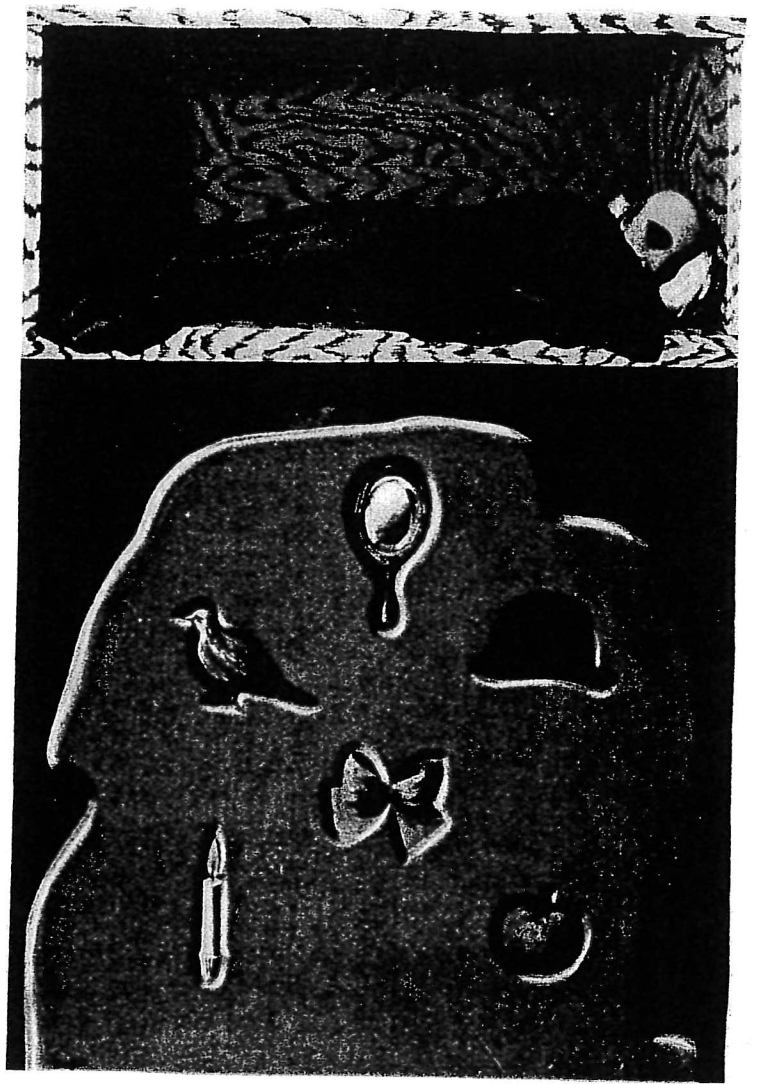


Selected
poems
from



The Mountbatten School

POETRY FESTIVALS



The Mountbatten School's Annual Poetry Festival was started in 1973 by Isobel Butler in order to encourage pupils to take pleasure both in writing their own poetry and in performing published poems to an audience.

Eileen Betteridge then encouraged a generation of young poets to pursue poetry writing through her inspirational Poetry Workshops.

The school's English Faculty has since striven, through storms of change, to keep the ship afloat – with Sylvia Curtis ensuring that thousands of poems were safely stowed, hence our ability to publish this 'Hall of Fame' selection. My thanks also go to all the English teachers who, throughout the years, have encouraged all pupils to take part in the writing and performance of poetry in the classroom and on stage.

Above all I would like to thank all the young poets who have given us all such pleasure in reading their work over the years.

Will Jones
(Head of English 2008)

Kaleidoscope

TIME PIECES

In the ancient garden
A tiny gnomon sits
Erect.

Carrying out a
Shadowy partnership
With the Sun.

A mini-idol stands in the kitchen
Ordering
The cooking of our food

With two glass shell cases
In a
Wooden frame.

A strange electronic creature
Watches over me in the
Night.

With a winking face
It wakes me
With a soprano solo.

God sits in my
Living room
On the wall

Not democratic
But a tyrant who Commands with
Handsignals.

