

# Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2015-16 Anthology



*Add your voice to the poet-tree*

# Foreword

Words are quite magical beasts. They help us name and understand what we feel inside. They even help us imagine and feel the emotions of others. What does it feel like to be a different person? What does a fox write about? What songs does a river sing? Literature gives us an inkling of this, a glimpse into other worlds. And each of the poems in this incredibly moving anthology reveal worlds that are vast and rich, that transcend the written word and bring us together.

By learning another language, we discover new things about ourselves. By continuing to speak our mother tongue, we remember who we are. By writing about our emotions, and by imagining the joy and pain of others, we give ourselves and the world a precious gift: the gift of understanding. We create a shared language in which to feel at home.

**Juana Adcock**  
Poet and translator



# Jedna, dvě, Honza jde



Jedna, dvě, Honza jde,  
nese pytel mouky,  
máma se raduje,  
že bude pít vdolky.

This is a baby poem. A boy goes out to get some flour for his mum to bake “vdolky.”

When I was a baby my mum told me it. I don’t remember my mum telling me it but she told me she used to say it to me. I picked it because it is short and it rhymes. It is in Czech. I like speaking Czech, so that other people don’t know what I’m saying. Sometimes Polish people understand because Polish is like Czech.

It was exhausting finding this poem. It was a lot of work. I liked finding the poem with my mum. It was nice spending time with her looking for a poem, but it was exhausting.

**WINNER  
P1-P3**

**Simon Paulicek**

P1-P3, St Paul’s Primary  
(remembered poem in Czech)

# Respekt / Respect

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

**R**espektiere andere und werde respektiert  
**E**s ist respektlos auf möbel zu malen  
**S**age gute Dinge und sei respektroll  
**P**rahlen und mobbing ist respektlos und verletzend  
**E**s ist respektlos müll auf den schulhof zu schmeibin  
**K**ümmere dich um andere  
**T**rage verantwortlich und gehe respektroll mit anderen um

R - respect others and you will be respected  
E - it is not respectful to write on furniture  
S - say good things and be respectful  
P - 'showing off' and bullying is respect less and hurts others  
E - it is not respectful to leave rubbish at the playground and not clean it up  
C - care for others  
T - be responsible and respectful

If everyone would be respectful and responsible there would be less trouble around the world and the topic is really important! Spread the word.

**Emili Harris**

P1-P3,  
Preston Street  
Primary (German)



# Rev Skrev

**WINNER  
P4-P6**



Det var en gang en liten rev,  
Som satt og skrev.  
Han var så glad og blid,  
Når han gjorde det.  
Han skrev til mor,  
Han skrev til mormor.  
Han skrev til far  
Han skrev til farfar.  
Når han var ut av papir,  
Han var ikke blid.

I decided to write my poem about a fox because I was inspired by the famous Norwegian children's rhyme, *Mikkel Rev*. It reminds me of being a young boy in Norway. My poem, *Rev Skrev*, is about a little fox who loves to write. He writes letters for all his family. When he runs out of paper he isn't happy.

I like the sounds and the rhythm of this poem. I tried to make it rhyme too. I enjoyed writing a poem in Norwegian

**Daniel Homstol**

P4-P6, Bishopton Primary (Norwegian)

# Bulldog & the Taksik

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

„Булдого и Таксик“

Наш косточкой сидит Булдог,  
Привязанна к столбу.  
Подошёл Таксик маленький,  
С морщинками на лбу.

Послушайте, Булдог, Булдог!  
Скажи Незванной Гость.  
Позовите Миле, Булдог, Булдог  
Покормить эту Кость.

Полит Булдог на Таксика  
He дам вам Мясо!  
Бежит Булдог за Таксиком.  
А Таксик от Мило.

Бегут они вокруг Стоба.  
Как Лев Булдог Полит.  
И цепь стучит Вокруг Стоба,  
Полит цепь стучит.

Теперь Булдог Кочуфы  
He Боят уже Никто.  
А Таксик ВЗВУМ Кочуфы Скажи Булдогу ТИ  
ПОРА Миле На свидание, ЖЕ Сейчас ДЕС  
ГЛАВ. Как Поздно! Но Свидания!  
Сидит на Цепи!

English:

The bulldog is sitting beside the bone  
Tied to the pole  
Here comes a small daschund  
With wrinkles on its forehead

'Listen bulldog, bulldog' he said  
Let me finish your bone (grows)

Grows the bulldog at the daschund  
'I will not give you anything' said the bulldog  
The bulldog runs for the daschund  
But the daschund escapes from it

They are running around the post  
The bulldog like a lion growling  
The chain around the pole was shaking  
The pole was shaking

Now it is impossible to get the bone off it  
Now the daschund with the bone in its mouth  
Said 'I need to go to a date with my lady.  
Bye! It's five to eight I'm very late!  
And the bulldog stays tied to the pole

My name is Milmante and I am from Lithuania. I speak Russian with my family and learned to read and write in Russian at school. I have been in Scotland for six years and although I am happy here I miss my family. I like to see them on holiday. I am still learning Russian. I decided to write about my bulldog, Lady, for my poem because she is very important in my life and she is such a funny and sweet dog to play with. In my poem Lady meets another dog who tries to steal her bone. Lady chases the other dog and gets it back, then she growls at it. Sometimes she is not a lady! I have made my poem rhyme in Russian and I like the way it sounds in my own language.

