

THE MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL
POETRY FESTIVAL



2003 ANTHOLOGY

Poetry Festival 2003

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AFRICA

Cracked lips, parched land
Dusty promises of help at hand
Hungry children on Christmas cards
Won't help a world that's growing too fast.

I just wish it would rain on Africa.

But storm clouds gathering won't bring relief
Just darker days with no hope of peace.

I just wish it would rain on Africa,
Wash out all the pain of Africa.

Guns and bombs, tears and mud
Luxury limos race through blood
But bound by debt to hopelessness
Can we ever clean this mess?

I just wish it would rain on Africa
Wash out all the pain of Africa.

Emma Mould 7EBW

THE TREES

The wind in the trees made a rustling,
The birds in the trees sang a song,
The bees in the trees made a humming,
Last summer when nothing was wrong.

The stream 'round the trees made a trickling,
The mice near the trees used to squeak,
The wolves of the woodland would howl,
Last summer when the land was not bleak.

But all of the nature has gone now,
It's been killed or moved to elsewhere.
For the builders that caused all the trouble,
Cared not for the trees that stood there.

Neither did they care for the birdsong,
For the bees or wolves or the mice.
This nature could all have been saved,
Had the humans only thought twice.

Now I stand on the edge of this car park
And a voice whispers in my ear,
"How many animals relied
On the trees that once stood here?"

Then around me grow figures of creatures
That died for us at no cost;
Their bodies are ghostly freeze-frames,
Their lives forever lost.....

Sammy Scott 7KTS

CAPTIVITY

What holds you captive, locked in chains?
Who locks those chains that bind you tight?
Who keeps you there against you will?
Stops you from soaring high
And living all the dreams
That you keep inside your head.
Ideas, thoughts like these, cannot possibly be shared.
"You want to do what?
Quite unheard of at your age, go to bed!"
Parents tell you to
"Do the chores now" or "eat your tea up"
But maybe parents aren't your problem.
Is it something more severe?
Everyone's nailed down somehow,
It's a flaw in our society.
Wherever you are, finding freedom is hard
But if you had freedom, would you want it?
Ask yourself, what would you do?
You could do what you choose. I'll grant you
But what good would become of that?
With no law in place, who would keep order?
If freedom isn't having law removed
Then what would you have changed?
Time to yourself, now and then
Can be obtained easily enough.
Maybe school occupies all your time,
You'd rather be playing, no doubt.
But captivity can motivate you.
Orders to do this and that aren't for nothing you know.
There's a reason behind your chains.
Look closely.
Why are you stuck at work?
Of course, you have to be there
Unless you see another way
To escape the metal embrace that is work?
If you want to fly away with the birds, keep dreaming
But don't let this discourage you.
If you believe in yourself
It's a start.

Jeremy Saxton 7KTS

THE BEACH

Multicoloured parasols swamp the beach,
Beach mats are fluttering in the light breeze.
The sizzling sun burns necks like hot irons,
Sailing boats glide across the horizon
And the jet-skis buzz along
Like the wasps around Gran's jam sandwiches.

Children are laughing and screaming with delight,
Toddlers stretch toes in the wet sand
For the first time,
With water filled nappies.

Ice-cream runs down hands.
Swimmers bob between the waves.
Seagulls oar and screech for leftovers
And waves are crashing,
Sending fine spray cooling hot skies.
Ripples run around rockpools.
Warm, summer memories.

Matt Halliday 7SWY

SPRING

Long, deep sleep
Gently the sun has begun to creep,
Slowly it climbs, gaining heat.
Sharper are the shadows on the damp grass
Brighter the reflections shine on the glass
Louder the blackbird sings in the morning
Busier the gardener who tends the lawn.
Autumns leaves have made a bed
The waking hedgehog will soon shed.
From his slumber he must wake
His winter fasting he will break.
Juicy worms lay in wait
Unaware of their fate.
Longer the sun takes to set
Its warm orange glow shines in the west.

