

KINGSMEAD EYES *SPEAK*



KINGSMEAD EYES SPEAK

They say the camera
Can capture souls
Can photograph dreams, whispers, memories and words
Our position in the world
Framed and hung from a thousand floral living rooms walls.

Our faces slowly develop
Rise to the surface of the page
The street, the classroom, the tower block
We are of every culture and age

We are negatives reversed
We are poems without verse
Beauty un-rehearsed
A single pixel that contains the universe

We frame our hearts
Our tongues
Our countries
Our ancestral songs
And our ancestors
Look down on us
Whisper our names
Dust down their clothes, smile
Step quietly from their frames
You see

Some of the best photographs are empty
We enter frames so we may break free
Define our own identity

Our eyes are focussing lenses
Our ideas are camera flashes
Our mouths are slowly opening shutters
Our tongues are strips of drying negatives as they flutter
Our bones are high angled tripods fixed in pose
Our souls are undeveloped films, light exposed

Our skin
Is the paper we are printed on
We do not take pictures:
We give them.

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ANTOINE GOING HOME

She dreams of going home
Visiting family she can only speak to on the
Phone She remembers the days when she was
A little girl
Living on the other side of the world
The sun was as hot as chilli spice
The earth was a hot as jelloff rice
She woke each morning at 6.00
Walked to school over dust and rock
She lives in a big house in Ghana
West Africa and still wears the flag on her
Blouse on a sticker.



ATHENA

The glass broke like the hearts of children
The little girl disappeared from the building
All you can see is broken glass
It looks like the little girl's life has passed
Did she die or did she run away?
No one knows if she's here to say
We don't know if her mum is crying
Or is the picture just lying?



