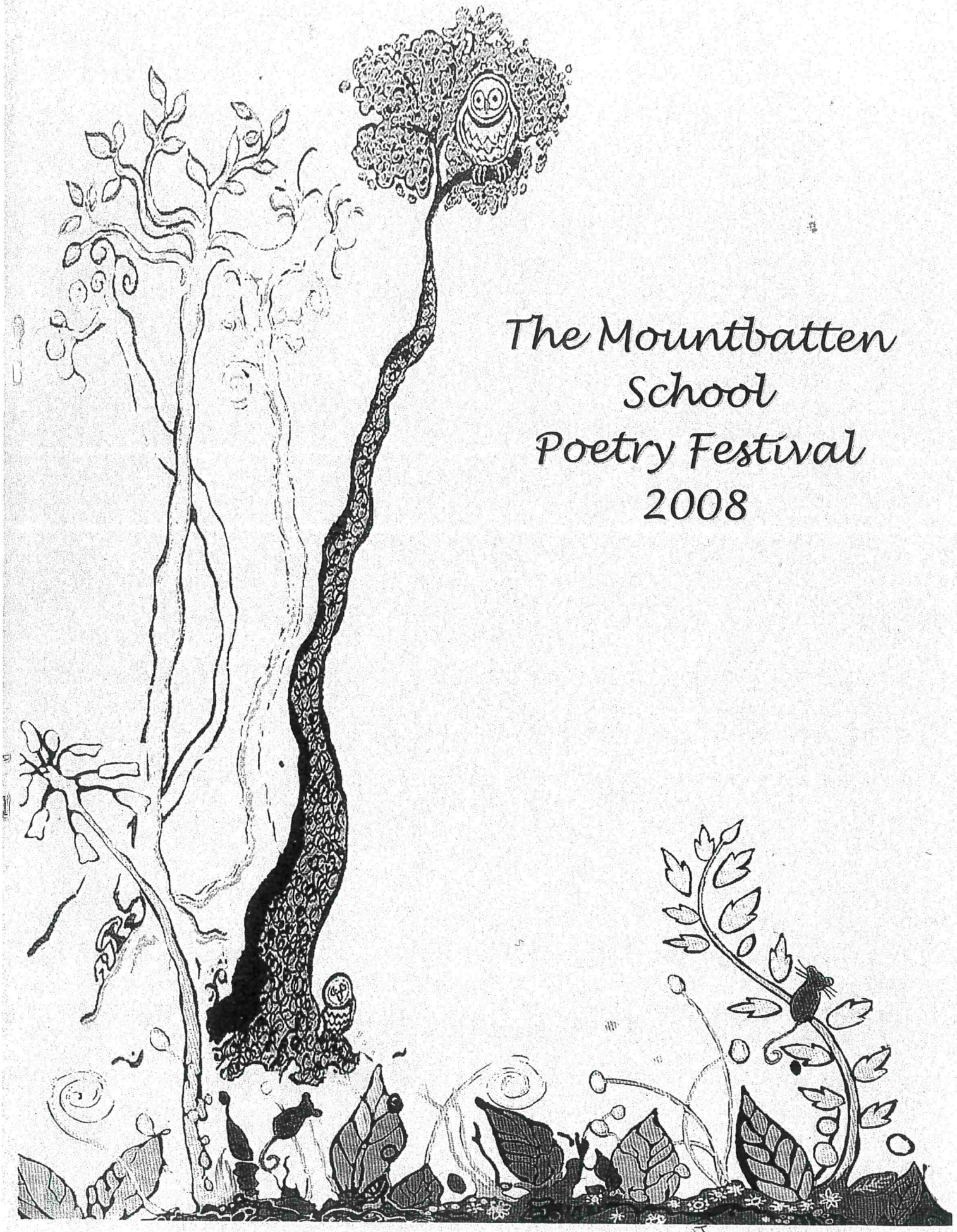

The Mountbatten School Poetry Festival 2008

Poetry Festival 2008

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Night is...

Night is the fear building
up inside you as you
change into your pyjamas
and turn off all the lights.

