



Just Things in Hackney

Everything has a back story, good or bad...

In Hackney, not everyone has a mum, not everyone has a dad.

But everything speaks so quietly if you just take time to listen,

Some with dull colours, others are bright and glisten!

The hum of my surroundings when I find things on the floor,
Is just like the merry sound of children marching through my school's door,

Marching, marching through my school's door.

But when I pick things up off the ground, immediately I know their story,

I find them while I am walking through my territory.

I have found fifty pence, rock n' roll ribbons,

Precious pines and terrific train tickets from my tiny corner of Briton!

All these things become my friends and stick with me till the very end.

Whizz, wee, whoosh, whippy, I've found so many things,

Oops oh no, oh no, I've got to go, I hear the school bell ring!

By Maya Malik

