



# Refugee Week

## Stories & Supper Poetry Collection

Poems on the Theme:  
'Home'

Written by:  
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By: Flo 7W

I come from... rumbling tubes, shivering bodies and flawed design.

The Jubilee Line is filled with unspoken words and jumbled memories.

The railroad cries echo in my head.

Strangers whisper at a glance,

frowning faces and emotions hidden behind masks.

I come from... blooming magnolia trees and blossoming flowers

ripe with colour and taste. My mother cared for it

as though it were a child. A seed into a sapling

a sapling to a mighty oak.

I come from... concrete giants, their faces turned from

the piercing sun. The cracks in the pavement gaping open and swallowing me whole.

Culture bursting from every open door, open arms

and glistening smiles.

Fireworks illuminating the dark night sky.

I come from.... a Tesco's down the road, a school across town and

a loving family at heart. Friends who cradle me

when I'm down, make me laugh and save me

when I can't find the light. They are that

light.

I come from... a mother, a father, a cruel sister, a sweet cat,

a strange grandfather. A safe haven.

My home is wherever I feel safe and welcome.

By: Natalia 7W

I come from.... My parent's homeland,  
a country which feels like home,  
is home.

It smells like a variety of spices.  
Spices which enhance my taste.

I come from... a shelf of books,  
books which read my mind,  
books which made me.  
books which complete me.

I come from... the touch of a fluff ball,  
a bundle of joy.  
so soft,  
so happy.  
It's ears so floppy.  
My rabbit.

I come from... the sound of laughter,  
filling the empty walls,  
filling the quiet atmosphere,  
filling the home atmosphere.

I come from... the view of the high Tatra mountains,  
greeting me with a high smile,  
greeting me and saying goodbye.  
Poland is where I come from.

By: Taijah 7W

I come from...

My mum's delicious food

her fufu

so yummy.

The burning sensation of wanting to dive

right in.

I come from...

the books amongst my shelfcase

the pages trapped inside

the words captivating me completely

to another world I shall ride.

I come from...

the scorch of the sun

its beauty stroking me blind.

Sitting down beside my mum

watching it come up and rise.

I come from...

My own home country

the patterns on my Congolese dress

the many cultures I contain,

for I am African.

By: Kaley 7S

I come from... the fish and chip shop

with the touch of grease.

The extra salt that

gives it a kick.

I come from... the smell of

baby wipes as soon as I

step in the door for

my baby sister and her messy

face after eating dinner.

I come from... the sound of my mum

moaning at my brother to tidy his

room and bring down the plates and cups

that have been in his room for

weeks.

By: Marnie 7S

I come from...

Pasta draped in tomato sauce,

flowering with the flavor of spices.

Tea in the kettle bubbling away,

pour it in the cups with a chocolate biscuit.

I come from...

The smell of peanuts wafting around the kitchen,

pet food sneaking through the door and causing a stench.

Rosemary to sharpen the taste of our food.

I come from...

Stilts leaning, much used, on the garden fence,

Cat fur covering everything; morning, noon, and night.

Foxes, squirrels and yapping dogs.

I come from...

The founder of Nestle,

The planner of the Scottish border.

Hot sun, cold snow.

I come from...

A mum,

A sister,

A dad,

Ans of course my two pets.

By: Riona 7S

I come from...

The taste of the sweet Turkish tea and the delicious cooking of the burek in my oven crisping and the sunbathing.

I come from... the smell of flowers and the fruits in my kitchen that's always clean and tidied up whenever someone comes over.

I come from... a small country where there are busy people and kind strangers that would offer to help you for directions.

I come from... the city of Minonica where there is the strong aroma of Isouan – Albanian culture that makes me proud of where I come from.

I come from... I come from a place to keep joyful memories and life lasting Moments to remember for the rest of my life.



By: Anisah 7F

I come from... aromatic, spicy curry  
that makes my mouth water.  
Cheesy, saucy lasagna  
massive, steamy mouthfuls shoveled into my mouth.

I come from... the trundling of the rickety trains,  
click, clack, click, clack  
Hysterical friends laughing with joy,  
screaming at my brother in fury.

I come from... 'Tidy your room!'  
incessantly being shouted up from downstairs.  
The yodels of 'Minihiba' called out into the cool air.

I come from... concrete flats looming above me,  
Epping Forest, trees towering,  
And me desperately scrabbling to get to the top of them  
The Wetlands with flocks of birds flying overhead.

I come from... reading with my mum,  
cosy on the sofa  
Singing while baking sweet, delicious cakes.  
Watching movies and eating fluffy popcorn.  
And that's my home.

By: Edie 7F

I come from... laughter, playful screams, the shrieks born from the fight over the remote control at the end of a long day that turns into squabbles once a fortnight.

I come from... the tastes of homemade milkshakes, little snacks, sweets hurriedly stuffed into mouths before the eye of the parents can catch us out.

I come from... the happy stroking of my cats, feeling their purr vibrate as I do, or scaring my sister by grabbing her suddenly from behind, and she squeals in protest to mask her giggles.

I come from... my parents teasing me, my sister begging to play.  
My cats jumping onto my feet at 3am in failed attempts to fill his food bowl.  
I come from the sight of love, chaos, brought together by a force called family. Trees dancing in the garden to the gentle beat of the breeze.

I come from... my mum, my dad, my friends, my family, my aunt and Grandpa still with us in memories, all bundled together in a chaotic mess of happiness that I call home.

By: Freyja 7F

I come from... cheese and onion pie, steaming in the dish,  
the forbidden chocolate cake,  
the ice cream freezing my brain,  
the sweet potato pie beautiful in my mouth,

I come from... the books crowding the floor to ceiling shelves,  
the messy worktops after a cooking spree,  
the tall, proud pine trees upon the hill,  
and the castle and the park and the fountains and the fast-flowing stream.

