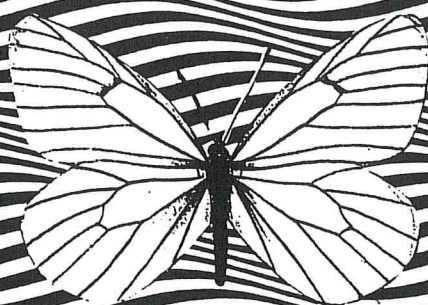
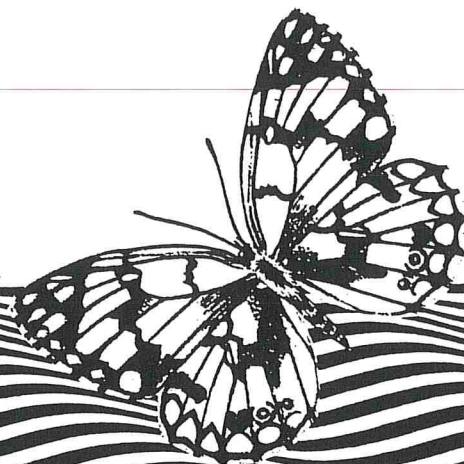


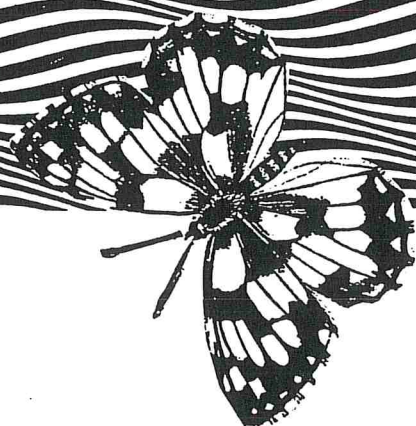
MOUNTBATTEN  
SCHOOL



2001

POETRY

FESTIVAL





## The Mountbatten School Poetry Festival 2001

It is always a delightful challenge to read and award young writers for excellence in their work. It is difficult to choose winning entries in a poetry competition when it is such a subjective process.

All the entrants, in the Mountbatten Poetry Festival 2001, are winners because they have taken valuable time to write their poems. If I haven't chosen your poem for the anthology, it isn't because what you have written is not good enough, it is that I have found another poem personally more appealing.

Most of all, I was looking for a fresh approach, a new angle into a subject, something which would make my toes twinkle. I also wanted to see poems with patterns, new imagery, good structuring, rhyme which worked without being forced, and **'...the best words in the best order'**, (Samuel Taylor Coleridge).

Points that you may like to consider for the future include the following:

1. The first thing a judge sees is the presentation. It matters. Get it right and you fly over the first hurdle.
2. The next important part of a poem is the title. It matters. It has to be the 'hook' which entices the reader to read on. Some very good titles are: *Snoggin the Nog*, *Through My Eyes*, *The Kitchen Sink*, *Simply Complicated* and *The Plea of the NSPCS*. But, there is no point in having a great title if the poem doesn't live up to it.
3. The look of a poem on the page is important. It matters. But, a poem which is centred shows that the poet wants it to look 'tidy'. Look at any poetry book; poems are (generally) not centred.
4. Pictures at this stage are not what a judge is looking for. It doesn't matter how good your computer clip-art is, it's the words that matter.
5. Watch out for 'lays' instead of 'lies' and 'it's' instead of 'its'. It matters. And 'all right' is always 'all right'.
6. If a poem is in strict rhyme; stick to it. It matters. But, don't force the words into the wrong order to fit the rhyme.
7. Free verse poems are not chopped-up prose. They are harder to write because there are no set rules but language matters. How the words work together is important. Rhythm is also very important.
8. Today we write poems in today's language. We do not use 'o'er', 'betwixt', 'ne'er' or any of the other archaic words which poets in the past used. We write the way we speak. It matters.
9. One of the most important things a poet learns to do is read their work out loud. It soon becomes clear where a poem doesn't work.
10. Last but by no means least, every poet must read. How can you explore the world of words if you do not read. READ, READ, READ. It matters.



Enough lecturing! These points are meant to be constructively helpful; ignore them and risk a fall at the hurdles, consider them and you will fly over each one and find yourself at the winning post.

Each set of poems posed different challenges for me:

### YEAR 7

There were a lot of poems which could have been in the final eight. With a bit of re-writing (you do re-write, don't you?) they would have been up amongst the winners.

I chose *Personification Wake-Up* by Ben Sanchez as the winning poem. How could I resist an opening line like this:

'My bed groans like an old man...'

Just what a judge is looking for. The imagery continues throughout. A well-crafted poem, which is a clear winner.

