

# Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2016-17 Anthology



*Add your voice to the poet-tree*

# Foreword



Here's an inspiring collection of poetry in a first language, in a second, in a third, in a mixture of tongues; in fusions, and in collisions, in varied combinations. Here's the poems that remind us of where we're from, and where we're going, the poems that tell the story of the many ways we have of speaking in tongues. Some mother tongues might be your tongue, others might be unfamiliar, but the tongue the poems here all surely share belongs to poetry. Poetry is

the language of being human. We might speak one way at home, and another in the street, but when we write poetry two opposites can meet, greet, shake hands, exchange surprising gifts.

And it is poetry that will be stood there waiting whenever you've encountered something difficult, something that you might at first struggle to find words for, to explain. People often turn to poetry when they are going through the deeps, or the highs, when something has happened, or been observed, that already seems lit, remarkable, marked. Poetry is a sign language, and sign language is poetry. Maybe poetry is our third tongue. To some people poetry is a foreign language, inaccessible, that they might think they can never translate, or fathom, but to many people the act of writing a poem makes them feel at home, makes them feel they belong. And once people get a taste for writing a poem, they come back to the form again and again, finding in it endless possible ways to enjoy the language, to experiment, to step out into the unbound land. Poetry, almost as soon as you develop a love for it, becomes part of your landscape, your territory, even when the land looks eerie and strange. Poems have in them a sense of returning, back to the wild reaches of the imagination. Poetry here is the place on the map, and is already a secure place in our minds, a safe haven, a sanctuary. Poetry has no borders, no checkpoints; and poetry can knock down walls, bridge gaps.

We can be our complete and complex selves in a poem. We can listen to the music of who we are play in all its magnanimous symphony. We can see the signs of who we are form and reform their interesting patterns and pictures. Writing in a mixture of styles and tones, using metaphors and similes, metres and rhythms, old forms and new ones, these poems form a different kind of map. We do all have another possible language. It is called poetry. Enjoy!

**Jackie Kay**  
Scots Makar

# Mother Tongue



# Morze

WINNER  
P1-P3

Morze jest piękne  
Morze jest piękne i wspaniałe.  
Morze jest piękne, wspaniałe i niebieski.  
Morze jest piękne, cudowne, niebieskie  
i żywe.  
Morze jest piękne, wspaniałe, niebieski,  
żywy i nigdy nie kończy.  
Potężny.

## The Sea

The sea is beautiful  
The sea is beautiful and wonderful.  
The sea is beautiful, wonderful and blue.  
The sea is beautiful, wonderful, blue and  
alive.  
The sea is beautiful, wonderful, blue,  
alive and never ending.  
Powerful.



My poem is about the sea. I chose this theme because I like the sea. I have written an adjective poem and thought of six words that describe how I feel about the sea. My favourite one was 'nigdy nie kończy' which means 'never ending'. Sometimes you can swim in the sea when it is hot and it feels never ending. When it is a long holiday I sometimes go to Poland and visit the seaside town of Jastarnia. I swim the Baltic Sea and we buy ourselves special treats like hot dogs. My sister and I play a game where she pretends to be a mermaid and I have to save her. My older brother and sister eat food and chat with my mum and dad and other family who love in Poland. I have good memories of my time here.

## Jan Piwowarczyk

P1-P3, St Benedict's Primary School  
(Polish)

# Piłka Nożna



**P**iłka nożna jest moją pasją  
**I** czuję się jak bohater  
**Ł**ącząc się z nim  
**K**ocham to!  
**A**ktynie i zdrowo  
**N**ikt nie może mnie powstrzymać  
**O**czy i nogi pracują razem  
**Ż**o pomoc swoick umie jet nosu  
**N**ie ma nic lepszego niż piłka nożna  
**A**bsolutnie genialny!

I decided to write about Football for my poem because it is my passion. Once I have the ball at my feet no-one can stop me. When I play football I feel like a hero. I wrote an acrostic poem because we learned to do this with my teacher in Scotland. Football is absolutely brilliant.

## Kacper Jodelka

P1-P3, St John Ogilvie Primary School (Polish)

