



**GREAT
ORMOND
STREET
HOSPITAL
CHARITY**



The GOSH
Book of Fantastic
First Poems

World Poetry Day Sunday 21 March 2021





GOSH patient Yasir with
a member of the Play Team

To celebrate World Poetry Day, Great Ormond Street Hospital Children's Charity is delighted to share this incredible selection of poems, written by the talented children at Great Ormond Street Hospital (GOSH).

'The child first and always' remains at the heart of everything we do. Part of that promise is ensuring we support GOSH in making every child's hospital experience the best it can be, by creating a more relaxed, less clinical environment, and reduce stress and anxiety for children and young people.

For example, as part of the GOSH Arts programme, site-specific projects have been created to inspire the imagination of the children and their families. You may have seen the 20 metre-long Seascape feature wall in the hospital's main reception, which is made up of more than 100 fish painted by the children at GOSH, or the Prayer Tree in the Chapel. Children, families and staff of all faiths can leave their prayers by tying labels that act as leaves to the tree branches.

Our latest project has been working closely with GOSH's fantastic Play Team, asking the children to write a poem for World Poetry Day on Sunday 21 March. This has been a fun task for the children and something they've thoroughly enjoyed. Each poet has chosen their own subject and each poem is both impressive and thought-provoking. Thank you very much to Ava, Kayla, Hannah, Sumi, Aura and Shannon for sharing your beautiful work with us, and to the GOSH patients who drew some of the pictures you see throughout the booklet.

I hope you enjoy reading these poems as much as I have.

Very best wishes,

Louise Parkes,
Chief Executive,
Great Ormond Street Hospital
Children's Charity



Hospital

Being in hospital, lying in bed
eating some Rice Krispies
and taking my meds.

It's physio time
screw in my line

let's do some painting
Francesca is waiting.

staying in hospital, lying in bed
taking some enzymes
and doing my Nebs.

Taking IVs

going to sleep

running on treadmills and watching TV.

Lying in hospital, sitting in bed

IVs when I'm sleeping is getting to my head!

Some people sleep in

but no not me

because I am an early bird

CHEEP. CHEEP, CHEEP!

By Ava, age 12

Treated on Leopard ward
for Cystic Fibrosis



Ava at GOSH



A new Light

Golden reflections tease darting shadows,
until a tower of bleak black water rises,
steadily growing, a melancholy magnet,
steadily growing, a wall obstructing the light.

A jolt upwards, a jolt downwards,
our wooden boat rocks towards the wall, until,
an enchanting melody challenges the deafening silence,
beams of radiant light melt the barrier like glass.

A gentle rise, a gentle fall,
suddenly a golden surf spills across crystalline water,
stars rise like balloons over the party of fish,
blue-green ripples rise, each a granted wish.

By Hannah, age 17

Treated on Sky Ward for Spinal Surgery



Hannah, who's
part of the Young
Peoples Forum
at GOSH

The Ocean in Human Characteristics

The Earth is made up of water but only some understand the deepness of it.

Not many get the uniqueness of it.

It's worth learning about and diving in to experience how it feels like when connecting with the ocean.

This element of the Earth matters to me most, without it I'd be lost, there's no survival beyond it.

Most take water for granted but I say it is not easy for some to find, almost like rare crystals for some.

It is always kind and helps in every way, but some may not understand it.

