

Track Record 2023

A Community Poetry Project in Camden

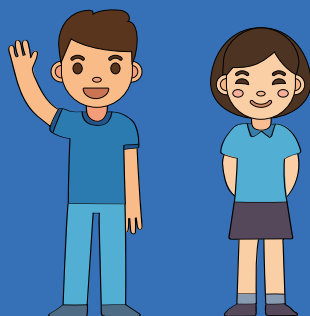
Poetry is everywhere films music and adverts.
Track Record places it in another amazing scene,
the vibrant and inspiring setting of St Pancras Station.
One of the worlds most spectacular train stations.
The Brilliantly talented and resilient year 5 children
of Argyle and Torricano have produced fantastic
poems that capture their hopes, humour, honesty,
hurt, heroics and huggable times. Both schools and
their teachers have been great to work with.

Track Record shows for the 5th year running how
something special can arise when learning, business
and trains come together! It's been a real pleasure to
work & write with all these great kids. It's also great
to know that so many tens of thousands of people
will take great pleasure in reading their poems at
St. Pancras Station and in this wonderful book.

Paul Lyalls, Poet In Residence, *Track Record 2023*

We're thrilled that the children in our local community
are inspired by and, importantly, are enjoying
participating in **Track Record**. We hope that it
continues to help them to confidently express their
thoughts and emotions, and to inspire themselves
and others along the way. Thank you to Paul and
well done to all the children who have created
'out of this world' poetry this year. We look forward
to sharing the poems with visitors at the station
this summer.

Wendy Spinks, Commercial Director at HS1 Ltd
(owners of St. Pancras International)



When did time begin?

How did it start?
Was it made?
What exactly is it?
Why is there time?
What time did time start?
And why is everybody late!

Ismail, 5N Torricano

Is it really 8am?

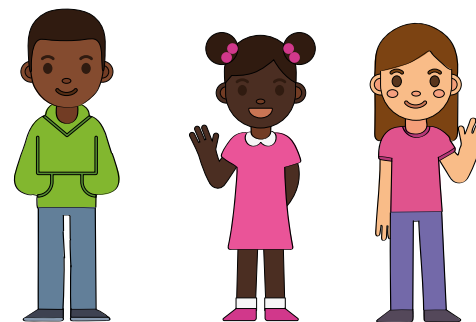
I wake up, it's dark.
I think it's 2am.
So I check the clock.
It says 8am.
I look outside again,
Now it's light.
Now my brain is scrambled
And I don't know what's right.

Annie, 5N Torricano

I don't know

Life is hard to understand
For the people who are struggling.
Life is hard to understand
When you don't know what's happening.

Cre, 5N Torricano



Making origami

Origami are made from paper.
The paper is soft , smooth and shiny.
They can be all shapes and sizes,
This gives cheerfulness and hopefully surprises!

Ibrahim, 5N Torricano

Seeing a mouse in my house

A furry little face looking at me.
Little beady eyes like full stops.
We are both scared of each other
And we both don't trust each other.
When I look at it, it runs away.
It's not there but I am still terrified.
I think it will come back again.

Naomi, 5N Torricano

Weird things I think about

My first time on a plane was scary.
I wonder where my missing dog is?
I am really good at football, I've just found out!
What is my big sister doing at school right now?
Do I really like 'mac and cheese'?
Can I really be anything that I want
When I'm older?

Frankie, 5N Torricano



Why do I have ears?

Are they there to help sideburns
Dribble down your cheeks?
Or to help hold the glasses,
That are sitting on your nose?
Why don't they ever eat anything?
They're not hungry I suppose!

Ferdy, 5N Torricano

The World Is

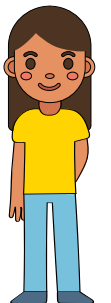
The World is,
To build and create.
The World is,
Knowing what's meant.
The World is,
All the minutes and hours.
The World is,
Finding your voice.
The World is,
A good person you can trust.

