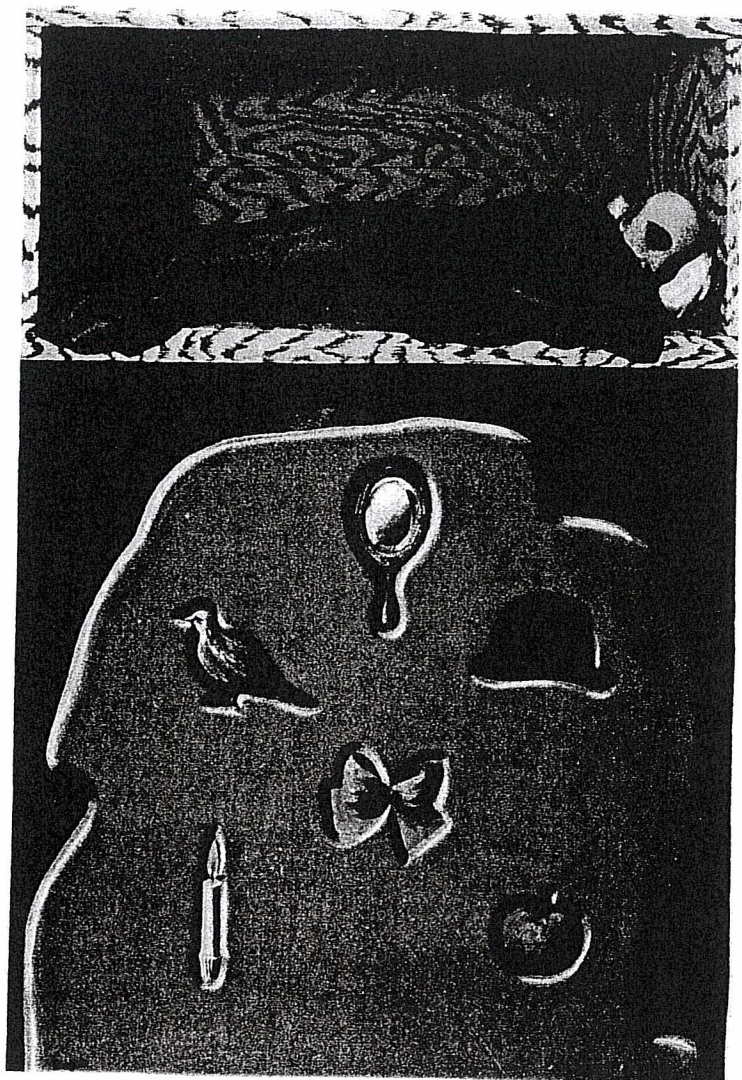


Selected
poems
from



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)

***Winds,
Weeds and
Other
Wonders***

CREATION

Swiftly swirling, securing smoky stitches,
Silhouetted on black, the gases gather.
Collecting for the grand finale,
The chemicals clasp and grasp each other.

The gases union created chaos,
The chemicals' bonding caused all to cry,
When suddenly, swiftly, all exploded,
And fiery comets lit the sky.

Youthful, yearning, yet inexperienced,
The universe was thus produced.
Charging, churning into being
This was how the earth was loosed.

Gliding, sliding, smoothly slowing,
Whilst quenching its initial thirst,
The earth moved surely, steadily onward,
Through the new born universe.

Jane Stone

THE FOG

*On damp and cold mornings,
The old man comes to play,
With his cloak of moist white,
And his robe torn and frayed.*

*He mopes around the garden;
He swirls around the moor;
He raps upon the window;
He whistles down the shore.*

*But then the sun comes out
And afternoon creeps in
And on his snow white steed
He gallops off again.*

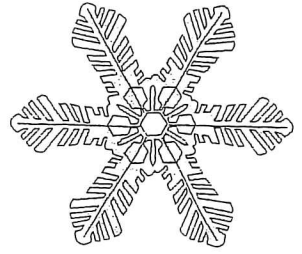
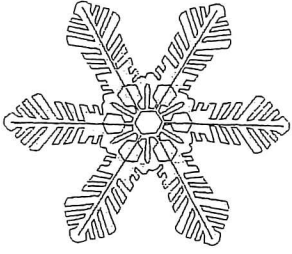
Owen Spottiswoode



