



2005

Poetry Anthology

*The Mountbatten School
Poetry Festival*

Poetry Festival 2005

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The Volcano

The vast volcano stretches upwards.
Sleepily the giant purrs.
It patiently waits for its next victim.
The hungry rumbling in its stomach
Sends disturbing vibrations.
Becoming agitated it roars
Sending hot breath as a warning.
Enjoying this mind game it stalks its prey.
Suddenly, seizing the moment of surprise,
It explodes,
Spitting bombs to mark its territory.
And its fiery tongue lashing out
Shows no mercy to the living.
Down it darts,
Eagerly hunting,
Devouring all life.
With appetite satisfied,
It curls up ready to sleep.
But when will hunger strike again?

Lydia Renouf
Year 7
1st Place

The Volcano

The Volcano is a Phoenix,
erupting from its fiery sleep,
rising through the air like a lava explosion;
A ball of flame suddenly revealing,
one million tiny Phoenix,
raining destruction upon the land - until,
the Phoenix sleeps again,
waiting, watching, preparing,
to begin again.

Alex Facey
Year 7
2nd Place

The Ballad of Perseus and Medusa

The king Polydictes,
A challenge to Perseus handed,
To bring him back Medusa's head,
So in this mess he was thus landed.

The goddess Athene wanted to help,
So to Perseus she lent,
A highly polished shield,
And with it these words went:

When you find Medusa,
Do not look into her eye,
Instead take out this shield,
And use it to see her by.

Perseus travelled for many days,
Searching for her high and low,
In valleys deep and on mountains tall,
Until at last he found his foe.

As the first rays of the sun,
crept into Medusa's lair,
He saw her and felt pity,
For she had once been fair.

Medusa's face was quite a sight,
Her claws like those of a bear,
Her fangs were long and sharply pointed,
Writhing snakes she had for hair.

Medusa's skin was reddish-brown,
Her eyes were slitted and green,
Her tongue protruded from her mouth,
And her limbs were lithe and lean.

Medusa's stare was deadly,
And any who caught her gaze,
Would instantly be turned to stone,
A statue 'till the end of days.

But Perseus was clever,
And remembered Athene's warning,
He took from his back the gleaming shield
Just as the day was dawning.

Whilst watching her reflection,
He drew a sickle from his belt,
Raising it above his head,
A mighty blow he dealt.

Medusa's head swam in a pool,
Of gleaming ruby blood,
That spurted from her severed neck,
In a quickly spreading flood.

Perseus thrust the head,
Hurriedly into a sack,
And started the long journey home,
His gruesome souvenir on his back.

Louise Thompson
Year 7
3rd Place



Make me.....

I am a pocket on a shirt,
make me the wardrobe.

I am a tiny match,
make me the four poster bed.

I am a TV,
make me the cinema.

I am a clear raindrop,
make me the colour-filled rainbow.

I am a broken cassette,
make me the 20 disc CD player.

I am a shivering girl,
make me the powerful giant.

Gemma Tizard
Year 7
Commended



The Storm

As the whirling storm comes sliding
A strong wind is constantly riding.
Telephone poles come downwards crashing
While hurricanes run round doing their bashing.

Shimmering droplets fall from the sky.
Little birds struggle to glide and fly.
Hard hailstones hit you on the head.
The whirling storm will tear and shred.

Tim Brasseur
Year 7
Commended

Pretending

My life is like a darkroom,
And I'm trapped inside,
No doors, no windows,
No need to hide.

Trying to survive mentally,
But I'm going to break down.
Looking for some security,
But it's left unfound.

I can't see clearly,
I'm not thinking straight.
There's no glimmer of hope,
There's no love, just hate.

I am not the person you think I am.
I don't act like the real me.
I am insecure, isolated and trapped.
Not the confident person I pretend to be.

Rose Layton
Year 8
1st Place



Save our Type

As I stroll through empty land,
Soil that once was, now turned to sand.
Human destruction ruined my home,
The scrubland, the forests, where I used to roam.
All gone to waste for human greed,
Plants and animals, even the last weed.
Now answer me this, in the humid heat,
If all of these die, what shall I eat?