I come from... the laughter of friends at the mention of 'Minihiba,'  
the greeting of you right duck when the family gathers together,  
the squeals of being hugged as tight as they can,  
the enraged shouts at the tv when the news comes on.

I come from... the stories of war and coming back home,  
the great many tales my grandfather has told,  
the forgotten people in my great granny's eyes  
and the sadness of their loss.

I come from... the hugs and kisses of my cousins and dog,  
the memories we've made together,  
the mock wrestling on the bed,  
and the walks, the garden parties, the fancy dress, the smores around  
the campfire and the smiles of my friends and family and that is my home.

By: Aisha 7G

I come from... a place which is peaceful and quiet

Full of green plants and the hot weather

The welcoming hugs and laughter

And the warm, fresh air.

I come from... a place where the smell of pancakes is everywhere

The community that is warm and friendly

Buildings, schools and beaches every place you walk.

The joy, the happiness spread all in the air.

I come from... a Somali family

The juicy smell of my mum's perfume that was all over

Sweet, delicious, fresh fruits that are served and makes my mouth water.

The voices of joyful, little kids eager to go to school.

By: Bibi 7G

I come from...

Delicious homemade tapas

Fresh oranges and pineapples

Sweet churros and sugar

Spicy patatas bravas

And all cooked with love.

I come from...

A family of good swimmers

Good cooks

Good dancers

And all give you love.

I come from...

The smell of damp rivers

Fresh jasmine growing up the wall

Strong citrus aromas

Overwhelming spices

And all created with love.

I come from...

A warm community of

My family

Kind neighbours

Random dogs coming to your house

And all treat you with love.

I come from...

Sights of colourful flowers

Homemade rock pools

Dazzling mountains

Intricate tiles

And all used with love.

By: Olivia-Joy 7G

I come from...

The spices being thrown into the pan  
The sweet smell of Guyanese chow mein  
The spicy sauce coated on jerk chicken

Just the way I like it.

I come from...

The smell of food being cooked  
The scent of cake rising in the oven  
The unpleasant smell of toilets and animal dung

I come from...

A happy home  
The sound of loud conversations  
My Grandma having arguments in Igbo

Just the way I like it.

I come from...

The sound of my Grandma's voice  
The pride of my chief ancestors  
The love in my parents' voices

I come from...

Nigeria, Jamaica and Guyana

By: Rodo 7G

I come from...

A village full of wild, untamed animals,  
Full of blooming, beautiful flowers.  
My parents come from a place,  
Full of trees with ripe mangoes.

I come from...

Somalia and so does my family.  
A village full of wild, untamed animals  
Full of blooming beautiful flowers.  
My parents come from a place full of trees with ripe mangoes.

I come from...

A home with a warm, huge,  
Dinner set on the table,  
Waiting to be devoured.  
Sweet rose perfume engulfing,  
The living-room.

I come from...

Laughter, happiness and,  
No negative vibes.  
My three over-active,  
Siblings jumping and  
Screaming their heads off with joy.

I come from...

A family full of joy.  
Mother baking me lovely,  
Sweet halwad and  
Scrumptious, savoury taste  
Of samosa for everyone to enjoy.

By: Hajia 7C

I come from... a home that is full of spicy, mouth-watering scrumptious food. The dishes that are always made with time and motherly love.

I come from... a place where a sweet, flavourful aroma is always lurking through the air

I come from.... A place where all you hear is contagious laughs of joy and the sound of family getting along

I come from... a place where you can feel the fresh, ripe juicy fruit as you pick them

I come from... a place where heartfelt memories will never be forgotten.



By: Inaaya 7C

I come from...

the flavours, aroma of Pakistani and Kenyan foods,  
the cultured, scrumptious dishes made with love and affection  
the perfume which emerges from its bottle and wanders around my house

I come from...

a noisy street filled with roaring laughter,  
the adthan (call to prayer) which brings calmness and reassurance to my ears

I come from...

the view of a Safari, in which through the animals are free to roam about whenever and wherever they want,  
the view of dances accompanied with banging music which erupt in our ears

I come from...

the sweet, lovely sounds of 'I love you' coming from the tongues of my relatives,  
But also a place of interesting, fascinating gossips, spoken in different, unique languages

I come from....

a dream of spending more quality days with my family,  
And appreciating that family I have been amazingly blessed with.

By: Ofelia 7C

I come from... the fresh Italian mountain water.

The pasta, pizza, and Caesar salads and gelato

Bring reassurance from my mouth.

I come from... fresh mountain air with flowers and lavender.

The smells of breakfast in the hot mornings.

I come from... a home with joy, laughter and play-fighting and love.

A place with green grass and hot blazing sun in the summer and

Snow and frost in the winter

I come from... quotes from my Nono bring me joy

Like 'Goodnight my little pigeons' and the never-ending good-byes and kisses

Ciaos and buonanottes.

I come from... a small friendly village in Italy where everyone is family.

I dream to see my grandparents again and family.

By: Rihanna 7C

I come from... an island where the exotic sun beams down on me shining bright with the aroma of coconut and mango

I come from... an island where we sit by a palm tree and rock away to some Caribbean music, I come from an island where Bob Marley's legacy still lives on

I come from... an island where we gather round the dining table, say our prayers and then tuck into some jerk chicken and rice

I come from... an island where the air is filled with joy, happiness and positivity, I come from a home where you might get a massage to take your bad days away

I come from... Jamaica a Beautiful island where the ocean washes up on shore, a place that will make you feel at home, a place where you could live, a place where you could spend your honeymoon, a place to take away your anxiety.