eyes squinted at him,
above the horizon, like a protective father.
He bathed in the sky – a celestial medallion,
bestowing life to those yearning for him.

I grew, grew tall, singing the old green songs,
listening to the fables that the birds showered on me.
The wind caressed me, braiding my leaves into crowns,
as I stood there, gleaming in glee,
each touch a lullaby,
each caress a tender kiss,
striking the deepest chords of my heart.

It spoke to me; it laughed -
I felt young.
I felt blessed.
I felt alive.

And then it happened.
Every blow, every hit at my roots
tangled them, loosened them
until the earth became powerless –
a murder slow enough
to be called progress

The sun still warmed my bark, unaware that
I now solely existed in memory,
a whisper of life struggling between
the past and the wind.

The birds flew above my corpse,
confused, only landing in absence.

by Sanjay Rajesh 11B2



Author's Note: The first stanza shows an encounter between two people on a train, where one learns that Maranhao, a place in Brazil that is known for 'murder'. 'Murder', in this context, is a powerful metaphor for deforestation, especially because Maranhao is renowned for deforestation.

There is then a segue into the growth of a tree (in the tree's perspective) and its lovely relationship with nature, only to be abruptly cut as 'every blow' loosens the tree's roots like untying a 'knot', where birds fly over the place where the tree used to be, but sadly, to no avail. This poem addresses the cruelty of deforestation.

Beauty Bruised not Broken

The forest stood as time flew by,
Underneath a clear blue wonder.
Green leaves freely fly,
With the breeze aiding it from under.
Shadows dance where sunlight lies,
Painting the path, ancient roots yonder.

Yet when the humans came with their tools sharp,
Their weapons destroyed the peace.
Ending the animals' freedom,
Cornered with no hope of release.
Some are used for entertainment,
While others are made into feasts.

Still the forest dares defy,
Its spirit is strong, it will not surrender.
Though bruised, it keeps its hopes high,
It shall be its own defender.
However, we can have our own reply,
And nurture the remains, a gift to tender.

By Akshad Kumar 7S

Author's Note: The first stanza highlights how beautiful nature was in the past. The second stanza shows how humans have ruined nature by chopping trees down and emitting greenhouse gases into the air. The final stanza is that not all hope is lost and that we can save nature if we act now.

The Leaf

The tether weakens, its fibres drawn,
Tiny droplets slide down its waxy skin.
Like Icarus, it soars for a fleeting breath,
In love with the heights, blind to death.

As Michelangelo carved the Creation of Adam,
The leaf, as God's hands desired touch.

The stem breaks -
A brief stillness lingers in the air,
Before gravity claims what is no longer tethered.

Mother Nature graced the leaf with wind,
And folded her gentle hands around it,
Like caressing a cherub from its fall to the depths.
The leaf twirls, pirouettes in golden light,
As the world watches, helpless.

The leaf kisses the crooked earth below,
Once perched atop Nature's bountiful Elysium,
Now sinking like the sulphurous chasms of Tartarus.
It begged, it wept, for Mother Nature's hand,
But her light could not reach so far.

It struggled for breath in the pool of demise,
Suffering only to show its ignorance,
And ingratitude to Nature, who gave it life.
When it cried its final breath, Nature called,

“Under my watch, the thread and needle spin,
Under yours, your fate is stitched within.”

Savir Karandikar 12NC

Author's Note: This poem uses the image of a falling leaf to reflect on life, death, and fate. Through vivid imagery and references to myth and art, the leaf's brief descent symbolizes both beauty and struggle, freedom and surrender, and ultimately represents the natural cycle and inevitable consequences of separation from its source.

A Parcel of Mercy

“My lord, as I stand on this once green land that my people once ruled,
As I stand in this hall, under the canopy where I once held court,
As I kneel before the throne on which I sat,
I ask of you but a simple pleasure.”

“I do not ask the impossible.
I do not ask for my wealth back
Nor do I ask for my children to rise from the dead.”

“All I ask for is a little parcel of land,
In some corner of the world
Away from prying eyes,
A land where your people have yet to touch,
And your solemn word
That you will let us be for while
So that my people may live their lives
Before they die.”

None in the court stirred

Men came forward and took him by his arms
They forced him down
And pulled him towards the graven doors.

He clung to the baked Earth.
And he beat the ground
Where the spilt blood of his ringed children
Had coloured the soil red
He tore at his singed hair
And screamed himself hoarse
As he was dragged out of the court

“Grant me this my liege.
Grant me the hope that my people will be safe
Grant me my kingdom
So that we may delay our inevitable death.”

By Sailesh Sivapadmanaban 09S



Author's Note: The poem contains imagery of a former king who is begging for land so that his people can live there peacefully until the enemy will inevitably kill them. I chose the former king as a symbol for nature.

He says what he says to show how, due to our actions, we have condemned nature to die and there is nothing that can be done, echoed by the final line, "So that we may delay our inevitable death."

When they cried, he cried

He sat.

There, amongst the chocolate-covered trunks,
beneath shafts of sunlight streaming through,
between curtains of creepers intertwining -
a recluse,
seeking harmony amid discord.

He spoke.

His words floated across the forest,
inaudibly yet audibly enough.
Sound was unnecessary, tone was needless
when the outside world dwelled within him;
Nature, both his tenant and his landlord.

They smiled.

The wind whistled in glee, caressing his cheeks,
the leaves danced and jostled each other
and tickled the chestnut squirrels as they glided across the branches.
When they smiled, he smiled,
And the entire forest was an innocent resonance of childhood -
too delicate to last.

Like a child that grows,
Like a smile that disappears,
This world convulsed in its throes -
And he felt pain in their tears.

When they cried, he cried,
and the entire forest began to lose itself.
Its crowns felled,
a brown, leafy cascade lying at its roots,
limbless,
branches severed,
lifeless,
its leaves shed,
a wordless, noiseless scream resounding in his heart,
like a bell tolling for the deceased trees.