Robert Fincham 7RHT

MUSIC IS THE LIGHT

The strumming of a guitar
Brings joy to the world around,
The notes to learn take a lifetime of will.

At first you ignore
The sweet essence of music
And then you listen
To the joy,
The hope and the peace.
It sweeps itself into you like a contagious, loving breath of fresh air.

You live in a world of judgement
But music is the light
You've experienced rockers, punks, rappers and pop artists
Only the human being can turn this into a stereotyped wonderland
In which to tease,
To hate and to discriminate.
The devil's work one might say, but I believe that music is the light.

Have you ever experienced the poetic language of love?
Then you will realise the meaning of music.
Without music the love disintegrates;
There is no feeling.
When it is all over there is nothing,
Nothing to remember them by!

Jérôme Jacob 7DMY

THE REFEREE

The ref always seems to get the blame
But never starlight, never fame.
The ref is always getting booed!
The fans really get in the mood.

They've made songs about the poor bloke
The fans just say they're having a joke
He always has to settle the fight
He must have nightmares about this at night.

Soon, match day approaches,
Here come the coaches.
England and Spain are the teams on show
Now the teams are ready to go.

Owen ran at the defence
You could tell the match was really tense
Finally the final whistle blows
The game finished England 3, Spain 2.

The ref had an amazing game
But he would not get any fame
Players seem to get it all
Fame, money and the match ball.

David Taylor 7AJS

THE RUIN

How fearsome is this old wall,
Crushed and torn by time
And great town buildings broken,
Work of giants dying.

Tumbling towers and fine roofs,
Broken down old gates,
Ceilings fallen, torn apart
By the hand of fate.

Great, bright inn and bath house,
Banquets in the hall,
Once were filled with laughter.
Time put paid to all.

James Clunie, 7IRR

SUBJECTS – THE BAD SIDE

Maths has too many numbers
English, too many words.
Art is just too colourful
And Science is absurd.

Drama is too la-di-daa
Music is too loud.
R.S. is too holy
And my history doesn't make me proud.

French is far too foreign,
Geography is too vast,
I.T. is too complicated
And P.E. is too fast.

Graphics is too technical,
Electronics is too.
Woodwork is too dusty
And my cooking smells like poo!

Aiden Kelly 7SGN

TWO OLD WOMEN SITTING IN A CAFÉ

What are you thinking of? You
Old women sitting
In a dimly-lit café
With a cold coffee
And tuna sandwich
Staring into the cup
Longing for another.
Wrinkled fingers shaking
And wishing for a roaring
Fire to warm them.

Do you wish for dreams to come true
Dreams of a warm home
And a happy family
Or dreaming back
To times when you were loved.

Your time on earth that was fun
May come back;
Just keep on dreaming.

Sarah Stewart 8AHE

EVOLUTION

Early man steps out his cave,
Eyes of fury and of rage,
Spear poised and muscles tense,
Aiming through a forest dense.
A slight movement, a spear is thrown,
Through the wilderness, hear a groan.

Equipped with swords and brazen shields,
Legions marching foreign fields,
Empires fall and empires rise,
Nero lives and Caesar dies.
Statues tall of heroes gone,
Battles lost and battles won.

Time goes by, ever quicker,
Great men pass, thoughts flicker.
Kings and Queens of golden crown,
Fire and plague in London town,
Life and death in the axe-man's hand,
Glory and fame in new found land.

Modern man with suit and tie,
Skyscrapers watch as cars pass by,
Shuttles reach to uncharted space,
Searching for an alien face.
Guns and tanks, fire and flame,
Time goes on, man stays the same.

