



James Berry

Poet



James Berry, OBE (born 1924), is a Jamaican poet who emigrated and settled in England 1948 as part of the Windrush. His poetry is notable for using a mixture of standard English and Jamaican Patois. Berry's writing often explores the relationship between black and white communities and in particular, the excitement and tensions in the evolving relationship of the Caribbean immigrants with Britain and British society from the 1940s onwards.

People Equal by James Berry

Some people shoot up tall.
Some hardly leave the ground at all.
Yet-people equal. Equal.

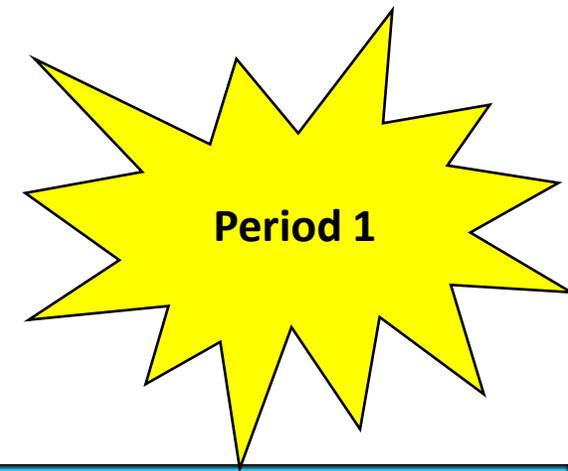
One voice is a sweet mango.
Another is a nonsugar tomato.
Yet-people equal. Equal.

Some people rush to the front.
Others hang back, feeling they can't.
Yet-people equal. Equal.

Hammer some people, you meet a wall.
Blow hard on others, they fall.
Yet-people equal. Equal.

One person will aim at a star.
For another, a hilltop is too far.
Yet-people equal. Equal.

Some people get on with their show.
Others never get on the go.
Yet-People equal. Equal.



Term 1 	Rights, Responsibilities and British Values
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- What do you like about this poem? Do you dislike anything about it?
- How does it link to Rights, Responsibilities and British Values?
- What's the message?





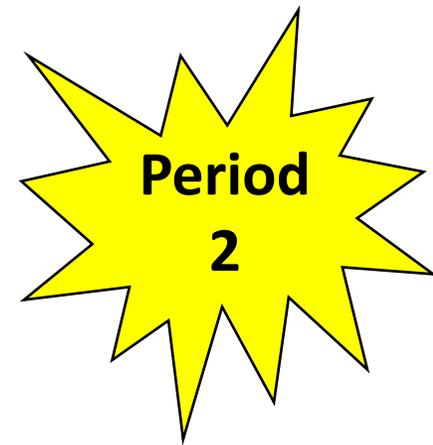
Karl Nova

Musical artist

Karl Nova is a Hip Hop artist, author and poet. Born and raised in London as well as Lagos, Karl is a social commentator, creative writing workshop facilitator, broadcaster and cultural critic who creates platforms for other artists as he seeks to uplift, inform and inspire through this artistic expression.

Don't Feed The Trolls

Don't feed trolls, I say let 'em starve
they are starving for attention
feeding them isn't your job
they're lacking affirmation
and they're seeking validation
can't you see their demonstration?
that is why they're acting odd
keyboard warriors, can't you see they're hungry
they're on the hunt they've got a case of the munchies
with their strawman arguments
be on the lookout because all day they're targeting
anyone
first of all they draw you in
with the bickering if you fall then they win
because they are hiding behind a screen



they've found boldness while they remain unseen
get in touch with your own inner troll
make sure you starve it to keep it under control
ignore rants if they're ignorant
even if the rants are mine are in fact

Don't feed the trolls, most of them are cowards
in person they are soft like the petals of a flower
they wouldn't dare say to your face
what they would type and post online
you know the type I'm not lying
from the safety of their homes
or distance of their phones
they try to set the tone
you must not take the bait
and be hooked into another debate

because all they want is to be noticed
this I've noticed I'm no more a novice
they want to feel like winners
banter to them is breakfast, lunch and dinner
get in touch with your own inner troll
make sure you starve it to keep it under control
ignore rants if they're ignorant
even if the rants are mine are in fact



Slide 2 of 2 –
period 2

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The British Poem by Benjamin Zephaniah

Take some Picts, Celts and Silures
And let them settle,
Then overrun them with Roman conquerors.

Remove the Romans after approximately 400 years
Add lots of Norman French to some
Angles, Saxons, Jutes and Vikings, then stir vigorously.

Mix some hot Chileans, cool Jamaicans, Dominicans,
Trinidadians and Bajans with some Ethiopians, Chinese,
Vietnamese and Sudanese.

Then take a blend of Somalians, Sri Lankans, Nigerians
And Pakistanis,
Combine with some Guyanese
And turn up the heat.

**Slide 1 of 2 –
period 3**



Benjamin Zephaniah

British writer



Zephaniah grew up in Jamaica and the Handsworth district of Birmingham, England, leaving school at 14. He moved to London in 1979 and published his first poetry collection, *Pen Rhythm*, in 1980. He was Writer in Residence at the Africa Arts Collective in Liverpool, and was a candidate for the post of Professor of Poetry at Oxford University.