Shaun Beaney

Southampton Water

Majestic in all her flagged finery,
The liner draws in.
Tugs, like maids in waiting, attend the towering lady,
Occasionally touching her flowing wake.

She merely blows a haughty hooter,
Turning her back on the cranes -
The drooling cranes
With their long, hooked tongues.

Another tug,
Like a scolding mother,
Leads some bobbing, bouncing lighters
Which follow closely, like ducklings.

Yachts, swarming and darting
About the ship's white bulk,
Welcome her home again,
Safe from the dark, cruel sea.

Robert Bowron

Egg Curry

*Chop up an onion, then fry in some oil,
Pour in the tomatoes and bring to the boil,
Paprika, Turmeric, sprinkle in spices,
Peel the potatoes, and cut into slices,
Add water and peas, then give it a stir,
You can also use sweetcorn, if you prefer,
Shell hard boiled eggs, and lightly chop,
Add to the pan, put the lid on the top,
Simmer quite gently, stir once or twice,
Meanwhile prepare, hot spicy pilau rice,
Serve on a thali with sweet mango pickle,
Garnish with salad, your taste buds to tickle!*

Rebecca Jethwa

Hamster Dreams

*My hamster thinks he's Dracula,
He comes out every night.
He zooms around my bedroom,
Looking for a bite.*

*He also thinks he's Tarzan,
He swings from bar to bar.
He could be King of the Jungle,
But he's much too small by far.*

*He also pretends he's Elvis,
He sings with a little guitar.
The only thing about that,
Is, he'll never make a star.*

*He also likes some sunflower seeds,
He eats an awful lot.
He stores them in his pouches
Then drops them in his pot.*

*He also has a rolling ball,
He goes so very fast.
If he entered the Olympic games,
He'd never turn up last.*



Matthew Langridge

Milk Bottle Manoeuvre

*Triumphantly striding, milk bottle in hand,
feeling the pride of being the chosen one.
Marching boldly, like a soldier. Negotiating
corridors like rivers, classrooms like forests.
Silently creeping past the military base of the
secretary's office.
Quietly I stole into the deserted staff room.*

*The bottle felt molten in my hand, as if
it were trying to squirm away.
I reached the fridge, pulled open the door,
saw the light flicker on.
I lay the grenade of milk lightly on the
shelf, then shut it away.
Wait a minute! Bottles should stand upright.*

*My teeth cringed as I realised what I had
unleashed. As the door swung open
The milk bottle rolled, clung precariously to
the edge, then plummeted to its death.*

The grenade had gone off.

*My skin liquidized, my hair tunnelled back
into my scalp, my eyes felt hot.
My guilt spread like the shockwaves of the explosion.
I would need every inch of my army training to
escape unscathed.
But it was too late.
The staff room door crept slowly open.*

Susie Carter

Wake Up

My bed groans like an old man
When I roll over.
My alarm clock screams like an angry baby
In my ear.
My eyes are as blurry as a foggy day
When I get out.
I get dressed slowly.
A creature changing its coat.
I eat my breakfast just as fast
Like a lazy sloth.
I speed down my road like a cheetah
To catch my bus.
It rumbles past me like elephants
When I reach my stop.

By Ben Sanchez

Hamster

Daytime napper



Evening player



Food storer



Cage climber



Straw rustler



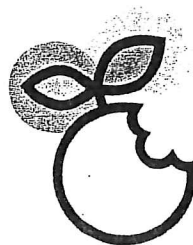
Wheel runner



Carrot lover



Finger nibbler



Josh Silsbury

Newspaper Cuttings

This is my poem.
of newspaper words.
It has no meaning.
I'm just disturbed.

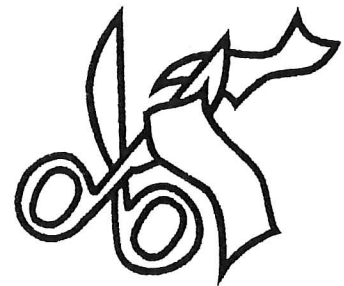


The words can take me
where ever I want,
to the hottest des art,
or the wettest swamp.



