

THE

WORLDWIDE

BOOKS

NEW YORK

1954

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The 1986 Poetry Festival was slightly less ambitious than those of previous years. Nevertheless most of the pupils put pen to paper with notable enthusiasm!

This booklet contains a selection of the winning entries from the 1986 Poetry Festival, and some other equally impressive poems written at various times in 1986.

POETRY FESTIVAL RESULTS 1986

FIRST YEAR

'In a Camp'	-	Charlotte Wyatt	1Y
'The Pond'	-	Daniel Wheatley	1J
'The On-Flowing River'	-	Luke Cope	1D
'I Leave to You'	-	Robert Emanuel	1T

SECOND YEAR

'Spell'	-	Wendy Parker	2Y
'My Best Friend'	-	Sarah Berrett	2Q
'The Man That Luck Deserted'	-	Clare Snowden	2L
'Sick Rick'	-	Steven Henshaw	2Y and Michael Reeves 2Q

THIRD YEAR

'Columbian Disaster'	-	James Ravenscroft	3K
'My Favourite Weatherman'	-	Helen Eades	3W
'Being Different'	-	Rachel White	3T
'The Veteran'	-	Dean Wilkinson	3K

FOURTH YEAR

'Shuttle'	-	Mark Pomeroy	4D
'Come In Challenger - Your Time is Up'	-	Helen Ashley	4F
'Contrasts at Six'	-	Samantha Good	4H
'It's Time to Face the Truth'	-	Matthew Grace	4J

FIFTH YEAR

'Lacus Somniorum'	-	Katherine Goodwin	5Y
'The Cottage - An Omen'	-	Emma Crates	5T
'Silent Fear'	-	Karen Dyer	5H
'Her Melancholy Body'	-	Andrew Massey	5J

RAIN

The rain,
Like hundreds of tiny bombs
Explodes in a crown of droplets
As they hit the glazed surface,
Falling back into a lake
Absorbed by the sky
In a liquid atmosphere.

Clouds drift under the water
As the tumbling cascade stops
As if held back by an invisible wall.
Two suns meet each other
In a totally orange world
In a totally blank universe.

Liquid bullets
Dispense on impact
Doing no damage
On the wing of a swan.

Luke Trowsdale 1F

Car in the Rain

Rain runs down the windscreen
Like strands of untidy hair
On a great transparent forehead.
It is combed into place
By hypnotic wipers.

The rain hammers on the steel roof
Like impatient fingers
Tapping a tinny abstract tune.

The wheels throw up a haze
Like a cold breath
Filling the air
With the soft hiss of respiration.

Mark Mansbridge 1F

In a Camp

We stand like ghosts in the cold damp air,
Arms outstretched, eyes sunken in darkened sockets,
Watching each other die.

We look at the barbed wire rigged with quick death
The stench of disease lingers in the air,
Watching each other die.

A number printed firmly on our arms
Makes us human no more.
Hope gone and godless.
Watching each other die.

Charlotte Wyatt 1Y

The Pond

Autumn in the forest.
A pond lies in the heart of this city of wood.
Elegant creases sweep over its mirrored surface.
The overhanging leaves make a paint box in the sky.
Through the pond is an up-side-down world
For a moment disappearing to receive a leaf from a low sweeping bough.
Ripples are sent to the banks
By a stiff breeze
That swirls around the forest.
Pond skaters are joined by other insects
To dance a gingle waltz
On the graceful, shiney dance floor.
Sunset flood lights the water with its long reaching arms.
At last night draws on
Changing the picture on the pond once again
To a black and shimmering white photograph.

Daniel Wheatley 1J

Commended in the W. H. Smith Competition 1986

I Leave to You ...

I leave to you, my sister,
The hearts of a thousand angels
For their thoughts are as pure as gold.

I leave to you, my brother,
The knowledge of great men,
So you may be a mortal of great wisdom.

I leave to you, my Mother,
The jewels of a thousand stars,
So you may look like the sun reflected on a pond

I leave to you, my Father,
(For your mind is clouded with worry),
The lightness of a thousand bubbles,
So you may drift like a bird on the wing.

