



Face to face

"I heard someone say we are the most lonely society in history. Immediately I scoffed, looked at my 4-inch movie screen thought, if I picked you up right now, I could talk to a face it would take me years to walk to. I thought, with a few taps on this LCD screen, I could have a car outside ready to drive me anywhere

How can you be lonely when everything can be done with a tap or a swipe? I guess, just because you can, it doesn't mean you do. Often, the more you can, the less you're inclined to do. It's a funny kind of ruse. Have you ever been meaning to call someone but never actually do?

Imagine there were no phones. No Facebook. No such thing as online. You'd probably find the time to meet for a cuppa and a schmooze. Strange that... I like my Internet connectivity, but I shouldn't block my interconnectivity, so I try and combine the two. Ill send a message via Whatsapp, tell a friend, put the kettle on bruv, I'm coming round to see you for a knees up and a brew"

-SugarJ Poet

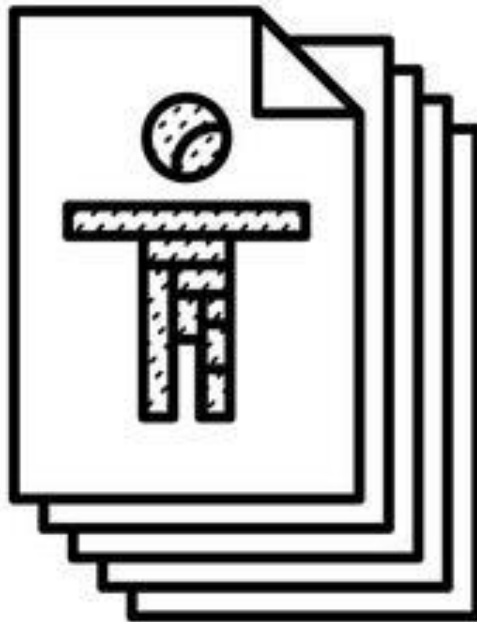
Slam poetry is designed to be performed! Watch the video!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ENVBtxAMOFk>

Mr Spowage likes:

- The use of a question to make the reader think.
- Short questions using the word 'imagine'
- Clever word play and occasional rhyme
- Informal language

Paper People



Slam poetry is designed to be performed! Watch the video!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z94sQNIQge0>

I like people.
I'd like some paper people.
They'd be purple paper people.
Maybe pop-up purple paper people.
Proper pop-up purple paper people.
How do you prop up proper pop-up purple paper people?

I'd probably prop up proper pop-up purple paper people
with a proper pop up purple people paperclip,
but I'd pre-prepare appropriate adhesives as alternatives,
a cheeky pack of blu tack just in case the paper slipped.
I could build a pop-up metropolis.
But i wouldn't wanna deal with all the
paper people politics,
paper politicians with their
paper-thin policies,
broken promises
without appropriate apologies.

There'd be a little paper me.
And a little paper you.
And we'd watch paper TV,
and it would all be pay-per-view.
We'd see the poppy paper rappers
rap about their paper package,
or watch paper people carriers
get stuck in paper traffic,
on the A4.

There'd be a paper
princess Kate,

but we'd all stare at
paper Pippa.
And we'd all live in fear of
killer Jack the Paper-Ripper,
because the paper propaganda
propagates the people's prejudices,
papers printing pictures of the
photogenic terrorists.
It's a little paper me.
And a little paper you.
And in a pop-up population
people's problems pop up too.

There'd be that pompous paper parliament
who remained out of touch,
and who ignored the people's protests about
all the paper cuts,
then the peaceful paper protests
would get blown to paper pieces,
by the confetti cannons
manned by pre-emptive police.

Yes there'd still be
paper money,
so there'd still be
paper greed,
and paper piggy bankers
pocketing more than they need,
purchasing the potpourri
to pepper their paper properties,
while others live in poverty
and ain't acknowledged properly.

A proper poor economy,
where so many are proper poor,
yet while their needs get ignored,
the money goes to big wars.

Origami armies
unfold plans for paper planes,
while we remain imprisoned
by our own paper chains,
but the greater shame,
is that it always seem to
stay the same.
What changes is who's in power,
choosing how to
lay the blame,
they're naming names,
forgetting these are names of people,
because in the end
it all comes down to people.

I like people.
'Cause even when the situation's dire,
it is only ever people
who are able to inspire,
and on paper,
it's hard to see how we all cope.
But in the bottom of Pandora's box
there's still hope,
and I still hope
'cause I believe in people.

People like my grandparents.
Who every single day since I was born,
have taken time out of their morning
to pray for me.

That's 8296 days straight
of someone checking I'm okay,
and that's amazing.

People like my aunt who puts on plays with prisoners.
People who are capable of genuine forgiveness.
People like the persecuted Palestinians.
People who go out of their way to make your life better,
and expect nothing in return.

People have potential
to be powerful.
Just because the people in power
tend to pretend to be victims,
we don't all need to succumb to the system.
A paper population is no different.

There's a little paper me.
And a little paper you.
And we could watch paper TV
and it would all be pay-per-view,
and in a pop up population
people's problems pop up too,
but even if the whole world fell apart
then we'd still make it through.

Because we're people.

Mr Spowage likes:

Everything! It's a world championship poem! What's not to like?!

- Use of alliteration
- Repetition
- Clever word play and use of language
- Informal language

I also love the idea of the poem – highlighting some of the problems in our world, thinking about the things that really matter, and proper, pop up purple paper people – the alteration is great!

