

FACE TO FACE

Face to face
I want to be
with you,
eyes gazing
one to another,
hearts pulsing
with the name of the other.
The words are scattered,
I can't assemble them together,
as our breaths hasten,
to tell a story of two lovers.
We forget the words
when one sees the other.
Finally we forget
that we are two,
and the two become one
with no trace of the other.

Abdalrahman Elderawi

AINA CULUBRET 3RD B



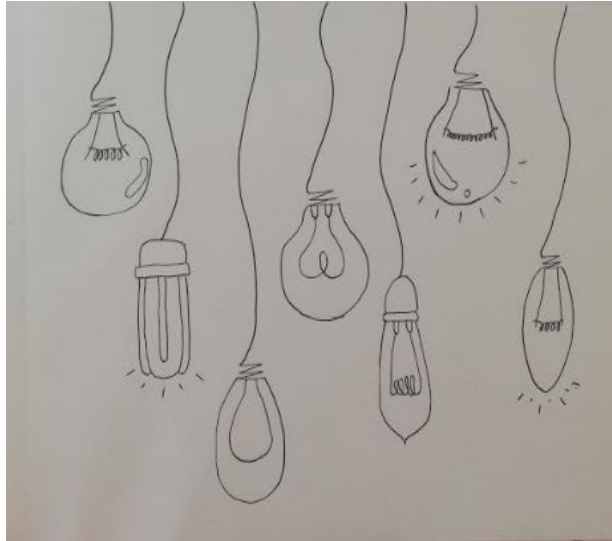
HAPPINESS

Happiness comes now and then,
We can't be sure just when,
But when it's there, enjoy each hour,
Because happiness has such power.
Joy to you it will bring
Even make someone else sing
What peace of mind happiness can show,
Making you and others glow.
Nurture it, make it last,
Forget the troubles of the past.
Never fear that it will go
For it could always grow
And then tomorrow there it will be
Because happiness can set you free

MARTINA RIERA 4TH B

CLARA SOLER 3RD B

DRAWING:



INSPIRATION:

I do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
I want to be full on my own
I want to be so complete
I could light a whole city and
then
I want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire
Rupi Kaur

EVA SANCHO 3RD B

FROM «A LIGHT EXISTS IN SPRING» BY EMILY DICKINSON

A LIGHT EXISTS IN SPRING

A light exists in spring
Not present on the year
At any other period
When March is scarcely here

A color stands abroad
On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
But human nature feels

It weets upon the lawn,
It shows the sunniest tree
Upon the furthest slope we know;
It almost speaks to me.

Then, as horizons step,
Or moons report away,
Without the formula of sound,
It passes, and we stay.

A quality of loss
Affecting our content,
As trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a sacrament.



Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me,
nobody knows,
where the wind comes from,
where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
as fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
the string of my kite,
it would blow with the wind
for a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
had been going there too.

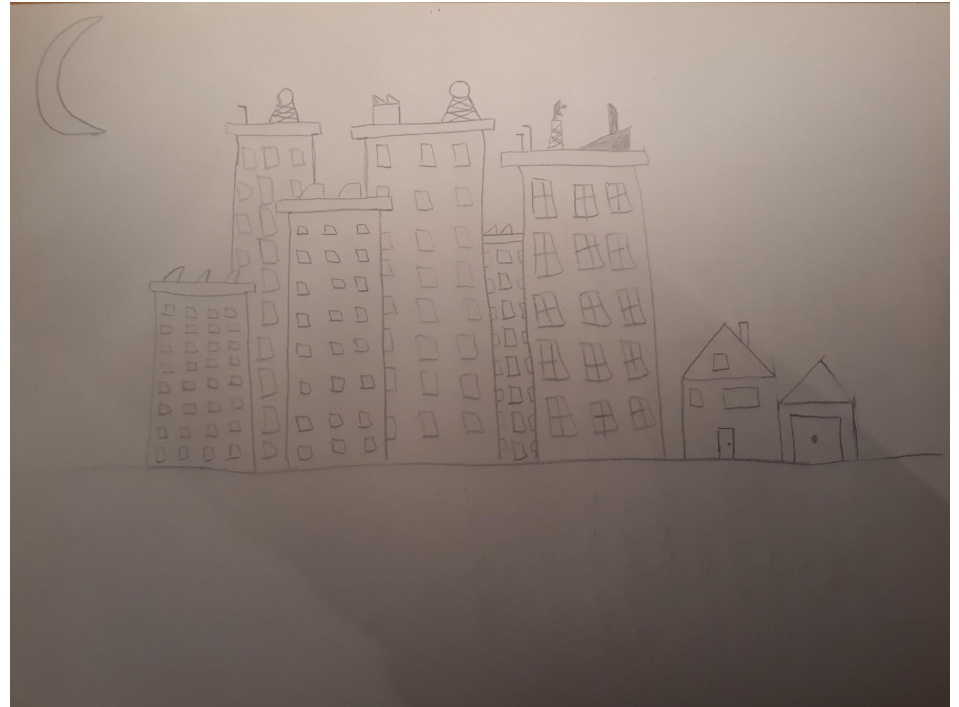
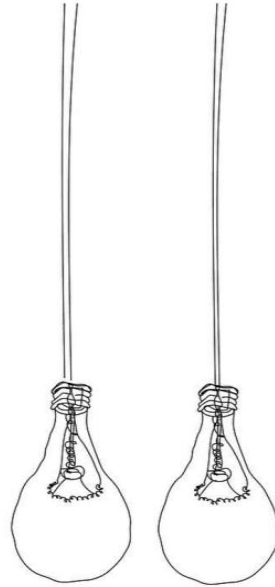
So then I could tell them
where the wind goes...
but where the wind comes from
nobody knows.