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

# A tree is like my life

**WINNER  
P4-P6**



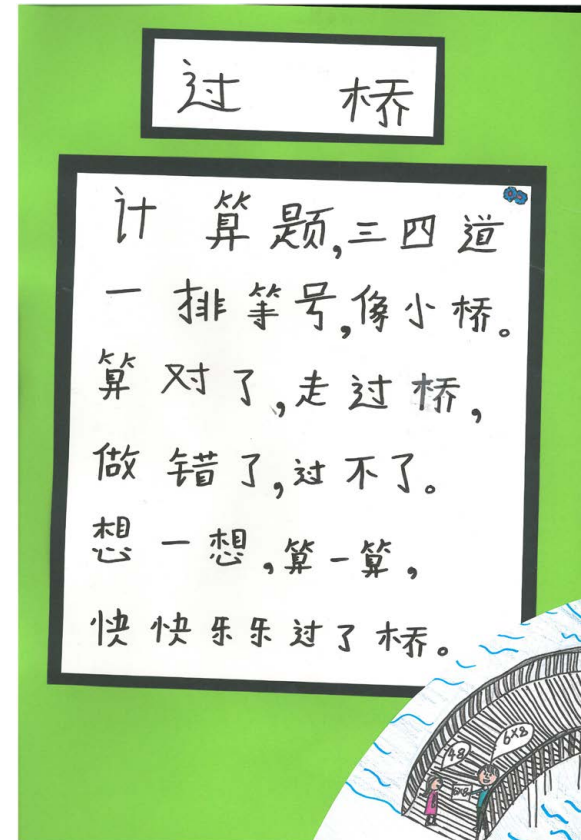
In my country there is a terrible war, so I had to leave. I came to Scotland with my uncle and my two brothers and sister. My mother is still in Syria with my sister. I miss them. I wish the war would end. My poem is about my life in Syria and Scotland. I compared my life to a tree. My roots are from my life in Syria and my branches now grow in Scotland. My roots are in Arabic and my branches are in English. I can read and write now in both languages. The poem shows the two different parts to me. I am happy here in Scotland and I am learning so much, but I miss my family and country. Writing a poem in Arabic made me feel closer to my home.

**Laith Kabour**

P4-P6, St John Ogilvie Primary School (Arabic)

# Crossing the bridge

**HIGHLY  
COMMEDED**



I read lots of Chinese poems before writing my own. I listened to their sounds and rhythms and I tried to do the same with my poem. I wrote about a girl crossing a bridge. She has to solve maths problems before she can cross over. She answers the questions correctly and then she crosses. I chose this idea because I sometimes find maths problems tricky. I liked writing in Mandarin and reading my poem to the class.

**Ashley Li**

P4-P6, St James' Primary School (Mandarin)



# Eid Hajj

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

**E** ni kwa kufurahia na familia yako.  
**I** ni kwa Uislamu ambao ni dini yetu.  
**D** ni kwa kufanya kazi nzuri katika kufunga

**H** ni kwa ajili ya kusaidia mums wetu kupika kwa Eid familia ya mlo.  
**A** ni kwa muda wa ajabu na familia zetu na marafiki.  
**J** ni kwa furaha katika mioyo yetu.  
**J** ni kwa muda chekeshaji mzuri kucheza nje na binamu zetu zote.

**E** is for enjoy with your family.  
**I** is for Islam which is our religion.  
**D** is for doing our best in fasting

**H** is for helping our mums cook for Eid family meal.  
**A** is for amazing time with our family and friends.  
**J** is for joy in our hearts.  
**J** is for jolly good time playing outside with all our cousins.



We wrote an acrostic poem about Eid Hajj. We chose this theme because it is a special celebration for us and our families. We spend time with our families and we like to enjoy ourselves. We fast for Ramadan because countries that relate to us are poor and don't have food and it helps us help them and feel what is like for those people. It is also a pillar of our faith. Our favourite part of our poem is talking about our family and cousins because we are cousins and we love our family. Eid is the perfect time to join together and stay together.

**Amira Shaaban and  
Aidah Abubaker**

P4-P6, St Rose of Lima Primary School  
(Swahili)



# Eso Sister

Sister sister, sister sister  
Eso sister albr eso sister  
Awodope sister  
We just want to say esoaa  
We just want to say sister esoaa  
We just, we just sister esoaa

We wrote this poem because we feel like sisters. We used English and Yoruba to write our poem. We didn't know how to do it all in Yoruba because we can't speak all the words in Yoruba. We have decided to call our poem – "Eso Sister", which means "Thank you sister". We aren't sure if the spelling is right but we can say it properly.

It was fun and it made us feel like we could learn more about Yoruba from our parents. It was really fun and great to work with Caroline because she would listen and help me with the words I didn't know. We hope that we can learn more.

**Caroline Rotimi and  
Joolade Adekoya**

P4-P6, St Maria Goretti Primary School  
(Yoruba and English)

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

# La tardor

WINNER  
P7-S1



L'estiu ja ha passat.  
La tardor es aquí.  
El vent udola enrabiat  
i les fulles volen al jardí.

Summer is over.  
Autumn is here.  
The wind howls angrily  
And the leaves fly in the garden.

Miro per la finestra  
i tot és pluja i color.  
El bosc es torna vermell com el foc,  
el camí s'omple de fulles i tristor.  
No es veu cap animal enlloc.

I look through the window  
And everything is rain and colour.  
The forest turns red like the fire,  
The path fills with leaves and sadness.  
You can't see any animals anywhere.

La pluja colpeja els vidres  
i fa una música dolça  
mentre a fora  
tot es cobreix de molsa.

The rain beats against the window  
And does a sweet music  
While outside  
Everything is covered in moss.

El sol mandrós s'amaga  
darrera les muntanyes  
i els nens il·lusionats  
busquen arreu castanyes.  
A casa, es nota l'escalfor  
i l'olor entranyable de l'àvia castanyera  
coient castanyes a la foguera.  
El vi mocatell ja està parat a taula  
i els nens diuen tots a una :  
'Ja ha arribat la tardor !'

