





Year 7

I found it very difficult to put the first form in order of merit.  
Someone else might well have placed them differently - as I found myself  
doing at different times. So let me plunge !

1. A Story of the Sea

I gave this 1st place because although rather lacking in form at times,  
showed imagination and a feeling for words and imagery.

2. The Arrival of Death.

Very easy to slide into sentimentality (and the writer skates perilously  
close to it in places); but the sense of decay and finality comes through  
quite strongly. The near-repetitions in the last line of each stanza  
shows an understanding of the power of words in reinforcing an idea.

3. In That Strong Moonlight

A simple theme, not one dealing with a great experience, but the writer  
shows a considerable feeling for form. As in the previous poem, good  
use has been made of the effect of repetition of the words of the title  
- and the idea of moonlight being "strong" shows an ability to look at  
the scene in an original way.

4. The Bradford Disaster.

A strong theme, treated with simple directness in a straightforward metrical  
form.

H. N. WINKLE 19

## A STORY OF THE SEA

As I dabble in the rock pools,  
Upon the stony shore,  
There are tiny frothy fingers,  
They fan out on the sand,  
The pure and gentle breezes,  
They sweep across my face.

The ocean breathes a heavy sigh,  
And settles down to sleep,  
When then, I saw a wondrous sight,  
A sight, I'm sure I'll see tonight.

A sudden burst of energy,  
Surged up through the waters,  
A plaintive cry, was heard beneath,  
A song that lured me forward.

Behold, such beauty in the sea,  
"Dive in the waters of fantasy",  
"Come, come and be free with me"  
Cried the mermaids ever more.

"Taste my waiting sea fruits"  
                                begged she,  
A breaker, thundered on the shore,  
The dark night, velvet, rumbled,  
A lonely ships bell sounded.

Rain and wind whipped across my face,  
The frills on the waters edge faded,  
As I turned with my bucket and spade,  
I heard a lone and boding cry.

Shelley Diaper 1WW

## THE ARRIVAL OF DEATH

The old man by the fireside,  
Slumps wearily in his chair.  
The dog at his knee,  
Whines sorrowfully,  
But the old man, doesn't care.

The time has passed, when he could reach,  
To fondle the old dog's head  
The fire burning low  
Glow enough to show  
That the man is almost dead.

The warmth ceased and the fire went out  
And the man sensed Death was near  
Like a spider with his web.  
The man dropped his head  
And knew that death was here.

As Death crept up on the man  
The dog raised its grizzled head  
'Don't go, please stay'  
The dog seemed to say  
But the man, the man was dead.

Paul Andrew Bush 1KQ

## IN THAT STRONG MOONLIGHT

The trees in the wood,  
All creak at night,  
Through the strong wild wind,  
The only light seen,  
Is the strong yellow moon,  
Reflecting on the long wide stream,  
All in that strong moonlight.

The bark on the trees,  
All rough and wet,  
Shines in the moons bright light,  
The frost on the grass,  
All sparkles like diamonds  
All in that strong moonlight.

The silence I feel,  
All through the night,  
Thrills me as I walk,  
The rustling of the grass,  
Each footstep I take,  
All in that strong moonlight.

I look around,  
I hear a noise,  
But nothing seems to appear,  
I walk on,  
I hear that noise again,  
Then "Ho..hoo..ho..hoo.ho"  
It's only an owl,  
All in that strong moonlight.

It's so enjoyable walking here alone,  
Hearing the rippling of the stream,  
Is so calm and peaceful,  
Oh well! I'd better start walking home,  
The memories of the walk in the night,  
Makes me want to come again,  
All in that strong moonlight.

Charlotte Dingley 1DJ

## THE BRADFORD DISASTER

I switched on for the match  
Not expecting to find,  
A flazing inferno  
That burns in my mind.

The flames were merciless,  
Dancing and wild;  
They took pity on no-one,  
Not even a child.

The ambulance service  
Were quickly at hand.  
Police and Fire Officers  
Soon took command.

The flames start to flicker  
And slowly go out;  
And the ashes they smoulder,  
As the wind blows about.

The Bradford disaster  
Is over now,  
The debris, the ashes  
Remind us of now,  
A public blaze  
And the loss of the slain,  
Will leave private memories  
Of sorrow and pain.

James Trinder 7KQ

## THE SHED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN

The shed at the bottom of the garden,  
No one goes there except me.  
I go inside it and think,  
And I go there when I am sad.  
Sometimes I talk to it,  
You must think I am mad,  
But I'm not.

