

POEMS: YOUNGER STUDENTS

DO YOU WONDER
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FLY?
THE LIGHTNING 4
BEFORE THE THUNDER
TO BE THE BIRD MIGHT
AND TO ROAM THE SKY?
SING
OF WHAT
IT'S LIKE IF MIGHT BE FREE
IF IT'S BUT THERE'S A PRICE TO PAY,
WING TO BE ABLE TO SEE
WASN'T FOR ONE MORE DAY.
I AM THE BIRD
BOUND TO THE GROUND
AFRAID TO SAY A SINGLE
WORD
OR TO MAKE SOUND
ALWAYS TIED.

I MIGHT FLY AWAY, GET WHAT I CRAVE.
WHY DO YOU THINK IS THAT, MY DEAR?
THERE'S A PRICE TO BEING BRAVE,
BUT IT'S NOT AS MUCH AS
STAYING HERE.

Markéta Kurešová 4KAB

Klancie Bkhor
4LAB

MY HEART.
IN YOUR SOUL

LIES POEM
ABOUT THE NIGHT
DO YOU HEAR THE VOICES OF THE SUN? YES
JUST A LITTLE BIT BECAUSE THERE'S NO DAY
ON HIS WHITE BEAUTIFUL WING
BUT THERE'S NO DREAMS NO MERCY SLEEPING
NO LIGHT JUST A START OF THE NIGHT
THE MOON HAS A SMILE ON HIS FACE
BUT HE CRIES EVERYBODY
WISHES THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE NICE
BUT THERE'S NO ANGEL
HAPPINESS JUST SADNESS
ANGELS WING
is the night.

Ema Lišková 5K1B

Break up

Kristina Papulová 5K1B

There's nothing
There's nothing
There's nothing more
nothing more than life.

Life's about the things we give. Life's about the things we
take. Life's about the things we found. Life's about the things we
lost. Life's about the things we hate. It's about the people. It's
about the moments. It's about the journey. It's
about the fight. It's about precision.

It's about mistakes. It's about
the little things

that make it

fun for

us.

more than love.
more than trust.
than friends. There's
Life's about the things we

why
am I
holding
an umbrella
over my head
when it's not
even raining?
I got so used to
taking it everywhere,
that I almost forgot what
it's like to feel the rain
on my skin. Everything
disappears, all the sorrow,
all the grief. And I, once again
feel the relief. My chest is
no longer filled with emptiness.
I can't even believe this is real.
I don't have to explain what I
feel, the rain just understands
and heals.

Sofie Machora', 1.A

Break up

Kristýna Pospíšilová 4KAB

Every morning before
I wake up,

I can't believe that we really broke up.
The couple we used to make,
was so sweet, like a piece of cake.

I miss what were our conversations about,
but after all I really don't want to hang out.

You used to call me "sweetheart",
and I used to love your sense of art.

I don't care what was her name,
but your feelings weren't probably
the same.

Althought I miss our night dates,
there is so much things I hate.

I fortunately know it was
my choice,

but I still hear
your pretty voice.

Why didn't you
at least fight?

Because of the
girl which
looks like
a flashlight?

Now I know it's impossible,
because without you I feel invisible.

I was staying on the train station.
but now I see our love story was just
my imagination.

~~However~~

Winter love in a letter.
Adel'la Chladova! I.B.

Caligram.

Light of the candle
flickers.
Filling the room with
a nice hue.
I keep thinking about
her.
But I still have no clue.
Behind the window,
snowflakes fall.
My heart aches for
her.
as we met in the
fall.
I feel longing.
tugging at my
heart strings.
Oh, how I miss her.
I feel my heart
sting.
We exchange
letters.
day by day.
But the loneliness.
Can't go away.
In the shadows
of this cell.
I sit above a candle,
warming my hands,
as I feel my breath tremble.
Winter season, full of love.
Yet my sentence.
Has me stranded of all.
I hear children's laugh.
I lift my head, full of sorrow
looking through those metal
bars.
Seeing them play like
there's no tomorrow.
I clench my teeth, full of hatred.
At the horrible crime,
I almost got away.
I recalled, the warm
Crimson spilling.
those memories.
flooded my mind.
But no matter what
I couldn't forget
hid of them
at all.
But my
dearest,
she saw
beyond
that.
I
was
still
human
worth
love.

ANNA STARA, JUB

Why don't you understand, that my heart feels full when
I start hearing the music?

