

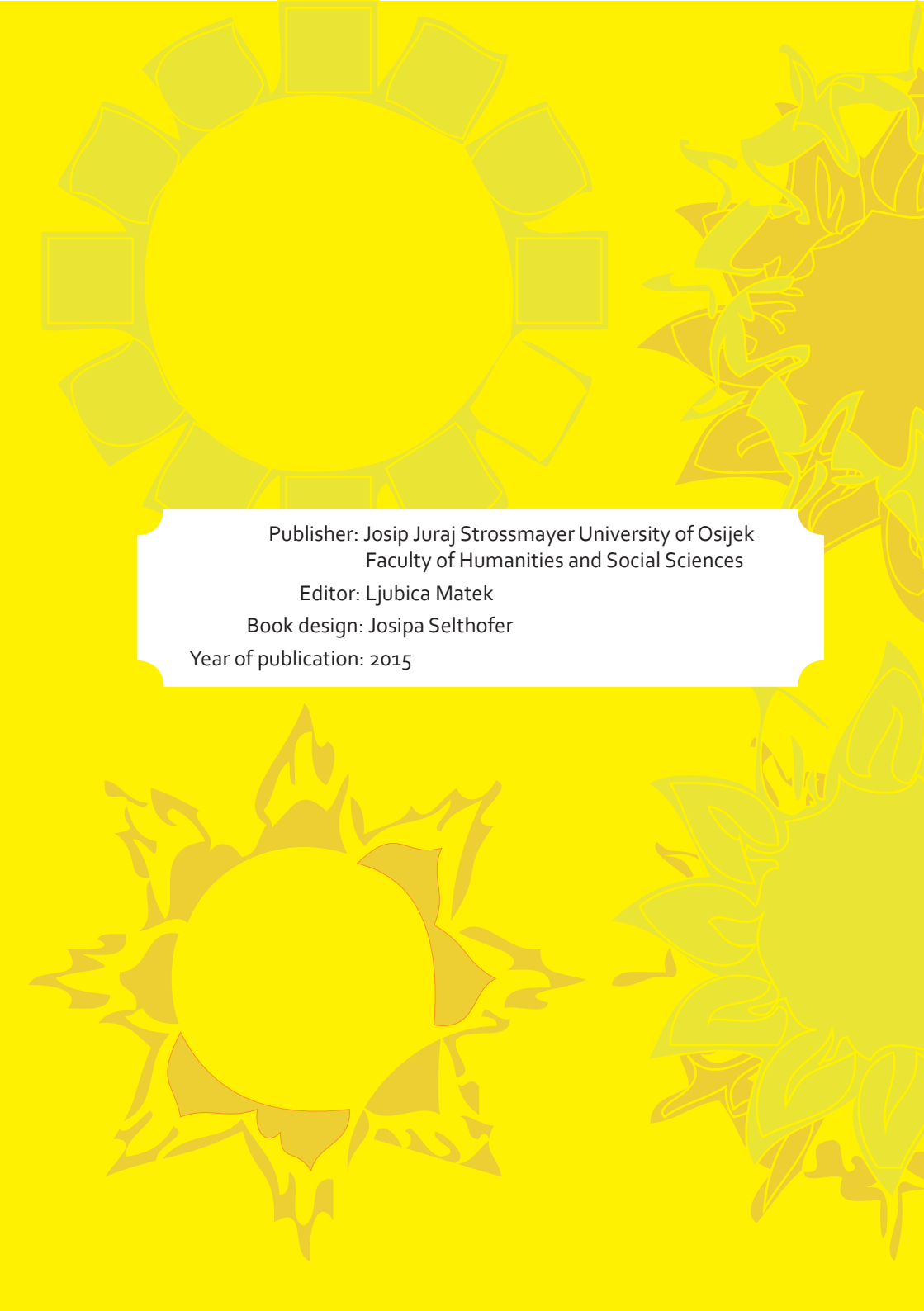
The background is a vibrant yellow. In the upper right, there is a large, stylized sun with a bright yellow center and jagged, flame-like rays in a lighter yellow. On the left side, there are stylized green leaves and branches. In the lower right, there is a circular arrangement of twelve square tiles, each with a different color and pattern, surrounding a central white circle.

Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

SVEUČILIŠĆE
JOSIPA JURJA
ŠCROSSMAYERA
U OSIJEKU



FILZOFSKI
FAKULTEĆ

The background of the page is a vibrant yellow. It features a large, stylized sun in the upper left quadrant, composed of a central circle and a ring of square rays. In the lower left and right, there are stylized sunflowers with large, pointed petals and detailed centers. The overall aesthetic is bright and summery.

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Foreword

Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom is a collection of amateur poems written as a part of poetry writing workshop held on April 22, 2015 as a part of the 2015 Festival of Science at the II. gimnazija in Osijek. The Festival's topic - "Sun" is a very potent literary subject and symbol, so it seemed quite natural to combine the students' sensibilities, their interest in literature, and their enthusiasm about the English language into a creative workshop. A brief discussion about the symbolic meanings of sun was followed by a brief analysis of several poems about the sun written by canonized poets such as Emily Dickinson, John Donne, and Robert Louis Stevenson, which served as a warm-up for actual creative work.

The benefits of such a workshop turned out to be multiple: linguistic, literary, and personal. The students had the opportunity to use their English skills in order to express their feelings and concerns through the symbolism of sun. The creative act of writing a poem helped students come to terms with a genre they normally find difficult to understand and interpret, as the learning process was reversed; instead of reading a poem and *deciphering* its meaning, they were required to put their meaning into poetic language, which is a kind of a literary cipher. They thus switched their typical role of a reader and recipient into the role of a writer and creator, empowering them in the process. Creative writing is very seldom taught in Croatia, so this workshop possibly opens a new avenue in that direction, both in high school and in university classrooms.

In addition to popularizing literary studies, the workshop contributed to the popularization of poetry as a genre, and it served as a promotional activity of the Department of English among our potential future students of English language and literature.

Students of Osijek's II. gimnazija and those of the Faculty of Humanities and Social Science's Department of English took part in the workshop, as did one of my Department colleagues, Jasna Poljak Rehlicki. Their poems lie ahead. Enjoy!

Ljubica Matek

The Sun

As the sun goes down,
The stars come up,
But there's not enough light
To clear our blurry sight.

All the faces are shining bright
In the sunlight.
All we see is the blue eternity.
Everything seems so pure,
The sun is our souls' cure.

All the creatures awakened by the sun,
If you don't catch the morning ray, you'd better
run!

Anja Aleksić (15)
Anja Janković (15)



Night... Time when you're the most vulnerable,
Honest...
When you're all by yourself and nightmares
wrap you up,
Even when you're awake.
You feel lonely, hopeless, numb.
The only sound the gritting of your teeth.
Looking at the sky, hoping to see a ray of light.
Maybe
It could make you feel
Secure.

As you've been lost in your thoughts
In the night
You feel goose bumps going up your spine. It's
finally
Here.

Shining through, kissing your pale skin with its
warmth.

Refreshing...
You think as you stare at the light, drying your
Tears.

And for the first time in a while, you
Smile.
Sincerely.

Ana Slivka (16)

Fossil energy
Some may say
But my answer is
Nay!
Let the sun
Shine and feed
The hungry children in need.

The sun is our parent and our child
We have to foster it and it will be mild
Solar energy
Now that's a yay!
Come beautiful sun and
Save the day

Mislav Uzunić (21)





Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

Tamed Monsters

Beauty of the cold blue moonlight
Scares the malice out of monsters
Grace of the morning stars
Makes them stop and look
But then the hidden light
Overshines the magical darkness.

Gabriela Svalina (15)
Kristina Šomođi (16)





Sunny

Shines bright above us all
Under the light together we'll stand
New day
New life
You, sun, can help us unite.

Lukrecija Međimorec (15)
Marina Jelović (15)

Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

Sun Storm


I have no idea
What I might do
When I look at you.

You light up my days
Like a starfish in a sand.
The brightness of your rays
Makes me lift off the land.

You make me warm
Even though one day you might explode.
You're my perfect storm.

Barbara Korman (15)
Iva Matešić (15)
Iva Poštić (15)
Helena Štajdohar (16)





When I see you shining that bright
I get a feeling that everything is going to be al-
right
I can feel your warmth
Coming down from the sky
When you say to me
You will understand one day.