Alan Alexander Milne



i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

- rupi kaur



Have you played this new song about the lockdown?

BY FARNERS BELLVEHÍ, JÚLIA COLL, CARLES CORNELLÀ, QUIÒNIA RODAS AND ANNA VALDERAS FROM 3RD D

SOMEONE YOU LOVE

C G Am F

C

All of this started with the

G Am F

covid-19 coming from china

C

we're laughing at them

G

saying that nothing was

Am F

gonna happen

F

and now we have to stay

C

home

G

and put our masks

Am

be responsible

F

and don't go outside

C

We don't have social live

G

We can't meet our friends

Am

the only thing we can do is to

F

be positive

F.

C

Now that rules turned

G

Into a nightmare

Am

So many days

F

Locked up at our home

C

We want to go outside

G

And meet our friends

G

Am

F

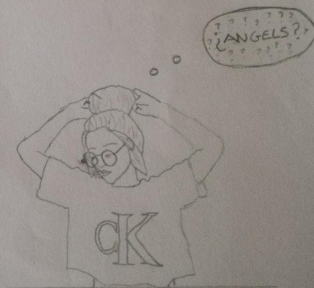
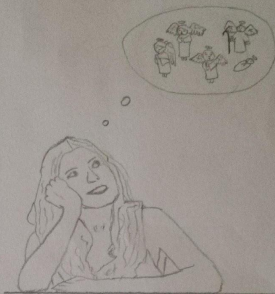
I was getting kinda used to spend all day on my bed x2

JORDI FELIU 3RD D

"Angels," Mary Oliver

You might see an angel any time
and anywhere. Of course you have
to open your eyes to a kind of
second level, but it's not really
hard. The whole business of
what's reality and what isn't has
never been solved and probably
never will be. So I don't care to
be too definite about anything.
I have a lot of edges called Perhaps
and almost nothing you can call
Certainty. For myself, but not
for other people. That's a place
you just can't get into, not
entirely anyway, other people's
heads.

I'll just leave you with this.
I don't care how many angels
can dance on the heads of a pin. It's
enough to know that for some
people they exist, and that they dance.



ROGER GONZÁLEZ 3RD D

Strange Sant Jordi

Today it is a strange day

it isn't as the other year

the rose we can't buy

so one of ice cream we give it to

our girl

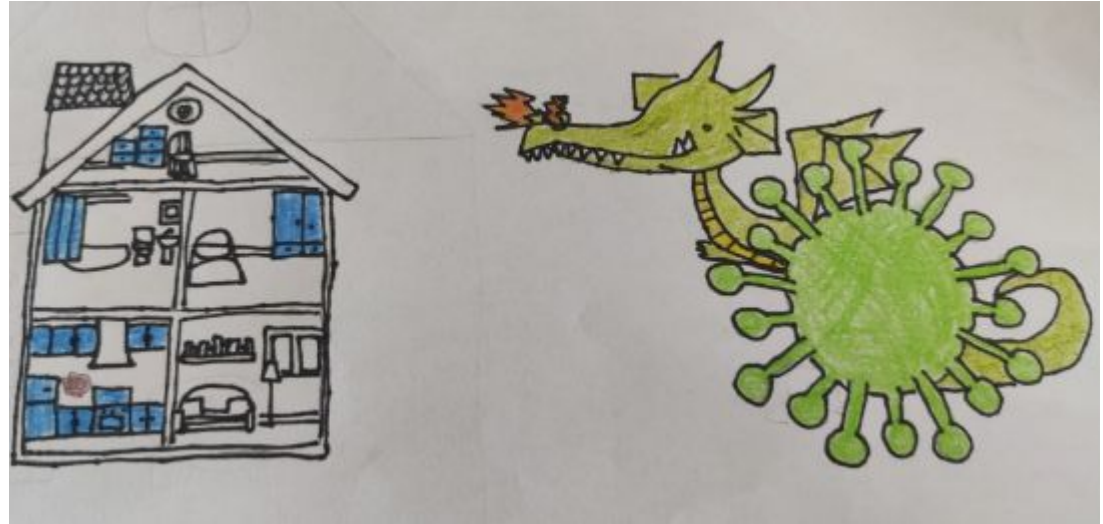
This year the dragon is smaller

and if you catch him you will have

chest ache

but as a healthy boy I will resist

and the virus I will win.