The lazy sun hides  
Behind the mountains  
While the children are happy  
Looking for chestnuts.  
In the house you can feel the warmth  
And the lovely smell of my gran  
Cooking chestnuts in the fire.  
The muscatel wine is ready in the table  
And the children all exclaim together :  
'Autumn is here!'

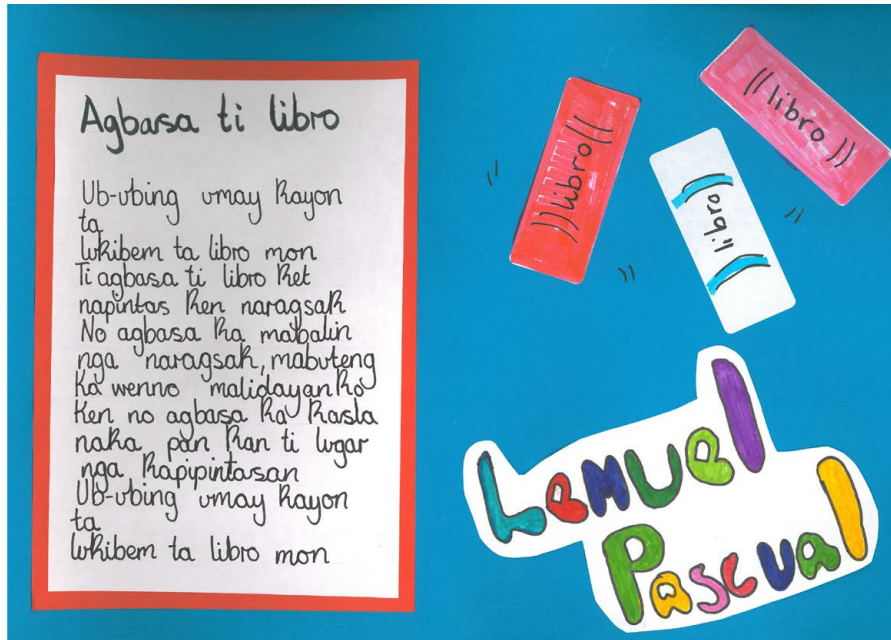
My poem is about the season of Autumn and it explains what I see from my window. Autumn is a beautiful time of year full of colour and vibrant leaves, but it is also tinged with sadness because the weather changes and the light begins to fade. It also reminds me of my grandmother. I miss her. The smell of chestnuts always reminds me of her love and warmth. We used to celebrate this time of year together. I enjoyed writing my poem in Catalan and I am pleased that I could make it rhyme.

**Miriam Espinosa**

P7-S1, St James' Primary School (Catalan)

# Agbasa ti libro

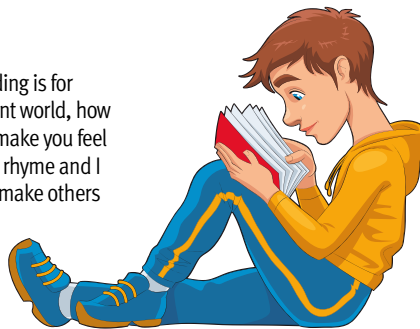
HIGHLY  
COMMEDED



My poem is about reading books and how important reading is for children. I talk about how a book can take you to a different world, how it can affect your mood and feelings. The best books will make you feel happy, scared and excited. I have tried to make my poem rhyme and I like the rhythm it has in my home language. I hope it will make others want to read books!

**Lemuel Pascual**

P7-S1, St James' Primary School (Filipino)



# Stále si pamätám...

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

Sporo osvetlenej chodby prenasledovať svoje sny, kto sme kedysi bývali.

Radi by sme sa smiali, budeme plakať, budeme zdieľať na rozlúčku.

Moje srdce bolí pre svoje lásky pre svoj múdrosti vyššie.

Aj napriek tomu pocit, že ste pustil moju ruku, že aj napriek tomu vidieť auto, ktoré skončilo svoj život, som stále počul krik.

Stále cítim, ako mi srdce klesá

My poem is about a man who has lost his love of his life and was remembering about it. I chose to write this poem because it reminds me of Slovakia. When I left there when I was only 1 years old. I came here to Scotland. I like writing sad poems because they help me show my emotions.

My favourite part is 'I still remember who we used to be' because even when somebody leaves you, you still can remember them and remember what it was like when they were still there...and then you write what you feel like.

**Noemi Dzurjanikova**

P7-S1, St Rose of Lima Primary School (Slovak)

**I Still Remember...**

Dimly lit corridors haunt my dreams, of who we once used to be. We would laugh, we would cry, we would share a goodbye.

My heart is hurting for your love, for your wisdom of above.

I still feel you letting go of my hand, I still see the car that ended your life, I still hear the scream.

I still feel my heart dropping  
I still remember who we used to be.



# The Boxer

WINNER  
S2-S3



Félni,  
Először.  
Akkor félelem.  
Először a harcot,  
A meccsen  
Érzés, mint megyek  
Megsérülni.

Feel scared,  
First time.  
Then unafraid.  
First the fight,  
In the boxing match  
Feeling like I'm going to  
Get hurt.