David Bland 7WW

Commended by Cadbury's.

## YEAR 8

### 1. "Fish Poem"

There is a lightness about this poem which sorts well with the subject; together with a pleasing and effective economy of words. I like the way the poem is neatly rounded off (just as the act of fishing is by "Fish caught") with a final line of two "sentences", divided by a full-stop, leading on to the final words "Full Stop" and reminding the reader that this is a literary, not a piscatorial experience, and hooray, it's over!

### 2. "Heaven and Hell"

At first I thought this was just going to be a slick, tough poem about a slick, tough gangster; but the writer has opened the theme out to something much more cosmic. I like too the way the victim's history is hinted at rather than made explicit. Was he "liked by church-goers..."? Was he an "ex-priest"? and there is no early ending: as he had (I think) been trapped between two worlds in life, so was he in death - result annihilation! Very moral!

### 3. "Prose and Rhyme"

I hesitated about placing this one 3rd - it is the old problem of "good verse" against not-so-good "poetry"; but this is quite carefully put together, and is making a light-hearted (and by no means totally invalid) protest against "poetic prose".

### 4. "My Best Friend"

A neat idea - perhaps a bit lightweight in treatment. Good handling of lines, and a good sense of rhythm.



### FISH POEM

I imagine the rushing water of a river,  
A presence is near.  
Pens scribble,  
Empty book waits to receive poem.  
My mind has a thought, a thought, a thought.  
Eye lash 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 2WH

## HEAVEN AND HELL

Nick, the Slim Vicar  
King of the Ganglands  
Big cheese of the Big Apple,  
Spat  
At the church he went past.  
Pimps  
Cowered in apartments.

He turned a corner,  
Laughed.  
Too late he saw it,  
The van.  
It ploughed into him.  
Body bounced off the bonnet  
Into the gutter.

He lay dead.  
His soul broke free  
Of the hulk  
To above the heinous crime  
It ascended.

Liked by churchgoers,  
Loved by the mob,  
So he thought.  
Bullet in the back too  
Subtle.  
Ex-priest  
With the best of two  
Worlds.

His soul  
Rose up and  
Halted.  
Lucifer,  
Satan,  
Beelzebub,  
Mammon,  
The Devil, wreathed in flames,  
Stretched out a  
Bony finger.

"Come"  
He taunted,  
"Join my legions,  
Be at my right hand."  
The soul paused  
In thought.  
Descended.

Glory wreathed in cloud  
Arch Angel Gabriel  
"Purity"  
It sang  
"Purity.  
Join the kingdom of  
Love."

The tormented soul shed a ghostly tear.  
The soul was split.  
Trapped between.  
Soul screamed.  
Splintered to  
Atoms,  
Vanished,  
Forever.

Chris Broom 2LF

## PROSE AND RHYME

Now I find poetry hard to write  
If it's homework I'm half the night  
Searching for a spark of light  
Wrestling with words, a tremendous fight  
Finding those that seem just right.

It's very difficult for me  
Because in school they disagree  
For they say that in poetry  
Rhyming's not compulsory  
And I believe that it should be.

I'll tell you why, if you have the time  
Poetry is prose if there's no rhyme  
Rhyming verse is just sublime!  
The old poets whilst in their prime  
Never committed this terrible crime.

Just read some Keats or Longfellow  
Some Tennyson or Allan Poe  
They show the way that poems should go!  
They show the way the words should flow!  
Learn from them, they ought to know!

So let's forget this modern stuff  
Of poetic prose I've had enough!  
It's all too bland and off the cuff!  
And (like this poem), it's downright tough  
Put an end to prose; Enough's enough!

Dawn Allen 2WW

### MY BEST FRIEND

Save for the humming of the bees,  
And the raindrops hanging on the trees,  
The wood was silent as a grave,  
Whilst shafts of sunlight made a brave  
Attempt to pierce the velvet gloom  
As lonely as an empty room.  
Alone I was, but not afraid, the friend  
I'd been with must have strayed.  
Although I called, it was in vain.  
From the tranquility no answer came,  
So I carried on with my secret game.  
The bracken damp against my feet,  
All I could hear was my heart's pounding beat  
I heard a friendly voice quite near:  
"So there you are, old boy. Come here."  
And sitting there upon a log, was my best  
friend who said, "Good dog."