*Ode to Uncle Andy* by Crystal Holloway came in a good second. It is refreshing to find good humour in good rhyme.

*The Bully* by Clare Gustin wins third prize and *Through My Eyes* by Angelica Liddell, fourth.

*My Cloud* by Aimi Philpott Travers, *Martin Luther King* by Jo Slade, *Bullies* by Kim Jenkins and *There's Still Time* by Liam Kelly each receive a commendation.

### YEAR 8

*Slave* by Nichola Monks became the winning poem after much thought. What I find appealing about this poem is its rhythm and simplicity. The subject could have been overstated but this is a poem in tight control.

*My Family* by Jonathan Gardner is well-structured and funny and takes second prize. *The Silent Hunter* by Jonathan Crump is third and *Life* by Christie Lock, fourth.

*England Vs Germany* by Adam Gaunt, *The Kitchen Sink* by Rob Fresson, *Mouse in the Wood* by J.J. Godwin and *The Match* by Jonathan Slade receive a commendation.

### YEAR 9

The winning poem has to be *The Old Chair* by Stephen Dart. A poem of few words, yet it is so complete. I particularly like:

'No-one to sit on its comfy lap...'

*I Am the Rain* by Alice Liddell is second. The structure works well and the sounds of words are good but it could have been pruned to make it even more effective. *The Plea of the NSPCS* by Helen Russell-Clark had me giggling all the way through and is placed third. Fourth is *Ants* by Matthew Crane.

*Lost Forever* by Charlotte Tall, *Rattlesnake* by James Houghton, *Inset Day* by Jon Hackett and *Michael Owen* by Katherine Taylor each receive a commendation.

## YEAR 10

*Prague* by Tom Trueman wins first prize. This is a poem of the best words in the best order. No unnecessary words, simple yet effective and very visual.

*Behind Closed Doors* by Jacki Casey takes on a difficult subject yet manages to handle it well and takes second prize. *Solitary Harmony* by Jon Williams is a daring attempt at moving away from conventional layout. The two voices are woven together to make a very workable poem. It wins third prize. *Emotions* by Rachel Matthews takes fourth prize.

*The Newbie (Newbury?) Terrorist* by Michael Knight, *(Untitled)* by Emma Warner, *A Dead Man's Death* by Thomas Reed and *Ignorance is Bliss* by Alex Chester receive a commendation.

## YEAR 11

Poems about writing poems usually don't win prizes but *The Little Voices are Talking to Me* by Hollie Wells could not have done anything but win. It has a structure which works but I'd like to see it not centred.

*Material Love* by Faern Pepper is a lovely example of a concise poem with impact - 'A chocolate kiss/as sweet as sin...' - and wins second prize. *Results Day* by Owen Spottiswoode leaves us not knowing the results (but I hope they were what you wanted, Owen!) and is awarded third. *Mosi oa tunya* by Emma Hodges wins fourth.

*It's Great to be the Best* by Zahra Clark, *Death of Granddad* by Holly Davis, *A Digital World* by Hugh Biddlecomb and *Food Chain* by Phillip Leigh each receive a commendation.

My thanks go to all of you; you made it a very difficult task choosing the eventual winners and commendations.

Good luck, Mountbatten School, with this annual venture; all too many schools 'can't find the time' to include poetry on their curriculum. It is a rich and thriving part of our English language and should be an essential component of every child's education.

poems like pebbles  
skim waves of words  
sink below surface skin

*Maira Clark*

## **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 – 7SDN

## Ode to Uncle Andy

My Uncle Andy's such a kid  
Even though he is a man.  
Every time he visits us  
He acts like Peter Pan.

He only comes to our house  
To play with all our toys.  
He winds my little sisters up  
And they make lots of noise.

My Auntie tries to take him home  
He says "just one more time"  
He carries on with playing  
But then he starts to whine.

"Oh no I've lost. I'll have to stay.  
Just give me one more go".  
Then my Mum gets really cross  
And quickly tells him, "No".

It's time you went. We have to eat.  
We still have had no tea"  
"Just one more time I beg of you",  
He then begins to plea.

"I love this game. I need to play  
And beat the highest score.  
My sisters take away the toys  
And kick him through the door.

I hope he never changes.  
He really is good fun.  
Of all the Uncles in the world  
Mine is number one.

By Crystal Holloway – 7SDN

## **Through My Eyes**

Through the light,  
I feel your comfort.  
Through the light,  
I know you're there.  
Through the light,  
I feel your gentleness.  
That shows me that you care.

Through the rain,  
I feel your sorrow.  
Through the rain,  
I see your tears.  
Through the rain,  
I greet emotion.  
Beyond all other fears.

