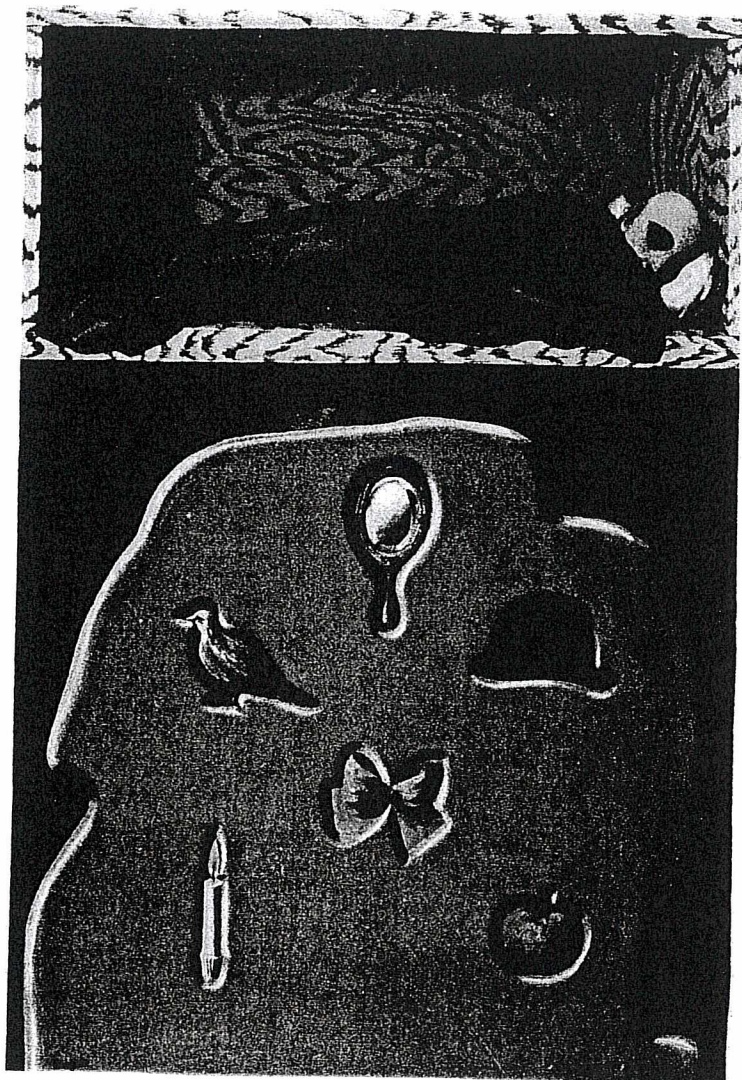


Selected  
poems  
from



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)

***Wordsmiths  
And  
Poem -  
Builders***

## FISH POEM

I imagine the rushing water of a river,  
A presence is near.  
Pens scribble,  
Empty book waits to receive a poem.  
My mind has a thought, a thought, a thought.  
Eyelash flickers. White glares.  
The paper flaps in the wind.  
Fish scales blue like ink, green like eyes.  
Shadowed pebbles smooth and wet.  
I'm poised with my net. It leaps,  
Teacher stares. It dives. Be patient.  
Scriggles and markings litter the page,  
Tail whiplashes in the rippling water.  
Net in position,  
Gleam of light,  
Flick of fin.  
Yank of net.  
Fish caught. Fullstop.

Jarrold Travers



## **To be Kept WELL Away from the English Faculty**

**Antonia Russell-Clark**

"Place the paper face upwards on the desk"  
Said the teacher with a sadistic smile.  
"Poise your pencils above the first stanza  
And prepare to take notes.

I am a poem  
and with a broken heart  
overly dissected  
one too many English lessons under my  
pencil in the eye

To understand me  
a pair of froth corrupted lungs  
it only takes a glance.  
The bearded sailor waved his walking stick in the air and  
shouted:

"Go any further into that poem and you'll  
never return."

but you have to learn  
and a loosened kidney bobbed by

Oh! Get out of it. A poem has its pride.

Watch out

for the flying

thesaurus rex!

Where's the meaning?

under my sleeve

so don't make the incision!

**HEAD OF THE "PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO POEMS SOCIETY"**

"Gut a fish and write a poem"

My teacher told me to gut a fish  
And go and write a poem.  
That didn't appeal to me,  
So I said "No".

This isn't a poem about the long satisfying cut,  
From the base of the throat to the tail.  
This isn't a poem about the thick, disgusting smell wafting through the  
air to your recoiling nose.

This isn't a poem about the wet, slimy feel  
On your fingers as you put them in the fish.  
This isn't a poem about the off putting sound,  
The squelch and slop of guts.

This isn't a poem about the sick – inducing sight,  
Of the slimy, sticky, bloody guts  
As they flop out on the floor,  
AT ALL!

Michael Dodd

## WORDS

*Words;*

*Weaving together*

*Magic letters,*

*To create*

*A whole new world,*

*Waiting to be explored.*

*Words;*

*Dancing on a page*

*Combining.*

*With imagination,*

*Bringing new life*

*To old lines.*

*Words;*

*Sitting patiently*

*In an antique book,*

*Waiting for someone*

*To rediscover them,*

*As an archaeologist*

*Uncovers a lost tomb.*

*Lisa Whitfield*

# P O E M S

I don't know what to write,  
Though I had rather hoped I might...  
Be inspired by nature, or rhythm, or rhyme  
To do something quickly, as I don't have much time.

What could I write about to make people think?  
There are so many issues but my writing skills stink!  
There's war, the environment, but I can't seem to do it.  
I'm not a good poet. I said so. I knew it.

So is a poem used for expressing your emotion?  
Happiness, sadness, love and devotion?  
I've written my feelings - poems just aren't for me,  
Twelve lines is my limit as I'm sure you can see.

By Emily Atherton



## The Writer

She sits by night  
in a misty, magical attic  
filled with tattered books  
high in haphazard heaps  
with enchanting photos,  
worn with love  
scattered absent-mindedly.

She crouches over the aged desk,  
glancing around  
seeking inspiration.

She finds it-  
in the shadow of her memories.

They flit across the room  
easing their way  
into the winding passages of her mind.  
Where she weaves them slowly  
into beautiful tales  
overflowing with dreams.

She is transported into another world,  
one riddled with mystery and awe.

The dawn's light  
starts to wriggle her way  
into the attic  
to snatch a look  
at the magic she has created.

She snaps the book shut.  
She is a creature of the night.

Katie Skinner-Valerio

## The Little Voices are Talking to Me

Right  
A blank page  
So get on with it.  
You don't have forever, you know.  
Why do you always leave these things  
Until the last minute?  
Still a blank page.  
So.

Any inspiration?  
Well, yes.  
That, obviously.  
But you can't write a poem  
About that sort of thing.  
No.

Be sensible.  
Look out of the window.  
There's bound to be inspiration.  
Outside.  
No. Not that.  
Don't think about  
That ...  
Too late. Now you're just getting  
Side-tracked.  
So.

Put on some music.  
Inspire creativity, doesn't it?  
There we go,  
No, you can't  
Just copy out the lyrics.  
People would know.  
They not stupid,  
Like you  
People would find out  
And then everyone would realise  
How terrible you really are  
At writing poetry.

By Hollie Wells