

Poems by Serena Arthur

The Book Never Opened

Do not be the book that is never opened

Or the bird that never flies
The present never opened.
Or the student that never tries

Do not be the Moon that is never full
Or the Sun that never shines
The flower that never blooms
Or the person that never reaches for the sky

Do not be the pen that never writes
Or the candle never lit
The language never spoken
Or someone who knows what they want, but never works hard for it

Do not say you can't
Or hide yourself away
When you can keep on trying
Or find another way

You alone have the power
To reach your dreams
To turn potential into power
And ensure that you succeed
To open up more than a hundred books
And write
with a thousand pens
And let your determination shine
Like more than a hundred thousand gems

Keeping the memory alive - A poem for Holocaust Memorial Day 2015

Though we did not witness their suffering
And though we did not bring about their deaths
It does not lessen the guilt that we feel
For those more than six million dead

Such numbers we can not imagine
And the atrocities, we did not see
But that does not lessen the tragedy
Of possibly the lowest point of humanity

We cannot forget what they went through
All that suffering without cause
All they did was hold on to what they believed in
Nothing against moral or criminal laws

But hope,
That was not forgotten
Even as they were led to their final rest
And it is this hope that we should look back on
Not just the way they were so cruelly oppressed

And it may be hard to understand
Such horror caused purely by mankind
Yet, in order to prevent repeat
We must ensure that we keep the memory alive

So think back to the days of the Holocaust
And those who lost their precious lives
And know that we cannot let them ever be forgotten
So that in our minds, their unflinching hope survives

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Remembrance Day poem to commemorate those who fell during the First World War.

As the soft wind blows
And a tide of red flows in the fields
The wind whistles
A tune of the courageous lost

Who gave themselves
To help us all
Yet they did not
Fall defeated
But
Gave their souls to the welcoming ground
And greeted the Earth like old friends
Greeted the land so it'd mend
In time
Like the nation
Recover
From the devastation
And deprivation of peace

They were heroes 'til the end
And so their friend, the Earth, decided to send
Us a sign of life
And of their hope
And so
As the soft wind blows
And a tide of red flows in the fields
And the wind whistles
A tune of the courageous lost
We should remember the courage it took
For them to give their lives
For us

Space/Robots/Science fiction Shireland Collegiate Academy commissioned a poem by Serena Arthur

On our planet, planet Earth, there's a secret invasion

Of mechanical equipment under electricity's persuasion
Our use of so many machines are making us all the same
It's taking us over, in our brains and inside our veins
There's not just oxygen, or hydrogen, but also iron and zinc
There's more metal in our bodies than we ever care to think
There's more machines in this world than there is mankind
More phones, laptops and game consoles than all of us combined
Electricity's taking over, with no need for weapons
It's hidden in our most used, most treasured possessions
Stealing us from family and distracting us from work
It's anywhere and everywhere, it doesn't have to lurk
It surrounds us like a blanket and on it we rely
Depending more upon it as more and more time goes by
We may not believe in them, except maybe in space
But at the moment the only robots are the human race
So put away your phone or remote controller
And go out and learn new skills, so that when you get older
You can be independent and reliant on your own self
And not be brought down by technology, like everybody else