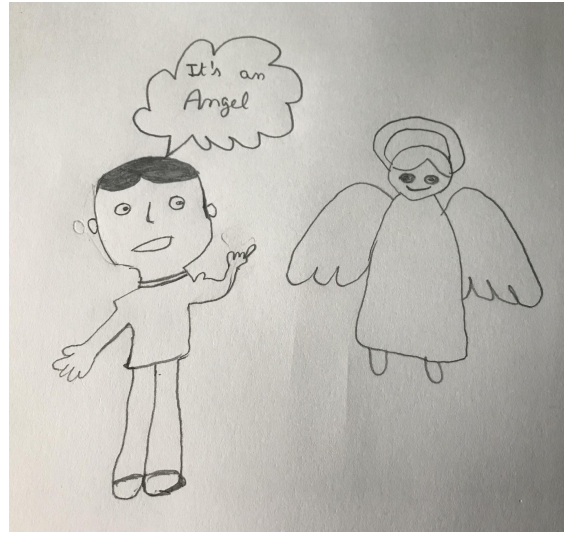
Angels

You might see an angel anytime and anywhere. Of course you have to open your eyes to a kind of second level, but it's not really hard. The whole business of what's reality and what isn't has never been solved and probably never will be. So I don't care to be too definite about anything. I have a lot of edges called Perhaps and almost nothing you can call Certainty. For myself, but not for other people. That's a place you just can't get into, not entirely anyway, other people's heads.

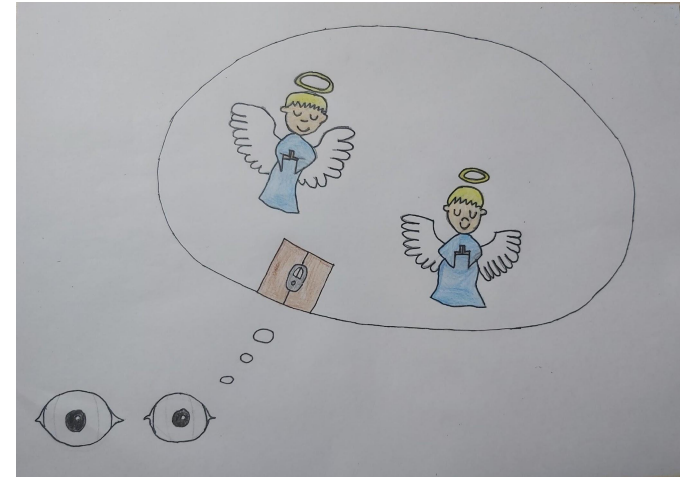
I'll just leave you with this.

I don't care how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. It's enough to know that for some people they exist, and that they dance.

Mary Oliver [1935 – 2019]



AIMANE ALOUAD 4TH B



TONI PADILLA 4TH B

"Angels" mary deliver

You might see an angel anytime and anywhere. Of course you have to open your eyes to a kind of second level, but it's not really hard. The whole business of what's reality and what isn't has never been solved and probably never will be. So I don't care to be too definite about anything.

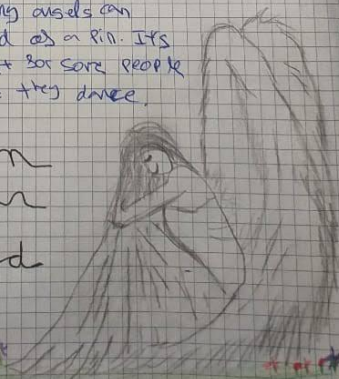
I have a lot of edges called perhaps and almost nothing you can call

Certainly. For myself, but not for other people. That's a place you just can't get into, not entirely anyway, other people's needs.

I'll just leave you with this. I don't care how many angels can dance on the head of a pin. It's enough to know that for some people they exist, and that they dance.



open
your
mind



FARNERS BEULAS 4TH B

AUGUST

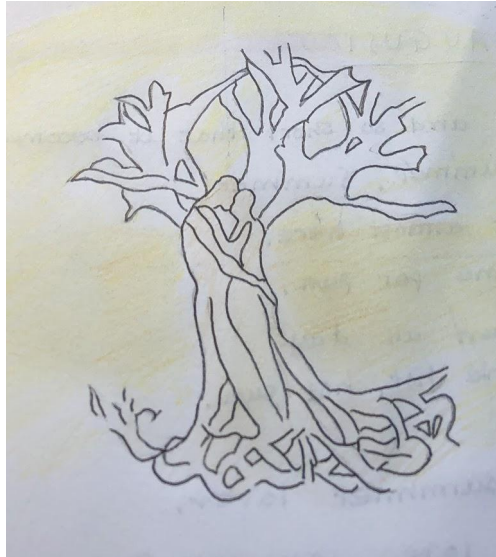
Our neighbor, tall and blonde and vigorous, the mother of many children, is sick. We did not know she was sick, but she has come to the fence, walking like a woman who is balancing a sword inside of her body, and besides that her long hair is gone, it is short and, suddenly, gray. I don't recognize her. It even occurs to me that it might be her mother. But it's her own laughter-edged voice, we have heard it for years over the hedges.