Tom Fleming

BELOW

Clear bright warm water reaches into distant
darkness,
Smoky blue lobsters peer from coral crevices,
Anenomes endlessly wave
Goggle-eyed fish patrol,
Shimmering shoals of tiny fish part like curtains
As a shadowy shark sweeps by,
Nervous crabs disturb the smooth sea bed,
Anonymous eyes blink in the yellowy-orange sand,
Life below recedes into a blur
As the burning sun comes into focus.



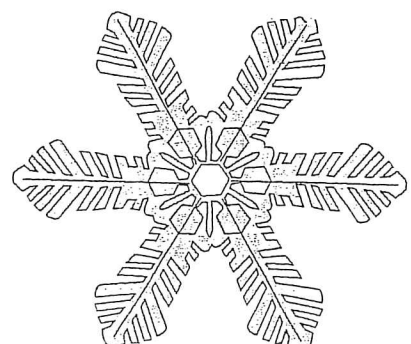
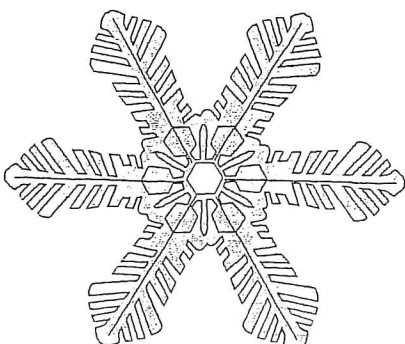
The Snowflake

The snowflake that flies freely
And utters its frosty call
Is a beautiful silver bird,
Fluttering and dancing.

It flies in flocks,
Glinting in the winter's light,
And spreading its frosty wings
Over the vast white landscape.

They form a glistening silver carpet
Spreading across the land,
And this glinting crystal carpet
Is a spread of a million silver wings.

Alex Hickson



The Beach

The sun scorched scene
A shining sheet
Of sand on the stony shore,

The dark blue ripples
A drifting wave
Like a ghost on the golden floor,

A worn away cliff,
The crumbling rocks
Falling down to the glistening ocean,

A dolphin jumps
Above the water
In its graceful flowing motion.

Young children play
Upon the hot sand
And splash in the dark blue waves.

They jump, they shout
They run about
In and out of the dark, grey caves.

And down below
These clashing waves
A monster is searching for Tea.

He sees a treat
He quickly dives
That snack he's after is me!

Molly Murray

I AM THE WIND

*I love the roar of the clouds
Crying in my arms.
Their tears soak the land
As I carry them swiftly
To their end.
I laugh at their pleading
While I tear them apart.
Each in turn.
But I know they will only form again
For my pleasure
Some other time.*

*The trees bow in my presence,
Shedding leaves.
They humbly await my mercy,
But I have none.
I respect no-one and rip them from the ground.*

*I gather speed
And with my fists out
I crash into a man-made structure.
Will they never learn
That nothing can block my path?
The bricks fly
And the beings inside crouch
As if to beg for mercy.
Ha-Ha! No-one shall be spared.*

Mahmud Ahmad

I SHOULD LIKE

*I should like to see the future
And to go back in time to see the world's changes.
I would like to take home the early morning
Frost from the grass and keep it forever
And gather shadows on a late summer's evening,
I should like to feel the wing of a flying bumble bee
And the soggy mist as it rises from the ground.
I should like to paint the cold wind as it
Brushes against my face
And the thoughts of a fox as it's chased by the pack.
I should like to hear the music as the bees dance
In their hive
And the silent arguments of the stars in the sky.
I would like to taste the rain as it bursts from
The sky
And to taste the dreams that flow forever through
My head.*

David Roberts

WINTER BIRD

Shine ptarmigan.
Glow in satisfaction.
Stand up with pride.
Transform again.