Majd az érzés, hogy el akarja feladni,  
De még mindig harcolnak.  
Aztán a megjelenés - ahol ütni?  
Hallom az emberek - a zaj.  
Az emberek sikoltozva rám  
Aztán azt mondja: „ütni őt!”  
Majd azt mondják: „ne hagyja magát le!”  
Ezután a győzelem ...

Then the feeling of wanting to give up,  
But still fighting.  
Then the look - where to punch?  
I hear people - the noise.  
People screaming at me  
Then saying: “punch him!”  
Then they say: “don't let yourself down!”  
Then the win...

I love boxing and wanted to write a poem about a boxer because I enjoy boxing training myself, it makes me feel healthy and strong. It is important to never give up and this is something that boxing has taught me. I enjoyed writing in my own language!

**Stefan Benyak**

S2-S3, Castlehead High School (Hungarian)

# Au dessus de nous

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED



La lumière passe à travers les arbres  
Le reflet miroite dans la mer  
Le sable doré est éclairé  
En nuance de blanc et d'argenté  
Sa face rocheuse nous regarde  
D'un air attentif  
Amenez-moi quelque part  
Où je puisse la voir  
La Lune, au dessus de nous.

My poem's theme is the moon. I chose this because the day I started thinking of inspirations for a poem was the day of the Supermoon. I decided to not mention the word “moon” until the last line so that the reader could imagine what the poem was about before finding out. Writing the poem in French was a lot harder than in English but I managed to come up with some good ideas and I would definitely do something like this again as it was a good experience.

**Éva Tallaron**

S2-S3, The Royal High School (French)



# Álom



Képzeld el hogy, egy tisztáson állsz,  
És nem csinálsz mást csak kiabálsz.  
A csönd körbeveszi a tért  
S a nap felolvasztja a dért.

Gondolj arra amire akarsz.  
És felejtse el amit takarsz.  
Itt semmi rossz nem történhet,  
Mert ez itt nem a valós élet.

A tisztáson van egy patak,  
Ez az emlék örökre megmarad.  
Hallgasd ahogy a víz csobog,  
S, érezd ahogy a szív dobog.

My poem is about a dream. It is written so that the person reading the poem is actually talking to another person. It makes people imagine the situation. The dream is very magical. Imagine you find yourself in a beautiful forest, where there is no-one else, only you. It's just the silence that is surrounding you. You can hear the water flowing and see a deer and her fawn. Everything seems lovely and magical and This memory will always live in your mind, even when you wake up.

I think the last stanza of the poem is the most powerful because it tells the person that this dream makes them feel happy and loved inside, and the clouds that covered the skies are disappearing like a flock of sheep in the meadow, and this beautiful memory will always stay in their mind.

The message of this poem is to see the good things in everything and not to worry about bad ones. We have to be happy and remember the memories forever.

It was fun to write the poem and I feel like because it was in my own language I made it rhyme better. I think it would've been harder to make it rhyme in English and I prefer poems that rhyme, I just find them more interesting.

**Boglarka Balla**

S4-S6, Graeme High School (Hungarian)

Nem messze, egy őz néz reád,  
Kecsesen lépeget és szemeivel mindent  
belát.  
Egyszer csak megjelenik gidája,  
S, mint egy tündér szeretetet szór reája.

Ez a látvány melegséggel tölti el a szívedet,  
És a felhők amikk eddig eltakarták az eget,  
Szétszélednek, mint egy birkanyáj a réten,  
S te tudod, hogy emlékezni fogsz rá ébren.

# I'm a sparrow

میں ایک چیٹرہا ہوں۔ اڑتی ہوں، پھرتی ہوں  
کبھی ادھر، کبھی ادھر ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
کبھی اپنے گھونسلے میں کبھی دائر ڈھونڈتی ہوں  
میں ایک چیٹرہا ہوں اڑتی ہوں پھرتی ہوں  
کبھی کسی ہٹس پیر کبھی کسی کھیت میں  
کبھی کسی زمین سے دائر اٹھاتی ہوں کبھی کسی چھت سے  
اٹھاتی ہوں  
میں ایک چیٹرہا ہوں۔ اڑتی ہوں پھرتی ہوں

Ayesha Mujeb  
54



I am not very good at Urdu as I mostly speak English with everyone other than my parents. I would like to get back into it because of how beautiful the script is and so I can read the news in Urdu.

I chose to write this poem because it is about a bird living his life, stuck in a routine, in an endless cycle even though birds are supposed to be a symbol of freedom. I think that this represents a lot of how people live today – they have the freedom to do great things, but don't. While writing this, I felt like it came to my head quite quickly because most of the words used were simple and uncomplicated.

**Ayesha Mujeb**

S4-S6, George Heriot's School (Urdu)

**WINNER  
S4-S6**

**HIGHLY  
COMMENDED**

# Eternal Winter



I wrote this poem thinking about my grandmother and grandfather in the winter 2016 before my grandmother died in the spring. I used the symbolism in the last line 'вечная зима' which means eternal winter so they could keep their childhood dreams alive. I used the word 'рук' which means hand, in its context I said that there once was feeding from the hands since the energy and life is slowly fading from my granny. 'зимно белое лицо' means winter white face, which symbolises my granny's pale features and falling snow that winter.