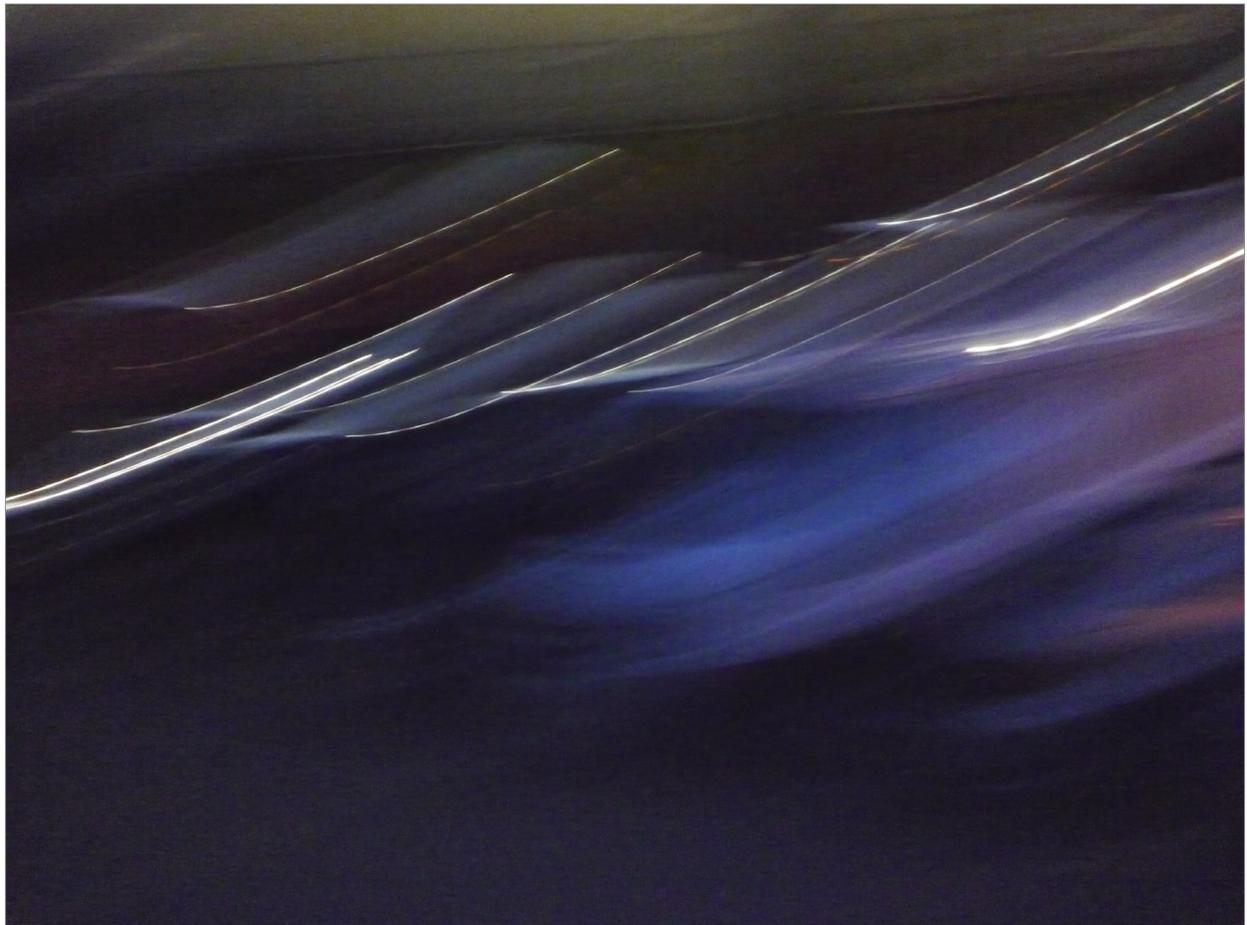
AWA REHAB

Sshh! Be quiet!
We are hiding beneath the bed,
We have a dawning suspicion that if we leave we
will be dead!
My sister can't stop cleaning
She has to make sure everything is gleaming,
She has hovered under my eyelids,
The washing line is strung with wet wailing kids,
She has ironed and folded my mother,
She has thoroughly bleached my brother,
She has carefully washed the goldfish,
She has thrown away every dirty dish,
She has dusted the birds in the sky,
Now she wrapped the dog in Tupperware and
plucked off every single hair,
At cleaning there is no greater master
Now she's off cleaning a natural disaster!!



CARLITA

Standing on a tall mountain
Calling for help, shouting
All around me is an angry blue sky
I'm on the top of the mountain, very high
The trees seem to be surrounding me
I screamed for help and tried to break free
All the clouds are coming together to form rain
When the water clashes down I scream with pain
I don't know why Mother Nature is starting to attack
Maybe she's getting her revenge back
For global warming and pollution
It's time for nature's revolution



CARSAL GRAVEYARD

There is a grave yard in my head
A cemetery of the almost dead
Spirits like water ghost rise like mist from the seas
Vampires, zombies and duppies
Spirits shoot across the doom
The moon is full and the
Wind sighs, lights like bullets
Like fire works,
Evil blue hurt.



CHARANDEV

The length of hair ties me to God
To my home land, it is an umbilical cord
When I visit the temple Gurdwara
House of dreams, place of prayer
I kneel and I know I am part of the world
I kneel and I know I am the world
We rose out of India, Hindu rebels
And in Punjab finally settled
God gave guru Nanak visions
And from them he created a new religion
So now I wear a blue turban
Like a true and faithful Sikh man



CHE

I was at a party
It was glittering dark
Then the light snapped on
Like a biting shark
Everyone stopped dancing the moonwalk
Everyone fell silent, no one talked
I said, 'What's wrong?'
They said, 'Michael Jackson is gone!'
I said, 'What do you mean? Dead?'
Everyone sighed and scratched their heads
This is my poem about a great artist
The strongest dancer to ever exist
Michael Jackson was legendary
When he danced the world felt free
I copied his moves from MTV
Taught myself steps, 1, 2, 3
Now you had better make room for me
Because my dancing's gonna go down in history



DAMIAN

Down in the dark streets,
No children are playing,
But there's a little girl stood alone,
And when you listen, she is saying
HELP ME!
Someone get my mummy!
The big hand is back again,
It picks me up from my friends,
And puts me into unusual places,
Among strangers and unfamiliar faces,

