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# B:M

Black History Month 2021



WORKSHOP COLLEGE

# Sit In and Stand Up:

Non-Violent  
Protests for Civil  
Rights

**2021 anthology**

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A collection of poems and pieces from the  
Worksop College and Ranby House community.

Staff, pupils, parents.

## History.com

Struggle for social justice didn't end discrimination in the devastating effects of racism. Unprecedented fight for equality. The same towns, the same schools, southern segregation gained ground. White people "separate but equal" law was a lie. Farmers, factory workers, war-related work was booming. Discrimination during deployment. Veterans met with prejudice and scorn. Defending freedom and democracy at the back of the bus. Mother of the modern civil rights movement. Segregated seating was unconstitutional. Screaming, threatening, mob, arrested and charged with trespassing. Owners scavenged where they'd stood. Their ground segregated. Interstate transportation facilities. Mob, mounted bus, bomb, march with the purpose of forcing civil rights guarantees. Equal employment for all. King pushed for nonviolent protest.

Mr Sackey-Ambler

### **Civil Rights Haiku**

Get up stand up; now  
Stand up for your rights; Lord, Lord  
Get up kneel down, more

**Father Askey**



## **Yvonne Conolly Poem**

Years of hard work and dedication helped Yvonne become the first black headteacher in the UK.

Valiant woman who was an inspiration to so many.

Overcame adversity to do a job she loved.

Never gave up and persevered even though she was threatened and received racial abuse.

Nothing stopped her amazing contribution to education.

Eager to make changes in society and helped people follow their dreams.

## **Sienna Welch**

## **Rosa Made a Point**

Rosa made a point,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa made a point that it was wrong to mistreat people based on their race,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa stayed seated on her bus that night and made point that she shouldn't stand,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa started a retaliation for her rights and the rights of others,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa stated a protest,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa started a boycott lasting over a year,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa was arrested and prosecuted because of her point but she still,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa had one point, for fair treatment of black people not just on busses but everywhere,  
**She stood for it,**  
Rosa stood for her point by staying seated,  
**Because she was right.**

**Thomas McGarry**

## **Martin Luther King**

I have a Dream  
All will be a team  
Where little girls and boys  
Black and white, share toys  
Together at table  
Friends they are able

God made everyone the same  
No difference of colour of skin  
No matter what name  
We are all the same  
Colour of skin, not a sin  
Black is white, white is black  
My dream will begin  
Join hands and sing

## **Jonathan Di Lenardo**

## **Put Away Your Sword**

Put away your sword.  
I fear nothing in death  
Only in life  
Where violence is the question and retaliation, its answer

Put down your gun.  
Your bullets may maim  
But I suffer greater injury  
From the election of your first resort when it should be your last

Put aside your bombs  
Your faceless destroyers  
Whose aim is always wide –  
Indiscriminate in their devastation, chosen target or not

Understand this

I will not move.  
I will remain before you  
Unafraid to disagree  
My determination just as equal, my resolve just as strong

And over the roar of your weapons and battle cries  
I will make myself heard  
And your eyes, blinded by the storms of gritty fall-out  
Will finally recognise resistance and her peaceful beauty, as the mighty opponent she is

‘An eye for an eye only ends up making the whole world blind.’  
– Mahatma Gandhi

**Leanne McPherson**



## **Josephine Baker**

Joy brought to people when she danced  
One of a kind in her time.  
Stepping onto the stage, a whole new person.  
Every step she took, took her closer to her victory.  
People cheered and they would frown, was it worth it?  
Having fun and doing her favourite thing, dancing is Josephine's motto  
'I shall dance all my life... I would like to die, breathless, spent at the end of a dance.'

Needless ending nights when she can dance all night.  
Everyone around her judging her but she could not be stopped.  
Best of all is her one of a kind banana skirt.  
All around her was negativity however there was soon to be positivity.  
Keen to change the world and society, and to turn heads.  
Even though society disagreed she was the first black woman star  
Right here, right now and thank Josephine for her struggles and we can now be free to dance to our hearts content.

## **Georgie Thomas**

## **Raheem Sterling**

Born in the Jamaican Slums  
Under a bright blue sky  
Maverley was a violent place  
Where murder rates were high

Dad was taken early  
Mum had moved away  
Football was the saviour  
Playing eight hours a day

A scrap of land for a football pitch  
A carton for a ball  
Hiding from the gunfire  
Waiting for the call

A move away to London  
To start a better life  
School was not so easy  
And bullying was rife

But still he played his football  
And always tried his best  
Never giving up on hope  
To be better than the rest

He made it all the way  
To play at the top tier  
Not just club and country  
But player of the year

But the abuse it never stops  
Attacked outside the ground  
Monkey chants, bananas thrown  
Discrimination all around

Slated by the press  
And brandished as a brat  
Cocky, flash and over paid  
Why should he have to take that?