The poem really talks about how time is of the essence and the last moments that they spent together were probably their most cherished ones just like the ones they had when they were children when they promised to stay with each other until death do them part, and that was exactly how they parted. Even in my grandmother's last moments she still smiled and made others smile too, which filled others with hope and that's why until the last moment I almost didn't believe she was truly sick and neither did my grandpa, so I tried to morph their dreams, promises and their last winter into a poem. In her memory.

**Nadya Clarkson**

S4-S6, George Heriot's School (Russian)

# Other Tongue



# Our wee school

WINNER  
P1-P3



Our wee skale  
Is the best wee school  
The best wee school in toon

When I come tae skale  
I see all the bairns running aroon

At our wee school  
We have fun and learn lots

At 9 'o'clock the bell rings oot  
And the bairns come in frae outside.

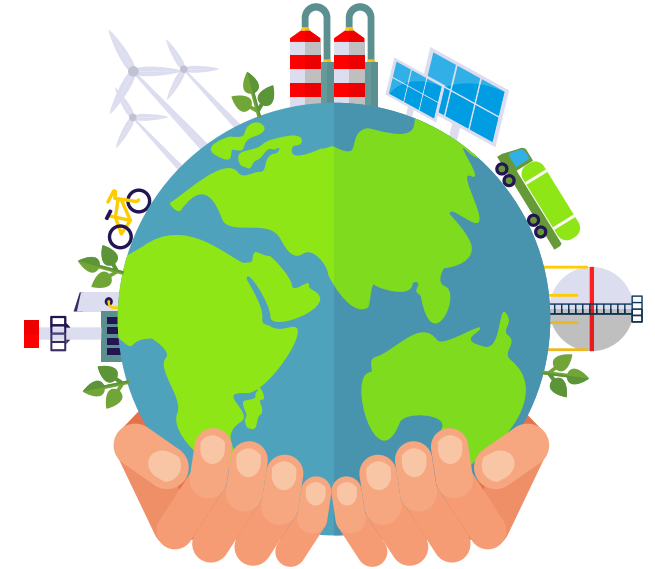
I wrote this poem because I like my school. I enjoyed learning Scots words.

**Julia Gawel**

P1-P3, Our Lady of Good Aid Cathedral  
Primary School (Scots)

# Poème écologique

WINNER  
P4-P6



Il y a du papier  
Il n'y a pas des arbres

Il y a la mer  
Il n'y a pas des poissons

Il y a de champs  
Il n'y a pas des maisons

Il y a des moutons  
Il n'y a pas de laine

Il y a des voitures  
Il n'y a pas d'huile

Il y a une guerre  
Il n'y a pas d'arrêt

The name of our poem is 'poème écologique', which means environmental poem. We really care about the environment, because we want trees to continue to exist. If there weren't any trees, we couldn't live.

We divided our poem up into couplets so it's easier to read and is not a huge chunk. Every couplet starts with 'il y a' which means 'there is'. Then followed by 'il n'y a pas' (there isn't). This is an easy way to describe products and resources. For example: the product of a tree is paper, but there aren't enough trees.

The end of the poem is important to us because, if war goes on, then people continue to die and we are afraid of that.

When people read the poem, we hope they stop cutting down trees, stop war and stop putting oil in the sea. We already started by picking up rubbish when it's lying around in school and we do recycling at home.

We had fun writing the poem because it was something new and we never did something so hard in French before. That's why it was a good challenge.

**Nathan Watson and Aiden Wardrop**

P4-P6, Johnshaven Primary School (French)



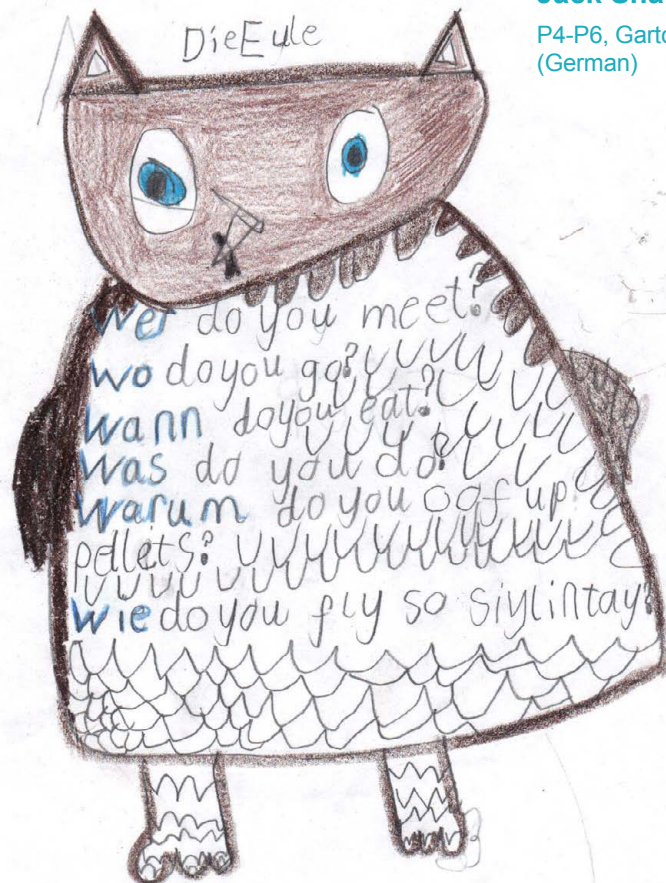
# Die Eule

Wer do you meet?  
Wo do you go?  
Wann do you eat?  
Was do you do?  
Warum do you cough up pellets?  
Wie do you fly so silently?