Peter Moody 8NWN

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 8JHS

FOOTBALL FAN

Been a fan since I was three years old,
Sat there through the rain, wind and cold.
When we were in trouble couldn't buy a win,
Shouted and sang through thick and thin
"Come on! What you doin'? Stupid referee!
That's not offside? That's a penalty!"
Worn the horrible away shirts,
Cried when we lost 'cos defeat hurts.
Was there when the top player busted his knee,
What a time for an injury!
Was at the games we should have won,
Goals in extra time to make us glum.
Supported them when we only stayed up by a scrap,
Been to the away games all over the map,
Was at Wembley when we won the cup,
Whenever I think of it it cheers me up!
That's my reward
For being a true fan!

Luisa Citrone 8NWN

HISTORY

The rain danced around me
As I slowly trundled home
And fished almost longingly
Around my tangled mind

For those happy days
When the sun shone all day long
And we played in the nearby glade,
Caught butterflies and ladybirds,
Picked dandelions and butter cups.

But the sun no longer shines
And our lives are full of
Sorrows and guilts.

But I can still remember
If I think long enough
Of those happy days
When we played in the nearby glade.

David Thompson 8CPY

THE MONKEY

In the tall forest's canopy
A monkey and his family
Watch like eagles
The poachers down below.
'Bang!' goes the first blow,
'Bang!' goes the second.
A Tiger roars in agony
As the gun smokes.

He swings from tree to tree,
Stops, and looks at me
With beautiful lamp post eyes
And a lovely rosey nose.
Slowly scrambling down the tree
His spindly tail flicks
Collects a banana
And back up to his green home in the sky.

Goodbye my dear little monkey.
Keep swinging back and forth.
Go careful my sweetheart monkey,
Go careful on what you do.
Forget those evil poachers,
They're gone forever now
But don't forget me monkey
And I will not forget you.

Rebecca Humby 8CPY

MY WORLD

My world is full of friends
Who do not fight.
My world is full of trees
Who do not die.
My world is full of countries
Who do not have wars.
My world is full of animals
Who are treated with respect

But –

My world is not a real world

The real world is full of cars
Who pump out fumes.
The real world is full of people
Who don't have homes.
The real world is full of continents
Who do not agree.
The real world is full of con-artists
Who try to make you buy.

But –

The real world isn't where I want to be.

Eleanor Nichols 8STA

PLANETS

The huge Sun bright and burning,
Shines on Mercury. It's early morning.
Mercury liquid forms into a girl –
The body of Venus begins to unfurl.
Venus on Earth grows beautiful flowers
While on angry Mars are meteor showers.
Giant Jupiter strides with moons all around
And Saturn is turning without any sound.
Uranus spinning far out into space
Neptune and Pluto covered in ice.
Our Solar system swirling and turning
Orbiting the star Sun, eternally burning.

David Wills 8STA

FRIEND OR FOE?

A fighter over Afghan land,
A silver fish in a blue sea.
(The Wessex plunged through the thick mud
Heading for the mountains and caves.)
A light blip on the radar screen –
An RWR signal.
(Men in uncomfortable seats
had left Kabul at 3 pm)
"We've LOS, no IFF".
Words precede all innocent deaths.
(Men chat; Canadian accents
cover up the jet engine's whine.)
"Mavericks locked." A perfect name
for missiles targeting a friend.
(Too late – something on their radar:
A single "friendly" air unit.)
"Missiles away."

Seconds later, one more crater.

What's the good in being really
Advanced when you don't share knowledge?

Simon Eustis 8JHS

This poem is based on an incident where, in Afghanistan, an American F-16 destroyed a Canadian troop transport believing it to be an enemy. This was because the American IFF (identify Friend or Foe) system wasn't present in the Wessex. This made the pilot think that the allied vehicle was an enemy.

GONE TO SEE THE END

His face was bleak as they took him away.
Would he live to see another day?
My emotions ran high; my thoughts were black
As he got on that train he didn't look back.

The feelings I wrote at home I sent
The letters we shared came and went.
It doesn't seem right that I am not there
The thought of him solo is too much to bear.

A year older and I'd be in his shoes
Fighting a battle we mustn't lose.

