

# Mirror, Mirror

Poetry For Confidence In Children

Key Stage 1 and 2



Award-Winning Poets, Writers And Experts

## Award-Winning Poets, Writers And Experts

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## Award-Winning Poets, Writers And Experts

### Why This Poetry Book?

Globally there is an urgent need for books that reach children on their level in confidence, and 21 award-winning poets, writers and experts have come together on a wonderful variety of excellent and beautifully crafted poems on the theme of confidence and self-esteem for children. Each writer donated 1-3 poems to the cause.

People have been calling the contributors "the inspired movement".

The teacher/parent or child can also read the very personal revelations generously shared by each poet as to how issues of self-esteem and self-confidence have appeared in each of their lives. Some poems are for the reader to decide, and some poets have used power questions in the book to get the child thinking or doing.

In addition there is also a valuable journal of power questions at the end of the poetry book to use everyday for self- confidence and self-esteem.

The book is aimed at children themselves and/or via parents/teachers or carers. We feel this theme really matters to children and can be accessed more easily through poetry.

The poetry book is from the heart, as we strongly believe in its very important premise.

## Author Nicholas Allan

### The Vest

When I'm down  
And life's a test,  
I wear a tan and  
Yellow vest.  
No one sees it,  
But I feel it.  
And the vest  
Does all the rest.

I bought it in  
A Westend shop.

When in my Year  
I'd just come top.  
And now when on  
It still feels right,  
The way it fits,  
So snug and tight.

I don't need to  
Then impress.  
They just notice  
I've more zest.  
That's the secret  
Of this vest.  
Put it on.  
It does the rest.



### Pants

I have these magic pants,  
For which I give great thanks.  
No one can see them,  
Would believe them.  
But they're made  
To gallivant.  
And when I'm down,  
I look around  
For these pants of mine.  
I slip them on,  
And sing a song,  
And believe I am divine.

[www.nicholasallan.co.uk](http://www.nicholasallan.co.uk)





## Author Steve Bowkett

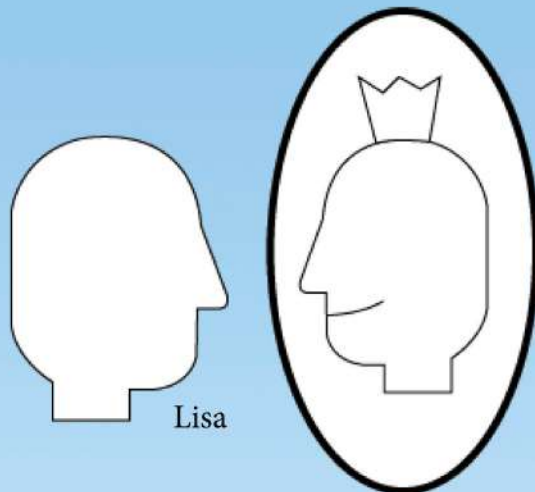
### Dear Steve

OK, so you were not to know  
The songs that evil sings;  
Have not yet named  
The dark or seen  
The face behind its mask of lies.  
You never thought about the rain  
Tomorrow brings;  
Have not denied the truth of life;  
Have not begun to blame  
Or rage when heroes die.  
But there are good times here  
As well you'll find -  
Good days  
And nights full filled with stars  
And dreams,  
Your friends among the hurts and fears  
That you can bring to mind  
Along the ways you'll walk  
When sunlight's still as honest  
As it seems.  
I wonder, did you regard  
The man you would become  
When all those dawns were yet to be?  
And was it easy? Was it hard  
To think about the one  
Who might forget?  
Who might be blind  
To what you see?  
Never too late  
To let you know  
I carry with me all you made -  
The child the father of the man.  
You let me grow,  
So never be afraid -  
I'm here!  
Because you were, I am.



**Steve explains:**  
Self esteem is how I estimate myself, honestly and sincerely. When I know inside that I've done my best then I can feel a true sense of achievement. I can look forward to future adventures and I can thank my younger self for bringing me to where I am now. That is what my poem is about.'

[www.stevebowkett.co.uk](http://www.stevebowkett.co.uk)





## Author And Award Winning Poet Ann Bryant

### Dora The Dancer

Pointing, lifting, stretching, bending,  
Exercises never ending.

Spins and slides and gentle swirls,  
Graceful arms and jumps and twirls.

Floor to ceiling music everywhere  
Dora learns to listen to the air.

Rhythm flickers from the beat  
Tapping, clicking, swishing feet.

Feelings, fine and strong and deep inside.  
Dora tells those feelings not to hide.

Spinning, soaring, rise and fall,  
Floating, flying, curling small.

Energy in every tiny space.  
Dora feels the pulse and finds the pace.

Then softly softly people say her name.  
Dora's star is rising with her fame.

A velvet curtain hides the magic sight  
Of Dora in her costume, silver white.

And then the curtain slowly rises high  
And through the theatre runs the softest sigh

A lemon yellow, moonlit scene  
A wave of dancers round their queen

The theatre has a thousand tales to tell  
The world of ballet and its magic spell.

An angel king with wings that glow  
A Land of Sweets, a Land of Snow

But Dora doesn't think that she's a star,  
She only thinks of dancing at the barre.

And if you ask her how it all began, She says,  
"With four short words: I know I CAN!"



**Ann explains:**  
Dora, the girl in the poem, worked as hard as she could at something she loved, and her dreams came true. She became a dancing star. And all because she believed in herself. I studied ballet until I was seventeen and didn't become a star! But that doesn't matter. It gave me something very special that I still love today. That's the important thing. Oh and I've written lots of books about dancing!

[www.annbryant.co.uk](http://www.annbryant.co.uk)





## Author And Award Winning Poet Ann Bryant

### Nico, The Naturalist

On Friday afternoons at school you could chose what you wanted to do.  
Children played computer games. They drew and made things too.  
Ben and Jess liked dressing up. So did Zak and Bill.  
Everyone was buzzing round but Nico sat quite still.

Miss Coleman said to Nico, "We've got lots and lots of toys.  
You could share with Belle, or maybe join in with these boys?"  
But Nico said, "I'm fine because my favourite way to be,  
Is on my own just looking round. I like to watch you see".

Miss Coleman seemed unhappy. "That's not much fun!" she said.  
"Look, what about some building?" But Nico shook his head.  
So then she found a dragon book. "Well, come and read with me!"  
"No thank you," Nico said again. "I like to watch, you see."

When Nico grew up, he became a clever man indeed.  
He learnt to study animals, the way they hunt and feed.  
He travels round the world and takes amazing photographs  
Of tiny things like minibugs and tall things like giraffes,

The queen bee and her swarm, the meerkats, poised, alert,  
The gibbon in her bonnet, the ostrich in her skirt.  
The birds of prey that hover, the fish that dart and dive.  
"A wonder world!" says Nico. "It bristles! It's alive!"

He films the gliding snakes and the bouncing kangaroos.  
The deserts and the oceans, the jungles and the zoos.  
And people say to Nico how hard his job must be.  
But Nico shakes his head and smiles. "I like to watch, you see."

**Ann explains:**  
Not everybody wants to be  
at the centre of things; not  
everybody wants to join in.  
Some people are shy, others  
are gentle observers,  
happy to be outside of the  
action, looking on. And that's  
great. It doesn't make you any  
less important or special. "I  
like to watch, you see," said  
the young Nico to his teacher.  
And with that simple gift, Nico  
went on to be a great naturalist.

[www.annbryant.co.uk](http://www.annbryant.co.uk)





## Author And Award Winning Poet Ann Bryant

### Finn Is Over The Moon

Young Finn, he kicked the ball like mad  
And watched it zoom away.  
The keeper tried to save it  
As the teacher cried, "Great play!"

Grinning like a Cheshire cat,  
Finn thought he'd burst with pride.  
A little seed of happiness  
Sprang out from deep inside.

The seed fell on the football pitch  
And magically took root.  
And while the football game went on  
A vine began to shoot.

It beckoned Finn. "Hey, come up here!  
Be sure to hold on tight!"  
So Finn, he climbed and climbed the vine  
To where the air was bright.

The vine went up and up and up  
But Finn felt safe and strong.  
He laughed out loud and popped a cloud  
And sang a football song.  
Soon the sky turned darkest black  
And sparkling stars came out  
They danced a dance, and so did Finn,  
Until he heard a shout.

"Finn! Hey Finn! Look! Over here!  
It's me! The man in the moon!"  
"Oh hi there, dude! I've got to shoot!"  
"Yo, man! I'll see you soon!"