When I see that people don't really care about
you
I get a fear that soon everyone will forget you
Because they don't understand
That their life without your light
Wouldn't be bright.

Nina Sauerborn (15)

My Sunshine Went to God

Everyday,
When I woke up,
I saw the sun
In your eyes.

Every time,
I made you proud,
I saw the sunshine
In your smile.

I felt,
I saw,
I heard,
I tried to make
My sunshine very
Proud.

Then one day,
I saw my sunshine
Losing its shine.
I felt her
Smile fading down.
And as she
Smiled, for one last time,
I knew my
Sunshine was very proud.
And then, my sunshine went to God.

Verena Nađ (17)



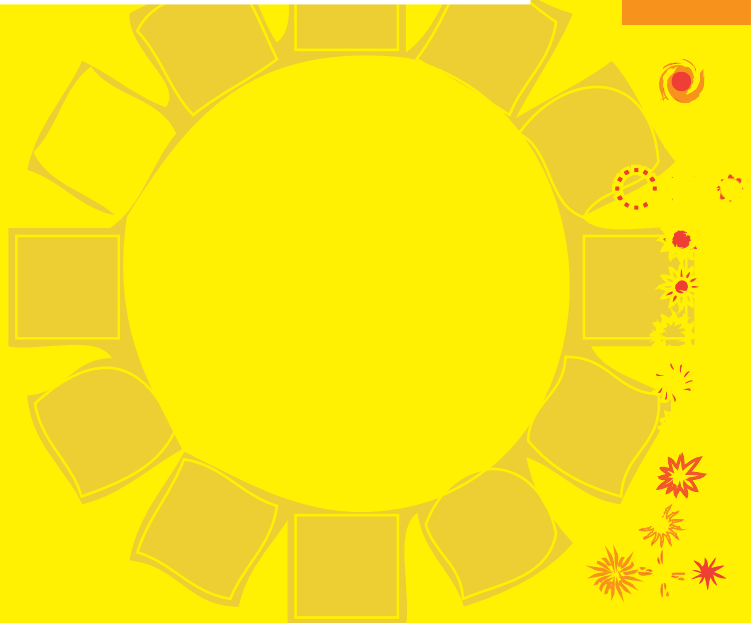
Look up

Look up, raise your head
You who feel like just one of many.

Feel the warmth around you
Feel it on your skin
Let it into your soul

For when you do look up
And accept its nurturing embrace
You shall be born anew.

Ida Relotić (21)





Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

Dusk and dawn
Are birth of night and day
Like snow in December
Or flowers in May.

If you asked me
The favourite is the dusk
Because the long, tired day
Has finally passed.

Mislav Uzunić (21)



The Sun

The sun was there,
Watching at us, detecting every move,
Listening to every word.

Its flame looking right through us,
Into our souls.

Washing away the darkness within,
For He once said to us,
Where there is light, there is life as well.

Josipa Pleša (22)




Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

The rising sun in the morning early
The smell of spring in the air
A mild wind in my hair
I will live forever, surely.

Jasna Poljak Rehlicki





The train is gently rocking me
I watch the nature passing me by
And get lost in the green, and blue, and yellow.
I close my eyes and smile
As the sunshine is playing on my face.

I am happy –
By the minute I am closer to him
For he is my sun.

Jasna Poljak Rehlicki





Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

You melt me

Sun, oh, Sun
Now you are wrong,
Oh, Sun,
When you shine, it
Melts me
And it's not great because
Now you killed me.

Dorotea Rosić (17)

You're alive

Wake up
And let the Sun take you
Into a new day.

Open your heart,
Feel the warmth
Of light.

Forget about darkness,
Believe in yourself
Because you're a star.

Open your eyes.
The Sun shines in them.
You're alive.

Vera Malinović (17)



Here Comes the Sun. Poems from the Classroom.

We sleep carelessly, peacefully
Not thinking about anything
And the world feels so calm,
Relaxed
But suddenly,
Out of nowhere
An attack
Makes us run away
And it looks like it's the end
But it's the new beginning.

Leon Žilić (15)

