

Poems by Lauren Williams

It's the Journey that makes the Destination worth it written for Holocaust Memorial Day 2014.

Memories aren't only in the brain
They are etched into the landscape

They live in the breeze and breathe life into the open spaces.
My mind works as a map to the places I've been
Directing the things I've seen into, a path for places to go
But where do I look when my journey has not been seen by living eyes, or
discovered by a living soul

When my journey isn't a helpful memory, but a destructive thought
My life carries on even if it isn't mapped out in a memory
So what do I do when the map can't tell me where I am, where I'm going or,
where I've been

This road twists and curves into a never ending labyrinth like the inside of my
mind memories rise and climb before me like trees and hills
New challenges valleys

Dip and fall you watch my tears fall and splash in puddles of troubled waters
I can build a bridge and try to cross over
But no one will lay themselves down to make my journey any easier
This road only leads me to the place my dreams don't go
The place where nightmares flourish
And you can taste the bitter darkness
We can try to run from the shadows
To forget our past but that doesn't stop the dark outline of wrongs from being
cast in our wake

Isn't that funny how the sun shines upon us but our imprint on the ground is
darkness like the heavens have foreshadowed our demise
You can see the pain in their eyes
As they take careful steps
Quick and even breaths
Treading lightly like the ground beneath them is a frozen lake dying in the first
light of spring treading lightly and being cautious that the ground beneath them
does not betray them

Treading lightly so there not heard
Feet pounding on the ground
Steps unsure of whether their coming or going
And multiple feet and steps join the thundering chorus of uncertainty

But what I'm sure of is that they've caught me
And they brand me with a number that could ever be divided into something
simpler or more accessible no amount of calculators could work out the steps it
took for me to reach this destination and no mathematic equation could subtract
these steps from my life journey

A life behind bars for the innocent as the guilty judge them
Tumble weeds blow across the twisting curving road
And my mind escapes the labyrinth
And now I'm sure that the peace I find
Is the result of a victory escape and now I'm free
I've been traveling in this endless road with no destination in mind and all the
memories I've made complete the map that complete the landscape

My destination is the place I go when the map runs out
The areas I find that stretch out and echo through my mind

My destination is peace and all the things we go through and walk through and
then scrape off the bottom of our shoes

Those are The things that make the journey worth the destination

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The Big Lunch

What can you bring to the table?
This is a time for joining together and sharing
A time for divisions to be mended by the breaking down of barriers
In order to form new bridges
Listening to stories from the good old days met with experiences of present
There's always something's to learn
Behind the walking stick, thick grimace and flat cap there's a child who just grew up
And underneath the makeup, snapback and hoodie is a child aspiring to be a grown up

What can you bring to the table?
The good food, legendary tales and memorable introductions we share on this day
Release us from the insecurities that kept us away, trying something new
Broadens our understanding and unlocks inhibitions we are open to the world
Open enough to not just notice the rainbow after the rain
But with each passing face the world gets that much more colourful.
If we'd just adopt a smile in replace of the frowns
We could all stand connected like bunting decorating the earth
It doesn't take much effort to smile
And yet that little thing can inspire something greater than itself

What can you bring to the table?
All sorts of food and treats are welcome
But if you would offer up your friendship it will leave a lasting impression
We share more in common than just a street name and a postcode
Our humanity makes us the same
But if you'd like to get to know me and not the stereotype
It all starts with an initial greeting
And if you can't understand me because of our differences
A smile is universally accepted...

Hoodie is one of four which Lauren submitted when she applied for the position of Young Poet Laureate.

When I wear my hoodie
who do you think I could be?
What do you see?
What do you believe?

Do you see a person casually walking past
or do you see a murder wearing a bloody mask
Is there blood on my fingers?
Am I carrying a knife?
So why would you believe that I've taken a life

When I wear my hoodie
who do you think I could be?
What do you see?
What do you believe?

Do you see a thief?
Is that what you really believe?
Cause if you were wearing a hat
would I treat you like that?

When I wear my hoodie
who do you think I could be?
What do you see?
What do you believe?

Stereotypes and critiques
always judging people
making them believe that people that wear hoodies
are murders, thieves or junkies
But when I wear my hoodie
who do you think I could be?
What do you see?
What do you believe?

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Who can define creativity? was written during her year as Young Poet Laureate.

