

Utwory Studentów- Wiersze- Poems 2014

Prezentowane utwory poetyckie zostały napisane przez studentów, którzy uczestniczyli w trzeciej części Tryptyku Lekcji Otwartych. Projekt ten został zrealizowany w ramach zajęć lektoratu języka angielskiego. Tematem głównym trzeciego spotkania były inspiracja i kreacja. Studenci analizowali fragmenty wykładów i homilii wygłoszonych przez Kardynała Stefana Wyszyńskiego, które były inspiracją do napisania wierszy oraz fragmenty Tryptyku Rzymskiego (Roman Triptych) Jana Pawła II. Część pierwsza zawiera wiersze wpisane w ustaloną strukturę (guided practice), część druga przedstawia utwory poetyckie pisane na dowolny temat (free practice). W krótkim wstępie do części pierwszej i drugiej podano opis zadania jaki był przedstawiony studentom.



Part I

Poems based on the prompt structure (guided practice)

Classroom task Think of one word, any word , it can be one from the class texts or you own. Write this word as the title of the poem prompt and repeat it in every gap in inverted commas. Then use your imagination and by filling in empty spaces by your own expressions **create a poem**. (prompt =stimulation=encouragement)

Poem Prompt

“.....”

“.....” is the colour of.....

.....

I feel it when I

It sounds like.....

And many people think it is.....

.....

When we live with “.....”

We.....

.....

It tastes of..... and.....

.....

And I see it in my.....

I dream of “.....” when I

.....

.....

And I hope that one day “.....”

.....

.....

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“ A drop of dream ”

“A drop of dream” is the colour of my morning coffee
Gulped hastily before running after bus 114
I feel it when I start my ‘hello’ to the world
It sounds like thousands of unanswered prayers
And many people think it is better to keep your eyelids dropped
And stay in drowsiness all day long
When we live with “a drop of dream”
We glade above the ground and smile to trees, grass, kids
and.... political opponents
It tastes of incurable idealism and curable materialism

And I see it in my academic notes encoded in doodles
I dream of “a drop of dream” when reality is
too harsh to bear
And I hope that one day “a drop of dream”
will lay a table for me and you and our enemies
in the shade of a mustard tree

Magdalena Maria Sławska



“ Wisdom ”

“ Wisdom ” is the colour of the night
To find it you have to win a great fight
I feel it when I look for some answers to find
It sounds like the Universe whispering to my mind.
And many people think it is some kind of a blessing,
It is - in fact, you stop only guessing.
When we live with “ wisdom ”
We can find some answers and give some advice
It costs a lot – there’re no regular prizes.
It tastes of tiredness and hours of prayer,
But it’s worth it – I swear!

And I see it in my parents, who taught me wise things.
I dream of “ wisdom ” when I think of the greatest friends.
People listening, not only hearing,
not only looking, but also seeing.
And I hope that one day “ wisdom ”
Will be for everyone, to all world’s secret, the best key.

Anonym



“ Heaven”

“ God ” **is the colour of the**
soul
I feel it when I close my eyes
It sounds like nothing else
And many people think it is away but
It's not
When we live with “ peace ”
We can do everything
We can live
It tastes of the heart and
It's sweet

And I see it in my soul
I dream of “ love ” when I'm
awake
And I hope that one day “ love ”
will find me again

Anna Seta



'Colourful Pain'

Colourful Pain **is the colour of** a stain.
Sometimes it breaks at my head,
and **I feel it when I** clean a spot from my back.
It sounds like a music, like a silence,
and many people think it's just a nightmare.

When we live with Colourful Pain,
we don't know what happens in our brain.
There is a lot of noise and a lot of silence,
it tastes like a brilliance but without nightmares.

And I see it in my unknown future,
I dream of Colourful Pain **when I**
think and listen to the horrible rain.
It is great, it is like a poster;
And I hope that one day, Colourful Pain
Will gonna come and take me far away.