My views are strong that war is not right.
It can't be if people like him should fight.
My thoughts are on overload, I just can't cope
If war is inevitable there seems no hope.

One thing I'm certain of, he'll fight with pride
My brother, my friend he'll battle for his side.
A hero he'll be, medals he'll get.
I'll see him again but not yet, not yet.

An oh! My dear brother, my love and my prayers
I stand by your side, take care!

James Atterbury 8CPY

The Harris Hawk

A sooty brown chest
With chestnut shoulders
Very large wingspan
And lightning eyes!
Broad and strong
With very big thighs.
Dark brown feathered legs
And a chocolate head.
It has a dark tail
With a white base,
And flies about with a lot of grace!
A hooked yellow beak
That tears up flesh
This is why I think
The Harris Hawk best!

James Camilleri 8CPY

The Longer than Longest Journey in all the World

One small step for man,
One big step for a slug
And a bigger step for slugkind.
The average person
Doesn't give much thought to slugs.
They're amazing, really,
All slimy and gooey and nice to touch.
But have you ever looked at a slug moving?
Its like watching paint dry:
So slow. So boring.
And don't forget the silver trail it leaves behind that
Ruins carpets and wallpaper.
To get across a path (for our friend the slug)
Takes ages and ages and ages and ages:
The longer than the longest journey in all the world.
For the slug, life is short
And he spends most of it crossing that path.
Poor slug. I wonder what its like,
The longer than longest journey in all the world.

Avid Ingamells 8JHS

For Michael

If you close your eyes and listen and keep an open mind
Only hear the music, not see the man behind.

Take away the rumours about his changing skin
You only feel emotion - like you're in tune with him.

When I play his music I am sometimes moved to tears
I feel I really know him and have been his friend for years.

They say he's weird and wacko and has something to hide
But I see a man misunderstood whose really a child inside.

"Have you seen my childhood?" this song is very sad
Dedicated to the children for the life he never had.

He thinks he's very lonely yet he's got so many friends,
Because the press won't leave him, his nightmare never ends.

His heart is in his writing, his words will live forever
And when I play his music – it's just me and him together.

Natalie Cresswell 8STE

Dog

Hole digger
Bone chewer
Stick fetcher
Cat chaser
Meat eater
Noisy barker
Water lover
Bath loather
Moon howler
Sun bather.

Linnet Whiston 8DAN

Hurt Inside

It's hard when you're feeling hurt inside,
And nobody knows how hard you have cried.
You're not supposed to show how you feel,
I'm a boy after all; it's not a done deal.

Everybody thinks I'm harder than hard,
If only they knew my heart has been scarred.
My feelings are strong, as strong as yours,
I feel like I've been shut behind tight closed doors.

From leaving the house on a cold frosty morning,
I walk up the road tired and yawning.
Children were waiting at my bus stop,
Before I got there I thought I would drop.

It wasn't so bad, the kids were OK,
I laughed and I joked at the start of the day.
The bus was cramped, the kids were all shouting,
They thought they were on a football outing.

I sat in my seat, quiet and still,
Then a boy came over, his name was Bill.
"You're a new kid you must be year seven,
I'm in my last one, that's year eleven."

After a while we arrived at school,
As I walked in I felt like a fool.
The place was so big; I'll get lost in here,
I'd best put my brain in second gear.

In the hall we were penned in like sheep,
Put into groups of these we would keep.
Nervous at first to meet my new tutor,
She was OK, I really quite like her.

Starving as I was, it was time for lunch,
This is when I mixed with the bunch.
I quickly realised we all felt the same,
Sex, creed or colour, we're in the same game.

Make it easy on yourself make some new friends,
Don't just stand there and try to pretend.
People will listen and respect you more,
If you come out from behind those closed doors.

Work as hard as you can, and keep your nose clean,
Then over five years you will fulfil your dreams.
After a while the hurt will disappear,
You won't go to school dreaded with fear.