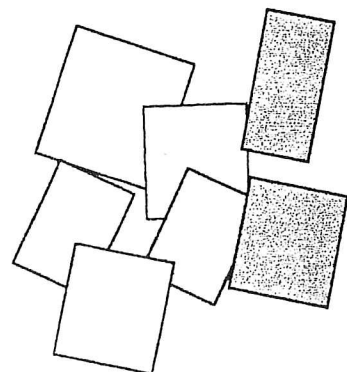
With words you can fly
or dive or soar.
The Echo's arrived.
more words! Give me more!

Cutting and pasting,
arranging them so,
what word I'll use next
no-one can know.



These words on the table-
No! I'm going to squeeze!

words muddle is.
but beyond keen cheese



Diary of a Gorilla

So, what will it be today?
The usual leaves and cane
Or maybe an adventure
And Banana for afters.

Hey, I know your face
You were here last time
Nice to see you again
How have you been.

So, what will it be today?
The thrill of the swing
I know, I'll beat my chest
Then you'll smile.

I might even growl
To really make you go wild.

So, what will it be today?
Get settled in
Where are you?
You brought me here.

You haven't visited
Not for a while
Perhaps I made a mistake
But these guys sure are fun.

They scare me a little
This one animal really hurt me
I thought it said 'Don't Touch'
Maybe I was wrong

Maybe I *am* Free

DRIVING

Key turning.
Engine roaring.
Lights gleaming.
Pistons pumping.
Oil boiling.
Axle spinning.
Petrol burning.
Fans turning.
Exhaust screaming.
Tyres screeching.
Gears changing.
Horn sounding.
Indicators flashing.
Brakes gripping.



