

Light

The light tumbles down,
Bouncing off raindrops,
In a frenzied spiral,
Gathering in a pool below.

The light flares up,
A column of blazing heat,
Spitting sun-tinted dying stars,
Flickering in the wind.

The moonlight glimmers,
Through the gaps in the canopy above,
It glistens in the snow;
Like diamonds it sparkles and glows.

A torch beam, so bright and blinding,
Floods the dark room.

The light seeps into every corner,
Revealing every secret that the lit room holds.

The light brightens,
A glimmer of hope,
It dims and fades away,
Because on the past we dwell.

Light conquering darkness,
Good conquering evil,
Showing people the way,
Leading them along the path to another bright day.

By Eleanor J 7S

Light of Life

It's time, time to collect the shimmering sunshine

Birds sweetly sing

they raise the jar

place it on a bed of flowers

Sunlight dances, twirls its way into the jar that awaits

Loves to shine onto the smiling sunflowers

The lid unravels

A waterfall of light

falls onto the palms of my hands

swirls of happiness flow around my body

A breeze of joy swims through my golden hair

Wafts of tropical fruit lift into the morning air

Darkness engulfs the town

Her empty streets, flowers with no colour

one drop of light, all it takes

explodes a spark of colour

A spark of light

Memories created of hope, joy, laughter.

It's time, time to return the luminous light

Lower my glistening hands

to the fresh river

emerald forest, waving trees

Golden flowers bloom, wishes flow to the river bend

Spreading its gift of infectious joy.

By Anoushka S

Lightning

A sharp spiky tongue,

A jet of white flame from sky,

Strike of cold fury.

Amani K

Light Poem

By Molly C R

Light is elusive,
In the darkest of times.
One must search,
North and South,
Through the clouds
To fight the Light,
Once well known for,
It's Earnest Glow.

Glittering all that it encounters,
Dissipating the blackness, emptiness,
That suppressed the light's eternal worth.
Arrest the light, lock it up.
Let it flicker, fade, follow the breeze,
Light can do whatever you plead.

But, when the light grows
And blinds and burns.
And changes the world,
It's immune to the hurt.
It's immense and profuse.
Too big to comprehend.
It escapes to the shadows,
To dazzle and impress,
Overwhelm and stir.
More than it ever thought.
The Elysium has turned,
Not for better but worse.

The Eminent Light has taken its turn,
Back it goes, where it belongs.
Scintillating Abysses.
Turning Dust into Gold.

When the darkness,
Nothingness closes in.
Let your light weave,
Let it shatter the black.
And then one will see,
The strength of light,
In all of its capacities.

Still, you should remember,
To let your light,
Shine the Brightest,
Most Golden shade of You.
And appreciate the darkness,
That is when your light is well seen.
The stars would find it hard to shine,
If it wasn't for the inky night sky.

Elin E

Light

My sister had asked for an impractically sized, globular fish tank
which she would neglect to clean.

Meanwhile, in preparation for the glamour of "big school",

I asked for a yellow fountain pen with Bugs Bunny on the side.

The nib has now split, and there's a growing cleft in the barrel
from the one too many times I screwed the cartridge in too tightly.

Even its garish neon paintwork is freckled with glimpses of the
thin, white plastic underneath.

At first, I would grip it so tightly that I couldn't feel
the trickle of inky blue seep into my balmy fingertips
and later on, a glance in a window pane would reveal
the reflection of my cheeks smeared with that war-paint
from my own chronic fidgeting.

The sharp, red tattoos of grass blades embossed into my ankles,
after sitting too long, cross-legged, on a field discussing
the rules of rounders but not actually playing it.

Green stains on pink knees.

Hands lavished in PVA just to peel the translucent scab.

The corners of my mouth dyed amber with the traces of canteen lasagne.

A spectrum of small moments which chipped me into shape, prism or person.

The white light hits and I fracture into these colours.

The Prefects' Preference!

Light

There is darkness around me,
Creeping, crawling around me like a new bug that no one has discovered yet,
A pure black cat lurking around, purring gently
It's really mysteriously puzzling
As its identity too illegible to be revealed
Too big to conceal
As the night crushes the day
The only tiny lights to be discovered
Which are just negligible holes of stars
Too problematic to sew back to the blanket of sky
Rest of it is just plain darkness.
As it shades over my eyes like a shadow of a nemesis
I don't seem to recognise light anymore
Which leads me to think
What are these bright looking beams?
Which have been disguised as the shimmering night sky
The powerful, preternatural, supernatural, magical sky
That cannot hold its magic within itself
And decides to finally finish its sorrowful song of woe
And dies,
Into the pure mist that is too dangerous to enter
Called light
I start to remember
The light,
The shining, beaming light,
Smiling at me from the top of the candle's scalp
The light,
The supernatural light,
Coming from the street lamps in the city,
Brightening up in the night time blanket,
Lighting up smiles to the world
The light,
The mysterious, legible light
Like a letter,
So clear to define
The sun, overtakes the moon in a race of the day
Which was the light,
Power of the sun.

By Trudy Y 7L