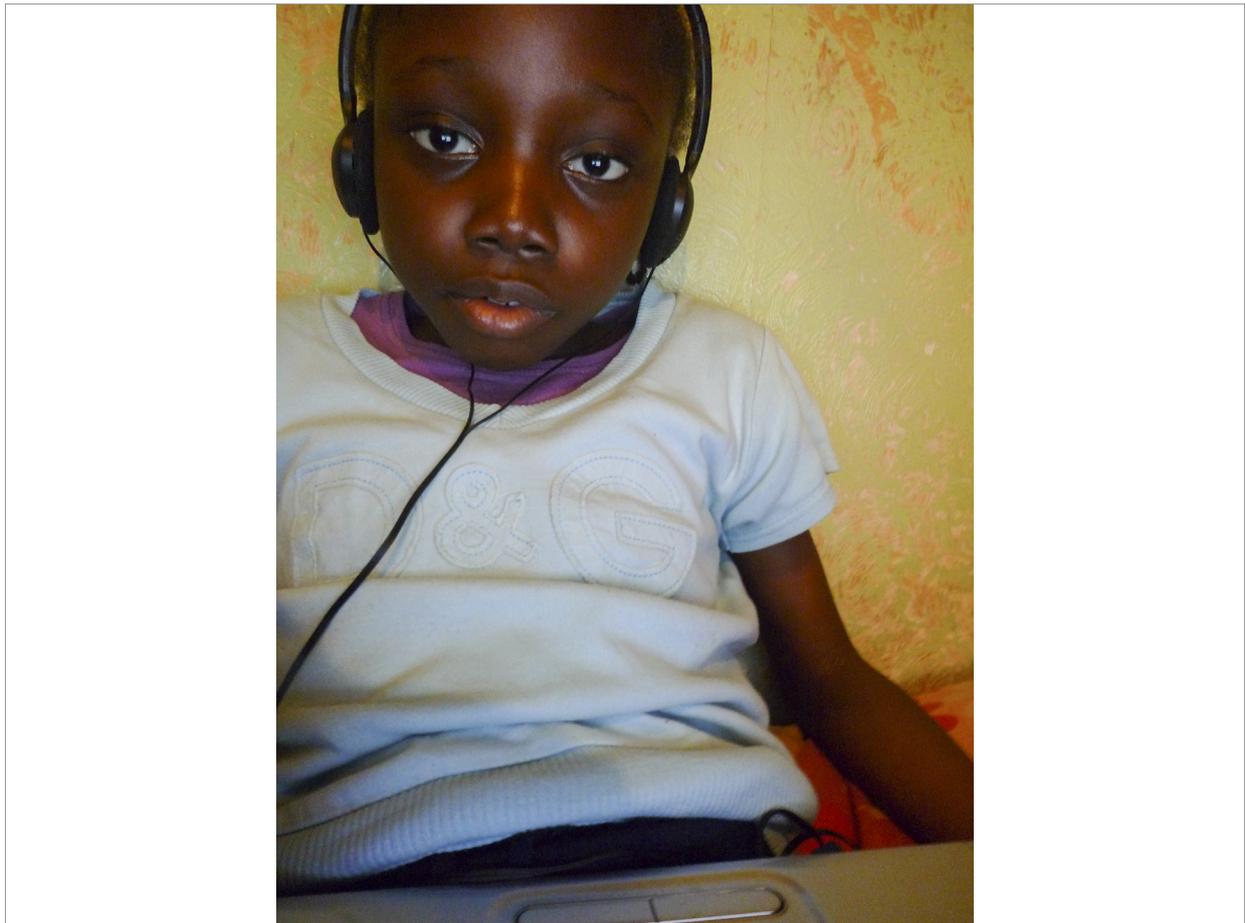
Last week I was playing outside,
When the hand came and I didn't have time to
hide,
It dropped me in the middle of the moon,
And it disappeared, I was marooned,
I had to wait for the space shuttle to arrive,
I found it very difficult to survive,
The hand returned yesterday,
And put me screaming in a stack of hay,
I was almost eaten by a cow,
And the hand is hovering over me now,
Please don't take me Mr Hand,
Don't abandon me on a foreign land,

Don't put me on stage with a bonkers rock band,
Don't put me on a summit of a high mountain,
Or leave me alone in Ireland,
Or bury me in Sahara sand,
Or at the bottom of the Grand Canyon,
I will give you a million trillion grand,
Just leave me alone Mr Hand.