Saurav Rajesh 11C2



Author's Note: The poem explores the symbiotic relationship between humanity and nature and the abuse of the very world that sustains life. The opening stanzas present a spiritual, wordless coexistence between the recluse and nature, which subtly foreshadows loss.

This harmony is shattered by the forest's destruction, reflected in the breakdown of the poem's structure and the emergence of a "wordless, noiseless scream" that conveys shared suffering. The final line reinforces collective responsibility, echoing Donne's assertion that "never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Billions

Billions.

Of years, of lives, of creatures,
That lived, died and stood out upon the surface of my father.

Billions.

Of miles, from which my grandfather the Sun
Gave us both light,
Even if I did give some to my father.
That light, I am told, grew the plants,
Which painted my father in joyous green.
And brought oxygen into his sky
And turned his sky blue,
And carried his fragrant breath across his surface.
And gave life and fire to the hairless apes.

Now I am weary,
Of my orbits, by which I am told
the little apes mark time on the surface of my father.
I smiled upon them.
They smiled upon me.
And loved me.
And couldn't harm my father.
And they loved my father.

Now I see.
Those apes, who once visited me,
Once took some of my skin and brought it back to Father,
The happiest gift I ever gave.

Now I see
The murky brown, where my father's forests and fields are consumed by factories and mills.
How I once cheered as I saw the first villages!
How foolish I was.
How kind they once were.

How could they change?

How I once cheered as I saw the first villages!

How foolish I was.

How kind they once were.

How could they change?

How could the metal

That they extracted from the Earth

And refined through Father's gift of fire

And stamped with an image

And swapped for my father's plants

And sailed across my father's oceans

To trade and bring themselves happiness

How could it change them?

Now all I see are the lines.

The lines of apes killing and killed by others.

The desert of rock wins.

Yet the desert of rock loses its life

To the second desert of concrete.

And the second desert has taken my father

And the forests I used to fly over

Are but grey deserts.

And the heart of the apes is the third desert.

Now I am their next goal.

Yet the only interest they have,

is to land on me, and do to me as they did to Father, and consume me.

I was already a desert, though I was enough.

For billions of years.

For billions of animals.

Yet I will join the forests

And cut trees

And dead birds

And burnt soil

And my father.

From the Moon, daughter of Theia, daughter of Earth.



By Farjad Ahsan 09S2

Author's Note: The poem is spoken from the perspective of the Moon, which watches humanity's development over billions of years. By placing human actions against a vast cosmic timescale, the poem highlights how recent and damaging industrialisation and environmental destruction are.

The Moon's shift from admiration to disappointment reflects the wider climate crisis, suggesting that humanity's exploitation of Earth may now extend beyond it.

Green Grass

The green grass is so low and lush.
A soft show of laughter from the clouds up above.

In the trees, birds sing.
Calmly chirping the wind.

The sun is a bright light.
Chasing darkness nestled in the cracks.

Flowers bloom in serene hues,
Making springtime so cool every day

Clouds float by, bidding farewell,
The peaceful, tranquil beauty of nature, making us feel well.

Autumn leaves on the ground
and the wonders of nature lying all around!

Shiven Behl O8D

Author's Note: The poem describes a peaceful, beautiful natural scene. Lush grass, blooming flowers, singing birds, and warm sunlight create a calming, restorative atmosphere.

Gentle movements in trees and clouds add to the sense of harmony, and the text reflects on how nature brings comfort and wellbeing, ending by noting the changing seasons as part of life's cycle.

Nature and Wildlife!

The warmth of the sun flourishes all life,
Joy and comfort provided by daylight,
Blades of grass fill the soil like a knife,
Birds in the blue sky fly nimble and light.

Rivers help sustain all humanity,
Creatures of nature, relish the water.
It helps all wildlife hold their sanity,
Happiness it can give like an otter,
Which is full of playfulness and jubilation.

Trees, ivy and moss covers the forest,
Creaks and groans can be heard in every nook.
Oh the great forest is like a green crest.
It always has a magnificent brook.

Nature is full of beauty and wonder,
Dangerous it can be like a hunter,
Sharp and cunning like a knife.

Kasi Anbarasu 07C

Author's Note: This poem shows the beauty of untouched nature. The first stanza describes how the sun brings life and joy to all creatures and plants. The second stanza focuses on rivers, highlighting how they sustain animals and bring happiness. The third stanza emphasizes the forest's beauty, offering shade and comfort.

I was there

I was there when the stars were brightest,
When the great Ravines were mere etches
In the mud from which God gave life to
The most insatiable of beasts.

I was there when Man was let free from
The confines of Eden - allowed to
Taint the world with endless ambition.
Their race, granted the Promethean
Gift of flame, set their ploughs onto the
virgin soil from which they were made.

I was there when the forest cried, sobbed
for mercy as fields were razed 'to ash,
When the sparks of fabled union
Stoked the flames of civilisation,

Now, perched on top the highest of peaks,
I count the sins of Man, and the days
Until the heavens proclaim Judgement
On these wretched fools and their Caesars.

For I am an aged Father of Time,
Gaze upon my Trunk, buckled by the
Decades, gnarled by the millennia.
Roots petrified like Medusa's snakes,
And leaves falling like the morning star.
I'm fading, and yet you gawk at my
prehistoric creases, knowing that

I am METHUSELAH, and I was there.

Chris Kavanadiyil 10C

Author's Note: The Poem is based on the Great Basin bristlecone pine tree known as "Methuselah". It was named after the biblical character of the same name due to the fact it's believed to be one of the oldest non-clonal trees in the world (believed to be nearly 5000 years old).

Serenity Peak

The world once glowed in gentle green,
A peaceful land, untouched, serene,
Where moss crept up the river's stones,
And sparrows sang in layered tones.
A harmony we now forget.

But humans came with sharpened need,
With metal teeth and reckless speed.
Her forests fell. Her skies grew dim,
As hope thinned out from limb to limb.

Her voice grew faint beneath our noise,
A pain we masked with selfish joys.
She cried in floods and choking air,
Yet still we acted unaware.

