



Poems on the  
MAINLINE

with Mid Pennine Arts





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## Introduction

Enter a writer into a boisterous primary school classroom holding a closed book.

"Sh...sh.....sh.....Listen!"

"...Zzzzzzz...Zzzzzzz..."

"Sh...Can you hear?"

"...Zzzzzzz...Zzzzzzz..."

"When a book is closed all the words are asleep. (Writer opens the book)

But when you open the book all the words wake up...they fizzle, they sizzle and they fly all around your head..."

(Poet Terry Caffrey in a primary school classroom.)

**Poems on the Mainline** is a celebration of children's writing from schools across Pennine Lancashire. Transdev Burnley & Pendle and Mid Pennine Arts have worked in partnership to create this anthology. A series of extracts has already been published on posters inside buses on Mainline routes throughout Pennine Lancashire. This has become a 'mobile gallery' of children's writing viewed by up to 300,000 people each month.

The children's writing here, is a small sample of the hundreds of pieces of creative writing sent in to us. These poems reflect our young writers experimenting with a range of different forms whilst at the same time exploring the world around them.

Transdev Burnley & Pendle commissioned poet Terry Caffrey to accompany a group of younger children on a Mainline bus journey and you can read some of their work in these pages including Terry's own poem about the journey.

We hope that your head will 'fizzle' and 'sizzle' with pleasure as you celebrate with us our children's writing.





## Painting by Numbers

Terry Caffrey

The bus is the easel,  
Driver-painter  
Moving-picture curator.  
The framed window of the Nelson 29  
Captures square perfect the  
Pastel fields of sloping ground  
That test the slanting feet of  
All day hiking sheep.  
Simple strokes of colour brushed into the  
Corners of every landscape,  
Every canal and lane running like arteries  
To village hall and church alike  
And while gear changing, every forever backdrop  
Steers into a sea of Pendle hills  
Rolling true Lancashire waves  
To lay “shush like” at front doors  
In their whispering thousands.  
Silent night  
Roaring lion  
Rolls Royce purr  
She’s got a ticket to ride and she don’t care.





## Invitation to Towneley Hall

Children from Roughlee  
Primary School

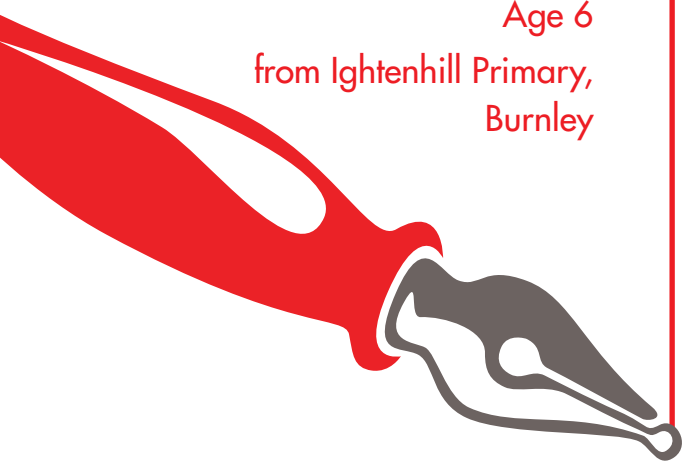
Come to Towneley,  
through the woods.  
In the scary forest,  
trees are swaying yet there is no wind.  
They blow down; they drop their branches.  
Be careful!  
Even the squirrels are dangerous!  
It is spookiest here after dark.  
There is a cottage in the woods.  
But only some people find it.

“Don’t stop! We are waiting.  
We can see you from the Hall.”

## The Secret Room (at Towneley Hall)

Faith Hitchen  
Age 6  
from Ightenhill Primary,  
Burnley

Secret Room, secret room,  
Open doors, open cupboards,  
Hide people, Hide people,  
Be quick! Be quick!  
Someone coming, someone coming!





## War Memorial

Daniel Barnes

Age 10

from Benjamin Hargreaves CE  
Primary School, Accrington

I stand with pride In Oakhill Park.  
Brave soldiers are a part of me.  
I am the past,  
In the present and the future.

## It was so quiet I could hear

Francesca Martino

Age 11

from St John with St. Augustine CE  
Primary School, Accrington

A soldier's pen scribbling on tear  
stained paper,  
The heartbeat of mothers as their children  
wave goodbye.  
The soldiers' fear as they enter Normandy,  
Evacuees opening and shutting their  
carriage windows.

