

Mother Tongue Other Tongue 2017-18 Anthology



Add your voice to the poet-tree

Foreword



Reading each of these poems is like opening a page from a secret diary. It is a privilege to meet these children and young people so intimately on the page, and witness their thoughts and feelings on everything from growing-up to war, football, heartbreak and friendship.

Identity is inextricably linked to culture and language. In a world of what often seems a crazy land of upturned trees, these children write poems from their roots and also extend themselves to more foreign lands, making new maps and reminding us of what really matters.

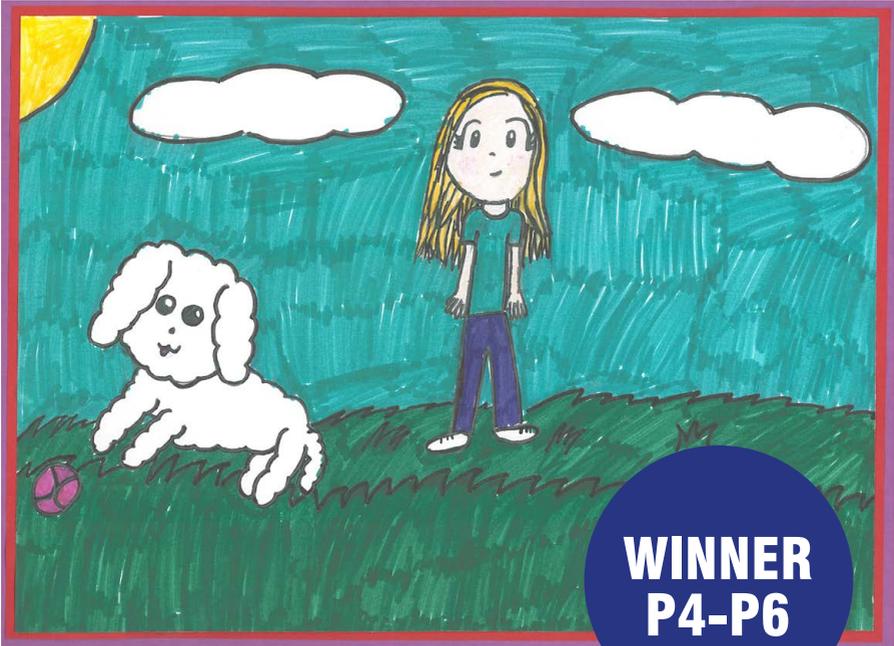
Fostering a love of difference is at the heart of creativity and human progress. As ever, it is our younger generation who have much to teach us about understanding and acceptance, and express that simple wisdom so beautifully in the universal language of poetry. Enjoy!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Juliette Lee". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial 'J' and a decorative flourish at the end.

Juliette Lee

Poet and MTOT facilitator

Mój mały piesek



Mój mały piesek

Mój mały piesek,
jest mały jak okrusek,
a kiedy wyjdziemy na spacer,
bardzo brudzi sobie brzuszek

Idziemy do parku,
inni przyglądają się jej bieli,
a ja dumna wiem,
że takiego pieska też by chcieli

Uwielbia smakołyki,
tak jak każdy pies,
ale w sztukach,
to najlepszy jest!

I jeszcze dodam,
że jest bardzo puchata,
czasami nawet mówię,
że jest jak cukrowa wata!

My name is Julia and I am 10 years old. I was born in England but I am bilingual and I speak Polish at home. Polish is my first language so I felt confident writing it in my mother tongue.

My poem is about my little dog, Izzy. She is like a little ball of white candyfloss! After playing in the park, her little white paws and tummy get dirty. I had fun making my poem rhyme in Polish and managed to find a word to rhyme with brzuszek (tummy) – okrusek (crumb)!

I love being bilingual. I like that I can communicate privately with other Polish speakers. It's like a secret code. I'm so glad that I have the ability to switch between languages and think in different ways.

Julia Wólszczak

P4-P6, St James' Primary School (Polish)

Freedom

HIGHLY
COMMEDED



My name is Rayan Alboushi. I am 9 and I am from Syria. My first language is Arabic then English. I learned Arabic in Jordan and English in Glasgow. First I was born in Syria then I went to Jordan, then I moved to Glasgow with my family. It is important to me to learn Arabic for my religion to read the Qu'ran.

I wrote the poem easily because I read a lot. Freedom means a free land to me. I play outside a lot so it gave me some ideas.

The fighting started in Syria because the country's leader died. People did not want his son to be the next leader, but when people spoke out they were put in jail so people became too afraid to speak their mind. This made me realise how important it is to be able to speak freely. I can speak more freely in Scotland than I could in Syria.

Rayan Alboushi

P4-P6, St Albert's Primary School (Arabic)

حرية
بحر مفتوح
شمس بالربا
غلام مجتهد
ورحاً جابلاً
حياتنا من تسلياً حبس
لنا مسياً للربو
اننا بحر للحرية

Az én cöpi kutyám

HIGHLY
COMMEDED

az én cöpi kutyám

Van egy kicsi cöpi kutyám
ójan mint egy hurrikán
hangosab mint egy üvöltő oroszlán
de puháb mint a kis párnán
Játékos mint a macska de mégis csak egy
Chihuahua fület hegyez mikor figyel
téli kutya ruhát visel vigyáz
vele mikor eszkel ment minden
ételot meg neszkel
de akár hogyis szeretem
minden hová ragamál cipelen.



by Zina



My name is Zina and I am originally from Budapest in Hungary. I moved to Scotland when I was 4 years old but I continue to learn and speak in Hungarian at home. I even speak Hungarian with my little brother.

My poem is about my pet Chihuahua, Zeus. I described him as being like a hurricane! He's louder than a roaring lion but softer than a pillow. He plays as if he's a kitten although he's a Chihuahua. His big ears go up when he's listening and in the winter he wears dog clothes to keep him warm. Be careful if you're eating food because he can smell it from far away. I love him so much and never want to part from him.

I enjoyed writing in Hungarian for a change because I usually write in English at school. I had fun writing this poem and was so pleased I could make it rhyme.