Yet nature whispers, soft but strong:
"I've carried you through right and wrong.
If broken hands learn how to mend,
My story doesn't have to end."

So let us stand where damage lies,
And lift the world we jeopardise.
For in each seed and healing stream,
We shape the future that we all dream.

By Arya Dora O8C

Author's Note: The poem shows nature's journey from beauty and peace to damage caused by humans. Despite this, it emphasizes nature's resilience and the hope that if we take responsibility, we can heal the environment and secure our own future.

The Market

Norwegian-borne, Norwegian wood,
As kindling, you're delivered now.
Born from black-box sentience,
Tinsel pictures deck you out.
Let us sing you carols;
Let us clothe you in lights;
Let us feed you good times.
A silver screen, your festive turn,
Not sylvan green – a Christmas tree,
urning, Moses, burning
In the evening market street.
Let us hang up baubles,
Let us hang up some lights,
Let us eat cake and drink mulled wine.

But enough love poetry;
I want to go off-beat.

My lord makes me lie on cold granite paths,
Star-lined, before the gates to the good pine;
Hide me behind that cute plastic idol,
No, sorry, bridal, a statue of his,
That hands me a garland, some matches, and
A wireless connection as the topper.

No! Enough love poetry!
I don't want to start a fire, looking for light.

Kaloyan Yunchov 13JL

Author's Note: In the heart of an idyllic Christmas market, a tree is decorated with layers of vanity upon layers of vanity: tinsel, lights and images (some of which are perhaps not even man-made). People celebrate; they eat, drink and sing, but the tree starts burning.

Meanwhile, the speaker, who is also at the market, seems to be having prophetic visions, urging him to also set fire to the tree. He ultimately decides against this.

No More Time

Here I lay weak and feeble in my grave
A grave forged out of my very being.
A culmination of all I have felt
Now just an endless vision of hell

I have been here since the beginning
Giving birth to generations of being
Nurturing my children of Earth
Bringing joy and happiness to all who respect me

But you, you say 'There is no more time' to save me
'No more time' to salvage what is left of my beauty
'No more time' to enjoy what I have to offer

You abandon me in pools of 'oil'
Which covers my eyes, a sea of silky black froth
Oil which fuels your cars and kills your nature
Seems to be time for that

You banish me to make way for mansions
Corrupting my soul and tarnishing my being
Each pillar of foundation turns into a pillar of destruction.
Lots of time for that.

You worship your kings and queens
Rulers and corporations
who suck the blood of society
Yet caught up in your industry you forget,

As I fight
And we fight

To bring me to my true glory
We will find...



There is

More

Time

Vihaan Srivastava 10G2

Author's Note: My poem is from the perspective of a dying Mother Nature and is a shout for help directed at all those who think there is no more time to save our planet.

I also have a line in stanza 1 inspired by 'Ozymandias' by Percy Bysshe Shelley in which he writes of a powerful king whereas I write of a weary one.

Does the Heather have Ears?

The old poets spoke of a burgeoning,
In both their souls and their homely meadows.
A mirroring of man's heart in his world,
Where he could feel every crease of lilies
And they could sympathise his passions back -
Or so they had written -

For there is no harmony in the moor.
A fence stops me from reaching the heather.
This fence doesn't rot in spring nor in winter.
But still: even if I could feel the thrush
Close-up, be immersed in the shrubbery,
Could it mimic my soul?

Does the heather have ears upon its buds?
That know whether my fingers fondle them
With boredom, delight or anxiety.
Or am I but a primitive creature,
Whose mood depends on the shade of the clouds?
Forced into harmony.

Truth be, I don't see myself in nature.
The trees don't curve into my likeness,
Nor whisk me into romanticism.
For I know that whenever it seems that
The moor whispers to me, it is only
My own voice that I hear.

Yet here, my solace I surfeit silence:
Even if there is an impasse between
My soul and these trenches of bubbling peat,
Or if there is no soul in here at all.
If even the sweet nectar of heather
Cannot find voice to me:



Then, I've found a place so still, where my mind,
Restless as these whitethroats migrating north
Can perch upon a heath that lets it rest.
I would not wish to be synchronised with,
the currents and climates of the seasons,
For I need not look outwards to find me.

Nihithan Vasudevan 13SRB

Author's Note: The cliché says that we ought to be "at one with mother nature", as if you cannot find beauty and meaning in nature unless you are harmonious with it, "speaking" to it. What if a beautiful natural scene doesn't lift your spirits as some might expect it to?

The poem is set in a moorland, which isn't the idealised setting of typical nature poetry. I aimed to challenge these poetic traditions, exploring my relationship with the natural world, which paradoxically finds calmness without "harmony" in the traditional sense.

Freedom is a Blessing

A free dove flew as fast as the wind,
With no fear in its eyes,
Or challenges to face,
It rose up high and dared to conquer the sky.

But a trapped crow was stuck in a tiny cage,
With no space to spread its wings,
And seldom any time to dream or hope or really live,
It stood in its prison with nothing but misery.

The free dove soared up in the air,
Effortlessly gliding until the night,
With no despair or sorrow or any woe,
It claimed the sky as its own.

Yet, the trapped crow mourned the death of its hopes,
It had no way to take to the sky,
Stuck in the graveyard of dreams,
Without any freedom to call its own.

Jason Shah Singh 7B

Author's Note: This poem represents how animals that are not allowed to be in their natural habitats suffer immensely. Not only are they harmed physically but they are also harmed mentally. This is because they are separated from their families and can't live the life they were supposed to live.

Inspired by Maya Angelou, the poem discusses the complex topics of freedom and the entrapment of animals, which leads to their suffering.

The Great White Shark

“That’s the great white shark,”
The lecturer said
Pointing to the group
Of pixels on the
Screen behind him and
Continued, “They are
The most aggressive
Creatures in the world.”

Yes- because it was
The sharks who hunted
And persecuted
And killed and killed and
Killed those they didn’t
Agree with- just to
Die, as well, on some
Muddy field, with just
A sword to keep them
Company and a
Bow to mourn their death.
Just to argue whose
God was greater, more
Just and loving, whose
People were more kind
And humble - were more
Peaceful and gentle.

