

Pupil Name: Maksim K

High School

School Post Code: CO3 3HD

Year Group: Year 8

One Day...

One day, the sky will wake before I do and paint the morning blue and bright,
the sun will stretch across the fields and push away the night.
The clouds will move like quiet thoughts, slow, gentle, drifting free,
and everything will feel as if the day was meant for me.

One day, I'll wake without the weight that presses on my chest,
no fear of failing, no regret, just knowing I am best
when I stand tall and face the world instead of turning small,
like a tree that bends in heavy storms but does not fall.

One day, time won't feel like something racing far ahead,
no ticking clock reminding me of things I've never said.
Each moment will be clear and calm, not something I must chase,
but something I can hold and keep at my own pace.

One day, fear will loosen its grip and finally let go,
like frost that melts beneath the sun and disappears in glow.
The road ahead will open wide, no shadows in my way,
and hope will guide my steps across an ordinary day.

That day won't come with fireworks or voices shouting loud,
it might arrive unnoticed in an everyday crowd.
But in that moment, I will know, and finally understand,
that one day was already here, just waiting where I stand.