Through the wind,  
I sense your power.  
Through the wind,  
I feel your breath.  
Through the wind,  
I ? of movement,  
And the stopping of it is death.

Through the storm,  
I feel your anger,  
Through the storm,  
I stand upright.  
Through the storm,  
I answer back,  
Calling through the night.

Through the air,  
I know you've left me.  
Through the air,  
I break down and cry,  
Through the air,  
I lose control. How could you just die?

By Angelica Liddell – 7DGD



## **The Bully**

Mutter, Mutter, a patter of feet,  
I swing round, and who do I meet?  
A whisper behind me, a jab at my back,  
My eyes are watchful as I wait for the attack ...

Its him, its her, it's The Bully!.

It comes so suddenly, a kick on my leg,  
Then a punch in my stomach as I begin to beg.  
"O please, Oh please not again Pete"  
I call and cry as I'm swung off my feet.

Its him, its her, it's the Bully.

As I scream and yell a crowd gather round,  
They've never come to help me I've found  
As I call for help they all start to jeer,  
And I start to shake and tremble with fear.

Its him, it's her, it's The Bully.

The bell goes and I jump a mile,  
Pete gives me a nasty, cruel smile.  
He sneers "We'll carry on out little game tomorrow".  
The words seem to echo – again tomorrow... again tomorrow ... again tomorrow!

By Clare Gussin – 7JLK

## My Cloud

Can you see that elephant,  
It's in that cloud up there?  
And can you see that funny  
Man with glasses and big hair?  
How about that lady with  
A great big umbrella?  
Doesn't she know the sun is out,  
Do you think I should go and tell her?  
Is that a flying pig up there,  
And a great fat baboon,  
They look so soft and fluffy,  
Like candy floss at the fair,  
So cosy and so comfy,  
Like my favourite armchair!  
I'd really like to sleep on it,  
Do you think I'd be allowed?  
I could dream and think  
and plan my day.

On my very own Special Cloud!

By Aimi Philpott-Travers – 7DGD  
Commended

## **Martin Luther King**

He fought for his race,  
He fought for his wife,  
He fought for his kids,  
He fought for his life.

The colour of his skin,  
Came between us,  
They couldn't vote,  
Or sit on the bus.

Martin had a dream,  
As he told everyone,  
That everyone would hold hands,  
Have peace and have fun.

Racism grew,  
As fast as lightning,  
Black people were killed,  
As fast as lightning.

Martin Luther King,  
Was shot in the back,  
In a hotel,  
Because he was black.

He fought for his race,  
He fought for his wife,  
Martin is remembered  
Because he gave up his life.

Racism shrunk,  
As far as lightning,  
But racism hasn't gone,  
As fast as lightning.

By Jo Slade – 7ECN  
Commended

## **Bullies**

Bullies are a nuisance,  
They make me feel down,  
They help me change my smile into a frown.

They surround me in the playground,  
And pick a fight with me,  
If only I could show them how spiteful I could be.

I'd stuff them in a garbage can,  
I'd lob them in a bush,  
Or I'd shove one down the loo and give it a good old whoooooosh!

I'd call them stupid names,  
Like I've never said before,  
There's loads of them plus many, many more.  
So many things I'd love to do,  
If only they could come true.

I'd be king, king of all,  
I'd make them feel really small.

But still they punch me in the eye,  
They kick me in the knee,  
What I really cannot see is why they pick on me!

By Kim Jenkins – 7VBA  
Commended



### **There's Still Time**

He zooms down the court,  
Bouncing it up and down,  
Not time to stop and think  
Driving towards the goal.

But wait someone's in his way,  
Blocking his road to victory.  
Three seconds left on the clock,  
But no, he's driven back.

He fakes left, goes right,  
Arms up , flick of the wrist,  
It sours through the air.  
The basketball is through the net,  
"Three points"  
We win.

By Liam Kelly – 7ECN  
Commended

## **Pounding The Sea**

Beautiful green algae  
Serious and deadly  
Spearheads a strikeforce  
Across the world's oceans  
Pounding the sea.

Spreads a green carpet  
that poisons the fish  
Has no natural predators  
Not even the sharks, that  
are pounding the sea.

Silently, secretly,  
Cloned alien monster  
Tiny green shoots to  
eco disaster,  
How long can they keep  
pounding the sea?

By Stan Harvey – 7KGL

## Solo Sax

As I blow the first note a boat horn sounds,  
The loudest noise you've ever heard but it's the best!  
So rich and pure, full of authority.

The second note is an owl's night-time hoot,  
Simple and clear, heavy with music.  
It cuts through the air with its mournful blues.

