

## About this set of poems

These two poems were written in connection with National Poetry Day. They were part of a range of texts created by students from [The Langley Academy](#), Slough, during workshops led by English Literature and Museum Studies students from the University of Reading. These particular pieces were in response to a model threshing machine from The MERL which features in *51 Voices*.

### *The broken thresher*

As I pick you up you're rough, leathery wood splinters find their way inside by skin.  
Your weight pulling me down like gravity and Earth,  
I feel your metal as cold as ice freezing me from the inside.

The dark history behind you, the horrors you have seen.  
Sometimes I wonder what really was your dream?  
Atrocities, riots, death, pain and God know what else you may have seen.  
And then I wonder what really was your dream?  
Was it to have joy, to finally live and life of peace?  
Well now you can finally rest in peace,  
As you now are in an endless sleep.

I hear something,  
Your mechanical gears turning  
As if you're about to speak,  
Not like a human,  
no, not like me.  
I hear clicking getting louder in a crescendo,  
It stops.  
I understand what you have told me.

*Abbas (Year 7 student at The Langley Academy)  
7 October 2021*



Model threshing machine (MERL 51/2)

# *Threshing machine*

What are you?

I am but a mere threshing machine.

What do you do?

I beat the wheat until it bleeds.

What have you seen?

I have seen the joy and anger of people,

I have seen the fascination and envy of people.

Why did you take peoples jobs?

I did not take their jobs,

They just simply got replaced by the better.

*Maya (Year 8 student at The Langley Academy)*

*7 October 2021*



Model threshing machine (MERL 51/2)