How can't you feel the resonating magic that flows through
my veins?

Is it just some kind of high that I'm addicted to, or is
it a language you would never understand to?

You say that
what it's like
but I just
can't describe
The feeling
leaves the
feeling when
down my
feeling when
tears to my

I know you
when I say
my whole
I've never
better.

just know
right and
grateful

Why don't
me?

you see?

always

of me and it

Look at me now,
that is it. The feeling
oozing and I listen

you don't know
to feel it,
state and
the feeling.
when the soul
body, the
shivers run
spine, the
it brings
eyes.

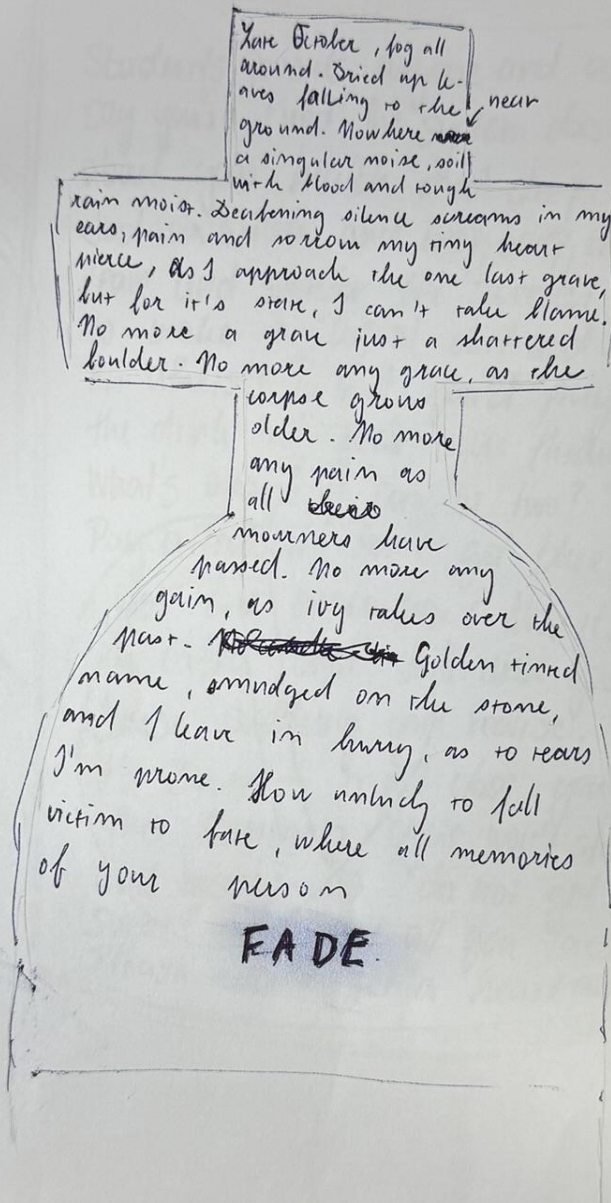
don't understand
that it's
life. That
met anything
But I
that it feels
I'll be
forever.

