

211

2017-2018

Poetry Project.

Tous les élèves de la 211 du Lycée Dupuy de Lôme ont écrit un poème dans le cadre d'un projet sur la poésie. Pour les raisons qui leur sont propres, certains ont décidé de ne pas partager leur travail, même sous couvert d'anonymat.

Voici les poèmes de ceux qui souhaitent en faire profiter d'autres.

Marian Hayne, Mai 2018.

Nature

The sky is blue, do you see?
A gentle breeze brings a cloud
Stretches it like cotton candy
And makes trains in its wake.

It's spring, and life is reborn
Thousands of colors, thousands of textures
A thousand scents in the light air
Intone a hymn to nature.

Come and lie down in the grass, tenderly.
Come and listen to the singing of the flowers.
Why do you no longer hear
These sweet murmurs of happiness?

Sumeyra YAVAS

Warning you are the murderer

When you throw a plastic bag,
Your plastic will make a zigzag,
It goes to the sea and
You kill fishes and turtles.

When you are driving,
The pollution is coming,
Oil pollutes the air and
You kill all the birds.

When you mix waste,
You do not sort waste,
Plastic will not be able to serve and
You kill, a recycled bike.

When you use chemicals,
You think it's good for your plantation,
But it's an illusion
You kill your plants.

Warning, YOU are the murderer!

Friday 13th

I went to this concert happy
With nothing but joy in my heart.
But it disappeared immediately
When the horror started.

The bullets began to fuse
And the first victims fell
When the terrorists started to use
Their weapons from Hell.

The heartbreaking cries
And the sounds of shots
While in front of my eyes
People were falling at my feet

When I think about it now
I feel very lucky
But I feel, somehow
Why me?

This world would be much happier
And full of joy
If all people stood together

Today is a good day.

Today is a good day.
The sun is shining.
In the sky, three birds flying.
I spend some time with my family,
This day is so friendly.

I was playing with my sister,
Laughing, chatting, then we met a mister.
This man was lost,
He was asking us: *How much does a taxi cost?*

We found a solution.
Driving him to the next city was his satisfaction.
The man was happy, we were grateful.
Helping people is wonderful,
Life is beautiful.

The man dropped off at Plymouth,
We go home smiling at the mouth.
We go through Barcan,
In the narrow streets we do what we can.

The meal brought back from Plymouth fisheries,
For dessert we prepare pastries,
Spending time with family is wonderful,
Life is beautiful.

Solène MARTIN

Imaginary friends

Where are they?

Sometimes in my brain

Sometimes with me here!

They always follow me. Why?

I can see them and I can speak with them

But they don't move. Are they statues?

Who are they?

Someone is living in my brain

Someone among so many others.

I can't touch them and I can't explain that

But they are animated. Am I dreaming?

What is it?

This little voice that I hear in my head.

This little guy who plays with me.

That haunts my thoughts there when I'm thinking.

They are always there when I'm bored

When I am immersed in my dreams.

They protect me from nightmares and

They make me believe in myself

It's them! They're my imaginary friends.

Guillaume RUFFLOCH

What is this feeling?

What is this feeling?
This new feeling which grows
Which fills me and awakens me
Which spreads and warms like a glow.

What is this feeling?
This insecure feeling
Which screams and sings to me
Things at the same time funny but disturbing.

What is this feeling?
This feeling which starts to choke me
Which catches me and grasps me
And which doesn't want to let me go anymore.

What is this feeling?
This feeling which dominates
Which yells and which suffocates
Which poisons my chest.

What is this feeling?
This feeling which breaks me
Which tears me and kills me
Which makes me lose my mind.

What is this feeling?
This feeling which defeated me
Which put me in the ground and raised me
To then start again.

Anne-lyn RADENNE

Fantasy Dreams

This morning, while strolling in the forest

I was carried away by the wind.

It whispered me to look to the side

I then saw a perfect world

Where joy makes the law

Where sadness doesn't exist.

On another side

I was able to observe my ideal world

Where unicorns are queens

Where the fountains are full

I wanted to access it

Suddenly... I woke up !

Clément BEUTIER & Lou-Ann LE TEUFF

In the Sea

Moving in the ocean
My mind is full of waves
Hearing the song of the whales
My heart becomes deeper
Than all the seas
Where you can discover
All the secret places.

All my life I've been told
To not cross the sea reefs
But now, I am feeling ready.
Plunging into dreams
The feeling of the water on my skin
Never drowning but always
Swimming with the dolphins.

The summer breeze brings me
To all of my
Greatest memories
That I have in a corner of my head
Taking me far away in a magical world
Darker than the oceans.

My box

In my box there were many things...
There was a blue rose for the turquoise sky,
A black rose for the peaceful night,
A yellow rose for the small fresh summer,
A green rose for emeralds which gleam so well in their glass boxes in
museums,
A red rose for feelings.
But there were sheets too...
A yellow sheet which called back last autumn,
A red sheet which called back the heat of the fire,
A brown sheet which called back to what extent it is good when it is
raining, and an orange sheet which called back the nostalgia for the last
moments.
But there were the smells too....
The smell of the wood which wastes away in the fire the summer,
The fresh smell of an icy winter,
The mesmerizing smell of very tempting cooking,
The peaceful smell of the middle season.
But there were the feelings too....
The feeling of the leaves which crack under foot when autumn comes,
The feeling of the well-being when the temperature is clement in
summer,
The feeling of rediscovering the color of the landscape in spring,
The warm feeling of a good fire in winter.
In my box there is a panel of good unforgettable moments and the
feelings that they highlight every time.

Yuna COURTET DELPECH