

Poems 2025

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Part I

Poems based on the prompt structure (guided practice)



Prayer

"Prayer" is the colour of soft gold at sundown.
It wraps around the soul like morning's yawn.
I feel it when I close my eyes and speak without sound.
It sounds like a whisper that echoes all around.
And many people think it is just asking for things.
But it's also the peace that deep silence brings.

When we live with "Prayer"
We walk lighter, love deeper, and dare
To hope when the world feels cold.
It tastes of salted tears and stories told
By candlelight when hearts unfold.

And I see it in my quiet moments and skies so wide.
I dream of "Prayer" when I
watch the moon pull the tide.
When I breathe in grace and let go of pride.
And I hope that one day "Prayer"
will fill every breath, everywhere.

Kinga



Mystery

„Mystery” is the colour of love
I feel it when I am looking into those eyes
It sounds like birds singing
And many people think it is means nothing
When we live with “Mystery”
We know what to do correctly
It tastes of Grandma’s baking and strawberries
And I see it in my mind
I dream of “Mystery” when I close the eyes
And I hope that one day “Mystery”
Will come to my life, too.

ZK



Hope

“Hope” is the colour of morning light
 It shines through the clouds after endless night.
 I feel it when I hear a child laugh
 It sounds like a whisper carried by the wind
 And many people think it is just a dream
 But I know it’s the seed of all beginnings.

When we live with “hope”
 We walk forward, even when the road is dark
 We find strength in silence and courage in fear
 It tastes of warm tea and fresh bread
 Of tears wiped away by gentle hands

And I see it in my mother’s eyes
 I dream of “hope” when I
 lie beneath the stars, wishing for peace
 and imagine a world where no one is alone
 And I hope that one day “hope”
 will grow in every heart like a tree that never dies.
 AM



Faith

“White” is the colour of faith.
 It shines like morning in a world of night.
 I feel it when I stand in silence and pray.
 It sounds like a whisper carried by the wind.
 And many people think it is invisible.
 But I know it’s strong like roots beneath a tree.
 When we live with “faith”,
 We walk with courage through the darkness.
 We believe even when we cannot see.
 It tastes of honey and warm bread.
 Comforting, familiar, and full of hope.
 And I see it in my mother’s eyes.
 I dream of “faith” when I lie under the stars and think of forever.
 When the world feels broken but my heart still hopes.
 And I hope that one day “faith”
 Will be the light we all carry, together and spread in peace.

KP



Beauty

“Beauty” is the colour of the sky.
 I feel it when I sleep
 It sounds like a song
 And many people think it is a lie
 When we live with “Beauty”
 We are happier
 It tastes of water and bread
 And I see it in my own eyes
 I dream of “Beauty” when I wake up
 And I hope that one day “Beauty”
 will come to me



KS



Sadness

"Sadness" is the colour of nightmare.
 I feel it when I'm scared
 It sounds like loneliness
 And many people think it is nothing
 When we live with "Sadness"
 We are very small
 It tastes of black coffee and cold water
 And I see it in my mind
 I dream of "sadness" when I
 am alone

And I hope that one day "sadness"
 will disappear

KS



Hope

"Hope" is the colour of sunrise.
 I feel it when I smile through tears.
 It sounds like a bird singing at dawn.
 And many people think it is naive.

When we live with "hope,"
 We dare to begin again.
 It tastes of warm bread and fresh air.

And I see it in my mother's eyes.
 I dream of "hope" when I look at the stars.
 And I hope that one day "hope" will never fade.

EN



Happiness

„Happiness" is the colour of green.
 I feel it when I come back home every day.
 It sounds like my favourite song.
 And many people think it is hard to get that.
 When we live with „happiness"
 We smile and feel good.
 It tastes of chocolate and lollipops.

And I see it in my memories
 I dream of „happiness" when I look at the sky.
 And I hope that one day I will not have to dream about it and I will be just happy.

Anonym



Clouds

“Red” is the colour of sunsets among **the clouds**...

I feel it **when I fly past them**.

It sounds like nothing in this world, and yet it is true.

And many people think of it as **freedom**, the ability to decide.