you understand
Why can't

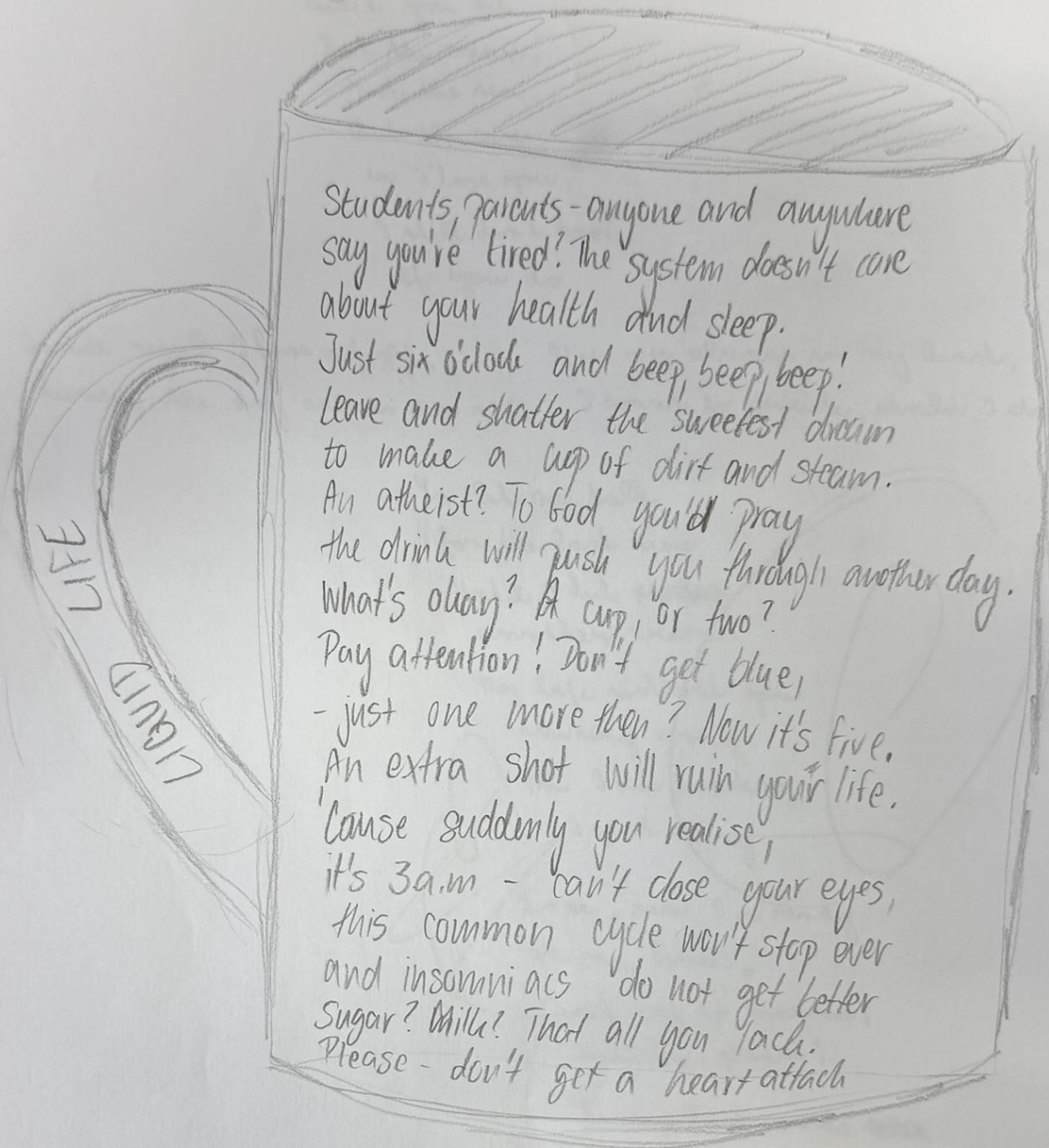
It will
be a part

will never leave.
all teared up. But
when the magic starts
to music.

Julie Karasova
SPB



Lucie Kohoutkova'
Sexta A



Oh, my Darling,
can't you see?
Not the ocean,
not the sea.
But the case
in I love you,
I still don't know,
if you do.

Inside myself I have a fight, You are always in my heart,
during the day and no sleep night. I want to suicide, should I stand?

So let me talk
for the last time.
Until I did ~~another~~
another crime.

My life without you
shining gray,
oh I am hopeless,
I just pray.

Love, now I'm ready
on my knees.
Just say to leave me,
Darling, please!

So my last words ~~will~~
will be in love,
but I can scream:
"Babe, I love you!"

Manuel Anton
GSX-A

14.11.2025

PASSION for

Paulina Višková, 6SXB

TRAVELING

+ the need to leave
desire to explore, wanting to
see the whole beauty of the world
Traveling across all continents, experience
life in all its forms, forget about all the
sentiments, even forget where I'm from, To
see every stunning beach, to climb every mountain
that dream that seems so out of reach, yet I can't
stop wantin' To disappear in a forest, feel nature
all around To meet every animal, biggest or smallest
and to not hear the city's sound, With a backpack!
NOT A SUITCASE that's

to chase the dream
I want to turn

until my legs
completely give out

I would never lick the wooden chair, even though flying seems like fun. I've always dreamed about being released.

Spreading the feather wings, feeling the breeze,

just before blood forgets to run. But don't

worry dad, it's not really deep, look -

the hill is not truly steep! Just

straight down, like waterfall. Red.

Mum's favorite, right? Color of

blood. The frightening torture

of fear and the fear of

getting stuck. Hush, little

one, it's gonna end soon,

it will be just a minute.

Relax, close your

eyes, smell the

wooden chair

and lick

into

it.

- Rozalie Schwarzsorg
Sexta A