Joshua Churcher 8GJN

Breathless

I run, I hide, I breathe,
I look back and I fall,
They surround me, I'm trapped,
This way and that I turn,
I shake, I blink, I breathe.

I cry, I scream, I breathe,
Their hawk eyes accuse me,
They're closing in on me,
Claustrophobing me,
I shift, I turn, I breathe.

I see, I smell. Am I breathing?
I feel their feet closing the walls,
Stamping after stamp, it echoes,
I taste the Anger,
I drift away, senseless,
And forget to breathe.

Emily Boswell 8DAN

The American Way

Death in the desert
Bombs in Badhdad
Families broken
Sons from their dads.

But think of the armies
And their families
The soldiers gone barmy
You're brainwashed, break free.

So finally we have gone to war
Bush and Blair have gone out to play
All this mindless pointless gore
Doing things the American way.

Lucas Greenwood 8DAN

Portmanteaus

Why is the English language so complicated
We use portmanteaus for slang,
Yet they don't use the words in the dictionary.
When we can say manny,
Why are we meant to say male nanny?
We can simply say microchips,
Why are we meant to say microwaveable strips of potato?
We can say Internet,
The proper word is international network
We can use so much slang but
We still have 2 use propa gramatik langwidge.

Jack Clewlow 8GSZ

My Worlds

A sightless city of learning
And imagination
Towers above me,
Its spires reaching to the –
Ceiling.
The animals and Indians dance
Around me.
The faces belong to the
Books.

I sit on a throne of
Fabric and polystyrene.
Its shape shifts with mine –
A beanbag.

A crocodile slithers by.
It pounces.
A frightened gazelle is
Taken down to its
Death below –
My sister taking down a book

A dragon looms nearer,
While I plunge into a world
Of fantasy –

A librarian.

Sam Cox 8STA

Osprey

Streamlined, talons forward, target in sight
Splash! The sound of talons hitting water.
Miss!!
New target acquired,
Gaining altitude
Faster than the eye can see,
Talons underwater raking the surface,
Hit!!

Helen Daniels 8DAN

Letters Home

Dear Mum
Joined the army!
Just can't wait!
One big holiday
With my mates!

England, 1st September 1914

Dear Mum
Started training
Not that hard
Made some new pals
It's a laugh!

England, 30th September 1914

Dear Mum
Gone abroad now
Want to fight
Getting bored with
Sitting tight

England, 1st November 1914

Dear Mum
Over by Christmas!
I'll be home!
Miss you so much
See you soon!

England, 2nd December 1914

Dear Mum
Trenches awful
Mud and draught
Not much food left
Will we starve?

England, 6th April 1914

Dear Mum
So long waiting
In the cold
Any longer –
I'll be old!

England, 19th January 1916

Dear Mum
Years gone by now
Will it end?
How much more time
Will war spend?

England, 15th November 1917

Dear Mum
Over the top!
Hooray! At last!
Climb that ladder!
Come on! Fast!

England, 1st July 1916

Friends are falling
At my side
Who will help them?
Will I die?

Dear Diary
They told us to prepare ourselves
For war, but did we listen?
Propaganda? Wishful thinking?
They're all gone now; my friends
They all met a cold harsh end.

Crystal Holloway 9SDN

Contrast

The desolate landscape of the desert
Is barren, a dry wasteland
Vast, sand as far as the eye can see
Scorched, not a drop of water around
Infertile, not even a dead shrub
Inhospitable, how can anything live here
Measureless, a never-ending landscape
Unlike the rain forest in every way.

The lush scene of the forest
Is fertile, the green forest canopy
Bustling, animals scurrying around the floor
Fruitful, the plentiful trees laden with food
Moist, the damp leaves shine in the sun
Productive, plants shoot from the soil
Vibrant, the coloured varieties of plants
Unlike the city in every way.

The concrete jungle of civilisation
Congested, people fighting for positions
Choking, the fumes grip your lungs
Cluttered, litter is strewn everywhere
Heaving, crowded with bustling masses
Bleak, the dull grey concrete of buildings
Colossal, towers over the sea
Unlike the desert in every way.