Night is the monster under
your bed, waiting for the
right moment to grab your
feet as you climb under your covers.

Night is the sound of your
heart throbbing loudly as
you lie there listening to somebody
creep up the stairs and into your room.

Night is the hand tapping
on your window and the howl
of the wolves next door as you
slowly fall asleep.

Very enjoyable. [Mrs McIlroy]

Bethany Aimson
Year 7
First Place

The Haunted House

Swaying spiders on gossamer webs
Clunking footsteps sound on steely steps
A staircase moaned, a skull screeched
Glaring portraits, icy hand outreached
Cold clanking chain, shattered window pane.

Twisted tree trunks, framed lion head
Woman in white wails fills you with dread
Severed hands on windows, rapping
Raven haired vampire bride, feet tapping
Screaming, echoing through all the night.

Horrors gather at midnight strike
Pickled head displayed on wooden spike
Werewolf howls at ghostly moon
Impenetrable green tinged gloom
Door is locked, can't leave, Death come claim me!

Great vocabulary. Very atmospheric. [Mrs McIlroy]

Sophie Robinson
Year 7
Second Place

Life is for Living

Eating cheesy pasta twirls
Breezy days and chocolate curls
Life is for Living.

Presents, sweets and prizes
Sensational surprises
Live is for Living.

Tennis played on sunny days
Finding the centre of a maze
Life is for Living.

Surfing waves and climbing trees
Adventure trails and buzzy bees
Life is for Living.

Setting off on holiday
Gazing at the Milky Way
Life is for Living.

Hot baths with bubbles high
Warm and snug drifting off to sleep
Live is for Living.

Lovely poem. [Mrs McIlroy]

Isaac Lemon
Year 7
Third Place (Joint)

Life is for Living!

Life is for living
and living has been fun.
I've had loads of holidays
In the snow and in the sun.
I've skied down a mountain
and I've skied on the sea
And I've ridden a camel's hump
Who's called LUCKY.
I've had eleven birthday parties
And Halloween ones too.
I've seen lambs being born next door
And visited the zoo.
I know I'm really lucky
To have lived my life this way
'Cause some kids are not as happy
As I am today'.

Life is for living
And today my life is so cool,
'Cause I'm much more grown up
Now I'm at MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL.
I catch the bus on my own
And I've made some great new friends.
I love street dance and drama club
But best of all WEEKENDS!
I like the cinema
Or watching DVDs.
I like to invite my friends round
And go to their parties.
I love owning a mobile phone
And going shopping on my own
And making Luke, my nephew smile
Which makes everything seem worthwhile.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Life is for living
And I want to live my dream
To be a Hollywood actress
In a pink limousine.
I want to travel the world
And star in a James Bond movie.
I want to be rich and clever,
Glamorous and groovy.
I want to go to a pop festival
And meet Avril Lavigne
And I want to be in Dr. Who
And travel in his time machine.
I wonder sometimes just what
My future will bring
'Cause if my futures bright
Then life is for living'.

Lovely poem that clearly shows you are enjoying life. Don't worry, if you can write poems like this, you certainly will be successful. [Mrs McIlroy]

Hayley Perriment
Year 7
Third Place (Joint)

Life is for Living

Life is for living when you're young and free
Everything is done for you by your loving mummy.
Life is for living as you go into your teens
You get your own room and don't keep it clean.
Life is for living as you become an adult
Looking after your family and taking them out.
Life is for living when your work is done
You can explore the world and have some fun.
Life is for living when you're in your bed
Remembering all the good times that have been shared.

Excellent. [Mrs McIlroy]

Reuben Vulliamy
Year 7
Commended

The Haunted House

Ding.....dong....ding.....dong
Here before me stands a doorway,
Beckoning me inside.
Woeful windows line the hallway,
Like Square, accusing eyes.

Ding....dong....ding....dong
Creaking, cracking fingers of trees,
Reach through the buckled roof.
A ghost of a host cuts tension
As the bell rings for night.

