



Emmanuel Amuta Poetry Award

— 2021 —



Emmanuel Amuta Poetry Award

The Sickle Cell Society's Emmanuel Amuta Poetry Award is for creative young people aged 10-15 years who are living with sickle cell.



The Emmanuel Amuta Poetry award has been created in memory of Emmanuel Amuta who suffered from sickle cell and sadly passed away on 19th September 2017, age 14 years. Emmanuel was a confident, caring and gifted young man most cherished by the Sickle Cell Society. He was good at poetry and rap and really endeared himself to participants at the Society's AGM in July 2016 when he narrated his poem 'A Beautiful Cell'. This award will be his fitting legacy.

This document contains all of the 2021 entries including 1st, 2nd and 3rd place. It also contains amazing poetry by siblings of young people with sickle cell as well as a creative writing piece.

Enjoy!

Keep an eye out on our website and on social media for how to enter next year (usually around July/August): www.sicklecellsociety.org



Emmanuel Amuta Poetry Award



Sickle Cell and Me!
By Victoria O



Sickle Cell and Me,
At war in sea,
The sea of blood you see,
You can help win the battle with me.

Sickle Cell and you,
With pain on its side too,
Struggling to keep calm through,
But there are allies that want to help you.

Sickle cell and us,
Fighting with people we can trust,
The pain is causing a fuss,
But we can get through this, all of us.

Sickle cell and me,
We had a war at sea,
We made it through the crisis you see,
Thanks for fighting the battle with me!!!



**Emmanuel Amuta
Poetry Award**



A Part Of Me
By Victor Ohaji (aged 13)



Although you're a part of me
You're the thing that causes me pain
You're the thing that causes a crisis
When I go out in the rain

My pain, my sorrow
My grief, my despair
Sometimes I blame my luck
And say it's not fair

Despite all these things
You're part of my identity
Despite all these things
You're a part of me

Engraved in my life
From the moment I existed
From that day on
The cold I resisted

Blood cells,
The things that give us life
The things that go through our veins
Are the things that give me strife

When my friends go out longer than I do
I sometimes feel left out
And when my legs cramp up from running
I feel like I want to shout

But it won't stop me
From being what I want to be
For this is our journey
Sickle Cell and Me



Emmanuel Amuta
Poetry Award



Sickle Cell and Me
By Akeelah



On the outside I look fine, my face shining with glee,
But is that happy girl the true me?

Most people don't know that I have sickle cell,
And that it makes me feel unwell.

People always comment and say that my eyes are yellow
Although I get annoyed by that question, my reaction
appears to be calm and mellow.

Taking my medicines everyday is always just so lame.

But I need them in order to not get pain.

I miss out on things like swimming wick is a bummer,
But if I stay warm I'll be able to do them in the hot summer
It may be painful with sickle cell but that's okay,
Because I'll make sure I'm healthy everyday!



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Poetry Award



Curse into Gift
By Ebuka Eduzor (aged 11)



I will not play
Tag O' war
I'd rather play
Hug o war

Where everyone
Hugs instead of
tags
And rolls on the
Rugs

Where everyone kisses
And everyone grins
and everyone cuddle

And everyone wins



**Emmanuel Amuta
Poetry Award**



Sickle cell and me
By Daniel Adeniran (aged 10)



Sickle cell is a pain
That hurts a lot
Once it made me wonder
If it would ever go away.

My mum is my caretaker
As you should know
She provides food and water
So we can be healthy.

When I feel pain
And we need to go out
She makes us stay
So that I can rest.

When it comes to me and her
We have each others back
When she is ill
I try my best to repay her.



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Poetry Award



Ethan's Poem
By Ethan

Sickle Cell, Sickle Cell Go Away
Sickle Cell, Sickle Cell, don't hurt another day
Sickle Cell, Sickle Cell, we'll beat you
Sickle Cell, Sickle Cell, warriors through and through.



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An ode to my cells
By David and Tish



Excitable cells running through my veins,
Going dum~~my~~ dum~~my~~,
Causing all the agony,
If they had ears,
I would bid them hear,
Don't be such a knave,
Coming in such wave of red white and pain
Leave me be, I pray,
The next day I wake,
I need a milk shake,
Lots of drinks today,