Matthew Warwick 9SDN

No Going Back

I've covered my eyes with darkness
With a shield of hatred hiding me from the world
I won't allow myself to see.
I've decided
No going back
I'm going to do it
I have to
I won't feel bad any more
Never again
It would be so easy
So simple
The pain, over in a second
Or less
Then no more
Ever
People wouldn't miss me
Wouldn't notice
My family are so distant
They don't know me any more
No one does
Funeral would be small
Or non-existent
Grave would be plain
Dull and plain
Like my life
But it's been decided
No going back
Written the note
No going back
But ...
No going back
If ...
No going back
My ...
No going back
No going back
No going back

Pippa Harman 9DGD

Dawn In The Woods

Glistening droplets lie on infant buds
As beams of golden sunlight trickle
Through a lush ceiling of oak leaves and branches.
Giggling streams carelessly skip and trip
As they venture into secret gardens and hidden passages.
Inquiring squirrels scurry in happy pairs
Amongst tiny flowers that lie scattered
Along forgotten paths like icing sugar on a biscuit
Whilst the innocence of birdsong
Serenades the creatures on their journeys.

Katie Skinner-Valerio 9DGD

Addicted

Zip up the wetsuit
Take out the board
As the waves are crashing
Smashing and bashing

A rush of adrenaline
A rush of white water
I paddle and paddle
At last I have caught her

I'm riding the tube
The tube rides me
I want it to last
Forever for me

I climb and climb
The wall of water
Drawing me back into it quarter

The light breaks through
The wave has settled
Finally I won the battle.

Oliver Thomson 9JWN

Look

Look at the young men, laughing,
Marching to war,
The postman, the teacher, the labourer.

Look at the young men, eager
To do 'their bit', wanting to be
First over the top.

Look at the young men, fumbling
For their gas masks,
Too late, stumbling, choking.

Look at the young men, fallen,
Motionless now,
The postman, the teacher, the labourer.

Tim Bacon 9SPS

Rage

You write messages on money,
It could be your own form of social protest,
A quiet little hijacking,
A letter printed on paper that no one will destroy,
Passed indiscriminately across race, class and gender,
And written in the hope to keep your dream alive.
That someone will find your messages one day,
When they really need them,
Like I do.

Sam Little 10NWT

Mr Robert Warner

As he strode in after having raced the local street downhill,
We all stepped backwards,
He smelled of B.O.
Even worse, patches of sweat hung around his armpits,
Like a bog in a winter forest.
Flies started swarming towards him.
Attempts to swat them away failed,
As they were so desperately attracted
To the dripping marshes.

As he threw his goggles to the crowd as a memento
They ran away
As if a gas bomb had gone off.
The scene was silent.

Rob whimpered to himself "Where did they all go!?"

Robert Crossman 10HWS

Windmill

A gentle breeze
Spun
The windmill's
Sails
As dove-like tails
Fan
Pure and serene.

A tranquil scene
Soothed
Troubled minds
Gazing
As if mesmerised
Quiet,
Pure and serene.

Tom Donaldson 10BDE

The Diary of Me Aged 14 and 3 Quarters

The TV drones and buzzes
The phone rigs
It's Gray.
Goodbye.

Standing outside in the pouring rain
Sirens and German Shepherds
Shouts and mumbles
Vodka.

The night lives on
Esoteric teenage talk
BAM
He's estranged his mates

Sleeping in the gutter of life
Listening
The act of hindering
Done

Observing
Radio Times
Abstract Shouting
Pain

Cheers to the Common
Skateboards and drink
Excitement and upset
Made me think

Personal blues, Cloudy,
From the moment you are born you being to die
Explore life
We fell,
Then came back up
Sunshine.