Amy Mordan 2KG

### THE OUTCAST

Going nowhere of interest,  
He limps down the street.  
Everyone he passes  
Averts their eyes.  
A brave few blush and say a mumbled hello.  
He opens his mouth to reply,  
His tongue lolls,  
His head moves in spasms,  
Nothing audible comes out.  
A number of people  
Are embarrassed to be seen with him.  
Yet, within that clumsy frame,  
Is a man.  
A man with feelings -  
Just like you or me.

Christine Drake 2DY

commended by W.H. Smith

TIGER/KITTEN

Warm, purring ball of fluff,  
Talons sheathed, blood in a muff,  
Sleeping now, curled around,  
Nose on tail, not a sound,  
Yet even in sleep, he dreams of death  
And wakens with the same.  
He stretches, asks to go outside  
Into the cold and rain.

I think of all the birds who've died  
Through cats like him, Jekyll and Hyde,  
Claws outstretched, sharp as knives,  
Seizer of so many lives.  
As a tiger, walking the night  
Back arched, fur fluffed up,  
As a tiger, stalking to fight,  
He seems too small for a killer.

Sarah Dawson 2LT

commended by W.H. Smith

## YEAR 9

1. "Balin's Hammer"

I think it is the theme, competently handled, that gives this poem its appeal - the passing of the epic age of Gods and Dwarfs and Monsters, well summed up in the final two lines.

2. "We have ways of making you talk"

A "send-up" - but effectively done, with a good sense of form.

3. "With respect to a friend"

Genuine emotion handled without pathos or sentimentality. The idea of the now dead (or at least departed) friend bringing light into people's lives is well sustained throughout. (Last lines are always difficult, and this poem really deserves a better one - it reads a bit too much like the "In Memoriam" verses one sees in some provincial newspapers!)

4. "The Dustcart"

A good idea, quite strongly expressed, but would be better given a bit more form - the construction is a bit loose.

## BALIN'S HAMMER

Above a dark mist filled forest  
A mountain stands high  
It's tall rocky crags  
clawing the sky.  
And though wrapped in a fur  
Lord Balin is cold  
With but dwarf Ale to warm him  
and his hammer to hold.

He stands high on a peak  
looking down on a town  
As he dreams of the past  
His lips twist to a frown.  
For no longer do werewolves  
Rampage through the night  
The knights had all gone  
When the Dragons took flight.

No longer from dark caverns creep  
One thousand Orc and Goblin feet  
The great maze like dungeons  
Where adventures were lead  
Their treasure is looted  
The monsters are dead.

And as the sun rises and  
the old Dwarf dies  
Once a great warrior  
In the shadows he lies.  
And when he is buried  
Men shall not morn  
There is no room for Heroes  
When a new age dawns.

Graeme Fluellen 3WW



WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU TALK

I was sitting in a chair in a still black room  
My hands bound tight,  
Both feet left to move.  
The door opened wide,  
And dim light rolled in.  
There stood that man as cold as sin.

"You will speak to us now."  
I froze in fear.  
There wasn't a sound.  
I was determined to bear  
The pain that would come,  
The pain like hell  
No matter what, I would not tell.

He moved even closer,  
Until inches away.  
He beckoned a man to come his way.  
The man had a face,  
An expression of fate.  
I sensed the feeling that he couldn't wait.  
He chanted the words whilst gazing at me,  
"What makes you want the job at B.T.?"

Josh Robinson 3DY

WITH RESPECT TO A FRIEND

You were bright, like a street at night  
Your welcoming arms brought pure delight  
And the thoughts of you we all remember  
Were how you brought light to a darkened chamber.

All about you there was light  
that dims the end of a greyish night.  
The whispering trees, the honey bees  
and the endless ripple of the seas.

And now a long watch we will keep  
So you may have a dreamless sleep.  
The clouds still pass on a moonless sky  
But we'll always love you now you've passed by.

Joe Abdali 3T

THE DUSTCART

The mechanical beast halts,  
It widens its huge jaws.  
Beyond its hungry teeth,  
Is darkness.  
Enslaved waiters,  
In orange attire,  
Answer its demands,  
They bring food.  
They tip it into the beast's foul mouth,  
The jaws snap shut,  
And momentarily satisfied teeth grind away.  
Then again the jaws widen,  
Revealing begging blackness.  
It departs backwards,  
Searching for more food,  
Its appetite, yet unfulfilled.

Ian Mitchell 3LF

Commended by W.H. Smith

## POPPIES

A plain white piece of paper glares up at me,  
I have till dusk to transfer it into a mass of  
glowing colour,  
I stare down the hill towards a field of poppies.  
Slowly I pick up my brush,  
It sweeps across the water in the jar,  
As I glide the brush across the paper, the sun beats  
down on my back,  
The hum of flies settles in my ears,  
Slowly the colour builds up, till there is no white  
showing,  
The day starts to cool,  
I put down my brush,  
The picture is red, green and lush.

