Jurassic Poetry and Music

Celebrating 2010’s “Earth” theme in National Science & Engineering Week

English Year 9 JL & Science Year 11 m1 & Musicians from Years 10 & 11 with Paul Hyland & Sammy Hurden and the Jurassic Coast Education team
Life and Death

Rocks slowly forgotten
Memories of the past
Extinction, looming over it

Layers of life and death
disappear
in to the place
where they should have laid

Thinking ........
will they ever get there
for now there’s no
movement
perhaps it was
just a dream

Time plods on
the sky turns black
rocks disappear
perhaps
it was a dream

*Jake Lee*
Forgotten Rocks

Thousands of prepared soldiers standing in line
Awaiting their vital summoning
St Paul’s cathedral awaits their service

Thousands of excited soldiers jostling in line
Their time is nearly upon them
Ready to protect and serve

Thousands of hopeful soldiers waiting in line
The time is now here
Time to make their mark

Thousands of exasperated soldiers twitching in line
Time is dragging onwards
Hope is fading fast

Thousands of drained soldiers sleeping in line
Their time has now passed
Wanting to just go

Thousands of dead soldiers still in line
The war is over without them
Forgotten, left, never wanted
Rigid, adamantine, never-ending stones in line.

Joe Brindley
Footprints

Prints of ancient feet,
Proof of monstrous existence,
Sad that ancient life
is now confined to empty
darkness,

Once thriving life,
Now crushed in rock,
Life has survived,
Even when the greatest have fallen,

Clawing at the rock,
As they try to escape the lonely
blackness,

All they have silently witnessed,
Never to be known,
As they quietly fade away,

Condemned to such a neglected
tomb,
In which to ebb away,
And slowly loose its place in his-
tory.

Jack Sainsbury
Jurassic Graveyard

Cold footprints, Jurassic graveyard.
Scent of extinction.
Sound of many forgotten souls.

The beginning of the extinct.
The end of what was.

David Griffiths
A Fossil

A fossil cold as death, everlasting,
its decrepit corpse, distorted,
gone for millions of years, ancient,
its disintegrating remains, decayed.

A fossil hideous as death, everlasting,
its stone body, crooked,
hidden under the darkness, unspoken,
its tyrannical form, twisted.

A fossil putrid as death, everlasting,
its pungent odour resentful, malodorous,
disappearing between strata, overpowering.
its aroma sharp, acidic.

James Bowley
In the Cave

The cold lonely darkness, tales untold
ancient identities, bound to the rocks
decaying candles, from those once present
yet their it looms, above my head
sinister footprints of those once alive

Limestone slabs in cliff-like formation
live vegetation feeding on the surface
provoked waves taunting the sand
a ghostly mist parading the shores
a candle lit sky for all to see

Lost memories forgotten
the scent of the past
sound of emptiness in the cold
a whisper of the Jurassic.

Dom Smith
Tour Guide

Hardened with neglect,
Cemented on an ashen stone.
Discarded and abandoned,
The story of its life – unknown.

Waiting to be needed,
Useful, despite the obvious years.
Lonely and forlorn,
Striving to hide its waxen tears.

Hidden in the darkness,
Past’s echo: amidst the present.
A beacon of the future,
Recognizing how time is spent.

Struggling to hold on,
Determined not to pass away.
A candle in a lifeless cave,
A light in the darkness...

Understanding death,
Observing as it passes by,
A tale of loss and sorrow,
Story of a million goodbyes.

Guiding the way.

Jess Element
Underground

Pitch black, nothingness
Looking along forgotten mines
  Fossils and layers
  Of today’s tomorrow.

Shadows of iguanodon footprints
  Larger on the walls
Feeling like they have just appeared
  As I have never seen before.

Aged candles
  Melted wax dripped on the floor
  Stuck on by blobs of clay
  Aging as time goes on.

I see light at the end of this mine
  It is coming to an end
I squint to get a better look
  It is a spirit of an old worker.

He walks closer and closer
  And walks straight through me
As if I don’t exist
  Carries on and on as the tunnel gets smaller.

I carry on with my candle in hand
  Silence for a while
Footsteps getting louder and closer
  As a person emerges
  He says
  ‘It’s time to go.’

Amy Collier
Detective

Look above
You see a footprint
Of an animal that is extinct

Can you believe
What you see?
Or can you not accept the past

If the evidence
Was in front of you
what if you heard noises
what if you saw footprints
where the noise once was
Would you understand they did live?

Shaun Downton
Imagine

If this line was today
And if this line was yesterday
Then the last line is the beginning

You’re reading this the wrong way
You seem to be reading backwards
Until you see the blurry end

The further we dig down
Through the layers of uncertainty
The less we understand

More of the truth is uncovered
As we expose secrets
That used to be hidden

Imagine
You are the first to see
This line.

Kathryn Stratton
Forgotten

Ancient years have passed since
The dinosaurs ruled supreme unchallenged
By many apart from outer space.

Earth once unfamiliar with man.
Once mountainous trees climbed high, swamps
Cover the earth

Once were those days, now all remain are the craters
There they lay

Once standing in their glorious way
Now empty and derelict

Now their remains studied
By scientists
Viewed in a lab and
Forgotten.

Nathan Burridge
Fixed eyes

A concentrating mind
Searching for
Prehistoric treasures

Crashing waves
Underwater caves
In- between rocks
We look for hours

At last!
With wondrous gasps
Holding my fossil
Between two fingers

Blowing winds
But with huge grins
We are the first
To marvel at its beauty

Soft sand
As I take your hand
Walking home
Before the sun goes down

Chynna Guyat
The Iguanodon

I stood under an iguanodon’s footprint
I felt its three toes pressing on my forehead
spikes on his hands piercing into me
its powerful tail swinging
smashing me against the trees.

now it lies above me,
silently not saying a word.
trapped between the layers of rock,
silently, silently, silently.

