

## Permission

**Louisa H**

A duelling generation of procrastination and innovation,  
We keep growing population and expanding civilisation but feeding accusation  
with every word of discrimination,

But with civil demonstration and public declaration the restoration of  
consideration can begin to take motion.

If we keep writing legislation and changing our creation, if we reach  
cooperation instead of pursuing deviation we. can. insure. our. preservation.

We bear the scars of reputation and colours of emancipation on the walls of  
our foundation,

Colston's domination of exploitation and violation hanging over our city, a  
constant isolation.

But a new coalition.  
A healthy connotation.  
Accountability. ignites. reconciliation.

So put down ammunition and join the mission of vision, we have a strong  
position, we don't need your permission.

## Belonging...

**Jay G**

I somehow feel smaller when I walk in Bristol.  
Though confident and accustomed, chaotic yet unflustered,  
Without concrete, conflict is created in my conscience.  
Walk tall, talk loud, you're nothing if not proud.  
Crossing the bridge, the all consuming nonsense cuts out,  
The concoction of honks calling me,  
I detect familiarity in the constant problems at Cumberland Basin,  
The kerb cracking as gritting city tyres stutter over,  
Drains flutter in the gutters onto passing kids and mothers.  
Weaving to displace strangers, hating to wait in perpetual lateness.

Here I can breathe safer.  
Retreat to the sacred spaces.  
Appreciate the oscillating swell of the river Avon  
Sway in winds that secure scurrying leaves across the downs  
Skate on ice and stare blissfully at balloons soaring overhead  
Resonate with the society surrounding me  
Smile knowing we're strong and fearless: solid concrete;  
A statue can't stand in our way  
Progressive and advanced, always pushing,  
A boat, a bridge, a name, a story that needs sharing; we revise, we instigate  
I see sincerity:  
The faces I pass, myself displayed in the smiles settled upon lips  
Satisfied knowing the sense of belonging  
And blessed to have discovered myself on these streets.



## Lost

**Amy F**

Nothing is clear at a glance  
 Flurries of colour  
 Baffling buildings  
 A patchwork quilt of cultures  
 Who is she  
 How does one unfurl this priceless puzzle of people  
 Behold its benevolent reflection  
 Without ignoring any imperfection  
 Unearth all  
 To experience is to understand

Look into our past  
 Repaint yesterday  
 Portraits of no less than half a million faces  
 The pain endured  
 The injustice obscured  
 But she's grown  
 She no longer allows  
 Pain as a prolific pretence  
 But Promotes protection to near perfection  
 Profoundly prophetic of now

Electric scooters cruising by  
 Tourists tussling  
 Conversations soaring on the striking breeze  
 Waterfalls of people cascading through the streets  
 The chorus of hearts aflutter  
 Gestures painting pictures of love  
 City life is like a sprint  
 But she's truly a scenic walk  
 This city isn't a backdrop  
 but a maze for your own discovery

Bristol is our pool of sunshine  
 But you cannot ignore the ripples of doubt  
 Rising taxes on things that hurt her  
 But no price to pay for hurtful opinions omitted  
 Persuasive poison permeating people  
 Constant sighs over  
 Struggles strikes and lies  
 But expectations like a corset  
 Can squeeze the life out of a city  
 Each eyelet

Obscuring creativity that could've been  
 The suffocating lacing  
 Holding in each imperfection  
 The busk concealing each nuance  
 You can't mask her imperfections without hiding  
 her beating heart

Our city may not be somewhere  
 Where the sun brushes the glassy waves of an  
 undulating sea  
 Where acrid embers dance on an inbound breeze  
 Where the echoing serenade of a whales song fills  
 every cove  
 But she can still be  
 The comforting warmth of a soft hand  
 The certainty of a parent's word  
 The last love of an endless life

Deep breaths  
 I breathe out all I came here with  
 Wide eyes and a widening heart  
 Dreams  
 All I had to give

I Breathe in all I've found  
 Seven hundred thousand smiles  
 Love like that of the moon when It dies just to see  
 the sun shine  
 An ever growing community

A city is complex  
 People are doodles but a city is a Van Gogh  
 People are puddles but a city is an ocean  
 People are flickering candlelight but a city is a  
 bonfire  
 People are shrubs but a city is an immense oak

The quill of destiny is ever flowing here  
 After all our city is a  
 Library of living stories