Jazzy and cool is the third note,  
Full to the brim with life and heart,  
Its rhythmic sound soars above the whole  
neighbourhood and makes everybody stop and listen.

Swing to the sound of  
THE SAX!!

By Anna Ter Haar 7 JLK

## A cat's tale

I have a cat so sleek and shiney  
He's always making plans,  
To find out whats behind the door  
To find out if he can.

So off he sets with pointed ears,  
Twitching for a sound,  
Around the bend his twisting tail  
Lays curling all around.

To keep his balance steady,  
To keep his confidence high  
This curious and cunning feline  
Sneaks around at night.

Looking for his target  
Keeping low to the ground  
On and on he travels  
With just the slightest sound.

Opening his mouth  
He reveals to all inside  
Over razor sharp white blades  
His pink tongue slowly glides.

Ahead, a door lays waiting,  
To be opened, to get through  
With one great spring from cushioned paws  
He knows just what to do.

He stretches for the handle  
At last its all so clear,  
A loud meow, a throaty purr  
He knows his maters near.

Inside the room is welcoming  
Its where he wants to be  
With a crackling fire to warm against  
And two big fish for tea.

By Daniel Hayes 7 KGL



## Have you ?

Have you heard the Hallyards slap  
or the waves against the shore?

Have you tasted sweet ice-cream  
seen kids want more and more?

Have you smelt the fish and chips  
and heard the oceans roar?

Have you felt the fresh sea breeze  
the sand between your toes?

Have you seen the pay-per-sits  
regimental in their rows?

Have you felt the sunning cream  
the sting of bees' backsides?

Have you seen the sunshine set  
on everflowing tides?

Have you woken to the sound  
of seagulls calling forth?

The army of pale skin tourists  
come marching from the north?

By Sam Sims 7 SPS

### **An Aviary Bird**

The urge to fly, to sweep above the ground,  
To feel the wind beneath my huge, white wings;  
No more confined to valley or to mound,  
To hear the lark, as clear and loud it sings.  
No rut or floor, metal cage, no door  
Confines my freedom, my want for still peace.  
Riding the thermals I silently soar,  
As I join the swans, the eagles, the geese.

By Ben Cox 7 CPH

## Slave

Don't cause a fuss,  
Don't shout or scream,  
Just 'cause your life,  
Is a horrible dream.

You've never had joy,  
The chance to have fun.  
There's no-where to turn.  
There's no-where to run.

No-one to listen  
To your stories of pain,  
Or to cover your head,  
When you're out in the rain.

Or to buy you some real clothes,  
'stead of rags that are pinned,  
Or give you a shelter,  
From the rain and the wind.

You were sold as a slave,  
For the price of a sack,  
Your life is despair,  
And all 'cause you're black.

By Nicholas Monks – 8VBN

## My Family

She works, she washes, she worries, she cooks  
And in her spare time like reading books.  
She spends hours and hours on the phone  
Organising basketball leagues and things at home.  
She's clumsy, loses things and is sometimes late,  
But most of the time I think she's great!  
Guess who? My Mum.

He gets up at the crack of dawn,  
To go to work, yawn, yawn, yawn.  
He plays football on a Friday night  
And when he comes home he's quite a sight.  
He likes watching TV and falling asleep.  
He's a great guy with smelly feet!  
Guess who? My Dad.

He is a pain in the neck some of the time  
But most of the people think he's fine.  
He pinches, he punches, he calls me a name  
Then when I retaliate I get the blame.  
He likes watching videos tucked up in a heap.  
The only time he is quiet is when he's asleep.  
Guess who? My Brother.

He likes doing homework and writing poetry.  
His favourite subjects are Art and Geography.  
He likes to get up early to go to school  
And he thinks his uniform is really cool.  
He's handsome, caring, helpful and polite.  
Guess who? It's me. Yeah right!

By Jonathan Gardner – 8MJS



## **The Silent Hunter**

Silent flight  
Eyes piercing through the night  
Like two black opals shining  
From a shadowed moon

Flash of light from a passing car  
Turns a head with a fixed stare  
Unknowing prey play in the grass  
Thinking they are safe

From hungry claws  
Swooping softly with deadly speed.  
Screeching shatters the silence  
Of the frosty midnight air.

By Jonathan Crump – 8

## Life

Chubby tummies,  
Wriggly Toes,  
Brand new dummies  
Button nose.

First steps they walk,  
Hip hooray,  
First words they talk,  
What a day.

First day at school,  
Should be fun,  
Fell off the stool,  
Just want Mum.

Lank greasy hair,  
Tons of spots,  
Life's not fair,  
Just want to rot.

Do you love him?  
Maybe not,  
Want the ring,  
Not tie the knot.

Preparation,  
Full with fear,  
Operation  
Baby's here.