**Milmante Dzisevic**

P4-P6, St Fergus Primary (Russian)



# Fülemüle

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

## Fülemüle

Fülemüle, fülemüle, gyönyörű madár,  
szólal, szólal szólal már.

Pittyesen a fészék, zörren az ág,  
moccan a hegyeken a hajnali láng.

Jégennyefa - jégennyefa - jégennyefaláné,  
sima út szélén kettős ránc.

Derevér bok - egér, északi szél,  
kondul az óra, megszóktél,

Három mérföld és egy fél  
fosszu hajamba mért léptel?



Fülemüle, fülemüle, gyönyörű madár,  
hallgat, hallgat, hallgat már.

Weöres Sándor

Original poem © Sándor Weöres d.u.

My name is András Poszmk and I am from Hungary. I am 9 years old and I now live in Erskine in Scotland. I have chosen the poem *Fülemüle* (which means Nightingale in Hungarian). It was written by the famous Hungarian poet, Sándor Weöres (1913-1989).

The poem uses beautiful language to describe the bird and its journey. I can say this poem by heart and I like the way it sounds in my own language.

**András Poszmk**

P4-P6, St Anne's Primary (Hungarian)





**WINNER  
P7-S1**

# Rzeka

Jestem rzeką  
Silna, straszna  
Ciągłe zmieniająca

Jestem rzeka  
Piekna, potężna  
Nigdy nie zatrzymująca

This poem is about a river. I think that rivers are beautiful and nature really inspires me because it seems so magical, yet it can also be frightening and very powerful. Nature is full of wonder and beauty, it is really amazing.

In this poem, the line “*Ciągłe zmieniająca*” means “always changing”. I wrote this because rivers are always moving and never stopping. I also used alliteration in my poem, which gives it a rhythm. It was hard finding words that started with the same sound, so my parents helped me with that. I liked using personification in my poem by writing in the river’s voice. I think this brought the image of the river to life.

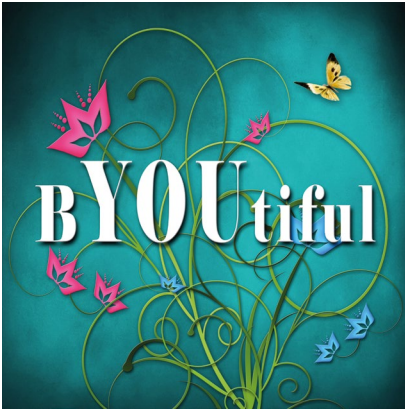
I love reading and writing in Polish, it makes me feel proud to be from my country. I go to Polish school on Saturdays, which really helps.

**Weronika Jargielo**

P7-S1, Douglas Academy (Polish)

# Bycie Soba

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED



Życie jest o bycie sobą .

Jako kims ktorym, tylko ty mozesz być.

Ktoś ktorego tylko ty mozesz zrozumieć.

Ktoś , kto jest inny od wszystkich.

Ktoś , który nie kopiuje innych, żeby pasować .

Ktoś, kto jest bardzo wyjątkowy .

Ktoś, kogo nie obchodzi co mówią inni o nim .

Ktoś, kto jest pewny siebie.

Ktoś, kto przyjmuje się za to kim są .

Ponieważ jesteś , kim jesteś .

Bądź oryginalna bądź kreatywny .

Bądź sobą, życie jest zbyt krótkie , aby być  
fałszywym .

Urodziliśmy się żeby być prawdziwi nie doskonali .

I put this poem together myself and I got a little help from the internet taking out bits and pieces of quotes and poems but mostly I wrote it myself.

Now at first I just thought to myself I'll enter the competition and just copy a poem from the internet but one night I was thinking and something came into my mind. I thought, how will I succeed at life if I don't try? I wanted a poem that truly expressed what I what I was feeling. I wake up to this poem every morning and I always take motivation from it, I have it on my wall. This poem means a lot to me as I have struggled to be myself in the past. I feel like I've been surrounded by people that I haven't fit in with. This poem gives me hope, happiness and joy. I'm actually thinking of making this my graduation speech.

Last time I entered the competition I didn't win. However this year I have grown stronger. Before I wanted other people's attention but now I have my own attention and belief in myself. I will reach to my success without any help and I will try my hardest. The one thing I know I am truly good at is being who I am. All I need to do is just follow my dreams.

