

The Wesley Bingo:

A collection of poems by pupils from
West Walker Primary School

Introduction

In March 2008, Year 3 pupils from West Walker primary School took part in a project called *Space Explorers*. These pupils visited an old Wesleyan Church within walking distance of their school with writer Maureen Almond and architectural assistant, Emma Ramsbottom. The church, which later became a community centre, known as the 'Wesley Bingo', has now been demolished.

Pupils could not get inside the building, but examined its exterior, explored its fabric and imagined what was inside it. This collection of haiku, cinquains and several short poems presents you with the pupils' responses to that building, demonstrating the power of architecture to stir our emotions and evoke our senses.

Cinquain

A verse of five lines. Each successive line is made up of two, four, six, eight, and two syllables. Several of these individual cinquains can also be read as one continuous poem.

NB Maureen Almond suggested that these individual cinquains could also be read in clusters to create a larger poem. The dotted lines separate each larger poem.

John was
praying at church.
He hated praying there.
He quickly sneaked out of the church.
Got lost.

Joseph

Come in.
Behind this door
Is a generous house
that likes people but doesn't let
them out.

Joseph

Come in
Don't be afraid.
The future could be worse,
squeaky doors, bats flying around,
Ah!

Joseph

Broken
smell of spiders
in a cold, old building.
An angry man at the window,
dark-eyed.

Mark

Doors creak
in this building.
A smell of death drifts through.
Every brick is dripping with blood.
No noise.

Chantelle

Wind howls
around arched doorways.
I don't like the top room.
What do you think will happen next?
What next?

Jordan

Darkness
In upstairs rooms
that used to be toy rooms.
There are no children playing now.
So sad.

Nicole

People
Precious as gold
sit at messy tables,
stare out of old-fashioned windows.
Shadows.

Dylan

Down here
old people live
in very noisy rooms.
Old people, full of such sadness.
They sleep

Joshua Armstrong

One man,
so terrified,
that through dirty windows
I see him shaking in front of
a mouse,

Sophie

Dead fish
A window is smashed
A man is in a rage
A dark room, scary and creepy.
Noiseless.

Joshua Tate

Empty.
Windows broken.
Doorways have been kicked in.
Graffiti on all of the bricks
Dead House.

Anon

On the
other side of
the green door there is a
whole city made of chocolate.
Yummy!

Adam

A room
with a duchess
and an unhappy king.
A king who wants his dinner now.
Angry!

Elly

People
making noises
They're eating crunchy chips
There's at least twelve people inside.
Lovely.

Anon

Lady
Smells are drifting.
Feel the coldness outside
Who is behind the round window?
Stranger

Caro

Working
I am afraid.
A chill draft coming through.
What will happen in future days?
Nothing.

Georgina

Haiku

A Japanese poem composed of three unrhymed lines of five, seven, and five syllables.

Her husband has left.
My Ma is sad and tearful,
Hides in a corner

Georgia

In a living house
With dirty railings around
People get lonely

Shannon

Lonely railings stand
in front of a dirty school
as children run out.

Shannon

I have friendly bricks
They cheer me up when I'm down.
I like to hug them.

Georgia P.

There are wild drains here
They stink when you go downstairs.
Wildness everywhere.

Emma

A patient heater
A wild animal upstairs
Please will you be nice.

Sophie Louise Bull

Your glass is ugly
Yet you look really fancy.
You are beautiful.

Sophie Louise Bull

I walk the mean floor
with men popping out of it.
The men scaring me.

Anon

Desperate to hide
I made a den in the back yard.
Noisy dog barking.

Mark

Sleeping in the den
determined to find something.
Morning has come now.

Joseph Buglass

Space is kind at night
when the room is generous
Darkness doesn't bite.

Joseph Buglass

My glass is ugly
It has bubblegum on it
I get stuck to it..

Angel

The fence is selfish,
refuses to let me past
selfish, selfish fence.

Anon

I am not chatty,
just a gutter dripping wet
and feeling the cold.

Elly

I am the princess
in a secretive attic.
I am my mam's girl.

Elly

Through a sleepy door
I head off to my big bed
to slip into dreams.

Jordan

The wall is upset
The radiator is sad
Television screams

Dylan

I have a black fence
I have a selfish black fence
I don't like my fence.

Joshua

I have an old lock
I am really forgetful now
I love my old lock.

Joshua

The window is big;
welcomes me to my new house,
The window's big welcome.

Joshua

Bad-tempered ceiling
Stamping children up the stairs
It is too noisy.

Joseph

Drainpipe is silent
Then suddenly it's noisy
then quiet again.

Caro

Other Poems

My door is arched.
The code for my door is 6190011
My door is surrounded by sticky tar.

There's a fox howling.
I don't like the bedroom.
A smell of food is drifting to my nose.

People are having fun
My room is not cold.
I can hear the fox.

Jordan

Through the black door
people are shouting and screeching.
Through the green door,
I see a big dark cave.
Through the yellow door,
I feel a smooth silky cat.
Through the red door,
I hear music,
soft and relaxing.
Through the red door,
I see food on the table
I can almost taste it.

Abbey

There are lots of bold boring ornaments
and cold running water coming from the tap.
There are video games in the games room
and old-fashioned cars sitting on the shelf.
There are lovely vegetables on the table.

Joseph Million

Ballroom dancers are dancing.
The men can smell women's perfume.
You can hear the music from outside

Joseph

This is a great big house
with lots of noise.
In the dark corner,
there is a smell of spiders and bats.

The walls are cracked and broken.
They have come to knock down the house,
but a force field had stopped them.

Mark

You have to say the words,
abracadabra and press the button.
There is banging music
a ticking clock.
A mouse squeaks,
there's a smell of bread and wine
and beautiful perfume.

There's yelling from a boom box
The slits of the mummy
Then there's a scrunching
the silence of the mummy,
the tick of the clock
then nothing.

Angel