It was all the sharks,
Who found their kin and
Killed their kin, all while
Spreading across seas
Like some disease of
Hatred untainted.
Who slaughtered and tore
Through thousands of men,
And branded them mere
Crude barbarians -
Able only to
Murder mindlessly.



Who slowly rubbed off
Their names from the past,
And gently scrubbed off,
The blood from their clothes.

It was them, not us
Who tied up equals,
And declared them to
Be mere objects - to
Be used, discarded-
Sold forevermore-
To be fair, they were
Just vermin, lower
Than vermin, and the
Sharks did them a great
Favour - helping them
Cease to be humans,
And start being great
Commodities which,
Helped the rich stay rich
And made sure that the
Farms and plantations
Would keep on working.

Those finned monsters who
Found new and better
Ways to rapidly,
Efficiently and
Easily kill and
Maim those who they found
Unagreeable,
Screaming, shrieking things
That took to the air
And spread their fingers
Of shrapnel and fire
Amongst singing birds,
Upon the singed ground,
Burning, blackening
Where any children
May have played their games



Of mock war, shooting
And shouting at friends,
Time will pass but it
Will never heal from
The scars and holes, the
Stains of men, pressed flat
Against its dried plains.

Gilled and swimming, they
Made the children cry,
For their fathers, their
Mothers - who are gone,
Their brothers fighting
In search of justice,
Finding only death -
Stopping only when,
They run out of words
To mourn their goings

And starve, all alone -
They made so many
Homes into craters,
Families gaping
Potholes of sheer loss
Never to be fixed
They made them cry to
The cameras, who
Stand vigil and try,
Who fail to talk to
Those just watching their
Screens, always screaming
Desperate pleas for
Truth - to someone in
The midst of an ad.

It was their shivers,
Who made others' deaths
So organised and
Neat, led by people
In pressed suits...

and armed
With bank accounts to
Lead those who are scorched
With fire and crumpling
Under the weight of
Their rifles and the
Lives' they have taken.
They issue many
Bulletins and send
Many bullets and
They will hide away
In the meeting rooms
Detached, in control -
They will claim it is
All for self-defence,

Against the threat of
Hypothetical
Violence from those with
No power, no strength.
They will call down planes
And bombs and create
More of the dead and
They will weep and cry,
Issuing out the
Tombs for the dead - the
Ones they sent to die.

Indeed, the sharks are
The most aggressive
Creatures in the world.
For we are not beasts.
We are humans and
Our actions are the
Righteous will of God.

**The Earth can only
Bear witness as
The water turns
Red again.**



By Aaron Mahato O9S

Author's Note: It is quite ironic to me when the people on all those nature programs, the same ones trampling on the homes of near extinct animals with cameras and boots, declare the most aggressive creature in the world to be the great white shark. Describing it as a relentless killer, one that will sniff weakness and wounds and proceed to hunt and devour. Essentially, we demonise and separate ourselves from nature, claiming it is a dangerous being raining wrath and violence on itself- because it was the sharks that made nuclear weapons and machine guns, right?

My Dream

Yesterday, I woke up.
Yesterday, I saw my friends.
Yesterday, I walked to school.
Yesterday, I was happy.

I saw the trees in the park,
I heard the mellow wind all around me,
I smelt the fresh air,
I felt so, so alive.

Today, I woke up.
I saw my friends, who I see every single day.
Today, I walked to school.
But today, today I cried.

I cried about what I saw,
I cried about what I heard,
I cried about what I smelt,
I cried about what I felt.
I cried about the pale, dying trees,
I cried about the screaming ground, longing for mercy.
I cried about the smell of sickness,
I cried, and then I frowned.

While I slept through the night,
The land beneath me was stolen,
I did not want to put up a fight,
I thought I simply had no right.

They stole its oil,
They stole its water.
They stole its coal,

They stole its food.
They stole its trees,
Stole its feeling.
They stole my home.

But I am not leaving.

I searched long and far,
Who might have done this; what could I do?
Then it hit me, sharp: the truth,
I was a sleepwalker among them too.
In fact, we all were sleepwalkers: unconscious wrongdoers.
Working together in a scheme of malice.
Every little pinch we made at our golden land,
Every little thing we took for granted.

So, I made a new decision,
I decided to wake up.

Tomorrow, I will wake up,
Firstly, I will write an important letter.
Tomorrow, I will see my friends,
Secondly, I will tell them what I saw
Tomorrow, I will go to school,
Then, I will learn about my home.
Finally, I will use my voice,
Then, I will make a change.
You can make a change.

Lakshman Raja Kumar 8H

Author's Note: This poem follows my journey to realisation of how, unconsciously, we are destroying our only home, planet earth. We are using its resources industrially, and we must consider the effects of this. By exploiting its resources, we are harming our fragile ecosystem, something that is irreplaceable.

Earth's Lament

Once I was a green field,
but they came and soaked me with blood.
They bombed and shelled
but all was well,
for their conflict was resolved.

Once I was a tall, proud king,
but they came and chopped me up.
They felled my friends,
so ends could meet ends,
their pockets nicely lined

Once I was a beautiful blossom,
but they came and poisoned me.
They farmed and machined
and stole my seed
but all for the designer clothes they need

Once I was a king of the jungle
But they came and reduced me to my hide.
They shot my family
For research, apparently
But truly to decorate their homes

But they came and killed us
They buried us in
A coffin of greed
All for the sake of their comfort

Adrij Ray 10C2

Author's Note: This poem is a sarcastic satire that gives voice to different plants and animals, each reflecting on how humans exploit and destroy nature.

Through irony, it highlights the violence, greed, and selfishness of human actions—whether war, deforestation, pollution, or poaching—while mocking the excuse that it's “all for a good cause.” The repeated perspective of nature emphasizes the loss, suffering, and environmental destruction caused by human comfort and profit.

Give it Time

Untethered, taking steps along the grass
Paths with eyes torn
between the sun and pastures,
which pass, repass,

And fix upon the waning
of our time.