Mustafa, 5N Torricano

The falling climbers

I went up a mountain,
I felt very scared and unsure.
At one point I almost fell off!
But landed safely,
Like a cat jumping fences.

Ryan, 5N Torricano



My grandad

His nice bold head shining arway.
With a red baggy t-shirt,
Polo it scrys!
We came and visited everyday,
In his small house with a tree,
We had fun and laughs all day,
Because we are family.

Poppy, 5N Torricano

Setting the time

Tick, tick, tick the hours go by
The hours, the hours, oh how they fly.
Rewinding the hands of the clock,
Like a helicopter going backwards.
Oddly, I rather enjoy it!

Tam, 5N Torricano

Where did water come from

We need water to survive,
It keeps us alive,
Helps us thrive
And even dive.
Dinosaurs bathed in it too.
They were just like me and you.
Where did it first come from?
And why does it flow on and on ?

Wanda, 5N Torricano



Breaking my dad's glasses as a baby

When I was a baby,
I hated *Telly Tubbies* so much!
Their deep eyes staring into my soul.
I saw my dad's glasses,
And they were like their eyes,
So I broke them!
I really hated *Telly Tubbies*!

Georgia, 5N Torricano

What came first the chicken or the egg?

Nobody knows....?
The strange answers to these mysteries
Lie before us in the unknown future.
Nobody and I mean nobody knows!
Though everyday this question flows through your
mind!
We will never know,
Well time for me to go!

Salma, 5N Torricano

Where does the world end or start?

It goes on and on like our universe.
One day it will be over, but when?
Just like a ticking time bomb!
I hope I go before it does!.

Esra, 5N Torricano



Running to the buffet

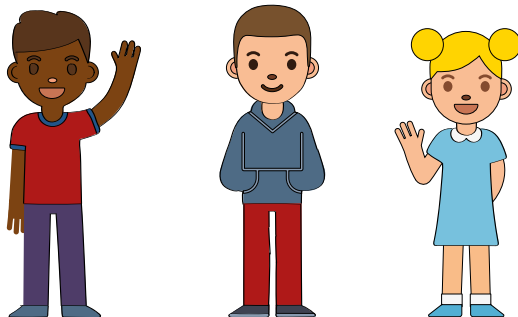
The food is gleaming under the lights!
Looking so great,
Tasty greens, whites and pale brown delights!
I see a croissant leaping across a plate!
Soon the others will come to their senses
And the feast will meet its fate!

Sonnet, 5N Torricano

Scary ride

Eerie, scary song melting my brain,
Traumatised every second,
While frights shiver down my spine,
Making me into a trance!
Vampires, ghosts and ghouls
Appearing in front of me faster than frogs!
Making me jump out of my skin,
Making me pale!
OH MY, flying flea on a dog!
That scared me to death!

Ifrah, 5N Torricano



Waking up at 3am

Sleeping In my clothes.
Feeling soft cotton rubbing against my skin.
Getting out of bed.
Feeling soft carpet under my feet.
Stepping into a taxi,
Rubber tyres rolling.
Napping away on the plane,
My eyes flutter closed.
Arriving in Bali,
All at 3 years old.

Leon B, 5N Torricano

Cleaning my room

Vacuuming away into the unknown.
As I put on my cleaning song,
And dance away to the radio.
Doing a really bad job,
As I am just not interested!
Thinking about what I could do next,
Walking around the room,
Trying to find what to clean next.
Hate this dusty crusty floor chore!

Lexie, 5N Torricano

How was the first language created (If they couldn't communicate!)

A question that nobody could answer.
My own brain hurts just thinking about it.
How could they communicate?
Did they use hands to indicate?
It's a question without an answer,
Like why are Ants small and Elephants big?
And how long is the longest piece of string?
That last one probably has an answer if you please,
Macaroni cheese!