The poppies are framed.

Hannah Bishop 3KQ

Commended by W.H. Smith

## THE SPIDER

A small black hairy spider crawled through the thick forest of bendy trees.  
The path, suddenly dropped, and poor old spider slipped down and landed in a soft pink cushion of bubbly blancmange.  
He clambered up a spongy pink mountain and fell into a black bottomless pit.  
It wasn't bottomless.  
It was sticky and gooey  
The spider's feet were stuck into this gooey mess.  
Behind him the spider could see a drum beating away to a rhythm.  
Boom       Boom       Bunkidiboom.

'HELP'! cried Peter, 'I've got summit in me ear!'

SQUELCH!!!!

Juliette Feetam 3LF

Commended by W.H. Smith

## YEAR 10

The general standard is so good that I must make one or two general points.

- (1) Obviously one must have something to say - and the more worthwhile that something is, the better the poem (i.e. a poem on a totally trivial subject however well done, is likely to produce a trivial response. Dr. Johnson gave this as an example:

"I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the strand,  
And then I met another man  
Whose at was in his hand"

- and commented that "not the manner, but the matter was contemptible"

- (2) What Johnson calls "the manner" is important. Lack of form will spoil an otherwise good poem. Poetry is not what my French teacher used to call "blanc-mange" - words written on the paper in a pretty pattern. "Free" verse is fine - but a look at the best of it shows it to be not so free (in the sense of "loose") as one might think. I always thank D.H. Lawrence's "Snake" is a good example of free verse cleverly held together by internal devices - consistent and closely developed theme, repetition, assonance, line rhythm and careful control of line length.

## YEAR 10

### FIRST

#### THE CONSTANT COMPANION

by Clare Dillury - 10KQ

This one is first because of its simple statement of fundamental human weakness. We all recognise the truth of the first line instantly and don't need to be told what was under the bed. Line two introduces the list which pinpoints with great precision and economy how fear works in us. This catalogue of terror is well managed in its variety of sentence structure, and the little run of "I'm the.. I'm not" works well as it increases the pace in the middle section. The last line is very chilling, showing how for some, fear is indeed a constant companion.

### SECOND

#### HOW IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

by Asha Nayaka - 10KQ

The first two lines of the last short stanza sum up the charm of this poem. Asha's words are simple and evocative of a place and a mood. The reader journeys through the landscape to the quiet, unsad clearing and feels just the kind of acceptance that the poet is communicating.

### THIRD

#### I SENSE YOU

by Clare Gray - 10DJ

A short poem, but quite a little gem! The theme is clear, and steadily developed, from the "Are you real?" of line two, to "You are there?" in the penultimate line. The form is carefully made, so that one gets pleasure from the way the poem is held together ("I see.." "I hear.." "I touch.." "I smell.." "I taste.." - and then the change in the final stanza. And the way the questions in the 3rd lines give place to the near-certainty of "I'm sure it's you" - clinched by "You are there" in the final stanza.) Carefully made, sensitive, sensuous, with just the right amount of (controlled) emotion.

#### JOINT FOURTH

##### "PARENT" and THE GUARDIANS

"Parent" is very strong in feeling; raw emotion well managed, kept under control in the short crisp lines.

"The Guardians" is humorous and imaginative - a lightweight balance to "Parent".



### THE CONSTANT COMPANION

When you were young I was under your bed.  
As you grew I hung over your shoulder;  
Black caped and beckoning  
to your darkest thoughts.  
The tears behind your eyes,  
The nausea that welled up inside;  
I caused them all.  
I'm the top of a building  
I'm not fitting in.  
I'm a crowded lift  
I'm the thought in your head too terrible to realise.  
I lived in the school bully.  
Every time you conquered me,  
You thought you were free;  
I rested, re - established myself.  
And came back again.  
The only escape is death.

Clare Dillury - 10KQ

## HOW IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

We're going to see granny and granpa's graves today.  
And there was no  
quiver of sadness in the voice,  
No edge of grief.  
Just serious solidness, hoping  
to kindle some interest.  
For we had not seen them alive.

There were no dark, heavy clouds,  
shrouding the joy from the sky.  
No drizzle or biting chill.  
Just the brilliant, Eastern sunshine  
bathing and warming all below.