DANIEL

She is only four years old,
The moment before a song begins,
She is innocent and alone,
Unwritten skin,
But sounds drift up from the street,
And she can hear her own heart beat,
It's the beat of running feet,
The animals here are dangerous,
They treat their friends like strangers,
And when she looked,
It was like streets stepping into a book,
She saw two furious lions fighting over prey,
Two urban animals fighting everyday,
They wear their dignity like manes,
These streets are blood stained,
And children should not witness,
Such cold and such bitterness.



ENO

There is mystery of what she is looking at
Is she watching TV or something like that?
Is she alone in the room and where is she?
Where are they, where are her family?
Was she abandoned and where was she found?
What is she plugged into?
An what is that sound?
The battery on the computer just would not last
What is she looking at, the past?

Her mother is locked under the computer screen
Like a child beneath ice
Her father stands with her
They beckon and entice
Whispering to her to join their program
They have a space at the table, they need a
daughter to rock the pram
She misses her family and they miss her too
So they blow kisses at her, keep their hearts true
There is a family trapped under the computer
What is she looking at, the future?



EVE THE DEATHLY ONE EYED GIRL

Behind the dark lens,
Hides a black hole,
And if she removes her glasses,
It will you swallow you whole!

It will suck the entire class,
Into a parallel universe,
And deposit them into a strange planet,
And it cannot be reversed.
So she must wear one eyed glasses,
Even as she sleeps, her eye once swallowed an
entire flock,
As she counted sheep
The deadly one eyed girl behind the dark lens.



FERDOSI THE DREAMING SISTERS

Me and my sisters sleep and dream,
About our holiday in Spain, the one that will gleam,
We come out the sea and shake our self down,
Then go to get ice-cream from the Spanish clown,
Now we go to our hotel room and have a shower,
Next is mini disco for kids, IT'S A WHOLE HOUR!
Tomorrow we will go to the club Tots, Team and
Tribe,
Last time we did writing and I was the scribe,
But first we will have our food,
Play in the pool,
Make some new friends,
Look very cool,
Because we can go anywhere when in this room,
And dream anything from a picture that's happy to
a picture full of doom.



