

Neverland

Fly me high to Neverland,
Where we'll swim amongst the stars,
Hold on tight to my hand,
For the fear of drifting afar.

Childhood and innocence remains,
Where hopes and dreams are reality,
No two days are merely the same,
There's no such thing as normality.

Where love shines down beaming,
Curiosity is our way of success,
Places we can keep on dreaming,
Where boredom is shown a lot less.

Timeless as the days move swift,
Where the past becomes a piece of history,
And today stays to be our gift,
Where tomorrow is now always a mystery.

Take me home to Neverland,
Where I'll glide amongst the stars,
Life gripped tight in my hand,
For I have drifted too far.

'Who I want to be'

When someone asks me,
 'What do you see in your future?'
I reply 'Life is short, the world is wide; I want to make some memories'.
 I want to be an air hostess,
 To help people who need to escape,
From issues they think are too much to handle,
 Or perhaps to see a landscape.
 When someone asks me,
 'Who will you be in the future?'
I reply, 'I want to love and be loved, as that's something we all require',
 Love has the power to conquer all,
 So that's my deepest desire.
 I also wish for truthful equality,
Where everyone feels welcome on earth,
 I'll put an end to prejudice,
So everyone will feel special from birth.

Who do I want to be?

Who do I want to be?
I might want to be you,
Or a diver at sea,
I might want to be a child,
Playing all day long and driving them wild!

They always ask,
“What do you want to be?”
As if they expect me to stop being me,
And to be them

But,
I want to be a saviour to those in need,
An inspiration to the future generation,
Most importantly,
I thrive to be me,
An RAF fire Marshal,
But that is only a dream.

What and who do you want to be?

Who I want to be.

If you asked five year old me, "What do you want to be?",
I would have said a princess, I really wanted a beautiful dress,
I could party all day and stay up all night,
With nobody to tell me if I am wrong or right.

If you asked eight year old me, "What do you want to be?",
I would have said a singer, I could imagine the poster,
I listened to lots of music in my room,
Sometimes I wrote songs about love or gloom.

If you asked eleven year old me, "What do you want to be?",
I would have said a writer, writing often caused me to pull an all-nighter,
"Words are really powerful." I would have told you then,
I had gotten over Barbie and Ken.

If you asked fourteen year old me, "What do you want to be?",
I would say I don't know, there are so many more things I could do, so many
more,
I could teach or write or even bake,
I wish I could make up my mind, for goodness sake.

Who do I want to be when I'm older

Growing up

Reaching new heights

Opening new doors

Working hard

Important life choices

Never giving up

Going new places

Understanding the world

Personal understanding

Making new friends

Unbelievable new memories

Stopping bad habits

Taking chances

Having fun

Achieving life goals

picking hard decisions

Pondering new places

Enjoying hard work paying off

Never giving up

Who I Want To Be

Kind and caring, I help a lot of people
Amusing and funny, I make people smile
Tiny and small, I get in the way
In the future I want to be a vet
Every day I will help animals in need

Hopefully I will get to travel to countries like Australia
All I want to do when I'm older is become a millionaire
Lots of people will know me if I become famous too
Like a scientist I will be very smart

What I want to be

Jumping out a plane,
After eating frogs with David Blaine,
Colin is my granddads name,
Otherwise known as Dr Shame.
Blue is my colour,
Emma is my mother,
Lively is my brother,
Large squirrel are another.
I like things that start with s,
One thing I hate is chess,
To play on Xbox is my best,
The end.

Who I Want to be?

What do I want to do?
Who do I want to be?
Maybe a psychologist
With a great big PHD
But more than that,
I want to be me
I want to make my family proud
I want to make them smile
So they'll forget about their worries
Just for a little while
I want to have some children
Then I'll be truly blessed
I'll give them all I can
They'll always have the best
I will never smoke cigarettes
For I want to see my child's first steps
First test
I'll be there through the best
And the rest
Some may say I have no dreams
But right here is where I want to be
A place with my family is a place for me

When I'm Older

When I'm older I want to make cars,
Design a spaceship to go to mars,
When I'm older I want to be tall,
6 foot 1 instead of being small.