Scary Poem. Well done. [Mrs McIlroy]

Millicent Richardson
Year 7
Commended

The Pony Ride

My kind gentle steed,
A good friend indeed,
Ears that flicker, a fine tossing mane,
Happily we trot down the country lane,
Peering over hedges, across fields of green,
Oh, what a beautiful fresh morning scene,
Birds in the hedgerow busy and bright,
Perching on the branch in the morning light,
Trotting on fast, home is getting near
Time to end this wonderful ride I fear.
Into the yard and I dismount,
Thanks once again my trusty mount.

A lovely poem. Well done. [Mrs McIlroy]

Ella Worthington
Year 7
Commended

Haunted House

Dare you,
Beckoned the Haunted
House of Hell.
Fear shuddered within
my own soul,
Swift lightning shattered
the silence,
Screams of agonizing torture,
Echoed.

Odour,
Foul odour, weaved by weathered
walls.
Crashing cascades of blurry blue,
Deafened, the ancient doors creaking,
Washing, whistling winds stretched through,
Grim Ghosts.

Darkness,
Shrouded around, like a mere mist,
Howls of hungry werewolves stabbed me,
Strange skeletons surrounded me,
The Haunted House of Hell
Beckoned,
Dare you?

Great poem. [Mrs McIlroy]

Karan Chadda
Year 7
Commended

Scared of the Dark

The darkness cannot harm you,
The darkness will not kill,
The darkness is nothing for you
But fear it, if you will.

She feared the darkness
She was so afraid,
The darkness was so heartless
Upon her mind it played.

The darkness came upon her
Tearing at her skin
She tried to be much braver,
But never could she win.

It happened every night-time
When the lights went out,
The killer clock would softly chime
Deep shadows round about.

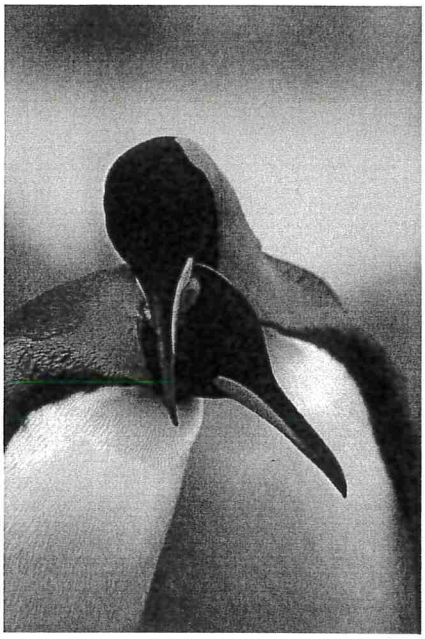
Fear stabbing at her heart
Shadows in her brain,
Slowly ripping her soul apart
Playing their cruel game.

Blood rushing through her veins
But then the lights go on!
The end of the terror and her pain
At last, the night was gone.

An Enjoyable and skilful poem. Super! [Mrs McIlroy]

Katherine Dean
Year 8
First Place

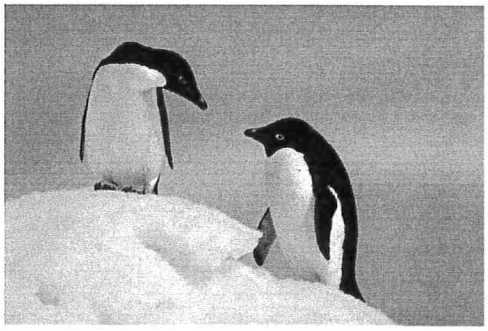
Winter Desert



Miles and miles of pure white snow,
Cruel blizzards and ivory peaks
A harsh but beautiful land -
Where no animal seeks.

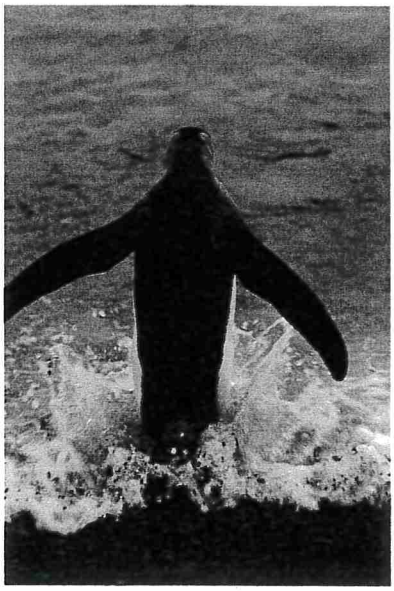
No animal, that is, but the penguin,
Too stubborn to leave their home.
And amazingly they remain
More than skin and bone.

