





Poets & Illustrators Unite

Poets and Illustrators Unite has been a cross-curricular project between the English and Visual Arts faculties, a creative response to the Covid-19 pandemic and the UK lockdown during 2020.

In April, we invited students across all year groups to write poems that linked to the theme of 'home' or 'hope' reflecting the strange times we found ourselves in and asking them to record their own experiences, thoughts and ideas on the situation. Following the submission of poems we then invited artists across the school to step forward, select and interpret the poetry through their chosen medium, be it painting, drawing, collage, photography, illustration or typography or sculpture.

We are have been really moved by the students' outcomes to both challenges and feel the work produced is not only a fantastic creative record of the past few months, it is also a celebration of how students at The Norwood School have come together whilst living apart.

We are so grateful to all the students who submitted poems and drawings over the period of lockdown, thank you and well done!

The following pages show a selection of these student collaborations. We're sorry we couldn't include everyone's work but we will look to share these when we return to school in September.

Ms Cowley & Ms Bouchaib

Her Home

Mid-morning
the sun shines through the blinds
she's dancing in the light
the light she takes and makes it her own
her fingertips placing prints on the reflections
her toes pressed firmly into the floor
the window is more than glass
it is a barrier
protecting her from the harsh fire and reality of light
instead letting her enjoy
the tainted version
she paints on the walls
the walls that shield her anxious soul
the walls that build a home
her home



Written by Elodie Fifield

Illustration by Esme Bailey

Grannies Watch Out

When was the last time that you went outside?
Can't remember? Well neither can I,
Desperate times call for desperate measures,
But in this case, there are displeasures,
Sitting indoors with nothing to do,
Or running around in the garden all day,
All of the shops have a long queue,
For corona's the predator and we are the prey,
Why them? They ask every morning,
What did them boomers do to deserve this?
They never even got any warning,
Their souls are simply getting dismissed,
Ladies and gentlemen,
Boys and girls,
Before you know it,
Before you've blinked,
All of the grannies will be extinct...



Written by Arthur Herne

Illustration by Angus Snowdon

At Home

You are at home.
Bored, possibly alone.
All of the books on your Kindle are read,
And you have no more bread.

Celebrations are far from your mind,
Deep inside you just want to cry.
The news brings new horrors each day,
Of people passing away.

Hello there! it's okay.
To feel scared; everyone feels the same way.
Just remember, you are not the only one,
Feeling melancholy and glum.

I am here to make you smile
With this poem - which took me a while.
It's all worth it in the end
When I see you on the mend.

So come on everyone!
Enjoy the extra free time to have some fun
At home,
As they say, home is where the heart is.

Written by Silia Hagiu

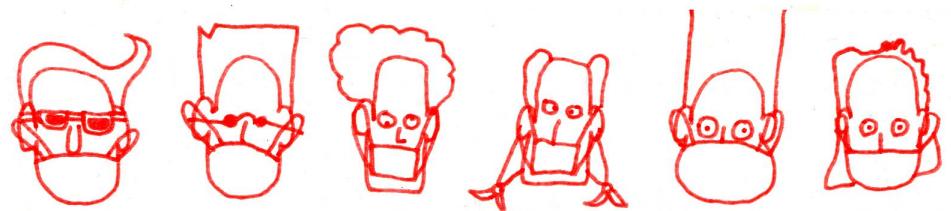
Illustration by Ruth Rvenken



Not Alone

As Coronavirus dominates the news,
You feel your voice is being refused,
The world has no time to think,
Your thoughts are being hoodwinked,
It is no longer happy days,
You feel disregarded every day.

As we all feel alone,
There's nothing more important than home,
All the family gathered round,
It's true happiness that we've found,
Although all we want to do is moan,
You are not alone!



Home

I find hope in the memories,
The smiles and the laughter

I find hope in believing
That there is a hereafter

I find hope in the friends
I have found hope on this road

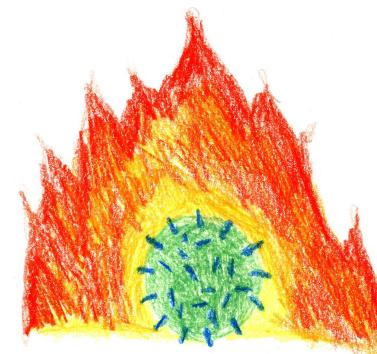
I find hope in talking
Sharing this heavy load

There is always pain and grief,
A feeling that makes you grit your teeth
When you feel that way for a while,
You feel the urge to smile

We feel hope everyday
Whether we realise it or not
We feel hope everyday
And it ties your stomach in knots

I feel hope,
Hope that the coronavirus leaves
To never return
Hope that it weaves,
It's way to a fire that burns.