When we live within the clouds

We may found peace in our hearts and minds.

It tastes of wind and forest air.

And I see it in my heart as well.

I dream of the flight when I

sleep, eat, live.

And I hope that one day will took off and never bother again.

Franek



Silence

“Silence” is the colour of grey clouds.

It comes when the world feels still.

I feel it when I sit alone.

It sounds like nothing at all.

And many people think it is boring.

But “Silence” can also be calm.

When we live with “Silence”

We hear our own thoughts.

We feel more peace.

It tastes of cold air and warm tea.

It stays with us in quiet moments.

And I see it in my room at night.

I dream of “Silence” when I

Close my eyes and rest.

And I hope that one day “Silence”

Will help people feel safe.

W. D.



Happiness

Yellow is the colour of the sun

I feel it when I play with my friends

It sounds like laughing and singing

And many people think it is a big smile

When we live with happiness

We are kind and full of hope

It tastes of ice cream and chocolate

And I see it in my family’s eyes

I dream of happy days when I wake up

And I hope that one day everyone feels it.

K.Sz.



Silence

"Silence" is the colour of deep blue twilight.
I feel it when I pause in the middle of chaos.
It sounds like wind through pine trees.
And many people think it is emptiness.
But "Silence" is full of presence.

When we live with "Silence"
We begin to hear what truly matters.
We become gentler, more aware.

It tastes of cold water and fresh bread.
And I see it in my grandmother's eyes.
I dream of "Silence" when I
wake too early and the world is still.
And I hope that one day "Silence"
will be more valued than noise.

NM



The Real Nature

„The Real Nature" is the colour of our life, our every day

I feel it every time when I get up in the morning

Singing of birds, rustling of leaves

It sounds like the calm we do need

And many people think it is trivial,

Unworthy of their attention

When we live with „The Real Nature"

We can see the world from a different perspective

It tastes of tranquillity and inner harmony

And I see it in my heart

I dream of „The Real Nature" when

I have too many chores I can't listen to it

And I hope that one day „The Real Nature"

It will become part of everyone's life

And help us to concentrate on the valuable issues

Kasia



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)



In the Beginning

In silence deep, before the light,
God dreamed the day, then shaped the night.
With loving hands, He drew the skies,
And stars were born in heaven's eyes.

He spoke, and oceans kissed the land,
The mountains rose at His command.
The trees took root, the birds took flight,
All wrapped in beauty, pure and bright.

And last of all, from breath and clay,
He made us part of His great way.
Not just to live, but love and see—
The world as gift, and life as key.

Kinga



God's Creation

God made the world with light and love,
The stars, He placed in sky above.
The earth was shaped by His own hand,
The seas, the trees, the sky, the land.
He gave us life, He gave us light,
He gave us darkness, He gave us sight.
He made the day, He made the night.
And in our hearts He placed a spark,
To guide us through the light and dark.

KP



I Am

I am.
But am I really “here”?
I feel I exist, yet all around me spins.
Everyone lives — why don’t I?
Why am I just “being”?
All I see is grey,
though it was hope not long ago.
One thought stays — will I pull myself together?
I see grey, but not darkness,
Darkness hasn’t come — not yet.
Sometimes I think I glimpse some light,
I try to catch it, I run and reach.
Then I see how fast it melts in my hands...
Is it my hands’ fault, or fate?
Grey — once the colors of life, now blurred.
Still, I wait.
Still, I search for something more
in the quiet in-between.

Julia Bąk



A Thread of Gold

A friend is like a thread of gold,
That shines no matter what unfolds.
Through storm or sun, they always stay,
A gentle light to guide your way.

They share your laughter, dry your tears,
Stand by your side through all the years.
No treasure greater can there be,
Than hearts that love so endlessly.

Julia G



Dreams Like Stars

Dreams are like stars in the quiet night sky,
They whisper your name as they shimmer up high.
They dance in the dark with a magical gleam,
And lead you through life on the wings of a dream.

Hold them with hope, let them soar free,
For dreams are the maps of what life can be.

Julia G



Music

You are the one with countless guise,
How many still behind disguise?
We love you each in our own way,
Unveiling you from day to day.