Zinaida Benya

P4-P6, St James' Primary School (Hungarian)

Mis Islitas

**WINNER
P7-S1**



Rima, rimita, rimota
Cuál es tu nota que escuchas cuando canta.
Escucha, escucha y sabráa la nota que se
escucha.
Ella decía está rodeada ed mar,
Son siete islita,
Mis pequeñitas son las Islas Canarias.

Rima, rimita, rimota
Cuál es tu nota que escuchas cuando canta.
Canta, canta la majorera canta, canta sin
parar.
La majorera es una de las islas más largas
Y de la que les hablo se llama Fuerteventura
No tiene muchas cositas pero aun así
La disfrutamos, el calor, las playa
Todo menos que no tiene mucha población
Pero la queremos igual.
¡Volvere a verte islita mia!

Hola my name is Nora and I am from Fuerteventura, which is a small island off Spain. I came to Scotland in September and now I live with grandma in Paisley. My family came here to study and learn English because it is important for our future. I am happy in my school and in Scotland but I miss the beautiful Canary Islands and especially the weather!

I wrote this poem about the islands because I miss them so much. I am a majorera (native woman) because I am native to Fuerteventura! I am so proud of my country and I tried to make my poem sound like the rhythm of the music of the islands. The repetition of the words represent the sounds of the waves crashing on the beach. I will return soon to my beautiful island.

Nora Dhanou Rodriguez

P7-S1, West Primary School (Spanish)

Man of the Match

HIGHLY
COMMEDED

Man of the Match
 يقين یره نه راته چی نن به مبیج وی
 ماخو ویل چی نن به باران وی
 ما کدا سوچ کو چی که باران ا نه شی
 لید جان به Man of the match رو کومه
 ع شکر د نن باران ا نه شو
 ما دیر خه بالنگ ا نه
 ما دیر خه بیفک ا نه
 ع لود راته حیران و د
 coach راته ویل چی نه خو دیر خه رانه شی
 داسی راته بکاری چی نه به بی نن مکتی
 ع او بیاما مبیج ا کمالو
 ا د خه Man of the Match شوم

I presumed the match would not go ahead
 The rain would come later, I thought
 But if the rain does not come I can prove myself and
 show how I can be
 Man of the Match
 Thank God the rain did not come
 I did excellent balling
 I was great at batting
 Everyone on the cricket ground was surprised
 The coach said I was a great danger to the opposition
 And that I would win the final for us because of my
 winning performance
 We won the final and I became
 Man of the Match



Hello my name is Bahadar and I am from Afghanistan. My first language is Pashto. I arrived in Scotland last year and began my life with my new foster family. I have learnt so much in just one year. I had never been to school before. I learnt to read in English very quickly and now I can speak, read and write in English very well.

Two months ago I began Pashto lessons. Although it is my first language I can't read or text in it. Learning the alphabet has been good for me because now I can write my name in my own language and I am beginning to read words.

I chose to write about cricket because it is my passion. I feel like a hero when I play this sport. I was recently named man of the match at a club game and this was a proud moment for me. Being good at cricket helps my confidence and it makes me feel proud of myself.

I have been through a lot over the last few years since I left my home. It has been tough at times but I am now settled. In my Pashto lessons I found out that my name Bahadar means brave and I think I am brave.

Bahadar Esakhel

P7-S1, East Fulton Primary School (Pashto)

A New Day

HIGHLY
COMMEDED

يوم جديد



اشترقت الشمس الدمع بعد

الظلام

وابتسم يوم على الدنيا

جديد

وامتريتك وابتدى صمت

الكلام

يسرق الكلمات من نبض

الوريد

My name is Mohamad and I am from Syria. I left Syria when I was 7 and moved to Lebanon. I migrated to Paisley with my family in April 2017 and I have been learning English in my new school. I speak, read and write in Arabic and English now.

I wrote my poem, A New Day, in Arabic and it is a metaphor about light and darkness. My life has changed so much this year and although I have been through difficult times, I feel hope and courage to face a new day with its new challenges.

Mohamad Al Chouhel

P7-S1, Williamsburgh Primary School (Arabic)

Motherland

WINNER
S2-S3

Родина!

Какое прекрасное слово и как красиво оно звучит.

Моя Родина – Шотландия.

Я люблю ее средневековые замки, зеленые парки и прекрасные озера!

Я люблю мой родной город – Глазго. Самый крупный город в Шотландии.

Здесь родился мой папа и здесь живут мои бабушка и дедушка.

И я учусь в школе, где учился мой папа. Но мне повезло.

У меня еще есть один родной, любимый город. Этот город моей мамы, столица России – Москва.

Очень красивый, гостеприимный, с широкими проспектами и старинными особняками.

Москва знаменита своей Красной площадью и Московским Кремлем и Храмом Василия Блаженного.

Это одна из самых современных столиц мира. Московское метро – самое красивое в мире.

Театры, музеи, зоопарк, выставочные залы, Большой театр – всемирно известный своим балетом, парки, Москва - река!

Я люблю этот город и мне хочется, чтобы мои друзья бывали там.

Я верю, что это случится. Потому что, если ты один раз посетишь Москву – влюбишься в нее навсегда!



This poem is very personal to me and close to my heart because as mentioned in my poem, I am half Russian and half Scottish.

My poem is called ‘Motherland’ because in the poem I try to explain what this word means to me. Most people only have one motherland, but I have more than one place that I call home.

When I’m in Moscow, I completely fit in – I have a very big, close family who love me very much. I love the Russian culture, nature, architecture, the language and the people. Although when I am in Scotland I feel the same way. My home is here, my friends are here and my school is here.

I hope that through my poem I was able to share and explain my thoughts and feelings on what the word ‘Motherland’ means to me.