Sahra, 5N Torriano

A horseshoe crab

Small, brittle, stone,
Fascinating fossil that buried itself deep underground.
Like a cicada, hiding below the surface for 15 years.
Trapped in a cold, dark prison, encased in rubble,
Rising up from the ground years later.
Only to find itself rust coloured and old.
Scuttling petite crustacean,
Eating to live its last moments,
Older than the dinosaurs.
Nearly as old as time itself.

Alexandrou, 5N Torriano

Going on a plane

Feeling the jets roar as it lifts.
Feeling myself lift up with the plane.
Having to fasten our seat belts.
Like click-click exercises.
Crashing down to our destination.
Getting off the plane full of excitement.
Two months of Spain coming my way!

Aaron, 5N Torriano

A walk in the rain

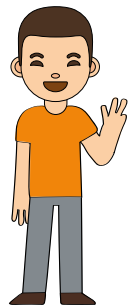
Grey clouds spit on me,
In a water vapour harmony.
As Blue as can be, that's me!
As I walk out in the rain,
I may be going insane,
While water and time goes down the drain.

Rufus, 5N Torriano

Where does the sky go?

It went to the moon
Because it was fun!
But then...
It flew off to planet 10!
Then it came back again.
Eventually it came back to Earth.

Leon K, 5N Torriano



The World Is

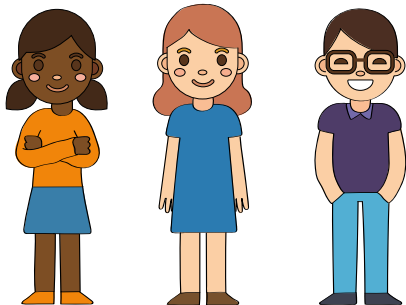
The world is,
An old man who is sometimes young
And wants more.
The world is,
Something you love
And can't escape from.
The world is ,
What we do a few times a day,
Right up to when it's dark.
The world is,
A football team that most love.
The world is,
Something waiting to be found.
The world is
The opposite of soon.

Keyaan, 5N Torricano

How many colours are there?

Blue, green, red and pink
Magenta, brown and white
Black, grey, starry night
Teal, orange, dark blue and red.

Elaine, 5N Torricano



The Moon is

The moon is a golden earhole,
Getting dirtier throughout the universe
The moon is a mysterious pineapple,
Slowly getting juiced
The moon is a soggy eye socket,
Floating in the galaxy
With no purpose

Luca, 5N Torricano

The Beautiful Game

Boxing is known as 'the beautiful game'
Oh it's amazing
Excellent sport!
It's one of my favourite activities
Never quit!
Go try it now

Taylor, 5N Torricano

A mysterious bean

The moon is a mysterious bean in the night sky
Floating in a silent darkness, Just orbiting Earth
Doing nothing but watching the spin
Not stopping, only time in space.
The moon looks cool, red, full, solar eclipse
The moon just a ball
Floating
So full at night, shining quite bright,
Reflecting the sun

George, 5N Torricano

Why can't the world stay still?

Always spinning and going round,
Like a ball of wool being played with by a kitten!
But if it was still, what would happen?
Maybe I should go to space
And find out the Earth's true fate.

Aisha, Argyle

Hints for life

Getting hints in our lives,
Helping us predict our life so we are ready.
Every day is a new day.,
Just like how we change our clothes.
Every year days, minute and even seconds of
our life are gone.
And we cannot get them back.
So do what you can,
To fill the world with happiness.

Jemimah, Argyle

First day at my new school

The sudden shock of a cold splash.
First day jitters washing off with each stroke.
My very first lesson was at the pool!
Swimming through blue, into the new.

Thays, Argyle

Isaacs Newton discovered gravity

He was under a tree,
Reading a book about donuts!
When something hit him on his head
Bouncing off his top hat!
A discovery had been made,
In the darkest of shade!

Mahihasnat, Argyle

Drawing with my feet

Get a pencil between your toes.
Don't cut your nails for 20 years,
It gives better grip!
Sharpen the lead,
But not your foot!
It doesn't matter what colour you use.
Now create a toe scented picture.
Smells amazing-right?