Life's progressed,  
Time has passed,  
Life was the best,  
It went so fast.

By Christie Lock – 8 MJS

## England Vs Germany

Will England beat them this time,  
Or will we lose again?  
Will Shearer get a hat trick?  
Or Owen scores us ten?

The whistle blow, the match begins,  
The crowd all shout and cheer.  
'Go on Owen, score a goal,  
The way ahead is clear'.

Oh no! Here come Christian Ziege,  
He's going to take him out!  
A tackle flies and Owens falls,  
That's a penalty – no doubt.

Owen scores a super goal,  
Then Shearer scores two more,  
Beckham crosses, Scholes attacks,  
A goal! That makes it four!

Now the German teams gets mad,  
They don't know what to do.  
Then Adams heads one in as well  
And Sheringham gets one too!

Six nil is the final score,  
But are things as they seem?  
"Wake up Adam", mum shouts upstairs,  
Oh no! It was just a dream!

By Adam Gaunt – 8TAS  
Commended

## **The Kitchen Sink**

The kitchen sink, is alive I think,  
One night I crept to get a drink  
At me, it winked!

The kitchen sink, is alive I think,  
I once was writing with some ink,  
This time it blinked!

The kitchen sink, is made of zinc,  
I was watching telly "The Weakest Link",  
I could have sworn I saw it shriek.

The kitchen sink, is dead I think,  
My brother made a smelly stink,  
It did not wink or shriek or blink!

Now, the sink,  
Runs water...  
Blood pink!

By Rob Fresson – 8  
Commended



### **Mouse in the Wood**

There are Badger and fox,  
Heather and Thorn,  
Even fungi at dawn  
Welly prints, keeper's tracks  
Old oil drums painted black  
Owls at night, deer in day  
Danger little mouse. Keep away.

By J Godwin – 8  
Commended

## **The Match**

It's five to three and I'm all of a twitch,  
any minute now they'll be out on the pitch.

Then the crowd erupts as the team walks out,  
for the pre-match kick about.

The whistle blows and we're now under way  
James Beatie and co must start to play.

Saints must be on their guard as their defence looks poor,  
with only the goalie to beat, United surely must score.

Cole strokes the ball into the back of the net.  
We're gonna get a hammering now I'll bet.

For the rest of the Saints were under the cosh.  
If only Becks would think about Posh.

The whistle blows it's time for some tea,  
thank goodness for that I'm dying for a wee!

The second half starts with a kick of the ball,  
Pahar's in the box and he starts to fall.

The crowd roars. It must be a pen.  
The ref looks to his linesman and then!

He points the spit; the penalty's given.  
Up steps Dodd. Into goal the ball is driven.

From then on in Saints battled hard,  
even though two players were shown the red card!

Through all United's pressure though they simply  
couldn't score,  
So the game ended in a one-all draw.

By Jonathan Slade - 8HWS  
Commended

**My Killer Cat called Kissen (Kissen is Swedish for pussycat)**

My cat has very silky fur  
When you stroke her  
Hear her purr.  
She slaughters animals twice her size  
She stalks them with her yellow eyes  
All down our drive she leaves their guts  
and bits of flesh with great big cuts  
She brings the rabbit population to a stop  
which is very good for my mum's crops.

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By Oskar Gibson 8MJS

## **The Old Chair**

The old lonely chair  
Sitting in the attic  
Not loved any more.

No-one to sit on its comfy lap  
and sleep for hours on end.

It gathers dust year by year  
knowing that  
Never again will it feel the warm company  
of the old log fire.

By Stephen Dart – 9ACN

## **I am the Rain**

Splish-splash pitta-patta  
That's the sound I make  
River sea and ocean  
Brook and pond and lake  
Bucket, drizzle, spit and teem  
To you, that's what I mean.  
But you are wrong  
And I am more,  
Listen,  
To what I say:  
I am so much,  
I do so much,  
Where should I begin?

I am the rain that dance on trees,  
I am the rain that floats on the breeze.

I am the rain that come down from the clouds  
I am the rain that shaped valleys and mounds.

I am the rain that's marked on all maps,  
I am the rain that thunders and claps.

I am the rain that signals a storm,  
I am the rain that pours in the morn.

I am the rain that settles as dew.  
I am the rain that nourishes you.

I am the rain which you take and take,  
To have as a drink, from which you make:

Coffee, hot chocolate, soups and tea,  
And fizzy squashes, all these are me.

I am the rain that's contained in your food,  
Choose me as you wish, to suit your mood.

I am the rain that fills the ocean,  
I am the rain that's precipitation.

I am the rain that freezes to ice,  
I am the rain that will suffice.