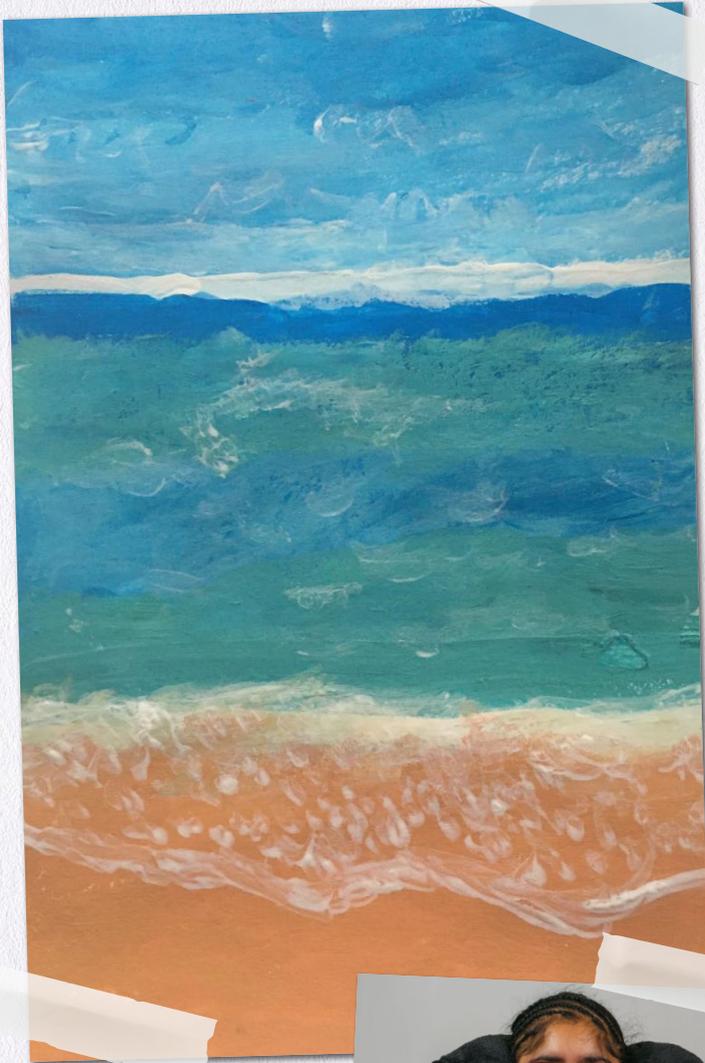
Planet earth is filled with gallons, oceans create soothing calm waves with a cool fresh breeze from it, waterfalls create fast rapid vibrations, which fall down onto the river lanes full of uniquely shaped stones and pebbles, as the motion of clear water trembles through its path of heaven it reaches the end of an unknown, with god's will he chooses to repeat the cycle over and over.

Beauty of Mother Nature is guided purely by him.

By Sumi, age 19

Treated on Sky Ward for a long-term neuromuscular condition

Painting
by Sumi



Sumi, who's part of
the Young Peoples
Forum at GOSH





Rainbow, rainbow, rainbow

Rainbowland Rainbowland,
with a boat you can get there
but if you do not want to take the boat,
you can swim there.

Rainbowland Rainbowland,
with invisible stairs you can climb there.

Rainbowland Rainbowland,
you need the key to get there.

Rainbowland Rainbowland,
you can find 20 bunnies, 20 teddy bears
and 23 ladybugs in the house and in the forest.

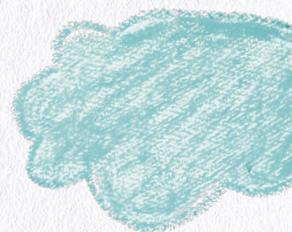
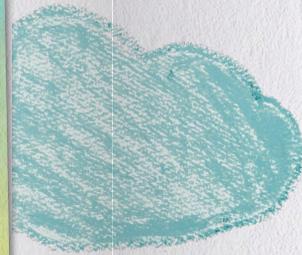
Rainbowland Rainbowland,
a place where you can find many things
and feel HAPPY and RAINBOW!

Kayla, age 5
Treated on Elephant Ward

The Beauty of Peace

The heart gives you love
The clouds make you think
The dots make the world clean
The sun calms you down
The grass makes peace

Aura, age 8
Treated on Koala Ward



Picture by Aura

Great Ormond Street

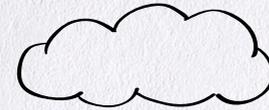
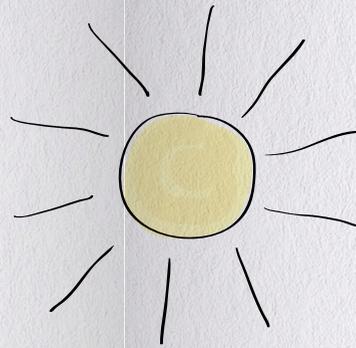
London works in bursts.
In station platform slow-starts,
Taxi horn echoes, West End exits,
That rush hour tube crush.

