Poetic experiments by students of 2L

At the end of a longer unit on poetry – including, amongst others, classic and contemporary authors, poetry slammers and hip hop artists – the students of 2L taught by Mr Pfefferle had their own turn at creating poetry. Enjoy reading some samples of their creative output in English:

Waves

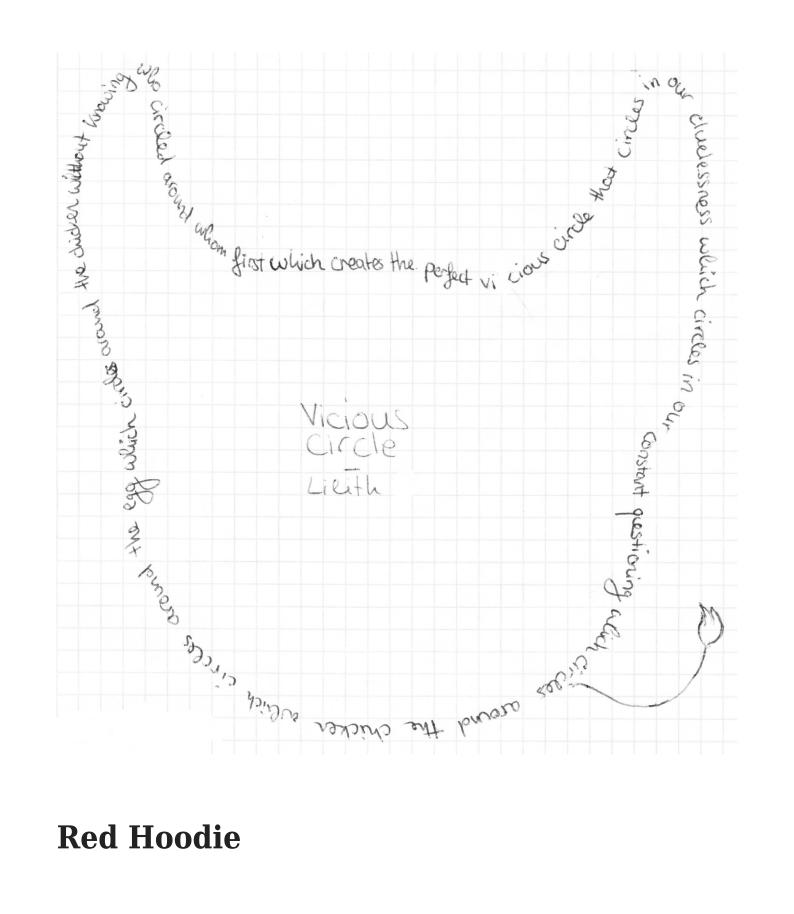
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My
           emotions come in
       Waves, they always change
      It really depends on the days
     Which is kinda
   There are days
  I'm glad and
 others where i
 feel rather sad
I have no controll
over them but they
 Bring a feeling
of Overwhelm. My
emotions come and
 go, so i never really
 know. Know, what i'm
going to feel next, but i don't
                                        care,
and let them crush me, because the ocean
      always made me feel free.
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Spain

S р ai ns vibrant soul Flamenco dan ces unfold Sunset pain ts the sky Sangría's sweet delight Sierras rise with majesty Barcelona a co lorful dream with park güell and sagrada familia Madrid the heart of spain Picas so and velázquez Valencias modern fe et and futu tic ris il uty Н bea nd s a or а Sp ng es

ain: a dream come true - Galo S. Moreno.

Vicious Circle



In another life just to be sure

another world I'll try once more that it's real how it feels on another day because no matter

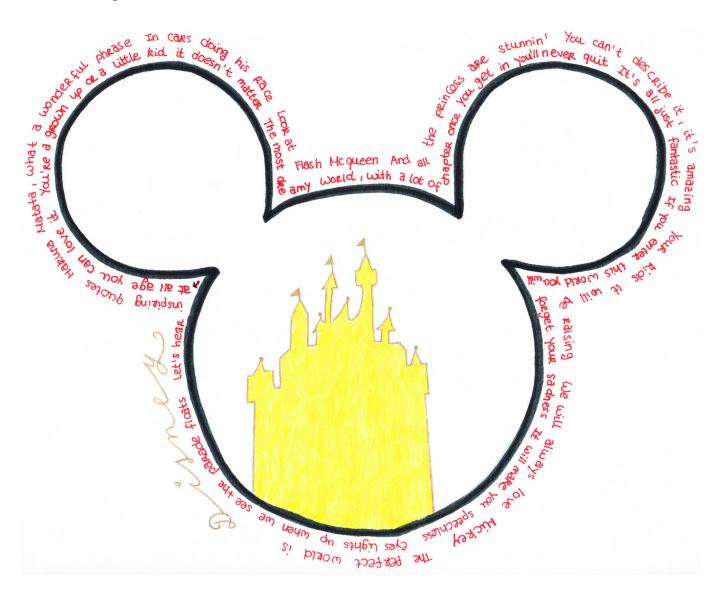
Our souls will rocket through the world of the deceased in order to find your truth.

Out there somewhere of what lies behind

to be a gap and somehow I will find in hopes to get answers the blinds.

there always seems the truth and the divine

Disney



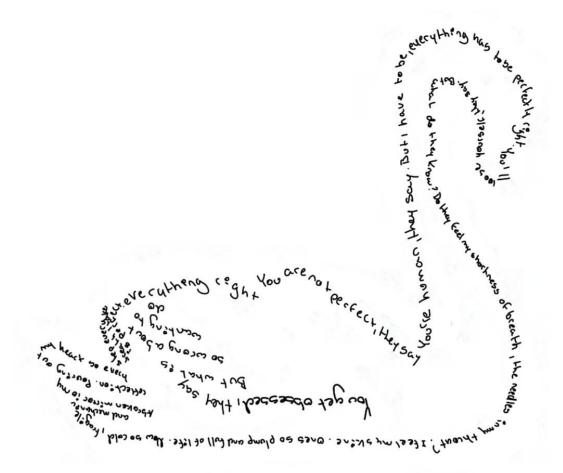
Earth

blue planet where

we live, water, fire ice,
soil, air continents, resources,
home for various species, it
would be a paradise for everyone
But we -as humanity- are destroying the paradise, we are exploiting the blue planet without limits,
we are to blame for global warming
because we don't stop burning fossil
fuels and emitting methane so that
it is getting hotter and hotter polar
ice is melting, sea level rising desertification our home is getting unlivable - and why? Why don't we
fight together? There is still
hope, we have still the
chance to protect our

Julian Bidot

Swan



Home



Rhyme

mathilda Mang