In the autumn time they leave the sea
To travel many, many miles,
Half on foot, half on belly,
And suffer many trials.



For four whole months the males
Have nothing to keep them going
But determination for an egg,
To keep their species growing.

They balance like (tight rope) walkers
Their baby's life on their feet.
Finally the mums return,
At last the males can eat.



By now the babies have all hatched,
And gradually grow day by day.
Soon they learn to walk as well,
And therefore like to play.

The time has come for the family to part,
And the babies are left alone
While the parents travel back
To the sea, their home.

The ice has melted and the sea is near.
This could be used as the final sign
That the children are ready, at last
To go home for the first time.

A Wonderful Poem. Excellent work. [Mrs McIlroy]

Sandra Thompson
Year 8
Second Place

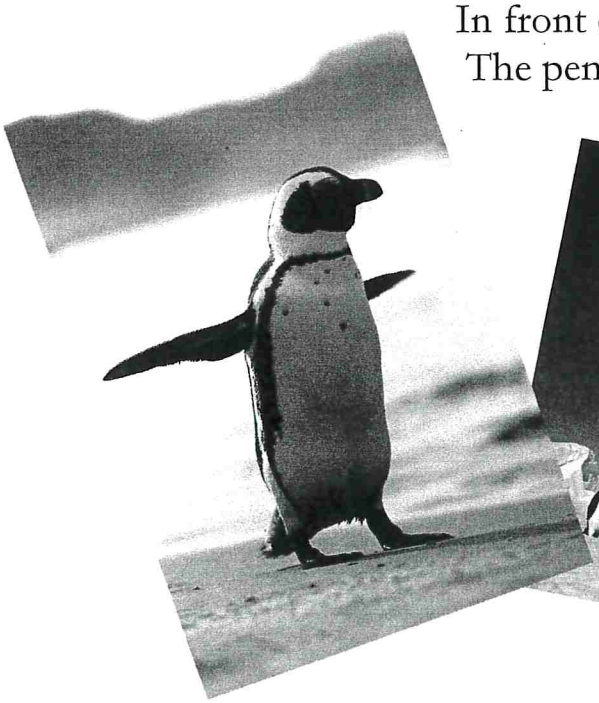
The March

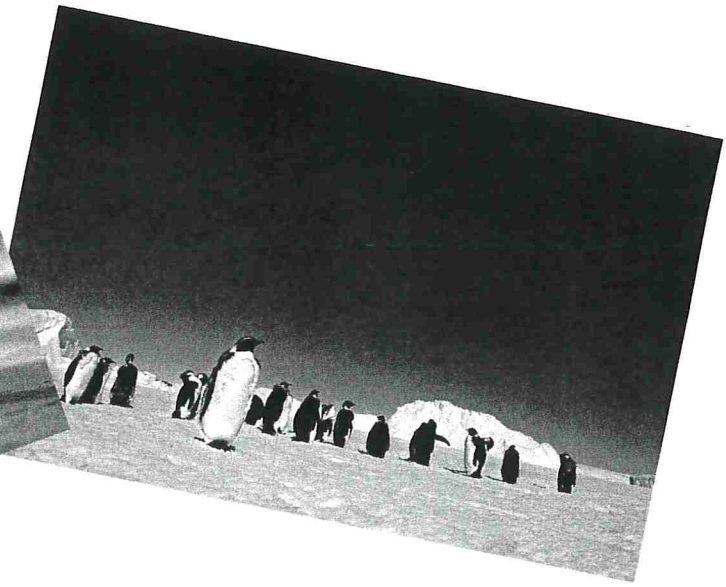
The harsh winds snap at heels,
The bitter cold bites you.
The frozen ice trips you,
The blinding storms mislead you.

But they still survive here,
The unknown heroes.
In this icy desert,
Where the sand is just snow.