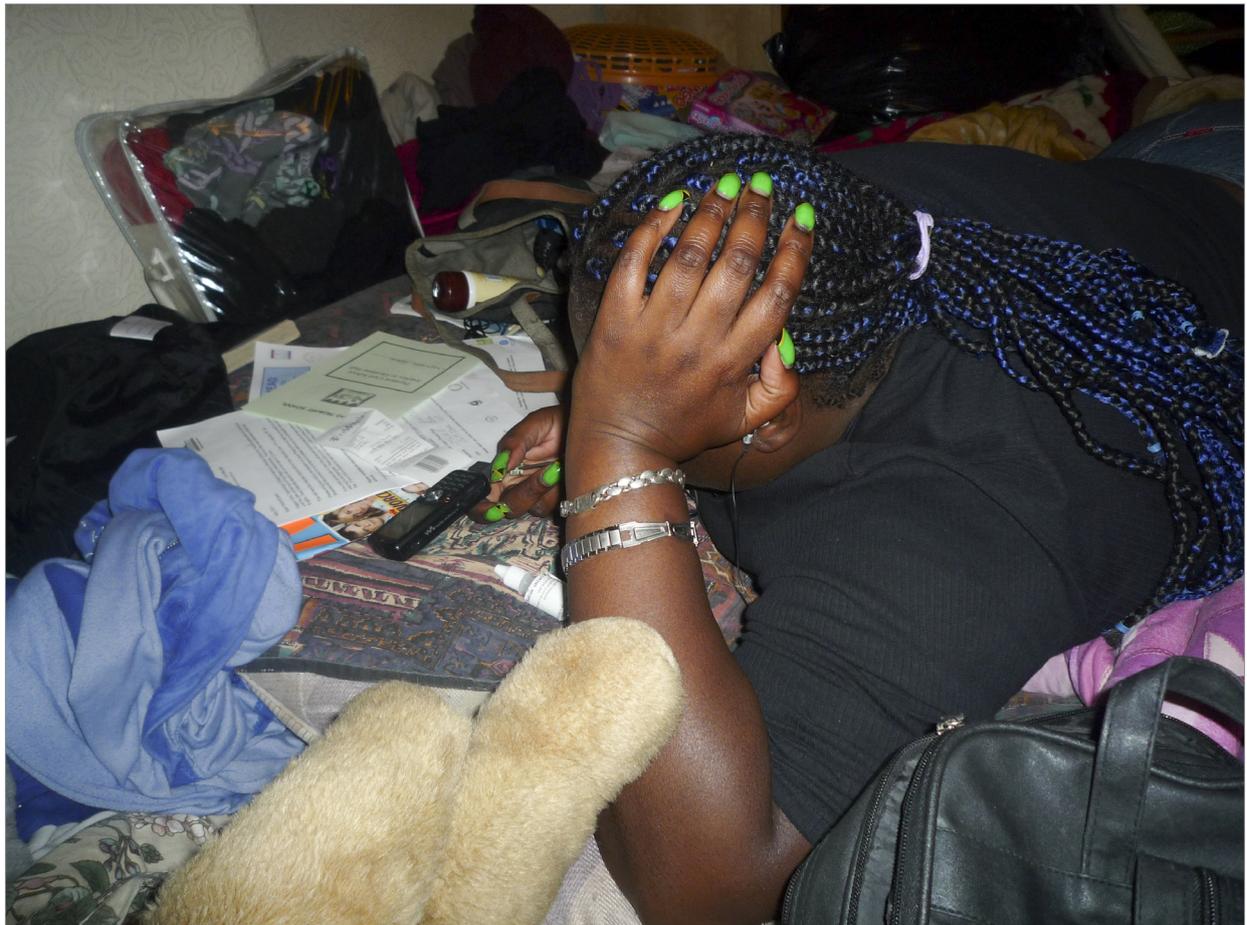
HAMEED

We burst into the café and saw a tattooed man,
He started fry up food in an oily pan,
Then I turned around and saw another guy with a
plate of food,
His face looked kind of mean and rude,
He reached for his coke,
He started to shiver and choke,
I took a picture of his plate,
And focussed my camera on the food that he ate,
And then I noticed his tattoo
A symbol for his friends and his crew,
He told me strength is needed,
If you wanted to be well treated,
And although he had a skin head and looked quite
mean,
He told me that strength lay in following my dream.