All summer the children, grown now and some of them with children of their own, come to visit. They swim, they go for long walks along the harbor, they make dinners for twelve, for fifteen, for twenty. In the early morning two daughters come to the garden and slowly go through the precise and silent gestures of T'ai Chi.

They all smile. Their father smiles too, and builds castles on the shore with the children, and drives back to the city, and drives back to the country. A carpenter is hired—a roof repaired, a porch rebuilt. Everything that can be fixed.

June, July, August. Every day, we hear their laughter. I think of the painting by Van Gogh, the man in the chair. Everything wrong, and nowhere to go. His hands over his eyes.

Mary Oliver



AINA CASADELLÀ 4TH B

AUGUST

So long and so short that it becomes,
Summer, Summer,
Is almost here,
Time for fun,
We run all day
in the hot, hot sun.

Dear summer lover,
What is love for you?,
Love has no reason,
Love may have no season
When you love someone.

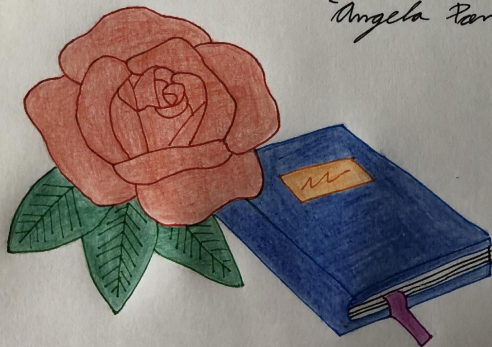
Love is honesty and trust,
Love is helping one another,
Love is mutual respect,
Love is the connection of two hearts.

Saint Georges Vibes

The expected day has begun
with boats in every stand,
red roses waiting to be bought,
and with the typical April rain
that no one cares.

The streets are crowded,
in them you breathe joy, emotion... and
everyone has a gorgeous smile,
that makes you feel magic inside.

Angela Pons



ANGELA PONS 4TH B

ON SAINT GEORGE'S DAY

Still I Rise, by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history

With your bitter, twisted lies,

You may tread me in the very dirt

But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?

Why are you beset with gloom?

'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells

Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,

With the certainty of tides,

Just like hopes springing high,

Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?

Bowed head and lowered eyes?

Shoulders falling down like teardrops.

Weakened by my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?

Don't you take it awful hard

'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines

Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,

You may cut me with your eyes,

You may kill me with your hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?

Does it come as a surprise

That I dance like I've got diamonds

At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame

I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain

I rise

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,

Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear

I rise

Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear

I rise

Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

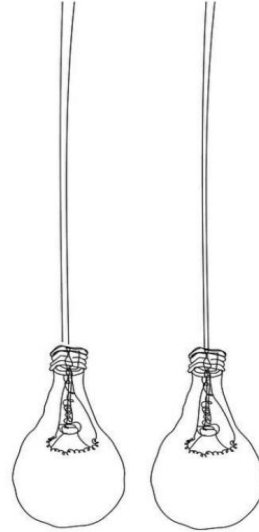
[Maya Angelou](#)



ARNAU FERNÁNDEZ 4TH B

i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

- rupi kaur



I want to have you
but if you want to go on your own
do what you want
I'll only say I'll be here
waiting for you
'cause together we are mightier
than divided.

CARLA VELÁZQUEZ 4TH B

I want to fill me on my own
I don't want you to fill
When I have finished filling
my empty parts,
then I want you,
because you and I
combine perfect,
like milk and honey.

CRISTINA GARCIA 4TH B

I have chosen a poem called the brain, it was written by Emily Dickinson, she was born on December 10, 1830 and she died on the 15th May 1886. She was an American poet.