Then now, as thread skeined,
Do we as people tether ourselves?

I wouldn't think so, tracing scars that delve
A thousand times into the moonlight sky,

My feign of bones, the carcass lapping your shore of
memory, my body flies.

Charles Hennessey 13JL

Author's Note: It's a hazy, dreamlike vision of the future in relation to the present, seen as a sort of revelation, which constantly goes back and forth on the idea of a free or confined society and how humanity connects with nature.

The broken form and metre play a lot into the atmospheric/thematic impact of the poem. Thinking about who is speaking and their tone of voice may help achieve the deeper meaning.

An Ode for a Tree

Leaves grow on my branches like no other.
Squirrels scuttle up my trunk.
The orange sun rays embraces me like a mother,
O, what sweet company.

And yet, now I am desolate and bare.
No more visitors, no more flair.
Forlorn Silence has filled the air,
However, I am still so debonair.

Now, a crown of leaves I proudly wear,
Tweeting and twittering I can hear.
Hardships mirrored a time of lack,
Yet, I never was to feel knockback.
Sadness is something you choose,
Joy is when you never wish to lose.

Sumer Singh Mundi 07B

Author's Note: The theme of my draft poem is how a tree keeps a pragmatic outlook in the face of seasonal changes and transforms itself into an inspirational figure. The tree shows that one must always find the bright spots of dark times and that there is always something to be happy about even at the most difficult moments.

When the Earth turns Quiet

Those fields that were once plentiful,
We claimed them as our own -
Building all those structures,
Devouring the space
Where the wind used to amble freely.

Trees fell down at our feet,
their roots weeping
The river bent unwillingly
around those unnatural shapes,
The creatures complained softly,
Their protests were ignored.

Yet the wild keeps resisting our dominance.
It arrives in unusual ways -
a sprig of green
Timidly peeking out,
moss gathering on bricks
Loitering in sorrow.

Now the Wind comes screaming,
The Ocean comes roaring,
The Clouds stir up in anger,
And Thunder strikes and destroys.
We are momentarily devastated,
Yet we recover without difficulty.

And in that still moment,
we remember
that the world is to be shared.
As nature starts to fade,
the earth whispers in our ears,
asking us only
that we take heed of her words.

By Friedman Chung Him Chim O8G

Author's Note: This poem speaks of how Nature resists humanity. We build, we destroy and we take land, destroying nature while improving our own lives. In many ways, Nature takes revenge through natural disasters.

Memories of a Songbird

I watch the setting sun, serene,
As the leaves around me shake and fall.
In the trees above, in the yellowing green,
I hear a lone songbird call.

And drifting with the once warm breeze,
Is an echo, tied to the blissful tune,
Of days gone by, with longing memories,
Of long summer days at the height of noon.

I still taste the fruits the orchard bore,
In the early summer's welcoming heat,
The trees, they stretched for miles and more,
Mingling with the golden wheat.

The birds, so sweetly, chirped through the trees,
Trees still green in the heat of June,
And as the birds flew with the breeze,
Hummed had they, that blissful tune.

Where have they gone? I wonder alone,
For there was but one bird in flight around me.
Those golden fields are now just stone,
And there stands naught but one withering tree.

I look up at the skyscrapers so tall,
That the sun hides behind their imposing glare,
And as the lone tree's final leaves fall,
I breathe in deep, the filthy air.

The signs around me, dance do they,
Like birds flying from tree to tree,
The earth will not survive another day,
Under this tyranny of humanity.

Advaith Karthik 9C1



Author's Note: I wrote this poem to show how the natural world is always changing and how human influence can transform places that were once familiar.

The first three stanzas focus on someone reminiscing about the landscape they grew up in, but as I wrote, I realised many of these familiar places have already been altered by human actions.

The final three stanzas were added to highlight the damaging effects of climate change and people's lack of care for the planet, sending a warning about how global warming could continue to change the places we value.

I have a Question

“Let us start, shall we? I will begin.”

- 1) Do your wings flap any differently now?
- 2) When we cleared that patch of dying trees you called “your home”, why did you glare at us as though we destroyed something worth keeping?
- 3) When your species dwindled under our achievements, why did you all deem it necessary to accuse us of cruelty when we ensued with progress, a trait you desperately show off?
- 4) Your kind act as though change is optional, like we are to apologise for a few crumbling under the pressure of modernity and you act as though it is not their own fault,

their own inability to endure,

their own stubbornness to resist alterations towards rudimentary revision of any part of the world and so I ask:

you lie but why, for what reason -
gaining support from others you kept in the dark or to avenge for something that we did not create,
but rather something the world festered?
- 5) We utilised spaces hardly used for an efficient method
Yet we are the monsters when we are using the world around us and you all let it go to waste with dead animals lying on the beaches like toothbrushes left out to dry and so I ask you all one final question:

Why?

Why are we the monsters?

“Well, that is me all done. Let me know if any questions were too hard for you to understand, ok?”

- 1) No, my wings do not flap any differently without change in rhythm or direction,
but they are constantly injured from bearing the weight of the notes you constantly have us send.

- 2) I thought that you humans thought that homes were a necessity with shelters and foster homes put up all over the country,

but when it comes to me,

my family,

my kind as you call it,

it does not matter.

- 3) Nature lies weak and dying everywhere groaning and moaning under the destruction that you put her under Yet you claim to be hoping for its reconstruction. We could never hope to put our home, the very thing that gave us life, existence under stress and move on like nothing happened. It is not a trait that we have.

- 4) If a man tried to destroy the world with those buttons and missiles you love to flaunt,
you would act as though it is vital to stop this act, as though they have done something different to what you have done to mother nature, to us, to everything.

- 5) We utilised the spaces before you,
just you could not see it.
Ignorance is a man’s best friend.
You might ask when.

Every
Single
Time

you broke it down, we were visible,
but you could not resist the feeling of defiance to destroy
this planet one more time,
one more “efficient method”,
one more missile.