Try asking the artist to paint the world in one colour Can he chose the correct pallet to represent all of humanity Can he capture the beauty of the earth and express it with clarity Can the artist define creativity And that's why my creator is the ultimate artist Who would have thought to mix the colours in the sky and create a rainbow and then wrap it like a ribbon between the clouds dressing up the day like a gift I guess that's why they call it the present Every morning as I wake from my slumber and my eyes flutter forcing me to open my gift and forcing me into the present I remember I was Lost in a daydream and found by the night I never watched the sun die but it's blood stains on the evening sky reassure me that it passed The shade of orange that always changes with every new sun rise let the artist paint with that

Can you ask the writer to tell our story with one word Can he explain all the wonders that influence the world Because all of this just came about in a day dream Woven together by all the things that captivated my mind And held in place by a thought bubble It was Written in the clouds like the shapes that u find when u let your mind wonder Like the minuets you loose when you don't hear the chime because Watching the clock was too time consuming I needed a better way to waste my days So I tried to find a single word to captivate all the beauty in our story The single word that describes everything give the writer that If he can define creativity

Do you think the dancer could express them self in one movement Because I've been Caught up and blown around like Dorothy And in all my confusion I didn't follow the yellow brick road I thought that was too cliché I followed the rainbow and it brought me where I am now searching for creation Trying to find a way To move so that it rings truth There's no place like home but all the jewelled shoes In the world couldn't get me there now And this recurring motif of confusion only reiterates how lost we really are We merely reflect what we are being told And the dancer merely mirrors what she's being shown And if the reflection that stares back her cant define creativity I'll let my ice cold heart with a frost bite too sharp Show you the truth in my movement if the dancer is paralysed

take the script from the actor and give them one line Can they show us how were supposed to act Let's See if they can communicate clear intentions Or just be a babble of noiseless words Mimicking All of creation as they echo the same words of confusion Like we don't understand where we came from But Why care about where or why when we know how The science of it all can be pointed out by the philosophers Because we won't dare believe in miracles When we can't find the minerals to save our young And we can't comprehend the reason behind our own existence Because purpose is discovered only when you become aware of the definition when you become aware of its origin And I guess the actors purpose wasn't shown to us as the audience

Who can define creativity

The same people who can tell me where I came from The same being that can paint the rainbow in the sky And permit the sun to die Behind the new born moon The same optimist that can Forget the doom and gloom Whose memories only lie in the open meadows where they dance between the shadows in the spaces where the light glows And Since You can't toss a coin that only has one side Don't tell me what to believe in Don't give me a biased opinion The 7 colours that make up a rainbow All join together to show us What's real The truth in what we feel that comes from self expression The kind of truth that doesn't ask for Permission They don't hand out diplomas for Individuality or being true to yourself there's no recognition for that sort of morality But the Definition of creativity is about being true to the person that You call ME!

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If is one of four which Lauren submitted when she applied for the position of Young Poet Laureate.

If you cud close your eyes and try to wish the bad away would you do it
Baring in mind that they say bad is merely the absence of good therefore how cud it exist
exactly like darkness which apparently is a myth
So what would you say to those struggling to make a living
They sell what they can, anything they can
you cud compare sum of them to farmers growing their crops
So what would you say to those in the hood would you call them bad or jus no good
Even though they do the same thing as you
try to make a living they sell what they can they sell anything they can

So what would you do if you had the chance to eradicate world hunger
Knowing that many hunger for more than they have
Some crave power where others crave a glass of water
Some live to exist and hope for more
and others live for more in hope that their existence will be remembered.
Hunger isn't just that craving for food but the crave for something that will leave you satisfied
Eradicating world hunger will destroy the drive that makes us crave for more than just a meal but for a
meaning to our destructive existence!

If you had the chance to spread world peace would you do it?
~Cause every1 seems to think that world peace would solve everything!
But is it not violence to which we owe thanks to!
Because when faced with a problem isn't that the 1st thing we turn to!
We cry about y didn't god make a perfect world when in fact it is us who have poisoned its perfection!
So next time you wish for world peace know that it is there but we just chose to ignore it!

If you had the chance to make everyone equal would you
knowing that equality seems to be something that everyone wants but can't be bothered have!
It seems that colour seems to rule the world and black and white are contrasting opinions
But thinking about it we are all equal
and yet we still think 'I am and better than you' because to God sin is sin
and what we fail to realise is white and black are colours not included in the rainbow!

Words I Think We Can All Learn a Lot from Water is one of four which Lauren submitted when she applied for the position of Young Poet Laureate

If I was a wave I'd stretch wide like a yawn and I'd lay tired like a flat matt colour suddenly I'd be
disturbed by the sudden urge to rise up and crash dispersing into little shards of broken glass and rolling
up into fluffy white clouds of froth And some people will say I do it because I'm blue but my mood isn't
deep like that now please pardon the pun but If I was a wave id be too deep to be labelled or explored

If I summed life up in a metaphor it would be Life's like a river `cause it carries you along its current and
takes you for a ride but you don't mind because you fink it's all going your way until it changes!
it speeds up and slows down
and before you know it you fly off the edge and you're falling down down because you've dropped in the
deep end because life's like a river it never goes your way! Intentionally

I think we can all Learn something from water the constant drip drip drip drip where each drop is like
liquid gold to those in need But to you or me each drip that drops whether it's just wasted down the
drain or used to fill my cup it doesn't mean much however those drips of wasted water are like liquid
gold to those in need

If water was a currency I wouldn't blink to give to Charity cause I'd turn on my tap and I'd be an instant
millionaire but to those who live with droughts The water they drink is deadly but what choice do they
have when they suffer from extreme poverty Dirty water is like a disease it brings Mothers to their knees
they mourn the loss of their daughters when they could have saved her life with a glass of clean water
and day after day family's line up to the slaughter because the only drip they get and it might be barely
a drop barely filling their cup, with diseased water.