When I'm older I want to be rich,
Own a club and a football pitch,
When I'm older I'll have my own company,
A one which will make me loads of money.

When I'm older I want to see the sights,
Ski in the Alps and all its heights,
Cruising in the oceans in a great big yacht,
Lying in the sun boiling hot.

When I'm older I want a big stately home,
In which me and my family will roam.

Who I want to be?

Who do you want to be?
There are many answers you see,
The French may say, Je ne sais pas
The German may, Ich weiß es nicht
The Spanish, No lo sé
What about the Hungarian? Nem tudom
While the Czechs would say, Stále češ
You're probably wondering what I would say,
I don't know, go away!

Who I Want To Be

Wondering how I'll turn out,

Happy or sad?

Opting to be kind or not?

Am I important in this world?

Maybe I'll never know,

I am who I want to be and I want to be me.

Who I Want To Be

I'm sick of people saying,
My generation are here,
To fix the future:
Solve world hunger,
Poverty, homelessness,
Cure diseases,
Cancer, viruses,
To save the world,
Fix pollution and litter.
When, at this time,
I don't know what I'll do.
Fail, succeed or excel,
The future is undecided.
Anything may happen.

Who do I want to be?

Rosie is my name

Outrageous I want to be

Swim with dolphins I will do

I will never get the flu

Endlessly happy will be me

Having children when I grow up

Enjoying the world cup

Very strange places I will go

Exotic foods I will eat

Rivers and waterfalls I will see

Iceland to see the whales

Never letting the adventure stop...

Who I want to be

When I stop and think about me,
I imagine myself swimming in the sea,
Or even climbing a tree,
Or what I could do,
Even if I didn't have a clue,
I could move away,
To a secret bay,
Or move to Africa to see the lions and leopards,
Or go to the highlands with the sheep and shepherds,
Or maybe even Japan,
Or I could even travel to the Isle of Man,
Maybe India for the food,
It will always put me in a good mood.

Who I want to be

When I'm older I don't want fame,
I'd rather live a life, relaxing and tame,
Not driving super cars around L.A.,
Maybe sitting on a beach in southern Spain.

I want to see the sights, the Colosseum in Rome,
The Statue of Liberty, The Taj Mahal dome,
I want to be active, go on runs,
On the weekends, play football for fun.

I want a nice house and a fridge full of food,
Enough to keep me happy so I'm never in a mood,
I want a car that goes lightning fast,
Waving at people as I cruise past.

Who I Want To Be

Macy Jackson is my name,
And this poem is all about me,
Course I can see,
You want to know all about me.
Jumping out of planes,
And the air hitting my face,
Climbing through trees,
Kayaking down the English Channel,
Swimming with dolphins,
Only I know about what I can be,
Now you know all about me.

Who I Want To Be

I could play rugby,
but I don't want operations where they drug me.
I could join the military,
but I don't want to be distributary.
I wouldn't be a teacher, having to learn their ways,
but I especially wouldn't want to work all of those days.
I want to go and see some sights,
But I'm frightened oh heights.
I'd send all my prayers,
to the rescuers who see red flares,
dealing with teens trying to complete a dare,
it really isn't fair.

THIS IS MY POEM AND THIS IS WHO I WANT TO BE.

Me

I could be:

A forensic pathologist who see how people die, or a neuron surgeon to see why people aren't spry;

A rugby union player who become really tough or I could work in a shop behind the till sure enough.

I could go to:

North east Africa to see the lions and leopards or to the meadows to see the sheep and shepherds;

Canada to ski and play in the snow or just around Newcastle on the metro.

I could act:

Neat and tidy like a well-respected gentleman or scruffy and smelly like a caveman;

Tired and grumpy like a newspaper man or fit and active like superman.

Who I want to be

When I think about my future,
I think of many things,
I think to myself and wonder,
What my future brings.

My dream is to be a footballer,
And score the winning goal,
Or I could be a pilot,
And land planes out in the snow.

I want to go to Barbados,
And relax out in the sun,
Or I want to go to Austria,
And ski down famous runs.