With a slip, flip and slide,
The soldiers come to shore.
Everyone the same,
Each dressed in black and white.

And in the deep red sunset,
A silhouette does stand.
In front of glass-like mountains,
The penguins are set to march.





Simple, but very effective. Excellent work. [Mrs McIlroy]

Emily Ferguson
Year 8
Third Place

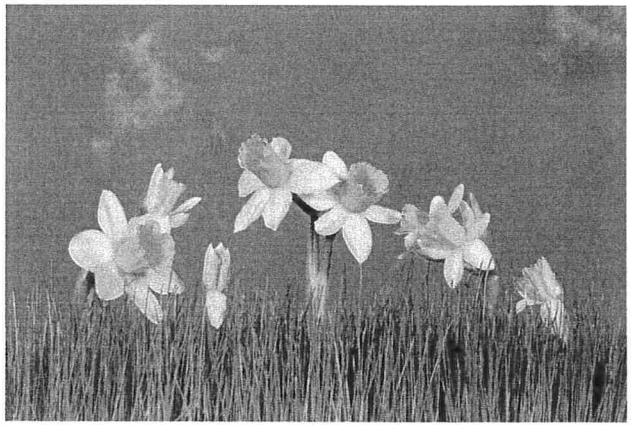
Why I like spring the best

The soft cool wind rustling through the trees,
The lazy buzzing of a hive of bees;
Because of the chicks chirruping in their nest,
Spring is the season I like the best.

The beat of the waves against the sand,
The landing of a wasp upon my hand;
Although I like summer, it isn't as good,
As standing inside a spring-time wood.

The crunching of leaves beneath my shoe,
The roasting of chestnuts, having collected a few;
Autumn is cool, but the billowing gusts
Make liking spring more an absolute must.

The crackling of ice on top of a lake,
The throw of a snowball and the impact it makes;
This season is fun, but the lack of heat,
Makes the season of winter so easy to beat.



Excellent work. [Mrs McIlroy]

Alex Hunt
Year 8
Commended

THE SLEEPING TIGER

Two Hundred and forty five kilograms,
Of black and orange dozing in the sun.
Deeper he slumbers with every breath,
The tiger sleeps on.

The tree's shadows move over the cat,
Like dark, distorted monsters,
Nevertheless, he is not frightened,
The tiger sleeps on.

Four vast furry paws jolting,
The long striped tail twitching,
Flies buzzing around his ears, but still
The tiger sleeps on.

An evening song buzzing in the air,
And still the tiger does not stir,
He stops twitching, his stomach is still,
The tiger sleeps on.

Excellent. [Mrs McIlroy]

Bethany Raper
Year 8
Commended

Hunting

Night descends,
The darkness closes in,
A fox awakes within his den,
It is time for him to hunt again.

Swift as the wind,
He flies across fields,
Until he halts by some trees,
Gently swaying in the breeze.

He crouches low,
Watching a mouse,
Who was not aware
Of the fox standing there.

He springs,
A graceful ark,
But a loud cracking sound
Warns his prey before he hits the ground.

He leaps around,
To see what it was:
Men, each holding a gun,
Who shoot at things for fun.

Panic strikes.
He looks around him
But there's no hiding place.
So he flees, and the men give chase.

They give up,
Aim their guns and fire.
Their target is soon found
And the fox falls to the ground.

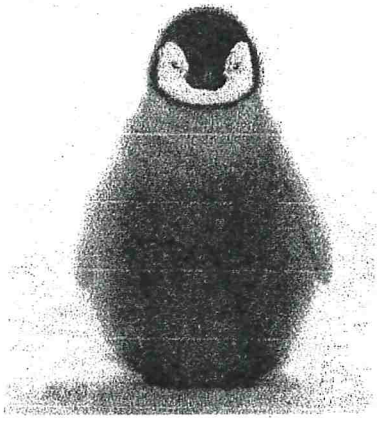
Blood flows freely,
The fox whimpers in pain,
Lies his head on the leafy ground
And dies, without another sound.