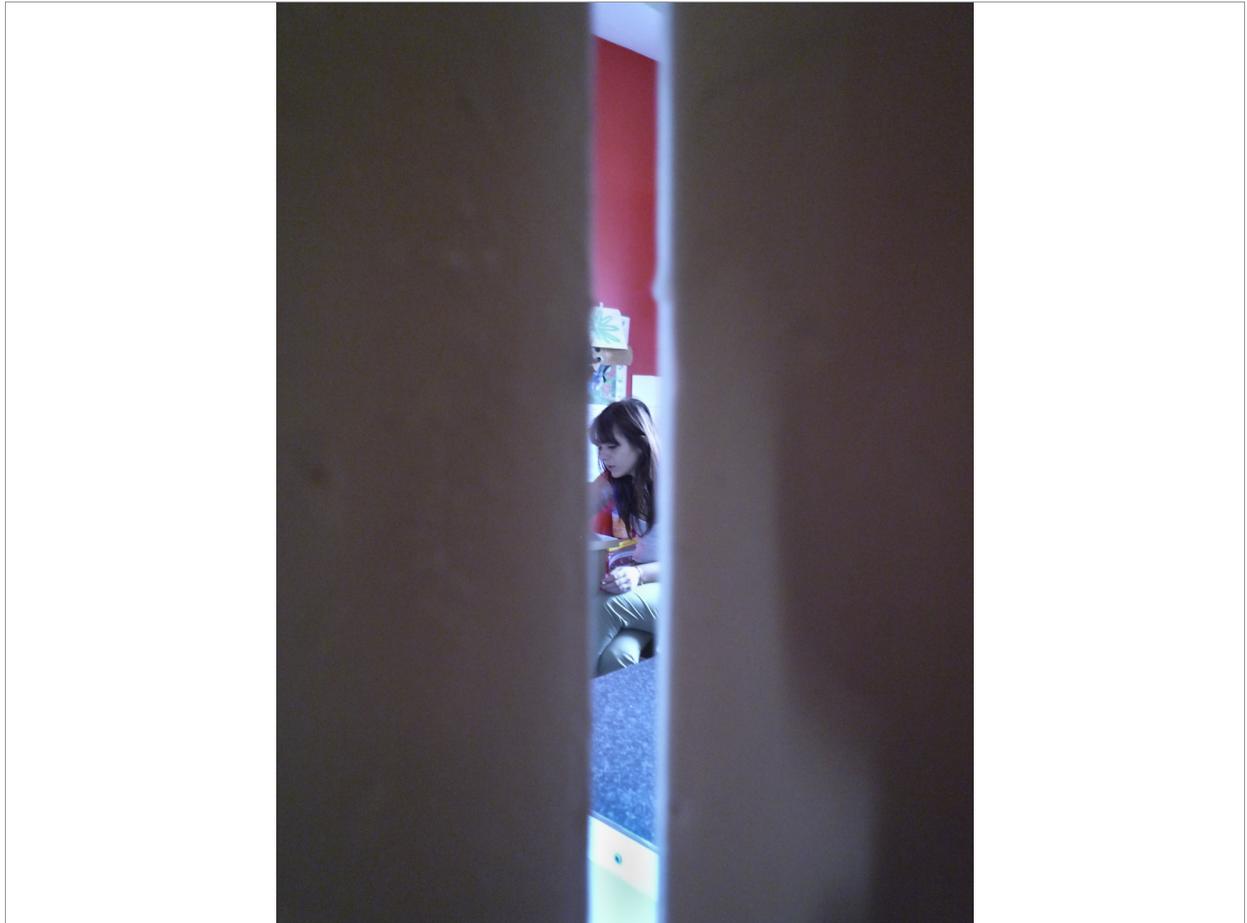
HURRUUBE JESUS RULES

The room shining with gloss,
In the room where Jesus is the boss,
You can see his cross on the wall,
While the kids are looking at a mysterious ball,
You can see lots of bright colours in the room,
And the little boy is still trying to zoom,
We are about to start a breathtaking Sunday
school,
Talking about things that make Jesus sound cool.



JODINE THE WAY MY MUM REMEMBERS HER MUM & DAD

She paints her nails to remember,
Her father and mother,
Who passed away last December,
Brought up in a dusty Jamaican street,
Playing kick-can in the rising heat,
This poem is a place they can still meet,
Her smile was a swaying hammock,
Hung between palm trees,
His laugh was Calypso music carried on the
breeze,
Although she is very sad,
My Mum will always remember her Mum and Dad.



KALUM THE SPY

She had no idea
That I could even see her
Peering at my mother from around the corner
I am a secret under cover agent
Quite cautious and very patient
I wait with my camera
To steal their pictures
Load them on computers
So that I can keep the future
Then email them to my head spy agent office
Where they add their names to their secret list



KAROLINA

The sky is bruised
I saw clouds plotting in the sun-moon light
Whispering like old men
Turning the day into dark night
As quickly as a page turned in a book
The people stood and silently looked
Something is coming the clouds are cats about to
leap
On the heads of town folks
Awake and asleep
The ground shivered
And shook like a frightened
Animal
The moon was the
Red eye of an angry black bull
The earthquake cracked the world
In two
The fireworks stopped and no birds
Flew
Voices were lost as the cold wind
Blew
The world is empty
No one is around
Just a crack of a mouth
Smiling in the dusty ground.



KEVIN

It was 6am when the boy began to climb,
On a piece of old frayed rope his mum used as a
washing line.
He placed one hand above the other
Waved good bye to his sleeping mother
And left to visit his buried brother.
He worked his way slowly to the sky
The sun was God's unblinking eye.
Soon he was climbing above the grey clouds
Looking at the gathering crowds
Who watched the boy who scaled to the moon,
Wondering if he will come home soon.
Finally he reached the silver star
Dreams can take you very far
The police searched for him in their squad car.