How long can this continue  
It's time to take a stance  
We all must stand together  
For a fair and equal chance

I'll leave you with a statement  
The truth, it's not a plot  
The pitches are full of black men  
But the offices are not

Where is the representation  
For people who are black  
We take one-step forward  
They push us three steps back

## **Henry Conroy**

### **A poem on Martin Luther King Jr**

He had a dream  
A dream of peace  
That black lives  
Would not be at cease  
He brought a new life  
To those in need  
Those in hard labour  
Would not sit and bleed  
He stood and spoke  
With courage and love  
That those who are black  
Would not be separate from the dove

**Finley Tuck**

## **Bristol Omnibuses**

People, people everywhere; nothing  
Else to see. It makes me feel  
Everyone is different to me.

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Buses, buses everywhere they  
Always take too long, and by  
The time they've come, they  
Will not let me on.

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This is it! – I've had the lot!  
I'm going to start a bus boycott.  
All my friends and family  
Will start a peaceful riot,  
But if the colour ban does not stop,  
ALL of us will start a riot.

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And this time, we won't hold back  
We'll charge forward,  
ONE and ALL.  
The buses will have to accept us  
And we are BLACK!

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It doesn't matter what colour, belief or gender you are  
You have to fight for what you want!

**Alexander Goy**

## **December 1st.**

She took a stand whilst sitting down.  
She made an impact whilst sat in silence.  
She proved a point without a single word.  
No harm. No violence. Just silence.

She sat, her face as cold stone.  
She was not moving for anyone.  
She stood her ground,  
not letting a soul belittle her.

But still she did this in silence.  
A little move but a large consequence.  
She shocked everyone seated around her.  
She quoted,  
“You must never be fearful about what you  
are doing when it is right.”  
She is Rosa Parks.

**Lissy Cotes**

### **My poem about Ignatius Sancho**

I'm alone on a ship, no parents there to help me  
Full of slaves as far as the eye can see  
We've arrived! Mum was ill and now she is dead  
Dad can't carry on; he'd rather be gone, he said

I was taken to England when I was two  
And learned to read and write  
I knew what I must go and do  
And stand up for black people's rights

Black people are treated so badly  
It should not be happening; I will make them stop and look  
I am going to write poems, music and a book  
We will make them rethink what they have done!

I've succeeded, hurray!  
It's a day to remember, as I put on my waistcoat  
The first person in black history  
To ever cast an English vote

**Elliott Owen**

## **This is the story of how life changed.**

This is the story of how life changed.  
For a boy whose father was sadly estranged.  
But not just for him, for other people too  
And it changed almost everyone's point of view.

He was born on 6th May in Rochford, Essex.  
Sent to a care home and wasn't bullied because of genetics.  
Returned back to London when he was seven.  
And unfortunately for him life wasn't heaven.

The only child educated at forest gate.  
Who was black and unnecessarily received so much hate.  
Racist comments were received from children and teachers.  
They couldn't accept his individual features.

Fast forward to 1953.  
When he became a cadet and helped the committee.  
He worked with young people and it became his occupation.  
Adopted eight kids from all over the nation.

He started the bus boycott in April 1963.  
Which marked a new chapter for racial equality.  
It was long overdue when things finally started to change  
But still to this day the struggle still causes me great enrage.

So, that is the story of how life changed.  
For a boy whose father was sadly estranged.  
But not just for him, for other people too.  
And it changed almost everyone's point of view.

**Katerina Stougiannou**



## **Jofra**

They can apologise  
They can say sorry  
But there is no point  
For the damage is done;  
Like a bullet in my chest  
Ripping through my skin.  
I got banned for my actions  
Back in 2019  
I broke the rules  
Then they broke me -  
The Kiwis hurled abuse.  
But just like a boomerang  
It came back to haunt them,  
And bite them in the back.

## **Edward Broughton**

### **I have read many books**

I have read many books,  
Stories encrypted with whispers of the oppressed,  
Pages that ran with the spilt blood of our ancestors,

I have read many books,  
Their spines barbed with wire,  
Verse's sharper than a thousand daggers,

I have read many books  
Bruises and tears embedded in the ink,  
Its raised bands entwined with broken promises

I have read many books,  
Till my fingers were blistered,  
And my throat was raw,  
My ears ringing with howls of my kin

I have read many books,  
But none with happy endings....

**Tamia Chirinda**

## **Yaa Asantewaa**

The British are attacking,  
They want to take our land.

The British are attacking,  
We have to make our stand.

The British are attacking,  
They've set our homes on fire.

The British are attacking,  
We must show more desire.

The British are attacking,  
They want our Golden Stool.

The British are attacking,  
We will not allow their rule.

We are the Ashanti, I am their Queen,  
We must stand tall, we must be seen.

We must unite, step up our fight,  
Show no fear, use our spear,  
Gather our guns, use our drums.