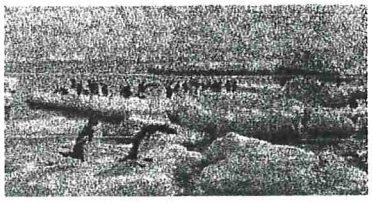
There he lies,
Encased in the darkness.
and his only crime had ever been
That he was there that night, and was seen.

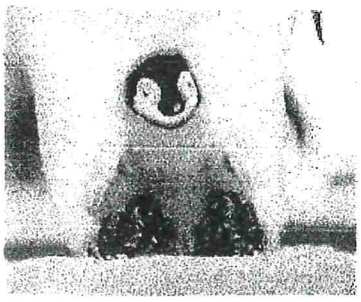
Excellent. [Mrs McIlroy]

Sandra Thompson
Year 8
Commended

March of the Penguins







From the sea jump the penguins
Their bodies gleam in the sun
Trekking over barren wastes
Their long march has begun.

Their inward compass leads them
They march for endless days
They're heading for their breeding ground
Seventy miles away.

Each in his turn must find a mate
The female produces an egg
She entrusts the egg to the father then
Shuffles off on her short little legs.

She goes to fill her belly with fish
And swim in the distant ocean
She leaves her male to nurse the egg
Two months of paternal devotion.

Cruel winter sets in for the males
Who huddle together for heat
The wild wind whips around them
As they care for the egg on their feet.

The eggs hatch, the females return
They jostle through the throng
Through the excitement and the noise
They listen for their mate's song.

The parents go back and forth to the sea
The chicks grow gradually stronger
But soon all the penguins must journey again
They can't stay inland much longer.

Vast plains of ice begin to melt
The penguins return to their home
The parents show their young the way
into the chilling Antarctic foam.

For years the chicks will swim and hunt
Diving in turquoise waters
They will march like swarms of ants
To have their own sons and daughters.

Every year they make this journey
We have no idea why
They don't breed closer to home
Near the sea under the clear blue sky.

Excellent work and presentation. [Mrs McIlroy]

Laura Collins
Year 8
Commended

MARCH OF THE PENGUINS

Waddling slowly,
in single file,
Through the freezing ice,
their silky fur,
Glistening in the sun.

Icy cliffs,
Sparking sea,
Through the freezing ice,
They shuffle to find food and shelter,
Before the snow storm finds them.

Fish, swimming in the sea,
When all of a sudden
Through the freezing ice,
Comes a hungry, tired penguin,
SNAP! And the fish had gone.

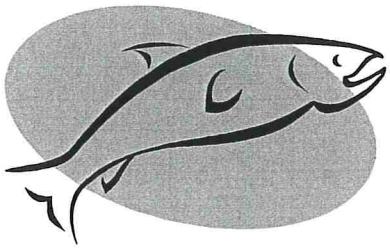
With full stomachs,
They waddle back,
Through the freezing ice,
With anticipation to see their new born child,
Healthy and happy with the father.

Waddling slowly,
In single file,
Through the freezing ice,
Their silky fur,
Glistening in the sun,
They start their journey all over again.

Very descriptive. Lovely presentation. [Mrs McIlroy]

Claire Elkins
Year 8
Commended

'Gut a Fish and write a Poem'



My teacher told me to gut a fish
and go and write a poem.
That didn't appeal to me
So I said 'No'.

This isn't a poem about the long satisfying cut,
from the bottom of the throat to the tail.
This isn't a poem about the thick, disgusting smell
wafting through the air to your recoiling nose.

This isn't a poem about the wet, slimy feel
on your fingers as you put them in the fish.
This isn't a poem about the sick inducing sight
of the slimy, sticky, bloody guts as they flop out on the floor,
AT ALL!

Very quirky! [Mrs Scott]

Michael Dodd
Year 9
First Place

Its Started

Its Started.
The lights
So bright
The sound
Of a thousand cheers
Raised to the skies.
The Screams
Of excitement
As the first drum-beat sounds
So loud against the dark night
But matched by the crowds.
Screaming, cheering a cacophony of sounds
In this small space.
I am
Deafened by the Sound
The mighty Sound
All around me.
Another sound.
A guitar, perhaps
Cries out to the stars
More noise, more sounds
They blend into each other.
The noise, too loud
Brings me silently to my knees.
I close my eyes
But it is still there.
Pounding through my head
I am surrounded
By this crashing noise
So loud
So loud
Too loud
Crushing
Blackness ....