Sprinkle some fresh Indians, Malaysians, Bosnians,
Iraqis and Bangladeshis together with some
Afghans, Spanish, Turkish, Kurdish, Japanese
And Palestinians
Then add to the melting pot.

...Leave the ingredients to simmer.

As they mix and blend allow their languages to flourish
Binding them together with English.

Allow time to be cool.

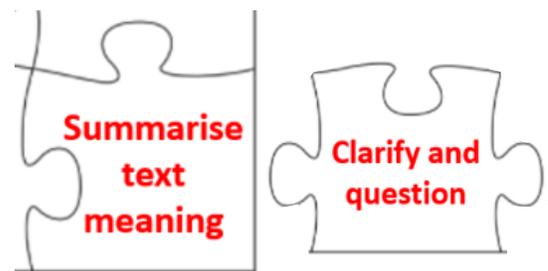
Add some unity, understanding, and respect for the future,
Serve with justice
And enjoy.

Note: All the ingredients are equally important. Treating one ingredient better than another will leave a bitter unpleasant taste.

Warning: An unequal spread of justice will damage the people and cause pain. Give justice and equality to all.

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For Not Against

I once heard something wise
it made a lot of sense
"make sure you're defined by what you're for
rather than what you're against"

So I sat and I thought
what am I really for?
it was like in my mind
I opened a huge door
I'm for love, I'm for peace
I'm for joy, I'm for good times
I'm for great conversation
where we dialogue and rub minds
I'm for wisdom, I'm for intelligence,
I'm for knowledge, understanding
I'm for excellence
I'm for respect both of self and for others
I'm for learning new things

there's a lot to discover
I'm for dreaming big with a vivid imagination
I'm for believing in a bright future
that's my destination
I'm for good food and good music
I'm not a great cook
but music, I produce it
I'm for good books
I'm for spreading truth and light
I'm for doing good and right
even though sometimes I fight
to stay on the right path
I'm for guidance and direction



I'm for a good laugh
and also quiet reflection
I'm for showing loved ones affection
I'm for respecting my elders
and encouraging the youth
I'm for drinking clean water
and also fresh fruit juice
I'm for justice and equality for all
I'm not for calling it soccer
I'm for calling it football
I'm for all things positive
and all things good
I'm for being heard clearly
I'm for being understood
I once heard something wise
it made a lot of sense, it went:
"make sure you're defined by what you're for
rather than what you're against"

Period 4

Term 1



**Rights, Responsibilities
and British Values**

- What do you like about this poem? Do you dislike anything about it?
- How does it link to Rights, Responsibilities and British Values?
- What's the message?

**Summarise
text
meaning**

**Clarify and
question**

Slide 2 of 2 – period 4



Amanda Gorman

American poet

Amanda Gorman is an American poet and activist known for works that address Black identity, feminism, marginalization, and climate change. She gained international fame when she read her poem *The Hill We Climb* at the 2021 inauguration of U.S. President Joe Biden. This is an extract from her poem 'Earthrise'.

Earthrise – A poem by Amanda Gorman

On Christmas Eve, 1968, astronaut Bill Anders
Snapped a photo of the earth
As Apollo 8 orbited the moon.

Those three guys
Were surprised
To see from their eyes
Our planet looked like an earthrise
A blue orb hovering over the moon's gray horizon,
with deep oceans and silver skies.

It was our world's first glance at itself
Our first chance to see a shared reality,
A declared stance and a commonality;

A glimpse into our planet's mirror,
And as threats drew nearer,
Our own urgency became clearer,
As we realize that we hold nothing dearer
than this floating body we all call home.

We've known
That we're caught in the throes
Of climactic changes some say
Will just go away,
While some simply pray
To survive another day;
For it is the obscure, the oppressed, the poor,
Who when the disaster
Is declared done,
Still suffer more than anyone.



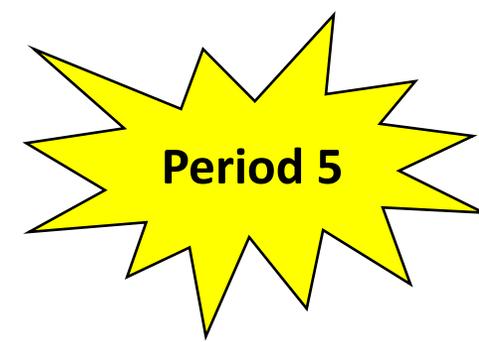
Climate change is the single greatest challenge of our time,

Of this, you're certainly aware.

It's saddening, but I cannot spare you
From knowing an inconvenient fact, because
It's getting the facts straight that gets us to act and not to wait.

So I tell you this not to scare you,
But to prepare you, to dare you
To dream a different reality,

Where despite disparities
We all care to protect this world,
This riddled blue marble, this little true marvel
To muster the verve and the nerve
To see how we can serve
Our planet. You don't need to be a politician
To make it your mission to conserve, to protect,
To preserve that one and only home
That is ours,
To use your unique power
To give next generations the planet they deserve.



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