EMMA SIRÉS 4TH B

The Brain—is wider than the Sky—

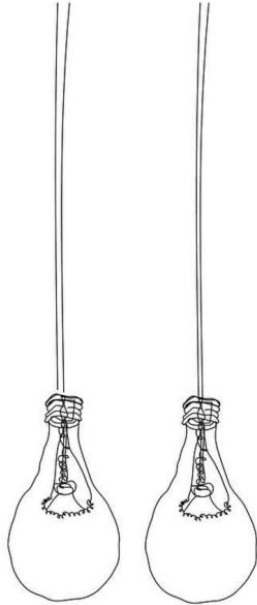
The Brain—is wider than the Sky—
For—put them side by side—
The one the other will contain
With ease—and You—beside—
The Brain is deeper than the sea—
For—hold them—Blue to Blue—
The one the other will absorb—
As Sponges—Buckets—do—
The Brain is just the weight of God—
For—Heft them—Pound for Pound—
And they will differ—if they do—
As Syllable from Sound—



ENRIC CAMPMOL 4TH B

i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

- rupi kaur



GIRLS OF THE WILD

they won't tell your fairytales
of how girls can be dangerous and still win
they will only tell your stories
where girls are sweet and kind
and reject all sin
I guess to them it's a terrifying thought,
a red riding hood
who knew exactly
what she was doing
when she invited the wild in

Nikita Gill

STEREOTYPES

girls have always been associated
with beautiful concepts
they are not represented
for her adventurous spirit,
wild,
even dangerous
they associate us with
flowers,
the pink color,
and other things that seem to be
only of girls
these people are wrong,
there is nothing established that is
for boy or girl
women or boys can be
anything they want
just them
put their own limits

ESTEL COLETAS 4TH B



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i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

-rupi Kour

DÚNIA MASCORT 4TH B



ILIAS EL KHALDI 4TH B



by WILLIAM BLAKE

WHO I AM (Terrance Hayes)

Fred Sanford's on at 12

& I'm standing in the express lane (cash only)

about to buy *Head & Shoulders*

the white people shampoo, no one knows

what I am. My name could be Lamont.

George Clinton wears colors like Toucan Sam,

the *Froot Loop* pelican. *Follow your nose*,

he says. But I have no nose, no mouth,

so you tell me what's good, what's god,

what's funky. When I stop

by McDonalds for a cheeseburger, no one

suspects what I am. I smile at Ronald's poster,

perpetual grin behind the pissed-off, fly-girl

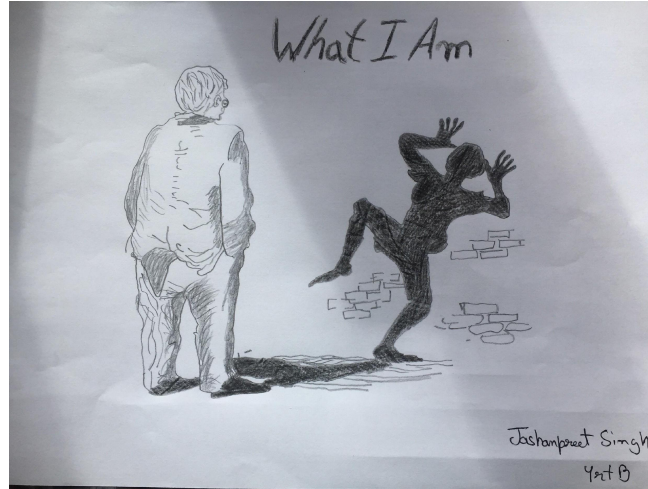
cashier I love. Where are my goddamn fries?

Ain't I American? I never say, *Niggaz*

in my poems. My ancestors didn't

emigrate. Why would anyone leave

their native land? I'm thinking about shooting



JASHANPREET SINGH 4TH B

some hoop later on. I'll dunk on everyone

of those niggaz. They have no idea

what I am. I might be the next Jordan

god. They don't know if Toni Morrison

is a woman or a man. Michael Jackson

is the biggest name in showbiz. *Mamma se*

Mamma sa mamma ku sa, sang the Bushmen

in Africa. I'll buy a dimebag after the game,

me & Jody. He says, Fuck them white people

at work, Man. He was an All-American

in high school. He's cool, but he don't know

what I am, & so what. Fred Sanford's on

in a few & I got the dandruff-free head

& shoulders of white people & a cheeseburger

belly & a *Thriller* CD & Nike high tops

& slavery's dead & the TV's my daddy--

You big Dummy!

Fred tells Lamont.

KHAWLA BAGHTI 4TH B

1. dreams in the stars: (POEM)

only your enemies will wait,
to see you defeated.

Not only in your dreams,
you can change things.

Don't be afraid of someone stepping on you,
but never step on anyone.

Shine for your way and; be
don't change your way of thinking.

Don't want to be the best in everything,
but make yourself known for your honor.

Shine, shine, shine like a star,
when the night falls.

(DRAW)

Khawla B.