Thank you for reading this long story it was longer however the library is closing now. Just remember we were born to be real not perfect.

**Blanka Szopa**

P7-S1, St Paul's Shettleston (Polish)

# Le petit chat noir

HIGHLY  
COMMENDED



Le petit chat noir est tout seul.  
Le petit chat noir regarde les oiseaux.  
Et puis les avions.

Ses yeux vert.  
Ses beaux yeux regarde le ciel.  
Peut-être qu'il veut voler.  
Comme les oiseaux.  
Comme les avions.  
Ou même les papillons.

Peut-être qu'un jour.  
Ce petit chat noir.  
Volera comme un oiseau  
Peut-être qu'un jour.  
Ce petit chat noir  
Volera comme un beau papillon.  
Peut-être qu'un jour.

The theme of my poem is the life long dream of my cat. After writing my poem I chose the title and decided to make it something memorable 'le petit chat noir.'

I chose to write about my cat because he is always sitting on the windowsill, looking outside at the birds. I feel that he would fly with the birds if he could...or maybe eat them!

In paragraph 3 I find the repetition of the word 'peut-être' is the most powerful part of the poem. It shows that his dream might come true one day.

By leaving the ending open, I wanted to show that we should not give up on our dreams. Who knows what tomorrow can bring.

I enjoyed writing in French as it is my second language. I like poetry and will definitely do it again.

**Nina Bourdarias**

P7-S1, Inveralmond Community High School (French)

# Who Am I?

To see the poem performed in BSL,  
visit the SCILT website: <http://bit.ly/1LgWwhS>



Congo girl  
Born far away  
Left my home, left my family  
Sad, sad day  
Mother cried  
Father too  
Me, just looked  
Too young to know

My grandpa was a hero  
Fought the Great War of Africa  
Died defending his home and country  
What for?  
What for?  
Don't know his name  
Don't know his place or what his life was  
like in Africa  
Don't know his face  
How sad?  
How sad?

Travelled to a cold country  
Learned a new language  
My language  
The language of hands, face and body  
The language of British Signs  
Mother tongue was French  
Father tongue now English  
My 'tongue' is Sign  
And now I know who I am!  
Who I am!

Before, just gesture, alone  
Misunderstood  
Don't know who my family really are  
With my new 'tongue'  
I am part of a silent world 'speaks' clearly  
Expressively  
Creatively  
I am Keren Mingole  
I am a strong woman  
I am a strong deaf woman

With my language  
And my family and friends around me  
I have my identity  
I know who I am  
I am Keren Mingole  
I am Keren Mingole

**Keren Mingole**

S2-S3, St Roch's Secondary (BSL)

# Une nuit étoilée

HIGHLY  
COMMENDED



La nuit tombe sur la ville  
Les lampadaires s'allument peu à peu

La pleine lune sert de veilleuse  
Les enfants plongent dans des rêves  
heureux

Les étoiles filent dans le ciel  
Les lucioles voltigent en rond

L'aube se lève d'une couleur surnaturelle  
Les étoiles forment des constellations

This poem is about a starry night. I decided to write about it, because it was a night time when I was writing it. I live in the countryside with no city lights, so I can see the night sky very clearly with all the stars.

I used various words to represent the night time, such as: darkness, stars and constellations, moonlight, sky, dreams. I use some descriptive language (for example adjectives like happy and unimaginable) to create the image of the darkness falling on the city. The reader can picture street lights gradually illuminating the streets, the moon shine up above, fireflies flying about, and star constellations. Then the morning comes and sun rises filling the sky with amazing, unimaginable colours.

The title "The Starry Night" is related to the theme of my poem and it sounds good in French.

I have written this poem from a perspective of the observer, watching the sky through my bedroom window. I was then thinking about the children in other houses drifting away towards their happy dreams.

It was much easier for me to write a poem in my mother tongue, than it would be in English. I managed to find the rhymes for many of the words. It was fun doing that.

**Solange Becquart**

S2-S3, Ellon Academy (French)

# 沁园春·雪

WINNER  
SENIOR  
PHASE

北国风光，千里冰封，万里雪飘。望长城内外，惟余莽莽；大河上下，顿失滔滔。山舞银蛇，原驰蜡象，欲与天公试比高。须晴日，看红装素裹，分外妖娆。

江山如此多娇，引无数英雄竞折腰。惜秦皇汉武，略输文采；唐宗宋祖，稍逊风骚。一代天骄，成吉思汗，只识弯弓射大雕。俱往矣，数风流人物，还看今朝。

Original poem © ZeDong Mao 1936



This poem is written by ZeDong Mao. He was China's First Chairman from 1949 to 1976.