When you arrive, the rhythm streams,
You move within our waking dreams.
You're always here, both loud and still,
In joy, in grief, in strength, in will.

You're there when I dance, full of fire,
And when I scream in fierce desire.
You're there when I lie on the floor,
As I lose me – and something more.

You're in the laughter, aching sweet,
When joy and pain in heartbeat meet.
You're in the moments that we keep,
The ones that make us laugh or weep.

You are the music in my soul,
The thread that makes the broken whole.
So play in me, don't ever part,
Stay in the chambers of my heart.

W.K.



Reality

When I'm with You, the world changes its hue...

When I'm with You, time changes its course...

When I'm with You, worries change their form...

But reality must return,

and what a shame it can't return with You.

Anonym



She Walks in Light

She walks in grace, a morning star,
Her soul aglow, no blemish, scar.
Like Ruth in fields of golden grain,
She gleans with strength, through joy and pain.

Her beauty blooms, not vain or wild,
But gentle as a Mary's child.
In wisdom's path, she takes her stand,
A Proverbs woman, heart in hand.

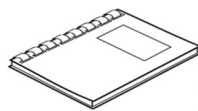
Her eyes reflect the Jordan's flow,
Where truth and mercy freely go.
She speaks in peace, yet firm and wise,
With heaven's fire behind her eyes.

Like Esther in her quiet power,
She saves a kingdom in one hour.
Not for applause or fleeting fame,
But for the glory of God's name.

Adorned not just in silk or braid,
But in the love her Lord has made.
She lifts the weak, she calms the storm,
Her faith, the light that keeps her warm.

For beauty fades as flowers fall,
But fear of God outshines them all.
And in her smile, the truth is known—
She is a queen before the Throne.

Tymoteusz



Notebook

Pages waiting, silent and white,
Hold my thoughts in morning light.
I write to find what's hidden deep,
In words I wake, in lines I sleep.

A notebook listens, never speaks,
It holds my strong and softer weeks.

A.P.



The Light You Carry

You walk through storms with quiet grace,
The world may turn, but you stay in place.
Not every battle wears a crown,
But strength is built when you fall down.

The stars don't speak, yet still they guide,
Just like the hope you hold inside.
You smile through tears no one can see—
That's power. That's bravery. That's being free.

You chase no glory, need no fame,
Yet still, the world whispers your name.
For those who rise, and still stay kind—
They are the light we hope to find.

Wikes



Miles Means Nothing

I don't touch your hand, but I feel you still,
In coffee steam, in midnight chill.
We don't share streets, but we share the sky—
The same moonlight, the same soft sigh.

My screen glows quiet with your name,
A thousand miles, but love's the same.
You call me brave. I call you home.
And even apart, I'm not alone.

One day, the distance will fade to none.
But even now, you're my only one.

Wikes



From Chaos

In the hush before the morning breaks,
Where shadows cling and silence aches,
There lies the formless, dark, unknown—
A world not yet by order sown.

But then: a breath, a voice, a flame,
A whisper calling light by name.
From chaos deep, the lines are drawn,
And night gives way to shaping dawn.

Like God, we stand before our day,
With hands unsure, yet choose our way.
We face the void, the task, the strife—
And speak our light into our life.

AM



Battle

How is it that we spend so much time learning history? Who fought with whom, when, what, why, but we focus so little on the internal battles we fight.

We don't think about what exactly is the cause of this. We hope it will pass, somehow on its own, but in reality it won't. Any conflict can be resolved, but tensions will remain. If no compromise is reached, it is hard to expect an end.

We know so little about these everyday battles, which are the most important because if we lose them, there will be no more sides fighting.

We can't change history, but we can learn from it or remember historical places and dates. However, we don't notice the daily battlegrounds, we pass by indifferently, because after all, two world wars have ended. If you were to add up all these daily battles, the war might never end.

Anonym



Hope

Hope is a light in the darkest night,

A whisper that says, "Hold on tight."

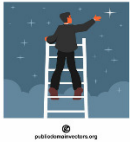
It hides in silence, shows in a smile,

And makes the hardest road worthwhile.

I carry it in my every breath—

A quiet strength that won't forget.