Erika Aitkenhead

S2-S3, Kirkintilloch High School (Russian)

Ποίημα του ΕΚΠΑΤΡΙΣΜΕΝΟΥ

Ποίημα του εκπατρισμένου
Ελλάδα μου, πατρίδα μου
που έχει φωλιάσει γαϊδάρη
γιατί μ'έδωξες ένα σπίτι
που είναι μικρό φεγγάρι
δε φημίμα, ο αγγιξιάς
για δε της να Ελλάδα;
βα κ'απόφασι απαντα
λο τον καταμένο αν ταφο
Τον αναίταν, τον μετρησαν
Επίτιμος χ'ένας βόρος
που φέρονται για ανακαλύψη
μέρα κι όλη τ'όδοις τ'όρη
δε πάσαν, σε π'αδωσαν
και εσύ τ'αυς ευχαριστούς
μ'αίνα σωστή, εβ'όδοις
και τους φεβοφενούτες
Μα τιποί μ'αίνα Ελλάδα μου
που γ'όδοις που κ'αυ'όδοις;
το ερώτι σου εβ'όδοις
και ευχαριστούς
Αυτίδες την τ'αυ'όδοις
που εβ'όδοις αγγιξιάς
κ'έσους με την κ'αυ'όδοις
που ούτωθα μ'αυ'όδοις
Έβ'όδοις να π'αυ'όδοις
που ο εβ'όδοις σου π'αυ'όδοις
και την Ελλάδα μου τ'αυ'όδοις
ο γ'όδοις να αγγιξιάς

My poem is about the wave of mass emigration that inundated Greece the past ten years and is still going on with an every day growing number of people and in particular, young Greek individuals who have no choice but to abandon their homeland due to the economical debt crisis that the country is undergoing. Throughout the poem the reader is able to taste the bitterness and utter heartbreak of all those who were forced to leave their family, their home, the people they loved, to seek to a better future and to get through the day without worrying what to eat next.

I was inspired by this topic as I'm a Greek myself and I was recently struck by this major issue which led me to emigrate one year ago. This poem goes out to all the Greeks who were left hopeless, disappointed and resented but despite all the chaos they've been through, never forgot our country and their love for it as also their roots and their culture because no matter the storm that hit each one of us there's one thing I know and I will always do from now and so on, that for every Greek, Greece is like a first love. Never forgotten, always cherished and carried everywhere.

Danai Nikitea

Senior Phase, Graeme High School
(Greek)



**WINNER
SENIOR
PHASE**

Amicizia

HIGHLY
COMMENDED

Amicizia è una cosa che,
puoi lasciarlo ma non

Amicizia è una cosa che
Non finirà mai.

Nella vita troveremo
tante persone ma,
quando avrai bisogno
di qualcuno,
solo gli amici veri
resteranno.

L'amicizia é anche quando
litighiamo, arrabbiamo,
ci prendiamo in giro
e a volte non ci parliamo ma,
alla fine gli vogliamo
così bene che,
non possiamo
restare senza di loro.

Gli amici sono
quelle persone che
quando sei triste
ti riportano il sorriso
e la felicità di nuovo
nella tua vita.

L'amicizia è tutto
questo per me
senza gli amici
il mondo
sembra vuoto.

L'amicizia è
una felicità,
ed è un'emozione
indescrivibile.



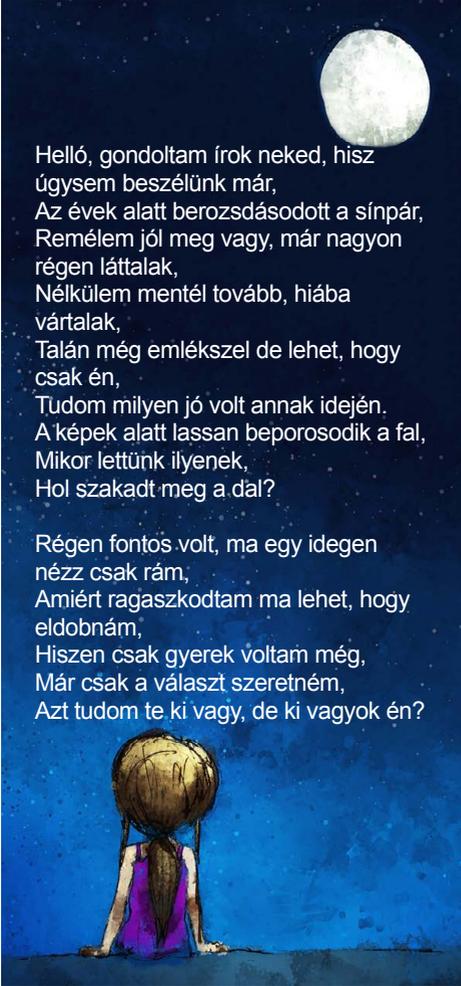
I wrote this poem because friendship is one of the most valuable things in the world. I am grateful for all the friends I have in my life and miss the ones I have left behind. Nowadays people use the word 'friend' to be anything, social media friendships are very weak for example. I wanted to reflect on the deep meaning of friendship and write to show my friends how lucky I am to have them.

Sayma Hossain

Senior Phase, Craigroyston Community High School (Italian)

Idegen

HIGHLY
COMMEDED



Helló, gondoltam írok neked, hisz
úgysem beszélünk már,
Az évek alatt berozsdásodott a sínpár,
Remélem jól meg vagy, már nagyon
régem láttalak,
Nélkülem mentél tovább, hiába
vártalak,
Talán még emlékszel de lehet, hogy
csak én,
Tudom milyen jó volt annak idején.
A képek alatt lassan beporosodik a fal,
Mikor lettünk ilyenek,
Hol szakadt meg a dal?

Régem fontos volt, ma egy idegen
nézz csak rám,
Amiért ragaszkodtam ma lehet, hogy
eldobnám,
Hiszen csak gyerek voltam még,
Már csak a választ szeretném,
Azt tudom te ki vagy, de ki vagyok én?

Foreign

Hello, I thought I would text you,
because we are not speaking
anymore,

After a few years, 'the railway line
is rusty.'

I hope you are okay, you are happy,
I have not seen you for a long time,

You are going on without me, but I
was waiting for you,

Maybe, you remember, or maybe it is
only me who does,

I know I was glad,

'Under the pictures the wall is dusty',

When we became foreigners,

'Where did the song break?'

We were important for a long time, but
you are foreign when you look at me,

I was insistent, but today I can
discard it,

Because I was just a kid,

I just want the answer,

I know who you are, but who am I?