I am the rain that can pelt or shower,  
I am the rain that refreshes flowers.

I am the rain that fills pools for birds,

I am the rain that moves flocks and herds.

I make these animals move to the south,  
To a place of plenty, to feed their mouths.

Splish-splash, pitta-patta,  
That's the sound I make,  
River, sea and ocean,  
Brook and pond and lake.  
Bucket, drizzle, spit and teem,  
To you that's what I mean.

But as far as I can see,  
(Which is further than you can),  
I am the rain, the rain is me,  
And I can do more than a man.

By Alice Liddell – 9HWT

## **The Plea of The NSPCS**

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Snails.  
Would you like to help us by following a few simple rules?

For all those keen gardeners out there,  
Please find other methods of repelling snails from your precious plants.  
DO NOT use Snail Pellets.  
The deadly poison kills them in the most sickening way.  
What's a couple of cabbages to you anyway?

Why do you French have to eat the snail?  
There are plenty of other foods out there you know!  
DO NOT pick them out with a sharp fork,  
And dunk them in a garlic sauce –  
Some Delicacy!

The same goes to the thrush,  
The mass murderer of snails,  
DO NOT bash it against the rock,  
Just to satisfy your stomach.  
How would you like it if someone scooped out your innards?

Children, Children,  
The snail is not a toy!  
DO NOT disturb their peace,  
And pick them up to race them,  
Just for so called "fun".

And to all those budding vets,  
Who think the snail is a slug stuck in a shell.  
DO NOT attempt to dissect it,  
They try to nurse it better,  
Only to find the next morning that it is dead.

But if you do,  
At least give it a funeral.

By Helen Russell-Clark – 9SCS



## Ants

They scuttle along the Rainforest floor.  
They look around, they seek and explore.  
Their enemies are few and far.  
And their methods are, quite bizarre.

They kill with over whelming odds.  
They can overwhelm any mob.  
Nothing can escape their power.  
And they live in large, mud-made towers.

By Matthew Crane – 9DDY

## **Lost Forever**

Stumbling back from the front  
Men wounded and broken like old coat hangers  
As they trudge through dead bodies and  
Faces of past friendships.  
Alone but still surrounded by soldiers  
They go over the top to their deaths.  
To become yet another grey stone  
In a field of red poppies.

By Charlotte Tall – 9JRE

## **Rattle Snake**

Ever see  
A rattle snake  
Wound around  
A birthday cake?

Then to  
Colorado  
Where full of  
Bravado

Cowpotses  
From the panhandles  
Blow out the candles.

By James Houghton – 9CED  
Commended

### **INSET Day**

We had an INSET day Friday  
And I spent the morning in bed.  
But the teachers went as usual  
And they got taught instead.

Imagine them in a classroom,  
The Headteacher sucking her pen,  
The Head of Year sits day dreaming,  
While my teacher gets ten out of ten.

When they're working hard,  
We're out having fun,  
Playing football in the park,  
Laughing and joking in the sun.

By Jon Hackett – 9HWT  
Commended

## **Michael Owen**

To some he's a footballer  
A hero, a star  
To me he's a god  
Who I've followed so far.

His soft boyish looks  
His charm and style  
A little pinched nose  
And a big cheeky smile.

On the pitch he's so manly,  
Aggressive and fast  
Leaving defenders astonished  
As he quickly runs past.

In shorts he's so cute  
A bold number ten  
He's simply the best  
Forget other men.

Not a fault does he hold  
He's simply divine  
So all move aside  
Because he's all mine!

By Katherine Taylor – 9 SCS  
Commended

## **The Dream Weavers**

When the massacre of innocent men is over,  
And the butchery exists no more.  
The beckoning spirit weaves forward,  
To obtain the forgotten souls.

Whispering of the winds and desolated souls  
Bring forth forgotten memories  
Of slaughtered hopes,  
As the souls enter the peaceful Utopia.

Human destruction and hatred  
Was paid for with blameless lives,  
And as all of humanity screams out in pain,  
They look to the sky for a second chance.

As the poisoned spirits breed, the weaver's soul,  
The gateway of contentment, opens in the light  
And the ones of everlasting life,  
The Dream Weavers, reunite.

By Anna-Marie Smith – 9SKY

## **PRAGUE**

At first glance,  
A dying city,  
Crumbling plaster,  
Not that pretty,  
Dirty buildings,  
Time-spent glory,  
Rusty trains,  
A bygone story!