London moves; mess of constant momentum,
Matinees, Southbank Shows, proud
of the buskers, the drummers, bubble-blowers
and BMXers; London is a steam engine
fueled by soul with an unceasing whistle.

London is never dark. London lives,
keeps you awake, its light pollution
hides away the stars.
London makes you breathless
with its motion, commotion, chest-tightening
emotion of being a small fish in
a big city - but there is a space here,
where children find rest.

Where the stars are electric, glowing
above the hum of an MRI machine.
Mean traffic? Not here; fresh linen,
white noise and teething toys,
shuffling of nurses poised for cries,
ready with lullabies, eyes focused
on patient notes; Modern Mary Poppins
folks with a magic bag
of blood pressure cuffs and saline.

London is loud; crowds flock
thousands strong every year, but here,
broken only by the consultants who come
in the hospital light of the morning,
doing the rounds.



Here, happiness, relief, grief and song
are common sounds. Miracles abound
in these hallways most days -
new heartbeats, the gift of grip,
steady fingertips give the ability
to eat, to grin to begin new languages -
is there anything brighter than the glee
of a child no more than three,
recognising - for the first time -
his mother with new eyes?

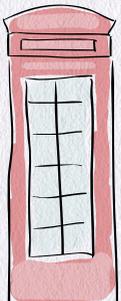
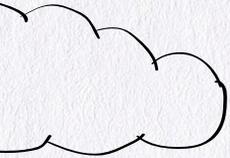
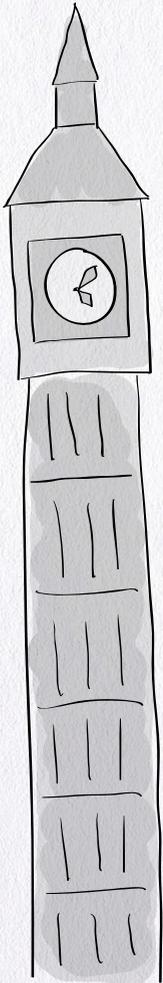
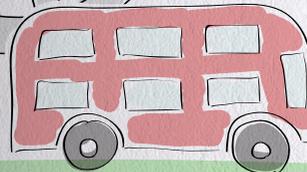
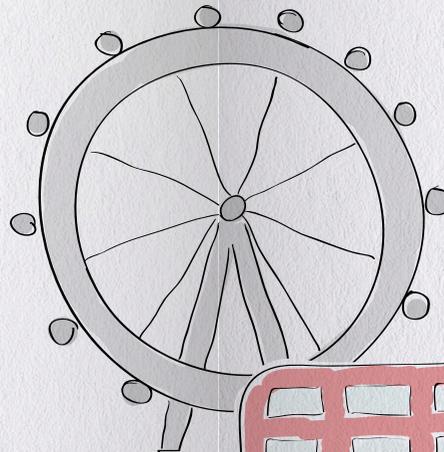
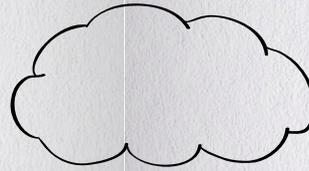
Only here, can the seeds of hope
be born, sown and grown.
Brought into full bloom
in hospital rooms - it's here we come
to look for heroes.

Running through Bloomsbury,
there is a street. Meet there
people with whom you never thought
you'd have words;
birds make their homes here,
in its patient park, and in the dark,
it glows golden all the night.

This place is Great Ormond Street -
a beacon of light.

Shannon, age 19
Treated on various wards

Shannon
Clinton -
Copenhagen x



A better future for seriously
ill children starts here.



Thank you for
reading our poems.
Best wishes, Ava,
Hannah, Sumi, Kayla,
Aura and Shannon

xxx



To find out more about the work
of the charity or the hospital,
and how you can support please
visit www.gosh.org