Salma, Argyle

Coco Pops

Tiny little rugby balls floating in a bowl.
The best cereal in the world!
So delicious and so nice,
Chocolate filled yummy rice!
I buy them for £2.50,
Eco-friendly boxes
I've recycled about 90!

Ayman, Argyle

Yellow

The moon isn't soggy yellow cheese.
It's a golden round puzzle if you please.
Bananas have seeds,
That look like funny little beads.
The sun has a tan,
She got it from a can.
Brick butter was meant to be!

Inayah, Argyle

Football

Big men and women shooting the ball
Like shooting stars in the night sky.
Started worldwide in England.
Spread like a virus across the world.
Made leagues over amazing years.
Goal, goal, goal goes the ball.

Rayyan, Argyle

A picture with my best friend

She is my favourite person.
We play every day.
I like her as much as I like cake!
Good girls like us go to the park.
Bad boys sleep in the dark!
We play on the swing,
As long as the sun is shining.

Masouma, Argyle

Who's at the door

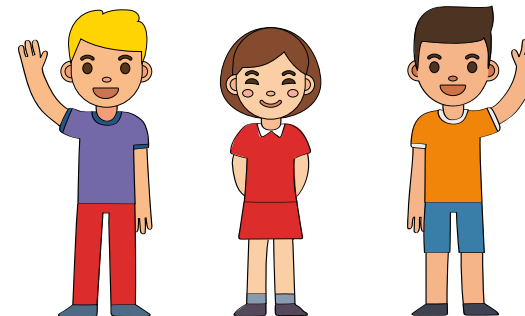
Three little pigs go to their houses.
Then a certain wolf, broke 2 of the houses,
Because they were too easy!
The third house was solid,
Because it was a hundred times harder!
The wolf ran back to his own house
And cried a hundred times!
'Today I don't have food,
But I do have a big tomato'
And he dreamed of a giant BLT!

Ridi, Argyle

Falling flat on your face

Dropping from the air to the floor,
From a skyscraper to a dwarf.
Don't know what to do,
Feels like tumbling down a bowling alley,
Just like a bowling pin,
Going bonkers, going below
Just going with the flow!

Tawsiyah, Argyle



Where does the night go?

The dark blanket of evening turns black.
Because it loves the black.
As black as a tomboy's dress.
The dark blanket covers us with darkness,
Now everyone likes it.
All of the lights go on,
But the black blanket still covers us with night.
Fireworks make rainbow colours in the night sky,
But the black blanket is like,
'Oh it's fine, let the fiery colours shine'.

Husna, Argyle

Drowning my phone in the bath

Accidentally on purpose, letting it fall.
While it sinks down beneath the cold.
A big splash of water travelling at 100mph,
Coming up towards your face!
As the tiny voice gets drowned out
By the watery taste.
Rectangular device fills up and shuts down.
While you gaze on until it no longer makes a sound.

Amaan, Argyle



ABC

Three letters,
Three sweet little dumplings on paper!
When they work together,
They are like one baguette!
Sitting there as dark as night,
But they hold so much might.
They are little blobs of ink,
Ready to be written.

Hussain, Argyle

My Nutella bread

In the toaster for a few minutes,
Getting burned
Getting toasty in its bed.
Spreading the Nutella on my burned bread.
Burned and Nutellary, just the way I like it!
Adding my toppings, like icing sugar,
Adding strawberries too,
Then, chew, chew chew!

Moaz, Argyle

Cleaning

As the mop touched the floor,
It dripped down onto the galaxy.
It glistened and gleamed,
In one big fantasy.
The ground was spotless,
It shined and shimmered
And the universe was mirrored?

Akirah, Argyle

Brushing my teeth

It is annoying and so boring!
Why do my parents always bore me!
It's like they always ignore me!
My parents always nag me!
They always attack me!
Do I really always need to brush my teeth?
But I do need to make them clean,
So that my smile can be seen!