So, it is not us who victimise ourselves,
it is us being victimised from the oppressive nature
shown from what is nature’s favourite creation.
One that destroyed its own home.

6) You ask so many questions and expect us not to understand,
but I have a question for “you all”:

When progress consumes everything that it touches,
where will mother nature keep its cradled love for us
when the land, air and even absence are all employed?
When productivity inevitably outranks life,
where will nature rest her mercy upon us if
no space is left unoccupied?

And when the world is fully engaged,
will you stop or
let us suffer,
let the world suffer,
let yourselves suffer?

Aarin Bhandari 10C2

Author’s Note: The poem is narrated by a bird being interviewed by a human, exposing human responsibility for climate change and environmental destruction. As the bird grows more confident, it reveals human hypocrisy, ignorance, and self-deception about caring for nature while actively harming it.

A Dead Forest

When I was born, a wild forest lay
Only a few dozen miles from town.
But if you go to that place today,
You'll observe that the whole thing's burned down.

Away have gone the damasked birds,
Away have gone the light birch trees,
Away have gone the sweet brown foxes,
Away have gone the honeybees.

Ten years ago, a war broke out;
It swallowed everything in its way.
Guns and bombs scattered about,
Leaving a barren wasteland today.

The story I told you is nothing unique;
In fact, it's just the beginning:
Millions of lovely forests made bleak,
All for the sake of winning

By Aarnay Tripathi 09C

Author's Note: This poem reflects on the destruction of natural landscapes over time, focusing on how forests once full of life have been devastated by war and human conflict.

By contrasting the beauty of the past with the barren present, the poet shows that this loss is not unique but part of a wider, global pattern of environmental damage caused by human actions.

Dear Humanity

Nature is your mother
She makes you.
She cares for you.
And now your life begins.

Your only goal is to survive.
To learn, to grow, you're here to thrive.
Start to crawl, walk, talk and run.
To learn her secrets, that's your fun.
You see, and hear, and smell and taste.
Write down your thoughts so they can propagate.

You feel her fires, warm and bright.
(You have a thought and write it down.)
You see her trees, her plants, their seeds.
(You have a thought and write it down.)
You see her skies, her moon, her sun.

You light the flame, to cook your meat.
Flint and steel, turn up the heat.
You plant that seed, and watch it grow.
Water it, to reap what you sow.
Then you start to have a think:
Ask "why?" and "how?" to learn her laws.

Tell your friends the wonders you've seen.
Your thoughts were messy but now are clean.
A spark which then you start to spread.
And then you lie, evolved, in your bed.
Fear, your foe is now your friend.

The revolution then begins!
Fire becomes your steam engine.
Plants become your medicine.
The sky is yours,
the moon's your grasp.
More power! More force! More efficiency!
Change her world; you hate this untamable uncontrollable chaos.
You want it nice, clean and refined.

So now you mine your parents' land.
Burn down her forests with your own - bare - hands.
You conquer her skies, her lands, and her seas.
Master her creatures that, once, were free.

That's when you did it.
You committed that grave sin.
Now, will you murder your own kin?
You have a chance to stop and reflect.
Being driven by guilt will haunt you.

Don't keep up with this devilish act.
The angel of death watches you, silent.
Don't challenge it.
Your mother, Nature, knows you; it helped you to grow.
Don't abuse your carer.

You challenged it!
Like Icarus, those wings you built, they will now melt.

The fire grows.
The plants now shrivel.
The planets shed tears.
It's the end of the game.
She kills you...

You die in fire and ash.
Your life now ends.
Nature is your executioner.

Sanmay Paranjape 11B2

Author's Note: This poem is about how nature has created us and how nature through science has taught us to embrace its beauty. However our love towards nature contradicts this, as we uncontrollably attack it.

Mighty Bear of the North

Mighty bear of the North
Fur as white as the snow
Lone on an iceberg
Till the fatal blow

Marooned on his platform
Like a captain on their boat
His path chosen for him
Nothing to do but float

His world just a blur
All things falling, cascading
Through no fault of his own
His entire world fading

We are the enemy
Pull the wool off your eyes
We pushed them away
They took to the skies

We burned, chopped, ripped
Polluted the sea
Nature remains
The silent refugee

Jonah Bochenski 07B

Author's Note: This poem highlights the vulnerability of a polar bear affected by climate change, using vivid imagery to show its isolation and loss of control over its environment. It places responsibility on humans, portraying nature as a "silent refugee" forced to suffer due to pollution, destruction, and environmental neglect.

Save the Forest

Deep in the forest, so much to see
So much to explore
Please do not flee
The sights will not be a bore

Deeper in the forest, so much to see
The birds warbled a melody
The scurrying squirrels filled me with glee
Leaving me in a rhapsody

Once it is night,
Across this large, expanse,
The fireflies make a light
But once the sun has made an entrance

You will not believe what I can see

Concrete has filled the ground
Trees have been cut down
With the work comes an atrocious sound
Our beautiful forest is now a wretched town

By Nikhil Nibu O8S

Author's Note: This poem describes a journey through a forest that is initially full of beauty, sound, and wonder, celebrating the richness of nature. However, it ends with a sharp contrast as human development replaces the natural landscape with concrete and noise, highlighting the loss of the forest and the damaging impact of urbanisation on the natural world.

The Everlasting Woods

Chop and burn and steal,
And the tree falls at our knees.
As I walk in the woods,
It's a canvas stripped of paint.
The songs of birds are gone.
And my home is all but rubble:-
What was is not what is.

Joy and trust and glee!
I used to walk the woods.
Before, great oaks stood tall,
As the mice played about.
And there, I felt at home.
What was is not what is.

Restore, replant and hope.
When I next walk the woods,
The seed may grow a stem.
The birds might sing their tunes-
And then, I'll feel at home.

What was can be what is.

Nathan De Oliveira O8B

Author's Note: This poem was inspired by the beauty of nature and the immoral actions we are doing to it. I hope it kindles a sense of hope that we can save our planet if we change our ways for the good.