## Remember

Fiona Redmond

Age 10

from Cornholme  
Primary School

Remember the boys that went to war,  
Try to imagine what they saw.  
Think of everyone who's lost someone,  
Knowing they'll be forever gone.  
Remember the boys that went to war,  
Always remember what they saw.





## Storm

Harry Wallbank

Age 10

from Brookside Primary School,  
Clitheroe

The waves crash as he yawns and sighs.  
His hunger rumbles in the dense, dark night.  
Anger and vengeance fill his mind.  
He is a raging bull;  
His eyes are flashes of lightning in the night sky.

## The Storm

Megan Dickinson

Age 11

from Brookside Primary School,  
Clitheroe

The wind is pushing the swaying trees  
And hunched houses with his ice cold hands.  
Lightning is now casting a spell on everything in  
His view and cackles as they scream.  
And the thunder is now mumbling to himself  
with anger  
Repeating: "I AM THE STORM".

## The Sound Collector

Ammarah Shakoor

Age 6

from Whitefield  
Infants' School

I came to Whitefield School today  
Dressed in red and black.  
I put these sounds in my bag:  
I hear children playing music,  
The ticking of the clock,  
The scraping of a pen,  
The shouting of children outside,  
The tapping of feet,  
The creaking of doors,  
When I come to Whitefield School.





## Haiku

Lucas Sorrell

Age 9

from Cornholme Primary School

Cool cold calm river;  
Rushing river everywhere;  
Silent still and calm

## My Mum

Aaminah Kausar

Age 7

from Whitefield Infants' School

My Mum is as sweet as a delicate flower,  
As beautiful as a butterfly  
Fluttering in the bright blue sky.  
My Mum is as special to me as a shimmering jewel.  
I love my Mum and she loves me.

## You are...

Samya Matloob

Age 7

from Hyndburn Park Primary  
School, Accrington

You are the spark in my firework,  
You are the fun in my fun-fair  
And the rhythm in my song.  
You are with me  
And I'm happy you are.







## On the day of my birth

Chloe Duxbury

Age 11

from Trawden Forest Primary  
School

My Brother bought me a box of brown eyes.  
My Dad a trolley of happiness.  
My Aunt brought me a purse of long hair,  
My Granddad brought me giggle magic in a  
laundry basket

## Gone but not forgotten

Oliver Parkinson

Age 10

from Holy Trinity Primary School,  
Burnley

The pillow I lost from my bed,  
The hair that I lost in a close shave.  
The bike that someone pinched,  
My shoe that fell into the river,  
Gone but not forgotten.

## View from a bus window

Ramisha Anwar

Age 9

from St. John Southworth RC  
Primary School, Nelson

A laughing toddler on the bus  
Sitting a seat before me.  
A roaring motorbike on the road, showing off  
Beautiful and black.  
A crispy leaf dancing in the air at an invisible disco.





## Bus ride

Rizfah Irshad

Age 8

from St. John Southworth RC  
Primary School, Nelson

People chattering away  
Resting on the benches,  
Wind blowing branches in the trees.  
Traffic lights flashing.

## Dragon

Brandon Monk

Age 8

from Trawden Forest Primary  
School

Fire-breather,                      Flesh-ripper,  
Meat-muncher,                  Human-trapper,  
Wing-spreader,                  Fire-spitter,  
Blood-drinker,                    Dragon-scale.

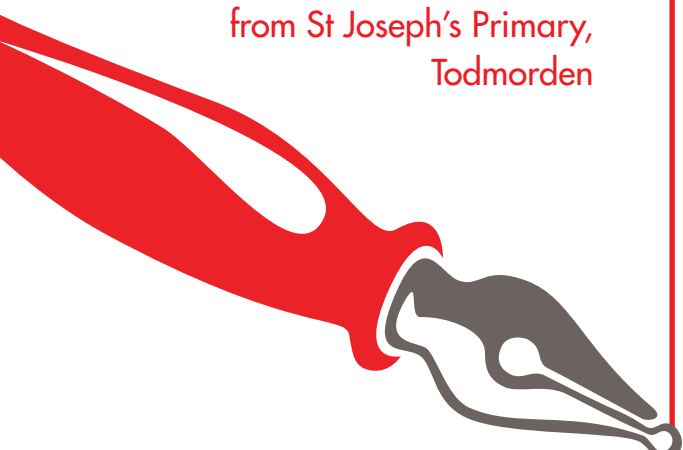
## Endless days

Alice Stephenson

Age 11

from St Joseph's Primary,  
Todmorden

Trapped on a mountain alone, endless days go on.  
The voice of doom shadowing, shadowing over  
my shoulder.  
Haunting me like a faint cry  
Whispering, whispering through the mountains