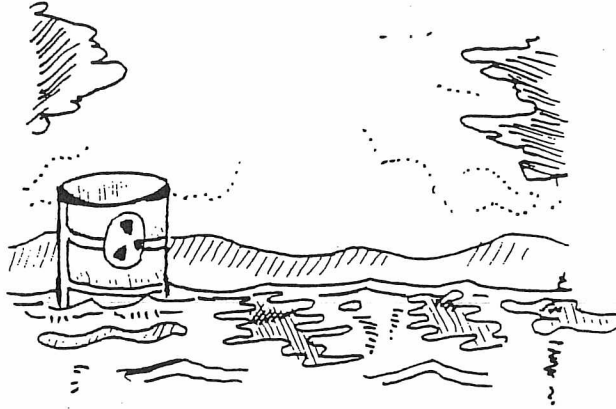
Chameleon of winter,
Snowy feathers disguise.
Wings tense.
Change is complete.

Lustrous white.
He goes unnoticed
Amongst towering rock,
Icy wastes.

He flies invisible,
In blanket sky.
No guns aimed.
Safety prevails.

Shine ptarmigan.
Glow in satisfaction.
Stand up with pride.
Feel life.

Steven Stoner



Oil

*The wind whips water wild.
lives stricken,
black tide,
all stand helpless, man and child.*

*Rainbow coloured surface sheen,
sad men,
lost lives,
and threats unseen.*

*Toxins poisons slowly sinking,
Black death.
Trapped birds
and shorelines stinking.*

*Seas are dead now
land is dying,
future parents,
sad and crying.*

Matthew Bargh

THE NORTH WIND

*The wind will breathe
"Freeze, freeze",
All water freeze
And hold the snow
Against the glow
Of paling sun,
Its warmth to shun.
Freeze, freeze;
Freeze the leaves
Of summer days
And autumn haze.
Freeze: like the frost,
When day has lost
Its golden light
Then cold the night
And cold the air.
The frost will bear
A cloak of ice
To numb the life;
All life that's weak
And shelter seeks."
Words on the breeze
Whisper "Freeze,
Freeze, now freeze!"*

Katherine Goodwin

Wildcat

*A corner of shadow in the dewy garden
Darts against the squares of apple-green
The cat does not belong here
His spirit is travelling
In a coniferous, northern world
The fire burns in his livid eyes
A wild thing in a tame cage*

*To him, the rigid fence
Is a craggy ridge
The smell of creosote
An imaginary mingle of pine sap and
Cold stone
The sound of footsteps
He ignores
They don't exist in his world*

*For centuries
Humans have framed the small feline
In a surrounding, crushing world
Of cosy fireplaces and armchairs
Stereotyping a savage beast
And drawing a mask over his face
But the cat's spirit lives.
He ignores roof top tiles
Despises chimney bricks
In the eye of his mind his mind
His Scandinavian dream
Awaits him.*

Emilie Pavey

Tiger

*A coat of copper,
And amber eyes,
A dark streaked back,
Face marked with white.
Silver whiskers,
And claws of grey,
A cream coloured nose
And paws of bay,
This is the tiger I know.*

*A long golden tail,
That touches the ground,
And big padded paws,
That make not a sound,
Sandy coloured ears,
That twitch as they hear,
And far seeing eyes,
That tell what is near,
This is the tiger I know.*

*A thick heavy jaw,
Curved and strong,
Filled with white teeth,
Sharp and long,
Claws short but deadly,
Hide in the paws,
And a featherlike mane,
As white as snowfalls,
This is the tiger I know.*



Katherine Herborn

The Storm

The wailing wind winds its way
Through the bending branches.
The fractured bough,
Bleeding sap,
Moans as it sways.
Dancing daffodils wave their trumpets
As leaves dance with each other,
Skipping across the pavement.
The shed door bangs as if possessed.
The ghostly tentacles of the tree eerily reach
Outside, into darkness.
The cat scowls at the cat flap,
Defiantly heads back to the fireside
As the storm rages on.