Excellent. [Mrs Scott]

Ben Money
Year 9
Second Place (Joint)

Story of a Girl

This is the story of a girl,
she cried a river and drowned the whole world.

She lives in the moment,
doesn't dwell on the past,
But soon she found life was passing her fast.
Anger we have and happiness we lack,
each weeping minute is time we'll never gain back.

She doesn't care if she doesn't fit in;
Who cares about following the crowd?
Break the rules and take a chance,
when everyone's inside,
she'll go outside to dance.
She lives her life,
loud and proud,
But life is a gamble, it brings pleasure or pain-
but the pain stays with her,
like poison in her veins.

She lives in the moment,
doesn't dwell on the past,
But soon she found life was passing her fast.
Anger we have and happiness we lack,
each weeping minute is time we'll never gain back.

She was the person no one listened to;
she was the person who would pull through.
She is the person whose dreams will come true,
She is the person who could just be you.

This is really thoughtful. Well done. [Mr Cox]

Hannah Husband
Year 9
Second Place (Joint)

I remember the Seasons

I remember when
Winter was full of snow
and everyone would wrap up warm.

I remember when
Spring was for growing
and we would all plant bulbs.

I remember when
Summer was for sun
and sun lotion was essential.

I remember when
Autumn was for leaves
falling off the trees.

I remember the Earth before it died.

Simple, but effective. [Mr Cox]

Luke James
Year 9
Third Place (Joint)

Skyline

I stand between spaces, the thin line from this world to the next.
A thick black duvet covers the night sky.
Apart from a great whiteness which lies alone,
Its purity has a heavy feel which will send shivers right through me.
The moon.
I look down at the beacon of human achievement,
As the city's lights shine a thousand colours and rise to unimaginable heights.
Does this array of lights really show greatness? Or does it show greed and brutality?

I start to sway in the hum of the cold bitter breeze.
Looking at the skyline it makes me feel... it makes me feel cold.
The city is rotting.
I stand alone... am I the only one who can see the truth?
It's dying; I can see its chest lusting for air.
Its bloody hands scrape against the sky - trying to hold on but there is nothing to hold on to.
The lights start to flash and fade; the hands move faster smearing blood on the sky.
But it's too late.
A frantic flash of lights, one final attempt, but it's too late. It has given up.

The skyline disappears...
My eyes shine with astonishment.
The whiteness of the moon shines, its heavenly figure lights the sky.
Millions of stars appear at once just like a natural skyline.
They glitter in the black... they stand out. Its breathtaking.
Did the sudden death of human creation light the sky?
My eyes grow cold and blur, my feet are back on the ground and I stop swaying.
I look at the sky and I ask myself,
What is more beautiful, seeing the inevitable death of human achievement, or the entire universe appearing at once above me?

An excellent, thought provoking contribution.
[Mr Cox]

Emily de Sausmarez
Year 9
Third Place (Joint)

A Night to Forget

The Drive was long and pointless.
There was a chilling glow glistening over the horizon.
I knew I wouldn't be back here for a long time!

I sprinted as fast as I could,
Trying to look through the scope at the same time.
It was too heavy, I fell over.
As I fell, I felt the hairs on my skin prick up.
Just as a bullett skimmed my skin, I was lucky.
My friend, who had come with me,
Had been struck down,
Now drowning in his own blood.
Dirty, spurted with blood, covered in mud,
I carried on.

As I went through the hellish field,
I saw a few of my friends dead on the floor.
They were using machine guns,
They didn't die for their country,
They were brutally murdered!
That's when I got mad!

I charged to the other side and won my pride.
There was a crowd of them now after me.
A deathly chill ran down my spine,
I couldn't escape!
This was truly Hell!