Still higher went the magic vine,  
Its leaves all curling round.  
They whipped and whirled then slowly swirled  
Away without a sound.

So down flew Finn from dark to light  
And landed with a roll.  
Then up he jumped, to hear a cheer  
Of "Finn, you scored the goal!"

And now young Finn's a football star  
They call him Fighter Finn  
Because no matter what the score  
He always strives to win.

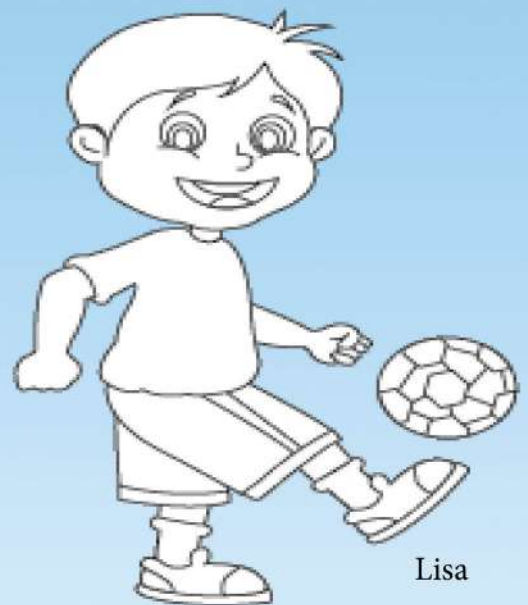
He's heard the calls of 'Corner kick!  
'Off side!' and 'Penalty!'  
The whee of whistles, shouts of fans,  
The cries of 'Referee!'

And every time he scores a goal  
He feels a great reward.  
But not so great, no way so great  
As that first goal he scored.

#### Ann explains:

'I am a serial series writer, and love writing about families, friendships, fun and most of all, fitting in.' The action in this poem takes place all in one second! Finn is anxious that he's not as good at football as the others in his class. We then find out that Finn grows up to become a footballer, but no matter how many goals he scores in his career he still looks back at that first goal as the best ever. We never know what we're going to do in life and that's a wonderful and magic thing because we've always got the chance, the hope, the potential... So when things aren't going so well, remember that!

[www.annbryant.co.uk](http://www.annbryant.co.uk)





## Author Jane Clarke

### Finding A Friend

I could not speak your language,  
I did not know your rules.  
Everything felt foreign  
to an alien at school.

Those days are long gone now,  
though I thought they'd never end.  
Now I have no problems  
speaking English, making friends.

Dark and haunting memories  
of loneliness and fear,  
frustration and confusion  
have begun to disappear.

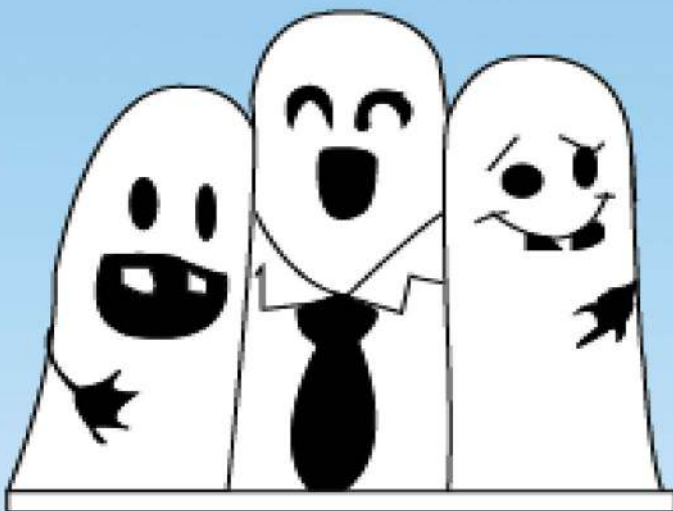
But one thing I'll remember,  
one thing will stay the same.  
The moment that you smiled at me  
and called me by my name.



#### Jane explains:

When my sons were young, we lived abroad and had a taste of how hard it is to live somewhere where your name, which is such a part of you, strikes other people as unusual and difficult to pronounce. In those circumstances, having someone take the time to learn your name and say it properly, is a huge boost to your self esteem! First published in Poet Valerie Bloom's *One River*, Many Creeks, Macmillan 2003

[www.jane-clarke.co.uk](http://www.jane-clarke.co.uk)



Lisa

## Author Sonia Dixon mbe

### Feelings

Mirror, Mirror, what do you see?  
I see such wonders, such beauty in me.  
There's so much grace, a special place,  
I know I can go to for quiet and space.

The light shines in me, and outer so strong,  
I am brave in the throng -  
Now no-one can hurt me when I am  
just one.

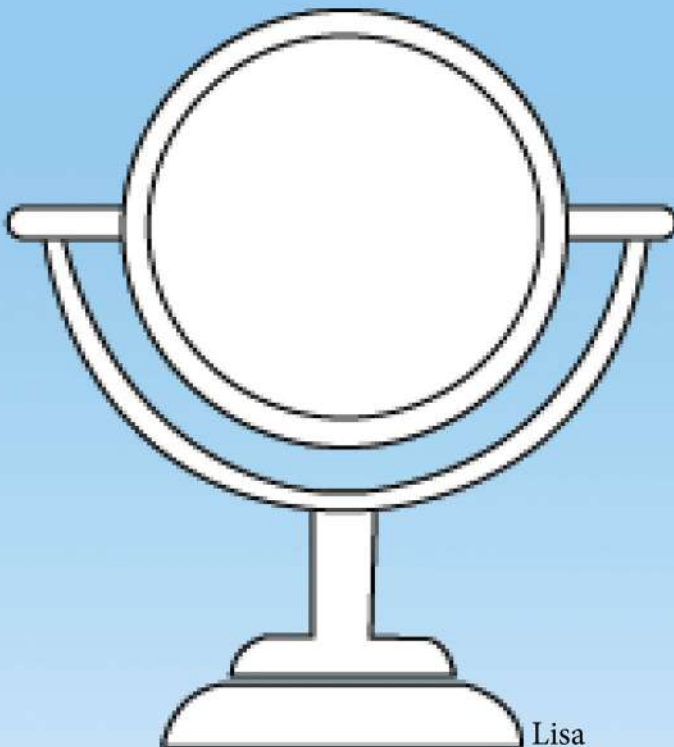
There is calm, I am brave, there is nothing to fear  
As I look in the mirror, there is only one tear.



**Sonia explains:** It is a poem about becoming or feeling more comfortable with yourself and taking that brave step to be confident and to not be afraid because you belong too and there is always really someone that cares. Sonia is number 1 International Bestselling Author of "50 Easy Business Hacks To Increase Your Sales Today" and nominated for 2 medals for Poetry BookDis n Dat. I am very interested in people and children becoming authors – writing their story or poem.

Go to:  
[www.writeabookonline.com](http://www.writeabookonline.com)

I have two quick questions for you today. Would you like to be writing for yourself but not by yourself? Or do you want to help people improve the quality of their lives through your writing or both — while also improving the quality of yours? If you answered yes, go to: [www.writeabookonline.com](http://www.writeabookonline.com) to see how you can turn your book desires into your reality.



Lisa



## Author Alan Durant

### The Thought - Football

Today's literacy task is to write a poem.  
I've written one line:  
The date and the learning objective.  
The learning objective is to write a poem.

My page is blank.  
My mind is blank.  
I can't do poems.  
I never know what to write.

Yesterday our teacher, Miss Walsh,  
Read us a poem by a famous poet.  
Ted something. (I don't remember his other  
name.)  
The poem was called The Thought-Fox.

It was about the poet  
sitting at his desk with a blank page,  
not knowing what to write,  
when a fox appears outside his window  
and he writes a poem about that.

I am looking out the window.  
I can see Mr Brown, the caretaker.  
He is sweeping up leaves.  
Now he is gobbing on the grass.  
I can't write about that.

Maybe I should write about  
the weather: it's horrible.  
The sky is grey, the colour of boring,  
the colour of wet play.

I don't want to write about that.  
I'm stuck.  
Stuckstuckstusckstuckstuck.  
I wish a fox would appear  
or better still a football,  
bobbing about on the playground.

I'm good at football.  
I know what to do with the ball.  
I'd run out and kick it.  
Then I'd flick it in the air  
and do keepy-uppies.  
I'd try to beat my record (137).





## Author Alan Durant

Then I'd play a match with my friends.  
We'd put our coats down for goals  
and split into teams.  
And I'd score loads of goals like I  
always do.  
And we'd shout a lot.  
And we'd laugh a lot too.