## Journey to Barlick

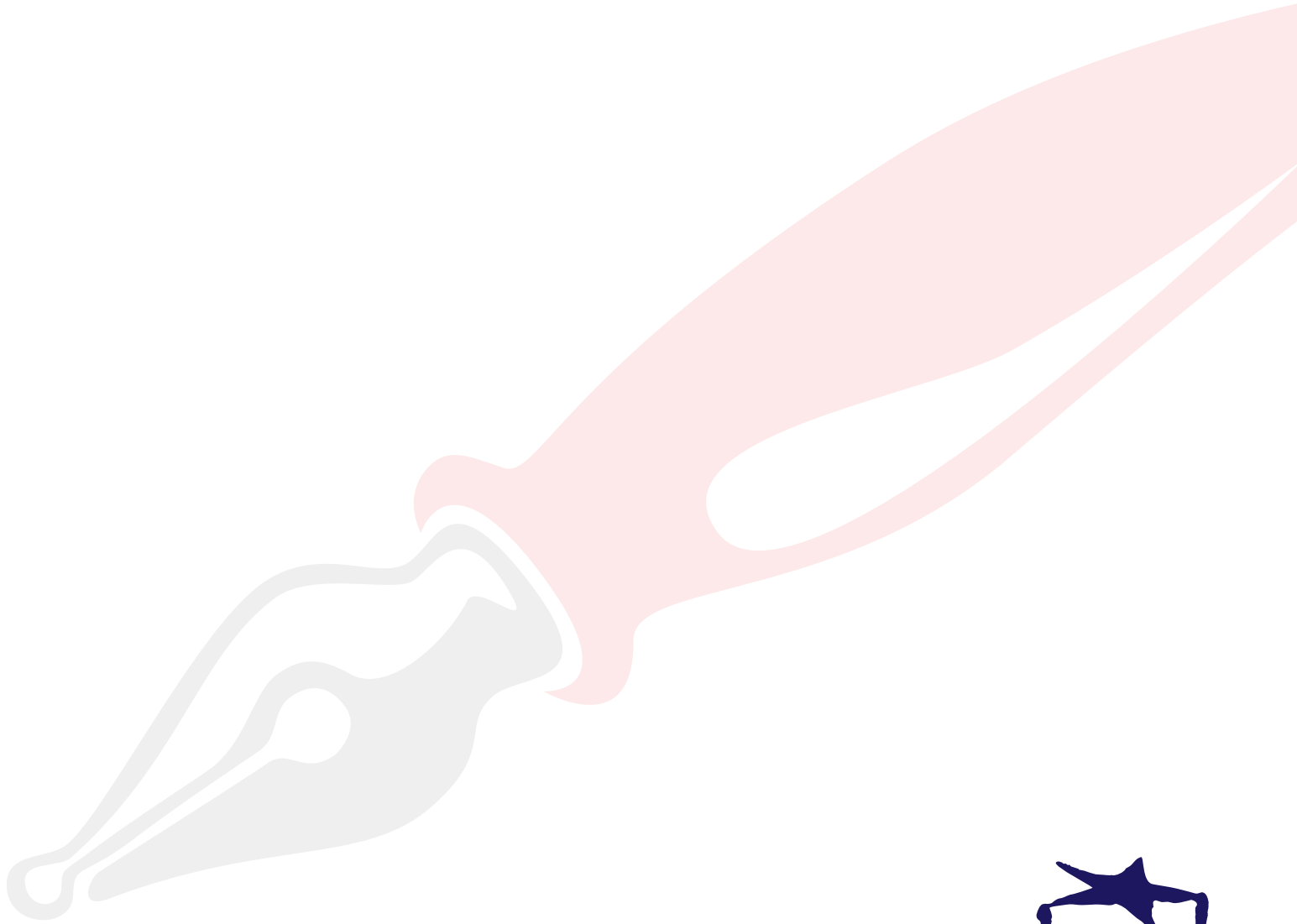
Roisin Tongue

Age 9

from St. John Southworth Primary,  
Nelson

Cars passing by  
Grey-blue sky.  
Dark blue car,  
We are going far.  
Yellow buzzing bees  
Flying past the trees.  
Builders building  
It's so thrilling.  
I feel sick  
On my journey to Barnoldswick.  
Lots and lots of dafodills  
As we are going over the hills.  
Very big trees  
But they have no leaves.  
Had so much fun  
Now my poem's done.





Poems on the

MAINLINE

with Mid Pennine Arts

mpa

art+people+places



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