LAM LAM'S POEM

Hahn was sleeping and dreaming
Dreaming what life would be like with my mother
beside us
We would be complete
Nothing could beat us
We would be one
Make fun of my looks
We would be one
We will be knocked down but stand as one
We are from Vietnam
And we
Are
One.



MERT

I wish for you, my brother
To be well
To live your life in laughter
To succeed at school, I cast this spell
To be happy and healthy
To finish University
To be handsome
To be surrounded by friends
When the night comes



MIKOTAJ

He was sent here by the secret service.
An underground agent skinny and nervous,
He sends messages via his PSP
Back the government in his home galaxy.
My brother is an alien,
Part of an inter-galactic army,
Part of an invading force,
He brings earth quakes and tsunamis.
But I know I should keep calm and try not to panic,
Because I know one day my brother will return to
his own planet.



MURAT

My sister is in trouble again,
She ran away with her best friend,
And broke into London zoo,
Stole seven baboons and an elephant too,
She keeps them safe under the bed,
Keeps them happy and well fed,
In her wardrobe she also keeps,
Fourteen horses and half a sheep,
My sister is in trouble,
For stealing other people's animals,
There is a shark in a toilet bowl,
And a red gorilla that she quietly stole,
And a tiger paced the fridge compartment,
Animals are taking over my apartment,
I am writing this standing on a chair,
Eye to eye with a killer bear.



OMAR THE MAGIC BLANKET

The two little children are rockily sleeping
Under a magic blanket.
They rest their heads and hearts
On hard pillows.
And where they go when they dream no one
knows.
They travelled to worlds of whispers and shadows.
The blanket flew them to dangerous lands.
Without maps without plans
. Tonight they wake in the castle of death.
Stung by the furious dragon's breath.
That burnt their clothes till there was nothing left.
And when they woke thinking it was all a dream.
And cast their minds back to last nights scene
When they defeated the dragon foe.
And when they look down they were missing a
small toe.



SAMUEL

Behind this wall there's something only I can see,
I won't tell you if you force me so let me be.
Up these stairs hides a magic elevator,
If you see it works 50 times faster than an alligator.
I want to go up but I can't look away,
For this thing is like a hypnotic ray.
Mum, Mum, that's what I shout,
We need to go, remember I am a Scout.
She has come to see an unknown relative,
God knows for what alternative.
I don't know how you got this image,
So keep to your self like an indestructible cage.



SHAKUR PRAYERS ART

It is Eid and we are doing competitions, learning
The Quran by heart
Reciting it to sub Quasum
Prayer is an art
This mat is older than me
Blessed by my mother
My father rolled it up
And took it to Mecca
This mat is a map
Of who I will grow up to be
It will constantly guide me
Prayer sets me free.