Gemma Halliday

The Ethereal Watchers

*The smooth dark velvet of the sky is silent,
As moody purple storm clouds gather on the horizon.
Watching eyes peer down from the velvet.
As silent as their surroundings,
They glimmer and wink at the enigmatic figure
standing far below.
Cold hands of dread smooth the land.
The silky promise of her sleeves trickles a flicker of
light onto the lake.
The silent figure follows the invisible fingers.
Broken reflections of the peace of space are returned to
the winking eyes.
The breeze causes ripples in the deep mirror,
And the eyes seem to smile.
Glistening pools of torn moonlight fall from the sky.
Into the lake they fall without a splash,
To illuminate the wanderer's face,
So the eyes above can see.
The willow still sheds her eternal tears,
And the storm becomes more imminent with every tear
that is shed.
A north wind is beginning to blow,
And heavy raindrops prepare to fall.
An intrusive aeroplane rips through the delicate
equilibrium of the storm.
The figure faces the myriad fragile sentinels of space,
Just as their tears begin.
The ultimate sorrow of the universe,
Falls upon a child of earth.

In the form of a downpour.*

Anna Gordon

NIGHT CREATURE

*You catch a glimpse if you are quick,
As it runs for shelter,
Scurrying between the bushes,
Its nose sniffing
the fresh wet soil,
Its little legs searching,
discarding leaves.
Its ears pricked up,
listening for danger,
ready to hide.
Its spiky coat,
A suit of armour.
As the world wakes up it retires to its home
of crackly leaves
and warm soft moss.
For another day of slumber.
Ready for another night of hunting.*

Kate Snowsill

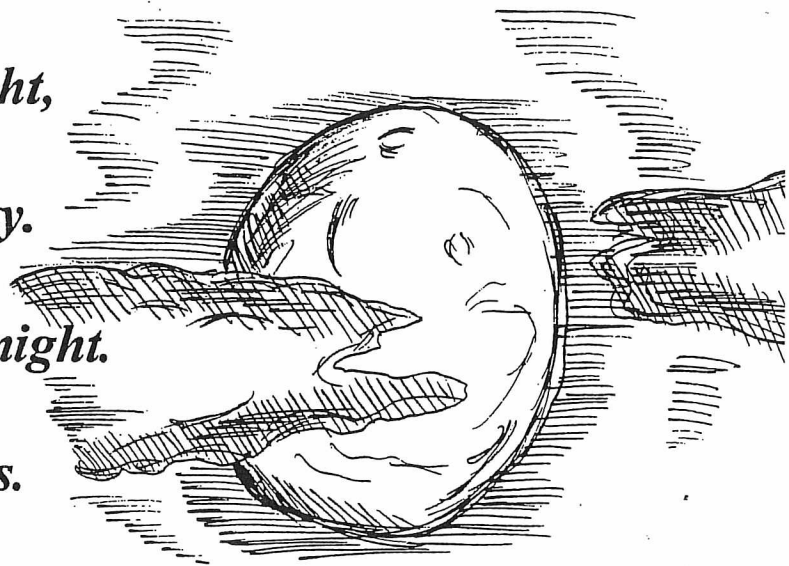
Puddle

The puddle is shining undisturbed
Light does not pierce into its depths
Only skims off its calm, seemingly impregnable surface
The world beyond the puddle's shell is oblivious to us
A world connected to ours by a shimmering portal
A gateway to a wavey dimension.
As our world ripples the puddle,
The world beneath is thrown into a swirling chaos.
The gentle lapping above
Causes a whirlpool of destruction beneath.
The dwellers of this world
Are slung up only to be reclaimed
by their watery domain.
They hang there,
wafting aimlessly,
Before drifting down,
To wait patiently for us to destroy the world
again.

By Andrew Parsons

Night's Goddess

*Winter Moon,
Shining pool of light,
White and cold,
Floats in a navy sky.
Shrill cries
Echo in an empty night.
Shining white orb
Casts long shadows.
Frozen night,
Chills leaf tips
With a white glaze.
Night's cloak,
Covering naked trees,
Floats peacefully on its way.*



Amanda Weeks

Evening

*I'm sitting here tonight.
and the birds are all in flight.
The sky is clear and blue,
And the grass awaits the dew.
Everything is peaceful,
The trees are green and still,
Not a leaf is stirring,
As the moon climbs over the hill.
The baby birds are cheeping,
And a fox disturbs a bin.
As the evening darkens,
The bats will take to flight.
Twisting, weaving, searching,
Through the insect-laden night.*

Helen Parker

A Walk to Freedom

The sun has no mercy,
The ground, tired and earthy.
The air, hot and humid,
My skin damp with fluid.
I walk slowly on,
Like a slave - who can not run,
Whose feet are dank and hard,
Whose back is whipped and tarred.
On I slowly walk,
My mouth too dry to talk,
My body weakens every step,
And then, I reach the edge....