Melancholy

It's a withering, drooping plant,
Dying from all the insults and rants.
Its strong sorrow like a whirlpool swirling endlessly,
Trapping it in a dark embrace.

It's a broken, shattered watermelon,
Being smashed into millions of fragments,
From the cracked face, bloody tears dripping out
In a dark, sorrowful bout.

It's a gigantic black-hole,
Sucking up warmth, joy and soul.
Draining up all your will to live,
leaving in your heart a hole.

It's Fomalhaut, the Loneliest Star,
Being isolated, being far.
The cold, dead, dreadful feeling,
making the strongest one reeling.

It's a murky, boggy swamp.
Trapping, drowning, sinking.
Enveloping you in a dark cloak of shadows,
A cold dark hand gripping you from the depths

But after the showering downpour of rain,
comes the sun shining brightly.
It makes this monster scutter away,
bringing a start to an illustrious day.

Leo Cheung 07S

Author's Note: This poem describes the melancholy of life and how it traps a person. The last stanza shows that even if you feel like you can't go on, eventually the "sun" will come and after every sadness there is joy.

Nature Remains

As I watch the lush greenery
From my comfortable picnic
I cannot help but admire
Our world, a painted canvas of life

My mind wanders from tree to tree
Like clouds drifting through a summer sky
A truly wonderful feeling
When surrounded by this nature
A feeling money cannot buy

Yet we humans still destroy it
For agriculture and timber,
Resources and greed and more land
Debris, a shattered reflection of the green
The trees fall one after another

But change begins with careful hands,
With seeds replanted in broken soil,
Voices raised for the silent leaves,
Mending the scars we etched into bark

Still nature breathes a hopeful sigh
Into our cold hearts we can't deny
Our past mistakes we can't conceal
The damage has been done.

Adam Sidky O8C

Author's Note: This poem captures the beauty of nature and the relationship between humans and nature in the modern world. It suggests that responsibility can help heal the natural world.

You Took My Name Away From Me

You weakened my voice,
infected my body and bones,
destroyed my home far away from me.

You displaced me
from the sweet chirping of the chickadee
to the deafening buzz of drills and saws.
You took my name away from me.

But it is me who brings you peace,
an island in the stormy sea.
Though you took my sanctuary,
Why are you weeping now?
Almost all our bones are broken apart - because of you.
Why do you show despair?
You took my name away from me.

Why are you moaning now,
when it is you who drowned me
in the deep, dark ocean of pollution
and took my name away from me?

For now even the emptiness shudders with sorrow,
for in claiming what was mine
you have drained your own.
You took my name away from me.

By Eyad Hassan 10D1

Author's Note: The poem is written from the perspective of nature speaking to humanity. Humanity has damaged nature so severely that it can no longer be the peaceful, life-giving force it once was. Nature, which used to provide balance and essential resources, has been destroyed by human actions.

Scene from Globe Hospital :

10.11.25

Enter UNNAMED NURSE, whistle bouncing around her neck.

NURSE: Sir, I think you need to see this.

DOCTOR turns slowly around. He wears an indifferent smile.

DOCTOR: What's the matter?

NURSE: We have a new patient, Sir... urgent care.

Enter UNNAMED PATIENT, wheeled in on a trolley.

Her face is contorted in a silent agony

Her thinning tresses lie

damp across her ice-pale forehead

Swirling bruises rage

like hurricanes across her body

A sheen of burning sweat

envelopes her figure

Her smoke-coloured shirt is suffocating her

DOCTOR glances at his monitor.

DOCTOR: Take her away. No-one wants to see that.

NURSE: But Sir, she's burning up! We must do something!

PATIENT opens her mouth weakly. No sound emerges.

(The shortest of pauses.)

DOCTOR sighs and turns delicately to the nurse.

DOCTOR: Would you like a cup of tea?

By Arjun Saxena, 9G1

Author's Note: I've been troubled by the abuse of nature by those with power in society, and their failure to do anything to help right their wrongs. I explored these feelings of powerlessness against the backdrop of the beginning of COP30 in Brazil, where world powers decided to neglect Nature once again.

The Last Sapling

Encroaching were the heartless humans,
Malicious machinery locked onto and approaching the orphaned target.
It sat heartbroken and stationary – not even a rustle of the leaves
As to not attract the attention of the murderers.

Only a week earlier it had a mother and father,
Its leaves and roots wiggled under the shimmering sun,
Acres of luscious grassland tickled the terrain,
Never would have expected the prospect of pain.

Thick fog encapsulated the atmosphere,
Vibrations of machinery deafened its fungal networks,
Pungent pollution clogged its pores,
The humans malevolently progressed.

If it could, it would strip away every feature –
The brazen bark of its trunk,
The intricately patterned leaves,
The roots dispersed through soil –
Anything to escape the fate of being turned to paper.

But it knew, as its parents had told it that day, a week earlier,
That humans put their needs over others.
It had watched their branches get hacked into logs,
Then burnt to ash.

So it sat there, heartbroken, frozen in fear,
Knowing that its fate was crystal clear.

Emad Rehman 11S1

Author's Note: This emotional poem cyclically follows a young tree as it witnesses humans destroying its forest. It highlights both the danger humans pose to nature and nature's dismissed vulnerability and grief, shown through the loss of the tree's parents and the inevitability of its own fate (death).

I am a River

I carved the towering mountains,
I was made by pelting rain,
My waters were pure,
Like a beam of light,

Passing through a crystal;
I was home to fish,
and other things,
Wet, fresh grass to my banks clung.

But the serenity didn't last long;
Humans built factories near my banks
Initially they used to care for me
Seeing the gifts that I bore,
But soon greed took over,

They just stole more and more.
People cast huge nets into my depths;
Pulled out all of the innocent fish,
Piled them high into wooden crates,
Loaded them into their vans;
And drove away saying, "Excellent catch!"

I soon realised that they hadn't even started,
The oils of the nearby factory leaked,
And the pollution levels in the waters increased;
They threw in their empty bottles,
Wrappers, packets and cans,
Without sparing a backward glance.
The fish that remained started to choke;

And inconsiderate society thought it was a joke.