My poem is called 'Die Eule' and it is about owls. We were learning about question words in German. My poem is in both English and German and all the question words are in German. It is a question poem. These are questions I would like to ask an owl. We were learning about owls in class. I feel very happy with this poem because I worked really hard to make it special. I like learning German.

**Jack Shaw**

P4-P6, Gartcosh Primary School  
(German)



**HIGHLY  
COMMEDED**

# Die Farben

**HIGHLY  
COMMEDED**

Die Farben

Leuchtend, glücklich  
Schön, ausgezeichnet, traurig  
Künstlerisch, farbig, nett, beruhigend  
Berrlich, lebhaft, sinnvoll  
Wunderbar, sympathisch  
Die Farben

My poem is all about colour. I chose to write about colour because I can't imagine life without colour! It's everywhere! I used positive adjectives to describe colour because I love it. I know that colour can have lots of different meanings, yellow can be happy, red can mean angry and blue can be sad. Sometimes in cartoons when a character's face goes green it means they might be sick. Colour can mean all different things. I love all the colours in the world so I don't have a favourite one.

I wrote this poem in German. It took quite a long time to find out what all the words were in German. I felt proud of my work when it was finished.

**Eva Campbell**

P4-P6, Gartcosh Primary School (German)





# Sous la mère

WINNER  
P7-S1



Coloré  
Bleu, vert  
Énorme, orangeux, effrayant  
Roches, sable, algue, corail  
Dauphin, requin, poisson  
Chaud, froid  
Océan

I chose 'Under the Sea' because it's such a wonderful place, lots of different wildlife. Plants, animals, colours, all such brilliant things. I carried this theme all through the poem by saying all different things live there and drawing them too. I thought of this title because that is what my poem is about and it just made sense. We haven't been studying under the seat at all, I just love it.

Instead of writing my poem in sentences I wrote it with single words. I feel this makes it a lot more powerful and effective. Personally in my poem I find the first word and the last word most powerful because colourful just says everything and ocean is what it all is.

**Rosalind Turnbull**

P7-S1, Doune Primary School (French)

# Oor Battlefield blether

HIGHLY  
COMMENDED

At battlefield we talk  
At battlefield we chatter  
At battlefield we speak in different languages  
It's an important matter

It helps us learn to care  
It helps us travel too!  
It helps us if we ever end up in  
Germany or Peru

J'aime bien, j'aime bien  
J'aime le irn bru  
Mais je déteste, je déteste  
Homework that is due

Me gusta mucho, me gusta mucho  
Oor Scottish saltire flag  
No me gusta nada, no me gusta nada  
Getting a pure sore jag

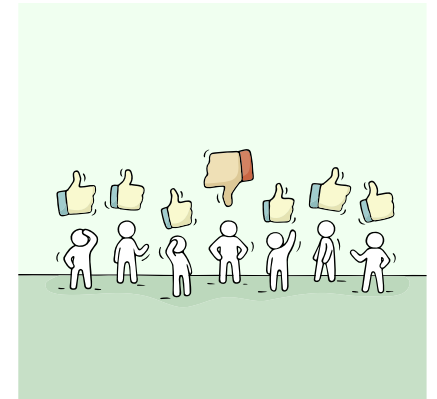
Ah dae like, ah dae like  
A bonnie steak pie  
Ah dinnae like, ah dinnae like  
A dark grey sky

Mi piace, mi piace  
Oor Gallery of Modern Art  
Non mi piace, non mi piace  
A really stinky fart

Meji pasand, meji pasand  
The bonnie Scottish hills  
Meji pasand nei hai, meji pasand nei hai  
Weather that gies me chills

Is maith liom, is maith liom  
A wee fluffy terrier  
Ní maith liom, ní maith liom  
Edinburgh Dungeon 'cause it's scarier

(inspired by a collective class discussion)