2.

bla bla

u should
be more
wiser

you are
wiser



maybe I
should do
what I
want

you never
will be
nothing

can you
wear
different
clothes

INSPIRATION:

↳ still life: Amaya Angela



POEMS AND DRAW

I have chosen this poem:

LOVE IS MORE THICKER THAN FORGET

love is more thicker than forget

more thinner than recall

more seldom than a wave is wet

more frequent than to fail

it is most mad and moonly

and less it shall unke,

than all the sea which only

is deeper than the sea

love is less always than to win

less never than alive

less bigger than the least begin

less little than forgive

it is most same and sunly

and more it cannot die

than all the sky which only

is higher than the sky.

E. E. Cummings

MARIONA COMA 4TH B



I LOVE YOU BECAUSE...

I love you because you smile

when you look at me,

and because you look at me when you smile.

I love you ^{because} you know what I'm thinking

just by stroking me,

Because with you I know what is to love you

with you I know what is to love me.

I would say that I love you because I like what we are

when we are one,

but I would also tell I love you for what I am

since I met you.

For the lost pieces that you have been finding

between my tickles

and my folds.

Between my comings

and goings.

Between my fears.

And this is for you

because all I can give you is little.

So you never disappear at all

so that whenever you want,

you come back.

M. Coma. F

TO MY GRANDPA

when I search my memories
your face always appears to me
you're like the wind of the autumn
that invades our home

You're stubborn and obstinate
you don't stop for a moment
your head never stops
thinking and to musing

You are always by my side
and this is why grandpa I love you
your sweet company
has always been my guide

Your blue eyes like the sky
give me well-being and tranquility
what peace gives me
to be your side at any time

Grandpa of my heart
dear grandpa,
I can never thank you
for everything you have given me



MIQUEL CAPDEVILA 4TH B

Miquel Capdevila 4th B

Inspiration:

TO THE DEVIL

Who you are?