Sophie Cole 10HWS

Skin Doesn't Lie

They sit locked away,
The bars across their faces.
This is their final day,
Tomorrow they will die.
If only it wasn't so obvious,
If only they could lie.
But skin doesn't lie.
These people are dying,
Because they are **BLACK!**

Michaela Aldridge 10MGR

Poem Two

There's poems in your face
There's poems in the sky
There's poems in outer space
And poems flashing by.

There are poems in your dream
There are poems in your head
Sometime I can't get to sleep
Because there's a poem in my bed.

Ryan Ellis 10JJS

Minutes

30 minutes
For us to sit
In silence
The air still hot
So I turn away
Wishing you would speak
But knowing
Every word you're thinking
Is an evil
But why ...

60 minutes
For us to sit
In silence
The air still hot
So I look at you
Wishing you would speak
But knowing
Every word you're thinking
Is a pain to you too
But why ...

61 minutes
For us to sit
In silence
The air still hot
So I look at you
You speak
But I know
Every word you're talking
Is a lie ...

Michael Bow 10MQL

The Giant

It's a new September,
There is a cloud on the New York skyline,
Innocence and happiness is smeared across a blue sky.

So the Giant is stirred,
For he has heard a cry from far away,
'We and our children have had enough
It is time for the Giant to go away.'

And the Giant is hurt,
He weeps for the first time since long ago,
For in his love of all things great and good,
He never knew he had hurt these people so.

But the tears soon subside,
And the Giant comes to his solution,
Those who hurt him shall feel his great fury,
Deadly and swift shall be his retribution.

The peoples of the world,
Are now struck still by a fearful awe,
For this great and deadly Giant has suddenly gone to war.

Charlie Cooper 10BDE

Lazy

I wake up in my bed
Now I wait to be fed
I yawn and stretch my paws
To expose my sharpened claws.

I see a grey small mouse
What's he doing in my house?
I sneak up slowly
Sly and holy

I pounce up high
And see in my eye
It's just a grey sock.

It's time to be fed
But all I want is bed
So I rest my sleepy head.

Andrew Drummond 10BBE

Fallen Angel

Fallen angel, broken soul, still revengeful, on patrol.
Tied in fires, knotted in chains, king of liars and Hades' plains.
Thirst for power, lusting control, give him an hour and he'll devour your soul.

You will fear, but not see, you may hear and not believe
He's still there, behind your eyes, in the air and in your lies.

If you deny, he'll come in, if you defy, he'll play your sin.
You will act, he will maim, you're not backed to play his game.
Like a puppet on a string, you will live in Satan's ring,
No more holy hymns you'll sing. Bow down before the rightful king!

Sarah Williams 10TAS

On The Return of Dead Soldiers to English Soil

The huge metallic bird glides to land,
And finally rests in a circle of sorrow,
Its bright reflection not revealing
The darkness it carries inside.

Slowly it releases its silent cargo
Of sadness to the watching world.
The reality of conflict unfolding,
Like a never-ending story.

Eight flags attempt to bring honour to
The souls they hide.
Bringing meaning to their struggle.
With their lives at an end all feeling is escaping
Back to where they were created
Non-existent and lost.

Jon Gundry 11 PSN

Schizophrenia

It's strange to think
That for all this time
You have been there within me.
That for all this time
You, in plural,
Have been hunting me.

But I cannot see
Who I am
Who we are
Who they are.

Tell me,
If you cannot agree on anything,
Then how did you agree
To choose me?
Have you always argued,
Always screamed,
Like you scream in my ear
And argue now?

Can you not decide
Who I should be?
Who we should be?
Who they should be?

Flower.
She spits and hisses
Like a cat
Claws at their hearts
And poisons them.
When she has finished,
Who do you have left?

Who is there to listen
When friends turn their backs
After words are exchanged
And sides have been taken?
Peaches
Will hold out her arms
In a metaphorical hug
And lends her ears.

Be silent
And suffer.
Or be caged
In a Quack's institute
For the unstable.