to get me through the horay!
Pray, cells behave,
Please don't play the knave

David
and
Tish

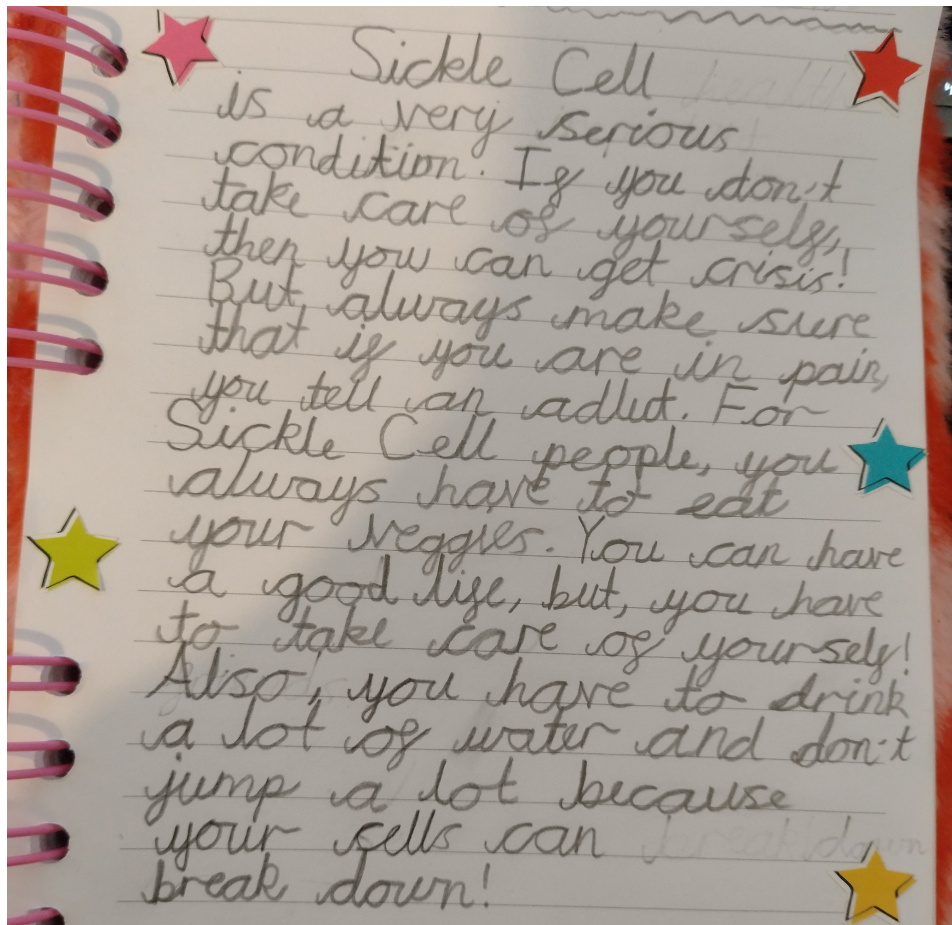


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Sickle Cell

By Hannah J (aged 8)



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Secondary and sickle cell, the odd mix
By Miai P (aged 11)



The feeling of sheer joy was suddenly
overtaken by anxiety and fear.

Hopeful thoughts of making friends, learning new subjects
and A plus's all suddenly spiral into an endless black hole
called sickle cell, where reality really kicks in.

Holding onto hope is becoming tricky and my sweaty palms
start to slip but I've got a good grip.

I won't let this stop me; I'm determined to do this... but
how?

Sitting out of P.E. will raise questions with my peers "Why
you sittin' on the subs bench"? and "I though teachers
weren't allowed to pick favourites!"

And then after being admitted to hospital (because sickle
cell got bored) I'll fall behind with homework and live up to
some of my teachers' low expectations that I'd struggle.

It'll be hard to regulate my temperature, "To blazer or not
to blazer, that is the question"?

And the journey to school each morning is a nightmare!
Sure the view through the window is pretty but to get up
this hill makes my joints ache like mad, but I feel awkward
about using my wheelchair.

part 1



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There is no way I can do this; I just want to give up.

But I will rise!

Joy has come back into the running, pushing negativity to the curb.

Solutions flood in. I'll bring my pain meds to school and use a walking stick, so what if I get a few stares, it's a chance to educate someone.

I'll refill my water bottle all the time and it's ok if I need to relieve myself frequently, that's where my toilet pass will come in handy.

I'll use my trusty lift pass for when I can't manage those pesky stairs.

And when I don't feel so well, that's ok! I'll get a homework extension.

My teachers will understand and I'll help my friends too.

Then I realise, sickle cell has been with me my whole life and hasn't stopped me before so why should it now?

And besides this is just one many adventures I'll have in my life

beating sickle cell.

part 2



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My brother and Sickle Cell
By Divine Ohaji



My brother has Sickle Cell
When I see him in pain it makes me feel hurt
When I visit him in hospital
I'm down in the dirt
When I'm fearing for his life
I have sleepless nights
I stare out of the window
And look at the city lights

After he been out in cold weather
I watch my brother writhing in pain
I watch him scream, I watch him cry
I think to myself, not this again

When my brother takes his medicine
I wish I could do my best to care
I wish I could look after him
Especially when a crisis starts to flare

He should be proud
Live in harmony
I want him to feel loved and cared for
I want him to be free



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From A Different Perspective
By Lillian Ohaji (aged 11)



Even though I don't have Sickle Cell
It greatly affects me
My brother has this condition
And when he's sick I want him to be free

At first I didn't understand
Why my brother had these pain episodes
Now I know that they are called crises
In the veins that criss-cross like crossroads

When he lies in the hospital bed
Alone, in pain
I am so worried about him
And the blood that runs through his veins

I love him so much
He means the world to me
Even if he has Sickle Cell
My big brother he shall be

Sometimes I wonder why it couldn't have been me
I hate every tear that falls from his face
The struggles he goes through- I don't know
But all his pain I want to erase

Sickle Cell is a journey
It needs to be overcome
It is a challenge, not an obstacle
It's a battle we have won!



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