Tanner Abbott
Fossil Forest

Trees to stone
leaves to nothingness

the stumps fractured bones
that once carried a great weight
now nothing but air

where dinosaurs roamed
people now trample

billions of years
so much change
so much damage

the forest of stories from the past
a strong link.

Molly Smith
Abandoned

The winter’s air
Chiselling away
My feeling, my emotion
Suddenly- I have a new identity

It’s said a stone can’t cry
The rain plastered on my lustrous side
Where no-one sees

Sensation building higher, exquisite gowns simmering in the dark night
A carriage waiting
A blissful journey, to no means end

Dancing in the hall,
A fragment of their imagination
A wish, they thought were true

A long trip
To which I may never experience
Alone, abandoned

Here,
These stone souls lie
For hundreds of years, unearth but untouched
Ancient, forgotten
But no-one ever forgets

ABANDONED

Coral Punchard
Evolution

Footprints on footprints
claw to sneaker
evolution commonplace
time passed away
life carved into a rocky tombstone

Alex Pledger
Underground

Cold whistles through the cave
Layers of death never end
I see the exit but dare not leave
It’s full of thorns, worms and leaves

George Walker
Gates to History

The great ocean crashed into the jagged cliffs
eroding the past
washing away history

the wind howled
as water tried to break in
ancient stone gates to the past

the great ocean
hammered at the rock
wishing to wash everything away

as the water washed away
great shapes began to appear
titanic footprints

Charlie Hutchings
Ammonite

spiralling spine twisted bent
armoured shell protecting the
soft inner core

the slovenly snail-like creature
glides and drifts across coral
tentacles feeling the way through the
dark murky water

Jamie Kremer-Childs
Ammonites

Aquatic creatures that have died
Moulded into stone
Makes me happy when I find one
On Chesil Beach
Nothing on Earth is the same
I love them all just as much
Their curls and their swirls
Everyone loves a good fossil

Adam Le Roux
The Ichthyosaurus Hunter

When it comes to finding fossils on the seashore
Trust me I’m no amateur.
My knowledge is quite colossal
I know every single fossil.
But there is one that I never saw
And that is the Ichthyosaurus.

You should have been there to hear me screech
When I finally found one on Chesil Beach.
I thought it was an ammonite

But I was met with a different sight.
I saw a bone I had never seen.
Pinch me, this must be a dream
I could earn a million pounds
With this rare beast that I had found.

The papers, the news, they’ll all want a piece
My celebrity will not cease.
Ammonites, belemnites, who needs them?
When I’ve got this gem.

Actually it’s quite intact
For an ancient relict.
I will have to hide it from the rest
Whilst I’m dealing with the Press.

Who thought there could be so much uproar
Over the long lost bones of the Ichthyosaurus?

Adam Le Roux
Ammonites

The giants slide across
I should grow too
But now turned to stone
I am dead. I speak
A dead language; Could
I be extinct? Never!

Adam Kagi
By the Side of the Sea

Tensions become high
We walk, knee deep in red sand
Dead, we float face down.

Adam Kagi
Celebrations

The crowd’s getting angry, they’re starting to jostle
Everyone wants to see the new fossil!
This one’s gonna end in a fight
All of this for an ammonite.

That big crowd, they love their rocks
They’ve got anoraks and pulled up socks.
The crowd start to stare, they look in awe
At the giant fossil of an Ichthyosaur.

I’m good at finding fossils, I’m not going to boast
I came across this one on the Jurassic Coast.
It’s been sat there for millions of years
It’s ours, let’s celebrate, let’s have some beers!

Rob Baird, Jon Bartlett, Adam Le Roux, Tyrone Rutherford, and Cameron Alexander
Asteroid

Asteroid with malicious intent,
Your arrival we do not repent.
Black you are with metal skin,
To the earth you came, full of tin.

You crushed and killed
the terrible lizards,
Gouged their eyes
and squashed their gizzards.
The dinosaurs were annihilated,
And thus the mammals procreated.

You bounced around,
weight several million tons,
And crushed the dinosaurs,
one by one.
With evil in your rocky expression
You initiated the sessile depression.

Ash and dust choked the sky
Before the Greeks discovered pi.
Asteroid with malicious intent,
Your arrival we do not repent.

Alastair Davison and
Callum Simpson
Upside-down: The Gryphaea’s Lament

Life was good, just sitting around
Gryphaea only desired food
And then, all of a sudden, I rolled
Over – Alas, I was upside down!
Tragedy! Woe is me! I was upside down!

Chorus
Look at me,
Upside down
Gryphaea shouldn’t be
Upside-down
I don’t want to be
Upside-down
That’s me
Upside-down.

I was starving, just lying around
Gryphaea couldn’t reach any food
And then all of a sudden, I stopped
Breathing – Alas, dead, upside-down!
Tragedy! Travesty! Dead, upside-down!

Chorus x2

Callum Simpson

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Young People Float  by Paul Hyland

Young people float above the ground, angels grazing the Earth’s skin with their wings’ clumsy kisses while I lie snugly on the planet and nuzzle in deeper and deeper towards origin and destination.

They are gazing at cliffs as if strata are chapters in a novel they will finish one day.

I see billions of little deaths in a single block of limestone: short stories a boy might skim.

One young man touches down lightly and runs to a halt amazed at what faces him: pebble, ocean; the way the stone, thrown, snips the tops off breakers heavy with plankton and silt.
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