

freedom & harmony

A selection of poems
from Lighthouse
writing groups
2025-2026



Marziale. f f
smile.



rall.



lighthouse

Arts & Entertainment | Poole

NOTES

"Lighthouse Young Writers has inspired me immensely and helped me become more confident in my writing."

-PARTICIPANT

At the heart of our community here in Poole, Lighthouse is one of the UK's largest arts centres, and combines presenting world-class performances with a wide ranging programme of creative community engagement.

Established in 1978, and officially opened by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, in 2028 Lighthouse celebrates 50 years of bringing inspirational arts and culture to Poole and the wider South West region.

For the last five years, Lighthouse has supported young writers age 7-18 by providing free to access weekly creative writing classes in partnership with Artful Scribe.

This year we expanded our programme with a new creative writing class for adults, and in the coming years, we will be growing our work in schools and across the wider community.

This collection of poetry celebrates a selection of their writing, as they explored the themes of both Freedom and Harmony as part of wider Lighthouse community projects.

We think their poetry expresses the creativity, confidence and imagination that writing unlocks, far better than we ever could.

We hope you enjoy reading their work.

CARD

ADDRESS ONLY

Mr. Thomas

Symbiotic Harmony

A breeze flutters in encouragement
To the lapping waves gradually swishing with fervour
Rolls of fluid coldness
Seep through sand and rock, cooling them down
Rocks are swept snugly under sea
Awaiting to be rediscovered
By hands which will treasure their sublimity
And hands that skim their bodies across the water's planes
The ocean's perpetual motion
Keeps surfboards afloat
Schools of fish swim unscathed under their shadows
Yet are observed with philocally by those underwater
Beings, underwater and overwater, bask in radiant warmth
Giving heat a pleasant use
Such humid conditions
Gleam and glint the sea's open body
Waves swirl above
Providing a coolness to scorched winds

Chloe, age 15



Kou
mim
ceer
big

Upon the seven seas
Freedom sails,
Leaving bubbles in many trails,
Journeying for days
long and short
Going towards open shores.



Freedom Is...

Freedom is a place between time, thought and boundaries,
is city air, the smell of Christmas. Chubby cats.
Freedom is once you've finished your school work
or better still - no school at all. Gaming all the time.
Freedom is being able to do whatever you wish
within reason.

Freedom is the fresh smell of pine, the smooth powdered snow
spraying up as I ski, shooting down the mountainside.
Freedom is running on the beach, feet hitting wet sand
or lying back on the mountainside with a book,
as warmth drenches your skin. It's sitting around
a crackling campfire, laughing with friends
as smoke curls around you, enveloping you
in its woody scent.

Freedom is the scent of the salty sea air, the sight
of your long lost loved one, the taste of cold air
on your tongue, the early morning frost on your fingertips.

Freedom is the sound of birdsong.

Freedom is in summer running down a meadow at sunset
or watching the bats with your family -
slow-spooning a mega jar of Biscoff spread...

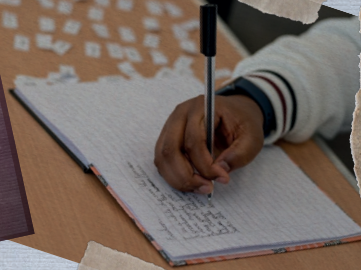
Freedom is having no thoughts.

Freedom is the smell of grass and fresh morning
on the golf green.

It's music, the smell of rain. It's dogs, movies,
the taste of fresh baked cakes.

Freedom is where you can make decisions
with no interference and have freedom of thought.

Wimborne 2nd Scouts



Harmony

Some may say it is outrageous
A Harmonious Duet.
We see our reflection illuminating our shadows
Dancing in a twisted tango
A Harmonious Duet.
The ghost plays the harp,
The bat the violin,
The harpy stamps its foot down in tandem to the beat
Of the Harmonious Duet.
The music as smooth as the best chocolate,
As beautiful as doves and pigeons alike
Birds that shimmer, fluttering in the light
A Harmonious Duet.
Someone does not have to be manly,
In order to not be petrified by the strength of stars.
Only to dance in the moonlight whilst nobody is staring
For others can sing and dance as well
In the Harmonious Duet.

Jessica, age 12



Freedom Poem

Upon the seven seas Freedom sails,
Leaving bubbly, wispy trails,
Journeys for days, long and short,
Going towards the golden shores.
Many people, day and night,
Board to sail away from fright.
Feeling safe, the passengers stream with crew of sixteen.
Under the stars, in the light of the moon,
On the ship Freedom, there is no gloom.
Freedom gives the passengers hope,
At least, that's what they spoke.
Under the stars
On the boat Freedom,
Under the stars,
A young girl called Lucy
Could see bright red Mars.
In her soft hammock,
Under the stars,
Lucy looked up at
Bright red Mars!
In the pale morning,
Lucy could see
Quite clearly who she'd
Like to be...
AN ASTRONAUT!

Matilda, age 8



Harmony

Outrageous, outrageous
are these twisted times.
Illuminating, illuminating
is this lead ashtray.
Reflections, reflections haunting
the remains of our freedom.
Shadows, shadows of the
life we never had.
Yet in harmony we sing.
Petrified, petrified are the
children of our world.
Protected, protected our future is not.
Loyalty, loyalty is slowly dying.
Devotion, devotion is melting away.
Yet in harmony we stand.
Yet we never stop believing .
This is because we stand together.
Because in harmony this world stands.

Aurora, age 13



Ice Lollies with Grandad in the Summer of '93

Lens flares of light flicker through leaves
The scent of distant barbeques drifting with Dandelion fluff
A big hand reaches down to place the stick in mine
I hold it out before me, triumphant; it is... Excalibur!
A helter-skelter of cream and green with a rose core
Twister Lollies are still my favourite
I only recently learnt that their flavour is Pineapple
But the label should read 'Taste of the Summer'
"Show me how to draw a pirate ship, Grandad!"
His biro for circling TV listings sketches the jagged sphere of a ship's wheel
His children only knew discipline and indifference
Perhaps it took a generation to get to the rose core
The violence of war never truly left him
It gave absence in more than a lost limb
I wonder if he felt it most keenly on days like this
Recollections of comrades who would never sit beside their granddaughter
As we shared squash between the innings
Maybe he imagined those lost soldiers were with us
Perhaps he made room for the dead at the expense of the living
I worry that I do the same
There are no villains
There are no heroes
Only grey; a murky... disconcerting grey
You learn that two things can be true at the same time

Laura, Lighthouse Writers Group

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