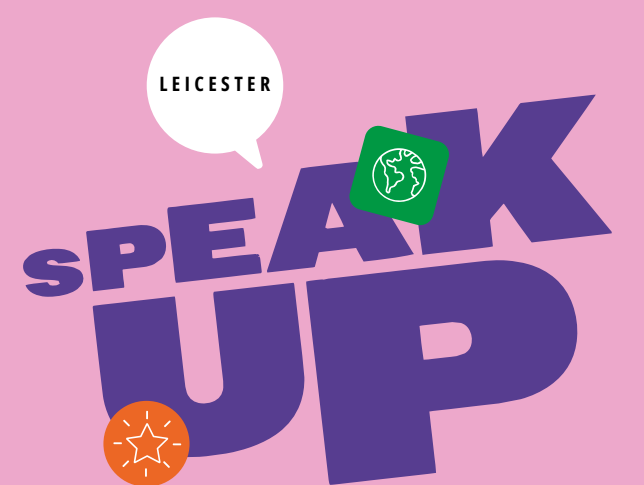


# Winstanley

## Poetry



# I Want To Be

I want to look like,

I want to look someone who knows what they're doing.

Someone who you can ask questions to.

Someone you can trust.

Not a teacher.

But like Someone who...

Is this about my comfort?

Or how I want other people to see me.

I'm like a car that needs jumpstarting.

Start me now or keep driving.

I want to follow in my brothers footsteps.

I want people to look at me as someone who can help them.

I'm scared.

Self-conscious.

I want to be.

**Louis**

# My Mind Is Lost

I wear anxiety as a hat,

Always waiting for something to happen.

At home or walking around my neighbourhood,

Finding new areas to contemplate in.

My mind wandering about every mistake I have ever made.

My mind is lost,

I'm not finding it.

Until I'm in my bed, watching comfort shows.

The rain outside, proper storming,

It takes all of the weight off my shoulders,

The rain sounds like a two thousands basement rock band against the windows.

**Vilte** and **Oona**

# Chicken Wings

Whenever I have nothing to think about,

I think about my favourite food.

Chicken, that fresh taste that just melts in your mouth.

Maybe the reason I like it so much is because it reminds me of my roots,

Which I feel like I haven't touched in such a long time.

Or maybe the reason I like it so much is because each time I have chicken,

It's with friends or family and I just love their company.

But all things considered,

I think its just the taste.

**Jubran**