But now it's starting to rain.  
So there won't be no football today.  
We'll have to stay inside  
and finish our work.  
Finish our poems.

How am I going to do that  
when I don't even know how to start?

**Alan explains:** We've all been there, sitting in front of a blank sheet of paper with our minds empty, not knowing what to write. In Ted Hughes's famous poem *The Thought-Fox*, it's observing the fox outside his window that inspires the poet to write – in fact the poem seems to write itself. I meet children all the time who find a blank sheet paper terrifying. They think they can't write and, worse, that their ideas (if they have ideas) are rubbish – like the child in my poem. I believe strongly that writing is empowering and can help raise self-esteem. Alan has written over 90+ books and numerous poems.

[www.alandurant.co.uk](http://www.alandurant.co.uk)



Samantha Van Riet

## Author Sandra Horn

### Song

No need of words with you; I'm singing.  
 I know that you can't hear me –still, I'm singing.  
 The song wells up and overflows. I'm singing!  
 It's a watering the garden song,  
 It's dusky blue geraniums,  
 Clouds across the setting sun,  
 White horses on the sea.  
 It's a bare feet on the carpet, scent of roses song,  
 The pearly light through naked winter trees;  
 It's the eyes, it's the voices, it's the arms of all my  
 loved ones,  
 New leaves and bluebell woods, avocados,  
 bird song...  
 The music never ends; the words are always  
 new;  
 It's my life-long song.  
 I am singing, singing, singing!



**Sandra explains:** Ruling The World poem was first published in *Lines in the Sand*, new writing on war and peace, Edited by Mary Hoffman and Rhiannon Lassiter, published by Frances Lincoln 2003 Here are a few questions Sandra has for using the poems for extension work:  
 If you ruled the world, what would you do to make it better?  
 What makes your heart sing?  
 What is there about you that makes the world shine like a star?

[www.tattybogle.co.uk](http://www.tattybogle.co.uk)

### Ruling The World

I should like to rule the world; I think it's my turn now  
 I could make things so much better and I'm going to tell you how:  
 I'd melt down all the guns and bombs and all those evil things,  
 And turn them into bicycles and carousels and swings.  
 Turn them into roller skates and bongo drums and bells,  
 Make spinning tops and glockenspiels from all the tanks and shells.  
 Fill the world with happy things that make a happy noise;  
 Shout it all around the earth: Don't make war, make toys!



Lisa



**Author Sandra Horn**

## **Stars**

Whenever we look up into the sky at night,  
Stars are beaming down on us, beautiful and bright;  
Shining kindly down on us, as they have always shone,  
Around the world, across the years, they shine for everyone.

Sometimes, people are like stars, glimmering on high,  
Messengers of hope and joy streaming through the sky,  
People who faced hardship but still were brave and strong;  
Their names will never fade away, they live forever on.

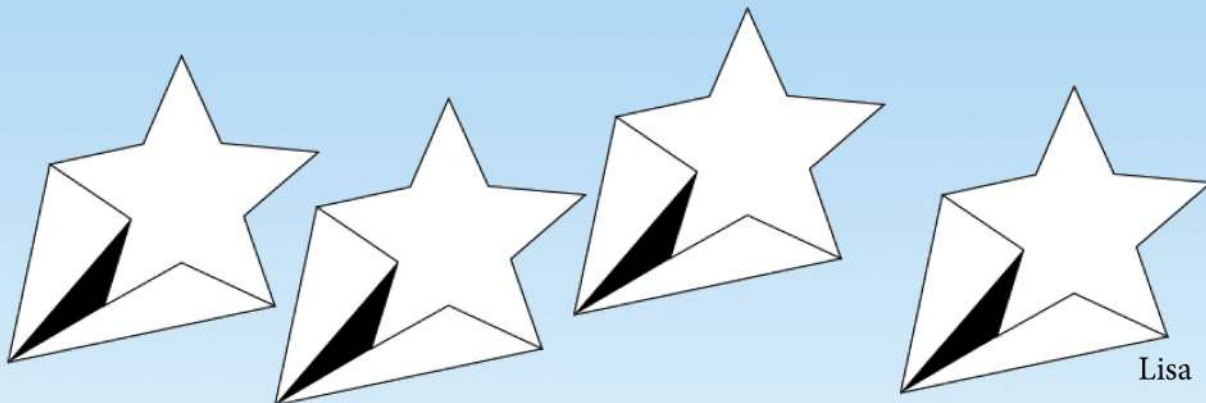
They held fast to their dreams, they faced up to their fears,  
The stories of their lives are told across the years.  
Like stars they bring light to our world, light for everyone;  
In the darkness, through the clouds, they shine forever on.

I can be a shining star, lighting up the night,  
Gleaming through the darkness, strong and brave and bright,  
Be the best that I can be, let my light shine on;  
In my corner of the world, I'll shine for everyone!

© Sandra Horn  
First published 2008 BBC Active  
History: Famous Men, Women and Children

**Sandra explains:**  
We hear and see so much of fame and 'celebrity'. Much of it is based on looks, or a specific talent – and lots of hype! It's easy to feel inadequate when comparing, ourselves, for example with X and the beautiful body, or Y and millions earned with hit songs. I wanted to write about true fame, lasting fame; the fame of people who did something amazing for all of us, and who stuck with their dreams no matter what. We can all aspire to that kind of goodness – the steady light of the stars rather than the flash-and-gone of fireworks. That's where self-esteem comes from: knowing you've done the best you can do – and if you didn't make it today, there's always tomorrow.

[www.tattybogle.co.uk](http://www.tattybogle.co.uk)





## Author Ellie Irving

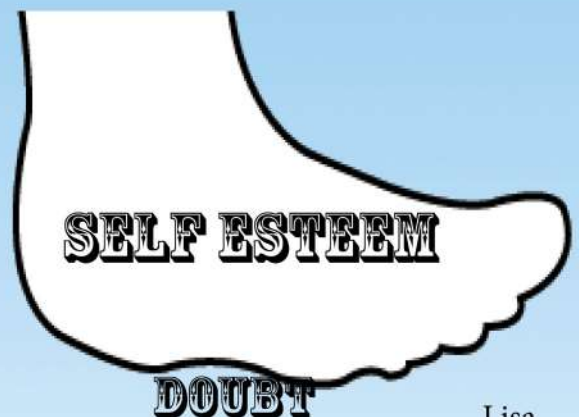
### Self-Esteem

This is my poem. I hope you like it.  
 I don't know if it's good.  
 Miss Harper wants us to read it out loud,  
 But I don't think I should.  
 We're meant to write about what makes me me  
 But I'm just run of the mill.  
 I'm not like everyone else in my class.  
 I don't have a special skill.  
 Natalie and Rashid are good at talking.  
 They know how to express themselves.  
 Joe's really good at football. He plays for the under  
 twelves.  
 Roisin plays piano, with the skill of a concert ace.  
 Teri's fast, like Usain Bolt; she wins every race.  
 Mohammad recites poems. He knows them off by  
 heart.  
 Barney broke the World Record for the World's  
 Most Loudest Fart.  
 (That's a true fact, by the way. He eats a lot of  
 beans.)  
 But me? Well, Miss Harper says that I lack  
 self- esteem  
 But Miss Harper says it doesn't matter  
 That I can't sing or dance.  
 Don't worry that I don't think I'll be any good.  
 Why not just give it a chance?  
 Don't listen to the voice in my head  
 The one that always says 'no.'  
 The one that says 'you'll be no good.'  
 There's no point giving it a go.'  
 Miss Harper says the world's my oyster  
 I've got nothing to lose.  
 Don't worry about what others think  
 I can do anything I choose.  
 I just have to give things a shot  
 And sooner or later, I will find out  
 That there's something I can do, I bet.  
 That there's something I can do really well, actually.  
 I just haven't found out what that is yet.  
 And that's okay.  
 Because I tried.  
 I gave it a go.  
 And I've thought about it. And I've thought about it.  
 And I think... well, that's all that matters, after all.  
 I tried. I gave it a go



Ellie Irving is an award-winning author of funny, quirky stories for 9-12 year olds. An avid reader as a child, Ellie knew from a young age that she loved writing stories. She wasn't particularly brilliant at it to begin with, but she kept writing and writing and writing, and eventually she got better. And then she got published. After a lot of rejections. This poem is about not worrying about what other people might be good at and you're not – why not just give it a try?

[www.ellieirving.com](http://www.ellieirving.com)



Lisa



## Author Lily Jensen

### Your Divine Self

Hold yourself in the highest esteem for you are no mistake.