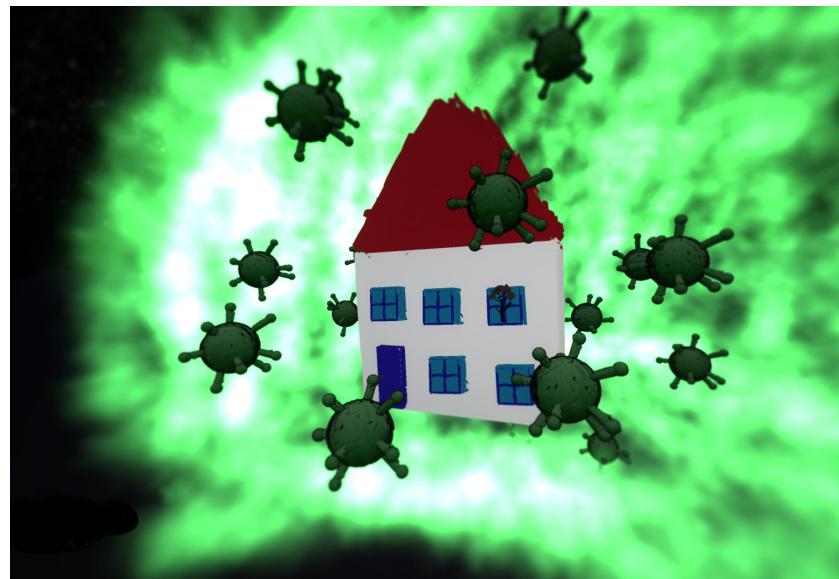
I hope the coronavirus dies out, and never comes back
I hope we can move past this pandemic
And never look back.



Written by Georges Koffi
Illustration by Tom Sayer

Home & Hope

Home is family
Home is quarantine, but togetherness
Home is a change of routine and more free time
Home is the hope we will get through this
Home is my safehouse, my protection from the
suffering world, the last outhouse.



Home & Hope

Birdsong and clapping
The soundtrack to this lockdown
I hope it ends soon.



Written and illustrated by Samuel White

Written and illustrated by Tom Sayer

Home

A concept every living creature understands.
Something that is hard to build but harder to maintain.
It can be made of a single person or even a single memory.
The word is easily misunderstood, the memories are easily tainted and the feelings easily distorted.
A home is as much a haven as it is traumatising.
These days being in the house feels like time is passing as an endless stream, not fast, not slow.
The days blend, my emotions seamlessly with them.
The home would sometimes feel like prison bars but these days feel like my rabbit hole without an exit.
Days in the house would sometimes feel like the air lacked oxygen whilst the outside sometimes lacked credibility. Now the house is losing credibility and brimming with oxygen so my mind is losing sense.
A good home is one that you can leave voluntarily and enter with even more of an option.

By: The Resident.

Written by Beatrice de Rossi

Illustration by Maja Zapotoczny



It's Home

I'm 4, 5, 6, or 7.
It's hot.

The sunlight is grated like cheese past the white bars
and blinds.

The bongos and maracas fall past the third floor and
run along the descampado.

The speakers are so loud the walls shake,
We scream the words at the top of our lungs and you
still can't hear us.

The summer breeze howls through the empty window
sills and lifts the dust to dance with us.

In the middle of the living room I jump up and down
and call it dancing while my mother and brother play
tetris with the furniture.

She's smiling
For the first time in dios sabe cuanto.

Her laugh and awful singing is contagious.
It fills my lungs along with the dust from behind the
couch.

She's so happy

She wraps her arms around me and
I know I'm safe.
Her alcampo perfume is intoxicating.
I curl into a ball of clouds but she hugs me so tight
I snap back into reality.



The rays of light glisten between red hairs and dripping sweat.

Around, in that cluttered room their bodies move like puppets.

Their joints move by strings from the champagne stained ceiling from that one new years'.

The music is so loud you can't think, but you don't want to Just like you don't want it to be over.

It's home.

For once in that wretched house
I'm home

For a single song that's been repeated all day long there isn't a divorce, debt, family, work, there's not a single thing in the world but us and the king of the bongo in the deep of the jungle.

That's a king without a crown that comes to the big town.

Written by Lucas Munos-Griez

Illustration by Emily Lansey



Home

The old man with his walking stick,
Sitting in his chair,
The Mozart wiping away his despair.



The hard working Mum,
Cleaning up after a party,
Swaying slowly to the legendary Marley



The gamer boy,
Sitting in front of his screen,
The rap artist wrapping up his fear.



Home is where the heart is,
Is not what they think,
To them,

Music takes them home.



The smart kid,
Sitting on his bed,
His novel, sweeping away his dread.

The nursery teacher,
With a class full of eager ears,
The hungry caterpillar entrancing her too.



The man on the streets,
His dog sleeping soundly,
Reads about far off lands.

Home is where the heart is,
Is not what they think,
To them,



Books take them home.



The waitress that hates her job,
Crayon in hand,
Draws away on a napkin.



The man in a meeting,
All concentration lost,
Doodles on his notes.



The receptionist woman,
With a call on hold,
Draws on a leaflet.