I want to have a good life,
Filled with laughter and fun,
The past is now behind me,
But the future has just begun.

What I Want To Do

People ask me what I want to be,
A doctor a surgeon,
I don't think that's for me,
A pilot or a driver,
A point I really don't see

People ask me where I want to go,
To Rome or New York,
I really don't know,
To Greece or Africa,
If I had a list they would be very low,

People ask me how I want to act,
Stupid and tough,
That's not a fact,
Smart and kind,
That wouldn't really match

What I want to be?

Some people fly through the skies,
Whilst others skim through the oceans
Some people practice and perfect the law,
Whilst others challenge and question it
Some people create articulate tales of the mind,
Whilst others tell it
Some people explore the brightest heavens,
Whilst others the darkest lows
What do I want to be?..
I want to saw through the skies,
And gallop through the oceans!
I want to make the rules,
Just to break them
I want to witness the brightest of sunrises,
And observe the rich darkness of the night
I don't just want to create amazing adventures
I want to live them
I want it
All

Who I Want to Be

Enthusiastic

Versatile

Accepting

Naive

Jovial

Agreeing

Maverick

Energised

Serious

Brave

Resilient

Obliging

Wise

Narrator of my life

Who I Want To Be

When I'm Older

I will live on a farm

All alone

Where it is calm

Living with animals

Such as pigs and cows

And when everybody sees them

They will say WOW

This farm will be

Very far away

Where I won't be disturbed

And only I can stay

Peaceful and quiet

Is what it will be

And I will be living

Very happily

Who I Want To Be

When I was younger,
I had dreams about who I wanted to be,
But then I wondered,
Which is for me.

Would it be an,
Astronaut, gamer, coder or a vet,
'We will just have to wait and see,'
As I hadn't figured it out yet.

I am doing my first job interview today,
It's well respected,
With some amazing pay,
I'll try to do better than expected.

I now have a big house, family and car
When I was younger I never thought it to be,
That I would get this far,
Never give up, show resilience and you'll see,
The future unfolds nicely, so you can proudly say,
This is me.

Who I Want To Be

Policeman, preacher

Animal park, teacher

Into the great unknown, my journey begins

Growing as a person, growing as a friend

Even until the very end

Loving, caring

Over the top

Got to keep going even when I want to stop

Adventure after adventure, challenge after challenge

Nothing can get in my way anymore

Who I Want To Be

When I'm older,
I'm not sure what I want, I suppose I want a lot
I'd like to think my handwriting will be neater,
And that I will have met some of my idols
Or as I call them,
People who make me smile

I hope that I've stayed happy and healthy,
And the same to people I love
I hope I have more confidence
And common sense

And if it's not too much to ask for,
Can My Chemical Romance get back together?
You, reading this, might not know them
Well stop reading and go listen to Teenagers
Then find out what he wrote that song about

When I'm older, I hope the world's a better place,
I would like a family
I'd like to be smart
And potentially a police detective?

I'd like to end this 'poem' with a final full stop so,
Thanks for reading this, Bye.

Who I Want To Be

Do you wonder, like I wonder, not in a wonder less way,
But on a sunless day,
When nothing goes your way,
Do you look up and pray?

Or do you do what you got to do to get paid?
Is life painless?
If you have to pay less,
Or if you stress more and become de-pressed.

Is there a correct way to live?
Or are we all just trying to do our best?
Every day, we get dressed, often to impress,
So I put on a dress.

I fake my smile,
But yet,
Somehow,
I survived, just another mile.

Who I Want To Be

So, when I grow up, what do I want to be?
I think I'll be a nursery teacher, but, we'll see.
I would always act fair,
By teaching children to share,
Teach them what's right and what's wrong,
And in between teach them nursery songs.
I'd like to work with children as I think they're funny.
And, on the other hand, I could earn some pocket money.
I'll always read them stories, I hope they don't mind,
And I'll reward them, if they are kind,
Then at the end of each day,
I'll wave goodbye, that's what I'll say.
Then when it reaches the half term,
I'll plan my lessons for children to learn,
I'll teach English and Maths, without a doubt,
And anything else they'd like to learn about.