No mourning parties, no tears.  
Not even silence.  
Everyone got in the stifling car,  
Which wasn't even black.  
We drove up the mountains,  
some short distance away.  
Past the tea plantations,  
Past the paddy fields,  
Past the old bullock hauling the cart.  
Past the peasants, the poor, the beggars.  
Past the long, wide rivers,  
shaded by the overhanging tress.  
Past the village and the markets  
Up, onto the warm mountains,  
covered in rubber trees.

The cemetery  
was just an earthy clearing,  
surrounded by trees.  
Two earth mounds lay,  
side by side, my grandparents.  
A solitary stone tombstone  
stood erect, and greying with time.  
The mounds were bordered  
by foot high wall, once white,  
accommodating peasant grasses and more.  
We laid no flowers.  
But lit candles placed in the wall,  
then stood around talking.  
Then we put out the candle flames.  
And everone left.

So natural in emotion,  
No forced feeling of grief,  
It was how it should have been.

I SENSE YOU

I see you there  
Are you real  
Or an image  
Lost in the darkness?

I hear a sound  
Is it you  
Are you there  
Trapped in the darkness?

I touch your hair  
It is soft  
Is it brown  
Shaded by the darkness?

I smell your scent  
A sweet spice  
Is it you  
Lurking in the darkness?

I taste the richness  
of your life  
I'm sure it's you  
leaving traces in the darkness.

The lights go on  
It is you  
You are there  
Shown in full glory.

Clare Gray - 10DJ

## PARENT

I've always hated him,  
An open wound in my memory,  
Perhaps it's a habit,  
A void of unfair accusations,  
Can't he see through the confused space,  
See me for what I really am?  
He won't look.  
His sticky blocked mind,  
A straight unchannelled thought,  
Does he care?  
I try, I try so hard,  
I deliver all my "nice emotions"  
To his steel door,  
And when it opens,  
I see something,  
A faint warmth  
Then it shuts hard,  
A cold, loud, painful slam,  
Why?  
I don't care  
Perhaps he's always hated me.

Elisabeth Rackham - 10DY

### THE GUARDIANS

They stand in rows.  
Staring straight ahead  
Not flinching as the enemy zooms past.  
Just waiting there;  
Perhaps for the next ride to freedom and relief,  
Not muttering amongst themselves.  
I see one wince as his neighbour  
Is caught up in a steel mechanism -  
A certain death.  
But no tears; not even a whimper of grief  
Just a stain of orange, spinning  
Until the unfortunate creature is finally  
Deposited on their verge,  
Killed by the shock of the ordeal.  
But still, not a syllable is uttered  
From the sea of orange - white uniformed bodies.  
The younger generation is collapsing with exhaustion,  
The older ones visibly sagging and weathered,  
Their haggard hexagonal feet made dirty  
By the constant spitting of muck and abuse  
Hurled at them by the passing blurs of colour.  
But bravely and silently they struggle on.

To the ordinary eye  
A lump of plastic.  
To me, a living, feeling traffic cone.

Vikki Gunn - 10LT

COMMENDED BY W.H. SMITH

INTRUSION ON THE ALLIGATORS

We were the Intruders;  
We stole their peace,  
We captured their privacy,  
We inhaled the air of their territory.  
Yet it was not they who were savage  
or who were cruel.

We were the Intruders  
as we lived in safety;  
The heat was stinging our skin  
and we grumbled and we fussed,  
Yet they just seemed to wallow in the humidity;  
They did not complain.

We were the Intruders  
as we felt the emptiness  
and observed the stillness,  
but we battered down the silence,  
Yet they did not even blink;  
They did not stir.

We were the Intuders,  
the maladroït beasts.  
We did not even part in shame  
As they just floated and drifted;  
Yet it was not they who lost their dignity  
and nobility.

We were the Intuders,  
We were the evil  
Without any solicitude;  
but in that period of time,  
it was they who remained the lords of the Bayou.

CHOSEN FOR PUBLICATION BY CADBURYS

SPECIAL TREATMENTS ONLY

Inside the steel barrel  
I watch the forces of gravity take hold  
The door jams, my feet leave the ground  
The worst of my fears  
At five-hundred revolutions my eyes drop out.  
Water burst up my nasal cavity  
It burns like molten lead  
How can one be involved in such depravity?  
The steel holes grate my chin  
And chip away my bone  
The plastic bars which hold in clothes  
Swing round and deal me a thousand fatal blows.  
My mouth fills up with soap solution  
No time to worry about detergent pollution.  
The machine speeds up to one thousand-one hundred revolutions  
As I gargle cries of doomed despair.

