

Sonnets

A Mother's Day Sonnet By Oliver Ferrao

When morning comes, I see your face, so bright,
A glowing warmth that kicks off my new day.
In soft whispers, your love feels oh just right,
Your sweet words make all my doubts fade away.

Your eyes, like stars, shine through the darkest night,
A guiding light when life's shadows are near.
In their depths, I find my heart's true delight,
A constant friend, always kind and sincere.

When stormy winds try to shake up the sea,
And doubts cloud the skies with gloomy gray,
I found peace in your love's calm energy,
Your steady love that never fades away.

As long as I breathe and my heart's beating,
With you, my soul finds peace and perfect meaning.

Magical, Marvelous, Mother

by Finn Coetzer

Against all others she can't compare,
Her shining light makes everything look dim.
A smile to forgive instead of a glare,
My mother's sweet voice warms me from within.

My trouble is yours to hold and withstand,
Yet, through difficult times you carry me.
And never did you let go of my hand,
Any better mother there couldn't be.

She's my voice of reason, tells right from wrong.
The pulse in my life, she keeps me in beat.
And when storms are raging, she keeps me strong,
The heart of my story, who makes life sweet.

I haven't met angels, but she comes close,
My mother, the person whom I love most.

Sonnet 1 to My Mother

by Noah Van De Ghinste

My mother's eyes are hazel springs of joy,

Her voice finer than the finest of silk

The tongue of an angel at her employ,

What a blessing to be one of her ilk.

Her cooking competes with that of the best,

Her breads the highest form of a chef's arts,

Just barely that bit greater than the rest,

She leaves them all standing with her fruit tarts.

Her sense of humour is one for the books,

And she's a disciplinarian too,

You'll pee in your pants with one of her looks,

If she gives you one, just get to the loo.

I love her so much, she's just what I need,

No greater mother in the world, indeed

Personal Journey Poems

Back Then By Andre Kuys

When I was young, life felt so bright,
Playing and laughing from morning to night.
No homework, no tests, just time to play,
Movies and snacks filled up my day.
I built big forts and ate lots of fudge,
Free to dream, no one to judge.
No big worries, no sense of time—
Just summer skies and gooey slime.

Now it's early alarms and endless tests,
Trying hard, feeling stressed.
Homework, rules, and school each day,
Acting fine, but not okay.
I miss the calm and slower pace,
The time I could still dream and chase,
The joy I held, no one can replace.

Protest Poetry

MY CRY: END WAR

I fondly remember movie nights.
Laughter, popcorn, and hot chocolate.
Cuddled under warm blankets, listening intently to the stories my parents told.
My brother and I, side by side, believing the world was only kind.
Mom's chocolate muffins, warm and rich.
We played Monopoly,
not knowing impact war would soon have on our lives.

Then, a thunderous bang.
Fire swallowed our home,
and my brother's cries tore through my heart.
I tried. I tried to save him.
But the flames grew and grew.
My parents sacrificed their lives to save ours.
The sounds of war continued,
gunshots and bombs.

We ran through the devastation destroyed building and human bodies
Under rubble, we hid.
No food, no water, just grief.
The next bomb hit,
and I witnessed the worst sight of my life
as my brother took his last breath.
I lost everything, our home with all it's special memories and my dearest loved
ones.

And now I'm alone.
Stripped of everything but anger and rage.
You stole everything to feed your greed.
You lit the match that burned my life to ash.

By Emaad Raja

For what?
For land?
Power?
Oil?
Pride?

While we bury our families in dirt.
You sit in fancy buildings while we sit in
ruins.

Children do not start wars.
Children pay for them.
You build bombs,
then offer blankets.
You call it "conflict."
We call it slaughter.
Silence kills more than bullets ever will.
This is my cry!
END THIS WAR AND ALL WARS!

Silence

by Finn Coetzer

Silence...

And then silence no more.

The steel beast roars and rips,

Tearing through the earth,

Grabbing trees in its jaws.

Chopping, biting till there's no more.

Trees

Fall

Like

Bodies

Because of us.

Roots like open veins spread over the cracked earth floor

Earth's heart desperately pumping nowhere

The flow has stopped

Because of us.

Stumps spread across the ground like gravestones

Because of us.

Because of us, there was nothing left to kill

And it was Silent once again

The Silent Roar

by Oliver Ferrao

In the depths of the city, where shadows grow long,

A symphony rises, a gathering of wrong.

Voices once silent now thunder with might,

In the heart of the crowd, there's a storm to ignite.

The streets are alive with a furious roar,

A chorus of voices demanding much more.

Each step is a pledge, a vow to be heard,

In the clamor of thousands, their message is stirred.

The walls may be tall and the chains may be strong,

But the spirit of justice will right every wrong.

In the pulse of the people there's a heartbeat of change,

A relentless pursuit with a future to arrange

The silent roar swells, a promise, a vow,

In the heart of the city, hear them—hear them now.