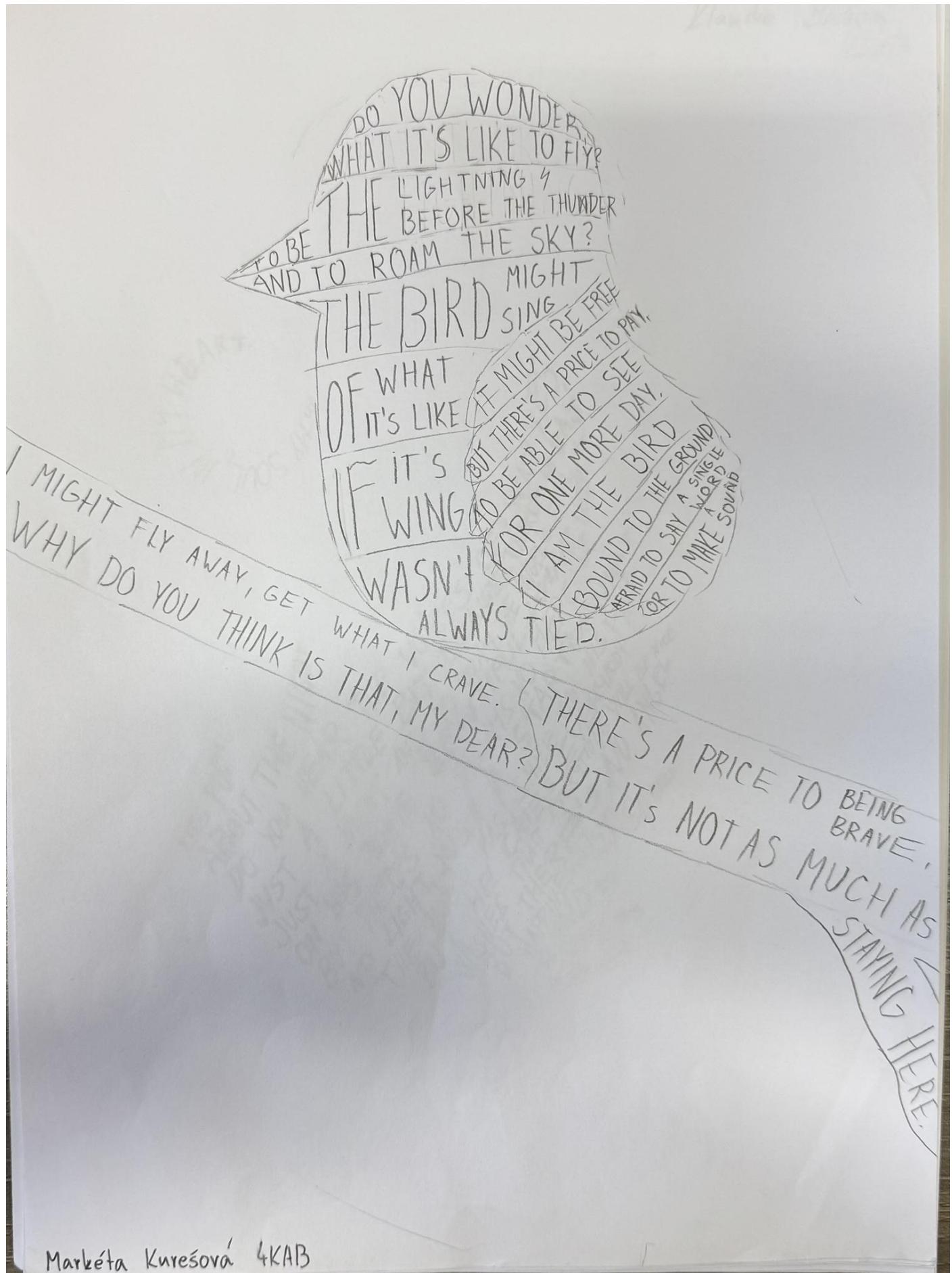


**POEMS: YOUNGER STUDENTS**



Klaudie Blkhova  
4KAB

MY HEART.  
N'ZNOV N'VU

LIES POEM  
ABOUT THE NIGHT  
DO YOU HEAR  
JUST A LITTLE THE VOICES  
JUST A NIGHT AND BIT BECAUSE OFF THE SUN? YES  
ON HIS WHITE BEAUTIFUL KING  
BUT THERE'S NO WAY THE ANGEL IS STILL SLEEPING  
NO LIGHT, JUST A STAR OF THE NIGHT  
BUT THE MOON HAS A SMILE ON HIS FACE  
WISHES THAT HE CRIES NEVERBODY WILL BE NICE  
BUT THERE'S NO ANGEL  
HAPPINES, JUST SADNESS  
ANGEL'S KING  
in the night.

Break on  
your mistakes

There's nothing  
There's nothing  
There's nothing more  
nothing more than life.  
take. Life's about the things we give. Life's about the things we lost. Life's about the things we found. Life's about the things we love. 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 Machova', 1.A

# Break Up

Kristyna Pospisilová 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.

Altough 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.

~~Na závěr~~

Winter love in a letter.

Adella Chladova, 1-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,  
snowflake balls.  
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 anger.  
At the horrible crime,

I almost got away.

I recalled, the warm  
Crimson spilling.

those memories.

Blocked my mind.  
But no matter what  
I couldn't get  
rid of them  
at all.

But my  
dearest,  
She saw  
beyond  
that  
that.  
I  
was  
still  
human  
with  
love.

ANNA STARAK / JEB

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  
light 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,  
stare 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.

## POEMS: OLDER STUDENTS

Julie Karasova  
SPB

Yore October, fog all around. Bared up leaves falling to the ground. Nowhere near a singular noise, soil with blood and tough rain moist. Deafening silence screams in my ears, pain and sorrow my tiny heart pierce, as I approach the one last grave, but for it's state, I can't take blame. No more a grave just a shattered boulder. No more any grace, as the corpse grows older. No more any pain as all ~~dead~~ mourners have passed. No more any gain, as ivy takes over the ~~past~~ ~~name~~ ~~Golden~~ name, emblazoned on the stone, and I leave in hury, as to tears I'm prone. How unlucky to fall victim to fate, where all memories of your ~~husband~~ ~~husband~~ FADE.

Lucie Kohoutková  
Sexta A

Students, parents - anyone and anywhere  
say you're tired? The system doesn't care  
about your health and sleep.  
Just six o'clock and beep, beep, beep!  
Leave and shatter the sweetest dream  
to make a cup of dirt and steam.  
An atheist? To God you'd pray  
the drink will push you through another day.  
What's okay? A cup, or two?  
Pay attention! Don't get blue,  
- just one more then? Now it's five.  
An extra shot will ruin your life.  
Cause suddenly you realise,  
it's 3 a.m. - can't close your eyes,  
this common cycle won't stop ever  
and insomniacs do not get better.  
Sugar? Milk? That all you lack.  
Please - don't get a heart attack



Oh, my Darling,  
can't you see?  
Not the ocean,  
Not the sea.  
But the case  
is 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 start?

So let me tell  
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 try to hear me,  
Darling, please!

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

Marmelos Artern

55x7

# PASSION for TRAVELING

Pavlina Višková, GSXB

+ the need to leave

desire to explore, wanting to  
see the whole beauty of the world

Traveling across all continents, experience  
life in all it's 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

chase the dream  
and  
until my legs  
are out

I would never kick 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 kick into it.

- Rozalie Schwarzena  
sexta A