Look more closely,  
You see a place  
Unspoilt by war,  
With rustic grace.  
Winding back streets,  
Conflicted past,  
Shiny cobbles,  
Its fame will last

by Tom Truman  
10SGN

## **BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**

Do you really think the answer's in a tiny white pill?  
Even the whole bottle, might just make you ill.  
Even if it works, your heart never beats again.  
Do you really think it's worth it, to take away the pain?  
Every desperate breath you breathe, every tear you cry,  
Is another mourner in the wake, who has to question why.

I know you've tried before. Could be you'll try again;  
Will I be the one to push you, before I can explain?  
Tread carefully? I'm scared to tread at all,  
Scared to come near you, terrified to speak,  
To smile, to frown, to laugh or cry or scream;  
You can't face reality and you can't live on a dream.  
Torn up inside and you have to vent  
So you tear up outside, coping capacity is spent.  
But do you realise it's me you're tearing apart?  
Words forgotten in a moment, immortal position in my heart.  
And the worst is I can't tell you how I feel  
Because I know that you're for real.

Do you really think the answer's in that shiny lethal edge?  
Between you and your loved ones, just the attempt drives a wedge;  
The knife in your wrist is a knife in my heart  
Forever twisting, pulling love and sanity apart.  
The cross on your grave is my cross to bear-  
What part of the guilt is mine to share?

I know you don't like it, when they make a hullabaloo  
It's only because, year after, we still don't know what you'll do  
When you get that look upon your face, and storm up to your room  
Are you listening to your music, or are you planning doom?  
When I hear your crying in the night  
Is it something I have said, in thoughtlessness or spite?  
I see the blood, I see the scars, empty bottles, is this the last?  
Are they remnants from a war-torn past?  
Poignant reminders of the price we pay?  
Or are they a problem that lives on today?  
When you get that tension in your stance, and stumble up the stairs,  
Are you going to try to end it, because you think that no one cares?

Look down from that car park, what do you see?  
Cold concrete unforgiving, unlike me.  
The world will accept you, if you'll only learn to learn  
Trust, happiness and friendship, you can give and you can earn  
So will you give it all away, for a twenty second drop?  
The pain that you give others is the pain you thought you'd lost.

Jacki Casey  
10EBW



## SOLITARY HARMONY

My life, is a waif, drifting on a warm autumn breeze,  
Your life is mine, as I am that autumn breeze.

My life, is a deafening silence, echoing in crowded room,  
Your life is mine, for I am the crowded room.

My life, is a single rain drop, plummeting over a barren plain,  
Your life is mine, as I am that barren plain.

My life, is a stationary cloud. gracing mountains and hills,  
Your life is mine for I am both the mountains and hills.

No,  
Yours life is mine, for I am the waif, I am the silence, the rain and the cloud.

So I must be you,  
So you must be me,  
There is no you, nor me, just I,  
How life should be?  
A solitary harmony

Jon Williams  
10TPU

## EMOTIONS

I seek to speak, but do not find the words  
I long to laugh, but cannot find the humour  
I care to cry, but have lost the tears  
I search for sadness, but have mislaid the pain  
I fight for fear, but need to find my strength  
I look for love, but lost my heart before

Rachel Matthews  
10RCS

## THE NEWBY TERRORIST

Ok that's it  
He thought to himself  
As he walked out of the door  
Whistling a song.

No-one would suspect  
The bomb in the toilet –  
Engaged sign on cubicle  
Locked from inside.

He stopped for a while  
To think of the children.  
Then he remembered he was a terrorist  
And just carried on walking.

He awoke that night  
Fingers in hair,  
Sweat on his face,  
Screaming in fear

Michael Knight  
10RME  
Commended

I went to the party, mum  
The one you said I shouldn't  
I remembered what you said though.  
You told me not to drink,  
So I had a coke instead.  
Then I had another one,  
But with vodka this time.  
It felt good so I had some more.

I felt proud.  
Losing control and gaining confidence.  
I was on top of the world.  
My head was spinning,  
But I thought I would drive home anyway  
"It's only around the corner", I thought.

I got into my car,  
Sure to get home in one piece,  
I never knew what was coming, mum  
something I expected that least.  
My vision blurred as the headlights flashed in my eyes.  
I hear a scream.  
As I realised what was happening,  
My head hit the windscreen.  
I don't know what happened next,  
I don't think I want to.

I tried to open my eyes but I couldn't.  
I didn't want to see.,  
I heard the paramedic say,  
"This one's going to die:  
I had no idea while I was flying high.  
I chose to drink and drive,  
And now I'd have to die.

My own blood is all around me,  
As the tears fill my eyes.  
I'm getting scared now.  
My breath is getting shorter.  
These are my final moments and I'm so unprepared.

