
B:M

Black History Month 2021



WORKSHOP COLLEGE

Sit In and Stand Up:

Non-Violent
Protests for Civil
Rights

2021 anthology

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. The ground segregated. Interstate transportation facilities. Mob. Mount 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.

-----#-----

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.

-----#-----

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!

-----#-----

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

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