Your divinity shines through for all to see, even when carefully veiled.

Revel in the delight of your being.

As unique as a snowflake, as beautiful as every sunrise.

Your life has purpose and meaning. Never stop seeking... for you will find it.

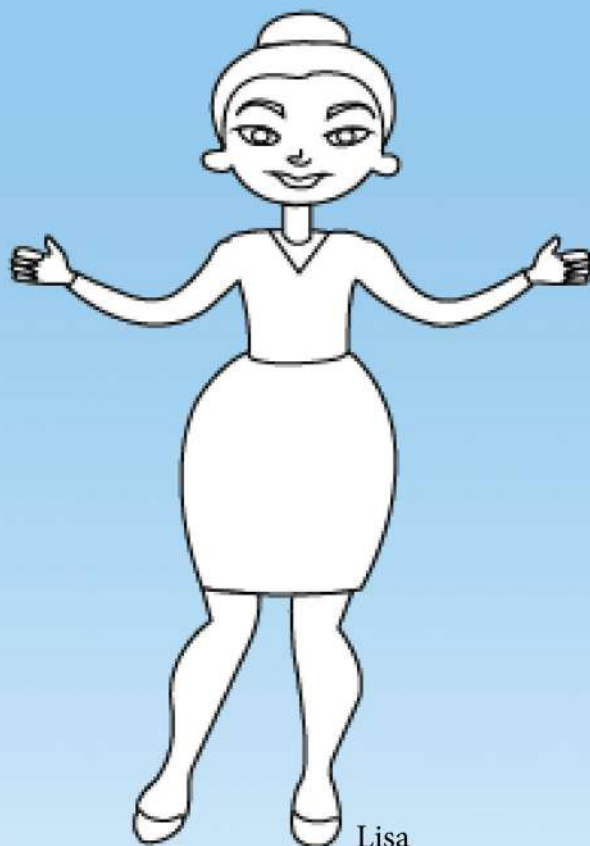
And your meaning will be known to you just as it has been to us.

Rejoice and celebrate... you are divinity on earth.



**What this poem means to Lily:**  
I think this poem is a reminder for us all that we are meant to be here on earth, in our bodies, in our lives. Not one single person is a "mistake" or we wouldn't be here. We have, each day, an opportunity to embrace who we are with love and with the belief that we are meant to be and that we can achieve anything our hearts want to. First we must believe in ourselves, even if others don't. That's OK. Our own belief in ourselves is enough! We are much more powerful than we realize. Believe in yourself, step into your power and you will enjoy an amazing life. Lily Jensen understands that with each happy and fulfilled person, our world becomes a better place and that's what motivates and inspires.

[www.lilyjensen.com](http://www.lilyjensen.com)



## Author John F. McDonald

### Almost Weightless

Sunlight showers down on the schoolyard  
Kids are alive and animated  
Like kids should be  
Except for me.

I stand alone  
Under a tree.

A small bird flutters down  
Maybe a thrush or sparrow or linnet  
Brown  
It lands on my outstretched arm.

My face is happy now  
Smiling.

Another bird tumbles down  
Stumbles  
Pushed by some bigger bully bird  
Jackdaw or starling or finch.

Other birds follow  
Crossbill, owl and swallow  
Different colours and calling voices  
All trying to perch on me  
With talons gripping and wings flapping  
Warbles and trills and chirrups and twitters  
Growing loud and giving other kids the jitters  
They all stop  
And look  
At me.

A sudden sound  
Scatters the birds into the sky  
I feel the wind from their wings  
On my face.

And, for a moment,  
I can fly.



#### John explains:

To me, *Almost Weightless* is a protest about the use of the word "obese" when referring to children. This is a horrible word, that belongs in the medical dictionaries, but is in constant use by the media. In my opinion, it should be a criminal offense to call a child obese, as it's tantamount to abuse of kids who might be big due to metabolism or the use of refined sugar throughout the food industry and not the fault of the children themselves, who are often falsely labelled as greedy and/or lazy.

My website is  
<http://www.johnfmcDonald.co.uk>



Lisa



**Author John F. McDonald**

## **Transformation**

Yesterday  
I could sometimes sit and sigh  
Small hurts cut and made me cry  
Dark thoughts wrapped themselves round my  
Self doubt with its evil eye.

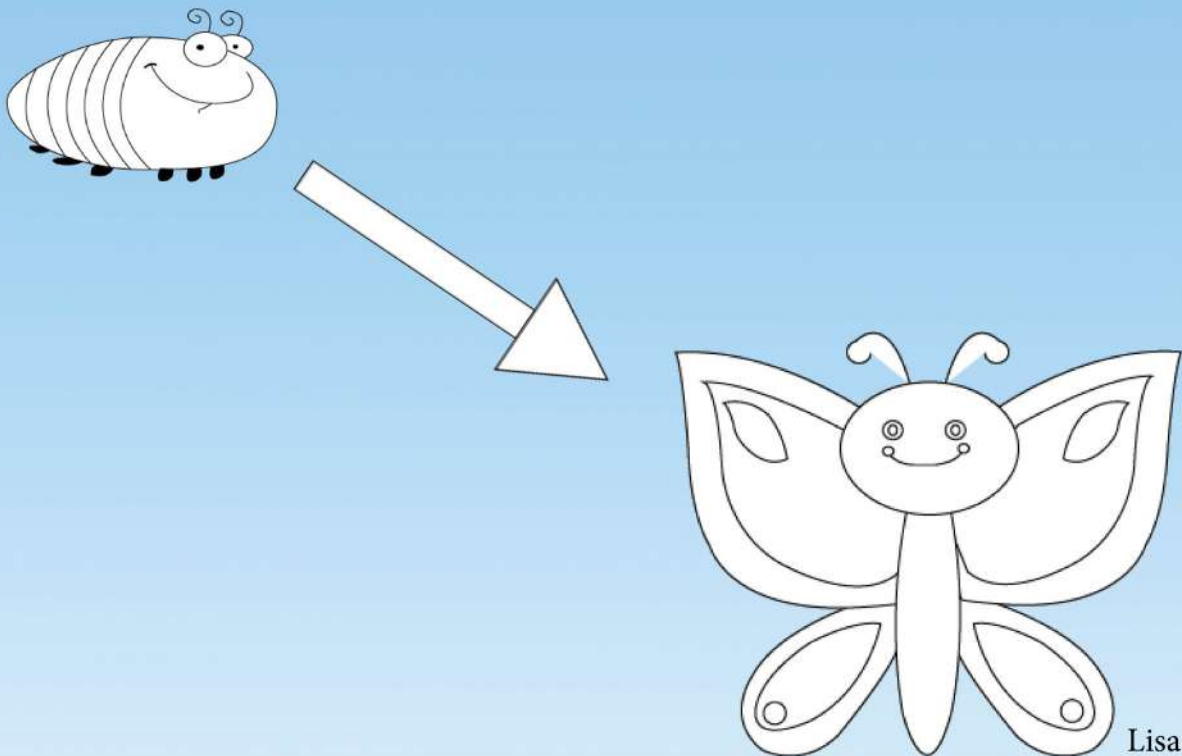
Today  
I'm ready to wave goodbye  
To the voice that asked me why  
I was so worthless and shy  
Cos it told a barefaced lie.

Tomorrow  
From low self-esteem I'll try  
To escape and soar up high  
Be my awesome self when I  
Change from grub to butterfly.

### **John explains:**

To me, Transformation means that everyone has the ability to change. If you don't like who you are at a particular time in your life, you can transform yourself into someone you do like. It was inspired by Rozana, a Brazilian street girl who had nothing – bad teeth, distended belly, nits and worms. But she wanted to go to school and educate herself and she became the beautiful (inside and outside) person she is today.

My website is  
<http://www.johnfmcDonald.co.uk>



## Author Tony Mitton

### Solo Song

I am just me.  
And that's enough.  
I am not made  
of other stuff.

Each of us  
can do some things.  
This one dances.  
That one sings.

This one's nifty  
with a ball.  
That one builds  
a neat brick wall.

This one heals  
a pain or ache.  
That one bakes  
delicious cake.

But we're not just  
the things we do.  
I am me.  
And you are you.

And can we find  
our way to seeing  
that it can be  
enough just being?