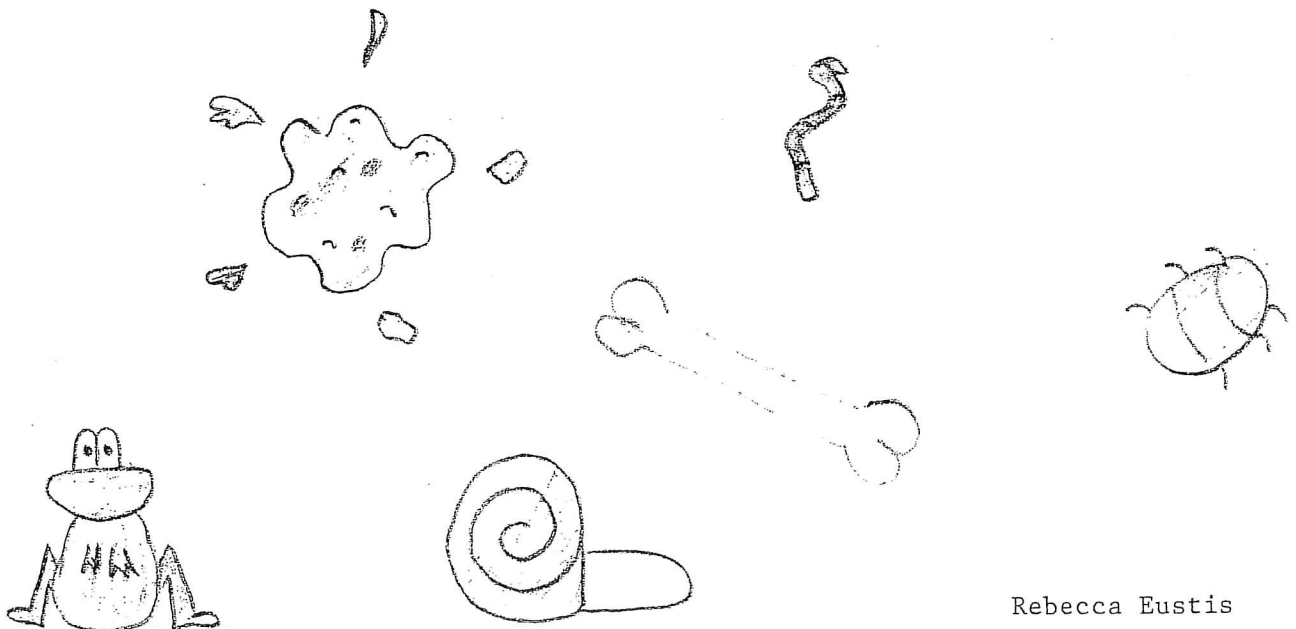
Adam Stuart



Brussel Sprouts



Phlegm and bile and earwax and blood,
Pus and warts and vomit and mud,
Fleas and scabs and roaches and spit,
Sweat and worms and a par-boiled nit,
Bleach and prunes and dust and grime,
Boils and mucus and a bucket of slime,
Dirt and lice and slugs and snails,
Wichety grubs and rusty nails,
Liver and tripe with flakes of mould,
Old fish bones and soup that's cold,
Soap and frogs and rotting meat,
Scrapings from the toilet seat,
I'll eat all of them with gusto and glee,
But please don't give me sprouts for tea!





TRUE



JAZZ



The sleeky smooth saxophone blows the tune,
A sweet melody in C jam blues.
"Drop that beat!" the brothers say,
The trumpet sounds and the band begins to play.



The booming bass riff from the Baritone,
Fills the room like an amplified ohm.
A harmony of notes blaze in the air,
From the clarinets' solo with a funky flare.



A-syncopated-rhythm, stomps out the beat,
Beckons a jive; gets the crowd to their feet.
The ebony and ivory played by nimble hand,
Cools the tempo and chills the band.



The marriage of sounds breathes from the page,
The quavers and the semi-tones leap through the stave.
The groove steps up into a ragtime razz,
A penultimate chord - *and all that jazz!*