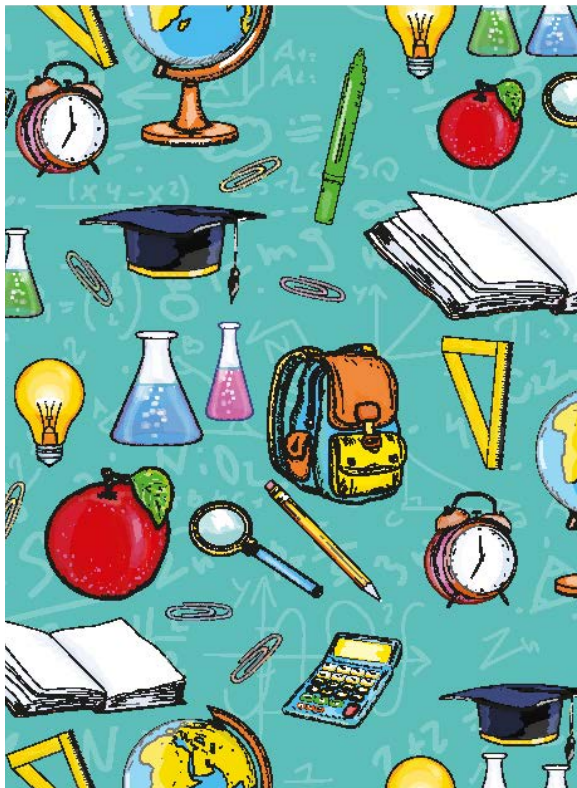
We looked at likes and dislikes relating to Scotland and Scottish traditions and thought we could use each other's cultures and languages in the class. We chose French because that's what we've been learning in class. We chose Italian because a classmate lived in Italy. We chose Spanish because our teacher knows a bit of it. We chose Urdu because a few people in the class are from Pakistan. We all worked well together and it was a really fun task.

**Samuel Kassm, Theo Wilson,  
Emma Cullen and Darren  
Campbell**

P7-S1, Battlefield Primary School  
(French, Spanish, Italian, Urdu, and  
Scots)

# Mon lycée

Je déteste l'anglais  
Mais ma matière préférée c'est le français  
Je n'ai pas la technologie  
Mais j'ai la géographie !  
Le prof est sévère en l'informatique  
Parce que personne ne comprends pas la mathématique  
Je n'aime pas l'histoire  
Parce que j'ai trop devoirs !  
Je pense que le dessin est utile  
Mais la technologie est assez inutile  
Je trouve la musique compliquée  
Mais le prof est très animé !



My poem talks about my school, its teachers and subjects. I chose to write about my likes and dislikes. I chose to write about my school as it was a topic I was studying in school. I also chose to write it rhyming because I wanted to challenge myself and see if I could actually do it. Doing a rhyming poem also helped me improve my French as choosing rhyming words makes you think of the sound of the words when you pronounce them and by looking at the ending of words.

**Simi Singh**

S2-S3, Graeme High School (French)

**WINNER  
S2-S3**

# L'anxiété

**HIGHLY  
COMMEDED**

Il y a un monstre dans ma maison  
Il m'empêche à dormir la nuit  
Il me coud les lèvres serrés  
Alors je conserve ma bouche serre

J'ai du mal à lui parler  
J'ai peur  
Mais quand je suis tout seul  
Il me hante dans ma maison

Je ne peux pas m'enfuir  
Il est là tous les jours  
Je me cache de mes amis  
Ils ne peuvent jamais me voir pleurer

Chaque jour est un combat  
C'est difficile  
Le monstre est malfaisant  
Il me fait me détester

Je ne peux pas le tuer  
Et il n'y a pas de remède  
Parce que le monstre est l'anxiété  
Et la maison est ma tête.



I chose the title of the poem to reflect the poem's main topic – anxiety. The poem's theme is mental health. I wanted my poem to depict the mind of someone who is suffering with mental health problems. I feel that mental health is an important topic because many of my peers have suffered from mental health difficulties. It is also a topic that features heavily in the media at the moment.

I used the extended metaphor of comparing the person's mind to a house because a person's mind is where they 'live', it influences everything they do. I wrote it in first person. I think this creates impact as we get into the person's mind.

Writing a poem in English is a lot simpler as it's easier to pick out the exact word that you need. I found that there weren't direct translations for a lot of what I wanted to say so I had to be careful in choosing the right words. I enjoyed writing this and would do it again.

**Ciara Wilkie**

S2-S3, St Margaret's Academy (French)

# Je voudrais te revoir en été



Je voudrais te revoir en été  
Quand le ciel est bleu  
Je voudrais te revoir en été  
Quand je peux être avec toi

Je voudrais te revoir en été  
Les mains dans les cheveux  
On va s'enfuir ensemble sans souci

Tu vas être avec moi quand je souris  
Tu vas être avec moi quand je pleure  
Vous me promis de ne jamais dire au revoir

Mais je sais que c'est toute une mensonge  
Et je sens te t'enfuir  
Quand j'ouvre mes yeux

I chose to write a poem because I write poetry in my free time. It's a way I feel I can express myself and writing is a way for me to try and make sense of my thoughts and feelings. I generally hide from the rest of the world.

It is a poem that means something to me and a poem that I was pretty proud of. I wrote this poem in an emotional state. It's about a friend I cared a lot for and at that point they were very important to me. However the person I wrote about lived far away, but we used to talk about seeing each other in the summer.

Regardless of how much he said this, I knew he was lying and we were only fantasizing. I knew the whole thing would never last, but I used to dream about it a lot, still knowing one day I'd have to eventually wake up and not have 1000 texts waiting for me when I did. So that being said, we don't talk anymore, as I expected. It didn't hurt any less, but instead of crying about it, I wrote a poem about it.

I decided to write it into French because although I find learning languages difficult, I really do like French and the way it sounds and I'd love to be able to speak it fluently.