I enjoy writing in Hungarian especially creative writing and using my imagination. I am always writing and making stories. I wrote my poem because when I came to Scotland I lost lots of my friends, this poem is about my feelings on this. It is a poem about friends leaving each other, not only at school but how we can all lose touch with friends. I liked writing this poem in Hungarian, I started writing creative stories and poems when I was 11 years old and my teacher told me I was good at it! I can always express how I feel in my writing in Hungarian.

Anett Ziegler

Senior Phase, Johnstone High School (Hungarian)



WINNER
FE/HE

Autumn

秋

我捡起一片枫叶
试图解读它的纹路

那一曲 是追梦的阻挠吗
那一折 是压抑于内心的迟疑吗
那一弯 是距离现实最遥远的挫败吗
那一角 是他的不鼓励还是你狠狠的打击

秋雨忽下 溅起泪花
涌上心头的尽是澎湃的情绪
一次又一次地唤醒我的初衷
即使风再狂 雨再大
其奈我何

秋风萧瑟 沁入骨子
山野间金黄与火红的交叉点
耸立着一颗又一棵的苍松翠柏
在大地的残骸中灌溉希望
编织绚烂的未来

我忘了！这是落叶归根的季节啊
思念飞掠赤裸的土地 奔向故乡
穿越常年茂盛的青枝绿叶
只为了轻抚一次炽热的汗水
啊 那是我憧憬的温度啊

于是我松开手
让枫叶随风而去

This poem expresses the struggle an expatriate has to experience mentally, eventually realising that her home will always remain as her strongest pillar of strength in the darkest of times.

As someone who has just witnessed a seasonal transition for the first time ever, I was strongly affected by the drastic change in weather and daylight duration, in addition to the gradual decaying of the verdant scenery. This transformation reminded me of the failure and frustration I encountered, which was metaphorically portrayed by the winding veins seen on a fallen maple leaf. In the second paragraph, rhetorical questions were used to emphasise the distress caused by the different obstacles I faced in the pursuit of my dream.

The melancholy in the beginning of the poem converts abruptly to an abundance of positivity in the latter part. The Chinese have always believed that 'the leaves falling to their roots' represents our life cycle, whereby everything will surely return to its source in the end – making this the most powerful message in this poem. In this case, I wish to highlight how my heart will always yearn to go home, where all my loved ones are. Hopefully the incorporation of this twist will lift the mood of the readers by reminding them that there will always be someone there for them.

This is the season to know about ourselves in greater depth. Let's free ourselves of unnecessary worries like how I let go of the fallen leaf in the last paragraph.

Su Min Lai

FE/HE, University of Dundee (Chinese)

A Letter from Mother

HIGHLY
COMMEDED

慈母信
丰景园田阔
罍圃水园闲
国民匡图困
远函诉团纒



A creek twines the vast green field just like the blue satin ribbon. Meanwhile, in a distant place there are landscape of lakes and hills and picturesque views.

Moist air, misty haze, the warm sunshine let you forget the time.

The landscape is not the main reason you would like to come back to your home, However, the people of the whole nation are actively creating material and spiritual wealth. As a result, it is a good chance to display your talents into full play.

At last, please reply to the family and tell me your heart aches for your family.

The most distinguishing feature of my poem might be the use of special Chinese characters and the “ancient-style” GUSHI poetry called classical Chinese poetry composed of only four sentences and 20 Chinese characters.

The Chinese characters, originated from pictures, were people’s depiction of things, or the hieroglyphically original characters which have gone through several thousand years of evolution and remain until now. Though Chinese character have no letters, different structural parts may form different Chinese characters. When you see the characters from my poem with this structural part “ ” like barriers surrounding the whole character, you may find that characters are basically related to the emotion of being limited by human bondage. This poem reflects my parents’ and friends’ expectations in my home country, that is, setting free from your own limitations and seeking new choices in the future in high morale and combines my own nostalgia.

Yinuo Wang

FE/HE, University of Dundee (Chinese)

Sunset Glow



**HIGHLY
COMMENDED**

晚霞

看着远处的那道光
它在山的那边
慢慢地接近大山的顶端
他正在逐渐被大山遮挡它的光
消失在人们的视线当中
但，就是因为日落
我们才拥有如此美丽的景象
因为它的暂时的消失
换来了我们次日的冉冉升起
拥抱它
享受它
漫长的黑夜过后必是黎明
生活亦如此

See the light from far away
It is over the hill
Approaching to the top of the hill
Its flashing glory of sunset gradually blocked by
the hill
Appearing out of sights
But, because of the sunset
We can only see such beautiful scene
On account of its hide out
In return the next sun-rise
Embrace it
Enjoy it
after long dark night, it must be the dawn
Life is just like this

When I was writing this poem, I just want to express my feelings about my father. He is amazing and he has devoted himself for our family, he worked hard in order to get our living standard improved. When I was a child, he went to find a job far away, we did not have a reunion until Chinese Festival, and this gathering only lasts for several days. Recently, he is suffering an illness which makes him pessimistic sometimes. In my heart, what he has done for us is just like the beautiful scene we will never forget. Although he is getting old and having some illness as the sunset glow is fading away, I have been trying to comfort him, tell him that it is not a big deal; we need to be optimistic as he always encourages me before and I do believe he will bounce back definitely after the pain. The brighter and hopeful future will come.

Hong Lin

FE/HE, City of Glasgow College (Chinese)

Other Tongue



Add your voice to the poet-tree

Thoir an Aire

WINNER
EARLY
YEARS

Tha sgoil duinte, Tha sgoil duinte,
Tha mi sgith, Tha mi sgith,
Tha mi dol dhachaidh, Tha mi dol dhachaidh.
Thoir an Aire! Thoir an Aire!

Rathad trang, rathad trang,
Traffaig a'tighinn, Traffaig a'tighinn,
Fuirich mionaid, Fuirich mionaid,
Thoir an Aire! Thoir an Aire!

When we wrote the poem our topic was road safety. We had been learning songs about Stop Look and Listen and traffic lights and put our ideas together. It is to the tune of twinkle twinkle little star.