We are the Ashanti, we never give up.

## **Thomas Strudwick**

## **Obama**

44th President,  
That's who he is,  
Although he's not anymore,  
He is still relevant,  
He served them right,  
They don't treat him like,  
He tries and tries,  
The racists rise and rise,

From Hawaii,  
To University,  
He works hard,  
For a good life,  
Working isn't easy,  
But it's necessary,  
Money is needed,  
To avoid poverty,

From under the sun,  
To being the first black president,  
He supports LGBTQ+,  
He protects the country from war,  
He helps the poor,  
He makes sure America's great,  
He put his heart into it,

In Arabic, Barack means blessed,  
Reflecting on him and his success,  
Hussein to mean handsome, or elegant,  
He was loved and still loved by many,  
Two lovely daughters he has, Malia and Sasha,  
He does the greatest things.

## **Chloe Garande**

## **John Edmonstone**

John was born a slave  
On a plantation in Guyana, he was given the surname Edmonstone  
He was given an opportunity to work with Charles Waterton  
Not knowing these teachings would change his life  
Even travelling to the Rainforest to learn new skills  
Daring to leave the plantation and go to work for his master in Scotland  
Making it to Scotland as a free man  
Opening a shop teaching students' taxidermy  
New students wanted to learn, including Darwin, the arts of taxidermy  
Seeing how much interest Darwin had, he spent months teaching him  
Teaching and talking would give Darwin background information to change the world as he didn't believe in slavery  
Once Darwin had learnt the skills, he went onto make his theories of evolution  
Not a man that changed the world but without him the world would not be the same  
Edinburgh is his last known location and that's where it ends.

## **Kaitlyn Taylor**

## Clouds

Late mother tends to her child  
Wailing a song  
You watched me labour in the depths of the underground  
Tumble upon building to building  
By day  
By trade

Hours to months passed by  
Your eyes  
Skin thicker  
Hair dense with rusted coils  
The earth bowing  
From the gleams in your cheeks

Opposites  
Each rebuilding the ones  
That broke your fall  
But this minute  
An ever-thickening fog  
Of consciousness  
Ascending through your matter of mind  
Lights disoriented through  
Lost in the old

Like a shot  
Soft  
In the density of vapour  
Ablaze are the lights  
On and off  
Those eyes flare a  
Glowing orange glare  
To printed city floodlights  
Beyond an elegant town  
“Home”

Cramming streets  
Parades weighed by hundreds of thousands  
This is not what they want  
They haven't communicated  
The clouds are dying  
The world is drowning  
The last  
Flicker of light  
.... .-.. .--. / ..- ...

**Jessi Aldred & Clarissa Wheeler**

## **Louis Armstrong**

Singing loudly, swinging softly to the sound of your tune.  
Whistling in the wind, a new song which the world will hear;  
Chanting to the vast night sky, shades of blues and maroon.  
Lines of joy and hope are crafted out of sadness and fear.

Growing up in Louisiana, in the early 20th century;  
‘The battlefield’, a neighbourhood, where you began your life.  
For the wealth of your own family, you dropped out during elementary;  
Just for food upon the table, you’re sent to work late hours of the night.

You put aside some money, after years of saving up  
Just to buy your first instrument, a humble little cornet.  
‘Happy New Year!’, as the bullets rise, each shot you took.  
The next thing you know, arrested; Now, shooting bullets of sweat.

Imprisoned, but learning, as you found yourself a teacher.  
Joined the Waif’s Home Jazz Band, where your passion arose;  
Years later, performing in bars, clubs, on stages, wherever you can feature,  
Writing your own music, that of beauty, and of prose.

‘Mr Armstrong, could you please sign my cassette?’, a young boy said.  
So young, so old, you take a moment to think;  
Unknowingly shaping another dreamer’s future ahead.  
Your head rises, your age relentlessly creeps, and your heart sinks.

After years of touring, the blood in your heart slowed down.  
But the soul that lived within never proved to falter.  
In the early-70s, your life was sadly taken, without another sound,  
But the impact it held made a noise that since has not been altered.

The world changed in a matter of a few moments, and we begin to wonder how?  
From the days in Louisiana, to an adult; it seemed your life had turned.  
Looking back on your life, we control the urge to break down.  
As you stood upon the stage, we think, ‘what a wonderful world!’

## **Max Poynor**



### **Ode to Patrick Hutchinson**

on that bridge across the thames,  
crowds converge on a statue-  
saving male, walls you break through,  
though your colour he condemns.  
“come with me” he cannot speak  
as you hoist him shoulder high,  
hug his hip toward your cheek,  
move his elbow from your eye.  
through those crowds you carry him,  
this, this... male who cannot see:  
YOU are now the history,  
his beliefs its antonym.  
a statue of you: should we erect it,  
he won't return one day to protect it.

**Mr Sackey-Ambler**