Fatiha, Argyle

How water boils

Bubbling up like soup.
Taking around 30 seconds.
Getting ready to use in the tea.
As hot as a drop of sun.
It lives in the kettle.
Steaming and Screaming 'ready' through the kitchen.
Escaping into the air!

Tyler, Argyle

Change

It happens all the time
Like the way we change our clothes.
Some say there is climate change.
That could change everything.
All of us need to change
That way we can change everything.

Yusuf, Argyle

Why is the universe infinite

Forever and ever it goes,
On and on into the deep depths of space,
Where even light can't travel.
It would take years for us
To reach the closest star cluster.
Can you help us to find fresh friends
Little gleaming lamps in the galaxy?

Yara, Argyle

Exams

Stressed so much that you can't sleep.
You try, but it's a big failure.
Panicking because they are just 1 day away.
Studying for such a long time,
That you forget about food.
Calming down now,
It is time,
To take those foolish, wicked papers!

Yahiya, Argyle

Wisdom

Something that we all want,
So that we can understand more about ourselves.
A personal experience we all learn from.
Telling other people who want to know.
Not always easy,
But worth it in the end.
Because one day, you will be smarter.

Hamim, Argyle

The park

I play on the swings
Like Tarzan swinging on vines!
Tunnel slides are my favourite.
I see seesaws waving at me,
Like a friend in a match!
The wind feels sweet...on my cheek.

Yamin, Argyle

The world is

The world is frozen.
The world is unbreakable and strong
The world is a dot to dot on the Earth.
The world is long and colourful.
The world is a home that's not forever.
The world is a good feeling to have
And an even better feeling to share.

Shirin, Argyle

I eat pasta

Chewing.
When?
Lunchtime.
Then?
Writing.
And then?
Bedtime.
The End.

Yameen, Argyle

My friend's diary

A story that was private until I open it
Shooting out like fireworks in the flying
I nearly got caught opening it
As the secrets tried hiding themselves again
My curiosity got the best of me,
As it became a boiling, bubbling, Bolivian lid.

Sabrina, Argyle

The sun isn't yellow

Painful to look at
Shines above you like a shimmer
Red fire burns through your body
Reflecting and creating shadows
Soft as butter on your skin
The sun isn't yellow.

Alisha, Argyle

I know a car is heavy

So much weight
Wheels spin at mates
As round as eyes
Rolling doughnuts pass by
Red, yellow and blue
This choice is up to you

Bilal, Argyle

Going down a water slide

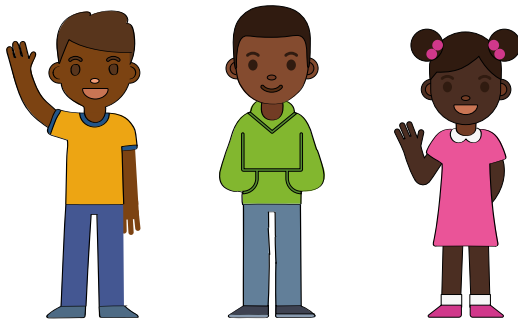
Water rushing down in twists and turns,
Like a giant liquid game of Snakes and
Ladders!
Zooming towards the splash pool,
Gliding on warm aqua,
Water as clear as glass.
I reach the end with a huge splash!,
Everyone turns away
Trying to avoid the fountain of droplets!

Yasin, 5L Torricano

Mars

There's no life on Mars.
If you went to Mars,
There you would freeze,
It's minus 63 degrees.
It's entirely made of orange dust,
There's no rain, so there's no rust.
Mars, there's no life on Mars.

Alexander, 5L Torricano



Where do the Clouds go?

The fluffy smooth shapes disappear at dark.
Do they go to *Nimbus* paradise for a good float?
Then they come back to reality,
They come back to rain on all the cars!
They make a flood, which makes me happy,
Because afterwards there is more mud
And that is a thing I love.
Keep coming back and bring more rain.
It isn't really a shame!