We do not need  
a special skill  
to feel the blessing  
sing of life's thrill,

to sit and breathe  
and ease our brow,  
experience  
the here and now,

and simply savour  
yes, life's fizz,  
the way we are,  
the way it is,

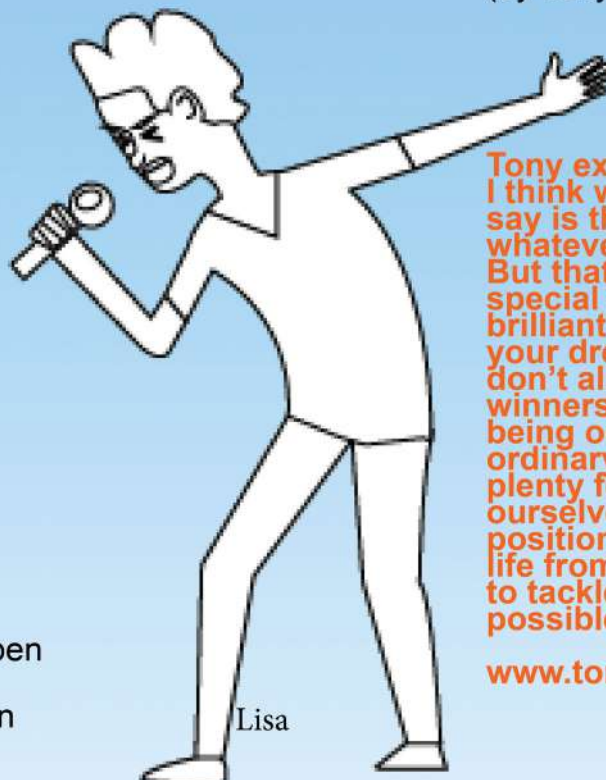
the way things happen  
as they do,  
the way things go on  
passing through.



So can we sit  
and wait awhile  
and feel it happen  
with a smile?

No need to push,  
or strive, or press.  
Life's on offer.  
Just say "Yes..."

c. Tony Mitton 2015  
Note to go with Solo Song in the  
Self-Esteem Anthology  
(by Tony Mitton)



**Tony explains:**  
I think what my poem is trying to say is that it's fine to be good at whatever it is we have talent for. But that it's not essential to have a special talent. If you want to be brilliant at something and to 'follow your dream', then that's OK. But we don't all have to try to be X Factor winners or win Gold Medals. Just being ourselves and finding Joy in ordinary life can be enough and plenty for many of us. Accepting ourselves as we are can be a good position to start from. We can take life from there, bit by bit. No need to tackle Mount Everest as soon as possible.

[www.tonymitton.co.uk](http://www.tonymitton.co.uk)



## Author Michaela Morgan

### Choosing And Losing - A Dipping Rhyme For Choosing Friends

Best friend,  
Pest friend,  
Better than the rest friend?  
May...be... YOU!

New friend.  
True friend?  
Help me when I'm blue friend?  
May...be... YOU!

Close friend,  
The most friend,  
The one who likes to boast friend.  
May...be... YOU!

School friend,  
Fool friend,  
Can be really cool friend.  
May...be... YOU!

Sporty friend,  
Support me friend,  
Can be sometimes naughty friend.  
May...be... YOU!

Sticks by me friend  
In a fix friend  
Plays some tricks friend  
May...be... YOU!

Comes to play friend  
Maybe stays friend  
Happy days friend  
May...be... YOU!

Share a book friend.  
Likes to cook friend.  
Cheeky look friend.  
May...be... YOU!

Shop and spend friend.  
To the end friend.  
Not pretend friend.  
May...be... YOU!



Sharing friend,  
Caring friend,  
A lively and a daring friend.  
May...be... YOU!

Tidy, neat friend  
Smiley sweet friend  
Smelly feet friend  
May...be... YOU!

Always there friend  
Likes to share friend  
Shows a care friend  
May...be.. YOU!

Choose the best friends from the rest  
friends  
OFF WE GO!  
Smarty, party, smiley, arty, sporty,  
naughty, caring,  
sharing, chatty, smelly or pest  
You're the BEST!

**Michaela explains:**  
Having good friends is important to  
how you feel about yourself.  
Ruling out 'bad' friends is also  
important! Surround yourself with  
people who are kind and fun and  
supportive and friendly and try to  
ignore those who are nasty or will  
be a bad influence on you. It's easy  
to say – but hard to do. Michaela  
Morgan is an award-winning author,  
writing well over a hundred books  
for children.

[www.michaelamorgan.com](http://www.michaelamorgan.com)



Lisa

## Poet Brian Moses

### Where Dreams Begin

Everybody's always looking for  
that place where dreams end,  
but I'm looking out for the place  
where dreams begin.

I'm looking for that starting point  
where the excitement unravels,  
the point where ideas interlink  
and travel, tumbling down  
from the brain in a waterfall  
of possibilities.

That's the place where I like to be,  
the place where nothing  
has yet been attempted  
and it's a long way to go  
before anything goes wrong.

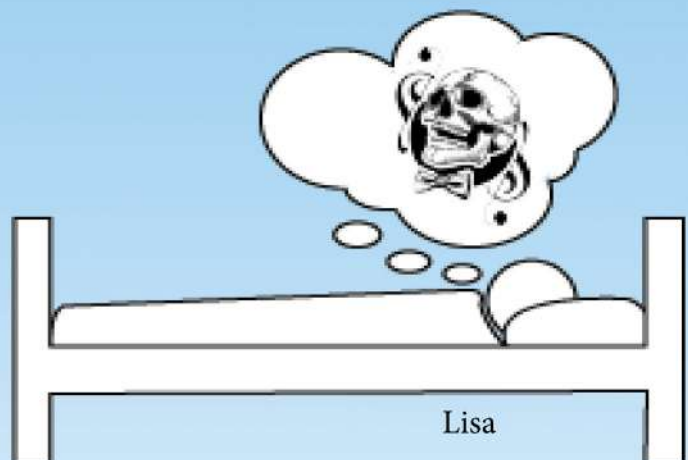
It's that place where I'm not tied  
to earth anymore,  
I can let my dreams fly.  
Let them soar like a kite  
that easily takes to the sky.

And there's nothing to weigh  
me down, no warning sound  
to hold me back. It's a blank canvas  
to which I can pin anything.  
Yes, I'm looking for that place  
where dreams begin,  
I'm looking for my path to the sky.



**Brian explains:**  
It means to me that life is full of  
possibilities. Whatever your age,  
you should always be a dreamer.  
Brian Moses is a well-known  
Children's Author, Poet,  
Performance Poet, Percussionist  
and Editor.

[www.brianmoses.co.uk](http://www.brianmoses.co.uk)



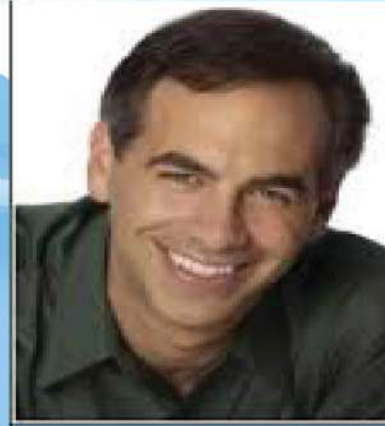
Lisa



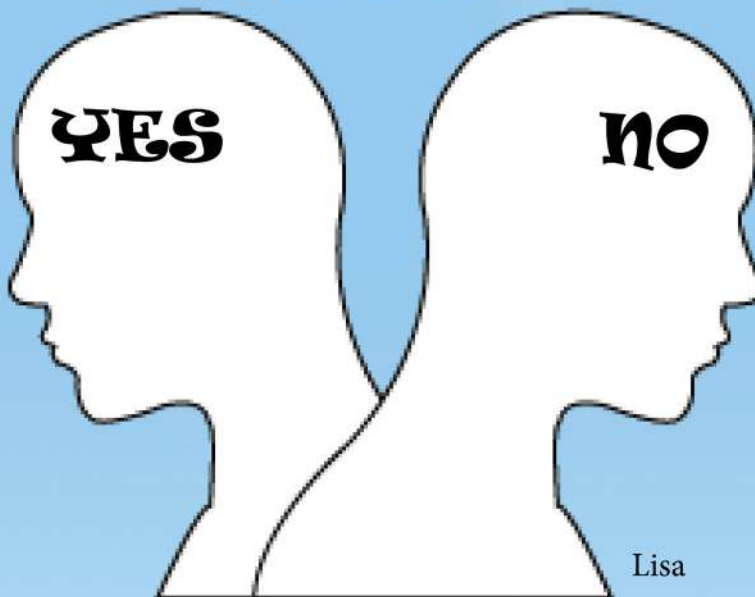
## Author Michael Neill

### Possibilities

If you don't want to, you don't have to.  
If you do want to, you don't have to,  
But you could, because you can.  
And if you can and you want to...  
You probably will!