No tweeting of birds, no sound of the trees,
The jungle's nothing without them, everyone agrees.
Humans chop down the Amazon, to keep them warm,
The sandy landscape won't withstand a storm.
My paws are scarred from the prickly ground,
The human machines make a fearful sound.
They're coming this way, what shall I do?
We're all going to die, and my cubs are too!

Is there anyone out there who cares enough?
To put an end to this terrible stuff.
All we need is for you to cease,
Give us a chance and leave us in peace.
The Amazon's trees are disappearing slow,
But the trees won't have a chance to regrow.
You're killing us off, one-by-one,
At the rate you're going, there'll soon be none.

You're burning the forests, destroying terrain,
Please reconsider and refrain.
For all of us with distinctive stripe,
I'll repeat this once more: **SAVE OUR TYPE!**

Andrew Cooper
Year 8
2nd Place

The Beach

The sun scorched scene
A shining sheet
Of sand on the stony shore,

The dark blue ripples
A drifting wave
Like a ghost on the golden floor,

A worn away cliff,
The crumbling rocks
Falling down to the glistening ocean,

A dolphin jumps
Above the water
In its graceful flowing motion.

Young children play
Upon the hot sand
And splash in the dark blue waves.

They jump, they shout
They run about
In and out of the dark, grey caves.

And down below
These clashing waves
A monster is searching for Tea.

He sees a treat
He quickly dives
That snack he's after is me!

Molly Murray
Year 8
3rd Place

I Wish!

I wish I were an astronaut
Floating into space,
I'd take a drink of water
I'd have to just in case.

I wish I had a silver locket.
I'd give it to my friend,
And then I'll know our friendship
Would not come to an end.

I wish I could be famous
And everyone knew me.
People would chant my name
And then all jump with glee!

I wish I were on Big Brother
And at the end I won.
I wouldn't be in for the money though
I'd be in there for the fun!

They would all be good.....
If they weren't all wishes!

Lauren Blackmore
Year 8
Commended

The Lake

The lake thrashed wildly
In the blustering winds of autumn,
As multicoloured leaves swirled round
Onto the dark green lake of cold wavy water.
Soon there will be no more leaves on the lake
As it will be a giant snow flake.

Ryan Southwick
Year 8
Commended



Winter

A darkness is coming down from the hills,
A darkness that hurts, a darkness that kills,
A darkness is coming; it never sleeps,
A darkness that brings cold snow and cold sleet.

Winter is nearing and it's here to stay,
Winter is here, day after day
Casting cold fingers all over the land,
Icy cold fingers and icy cold hands.

Frosty cold snowflakes come fluttering down,
As winter watches, in the silvery gown;
Crystal-like icicles clinging to trees,
Feathery snowflakes dancing in the breeze.

As the snow starts to stop at the end of the year,
At the passing of Winter, and now Spring is here
As the snow starts to stop and the ice melts away,
Winter is gone, at least for today...

Ben Yexley
Year 9
1st Place



The Feelings of War

Waking up in the morning hush,
The shadows are coming, hear the rush.
Fighting for light with guns and knives,
Until the darkness takes these lives.

This is what war does, the people it makes,
All the lives this evil takes.
Hearing the screams from a persons lips,
Fighting against an apocalypse.

All the death that takes place,
Trying to win a hopeless race.
But there is still hope and it is near
And before long it will be here.

Come to us the phoenix' fire,
Grant us our hearts' deepest desire.
From this darkness light the way,
And turn this night into day.

Cathryn Dear
Year 9
Joint 2nd Place

Death

I've seen people cry and I've seen people smile
But that only happens once in a while.
I have seen peace, I have seen pain
Followed by sunlight slanting through rain.

The children cry because they see death.
It's in their father's final breath.
It tells a story in their troubled eyes
But is heaven true or is it lies?

Children pray towards the sky
Who will be the next to die?
Lives are wasted everyday.
We wait for death to come our way.

When that day comes we must accept our fate.
It could be early or it could be late.
And when we face it, death brings tears
To those who have never faced their fears.

Ben Cheng
Year 9
Joint 2nd Place

From Me To You, With Love.....

You may not think I'm with you,
But I'm always here,
I'm always there beside you
To take away your fear.

*How could you leave me?
When I need you most,
You should be here to comfort me,
But you're just a ghost.*

I'm looking down upon you,
From high in the sky above.
The rain, wind and sun
Are my everlasting love.