Tim Rudgard - 10LT

FLYOVER

The distant garble of radio voices  
Entwines with that of angry motorists  
A chorus of horns and brakes;  
A groaning of car engines  
As the traffic chokes its way  
Through the dampened fog;

The tuneful hum of gentle music  
As cars stall and engines splutter.  
A police siren screams  
Against a roll of thunder,  
Rain patters on the windscream  
That my thoughts drift through.

The silent squeak of windscreen wipers;  
Cool breezes lap my weary face.  
I can smell the cold,  
The whiff of exhaust fumes.  
Visions of home comforts  
Ease my tension

But oh! how my neck aches  
And still the rain showers the roof.  
My eyes wonder through the mist.  
A parade of red lights  
That hold hands in the dark;  
Headlights all around.

Below, a suburb, a different world  
Where bright lights flicker, silence reigns  
The angry rainclouds  
Of the night  
Darken the moon's  
Accustomed gaze.

The endless sky of dancing stars  
Pursues the mysteries of the steamy glass  
Spinning shadows reflect and retreat  
Into the night. The traffic shunts,  
My thoughts are lost;  
The mystery is over



ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN

Ten.  
About to send another to the moon.  
Nine.  
Instead of usful exploration.  
Eight.  
In place of preventing famine,  
Seven.  
Before curing diseases,  
Six.  
Exploring a ball of rock,  
Five.  
Instead of saving human lives,  
Four.  
One may prosper due to it,  
Three.  
Thousands will starve because of it,  
Two.  
We know more about the moon,  
One.  
Than we do about our oceans,  
Zero.  
Why?

Andrew Sutton - 10LT

## HIGHLY COMMENDED

### THE DREAM

She had taken a tumble  
At home, yesterday.  
A pregnant woman  
And was rushed away  
To the Memorial  
by the ambulance men.  
Her husband wondered  
if he'd see her again.  
Their first was due  
in two months time,  
Would they ever hear  
its healthy cry?  
She was connected to tubes,  
throughout her they ran.  
She looked something like  
an underground plan.  
The doctors came hurrying,  
Ashen faced.  
Would she die, and take  
the infant to waste?  
They shouted in quiet,  
and tiptoed in haste.  
The corridors were silent  
as her husband paced.  
As the volume of night-time  
dark was increased.  
The white-coated doctor  
told her husband "At least  
She's not dead. Even with  
my doctor's diploma,  
We failed to stop her  
sliding into a COMA".  
Her husband sat down,  
He was struck by the word.  
Oh please, let it not  
be "coma" he'd heard.  
But it was. And he clumsily  
sank in the chair.  
And buried his shaking hands  
deep in his hair.  
A coma, a coma, he knew  
it was serious.  
He started to weep, his words  
were delirious.  
He started to rave  
and argue and shout.  
He stood there, his arms flailing  
all about.  
The nurses rushed, for  
the doctors protection.

And sedated the man  
with a hasty injection.  
When he finally slumped  
and looked as if dead,  
Then carried him - sleeping  
to a hospital bed.  
His wife still slept on.  
Peaceful and deep.  
Would she ever return  
from her unconscious sleep?  
Her condition grew worse,  
She started to fight.  
She'd be out of danger,  
IF she survived the night.  
And so, in her head,  
she battles with death,  
A supernatural phenomena.  
She drew in each breath  
With care. Because each  
could be her last.  
Visions inside her surfaced  
from the past.  
As she dreamed, she fought  
with her every might.  
And somehow developed  
a second sight;  
She felt herself rise  
from the hospital sheets  
And looked down  
on her body, still fast asleep.  
Her ghost rose slowly, and  
walked through a door.  
The door slammed behind her  
and she fell to the floor.  
And who had slammed it?  
But Satan himself.  
He came for her soul  
to add to his wealth.  
But to his surprise and  
even delight.  
She'd not given it up, not  
without a fight.  
She ran through another  
door, onto a beach.  
She stared at the sand,  
So fine and sun-bleached.  
She looked around her, and  
there was her spouse.  
Her beloved husband, and behind  
him, their house.  
Her friends were there too.  
Their laughter was hearty.  
Their spirits were high  
And there was some sort of party.  
And amongst all the din,

