

'Walls'

A mystery behind those walls,
Unknown what to expect,
Moving forwards as I stumbled,
Towards the stone doorstep,
feeling lonely and contempt,
A pair of hands appear,
Just like the hand of god,
Warm and comforting,
they reached out for me
And suddenly I feel free
Of all my sorrow and misery,
Now angels stand before me,
Kind and welcoming,
Brave and courageous they prepare help,
Standing their ground
as the last line of defence,
Once again I was found,
A familiar feeling of family,
Through the warm welcoming walls

Marcus Chien

'Here and there'

I am here but also in there with you;
Watching the clouds, solid, soft, sweet and sour,
All whilst I wait for the clock to strike two.
Just to spend my spare change, a mere hour
With you.

In your arms, soothing breath stroking my skin.
Time: the witness to those confessions of
love through the ages, all its walls wafer thin,
Freeing the air created by our love.

But now you are gone and I am still here.
Still, I can only smile when I think of
You, peacefully, drifting for a mere
Eternity created by our love

Ethan Ofosu

“Fear Not”

Fear not, for the time is near
To be liberated from protective gear,
Fear not, brave volunteers
In St John's in Bedfordshire...

The great hike, Starlight
Will return, with
Food and drinks and choirs too,
And the angels in heaven will sing,
“St John's is here this time of year!”

Fear not, great carers this year,
The time to meet, on Thursday
Is near,
Fear not, brave volunteers
In St John's in Bedfordshire

Your furry pets - not gone
But near,
They wait eagerly for their time to appear,
May the sound of barking into the ear,
Return soon to St John's in Bedfordshire!

When, the wind blows east
You'll hear,
The voices of cherubim near
The voices sing into the ear,
“Fear not, brave people here,
In St John's in Bedfordshire!”

Oluwajoba Thomas