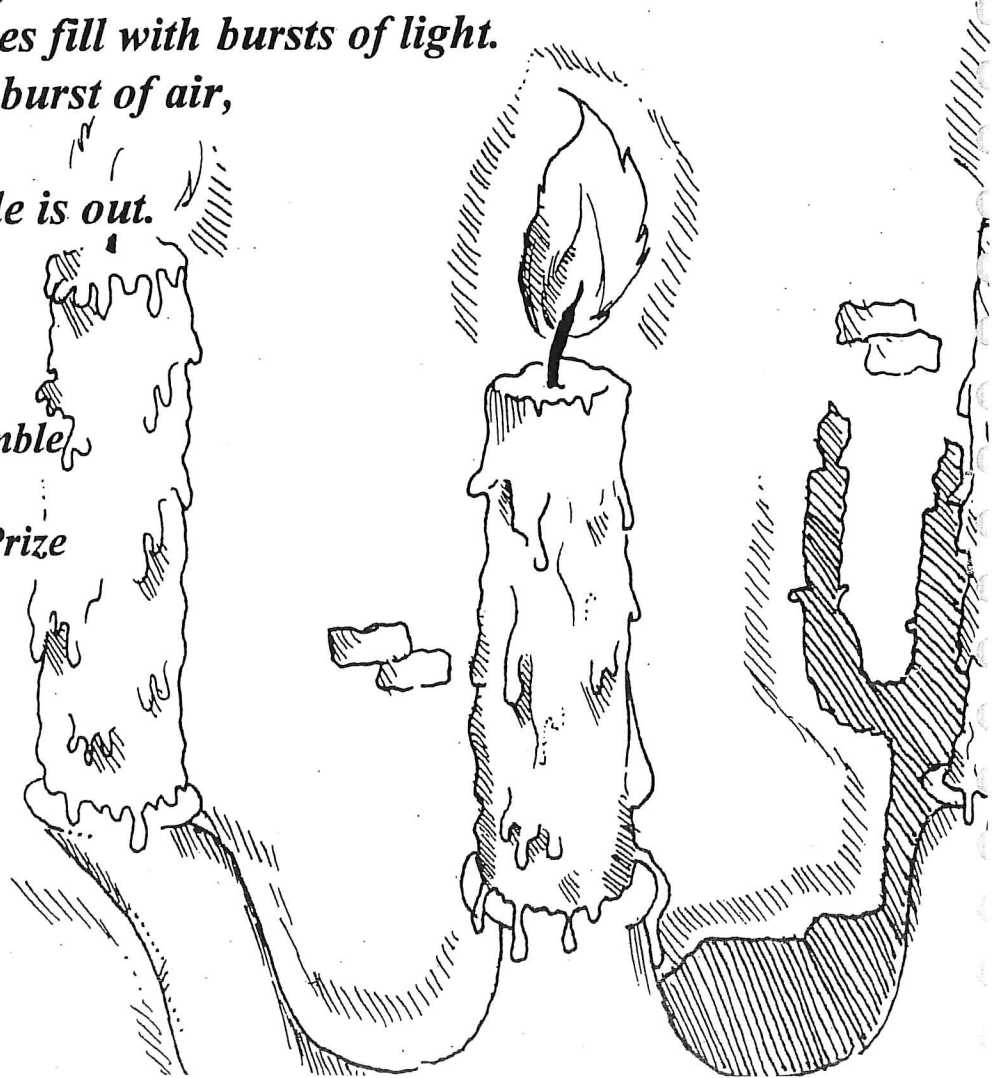


By Richard Dennis

Candles

***Melted wax,
Overflowing,
Trickles down the stem.
Incense, gives off a powerful aroma.
The hot orange flame lights up the room.
Smooth, greasy, moulded wax.
The wick crackles loudly.
Flickering shadows climb the wall.
Dark places fill with bursts of light.
A sudden burst of air,
Puff.
The candle is out.***

***Laura Gamble
7DD
Joint 4th Prize***



Purple Passion

*Five days of nakedness. Nail varnish
Is forbidden at school'. At the weekend
It's different. 'Purple Passion' is my best
Mate Rachel's favourite colour - this week.
The bottle of mysterious hippy, happy mauve
Is shaken in time to the
Girly Anthems of 'Alishas Attic' -
Her most loved cassette tape.
The brush full of runny liquid is swept over
Her finger nails. It oozes into
The sides of them. It glistens and sparkles
In all its enchanting purpleness.*

Samara Curtis-Quick

My Piano

*My piano stands there so grand,
The shiny keys remind me,
of weddings,
The brides in white,
and the bridegrooms in black,
Holding hands together,
in perfect harmony.*

Michelle Gay

UMBRELLA

*Like mushrooms,
They sprout
With inverted suction
Rapidly
In succession.
Veined canopies
Expanding
And flattening;
Black canvas
Meets raindrop.*

Ian Mitchell 10

Dog

Hole digger
Bone chewer
Stick fetcher
Cat chaser
Meat eater
Noisy barker
Water lover
Bath loather
Moon howler
Sun bather.

Linnet Whiston

The Science Lesson

It is the longest hour of the whole week.
Time crawls by on slippered feet,
For this is the one hour we do not seek
Where science, boredom and set two meet.

Sound waves and radiation today
Her voice softly falls in the air.
We scribble and scribble and scribble away
What we write we do not really care.

James said he would do it for a dare.
The fire alarm shrilled
And gave teacher a scare.
Freedom at last! We were thrilled!

Kathryn Walsh

Make me.....

I am a pocket on a shirt,
make me the wardrobe.

I am a tiny match,
make me the four poster bed.

I am a TV,
make me the cinema.

I am a clear raindrop,
make me the colour-filled rainbow.

I am a broken cassette,
make me the 20 disc CD player.

I am a shivering girl,
make me the powerful giant.

Gemma Tizard



A VILLAGE

Sharp eyed women,
Thatch, infested with weeds,
Gossip, of young girls in trouble;
Whispers turn into accusations.
Chimney smoke spreads the word.
Children can't wait to get out of their fore-father's home,
Faces turn; a flash car dives through,
A cowparsley bobs,
Blue-tits fly,
The village begins again.

Simon Tuffin

My I Poem

I'm the bark of a cedar tree
The heat of a speeding bullet
The red cross of a flag I see
Dark like a broody mullet

Grey and rainy clouds overhead
As well as a bright blue sky
Dreams of Shakespeare and storms in my head
Or thoughts of a small butterfly

Two places I could have lived in
Mediterranean or English seas
As long as I am with my kith and kin
I will cross all the boundaries

I am like a falcon, free
All in all I am just me.

Mike Saba