





is one of the poems which Claire has used in poetry workshops in schools.

If the world worked a different way,
Would dull be colour and colour be grey?
Would down be up and up be down?
Would happiness be conveyed by a frown?
Would winning be losing, and last place be first?
Would eating cause hunger and drinking cause thirst?
Would dreams be real and awake be asleep?
Would our lives be spent counting sheep?

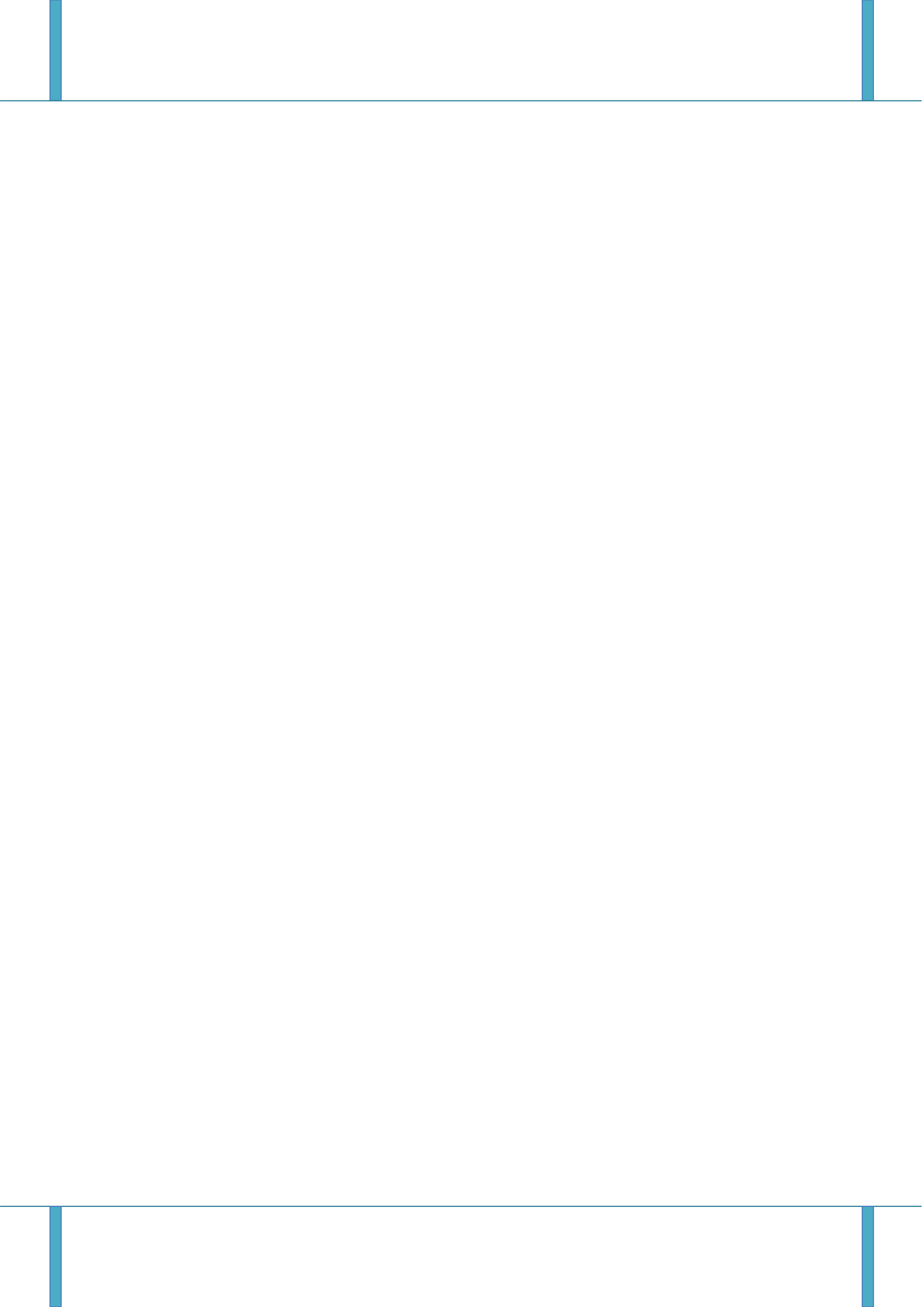
is one of four poems which Claire submitted when she applied for Young Poet Laureate.