Believe it or not, I still flow today,
Hoping that men may mend their ways;
So I may live to tell my story,
And maybe one day, they'll feel sorry.

I am a river.



Ethan Lasrado 07B

Author's Note: This poem is about a river that has been polluted. It has been written in the first person. It shows how the river feels about humans and portrays the increase in pollution as the poem continues. However the poem ends with the river still hoping that humanity will change their ways before it is too late.

Walks

Part 1: The Oaks Park

Interlocking branches wound over the ombre sky,
As sunbeams lace over the path gently forming
A mosaic of light and dark, pleasure for the eye.

A thin, meandering ribbon of greyish dirt,
Untouched besides the paws of squirrels
A perfect, verdant haven for an introvert.

Life resonates throughout this winding walk,
As birdsong are hymns sweet as the ice-cream
A hummingbird the bass on an old woodblock.

Breaching the womb-like enclosure of trees,
Greeted with fields of grass, long and wavy
Sprinkled with the allure of fauna and bees.

There is no end to this loop of harmonious nature,
transcending time and futile human comprehension,
A stance against the derailing lurch of technology,
To “drive thy griefs away”, far, far away indeed

Part 2: Stafford Road

The street unfolds a cipher of asphalt and dim fluorescence,
Sainsbury’s a vault of cooled light,
Its scripture of commerce
Extinguished.

The
grocers’ grate exhales the ghost of cardamom.
Transgressing the zebra’s stark, liturgical geometry.
The air is catechism:
Thick, sacramental with the anointing of fractured hydrocarbons—
The street’s own respiration.
Dusk weaves a plush, conspiratorial velvet from
brick and eave.



But there—
in a seam of mortar, a solemn, murky tree stands,
its once verdant armour now tarnished
with tar.

This is the brief, overwhelming isotope tracing decay
through the city's profound and fragrant vein, as the grass,
wilts.

Rohan Saravanan 12AJR

Author's Note: This poem is split in two parts to explore the duality between my walks, wherein the walk in Oaks Park is a blissful experience, untouched by materialistic and hubristic desires of society, whereas in the more built-up Stafford Road, the simplicity and beauty of nature is corrupted.

Rather, the abundance of industrialisation and loss of purity is evident, as a sensory overload unfolds. There is a stark contrast within the language used between the two parts, wherein the first is more simplistic and uniform, just like the order and allure of nature. However, the second walk is a chaotic representation, with complicated and redundant language to amplify the cruel effect mankind has on nature, aided further on by the AI-esque language.

Naturicide

You will look at your hands and see your palm lines,
You will look at a leaf and see its veins.
The resemblance is uncanny, one you will not deny,
But we made them all artificial, and we're still making them pay.

Why do our crops need to be perfect,
When we're nowhere near ourselves?
All our foods are just nutrients to the poorest,
But so many of us need them to look pretty on shelves.

What we eat is manufactured with venom,
Imagine the effects of what you've been fed.
To all the streams slaughtered and soil slain, please go and tell them:
They were betrayed by us, but we'll never again spill their blood red.

Arun Niroula O8G

Author's Note: This poem was written about the harm done to nature in general, but specifically the great damage done by pesticides. Pesticides are detrimental to the natural world in many ways: killing pollinators (such as bees) and leading to a lack of biodiversity; contaminating soil and water sources; and causing serious health concerns for all animals.

This poem aims to talk about these issues and also the modern need for aesthetically pleasing food, no matter how harmful their growth (or as some would call it, manufacture) was.

The Bird that Sang at Dawn

It fluttered through the waking light,
A brush of blue at orange high.
Its wings sketched the morning air,
As if the world taught it to fly.

It paused upon a trembling branch,
A heartbeat held in feathered form,
Then it rose again, a quiet spark
Escaping from the edge of dawn.

Although it vanished from my sight,
Its song still lingers, soft and clear.
A note that says the world is wide,
And I am only passing here.

Nathan Bhowmick (9G2).

Author's Note: This poem captures a brief, delicate moment with a young bluebird at dawn. It highlights the bird's graceful flight and gentle song, reflecting on the fleeting nature of its presence and the sense of being a small part of a much larger world.

The Candle in the Current

i used to be alive. alive
in the way water is alive
free. chaotic. boundless.
the sea called to me. my home.
my world. my universe.
i could glide and drift for as long as
Poseidon ruled over me.
i could whisper lullabies to the reefs
dance in the ginger-stained algae
i was free. not confined.
allowed to live my life.

But then you stole me.
You became my ruler.
You scooped up my silence,
as well as my life.

That was also when you lit my candle.

I am now separated from all life;
my fiery skin charred, a blend of ashes.
Glass: that's what surrounds me and protects me
from the evil heat living in your heart.

Do you think stillness is a sign of peace,
or do you think existence is consent?
You think I move; my candle is dwindling -
I move, only because the water moves.

You have killed me; I don't know what life is.
Please, do look closer at what you have done -
did you know: I'm a "clownfish" not your clown
My candle melted, thanks to your hatred.

Now I simply remain,

I float
endure
survive
but not alive.

Kaan Cortuk 10C2

Author's Note: wanted to write a poem about how animals are wrongly taken from their natural environment and confined; in this case, I chose a clownfish to reflect how it gets put in a glass tank after being free in the sea.

I structured the poem so that, in the first bit where the clownfish is free, there is no set structure and it is in free verse (also no capital letters and limited punctuation). When it is trapped, the poem obeys certain rules as each line has 10 syllables and, although the meter is not perfect due to stress - as there is still some hope for the fish -, it follows an iambic pentameter as the clownfish (speaker) addresses its owner, and more generally humanity, by making an argument as to why this is wrong - which is why it follows a sonnet-like structure.

Throughout the poem, I used the extended metaphor of a candle in order to demonstrate how, for the clownfish, its life is gradually getting worse and worse (similar to a candle wax melting) due to the owner's actions (heat in this case), so it feels like this is not even life anymore.