Invisible and devilish

So you introduce yourself

Like fright, like fog

With love and with darkness

With tender words

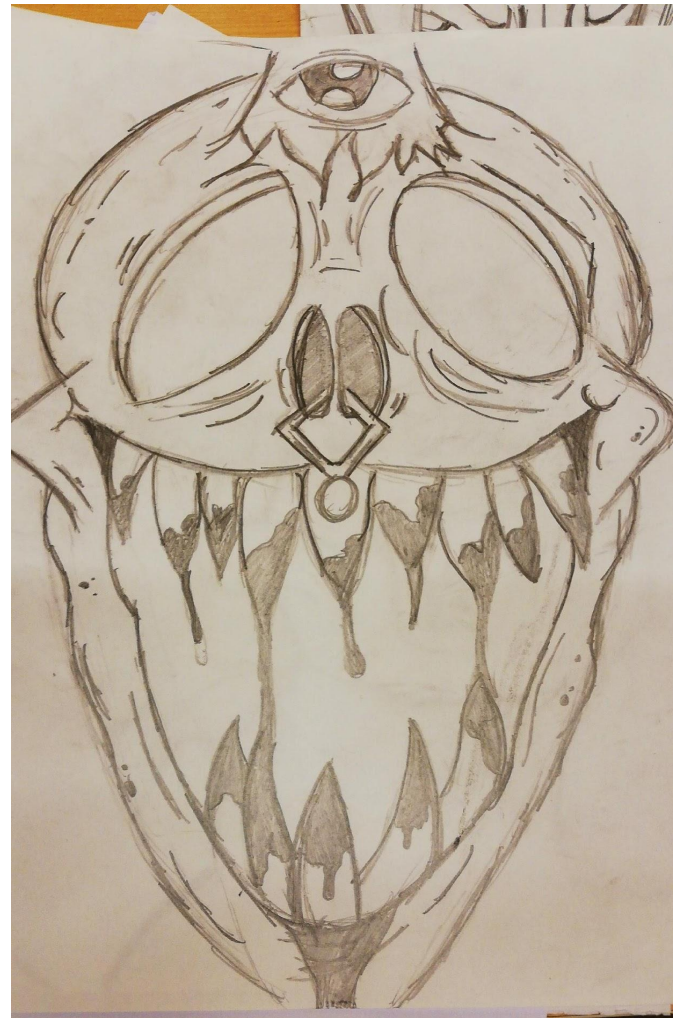
With darkness in them

But skillful and latent

That envelop like fire

That freezes your bones

They scare you

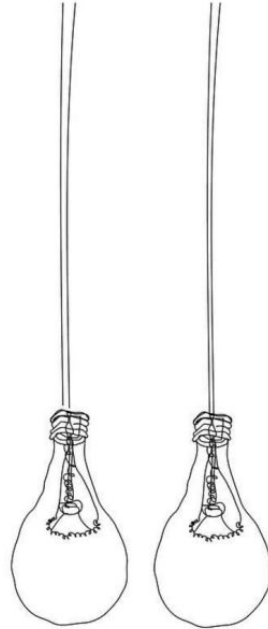


MIQUEL FIGUERAS 4TH B

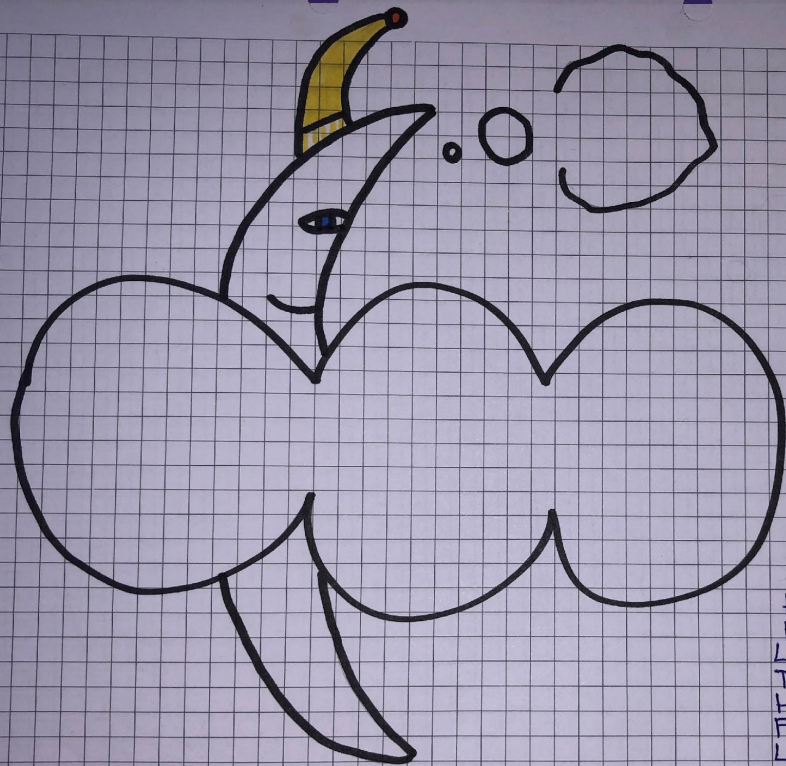
PAU DURAN 4TH B

i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

- rupi kaur



SHEILA PRATS 4TH B



Dreams:

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow



ABRIL BORRELL 4TH C

If I could have just one wish,
I would wish to wake up everyday
to the sound of your breath on my neck,
the warmth of your lips on my cheek,
the touch of your fingers on my skin,
and the feel of your heart beating with mine...
Knowing that I could never find that feeling
with anyone other than you.

COURTNEY KUCHTA

The Garden of Love, William Blake

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

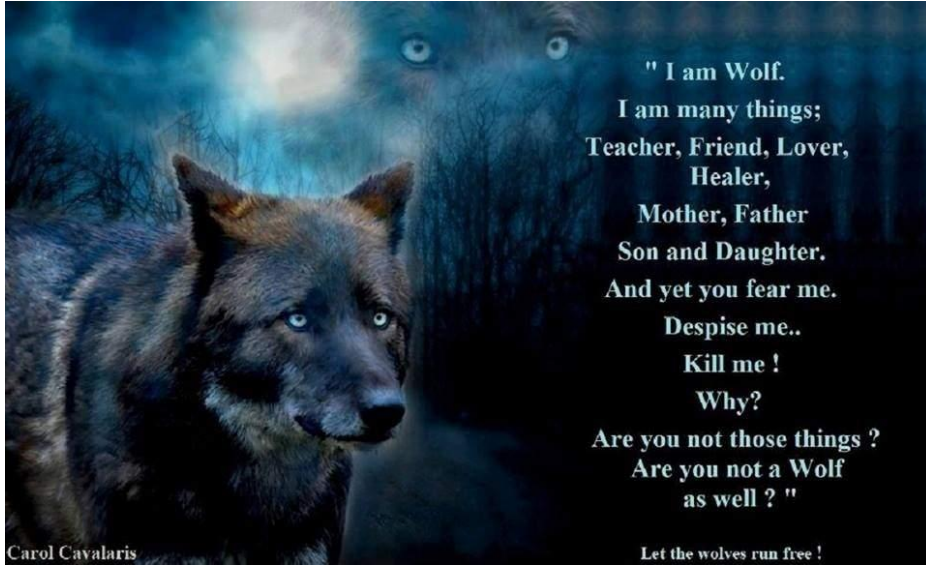
And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And Priests in black gowns were walking their
rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.