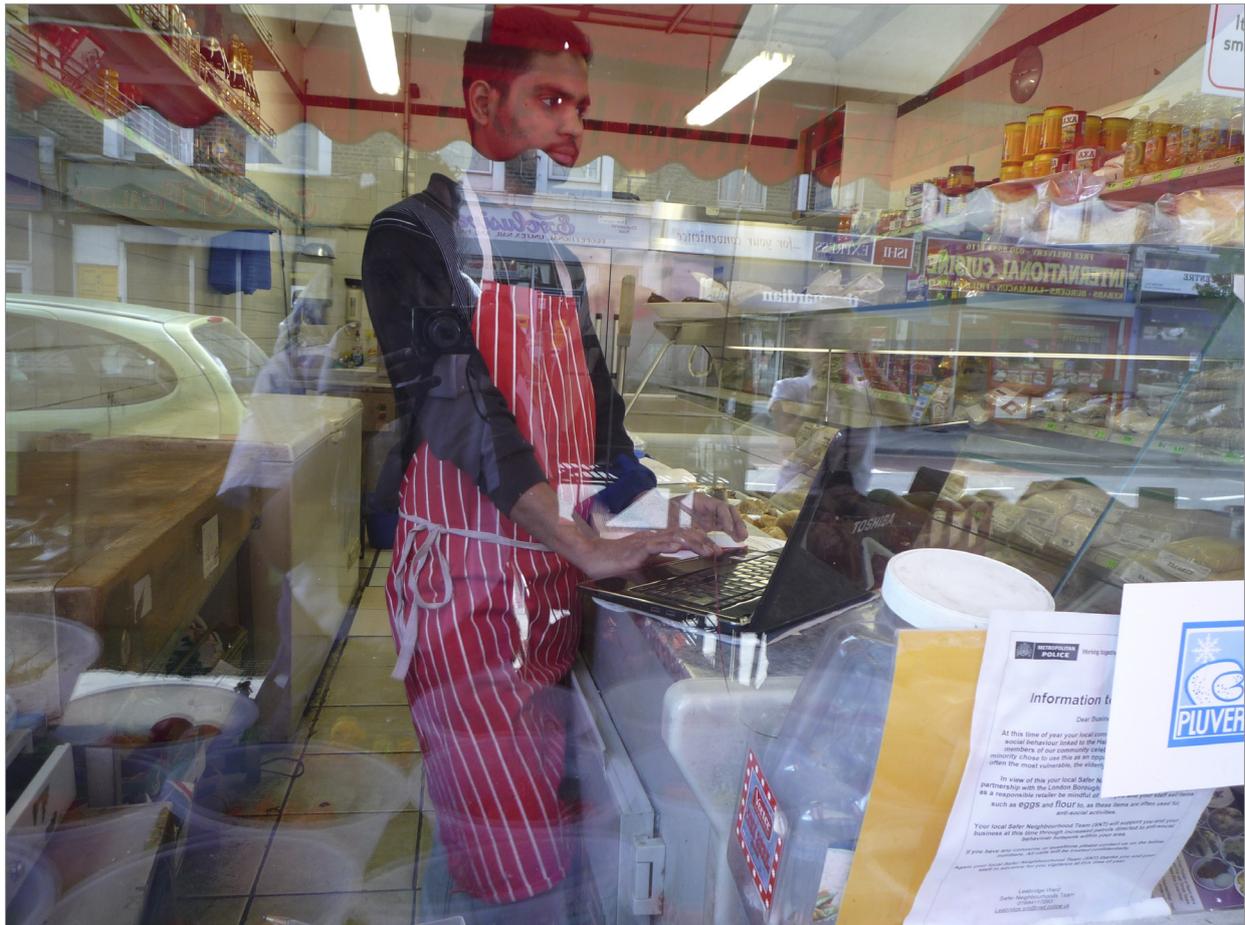
SHAMARK ANCESTORS ON THE WALL

My ancestors hang from the living room wall,
Watching us, guiding us catching us if we fall,
We are surrounded by love,
By history and memories,
Whenever I feel alone,
I look up and see my family.



SHEILA SCARY AND CREEPY

Tonight is the night
When the ghosts growl and vampires bite
When the floorboards jump and creep,
And spirits wander as we sleep,
Hide beneath your duvet cover,
Close your eyes,
Don't scream for your mother,
Or they will know you are hiding there,
Don't run away, they know how to scare,
You hear whispers, and your name is called,
Ghosts walk through the frozen walls,
A girl sits and watches television,
But she is watched too by ghosts on a mission



SIMRAN GHOST'S SHADOWS

Shadow on the window
History unfolding
Like an old film reel repeating and rolling
Projections of the past shine right through him
Ghosts gather round and whisper to him
Of the days
They walked free
The proud ancestors that are his family
They guide him through future choices
Running through his veins
He feels their love
These shadows on the window
That are in history's blood



SINEAD THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS

She had no idea
That the doll was looking at her
That it hitched up it's yellow skirt
And inched quietly closer
As my sister watched the television
I watched the doll in the cabinet reflection
And out of the corner of my eye
I saw another doll creeping by
Then others joined the scene
An invading army of china figurines
She is encircled and surrounded
My heart leapt and pounded
Their eyes were fire balls
Two evil circles
Their eyes were full stops
Their voices whispered like dead autumn leaves
If I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed
Then they pounced on her screaming
"We want you for our queen"
And when I looked again, my sister had turned into
a pink figurine.