A baby boy lay -  
The centre of attention.  
It was a beautiful day,  
They all called her over,  
And she realized, with joy,  
They were all looking at  
HER beautiful boy!  
Overcome with joy, she  
cuddled him close.  
Of all handsome babies,  
HE was the most.  
She examined his brown eyes,  
brown hair and nose,  
And counted his fingers  
and miniature toes.  
She beamed all around her,  
A picture of bliss.  
She gazed at her infant,  
and gave him a kiss.  
When on the horizon,  
She saw a dark cloud.  
A thick stream of dust,  
A noise, deep and loud.  
Up thundered Satan,  
A psychotic grip.  
His eyes looking wild,  
His head full of sin.  
He loomed towards them  
and towered above.  
He seemed most disgusted  
by their joy and their love.  
He snatched up her friends  
In a powerful grip.  
He proceeded to crush them  
and tear and rip.  
He threw down the corpses.  
On the white sand.  
And stared in delight  
at the blood on his hands.  
Then turned to her husband,  
A glint in his eye.  
Then growled at the poor woman  
"say bye-bye!"  
She could stand no more,  
With a horrified cry,  
She rushed up to save him;  
"I can't let him die!"  
She battered the Evil One  
With tiny fists.

He did nothing but laugh,  
he couldn't resist  
He collared her husband  
and held him up high.  
He was about to throw him  
When he heard a babys cry.  
He looked down with interest  
At the gurgling child.  
And picked him up, laughing.  
Smile big, eyes wild.  
The woman screamed out  
Both her baby and love  
Were hanging so dangerously,  
So high above.  
The devil laughed deeply  
and threw back his head  
He'd have both their souls  
once they were both dead.  
With a mighty heave  
He flung back both arms,  
and swinging them forward,  
He opened his palms.  
The small babe and grown man  
were hurled into the sky.  
And the petrified woman  
Knelt down and cried.  
And suddenly, her love  
and determination,  
Were channelled into  
a new sensation.  
As her man and child  
looked destined to die,  
She felt her love giving  
her power to fly!  
The more love she felt  
The faster she flew  
The faster she travelled  
The more her love grew.  
And so on she went,  
'til she reached her loved one.  
She embraced him and descended  
Then returned for her son  
With a determined face,  
She raced after him,  
Her fists were clenched,  
her expression, grim.  
She hastily grabbed him  
and flew down to ground.  
Then she and her husband  
looked all around.  
They spotted the door,  
through which she had passed.  
Then made their way to it.  
Nearly there at last!

But Satan had seen them  
And started to chase.  
The woman screamed out  
and threw sand in his face.  
He stalled for a second  
and commanded the door  
to close, while he followed  
them all the more.  
The door began to swing  
And the two humans ran.  
The closing of Death's Door  
had really begun.  
The young man leapt through  
the door with a yell.  
But the woman had stumbled  
while running, and fell.  
He ran back to her and  
helped her to stand  
But by now the Devil  
was close at hand.  
Her husband thought quickly  
and ran for the door.  
He pulled her and baby  
and the beach was no more.  
Satan was locked  
behind his own door.  
Mother, Father and Baby lay  
exhausted on the floor.  
The woman felt peaceful  
and suddenly light.  
She felt herself rise  
and float out of sight.  
She swam on slowly  
and straight through a wall.  
She flew on more slowly  
She thought she might fall.  
She looked down on her body  
Asleep in the bed.  
Tossing and turning  
and wiping her head.  
The ghost grew weary  
and flew down to the bed.  
She knew she had made it.  
She was not dead!  
She had fought against Death  
and resisted its tries  
to take her away.  
She opened her eyes.

THE END

Asha Nayaka 10KQ

# YEAR 11

## 1. "1989"

A serious theme, quite well handled. I like the transition from the very un-serious, toy duck in the bath, to the symbolic dove mimicked by the child's "dark hands", which in turn reverts to being the child's body. The emotion is there, but controlled (as it should be) with the quiet, but very meaningful restraint of the final line, which could so easily have stepped into sentimentality.

## 2. "End of Century"

A familiar enough theme, with the now well-known social "message"; but it is quite carefully made, and does succeed in getting its message across. The image of mankind (i.e. all of us) tightening the noose round the planets' neck (although geographically odd!) is effective, as is the final suggestion that the "planet will win".

## 3. "The Silent Roar"

A novel idea, a "silent roar" - but one has seen films of just that. It would benefit from a tighter form, I think.

## 4. "African Funeral"

A clearly visualised picture, with careful observation (even if imagined, rather than ever seen). Good imagery with "Tiny eyes stare, from whirlpools of wrinkles".

"1989"

In a flat,  
High above the umbrellas.  
A tap runs idly  
Whilst a child watches  
A plastic duck  
Bob on the water.  
The sink overflows.  
The duck falls on to  
The soaked carpet  
And the child cries.