We can build bridges together,
But does your mother want
A daughter who is insane?
Could you father be proud
Of a freak?

Will they save us
From ourselves?
Or will they throw us
In the Bin?

Yet no pills will rid me
Of you.
My Pixie
The quiet one.
Unafraid to study
For the other two.
You, above all,
I love.
You care for me.
Hold me
In the cold.
But is it a crime
To love yourself.

And who am I?
Who was I?
Who should I be?

How can one,
Who is never lonely,
Be so alone?

Robyn Whiston 11ENC

Each New Day

With each day comes a new life,
Filling the space that has been left behind.
Bringing new love to those all around,
Bringing new hope to those that care.

With each new life comes more joy
Filling our hearts with pleasure and hope.
Hoping for him that things will improve.
Hoping for him that he can cope.

With each new day comes new knowledge,
Filling our minds with new thoughts.
Thoughts of yesterdays and tomorrows.
Thoughts of a new life that will arrive.

With each new day comes a new beauty
Filling the place of yesterday's horrors
Beauty so deep it makes you weep
Beauty so deep it makes you smile

With each new day something must go
Leaving space for something new to grow.

Ally Stewart 11PFR

War

We sailed ships upon the shores
That once were out of reach
Turned the silence into war and bloodied up the beach
Trashed the forests and the trees
Till there's nothing left to cut.

Should every little thing have a life to give?
Will every little child have a place to live?
Does anybody feel just a little scared?
Isn't it about time everybody cared?

If you're going to fly the flag
Don't treat the people bad
Everybody should try
Because we're too young to die.

Can anyone say the world is looking good?
Just look around your neighbourhood.

David Sanders 11HWT

Light

Streaks of light stream through the window
And dance with the shadows
Like birds that play in the breeze
As their wings create flickers of flames
Across the sky,
The sun plays with reflections
And as light spills out
To reveal a rainbow of colours
They play.
The happy and bright sunstreams
Seem to have a life of their own
In the way that the birds in the sky do
Each so different
Yet free to scar and dance and play.

Charlotte Howe 11DDY

The Science Lesson

It is the longest hour of the whole week.
Time crawls by on slippered feet,
For this is the one hour we do not seek
Where science, boredom and set two meet.

Sound waves and radiation today
Her voice softly falls in the air.
We scribble and scribble and scribble away
What we write we do not really care.

James said he would do it for a dare.
The fire alarm shrilled
And gave teacher a scare.
Freedom at last! We were thrilled!

Kathryn Walsh 11DWN

A Flicker of Pages

A sit there. Alone. Desolate in my room.
A troglodyte in my familiar surroundings. Nothing more.
My face blank. My eyes staring.
But behind those eyes a new life ignites.

The words in front of me dance around the page.
I've never read those words before and yet I know what they say.
A mystery of enchantment. Unexplainable, but clear.
I know the truth about the real world, but not this one.

Images leap from the page, dancing before my eyes.
Entwined with the words.
Their life source bound together by the power of the imagination.
Adventure. Death. Magic.

A sudden pain. A person falls as tears gather.
I knew him, I was there when he was slaughtered.
A spectre in the background.
Too enthralled by the magic to save him. Entrapment.

I close the book and return to my normal life,
As the masquerading figures fade into memories.

Anna-Marie Smith 11DWN

Ode to Spade

When I feel lonely,
Or sick of the world.
I take trip in to my shed,
To find myself.

I find leaning against the wall,
All the hope I could ever need.

Some people use guns,
Bombs,
Explosives,
And violence,
To get their message across.
I use a spade.

And when the day is done,
And if I feel no better,
I could always,
Use the forks!

Ashley Lines 11MRN

A Perfect Time

Moonlight filters through the leaves
And sheds a tentative beam across my face.
But looking up all I see is him,
Silhouetted against the glow of morning.

A moment that I knew I had to wait for,
And had been waiting all my life:
A perfect time.

Ellie Pitkin 11HWT