I wish that you could hold me mum,  
As I lie here and die.  
I wish that I could tell you I love you, mum,  
So "I love you and goodbye"

Emma Warner 10IRR  
Commended

### **A Dead Man's Death**

The blue lights flicker in the misty moonlight  
I draw my gun ready to fight  
My heart is banging my body apart  
A Police Lady's bullet punctures like a dart.  
My liver jumps, my body drapes.  
A hole in my side, my blood escapes.  
I thought to myself as I looked at her  
Why did I become a murderer?  
I fall to the floor, my life flies by  
I watch it amazed and wave goodbye  
Lying in a sea of red  
The excruciating pain is melting my head  
I pray to god, I wish I were dead,  
Dreaming of being in my death bed.

By Thomas Reed – 10RCS  
Commended

## **Ignorance is Bliss**

In 1994 Malcolm was the school hamster  
He died and the teachers had to get a new one  
But that isn't what really happened,  
Malcolm just went on holiday for a week.

I never knew. I was happy.

In 1997 my Mother had financial problems,  
She couldn't afford to get the bike that I wanted for Christmas,  
But that  
Santa just couldn't fit the bike in his sack.

I never knew,  
I was happy.

But then in the Year 2000,  
My old great uncle died,  
In June I went to the funeral.

I knew,  
I cried.

By Alex Chester – 10RCS  
Commended

## 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

## **Material Love**

A chocolate kiss  
As sweet as sin

A sugary whisper  
“Dear Honeykin”!

A pink bouquet  
And all is well

A cushion heart  
With gentle smell

It seems that love comes easily,  
When you can give and take.

But, what’s happened to real love?  
This manufactured love is fake.

By Faern Pepper – 11GJN

## **Results Day**

Pour my life into a brown envelope,  
Held between trembling hands.  
Bold, reassuring letter which spell my name,  
Conceal my fate.  
All of my hopes, dreams and aspirations,  
Written with nine letters.  
On a flimsy scrap of white paper.  
Nothing can be changed,  
Yet my mind cherishes its last moments  
Of blissful ignorance,  
Until my fingers fumble the clumsy seal,  
And all is known.

By Owen Spottiswoode – 11JHT



### **Mosi oa Tunya**

Smoke churns  
From the seething cauldron,  
A perpetual shower  
Drumming the rainforest bank,  
Vervet monkeys chatter  
Beneath ebony, sausage trees,  
Piercing sunlight yellow  
Highlights green fringed palm fronds  
Red heamanthus, white or orchids  
Hover over shallow pools  
Rainbows dance  
In the dewy grass,  
Mosi oa tunya.

By Emma Hodges – 11SCS

### Its great to be the best

Nothing is more exhilarating  
Then being on a  
Netball court,  
Enthusiasm of the crowd,  
Swiftiness of the game,  
Rapidly of change  
Eagerness to win,  
Its just great.  
Pain, sweat, tears and nerves  
Reach over time.  
Coach screams "Come on".  
Captain shouts "Play for time!"  
All I see is that golden ball,  
Its coming, its mine!  
Its hers!  
You tell your mate "left"  
She receives the lost ball,  
To shoot it to home.  
Savouring the game.  
She may be the best player  
But we as a team  
Are the best!

By Zahra Clark – 11  
Commended

## **Death of Grandad**

I have a picture of Grandmother and me, but where are you?  
I didn't know what you looked like, or how you smelt.  
I have no photographs, so I can't imagine you when you were alive  
Or any clothes I could smell to keep the scent of you in my thoughts.  
As I aged, I wanted to ask questions.  
Where you lived? How you died? How old were you?  
Why nobody in our family has photographs of your family?  
Why Gran would go quiet when you were mentioned?  
What did you do so wrong?  
It hurts me that no-one will talk about you.  
I would like to know all about my family who died before I was born.  
I would have like to know what historic happenings you encountered.  
As I have experience two eclipses and the Millennium.

I just wanted to say where are you?

I MISS YOU.

By Holly Davis – 11CLE  
Commended

## **Food Chain**

The Eagle  
Eying up earth  
From his eyrie  
Picks out a prairie dog.

Prairie dog,  
Sniffs out a snake  
Starts to sneak  
Snake,  
Slimy reptile  
Slithering slowly through sand,  
Spots a solemn rat.

The rampant rodent runs  
Too late  
Swoop!  
Pounce!  
Bite!

The Eagle enjoys an evening snake.

By Phillip Leigh 11GJN  
Commended

## A Digital World

A digital creation,  
Can cause must elation  
To the younger generation.  
But is this evolution happening too fast,  
For members of society left in the past?  
For life is a tricky place for those who are confused,  
Who have a VCR which is not yet used.  
So let's give them all a break.  
It is a lot for them to take.  
After all it is a complicated digital world.

By Hugh Biddlecombe – 11JHT  
Commended