St Bridget's Early Years Class

Early Years, St Bridget's Primary School (Gaelic)

Take Care

School is closed, School is closed,
I am tired, I am tired,
I am going home, I am going home.
Take Care! Take Care!

A busy road, a busy road,
Traffic coming, Traffic coming.
Wait a minute, Wait a minute,
Take Care! Take Care!



Die Welt

WINNER
P4-P6

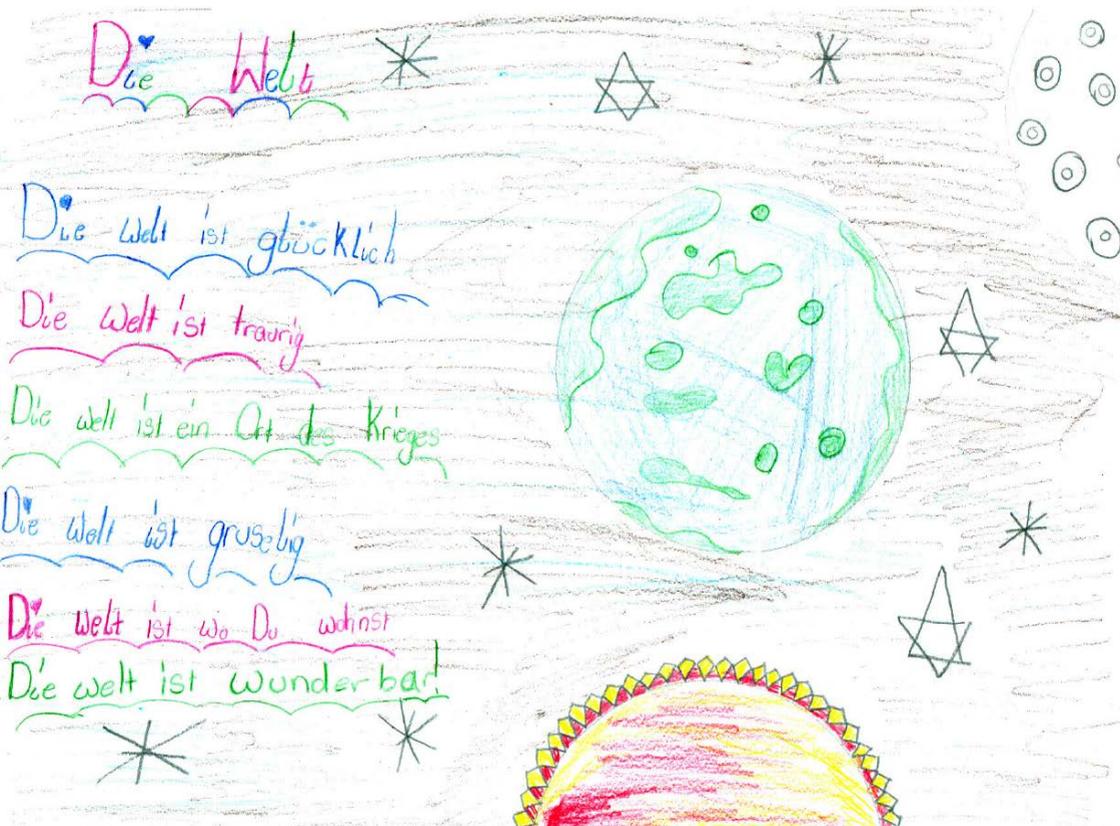
Die Welt ist glücklich
Die Welt ist traurig
Die Welt ist ein Ort des Krieges
Die Welt ist gruselig
Die Welt ist wo Du wohnst
Die Welt ist wunderbar!

I wrote about the world because it is a magical place where anything can happen. The world is amazing in millions of ways. Die Welt is how you say 'the world' in German.

I like learning German because you can learn how to speak another language. I would like to go to Germany one day. I would really like to visit the Christmas markets in December. Did you know that the words for months in German are almost the same in English?

Ava Stewart

P4-P6, Gartcosh Primary School (German)



España

HIGHLY
COMMENDED

- E** España es una lengua facil de comprender.
- S** Siempre hace muchisima calor.
- P** Paella es una porción Española.
- A** Alguien le puede gustar.
- Ñ** ñ es una lettera Española.
- A** Alicante es una ciudad grande.

Spain

- E** Spanish is an easy language to learn.
- S** It is always really hot.
- P** Paella is a Spanish portion.
- A** Some people may like it.
- Ñ** ñ is a letter from the culture.
- A** Alicante is a big city.



I enjoyed writing about Spain in an acrostic poem. I used to live there and it was good to write this so I could share it with the people in my class, so they could learn about where I used to live. The poem has the title of Spain because it is about the food, cities, weather and language of Spain. My favourite line is 'it is easy to learn the language'. It is good to learn a foreign language because it is very useful and it will help you get a job. My message is, try to learn a language and come to Spain. I loved writing this poem because it helped me remember where I use to live.

Kole Murray

P4-P6, Moray Primary School (Spanish)

Fußball

Fans jubeln an der Seite des Spielfelds,
über die Quersänge so nah,
über die Hafter Kopf und ein,
Brauchte Zeit zu punkten!

Nathan



Fußball

HIGHLY
COMMENDED

Football is exciting and a lot of fun. I play football on a Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday with my team and every other chance I get! My poem is about football because I like to play and I am a goal keeper for my team and that's why my poem is about scoring a goal.

At home I speak English and French. I speak German to my brother because we both learn German at school. I hope one day that I could maybe go to Germany and play for a German football team.

Nathan Decuyper

P4-P6, Gartcosh Primary School (German)

Ádh mór na Gaeilge

**WINNER
P7-S1**

I was inspired to write my Irish poem because half of my family is English and the other half Scottish but I recently found out that on both sides of my family, two of my great great granddads are Irish.

That makes me quarter Irish! I was so happy once I knew, although I didn't know much Irish. I then found out about MTOT and so I decided to join in for the first year. I didn't just learn in school I also learned in the house. I can now speak Irish quite well and I can talk to some other people. I have made new Irish friends. Learning Irish has also gave me a new confidence.

I'm glad I'm learning Irish.