Anonym



Staircase to the sky

I'm dreaming on my own,
Of the staircase in my home.
It was leading to the sky,
Made of glass, so clear and high.

I took a few quick steps
And I fell within a blink.
I stepped a few steps back,
And looked up just to think.

I tried again, one more time,
But I paid for it with time.
Taking hours, step by step,
I reached the end — by the end.

Emilia Patora



Sweet secret

You are my sunshine.
When I look at the sky I see only you.
I want to talk, I want to speak and
I want to dream about you all the time.

When I come home and I can't find you
I am getting depressed.
You smell like gold,
You taste like heaven.

You melt like ice,
There is no time in the world that
I could enjoy you.
Oh chocolate, sweet chocolate

Anonym



AS IF YOU WERE

Unspoken words
became light.
Not easy. Not clear.
And yet — they revealed a path.

And thus,
they became truth.
And with that — life began.

“I am the way, the truth, and the life.”
— He said.

Not a man,
yet one of us.
Truly with us.

He saw farther
than thought could ever reach.
He did not look as man looks —
but like One
who hears silence
before it becomes a cry.

And He knew
the word would be good,
even if born
from pain,
from fear,
from a cry within.

I stand before You, Lord —
fragile,
bent low,
too small to speak.

Afraid
You might not hear me...
though my cry is loud.

And still, I believe — You hear.

I stand before You, Lord,
with hope
that You are.

That one day
we will meet, face to Face.

Though at times
it feels like You are not —
I will try to live
as if You were.

Perhaps this is what faith means:
to live
as if You were
here.
Now.
With us.

And we —
do we have the courage
to lift our eyes to the heavens?

Do we look
as if You were looking with us?

Do we live
as if You were?

Izabela



NIGHT DREAMING

Tonight is the night
Can you see the light?
The shines of the darks
Sometimes the dog barks
Sometimes someone screams
Interrupting your dreams
When you walk around
On still, silent ground
Beauty of that peace
When whole city sleeps
Not many can appreciate
This mystical state
Not many will even try
Loving that night sky
Dyed with million stars
Where your ideas just starts
Johnny



WASPS ON GLASS

Insects on the shards
Risk like playing cards
Searching for unknown
Like us in the phone
It might hurt
Without alert
Without a sign
And crush your spine
It won't be quick
Disintegration brick by brick
Most won't be aware
When they life will become blurred.
Johnny



The journey

Life is a road we all must take,
With twists and turns, and dreams to make.
Sometimes it's sunny, sometimes it rains,
We laugh, we cry, we feel the pains
Each day is new, a chance to grow,
To learn, to love, to let things flow
Though paths are hard, and skies may grey,
Hope lights the night and shows the way
So keep your heart open and true,
Life's a journey made for you! Zuzanna



Whispers of a Wild Soul

Beneath the sky's eternal dome,
Where rivers sing and wild winds roam,
My soul unchains from weight and wall,
And answers to the forest's call.

The pine trees speak in silent grace,
Their roots embraced in earth's embrace.
A meadow breathes; I feel it too—
Each petal kissed by morning dew.

No clock commands, no voices bind,
Just open skies and open mind.
A hawk ascends without a fear,
Its cry so sharp, so bright, so clear.

In streams I see my spirit flow,
In mountain winds, I come and go.
With every stone and blade of grass,
I shed the masks that humans pass.

The stars don't judge, the trees don't lie—
They simply grow and reach the sky.
And in their stillness, I become
A part of all, yet owned by none.

A.P.



Where love lives

Love is like a timeless flame,
Burning bright without a name
It whispers soft in hearts that yearn,
A gentle touch at every turn.

It bends the soul, it breaks the chains,
And soothes away the deepest pains
In every smile, in every sigh
Love lifts us up, it lets us fly. Zuzanna



He stood with faith when others fled
With truth and courage gently led
A silent strength, a guiding flame
A holy heart, a faithful name.

NK



Afternoon Walk

Went for a walk, just needed air,
Some time alone, with no one there.
The trees were still, the sky was wide,
Felt like the world had paused outside.