This poem is about China. The first verse is a description of the northern part of the country in winter in February 1936, when this poem was written. The hundred yards of land is covered with ice and snow. The poem says about magnificent Great Wall and the Yellow River with its swift current. The author describes the mountains as dancing silver snakes, and highlands as charging elephants. On a fine day, everything looks beautiful: trees, flowers, clouds and grass. The land is rich in beauty and also full of heroes. The second verse tells us about kings and queens of China from the past and also about the importance of focusing on what is now.

I needed to learn this poem by heart in school. I really like it, because when I recite it, it flows nicely and has a good rhythm to it. I like the first verse better, because it tells about the beauty of the country and the author uses a lot of interesting metaphors to describe it.

**Lin Meng**

Senior Phase, Ellon Academy (remembered poem in Chinese)





# Kind

**WINNER  
P1-P3**



To see the poem performed in BSL,  
visit the SCILT website:  
<http://bit.ly/1LgWwhS>

In our family we are very interested in BSL because my mum uses BSL regularly at work and I am very interested in learning it.

Deaf people all over the UK may use BSL to communicate and we think it would be good if more children learned BSL at school so that when they meet deaf people they will be able to have conversations with them.

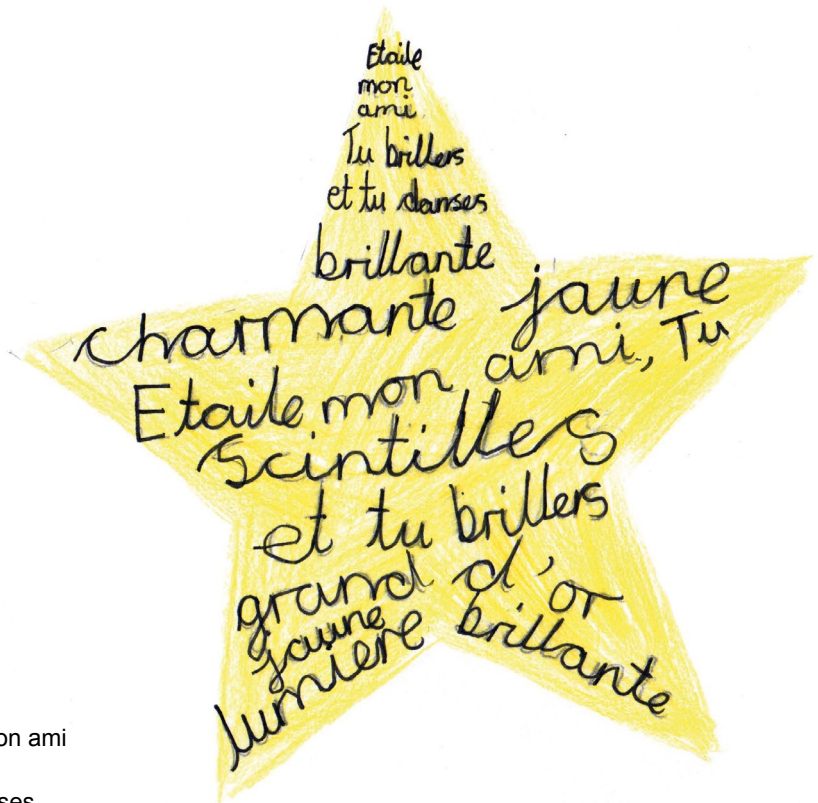
In my acrostic poem the 'I' stands for including one another. If more people knew BSL then more deaf people would feel included in their society.

**Freya Mole**

P1-P3, Preston Street Primary (BSL)



# L'étoile



Étoile, mon ami  
Tu brilles  
Et tu dances  
Brillante, charmante, jaune  
Étoile mon ami  
Tu scintilles  
Et tu brilles  
Grande jaune lumière  
D'or brillante

I chose the star poem because it linked well to our space topic. I chose adjectives and verbs to explain what star means to me. I thought I could draw and write my calligram in a different way by putting the words in the centre of my star.

**Khadija Chaher**

P4-P6, Netherlee Primary School (French)

**WINNER  
P4-P6**

# Moi – même

Si j'étais un animal, je serais un dragon.

Si j'étais un peu de nourriture, je serais du chocolat.

Si j'étais un élément, je serais de l'eau.

Si j'étais un couleur, je serais le bleu.

Si j'étais un mois de l'année, je serais décembre.

If I were an animal, I would be a dragon because they can fly and breathe fire.

If I were some food, I would be chocolate because it is my favourite food.