**Jordanna Bashir**

S4-S6, Shawlands Academy (French)

**WINNER  
S4-S6**

# En el prado

**HIGHLY  
COMMEDED**

## In the Meadow

En el fondo del país  
En el prado estás echado  
Y la gente solo mira,  
Sacude la cabeza y suspira

El cielo es tan azul  
Como lo era antes  
Cuando miraba los cuerpos  
De viejos y jóvenes

Así que sálvame, mi amor,  
Una silla a tu lado  
Hasta el día que muera,  
Por nuestros votos respetaré

Porque aunque te hayas ido  
Mi corazón todavía es fuerte  
Y te encontraré en el prado  
Una vez más.

Deep in the country  
In the meadow you lie  
And the people just look on  
Shake their heads and sigh

The sky is blue  
As it was back then  
Back when it looked upon the bodies  
Of old and young men

So save me, my love  
A chair by your side  
Until the day I die  
By our vows I will abide

For although you are gone  
My heart is still strong  
And I will find you in the meadow  
Once again

I wrote this poem in the middle of November. I wrote a poem that I feel is relevant not just to our present but also to our past. Also as it was the month of remembrance I decided to write something about the war. The poem is written about a man who is going off to war and leaving behind his love. It is told from his love's point of view and expresses her pain of losing him. She also speaks about how nowadays no one really understands and tells him that she will meet him in the meadow where he died, when she too passes on.

**Holly Mincher**

S4-S6, St Andrew's Secondary School (Spanish)





# La fleur

HIGHLY  
COMMEDED

Je suis comme une fleur  
En printemps les fleurs brillent  
La fleur est si délicate, si pure  
Et parfois la pluie  
A tendance à tremper cette fleur  
Comme les larmes me fait dit  
Que l'enfance me manque dans mon cœur  
Je cache de l'orage et s'enfuit  
Loin de la fleur qui est meurt  
Je cours au soleil et vit  
Mais je ne retrouve à la fleur  
Qui surement a grandi

My poem is centred around the theme of growing up. I chose this theme as it is personal and important to me. Also I believe in writing what you like to read and I like reading stories and poems about children who grow up and the effects that time has on a child.

As I have experienced the loss of childhood, I feel that I can write passionately about this theme. I have

represented the theme of growing up through the change of seasons/weather on a flower. I chose a flower to represent childhood as flowers have connotations of innocence and beauty. The rain and the storm symbolises hardship and sadness as a child grow up. This tests the strength and will of the flower and by the time that the rain has stopped, it has gotten bigger.

My overall message of the poem is that even though there is hardship through the teenage years, a child comes out stronger at the end of it.

Writing a poem in French, which is not my mother tongue, was challenging and exciting. I learned that I can be creative in writing in another language.

**Rachel Cairns**

S4-S6, Graeme High School (French)

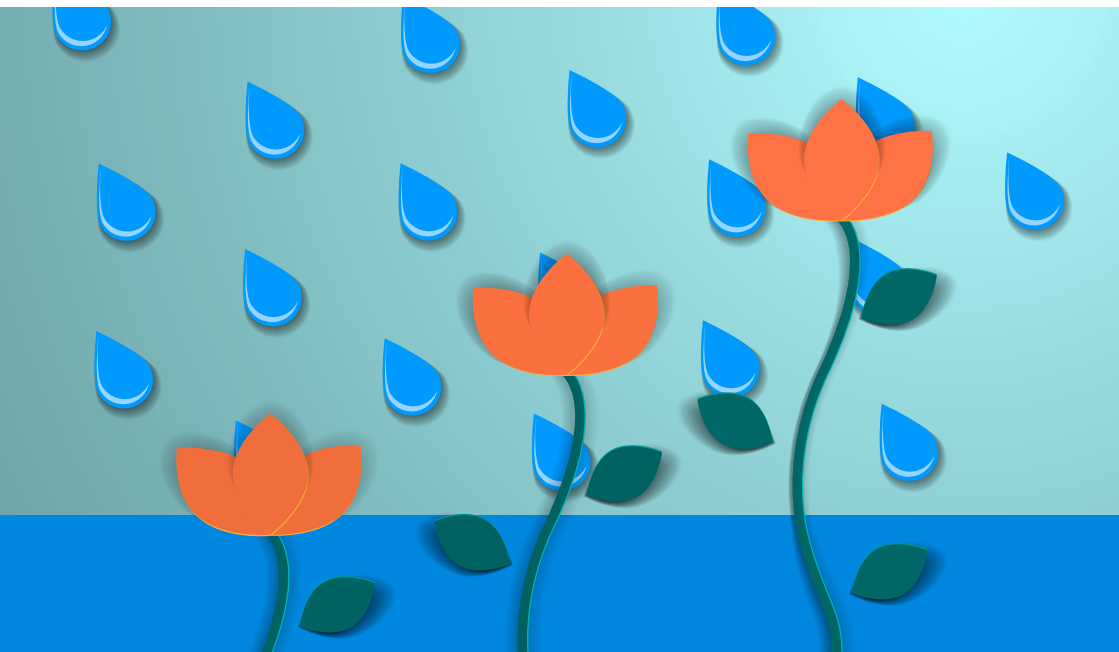
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Editing of poems and commentaries has been kept to a minimum in order to preserve originality and authenticity.