Ethan, 5L Torricano

Stacking Oreos

A moist thin cookie,
That allows you to squash the filling!
You can make a tall tower with them.
Stacking Oreos is like a biscuit Jenga.
However when you dip one in milk,
It becomes soggy and fragile.

Zubeyr, 5L Torricano

Where did the sun go?

A cloudy day, where did the sun go?
A stormy day, where did the sun go?
A boring day, where did the sun go?
A blue, happy, perfect day,
Where did the sun go?
It's here, obviously!

Caleb, 5L Torricano

My Hamsters

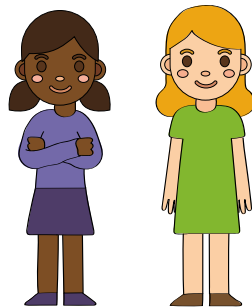
I get to hold them.
One of them is mean,
The other is nice.
Feeding them carrots and lettuce
Holding the food in my fingers
And feeding them Hamster treats for
dessert!

Millie, 5L Torricano

My mum tickles my tummy

Fingers wiggling towards me,
Like sausages on a plate.
They make me giggle and wiggle.
My mum also starts to laugh.
We are both giggling like monkeys at
the theatre.
While I roll off my bed!

Amelia, 5L Torricano



Venus is the hottest planet

Venus is boiling I cannot disagree
And it feels like a million degrees.
Poison clouds are the atmosphere
How can anyone survive here!

Ayaan, 5L Torricano

The time I went to Barbados

Walking down on a sunny beach.
Golden sands between my toes.
Drinking yummy fruit punch in the pool.
The cool ice glistening in the sun.
Swimming around a cool blue ocean.
Splashing about underwater.

Myla, 5L Torricano

Legoland

Tiny figures standing about in the streets and
towns.
Having happy and healthy stuck together brick
lives.
Missing my big world back home.
Here everything is sized down.
A copy of the original world beside me.

Aisha, 5L Torricano

Scoring a free kick

Skills on the edge of the box,
Winning the free kick.
The wall prepared to do whatever....
To block the bullet!
Eyeing the goalkeeper,
Choosing my corner.
Accuracy or power?
With the very last kick of the game,
I smash it *top bins!*
I celebrate for joy,
Luck or skill?

Ayden, 5L Torricano

Labour to win the next election!

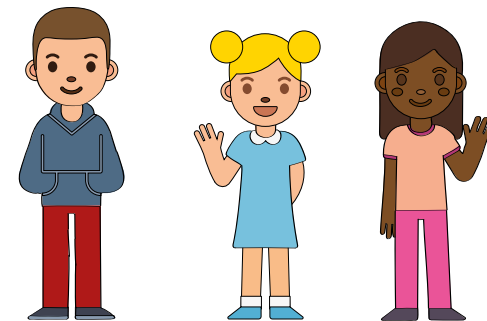
Who will lose, who will win?
Let's hope for Labour.
Keir Starmer for Leader,
Such a wonderful stay within the Houses of
Parliament.
Tories know they have to go.
Rishi Sunak will be just a boonak!
Vote right, don't make a mistake,
Today of all days!
Come on Labour, you should win!

Ella, Kayjah and Frances, 5L Torricano

The world Is

The World is,
Something you imagine,
Sometimes even when you are asleep.
Could be good,
Could be bad.
The World is,
All the words and sentences
That may fool you.
The World is,
Something that goes up and down.
The World is,
A trick or an illusion.
The World is,
Singing in a certain way!

Dolly-Mae, 5L Torricano



When will time run out?