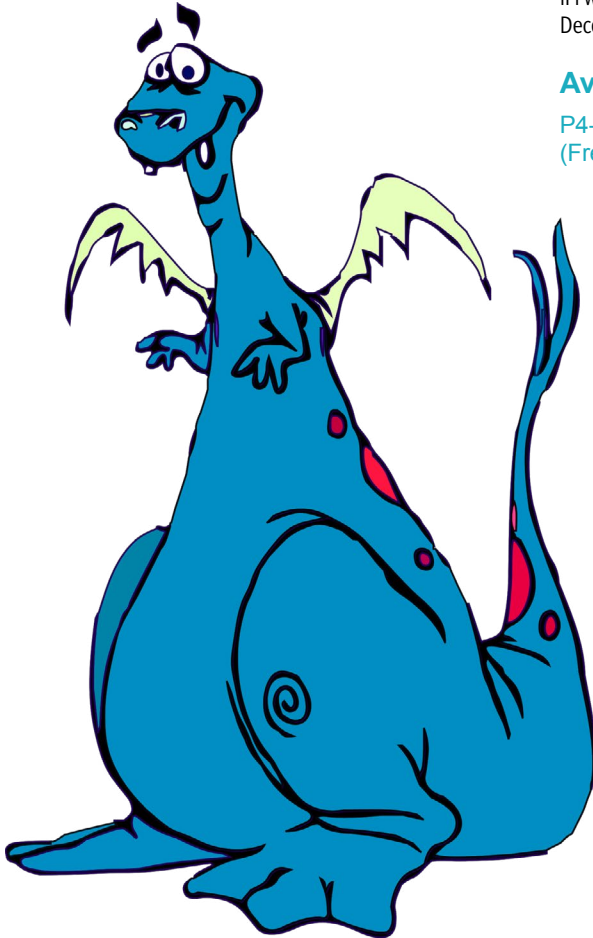
If I were an element, I would be water because it's peaceful.

If I were a colour, I would be blue because it's joyful.

If I were a month of the year, I would be December because it snows then.

**Avelon Mungersdorf**

P4-P6, St Ninian's Primary School  
(French)



**HIGHLY  
COMMENDED**

# Sámhchair

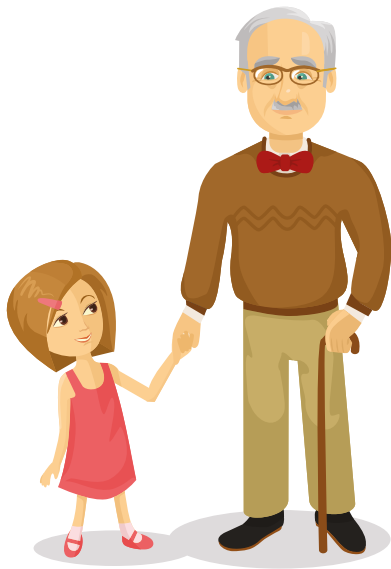
WINNER  
P7-S1

Bha mo chasan air chrith,  
Ach choisich mi a-steach,  
Mo chridhe a' dol cho luath ri dealanaich,  
Is mi cho faisg ri bhith a' ranaich.

Bha thu na laighe an sin,  
Gun faireachdainn air d'aodann,  
Aodann a bha an comhnaidh cho toilichte,  
cho lan beatha,  
A-nis sàmhach, gun tlàths.

Chaidh mi a-nuall thugad, is ghabh mi do lámh,  
Bha cho fuar ris an sneachd,  
Carson? Carson a tha thu gam fhagail?  
Cha robh freagairt ann díreach sàmhchair.

Dhún thu do shuilean,  
Ann an guth beag, thuirt thu, "Chan eil mi gad fhágail,  
Bi mi an comhnaidh còmhla riut."  
An uairsin chaidh a h-uile riud sòcair, is thu aig fòis.



I wrote this poem about the day my granddad died. I don't really remember him that well but everyone who knew him spoke of him as an intelligent, thoughtful man. He was known for always standing up for people who were less fortunate than himself. My gran said he was such an incredible man and I just wish I could've known him.

Though it sounds like the poem is told from my point of view, it is actually told from my gran's point of view. I remember my gran telling me about the day my granddad died. My gran is always so calm, so it came to me as a shock when she told me that on that day she wanted to break down and cry. When the doctor told her that they would be shutting off the life support, my gran told me that she felt like her life was slowly being destroyed. She didn't know how she would be able to carry on.

My favourite line from the poem is 'A- nis sàmhach, gun tlàths'. My granddad loved the outdoors. He was a quiet person but when he was outside he became a different person. He felt alive. This line is about how my gran reacted when she saw my granddad in hospital. She cried when she saw her husband, who was so full of warmth and personality, now lifeless and on the brink of death. I really tried to put my gran's feelings across in this particular part.

Every member of my family got a chance to say goodbye to my granddad. My gran went up last. She went up to my granddad and asked him, "Why are you leaving me?"

My gran wasn't expecting an answer, but she got one. My granddad looked up at her, then he said, barely audible, "I'm not."

Then he died.