Maria

A'ídh mór na Gaeilge
(The luck of the Irish)

Tá an shamraig glas,
(The shamrock is green)

Tugann sí ádh do gach duine.
(It brings everyone luck)

Tá sí deacair a fheiceáil agus
is annamh a fheiceáil.
(It is hard to find and seldom seen)

Tá sí níos lú ná buic haca.
(It smaller than a hockey puck)

Tá lepríconas breagach.
(Lepricons are cheeky)

Agus tá siad an-sneeky.
(And are very very sneaky)

Caith siad hata glas agus brístí
glas freisin.
(They wear a green hat and green
trousers too)

Agus is maith leo i gcónaí a sheilt ó dhaoine
cosúil liomsa agus tusa.
(And they always like to hide from people like me and you)



Maria Stewart

P7-S1, St Maria Goretti Primary School (Irish)

C'est quoi, une Princesse?

**WINNER
S2-S3**

Être une Princesse, on doit être parfaite
On doit avoir les cheveux longs qui
brillent comme le soleil
Les yeux pétillants et la peau claire et
lisse

Elles sourient toujours et ne sont jamais
triste
Mince, le corps délicat avec la posture
parfaite
Pas de boutons, jamais grasse.
Grande et gracieuse.
Pas de bosses jamais grosse

Imperfections?
Non plus.

N'importe qui peut être une Princesse
Qu'on soit petite ou grande, grosse ou
mince
Tu es belle
Tu es une Princesse si on veut être
Personne ne peut dire autrement.
Les Princeses sont partout.

Tout le monde est beau.



I chose to write my poem about stereotypes and body shaming. I decided on this topic because it is a very important issue in the world today and is one that many young girls and women struggle with. I was inspired by the name 'C'est quoi, une Princesse?' (What is a Princess?) because millions of young girls dream of being Princesses, but are often disappointed by the stereotype of "perfectness". This stereotype is unfair, untrue and unrealistic and if there is one thing that I have full confidence in, it is that every girl, or even boy, is a Princess if they truly believe they are. And I hope my poem encourages that.

Emily McNally

S2-S3, St Margaret's Academy (French)

Je suis le tournesol

HIGHLY
COMMEDED



Qui suis-je ?
Je suis le tournesol
Je vois partout autour de moi des
tournesols
J'entends le chant des oiseaux
Je sens que je suis un tournesol
Je goûte le pollen
Je touche l'eau qui vient de mes
racines

Je sais, je sais ...je suis un tournesol
Je me sens heureux avec les autres
tournesols
Je pense aux jours à venir
J'imagine la vie sans une tige

Je rêve d'une vie loin des champs
J'espère que mes frères et sœurs vont
grandir hauts et beaux
J'adore le bourdonnement des abeilles
Mais j'ai peur de la bête qui hurle

Je veux une vie où je vais prendre les
décisions pour moi-même
J'ai besoin de pieds, de pieds s'il vous
plait, rien que ça !

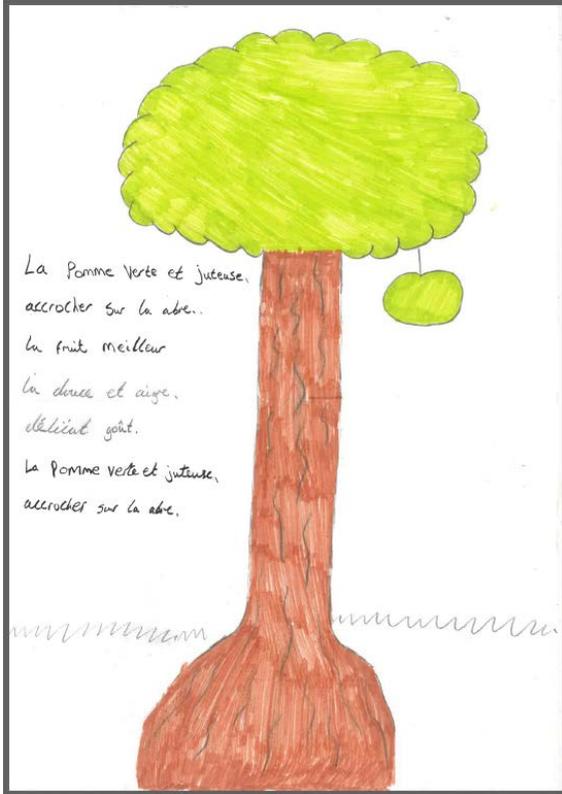
We were inspired to write a poem by the poetry unit we were working at in class. We saw a sunflower photo on one of the slides the teacher showed us and it was a huge sunflower all alone in the fields. When we were put into groups, we decided that we'd 'pretend' that we are the sunflower and we'd talk about our feelings.

We all enjoyed working in our team even though we wouldn't necessarily work together. The group task made it different and fun. The process we went through to create our sunflower poem was a great experience that was creative and we are so happy to be submitting our poem.

It was a good experience and we would definitely do it again.

Ella Blake, Ashley Forrest, Hollie Speirs, Ilari Tsiko, William Wilson
S2-S3, Craigroyston Community High School (French)

La pomme verte et juteuse



**HIGHLY
COMMEDED**

The theme of the poem is an apple and I chose green because it is my favourite. We are doing fruit in class so I decided to write about an apple. The title comes from the main theme of the poem. I wrote about looking at the tree and only seeing the apple alone representing its delicacy. The first two lines, which are repeated at the end, I find are the most powerful because it describes the apple best. Writing a poem is a lot harder especially when trying to rhyme. As it was difficult to find words that rhymed, I went for deep descriptive words that create the apple's individuality. It was challenging but enjoyable.

Harley Ewen

S2-S3, Graeme High School (French)

Mi Madre

WINNER
SENIOR
PHASE



Me dé cuenta que tenga todo lo que pide a mi madre.

Pero lo que ella pidió no lo tiene.

Me dé cuenta que dejo a mi madre sola y voy con mis amigos.

Me dé cuenta que yo me desarrollo y que mi madre se hace vieja.

Voy por las calles haciendo cosas malas y mi madre preocuparse.

Me discuto con ella para dejarme sail, pero ella no me déjã porque no quiere que me haga daño.