It could be in an hour,
Or maybe just 4 days.
Could be 2 years.
Locked in a smartwatch,
Or buried away in minds.
It is like the meaning of life,
Cannot really be explained,
But will always haunt us.
It ticks on away
Tick-tock arms flying everywhere.
They sprint off leaving all of us
In an endless loop of light and dark.
Sun followed by moon and it won't stop!
Maybe time has already disappeared,
Or is it still running away with us
And we are just numbers in a clock of life.

Willow, 5L Torricano

A billion years from now

Will there be just one big flood,
Like a tsunami crying?
Might we be swallowed up by the sun,
Just like how we swallow burgers?
Will there be just one never ending traffic jam?
And will there still be anyone called *Sam*!

Saif, 5L Torricano

The World is

The World Is round,
The World is beautiful,
The World Is moving as we speak.
The World Is a powerful place,
The World Is dark
And every day,
Is a brand new start!

Yakoub, 5L Torricano

Where does the moon go?

At night, a big golden snowball,
Looks in through my window.
Floating in a sea of emptiness.
Like a small boat in an ocean
All alone by itself.
In the morning this mysterious round hole,
Gets replaced by the sun,
As if someone has put fire on that snowball.
At night it appears again, but in a crescent shape.
With the pin prick light of stars around it.
All alone once again.

Iqra, 5L Torricano

The day I was born

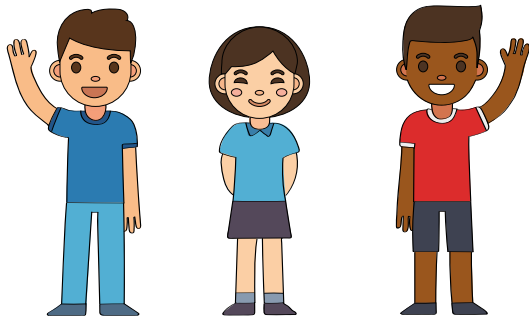
I was just a new tiny baby looking around,
Seeing the hospital spinning around.
I gave a blank stare at all the doctors,
Thinking *wonders and bonkers!*
Outside the window it was a black pitch night,
With Wolves hunting in dark shadow moonlight.

Anisa, 5L Torricano

Disney land

Walking around a magical place,
Filled with Fairy folk!
Teacup rides, pirate ships
And flying Elephants zooming into the sky!
I bet, you will get wet,
When the boat goes down!

Sofia, 5L Torricano



The statistics of countries GDP Or highest debt is inaccurate

Japan is the most accurate bankrupt country
With 5 quintillion Yen (3.1 trillion dollars)
Thinking is paying the debt isn't really relevant.
And America has the unofficial highest debt,
Anywhere in the world,
With 3.2 trillion pounds!
And people say 'The UK's broke'
That's just what the Americans wrote.

Jamie, 5L Torricano

The World is

The World is,
A force used to move us.
The World is,
Hidden in minds waiting to be discovered.
The World is,
What we call each unique human being.
The World is,
Something that is unnatural and different.
The World is
Underneath and concealed.
The World is,
Fast words racing through your mind.

Mansur, 5L Torricano

How old are the stars?

They have been there for billions
And millions of years.
They are glowing hot cookies!
A million watermelons of shining light.

David, 5L Torricano

I am alive

I was lying in my bed,
Wondering about all the life in my head.
Staring at the white ceiling,
That looks like the moon gleaming.
I was day dreaming.
Am I alive or is this just a dream I'm dreaming?

Elliemae, 5L Torricano

Went to the beach

Walking on the sunny beach.
Rays of sun sitting on my skin like mosquitoes.
Beautiful seashells scattered around me.
I hold them to my ear and hear the soft sound
Of the splashing ocean.
I fall into the sea,
My hair is all soaked.

Mayeda, 5L Torricano

I like

I like being kind to my baby sister,
I like spending time with my family in
Morocco,
I like watching YouTube,
I like eating chicken pie for dinner.