Somewhere,  
In postcards 'Paradise'  
A child plays on the sand  
His dark hands mimic  
A white dove  
Soaring across the beach,  
But the olive trees  
Are dead and dry  
And the dove is gone  
Only the brown bird remains,  
Its body flakey and sore.  
Slowly it fades  
As its creator stares  
Towards the sun.  
Wings melt into clay  
As the child's finers  
form a bowl,  
And he prays for rain.

Sarah Baxter 5KG



## End of Century. 1990

The government sells off water we own  
Raises mortgage rates to pay for our homes,  
Ambulancemen are out on a strike,  
Against a pay rise they just don't like.

In far off countries, mass murder takes place.  
I see a chinaman, blood on his face.  
Empires crumble, the people win through.  
Is what we read in the press really true?

Third world people have no real life.  
Americans worry about Bush's fat wife.  
The ozone layer is almost depleted.  
The Greenhouse Effect will not be defeated.

Nuclear war may threaten us less  
But hearts kill from executive stress.  
Roads are jammed, trains packed full  
And still with the earth, we push and we pull.

Religion divides us, Muslims and Jews,  
Who will run, how many will lose?  
AIDS claims victims both young and old,  
Many will die from the common cold.

The world's in turmoil, unable to cope,  
As around its neck, we tighten the rope.  
The eighties are over, the nineties begin,  
Maybe this decade, the planet will win.

## THE SILENT ROAR

Whispers chatter through the bracken  
Sending ancient messages  
Of approaching danger.  
Still the king travels on.

The architect of life  
Looks down on the hunt.  
Timeless face disguises  
A heavy heart.

Infinite energy  
Communicates emotions  
While melancholy subjects dance  
In the fire of his eyes.

Swirling torrents  
Of grey and black  
Disguise a lifetime's memory  
In the lion's silent roar.

Robert Emanuel

## AFRICAN FUNERAL

Two ivory candles  
Shine bright  
Against the grey corpse.  
Tiny eyes stare  
From whirlpools of wrinkles.  
He will not see  
The attendants  
Light the candles  
At the base  
He will not feel them  
Burn and crack  
And break away,  
Stolen.

Sarah Baxter 5KG

Commended by W.H. Smith

## LATE ARRIVAL TO APOCALYPSE

The Dragon lies waiting,  
Dormant in its underground silo,  
Unknown to everyone  
Bar the creator.

Above, the barren wasteland  
Cries out for life,  
But ~~the answer returned~~  
Comes only from its echo.

In the darkness below,  
It awaits its prompt  
To soar high above  
And ~~survey the~~ decaying beauty.

Life returns to the silo once more  
With the winking of its red eye,  
And a ribbon of smoke  
Twisting from its nostrils.

Escaping its domain of solitude,  
It penetrates the kingdom above,  
Selecting its victim,  
The last of the human race.

Its wrath is unleashed,  
A fantastic spectacle.  
Guy Fawkes would have marvelled  
To see this tribute.

The wasteland tastes the ultimate life  
With the mushroom revealing its true splendour,  
Which slowly disperses  
Having had the last laugh.

The late scorer forces the draw,  
An ~~imminent~~ end to the game of life,  
A victory for all,  
But none a winner,  
Only the fittest survive  
Some insects - to spectate.

A. HARV

Antony Harvey 5KG

Commended by W.H. Smith



SELF

The desire to comprehend its contents  
Struggles  
With the compulsion to  
Turn and run  
To shut away  
To smash into non-existence  
The vulgar box challenging you.

Stretch a hand to touch  
And be filled with  
Repulsion.  
The grotesque colours, no longer  
Immobile, merge  
To swallow your eyes  
And burn them.

Sealing edges  
Create frustration  
Fingers bleeding under strain  
To prize open the illusive lid  
Your hands, contaminated with its ugliness  
Open.....  
And inside, she is beautiful.

Frances Moody

Commended by W.H. Smith

Mildly irritating,  
The pollutant swirls in a dirty grey fog  
Circling my head.

Continuing  
To sweep and whirl and dance  
With the air I breathe.

It insists  
On creeping into my nose and nestling  
In my hair.

I can't breathe  
My eyes sting, my lungs are choking  
It is within me.

Inside  
It circulates my body polluting...  
And poisoning.

Leaving a trail  
Black and yellow stains forever.  
Next time.....

I'll travel non-smoking!

Amanda Clifford SWK

W.H. Smith Certificate

Cadbury Certificate