Ella quiere que me haga policia, pero yo soy criminalista.

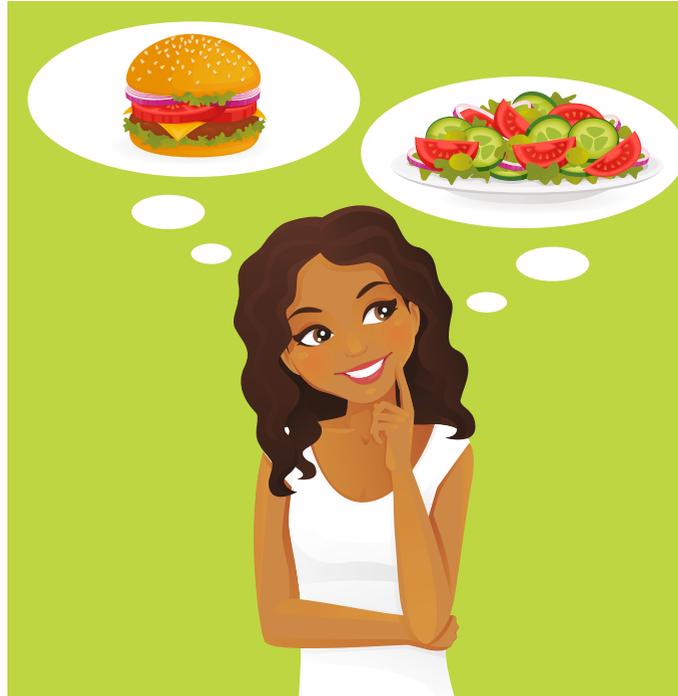
I wrote this poem because I sensed that my mum was feeling lonely for a period of time. I wrote this because I understand how much our mums love us no matter what. They are always here for us. I wrote this so people know what their mums go through, and they have been through. I am inspired by my mum and I realised that she is getting old while I'm having fun with others and not spending time with her.

Maria Dorot

Senior Phase, Craigroyston Community High School (Spanish)

Mademoiselle Malsain

J'aime les McDo et la Pizza
mais je deteste les petits
pois
J'aime la chocolate
mais je vais essayer de
manger moins
J'aime le fast food
mais manger sainement c'est
essential ou
je ressemblera à ma grosse
grand-mère
La nourriture malsaine sont
plus savoureuse
mais je suis très
paresseuse
Je dois manger de la
nourriture saine ou
ma mère va se fâcher
Elle ne sait pas que
je cache la nourriture
savoureuse dans ma
chambre



**HIGHLY
COMMEDED**

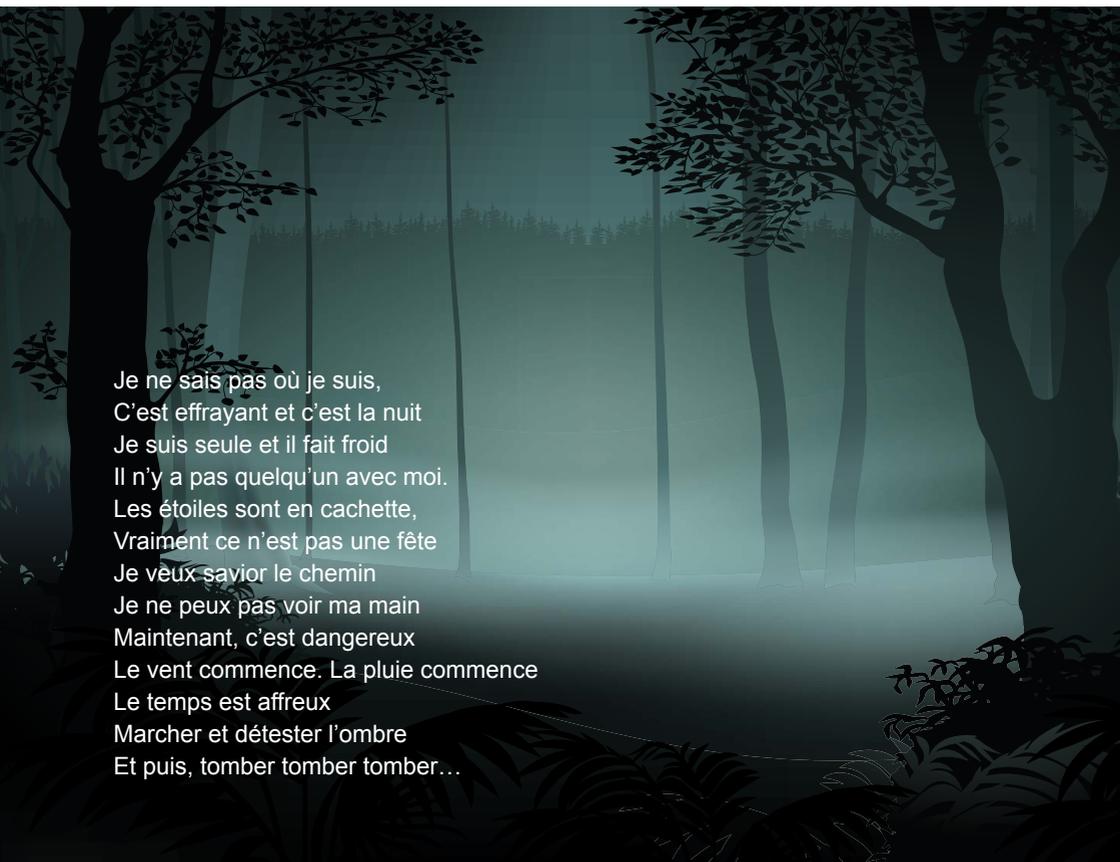
My poem is titled 'Mademoiselle Malsain' and it's inspired by a topic I've been studying in French which was on health and eating healthily.

I wrote it in French and it talks about a young girl who likes eating fast food like McDonalds but is conscious that it's unhealthy. The title 'Mademoiselle Malsain' means Miss Unhealthy.