A kid laughed loud, his dog ran fast,
I smiled a bit as they ran past.
The bench looked old, but strong enough,
So I sat down, the day's been tough.

I watched a leaf fall near my shoe,
It spun a bit, then stopped, Just flew.
A bird looked down from way up high,
Then disappeared into the sky.

No big ideas, no plans today,
Just walked a while and felt okay,
So I got an idea to write this poem.

Fog Writer



* * *

We stand on the unstable ground.
Be careful to control your wrath.
No one dares to make a sound.
You must follow yours fathers path.

But if to look outside a sight.
One might find something more.
Little, tiny, piece of light,
That shines on you, all you searching for.

Oh, to be the cunning' rogue or a shiny knight.
To have your other world and all that's bound.
To look and see, what is now right.
That, my dear is yours task, to be found.

Franek



Chocolate

yes
i know you
i live next door
whenever I pass by here
i hope
that by chance
i will meet you
a sweet little chocolate
that is floating somewhere
and you will not pass me by
without a 'hello'
we will start a short chat
a furtive glance
then a sign
hopefully our hearts' loving stars
will soon eternally align

PJ



The Quiet Stream of Love

Love is a quiet, timeless stream,
Winding gently through a dream.
It speaks in glances, soft and true,
In morning skies and midnight blue.

It's not at all fire, not always light,
But steady hands in darkest night.
A voice that stays when others apart,
A home within another's heart.

It grows in silence, thrives in grace,
A sacred pause, a warm embrace.
No need for words, no grand display
Love simply chooses us and stays.

Julia B.



The Path

There is a path I walk each day,
Through trees and light, and clouds of grey.
I do not know what waits ahead,
But I feel hope, not fear or dread.
A bird sings high, the wind is near,
The world is quiet, but I can hear.
In every leaf, in every stone,
I hear a voice — I'm not alone.
The way is long, the steps are slow,
But something greater helps me go.
I walk, I breathe, I look above —
The path is hard, but full of love.

A.M.



Hope

At the break of dawn, the sky whispered "Hope",
Through shattered dreams, we still carried "Hope".
In weary hands and hearts that cope,
The silent prayer was always "Hope".

No chisel strikes without its "Hope",
Each stroke of work infused with "Hope".
Not just the task, but we who grope,
Are shaped within by gentle "Hope".

Let every word, each crafted rope,
Lift others up and bind with "Hope".
So in our hands, and through life's scope,
May all we do reflect our "Hope".

U.P.



Truth

In the quiet dawn, we searched for "Truth",
Not in thunder, but the voice of "Truth".
Through tangled thoughts and days of youth,
We found our path lit up by "Truth".

Each task we shaped with hands uncouth,
Was slowly guided, cleaned by "Truth".
Not just the end, but each small sleuth
Of work was formed to mirror "Truth".

In shadows deep, in trials uncouth,
We learned the cost, the weight of "Truth".
Yet in the fire, we grew, in sooth,
Becoming whole — refined by "Truth".

U.P.



* * *

Let the dust fall down at night
Let there be no stars in sight
In the darkness I'm alright
Cause I can still just see your smile

Even when I'm full of burden
And my thoughts like heavy thunder
With your heart I'm above clouds
Flying on your gentle arms

So remember oh my dear
What you really mean to me
Though you maybe not be here
Loneliness I'll never see

K.R.



* * *

So anew I'm standing here
As I stood there long ago
Think I made a time machine
Place's the same but I am not

Seeing sun that's going down
I'm escaping my own miles
Going fast as I have found
Something precious - the old times

Running fast I'm slowing down
Let my feet just touch the ground
Better to be shorn of time
Than completely lost your mind

K.R.



A Quiet Day

The sun is high, the sky is blue,

The birds are singing something new.

I walk alone, but feel no fear,

The world is calm, the day is clear.

K.Sz.



The Red Sweater

In my wardrobe there are many clothes

But what I like the most is my red sweater

Many times I have heard I should give it to someone younger

Because after all, it has been too small for me for a long time now

This red sweater reminds me of You

It takes me to the land of memories

And that **big embroidered heart** on it

Reminds me of **love** You gave me

I hope **this red sweater** will stay with me forever

Kasia



The End

2025