A sea of peaceful green,
Relief I've never seen,
But I've often enough felt.
Then, on the ground I knelt.
I heaved off my wrinkled shoes,
Pushed away the blues,
And step...
And run...
And suddenly...
I feel the fresh and vibrant colours,
Which wash away the shudders.
The grass beneath my feet,
Chases away the heat.
Now, finally, I can be...
Cool, alive and free!

By Rachel Whitworth

HE WHO TAKES THE BAIT

*Drifts of weed fling their hair to the current,
Undulating in the throbbing beck.*

*A gleaming purposeful knife rests, glinting
On a chunky, oaken slab*

*The skin of the beck shivers with glee,
Revealing a worm of motion, weaving in the green.
A shadow bruises the polished grain of slab,
Hardening to a dripping hulk, sore from death.*

*The lithe creature squirms through the flow,
Cleaving the water with glittering, serpentine scales,
The tarnished corpse sags, with belly slit,
Suppurating gently under the knife.*

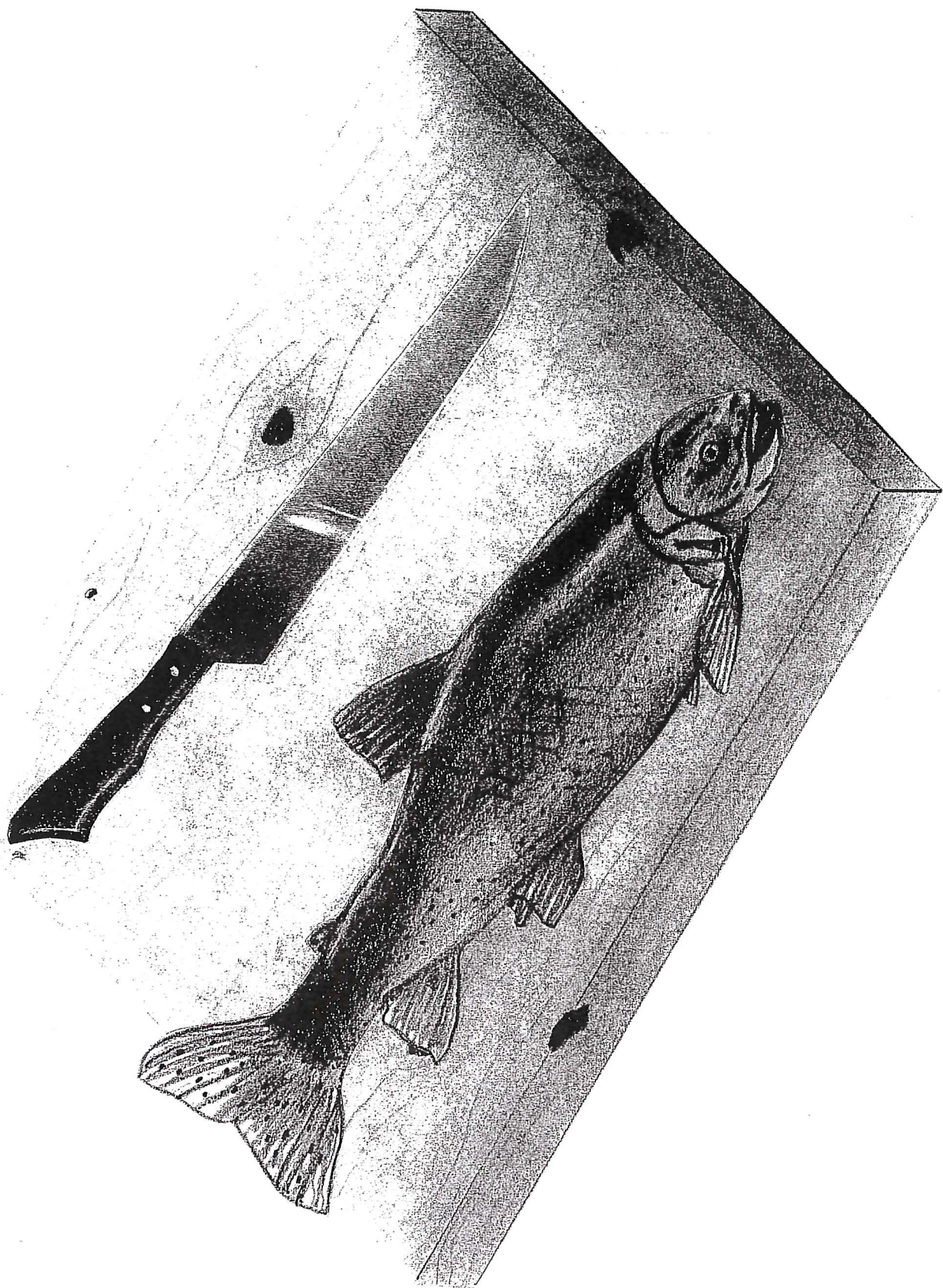
*The living metal wriggles in the foam,
Evolving curlicues in an orgasm of delight.
The body, laid out, once more seems whole
But the body is not cool, but cold.*