Mateusz Misiak



“Cardinal Stefan.”

“Cardinal Stefan ” is the colour of Non Possumus
I feel its necessity when all human values are violated and
trampled under high-heel shoes of pseudo-democrats
It sounds like the bells of the cathedral from my childhood
And many people think it is the rattle of old-fashioned hearts

When we live with “Cardinal Stefan”
We immerse into spring waters of our baptism
It tastes of spiritual refreshment **and** refreshing spirit

And I see it in my academic books
I dream of “Cardinal Stefan” when
my life comes to its ups and downs
And I hope that one day “Cardinal Stefan”
Will put his foot down from heavens, frown his eyebrow and
say firmly “ Non Possumus !!!”

Aga



‘Create’

‘Create’ is the colour of our mind
I feel it when I’m making my breakfast
It sounds like Nirvana
And many people think it is dinner
When we live with ‘create’
We become more cruel
It tastes of Lipton Ice Tea and Coca Cola Zero
And I see it in my room
I dream of ‘create’ when I am tired
And I hope that one day ‘create’ become reality

Dawid Niemczycki



'Hope'

*Green **is the colour of** our hope*

Like a light in the end of the tunnel

***I feel it when I** think about my life*

***It sounds like** a colour of my heart*

***And many people think it is** impossible to have*

So much confidence in your belief

***When we live with** such fragile hope*

***We** start to feel damned*

But when we start to have faith again

***It tastes of** strawberries and soda*

The tastes of our childhood

***And I see it in my** fantasies*

I dream of** hopeful love **when I

Was daydreaming

***And I hope that one day** I will find*

My piece of happiness.

Klaudia Misztal



Part II

Other poems sent by Students (free practice)

(Classroom task as it was. Now time for you own individual poem. Take time. Think about the content and the title. It can be only a few lines of your own creation)



...silence

Music has a colour of the world
I can imagine it everywhere
it is in us, we can hold it
in every moment which we are in

silence is a gift from God
and music also gives us our Lord
so make music your passion
and play on the life's chords

the tones full of adventures
it tastes of freedom
in our world you are only worker
so earn to the autumn of life

you can feel silence inside yourself
when after work, you go to take a rest
it's the best taste for you
'cause a hard day goes towards the west

only human -
it is this who you are
so colour the day of people every day
and give them the music of your life

Karolina Kałużna



'Where have'

Where have all the poems gone

Those whispering among the grass blades?

Perhaps they've been turned into the Saints

And live happily ever after.

After what?

After having been tortured by untalented poets

Whose rhyme and rhythm have gone with the wind

Yet tomorrow is another day and then...

Where have all the Saints gone

Those engrossed in filling the air with psalms and chants ?

They have been turned into silence of the unspeakable

dwelling between the lines of Angels.

Maria Dalska



' If you have '

**If you have
a passion for a change
There is something
You can do
to stop the rain**

**The world can't wait forever
Do something small
and something clever**

**look into your brother's eyes
teach him the beauty of the world
show him the stars
And I hope that one day
Everyone will understand**

Pseudoefedryna



' English Course '

**A lot of classes, a lot of to do,
All of these things are waiting for you,
Reading, grammar and vocabulary.
Knowledge insert to " brain library ".
John Paul II, Wyszyński Cardinal,
Remind you always – don't be criminal,
Wisdom experience and huge fun,
It's one direction, English course – run.**

Wojciech Wieczorkiewicz



' You '

**Where are you?
Should I still wait?
Or is it madness
that will never end ?
I
will
wait ...**

Anna Seta



' Growing '

When I was a kid everything was simple

Feeling, playing, learning, smiling.

When I was a teenager nothing was simple

Studying, dating, arguing, living.

When I am an adult, some things are absolutely simple

Being, caring, choosing, loving.

When I die I will already know what is simple.

What matters is here and now, forever.

Anonymous Author