**Ailbhe Murphy**

P7-S1, Glasgow Gaelic School (Gaelic)

# Innocente

Je me sens le soleil  
Je me sens vivre  
Je me sens le monde  
Je touche la pluie  
Je touche l'air  
Je touche la terre  
Je suis belle  
Je suis en couleurs vives  
Je suis forte et costaud

J'ai besoin du soleil  
J'ai besoin de l'eau  
J'ai besoin de l'air

Je veux la vie  
Je veux la connaissance  
Je veux la vérité

Je désire toucher le soleil  
Je désire traverser le monde  
Je désire voir les étoiles

Je suis libre  
Je suis pacifique  
Je suis innocente

The theme of my poem is innocence. I chose this because I thought it would be interesting to bring a plant to life. The poem is focused around a flower. I chose this theme after I thought of the word innocent. I think plants e.g. flowers, represent innocence because they just are, they don't mean any harm and they don't do any harm.

Plants have a very simple life and I wanted to represent that in the style of my poem. I used repetitive language and personification to emphasise my point. I tried to imagine what a plant would wish for and want to do. Finally, I wrote three lines for each verse because I think three is a magical number. I am proud of what I have written and I enjoyed learning all the new French vocabulary. I would do it again in an instant.

## Maggie Lawson

P7-S1, Douglas Academy (French)



**HIGHLY  
COMMENDED**

# Spanish poem dedicated to the people in France



Para las personas en Francia  
El mundo se siente su dolor  
Pero recuerda a los muertos  
Vamos a verlos de nuevo  
Unas personas bombardearon los  
hogares de muchos  
Sin embargo no matan a los espíritus de  
ningunas  
El mundo se siente su dolor  
Pero recuerda a los muertos  
Vamos a verlos de nuevo  
Robaran el corazon de nuestras seres  
queridos con bombas y armas de fuego  
El mundo se siente su dolor  
Pero recuerda a los muertos  
Vamos a verlos de nuevo  
Nos regocijaremos juntos otra vez

**WINNER**  
**S2-S3**

I chose the topic: the recent terrorist attack on Paris for my poem. This horrific tragedy happened the week before I wrote my poem so I decided to write about this event. I felt compelled to write something about this. I felt sad for the people in France as they lost loved ones and it really shocked me hearing about the terrorist attack on the news. In my opinion my topic is significant as nobody deserves to die for no reason.

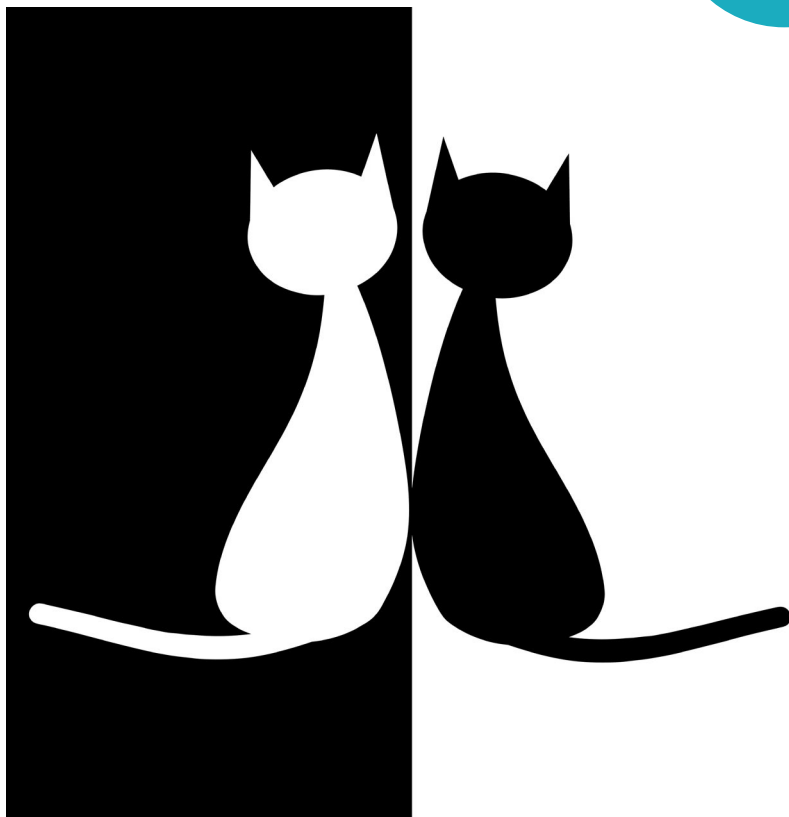
I was determined to write about the attacks in Paris but getting the right words was quite difficult. I thought for a while and I wrote what made sense to me at the time. I felt happy that I had written the poem. I was able to say what I felt on this matter. I also felt relief once I had written my poem as I felt like I had managed to get something off my chest. I liked being able to say my opinion in this way. I tried to make my poem rhyme in places. I tried some repetition. I tried to keep my sentences roughly the same length. Writing my poem in Spanish was a bit harder than in English when trying to get the vocabulary right.

The main message is to pray for the people in Paris, in France and I guess to pray for people all over the world affected by terrorism.