*How could you leave me?
You know I need you here,
To help me with my troubles,
To help me dry my tears.*

My love is never ending.
It never disappears.
You will always have my strength,
To help you through the years.

*How could you leave me?
I don't understand why,
What did I do wrong?
We didn't say goodbye.*

Please don't forget me.
I'll always be around.
In your hopes and dreams,
I'll keep you safe and sound.

*Now I know that you're with me,
My life is still complete.
Our love, hope and strength,
Will survive until we meet....*

Again some day....

Bryony Sanders
Year 9
3rd Place

Nature

A shaft of sunlight hit the forest floor
And fell upon the fallen branch
A victim of the storm the night before.
Some would say
Just nature's way
To seek what's weak
Then strip it to its very core.

Robert Fincham
Year 9
Commended



Too Late

August 4th 1914
The world was under threat.
A huge world war began
And left England deep in debt.

They fought on land, they fought at sea
And far up in the sky.
There were troops from every country
Thousands destined to die.

Ten million soldiers were killed.
Millions more were hurt.
And how were they remembered?
Just gravestones in the dirt.

Why did they do it?
Did they think it would be great?
Then when they saw the blood and truth,
They were dead; it was too late.

Simon Martin
Year 9
Commended

The Bomb

We are told violence never solves anything,
So why do we go to war?
One simple click of a button,
Death, destruction, blood and gore.

A child throws a stone at an ant hill,
The ants scatter, the child smiles.
A bomb is dropped from the sky,
One click of a button causes death for miles.

They're humans just like us,
They laugh, get scared and cry.
Men, women, children,
Why do they have to die?

Jessica Froment
Year 9
Commended

Ode to Chocolate

As Romeo and Juliet were like none other;
And Petrarch and his Laura made bliss;
So it is for me and my scrumptious lover,
The one I can and will not miss.

For in her heart lies total sweetness,
Her soul is closely wrapped in gold,
Yes she, my one and only mistress,
Is my companion and comfort of old.

And, oh! I look to see her waiting...
A piece of heaven so near to ground,
Every night, sitting there debating,
Should I consume with passion what I've found?

And so, with my emotions I must fight,
Seductive mistress; milky, dark and white.

Matthew Seed
Year 11
1st Place

Off Piste

His friends eventually found him
Before he froze to death.
They quickly called the rescuers
As they couldn't see his breath.

He was airlifted off the slope.
The surgeons worked all night.
But his eyes remained closed.
He would never again see light.

Way up in the mountains
A skier lies under the piste.
He crashed upon the ice fields
But now he lies beneath.

Ben Sanchez
Year 11
2nd Place

This is Me

Here in this diary,
I write you pictures of my mind.
Speckled sunlight
Reaching dark corners,
A rebirth of feelings
Not felt for so many years.
Leaving behind so much for so few,
for you.

I can't pretend this is the way it will stay.
I'm just trying to bend
The truth.

I can't pretend to be
who you want me to be.
This is me.
This is me.
This is me.

Emma Anderson
Year 11
3rd Place

5 Short Years and no Regrets

We have been together for five short years.
We have lived, laughed and known each others fears.
We started off young trying a whole new game.
Now it's over; life will never be the same.

We found it wasn't heaven; at times had souls of lead.
We've worked hard and yet the test is still ahead.

But once this has passed
Our friendships will last.
Right through to the end.
Forever
A friend.
Mountbatten School
Forever...

Michael Bridges
Year 11
Commended

The Affliction of Martin

Once there was a poem,
The most boring of its kind,
About a poor old woman,
Whose son she couldn't find.

'The Affliction of Margaret',
Is what is had been named,
And personally – my opinion?
The poet should be maimed.

Of all the poems that I have read,
None bore me quite like this.
In the end I wrote this poem,
Just to take the piss.

Martin O. Williams
Year 11
Commended



Everyone's a Psycho

Grasping the knife, you breathe deeply,
Savouring the sensation.
The feel of the cool handle,
Next to your hot skin.

For once you're in
Control.
Relief,
As the sharp point pierces the flesh
And the blade runs down,
Gliding smoothly through the victim.
He never saw it coming.

Cook for one hour until golden brown and piping hot.

Fiona Pitkin
Year 11
Commended