### POSSIBILITY



Lisa

Michael explains that you can be, do or have what you wish to be if you choose to. Acorns become oak trees. You can turn molehills into mountains, inspiration into inventions.

[www.michaelneill.org](http://www.michaelneill.org)

Michael Neill has spent the past 25 years as a coach, adviser, mentor, and a creative light bulb for celebrities, CEOs, royalty, and people who want to get more out of themselves and their lives. His books have been translated into 15 languages, and his public talks, retreats, and seminars have touched and transformed lives at the United Nations and on five continents around the world. Michael explains that you can be, do or have what you wish to be if you choose to. Acorns become oak trees. You can turn molehills into mountains, inspiration into inventions.

[www.michaelneill.org](http://www.michaelneill.org)

## Author Jenny Nimmo

### Magic In My Head

The words I love are like a fountain  
Spinning sounds into the air.  
But my hand can't catch and write them  
I'm a prisoner in my chair.  
The marks that march across my page  
Just don't make sense to me  
And I feel a kind of rage  
When I'm told that I don't see.

I may be shy, but I will fly  
I've only got to try  
Life can be hard and quite unkind,  
But there's magic in my mind.  
One day I'll catch those spinning words  
And I'll read them out aloud  
And the words will take me higher and higher  
I'll be far above the crowd.

And everyone will say  
'How did that one climb a mountain?  
We thought that they were still in bed'  
And I'll shout that it's no secret,  
There's magic in my head.



**Jenny explains:**  
I used to be on a panel of judges for the Dyslexia Associations Writing Competition for Children. Some of their stories were very good; they were creative, funny and imaginative and I knew that with help, those children would, one day, be capable of writing excellent stories. During my book tours for schools I often met children with very low self-esteem, and in my poem I have tried to express the feelings of helplessness and frustration that seemed to overcome them. I have also tried to assure them that there is hope.

Jenny Nimmo is a British author of children's books including many fantasy and adventure novels, chapter books, and picture books.



Lisa



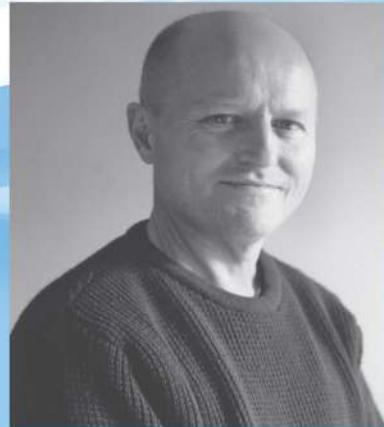
## Children's Illustrator Guy Parker-Rees

### Cheeky Monkey

Monkey, you're so annoying,  
Always staring back at me.  
You look so sad and lonely  
With a longing to be free.

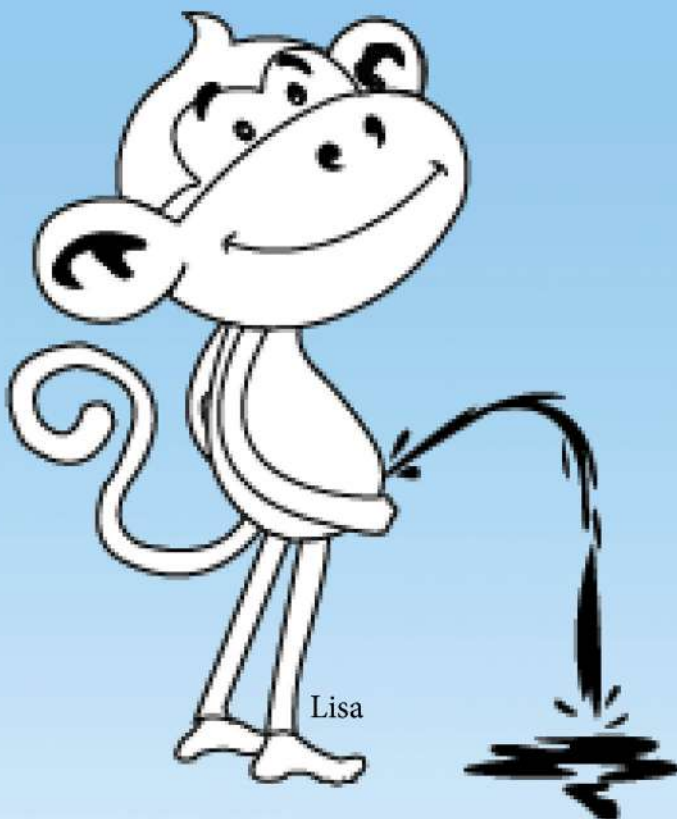
But I can't just let you out,  
You're embarrassing and rude.  
Who else grunts and trumps and burps  
Or gobbles and slurps their food?

But monkey, on reflection,  
I will set you free to play,  
Just to see you smile again  
In my mirror every day.



**Guy explains:**  
I have always liked illustrating monkeys, they are such fun to paint. For me they represent the most exuberant, wild part of ourselves. Maybe the part of ourselves from which all creative ideas begin. Don't tame them too much!

[www.guyparkerrees.com](http://www.guyparkerrees.com)



## Poet Brian Patten

### You Can't Be That

I told them  
When I grow up  
I'm not going to be a scientist  
Or someone who reads the news on TV  
No, a million birds will fly through me.  
I AM GOING TO BE A TREE!

They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.  
I told them  
When I grow up  
I'm not going to be an airline pilot,  
A dancer, a lawyer or an MC.  
No, huge whales will swim in me.  
I AM GOING TO BE AN OCEAN!

They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.  
I told them:  
I am not going to be a DJ,  
A computer programmer, a musician or a  
beautician.  
No, streams will flow through me, I'll be the  
home of eagles;  
I'll be full of nooks, crannies, valleys and  
fountains.  
I AM GOING TO BE A RANGE OF  
MOUNTAINS!

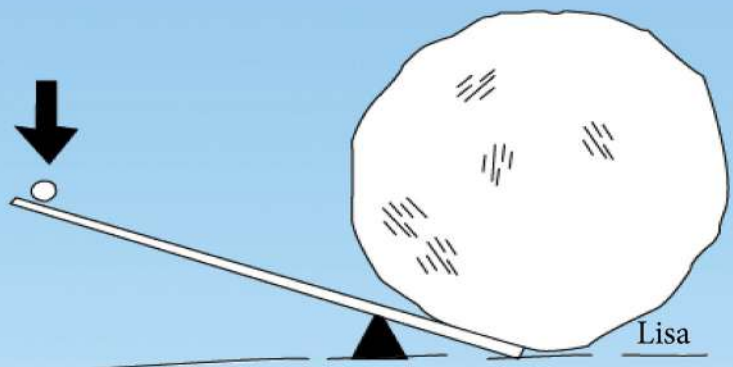
They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.  
I asked them:  
Just what do you think I am?  
Just a child, they said,  
And children always become  
At least one of the things  
We want them to be.

They do not understand me.  
I'll be a stable if I want, smelling of fresh hay,  
I'll be a lost glade in which unicorns still play.  
They do not realise I have it inside me to fulfil  
any ambition.  
They do not realise that among them  
Walks a magician.



Charles Stanley Causley, CBE  
FRSL, Schoolmaster, Poet and  
Writer sums up Brian Patten's style  
of writing poems very well: His  
poems are, undiluted, beautifully  
calculated, informed - even in their  
darkest moments - with courage  
and hope.  
C Brian Patten, c/o Rogers  
Coleridge & White Lit Agents.

[www.brianpatten.co.uk](http://www.brianpatten.co.uk)





## Author Tim Pond

### Sempre Stimmung

What is the most powerful way to  
raise your self-confidence?  
You know it  
but you probably don't realize it.  
Why?  
Because it's so simple.  
We're always looking for complex answers  
and searching for arduous methods. Enhancing  
your self-esteem is not  
related to your own challenges,  
theoretical answers or  
laborious techniques.  
The answer is Sempre Stimmung.  
Sempre is Latin and means 'always'.  
Stimmung is German and means 'good mood' or  
'feeling good'.  
But it's not about you...  
it's about other people...  
Make everyone feel good.