**Gregor Murray**  
S2-S3, St Margaret's Academy (Spanish)

# Stitch

HIGHLY  
COMMENDED



Sa fourrure plus blanche que  
Neige,  
Je me demande où il va aller.  
Il descend la rue boueuse,  
Cherchant une petite récompense.  
Il traverse la route, quand il  
Se fait renverser par une  
Voiture.  
Il est couché.  
Il a fermé les yeux.

I wrote my poem in French about my last pet –  
Stitch. I wrote it in third person about him walking  
around and then he got hit by a car. I thought about  
it and decided this was how he got hurt until he  
passed away.

It was quite difficult to write a poem in another  
language but I would do it again.

**Aimee Campbell**

S2-S3, Inveralmond Community High  
School (French)

# Dormir

WINNER  
SENIOR  
PHASE

Cuando la oscuridad empieza y la luz  
del sol desaparece,  
Entramos el mundo del sueño.  
El movimiento para y los pensamientos  
prevalecen,  
La vida despliega y cuenta un cuento.

El silencio de noche no puede ser roto,  
tan frágil como es.  
Nos permitimos rendirse,  
a la fuerza de la noche.

Encantados por nuestros sueños,  
El tiempo nos escapa,  
La ilusión de otra vida  
Encanta nuestro mente.



Our dreams are often deeply personal and entice us into another world in which reality can be our own creation. This is why I chose dreaming as my theme for the poem, as it is relatable and represents our inner character. I created the feeling that falling asleep is like surrendering to the night as it holds you until morning; an analogy I enjoy and believe accurately describes the transition to sleep.

Another aim in my poem was to capture the image of how delicate the silence is that accompanies sleep. This was an important message to convey as there is no other time when silence takes over and time passes by without us knowing. In order to create this idea I wrote the poem at night while I experienced the different emotions so I could describe the event as it happened. This proved to be effective as the poem is the most accurate representation of sleep which I could create.

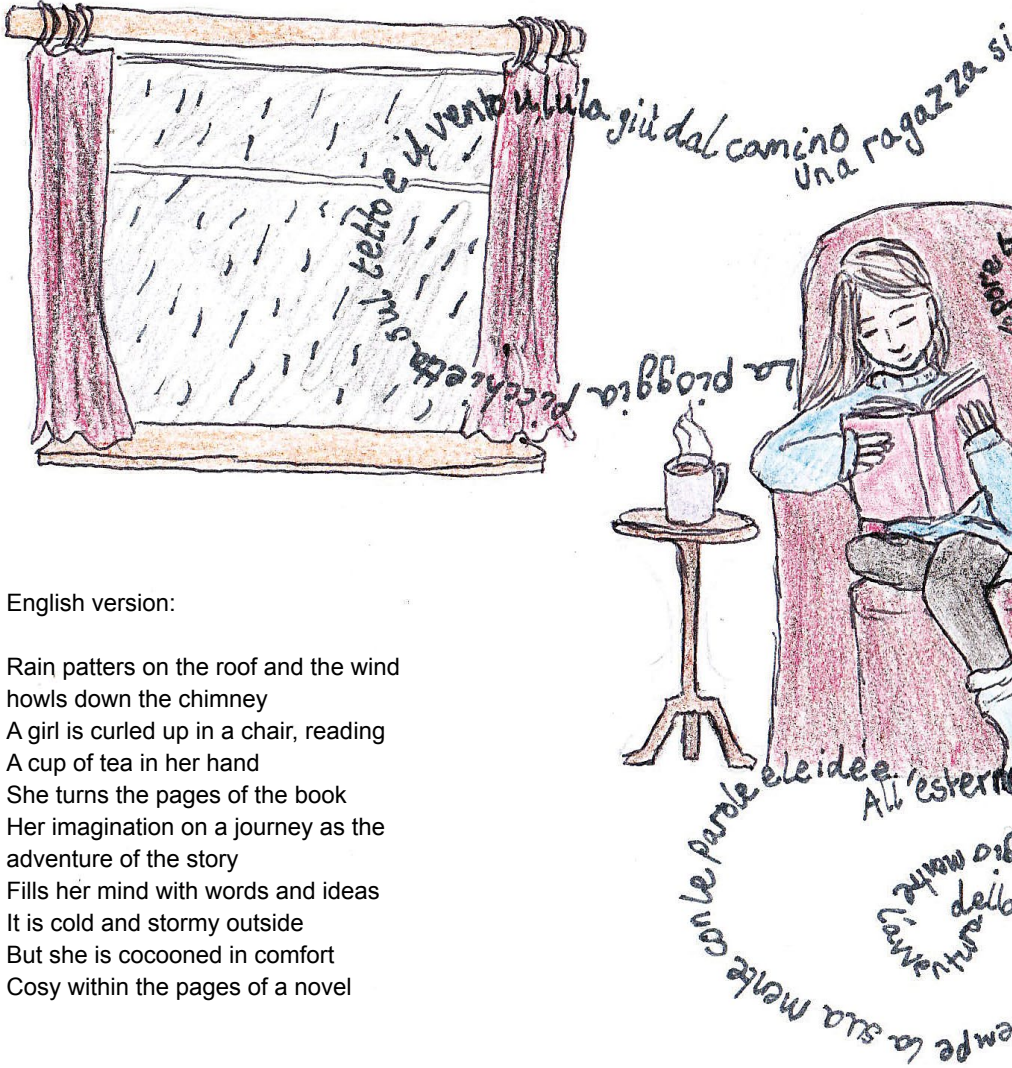
When writing the poem I found it to be quite a challenge as I was not able to immediately use language techniques as I would in English. However, as I developed my Spanish piece of writing, it was clear that it worked rather similarly to my pieces of writing in English and I was able to incorporate some imagery in the form of similes and metaphors. I think that these helped to emphasise different ideas in the poem and improve the overall standard of my writing.

