

## Coming Home

I have been staying here longer than I have known,  
I have been missing my family for years and years.  
So, I got my coat, and walked down the road,  
I'm coming home.

I step outside to the bleak sky and chilly air.  
The area around clouded by grey fog,  
Contrasting with the glow of the moon.  
I'll be seeing them soon.

People come home either late or early,  
Some don't even want to go home.  
But, now that I'm old, I've realised fully,  
That I have to go home soon, surely.

Colourless trees sway as they continue to grow old,  
Until their branches crumble down to dust.  
Freezing wind whirls around my legs,  
Feeling like lanky, long, and thin threads.

I feel my energy slowly drain from my body,  
Limbs numb and sleepy...  
My legs are on the brink of breaking,  
The rest of my body – cold and shaking.

As I continue to walk, I feel more tired,  
My bones are fragile now.  
I feel weak as a stick,  
I feel extremely sick.

Near the end of the path,  
I see the light.  
I see I'm no longer alone...

I came home.



# Back then...

Such happy times-

When people walked  
Without a care  
And breathed the fresh air.

When people talked  
Without a mask  
And then I ask  
“Can this happen again?  
Just like back then... ?”

When people went to events  
When people ran around their town  
And never had a frown.

But now,  
We feel grounded.  
We want to shout  
We want to go out  
We feel like we are fading  
And something is invading  
We can't escape it  
All we can do is sit  
And wait  
For people to create  
Something that is great -  
To defend  
And make this end...  
So we can spend  
Time with our family  
And meet some friends  
To get out of bed  
Without this dread  
And walk ahead...  
Where hope awaits.

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## As we grew...

Sailing though the green lands,  
Majestic dragons by our side!  
Wings on our backs, swords in hand -  
In our imagination we can ride!

The swings were our horses,  
The slides our jungle vines,  
Our imagination was an endless source  
Our ambitions grew and we climbed.

Chopsticks were our fairy wands,  
Pots were our royal drums,  
The Kingdom was near the pond  
The only rules were set out by mums!

As the trees got older, so did we...  
The green-lands were left unexplored.  
The dragons weren't by our sides,  
Our wings were left unused,  
Rust grew on the swords.

The horses were left abandoned.  
The jungle vines rotted away.  
A wall blocked out our imagination stream.  
We fell off our ambition tree.  
Our kingdom fell, the drums broke,  
The rules by mums disappeared...

As time passed, our ambition tree began to rot -  
Our creativity flew away like dust on a windy day.  
And our imagination stream dried up -  
All that was left was this dull world...

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