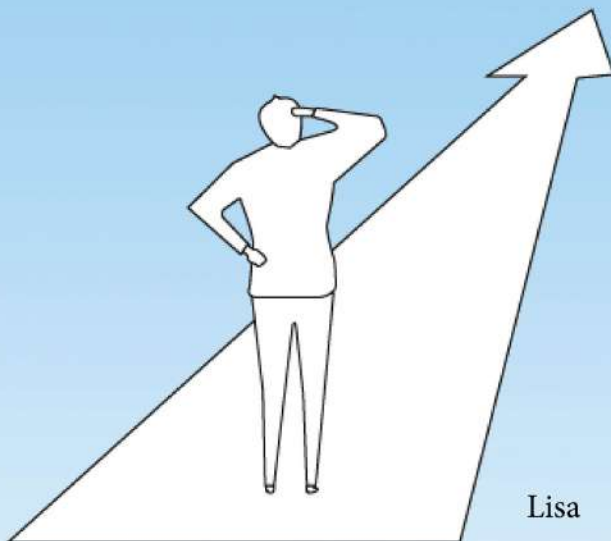
Smile, be helpful.  
Spread positive ripples.

Then,  
just feel it:  
Sempre Stimmung!



**Tim explains:**  
Sempre Stimmung is a poem to  
bring encouragement and makes  
a person reflect on how they are  
now and how to put it right. Tim  
Pond is a best-selling author  
and coach. He has published 10  
non-fiction books. Tim's unique  
purpose is to help people gain  
insights to make their lives  
extraordinary.

[www.threeinsights.net](http://www.threeinsights.net)



Lisa



## Poet & Cartoonist Merlynda K Robinson (LLAM)

### 'The Vain Stag' - A Verse Fable About Self-Esteem

One day in the mountains, beside a clear pool  
A handsome young Stag who had just finished school  
Caught his reflection held fast in the water  
And gazed at himself and vowed that he'd alter  
The spindly legs he was born with and then  
Admired his beautiful antlers just when  
He heard the faint baying of wolves in the air  
And so startled leapt in the woods where a snare  
Of overwrought branches grasped at his crown  
And snapped at his antlers and held him fast down!  
And closer and closer the snarling wolves raced  
And try as he might he just couldn't unlace  
The fingerettes curling themselves round his head  
Resigning himself to becoming quite dead  
And food for the wolves who were nearly upon him!  
He silently said both a prayer and a poem  
When just at that moment by ceasing his struggle  
The branches were loosened from their jumble-juggle  
And freed from his captors he bounced down the lane!  
Away from the wolves till he reached once again  
The pool in the mountains, so silent, so calm  
So free from the fears and the chase and the harm  
And gazing down where only small fishes swam  
He said to himself: "How lucky I am!  
My beautiful antlers near brought me to death  
While my ugly, stick legs mean I still have the breath  
Of life living through me", and musing on that -  
The handsome young Stag - on his way home from school  
Took a shiver-deep sip from the icy, clear pool.



**DO IT MY WAY**

**Merlynda explains:**  
confidence and self-esteem is not  
being afraid of people not liking me.  
Being friendly and welcoming and  
honest towards others from the first  
moment we meet. Being happy with my  
own company rather than trying to fit in  
with others or to pretend with  
people who I don't share the same  
interests and outlook with. Looking in  
the mirror and remembering that I am  
unique and different and that-along  
with every single person in the world -  
makes me special. That despite the bits  
of my reflection I'm less happy with  
today - those bits are all there for a very  
good reason. And to be Very Thankful  
for that. Merlynda is a multi award-  
winning, much-published and radio-  
broadcast, professional Gothic Poet  
and muchmore.

To find out more about Merlynda go to:

[www.Merlynda.com](http://www.Merlynda.com)

<http://kittypigfishcartoons.yolasite.com/>

[www.KittyPigfishPoliticalCartoons.com](http://www.KittyPigfishPoliticalCartoons.com)

[www.BucksMillsPoetryMagazine.org](http://www.BucksMillsPoetryMagazine.org)

[www.BucksMillsGallery.com](http://www.BucksMillsGallery.com)



## Self-Esteem Expert Dr Joseph S. Rubino

### An Angel's Visit

In the twilight  
Wedged between the chores of day  
And hours lost in forgetful sleep...  
A visitor comes to tell his tales  
Of a time when things were new

In days of old  
When hope filled the rivers  
And love's saplings took hold at its shore

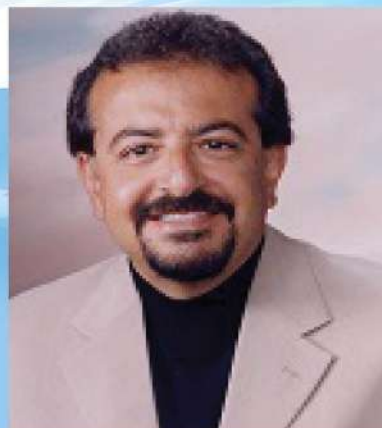
Because I stop to think,  
I must now think to stop.  
Considering one man's goals  
And one man's needs,  
Some mere seeds ready to sprout,  
Others old sprouts gone to seed

Because I've dared to hope,  
At times I've hoped to dare.  
Acknowledging times of hope in times of great  
despair  
Because I seek to be,  
Not merely to just have been...  
(Shall the waters wash away the castle of a bygone  
king?)

Hours lost from sleep can never be regained.  
It's only in remorse that can their substance reign.

Because I know again that it matters greatly – AND  
not at all...  
Because I choose to live  
And prosper once again,  
To reach the heights of greatness,  
To strive and yet attain

Oh Great Spirit, teach us to always move  
And to content in being still.



## Self-Esteem Expert Dr Joseph S. Rubino

### A Day In The Life Of The Resigned

After all is said and done  
And today is just a memory  
We will look and laugh  
And nod and sigh  
And think it strange  
To have tossed and worried  
Hoped and prayed  
For so familiar an ending  
Morning dawns  
The city rises  
Sweeping out the cobwebs of the mind  
With well-worn brooms.  
The moans of children off to school  
To learn the ways to wipe the smiles off their faces.

Along the windings of the streets  
The memories strive to linger.  
Of those who stood in fear  
In stagnant and decaying lives  
Not knowing of their right to choose  
But opting to malingering.  
The midday sun is strong and bright  
For those who seek to find the light.

But to those in their hiding places  
The darkness tends to conceal all faces.

The sun goes down  
As dusk grows near  
Turning memory into fear.  
The chance to do -- again gone by  
We turn ...and climb the stair... and sigh.

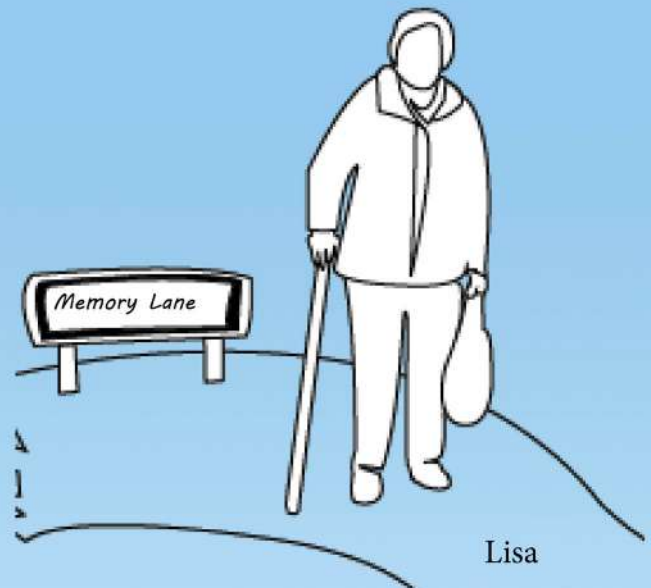
Too long a day  
(He'll turn and say).  
She yawns  
And nods her head.

Evening's come  
The moon reminds  
With such a grin  
That wipes the laughter from your chin.  
The choice to act again passed by.

Bed awaits  
It's time for sleep  
To gather strength  
To live again  
The memories that we keep.

Dr Joe Rubino explains this poem  
he wrote reflects his resignation  
before reinventing himself and his  
life...this means you can step into  
who you really are too.

[www.DrJoeRubino.com](http://www.DrJoeRubino.com)



Lisa



## Author John Townsend

### The Simple Proof

When I was born, the midwife smiled  
And weighed me on the scales.  
She measured me from head to toe  
And wrote down all details.  
“Now here’s the proof - we’ve got the truth,  
Assessment never fails.”

When I was two, the doctor smiled  
And measured pulse and heart.  
She wrote down numbers on a pad  
And drew lines on a chart.  
“Now here’s the truth - we’ve got the proof,  
Assessment is an art.”

When I was five and went to school,  
They tested us each day,  
They noted sums I couldn’t do  
And words I couldn’t say.  
“Now here’s the proof, we’ve got the truth,  
Assessment shows the way.”