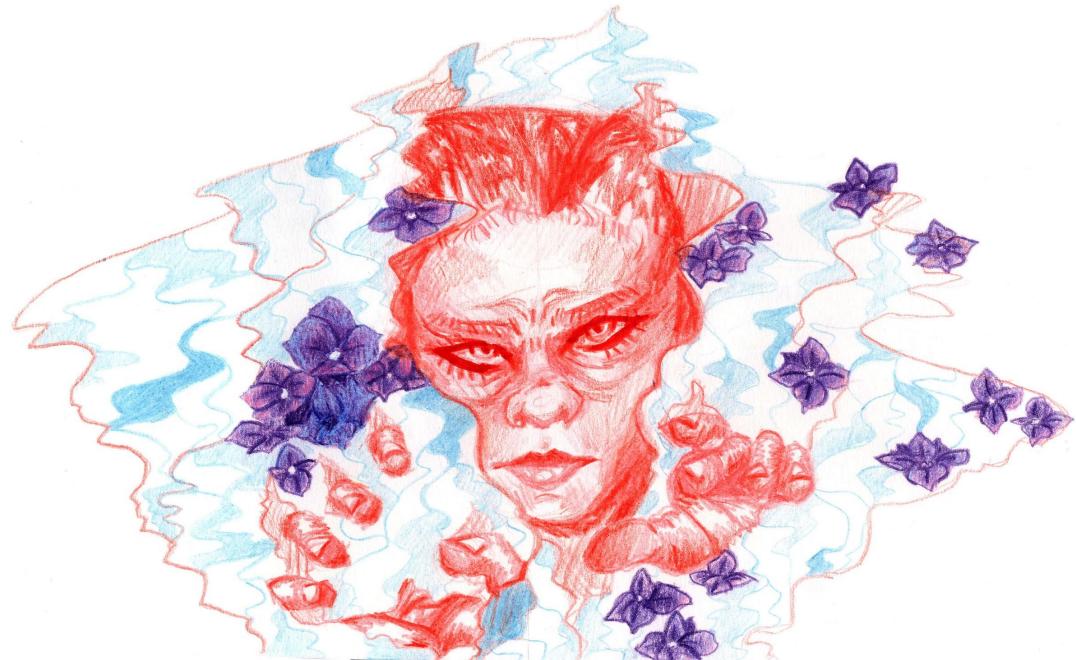
Home is where the heart is,
Is not what they think,
To them,

Art takes them home

Written by Fynn Sherman
Illustration by Angus Snowdon

Home

A field to fall into
When you plummet from the sky
A breath of fresh air
After wheezing in the city
A promise whispered behind silk
After a year of coarse lies
Something comforting and almost bittersweet
As in it is nice when you are part of it
But it can disappear
Like a candle's flame in the wind
Like smoke between your fingers
But even when the walls crumble
And the roof caves in
The soul of it remains
In a graveyard of wasted troubles.



Written by Daisy Wythe
Illustration by Olivia Turner

Home

Home, a place of hope and healing, feeling
A place of family and facing reality
The place of protection and affection
Home as is known and reflection is shown
So stay in your amazing home.



Written by Ashton Gibbs
Illustrations by Arthur Herne & Eric Malambu-Smith

Home

I lay in my bed, many thoughts in my head,
But most of all this one full of dread.
When we can finally leave our homes.

I look out the window, at the sky full of clouds,
Wishing I had the freedom they were allowed.

I stare out of my car, passing the parks,
Almost as empty as my heart.

I ride on my bike, past my school,
Hoping to be back soon,
But as I look at the moon,

Deep down, I know we won't be back 'til long after June.



Written by Lucie Glen

Illustration by Esme Bailey

Halley's Spreading Like Wildfire

Halley's spreading like wildfire
So rapidly that we can't even imagine
No school, no work and no friends
Staying at home, I feel trapped
It's like a bird in its cage
Desperately wanting to come out.
To fly, fly and fly in a vivacious environment
But this optimistic thought
Will it happen?



This has been around for centuries
Look at history, It's just a different name
It affects the rich, poor, young, old...
Country declares "state of emergency"
The nostalgia of friends and teachers
Filled my heart with pain...

Groceries stores are empty
Nobody's praying in the church
The Frustration + fear = 0
Nothing will happen.
Unless we take actions.

You better not sneeze b'cos
No one will say 'God bless you'
They might even arrest you
I don't mean to stress you
but please wash your hands exhaustively.
we are all in the gutter
but some of us are looking at the stars.

We just hope for the best
Please. Don't be afraid
Together, we can make things better
This too shall pass.

Written by Phap Van-Hoang
Illustration by Daisy Wythe

Home

Home is a place of wonders

Home is a place of memories

Home is where the heart is

It makes me feel comfortable

You get to spend time with your loved ones and friends

You have a chance to have fun and do what you like

Being at home is safe

It is a privilege to have a beautiful home!

Written by Anaiah Joseph

Illustration by Lyra Palitz-Tsang