We can all learn something from water whether it's the worth of a glass full or the metaphor of life the
complexity of a wave and the twisted curve of a river they all show how waters a life giver but it also
takes away like the coming and going of the tide and the crash of a wave it creates and destroys but can
never be tamed liberation is what's left as the tide drags back into the sea.

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Too Many

Stand tall like the good soldier brave and loyal!
And lay low to the broken man smashed to pieces like broken glass in a one way window! The shards fall like snow, icy crystals that reflect the hatred of many!
Too many?

Camouflage to hide your scars, to hide your fear Rifles at the ready, don't take time to hesitate you're doing this for your country kill to protect your mate murder to save your mother but don't hesitate; you're doing this for your country!
Take one life save many!
Too many?

Duck down, dodge the bullets
stand tall and shoot back
run quick or die fast
try to survive or just be the last to die?
but never turn back, face the battle head on...RUN!
bullets and bombs fly past your ears...RUN!
they cry or die by the next bomb or bullet fired off by many!
Too many?

And hold their pictures close to your heart and pray you'll see them again, IF you survive!
It's always an "if" or a "but" that makes you a target when a bullet flies towards you, its doubt that guides it!
But they tell you to pray and that God will be on your side because you're the good soldier, the one who MIGHT survive!
And maybe dodge the bullets of many!
Too many?

But what makes an enemy and what makes a war
because for every soldier shot down dead there's compromise left unsaid
and every bomb that's left unexploded there's an argument ready to explode for it.
But don't worry this war won't be the last
because for every argument that's left unresolved
there are homes left broken and lives of many taken!
Too many?

So tip toe thru the trenches and duck around the dead ones
It doesn't matter whose fathers son or mothers daughter it is.
To the general it's a soldier bred for the battle, equipped for the honourable death.
But before they die kill the enemy, the one who has also killed many!
Too many?

Battle scars or bullet holes, they leave you open like a sieve and yet this is how you choose to live.
Put on a brave mask to hide the face of fear
try to stay above the wave of red emotion or blood as it appears to rain from every soldier imitating the tears of their loved ones.
Tears cried by many for many!
Too many?

Too many lies
Too many dead
Too many lives lost
Too many compromises left unsaid
Too many enemies
Too many bullets
Too many bombs
Too many tears
Too many scars
Too many hearts left filled with hate
But when does too many become too much and when do people realise that it's time for a change now before it's too late!

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My history

My history defines my background
Explains my existence
And inspires my future!!

I am the black contrast on a white background standing out in the most awkward of places My skin might not be the darkest ebony but there is no ivory in me I am an extension of my fathers surname and my mothers I do I am the product of segregation being destroyed by integration and the contrast of colors that came to be an equal race I am 2nd generation British from a Jamaican decent Brought here by boat the SS wind rush stands as a monument for my grandparents decision for growth I stand as a statically juvenile black British female But historically I will always be a product of a torched race who rose up to become an equal not a less than

Were all slaves trying to break free
And were all bound by the masters of our past The same blood that I bleed is mixed with the blood that they bled all those years ago And we are all connected by the chains of our DNA, hear the clang of the metal as we march Bound at our ankles and hands Black was the universal currency No black No dogs No Irish how could this be the social norm to discriminate against your equal who you think was born less than

I am the black contrast on a white background Like ink stains a page my words were made to not be forgotten And on my page I write the phrase Birmingham is a melting pot it stands as a tribute to the multi cultural movement Claiming its right to the rainbow We don't have to conform to what the uniforms think we should be and who they think we are cause the black queen on a chess board could have a white king and let's say checkmate as we decide to be apart of the multi cultural movement

Because We all do things for different reasons Some sit where others stand for what they believe A great man once dreamt and died so that we all may live out his dream And a wise man once spoke so that we'd all know what the word peace means We all do things for different reasons some sit dream and speak for what they believe in Where others do nothing but hope for a wise or great man to do it for them

My history defines my background showing me the meaning to the pattern on my palm It explains my existence by outlining the route on the map they took to reach this destination It inspires my future by painting the picture that represents the island I originated from.
I'am the black contrast on a white background.