*Long and supple, the helix of applied power
Drills through the fluxing gold of the sun-filled brook.
Lying in a tin tomb, the dull carcass
Wilts in a heat that knew no sun.*

*Revelling in his pliant elasticity,
The pocket of power surges onward through his freedom.
The dull mummy, exhumed from its puny coffin,
Stonily awaits its final humiliation.*

*The shining wriggler swallows a tiny image, to
enhance his power,
But, in doing so, is doomed, for there is blood in
his mouth.*

Nicholas Stedman



THE AQUARIUM

The crab scurried over the stoney sea-bed,
Its yellow-green ghost-like body
Scampering across the colourful sandscape,
Malevolent, dominating.
Trapping a drifting piece of seaweed
In a powerful jaw-like claw

The anemone,
Stuck fast to a smoothed stone,
Splays a hundred arms into the murky water
Reaching desperately,
Searching for a tiny morsel of food,
Strange beauty hidden in the depths.

The snail,
Soft, mud-coloured flesh
Protruding from a squashed spiralling shell
Slides patiently
Across the stone scattered plane,
Going nowhere.

Roy Biddle



THE FISHERMAN

The waves roar, crash and tumble,
The sea merges with the sky,
The cloud clots, collides and thickens,
The lightning flickers.

The wind settles,
The sun glints from beneath the horizon,
The seagull soars,
The fisherman sets sail.

Robert Crossman

COOL

Where her feet touch the ground
It freezes in an instant.
She gently runs her fingers through the boughs,
Crystallising every twig.
She tip-toes across the fields
Chilling the furrows.
Her gentle breath
Upon the windows
Turns them icy silver.
Although she seems gentle, gliding through the night,
She has a dark and devious heart,
Casting invisible death upon the roads
When the night is over.
Her spell complete,
All the land is covered with magical glistening
And the air is crisp from her presence.

Laurence Camley

THE SPOILS OF WINTER

Severed stems,
Bought down by the weight of the ice.
Seep thick white blood,
From blackened vessels.
A frog,
Trapped within a circular prison;
Didn't escape Winter's grasp;
He remained embedded in the ice,
Like a fly suspended in a lump of amber,
Until the thaw.
And then its translucent skin,
As frail as a bud's sepal,
Became swollen and wrinkled.

Lucas Marshall

Water Melon

Blood flows from a perfect sphere
Its glossy green surface parted
For the grain of one bite.
Soft tissues, creamy white, give way
Revealing perfect pink flesh
Dotted now and again by shiny black gems.
Treasure uncovered from its tomb
Beautiful, reflecting the pearlescent knives
As they take a bite

Ailsa Bown