BERNAT FEIXAS 4TH C

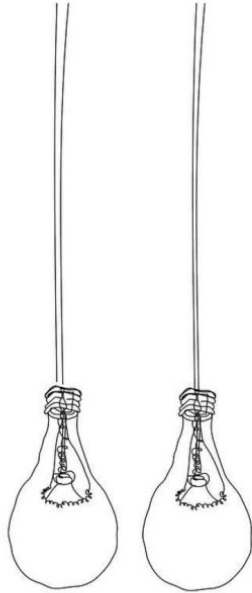
BERTA POL 4TH C



DANI GONZÁLEZ 4th C

i do not want to have you
to fill the empty parts of me
i want to be full on my own
i want to be so complete
i could light a whole city
and then
i want to have you
cause the two of us combined
could set it on fire

- rupi kaur



I do want to have you by my side
I do not want to have you away
You are the light of my candle
When you get away from me my fire goes out
When you get away from me
my heart breaks into pieces

even so, I can live without you
my presence does not bother me
I'm happy with myself
and both of us combined
can with everything

DAVID RODRÍGUEZ 4TH C

ON SAINT GEORGE'S DAY



More inspiration from Saint George's Day...



GURLEEN KAUR 4TH C



OURAY RUEDA 4TH C

More about Saint George's Day...

S
TALLS ARE OPEN
A
ND THE PEOPLE BUY BOOKS AND ROSES
I
N CATALONIA
T
HE MEN GIVE ROSES TO THEIR WIVES
G
EORGE IS THE SAINT
E
ACH PERSON, WALKS IN THE STREETS
O
NLY SMILES IN THE STREETS
R
OSES ARE RED LIKE THE HEARTS
G
EORGE KILLS THE DRAGON
E
NGLISH BOOKS IN THE STALLS ARE MORE EXPENSIVE
S
ILLY PEOPLE STEAL FROM THE STALLS
D
AY OF APRIL
A
NYBODY CAN HAVE A BUTTSTICK OR GIRL TISSUE
Y
OU WANT TO BE A FANTASTIC GUY



MARC GRACIANO 4TH C

And still a bit more...!

NIA PIRES 4TH C

POEM

When dragons, princesses,
roses and knights
come together
a wonderful day is created

You go out and look for a book
such as : THE CAPTAIN HOOK!

Everyone is in love with the stalls.
They are full of stories and tales.
Everyone enjoy this day,
because you have a great day without pay,

IT'S SAINT GEORGE'S DAY !

After a long time someone has come, close to my heart,
those butterflies have returned, my ears are blessed with your laugh,
and now when I try to close my eyes I feel your arms around me .

HARLEEN KAUR 4TH C

KISS

White bells with pendulums of anise,
Harmonies of glass where my lips
become puppets,
And take me to a gentle river of warm
current,
Where I dream with seeing your gaze.

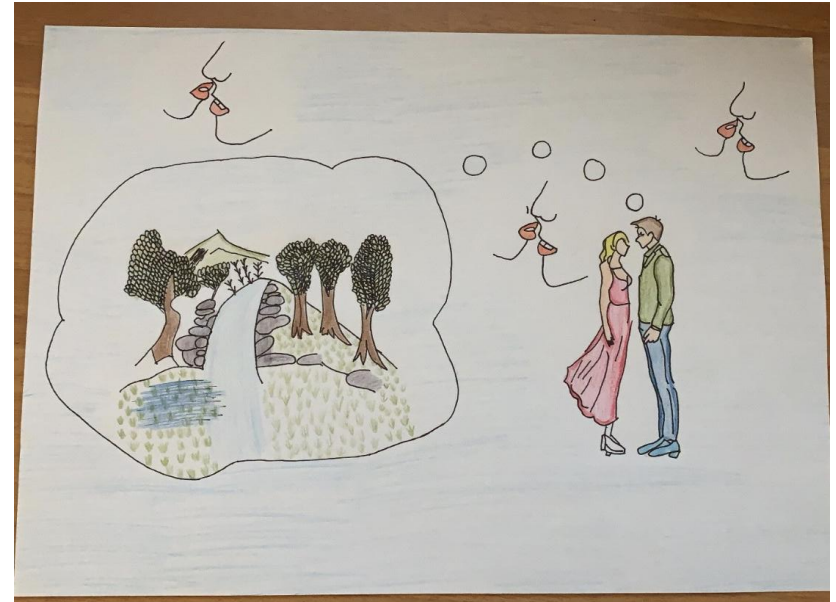
But I refuse to open my eyes again,
Because of the infinite world called kiss,
Where a meager second has a life of
happiness,
And the only language is the rose with
your skin.

Let me find the rhythm that lies between
your ribs,
But it feels as I touch your hands,
And expands with every breath,
Leading me back to your mouth.

LARA PÉREZ 4TH C

So no matter how much I separate my
eyelids,
I will return to the place in the middle of
your smile,
But not before admiring your face,
And thus have a reason to return.

Ricardo Bermúdez



LAURA GRAU 4TH C

SKY

i will be your world, if i can see
that you want the same for me
you can fly as we flew when we were shy
through the blue blue sky.

i will be yours, if you let me
i will be your star, if you shine for me
but all i want from you is free
just give me a little sweet kiss.



- Laura Grau

STILL I RISE, by MAYA ANGELOU

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.
Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.



MARTINA SAINZ 4TH C

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.