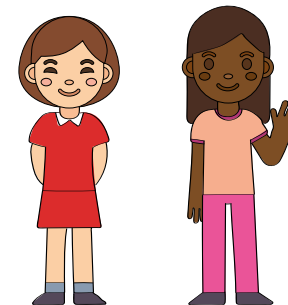
Adam, 5L Torricano

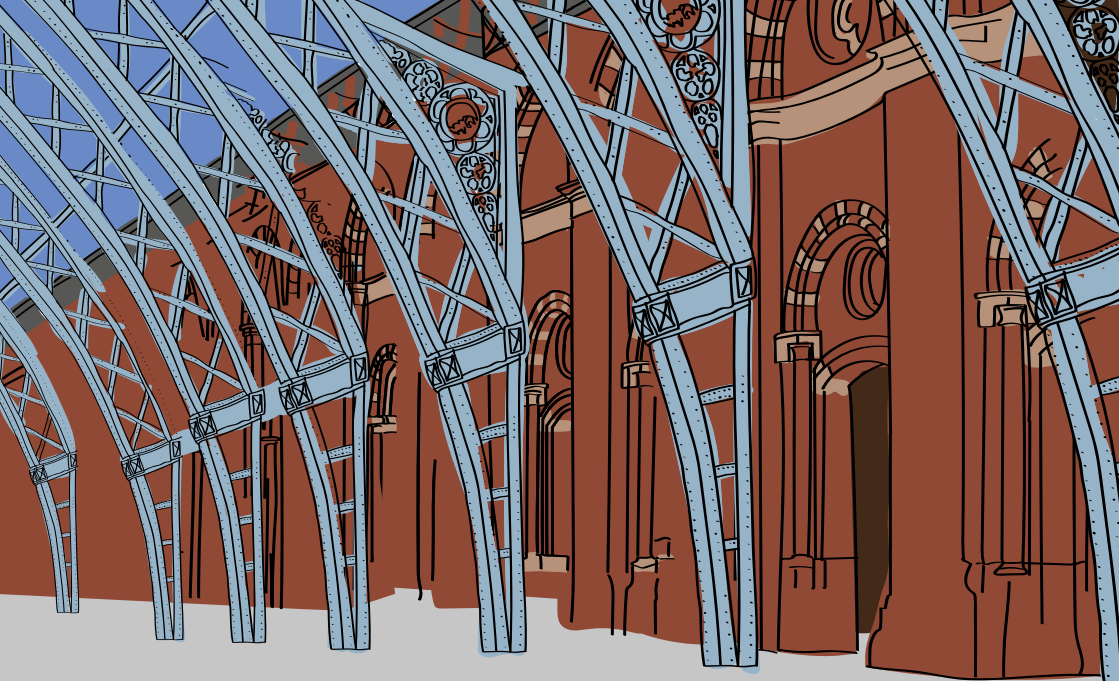
The gummy drops

Sweets shaped into stuff,
Eggs, heads.
Any shape and size,
Bears, strawberries.
All in different packs,
Every sweet you can think of.

I see an odd look on one,
Must be an error because
It's a gummy drop,
You can see through it
With a yellow lemon shade
It drinks.
Never seen before – drop!

Lorenzo, 5L Torricano





All aboard for **Track Record 2023**, the community poetry project that pulls into London just in time for summer! Led by the unstoppable Paul Lyalls, Track Record is now in its fifth year, continuing to delight, educate and inspire Year 5 pupils from Torriano and Argyle primary schools in Camden. These eager young writers have written a sensational collection of poems, both punchy and moving, peppered with uproarious jokes.

St. Pancras has long been associated with poetry, ever since my grandfather, the former Poet Laureate John Betjeman (1906-1984), campaigned to save the station from demolition in the 1960s. Look up, admire the cathedral that is the railway shed above your heads and think of all that is precious to you, all that needs saving or campaigning for. In this anthology, Track Record's young poets have conjured up what is precious to them, from their little sisters to the moon and back, via horseshoe crabs, toothbrushes and Time itself. Let's celebrate their poems!

Imogen Lycett Green

Track Record 2023