Q[!Á[Á]}*Á[~q^ÁaáÁ ÁcáÁ[{ ÁÉ
but I think you could benefit
from someone bursting your bubble,
it à|á á•Á[~ Éá) áÁcáÁ Á@Á[~ à^L
you hide from your flaws,
•æÁ^@ áÁ@Á) áÁ[~q^Á~ áÁ] É
à`ç[, Áq Á[] } áá[, Á{ Á]
with my honesty like dynamite,
á) áÁ[~ Áá) q^ÁÁ[{ Á@Á @
of the truth as it shines in your face
and we illuminate, enumerate every mistake
á) áÁ[~ q^Á[] } ááÁ] Á[Áá) áÁ@) *^
you may even thank me for it, someday.

QcáÁcáÁ[~ q^Áæ`É
Without me here to push you
To do what you could do
^ [~ q^Ácá)] ~ Á[Á] áá^ Á@!^
^ [~ Á[] q^áá^
^ [~ q^Á áve it fifty per cent, or less.
I want to give it blood, sweat and tears
to raise it from down there to here,
æé•^É^æá[~ Á[~ |áÁ^á^
on minimum effort, and waste the rest of your time,
but tell me, where will that leave you in ten years; looking back,
trying to accept the fact
that you could have been someone,
à`ç[~ q^Á[cæé•^Á@Á) áá[~ Á[\ Á) æÁ@Áæ`Á] ^É

Y @!^qÁ[~!Á) áá) É
c@Á^ Á[!Á@Á) á) Á[Á] q^Á[~ Éæé•^Áá @Á[, É[~ q^Á!á) *É
a sailboat going along with the wind.
You need to get inspired,
need to feed the fire,
need to pick a heading and take it;
~||Á] ^^áÁcáÁÁ@Á[~ Á] áÁ[~ q^Á[] } á) á^ÁÉ

Perhaps hate is too strong a word,
but I needed yo` Á[Á] Á) áÁ) É[~ |á) q^Á] [!^áÉ
and you needed a shock to the system, ten thousand volts through your spinal cord.
V[~ c@Á É[~ q^Á[cá) á) q^Á[~ Á] Á[~ É



A secret passed from mouth to ear,
Meant for only one to hear,
But still the news is passed along,
And every time that it moves on,
Bits are added, missed out, changed,
Wj dñ@Á @|^Á@ *qÁ^æ:æ)*^âÊ
Blown up wildly out of proportion,
ÿ[~ Áæ qÁ^Á^Á^ c@b@ [~ * @b@ Áã d | d } Ê
And when the me••æ^qÁ^c !)^âÁ Á^} â^!Ê
There is no obvious offender,
Who bent the truth to make it hurt,
V@æq Á •Á@Á æ Ác@Á { [~ !•Á [! Ì Ê
I trusted you to hold your tongue,
To keep quiet, to not let on,
But you told my secret anyway,
Just for your fifteen minutes fame,
I guess it was just too hard a task,
For you, silence was too big an ask,
You try desperately to shift the blame,
You apologise again and again,
V@ *•Áã} qÁ^ !} Á ~ c@Á æ Á [~ Á |æ } ^âÊ
The situation just got out of hand,
ÿ[~ Áã} qÁ æ qÁ e to get hurt,
And should have thought it through properly first.

ÿ[~ Á@ \Á [~ Á [|Á ^Êã ~ c@ Á [c@|æ] âÊ
Your excuses are just hollow lines,
Remorse is not the reason why,
ÿ[~ q^Á^ã * Á Áã [| * ã^Ê
That fearful look you try to hide,
I see it clearly in your eyes,
Ø •

Claire wrote the poem
Library of Birmingham.

in response to the move out of the Central Library building into the new

I stand here, breathe in,
this smell will be my last memory
the empty spaces where what I know should be.
For now, at least, the smell is still the same.
from memory whilst the images still remain.

If the bricks had been made of sponges,

When we were young,
we danced among the passing places