**Ronan McCart**

Senior Phase, St Margaret's Academy (Spanish)



# La Lettrice

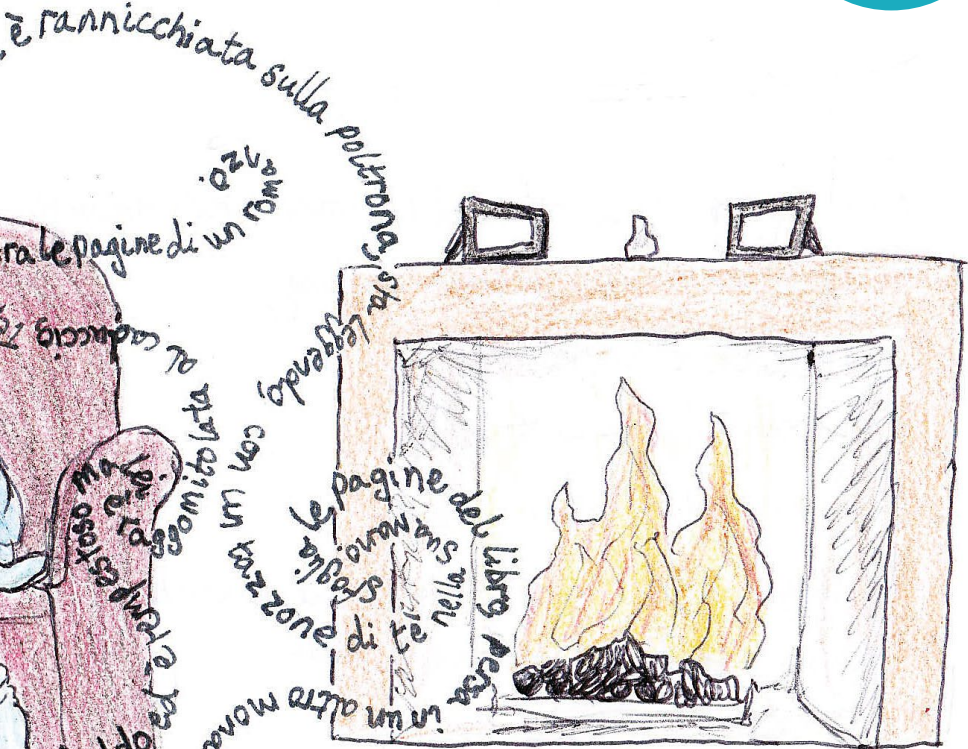


English version:

Rain patters on the roof and the wind  
howls down the chimney  
A girl is curled up in a chair, reading  
A cup of tea in her hand  
She turns the pages of the book  
Her imagination on a journey as the  
adventure of the story  
Fills her mind with words and ideas  
It is cold and stormy outside  
But she is cocooned in comfort  
Cosy within the pages of a novel



HIGHLY  
COMMENDED



My poem is based around the theme of books and the experience of reading a novel. As I was writing the poem it became centred on the girl reading – the reader of the book - and so this meant the title of “La Lettrice” (“The Reader” in Italian) made the most sense to me. In this poem I aimed to capture the feeling of completely escaping from the outside world through the media of a book, but from an outsider’s perspective. I have often experienced the feeling of being wrapped up in a story to the extent that coming back to the “real world” is like a shock to the system. I wanted to try and explain this feeling of being completely lost in another world and share my experiences with others.

**Eleanor Pain**

Senior Phase, George Heriot’s School (Italian)

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And anyone else that we missed...

...Daaly, dakujem, danke, dziękuję, gracias, grazie, merci, obrigado, shukran,  
shukriya, spasibo, thanks, xièxiè.



Editing of poems and commentaries has been kept to a minimum in order to preserve originality and authenticity.



