

LO: To write a poem from the point of view of a character.

I stumbled into the classroom
With a stuttering walk,
Through a maze
Of patronising smiles,
Cutting like knives.
As I walked,
They scrutinised me.
My every move.
Shooting stares,
Glares,
Like bullets.
Bewilderment
Settled around my shoulders
The hairs on my neck
Prickled
I fidgeted.
Icy cackles
Echoed across the room.
I didn't care.
I did.
I glued
A liar's smile
Across my cheeks.
It betrayed me.
They could all see
Through my
False facade
In the strange
Unfamiliarity
Of this world
I had been reborn
Like the Dalai Lama.
In a new time.
My time
To thrive.