

The Yellow Book 5th Edition Selected Entrants

This Makes My Heart Sing

The first sunny celandine of Spring
Horses as they gallop over fields down the lane
Insects busy buzzing on the flowering currant
Saturday supper, fish chips and mushy peas

Making art, and art for art's sake
A golden dawn peeping round the kitchen blind
Keyboards and guitars and drum-kits and saxophones
Each and every time you hold me close
Silly pups as they frolic and lick my face

Mountain summits with a view of the ocean
Yellow and purple crocus by the garden path

Hearing a song that makes me dance and sing along
Every bus journey on a bright blue morning
Asking for help, and then receiving it
Random acts of kindness from a total stranger
Terns in murmuration over Thornton Reservoir

Smell of the freshly baked bread you have made
Imagining worlds in far off galaxies
Night time walks under clear, starry skies
Gifts that arrive in many different guises

Lauren Alwyn



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The Rap of Thankfulness

Wake up and think of the things you're grateful for
Don't be sad anymore

What is your favourite thing
what are you thankful for?

What are you thankful for!
(Life)

What are you thankful for!
(Family)

I said what..... You... Thankful.... for!
(Friends)

When I'm at school I feel cool
I got lots of friends they like football

When I'm with my mates, I feel ace
They get lots of taste in what I make

What are you thankful for!
(Life)

What are you thankful for!
(Family)

I said what..... You... Thankful.... for!
(Friends)

Jacob Borkowski

Age 9



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in thankfulness for your words

**in thankfulness for your words
maybe there're just letters on a page
but they are received in the heart
speaking the ineffable
that echo through life**

Billy Doyle



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When Gratitude Crept in to My Heart...

When gratitude crept in to my heart.....

I knew every moment was precious and that this time would never come my way again.

I appreciated the ordinary - soap suds in the sink, a spider's web in the corner of the windowpane, the sound of rain falling, weeds in my plant pots.

I realised that life and love could not be taken for granted.

I felt that storms in my life could not blow me of course, I could stand firm.

I breathed deeply, thankful for the air and my own heartbeat.

I paid more attention to my life and its many blessings.

I learned to be passionate and fearless, knowing that time was a gift I could not waste.

I accepted that the good and the bad times were all lessons - I wanted to work at being a better student.

I unwittingly opened a door for more miracles and grace to enter my life.

I replaced fear, pain and anxiety with hope, power and healing.

I looked for all the ways I could express more gratitude - a thank you note, an encouraging word.

I became humble in the face of all the beauty in the world.

I grew confident in life itself.

I found a new way of being.

Hilary Price Jones



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Sundays

Sundays
spent falling
in love with myself
let the frosted morning
into my lungs
allow the world to breathe for me
the wind conducts the leaves
I catch the melody
on my tongue
let it melt swallow its sweetness
my eyes close
exchange my fingers for sunbeams
warm my hands
they unfreeze from the broken clock
that's clawing the same mistake
I Bolero the day to sleep
I have loved myself
alive again

Bethan Manley



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Being Grateful

Life is a rollercoaster of ups and downs
Being grateful for time and for sound
Thankful for tasty food and drink
And easily getting water from the kitchen sink
Fresh air to breathe in and out from the trees
And sweet honey from the buzzing bees

Education we can get from our school
Maybe even go to the local swimming pool
Friends and family here for support
And enjoying a nice chocolate torte
Life is a rollercoaster of ups and downs
Be grateful for life and all will be sound

Zara Mehta

Age 9



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Bounce

She sees me after church in Tesco's.
'Are you walking home?' she asks.

'I am bouncing,' I reply.
She looks surprised.

I think: I could explain about
the years in bed.

I could explain the happiness of legs
moving– the feel, the sound.

I could explain my joy in independence–
food-shopping for myself– the choice, the safety.

Instead, I just smile,
and possibly shine.

Then, just because I can,
I bounce.

Katherine Owen



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Immigrant Mother

I stand in awe of the woman who is my mother
I stand in wonder at this immigrant woman who left her family behind
Who followed her husband to new pastures, to start a fresh.
She had no choice but to adjust, to adapt, to get on with it.
She was the traditional wife where her home was her life.
She managed with less, she did without, she never complained.
She gave birth to her 7 children, by celebrating and carrying the news to her own mother
On the phone, via post, or a friend visiting back home.
This immigrant woman stood tall and proud
Today she is the bond that ties me to the country of her birth
To the place where it all began
Today she is the backbone and I am look up to her
In more ways that I can imagine.

Kauser Parveen



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Heavy Drops Lighten my Load

I thought I didn't want it
But I'm glad it fell my way
Rhythmic notes
Phat summer drops
Drawing heat from
My tension-swamped brow
Spacious beats
Temples relaxing
Worry vapourising
Concentric ripples expanding my mind
Weighty brain waves bye-bye
These heavy drops lighten my load.

Caroline Richards



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Pishiobury Mon Amour

White hawthorn blossom, like snow
One pink intruder amongst them, in self-isolation
So green: cow parsley replacing wild garlic
One sweet smell for another
Trees on the central path with their unique shadows
Unseen faces on trunks, previously invisible
Wood chip underfoot, crunchy and dry
Noisy woodpigeon nearby
But other birds quite crystal clear
Did I not pay attention before?
I'm learning to listen, learning to hear, learning to see, that's all

David Royle