Simi Singh

Senior Phase, Graeme High School (French)

La Nuit



Je ne sais pas où je suis,
C'est effrayant et c'est la nuit
Je suis seule et il fait froid
Il n'y a pas quelqu'un avec moi.
Les étoiles sont en cachette,
Vraiment ce n'est pas une fête
Je veux savoir le chemin
Je ne peux pas voir ma main
Maintenant, c'est dangereux
Le vent commence. La pluie commence
Le temps est affreux
Marcher et détester l'ombre
Et puis, tomber tomber tomber...

My name is Jasmin Jardine, I am sixteen years old and have been learning French for just over five years. My poem 'La Nuit' was drawn on from an experience in First Year of getting lost in the woods on a school trip. It is an exaggeration of my feelings stumbling around alone in the dark after wandering too far from the group without a torch.

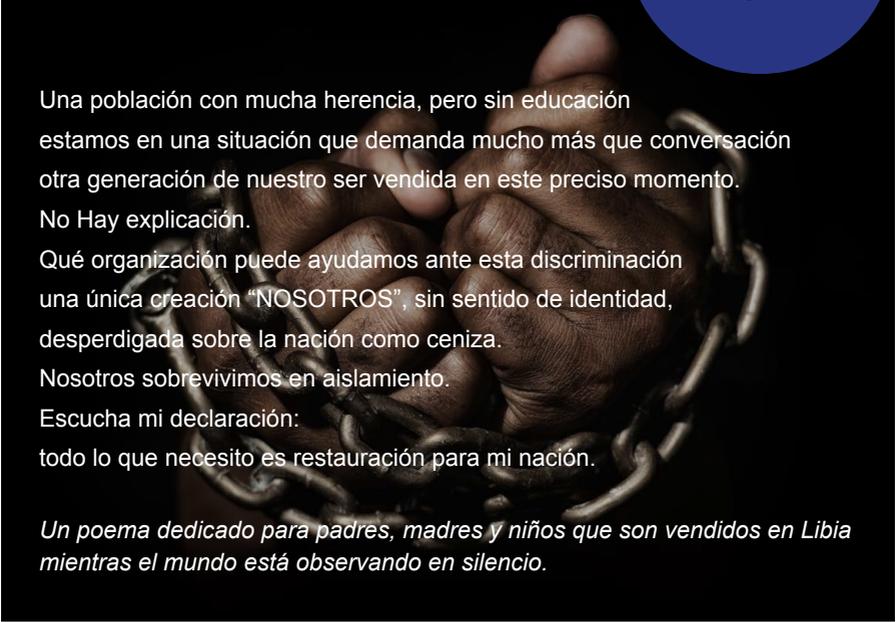
Jasmin Jardine

Senior Phase, Loudoun Academy (French)

**HIGHLY
COMMENDED**

Mi Nacion

WINNER
FE/HE



Una población con mucha herencia, pero sin educación
estamos en una situación que demanda mucho más que conversación
otra generación de nuestro ser vendida en este preciso momento.

No Hay explicación.

Qué organización puede ayudarnos ante esta discriminación
una única creación "NOSOTROS", sin sentido de identidad,
desperdigada sobre la nación como ceniza.

Nosotros sobrevivimos en aislamiento.

Escucha mi declaración:

todo lo que necesito es restauración para mi nación.

*Un poema dedicado para padres, madres y niños que son vendidos en Libia
mientras el mundo está observando en silencio.*

With everything that is happening in the news, I have been particularly touched by the slave trade happening in Libya at this moment in time which has not received any substantial coverage.

I am of an African background, born in Zaire therefore I can relate to the struggle of those being sold in Libya because it could have been me. In this poem, I am trying to give a voice to those people whose cry for help has been muted, I am looking to convey the fact that all that Africans want is their nations back. I tried to use rhyming and imagery so that the reader could picture my pain.

I feel that identity is the most important thing about a person because a lot of the time if you do not know where you are coming from, you might not know where you are going or even worse you might go back to places where you have already been.

I have dedicated this poem to the black people and families in Libya who are being sold because of their misfortunes and no one is there to help them. I just want to raise awareness of the fact that in 2018 we can still witness slavery, I conclude that we have made so much progress in this world up to now but still not moving forward.

Arnault Bembo

FE/HE, University of the West of Scotland (Spanish)



HIGHLY
COMMENDED

Welcome to Scotland

スコットランドへようこそ
エキゾチックないきものくにへ
ユニコーンはここにいる
ネッシーちゃんもここにいる
みずうみにかくれる
スコットランドへようこそ
きれいなスコットランド
かぜがふくこのまちで
そしてそらからおちるあめ
バグパイプのおとがしている
キルトとタータンズ
スコットランドわすばらしい
みんなのためのいえ

Benvenuto a Scozia
Spero tu godi ti stai ecco
La natura e le persone
Sempre dai un'accoglienza calorosa
E' paradiso a terra
E' un piacere di essere qui

Welcome to Scotland
To the land of exotic animals
The unicorns are here
Nessie is also here
Hiding in the lake
Welcome to Scotland
Beautiful Scotland
The wind blows in this city
Then the rain falls from the sky
There is the sound of bagpipes
Kilt and tartans
Scotland is wonderful
A home for everyone

Welcome to Scotland
Hope you enjoy being here
The nature and its people
Will always give you a warm welcome
It's a paradise on Earth
It's a joy to be here

This poem is about our experiences living in Scotland, being here for almost a year now. It has been a pleasant experience for both of us, exploring the beauty of Scotland's geography and experiencing warm welcomes from the locals here. We also noticed how people of different backgrounds, ethnicities, and religions could live together in such harmony here in Scotland, hence our decision to use Japanese and Italian (we learn these languages as well as English) to reflect our feelings about Scotland.

**Farrah Nabila Binti Mohd Zin and Nurul Syakirah Binti
Ahmad Ghazali**

FE/HE, University of Dundee and University of Edinburgh (Japanese and Italian)

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The wonderful teachers and pupils of Scotland
And anyone else that we missed...

...Daaly, dakujem, danke, dziękuję, gracias, grazie, merci, obrigado, shukran,
shukriya, spasibo, thanks, xièxiè.



Editing of poems and commentaries has been kept to a minimum in order to preserve originality and authenticity.