Robert Emmanuel 1T

SPELL

Light of Darkness, through nighttime spread,
Power of Evil, Souls of the dead.
Rising on thy great command,
From every corner of the land,
The North: come bearing ghostly light.
The South: call out clear through the night.
The East: come bearing strength of mind.
The West: bring Silence, the deathly kind.
As from your earthy rest you wake,
Saton's Magic you shall make
When the Mortal clock doth chime the hour,
You shall use your devilish power.
The sense which has, for years, not stirred,
Will overpower Man, Beast and Bird.
The cursed being shall live no more,
Shall hover between Heaven and Hell's death-door.
Their Soul shall wander, lost and cold,
Their Body shall lie and rot and mould.
From then this being no-one shall see,
Use your Black Magic on the count of THREE!

ONE! TWO!! THREE!!!

Wendy Parker 2Y

COMMENDED IN THE CADBURY COMPETITION 1986.

Sunday Afternoon

A rich blur of blood-red
Whips
Sleek brown beauties.
Hooves pound like heartbeats for
All those bright and beautiful.

Yelping pack of glinting eyes
Sniffs.
Greedy black snouts
Hungry for the blood of
All creatures great and small.

Beautiful bushy tail
Glow
In the afternoon sunlight
Doomed to caress the necks of
All those wise and wonderful.

Jubilant shouts as the pack
Pounces.
Entrails drip from greedy snouts.
Was it for this "sport" that
The Lord God made them all?

Lydia J. Smith 5G

Commended in the W. H. Smith competition, 1986.

Water sparkles from the mountain side,
Tumbling and turning into its journey.
Brooking no barrier, its descent is begun,
Past boulders worn smooth with the passing of time.
Thirsty trees dip their branches;
Sip from green coolness.
Torn reeds reach skywards from muddy pools.
Salty marshes steal inwards,
The river is dying.

No one can thrive,
No seed survive,
Without water,
The wine of life.

Alison Melhuish 4F

Dunkirk, 1940

Beneath the water lay the grinning skull of the notorious pirate.
The rum-filled rogue had drowned centuries ago
And now rested, oblivious to the present horror.
Through the water legs thrashed.
Shouts were choked with salt.
On board ship these men had been an organised team -
Now they struggled to survive,
Alone,
Scattered like seeds in a summer breeze.....

Beyond the water uniformed figures stood on the sands; watching.
All were motionless; their faces bitter.
Over the water blood bobbed shorebound.
Poppy-coloured froth lapped over military boots.
Above the water men were dying,
Beneath the water men were dead.

Rebecca Manning 4F

Lacus Somniorum

Into darkness
Drawn away from the lake of Dreams
Drifting reed craft in the rushes
Silently treads the paths of exile,
Winding with the river
Across the arid border-lands
Towards the sea with many names.
A cold sea:
Mare cognitum,
Its waters restless under a waiting moon.
And far away,
Destined to become no more than a memory,
The Lake of Dreams captures forever our Innisfree
And holds it deeper than dusklight
Or thoughts too far from reality.
Is there no way back?
Even the wind has forgotten.

Katherine Goodwin 5Y

Her melancholy bodyfloats
Strewn with withering flowers
Which seem deep in thought.
The omniscient trees reach out for her body.
Sorrowful reeds weep gently.
A sprinkle of soft green
Adds colour to the river.
The wind moans in the morning air
As the flowers reach out
Offering their life for hers.
It is too latethey mourn.

Andrew Massey 5J

Winter City

Winter in the city
And the buses and the cars
Heading home through the night
Leave the warm offices, the paperwork and cigars
Whilst those outside hurry by;
A tide of tired workers
Unaware of the failing light
Heading home through the night.
The shadowed minds of many men
Those weary wishful wanderers
Who toil today towards tomorrow
Within the suburbs of their city.
All secure in the confines of conformity
Until five thirty when they flee
In their 'company' cars to the motorway
That scar of tar that winds away
Carefully avoiding the urban decay
For the poetry of poverty is raucous,
Rhymes erratically
In this dusty, alloid, arid land;
Winter City.

Katherine Goodwin 5Y