When I was ten I fell behind,  
They proved it in each test.  
They strangled all my interest,  
I felt depressed and stressed.  
“We’ve found the truth, we’ve got the proof;  
Assessment is the best.”

One day I’ll show them all the proof  
That everyone should know;  
How measuring can shrink the truth  
And fails to make us grow.  
We’ll all reach higher - if lives inspire...  
Let inspiration flow!



**John explains:**  
In other words... let's just enjoy  
living, loving and learning. Why  
worry about trying to  
prove/improve them with  
measurements? What or who has  
inspired you most a) this week  
b) in your life so far Why?  
In a world that only seems to  
value what it can measure, we are  
in danger of not valuing the  
immeasurable – YOU!

[www.johntownsend.co.uk](http://www.johntownsend.co.uk)



## Author John Townsend

### Being A Genius

I'm not much good at reading,  
I'm bad at numbers, too.  
I struggle with so many things,  
There's lots I cannot do.  
There's just one thing I'm good at  
That no one else can be...  
I'm the world's most gifted expert  
At simply being me.  
(And you don't get more special than that!)

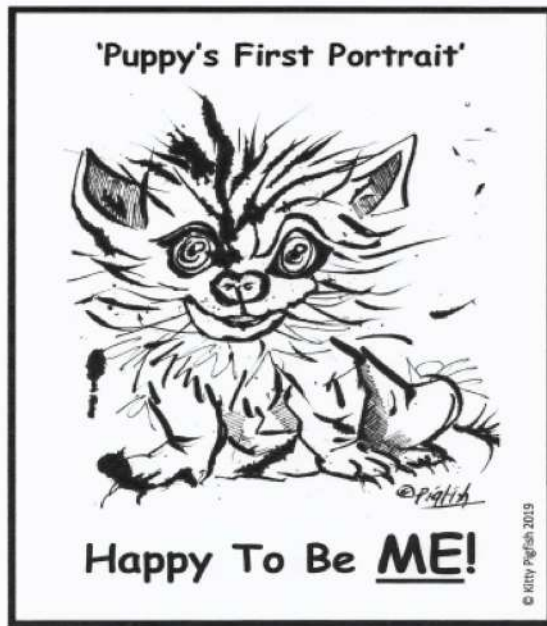
John explains that self-esteem, like a candle flame, burns within you to give an inner glow of confidence, self-belief and worth. But, like a candle, it must be lit and cared for as it can so easily be snuffed out. When schools have great teachers and great books, you will find great children who glow. Never let others or all those tests ever extinguish your flame. What are the things that make YOU special? What do you like most about yourself?



John Townsend is a children's writer of 300 books aimed at encouraging reading to be fun, interactive and short, which is what attracts young readers to his books.

[www.johntownsend.co.uk](http://www.johntownsend.co.uk)





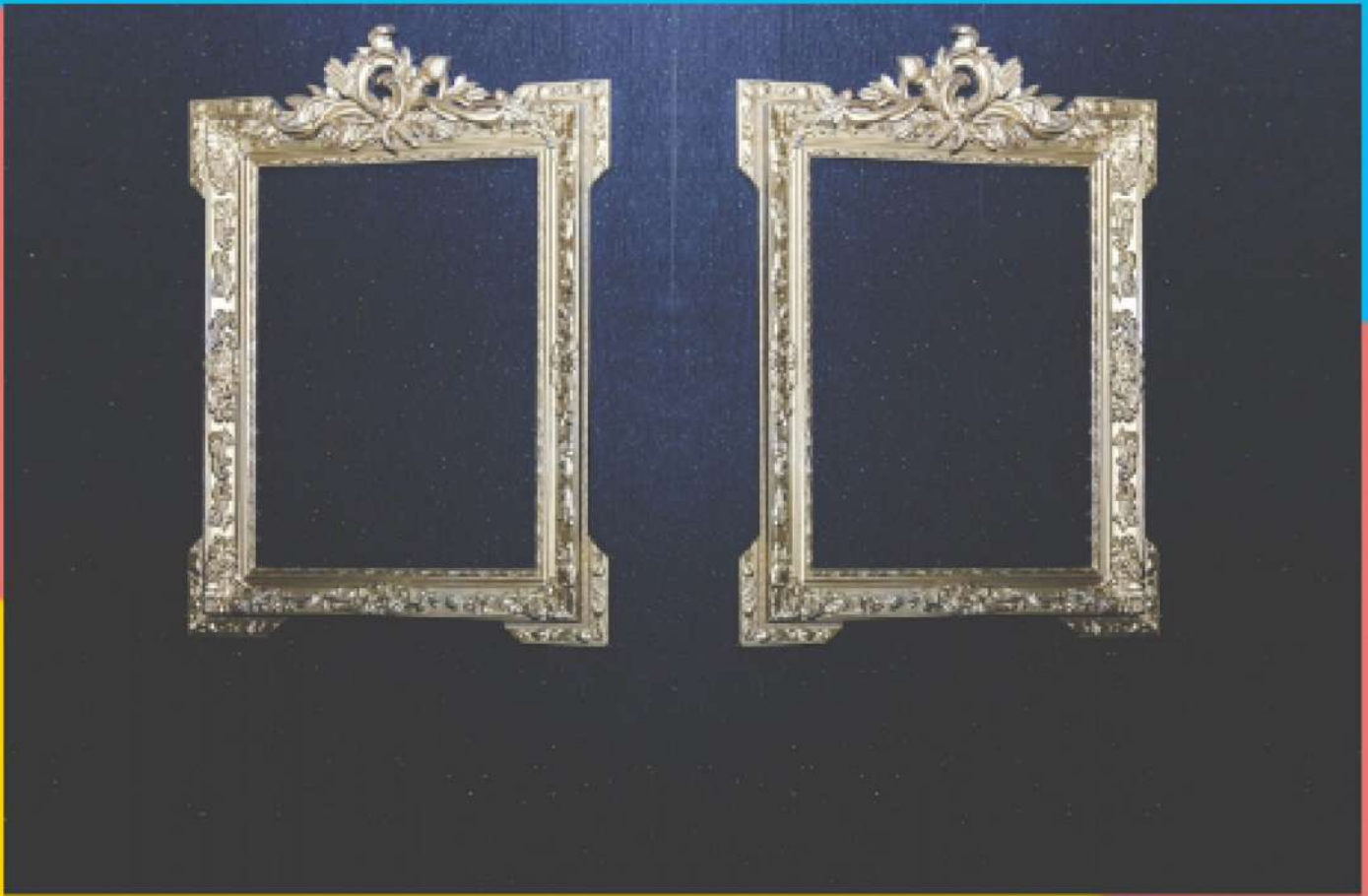
## Gift Illustration From Poet & Cartoonist Merlynda K Robinson (LLAM)

Thank you for getting a copy of Poetry Book, "Mirror, Mirror." We all wish you the best with this book and hope it inspires and gives you the confidence to be, do and become.



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## Mirror, Mirror - Conclusion

It is hoped that the poems on self-esteem and self-confidence in this much-needed book will help children to understand themselves and their feelings better and so become more confident and happier. It is also hoped that the poems will be discussed with teachers, parents and carers – people children will feel comfortable with in talking about their fears and worries. If children can be encouraged to be open about feelings of low self-worth, this might be a first step in changing those feelings for more positive ones. The poems could be used to encourage and inspire children to express their feelings in writing or in art. What do the words confidence and self-esteem mean to them? Can they find the definitions in a dictionary, or think of other words for the same ideas?

Perhaps they could write their own poems about those topics. Writing and talking about the poems in this book could be a powerful way to help them express themselves. One suggestion is that they chose one or more poems from the book that they enjoyed and say what they liked about them. This could open up some helpful discussions with parents, teachers or carers. Note that the book should be used selectively with younger children, as some of the poems are more suitable for an older age-group. Happy reading!





Start this journal now to build your confidence and self-esteem -

1. What am I grateful for today? Date:.....

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

c) \_\_\_\_\_



2. What would make today great?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

c) \_\_\_\_\_

3. What is the ONE thing I must accomplish/achieve today?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

## NOTES

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1. What did I achieve today? Date:.....

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

c) \_\_\_\_\_



2. What lessons did I learn?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

c) \_\_\_\_\_

3. What am I thankful for right now?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

4. How am I feeling right now?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

5. What did I read today?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

6. What are 3 amazing things that happened today?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

c) \_\_\_\_\_



7. How could I have made today better?

a) \_\_\_\_\_

## NOTES

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