I like this! Well done. [Mr Cox]

Matthew Comben
Year 9
Commendation

The Little Intruder

At the bottom of my bed I saw it.
In the dim light a tiny, delicate,
Little creature pranced around.
Her brainwashing dance engulfed me.
With her silk blonde hair,
Dainty little fingers
And blue satin robe she did and amazing pirouette
And landed perfectly on my goose bumped arm and sat their
quietly blue eyes like a deep ocean.

"I fell from the night sky" she told me her voice echoing around my
imagination
Her body began to shake,
Her eyes began to flutter
And in a blinding flash.....
I was in her land.

Tall pink buildings like fluffy marshmallows and other fairies
glided around looking so effortless!
Her eyes grew big as if searching for a secret.
The blue of her eyes was transfixing me.
And then stared at me, as if searching for a secret.
And then the fairy looked at me as if to say
"I need something you can not provide."

Emily Kelly
Year 9
Commendation

I remember ...

I remember the nerves
Engulfing me, filling me with doubt
My brother assuring me I'd be fine
Climbing into the glider
Having second thoughts
it was too late

I remember the take-off
My stomach almost in my mouth
The bumping and shaking
Was this supposed to happen?
We were up - 500, 1000, 2000ft still higher
Soaring through the air like a bird

I remember the view
The airfield below us
People and cars becoming ants before our eyes
Farmer's fields, a patchwork quilt of green
Then surrounded by fluffy, white clouds
Like a flea lost in sheep's coat
it was overwhelming

I remember the landing
One last loop around the make-believe track, high in the sky
then swoop low, check back,
reduce speed, down we go
We skim the ground, landing smoothly
We come to a halt
Climbing out of the glider
My legs like jelly
My journey had ended
And it was brilliant!

Sarah Overton
Year 9
Commendation

Summer's Day

Skipping in the forest
Picking all the flowers
Bathing in the sunlight
Watching the silver clouds.

The birds skim the tree tops
The light starts to fade
The night is getting cooler
And I can't get home

The trees are getting thicker
My feet are getting cold
There's a light on in the distance
Somebody's calling my name

Running through the bushes
Ripping at my clothes
Finally, I find my way home.

Natalie Strong
Year 9
Commendation

City of the Sails

High Peaks and Morrow Dales,
Clenched the city of the sails.
Rising were the golden domes,
Settled within so many homes,
Bells sounded from the tower,
Tall and strong, at the hour
Opening shops along the street,
Nobles out all posh and neat.
Gallant statues by the palace,
Deterring away all love for malice.
Steady boats upon the waves,
Out of the harbour, lined with caves.
The moon rises and night falls,
Soldiers walk along the walls.
The market bustles in the morning,
Merchants hiding under awnings.
At the plaza lies heaven hall,
The perfect dance room for a ball.
Policemen walk to maintain order,
As riches pour across the border.
Minaret the city of sails,
Hiding in the Morrow Dales

Mysterious and exotic. I really enjoyed this poem. [Mrs McIlroy]

Joseph Braybrook
Year 10
First Place

WW1 War Poetry

The air is still.

With faces white as chalk, we waited.
With tears in our eyes, we stood.
Thinking of loved ones and good times that have past,
Even the trees seemed to hold their breath.

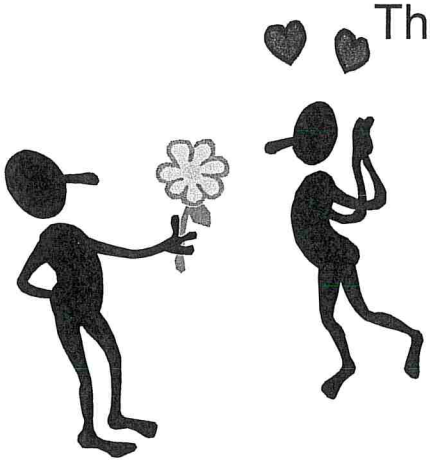
Then the sky erupts into a black and red haze,
Bullets seek out men as they tear through the sky.
The sound of a thousand screams fill the night,
All around us bodies fall to the ground,
Scorching, searing...dying
The blood and pain fades away.

The air is still

Some very powerful, effective language.
I like the repetition of that first line at the end.
[Mrs McIlroy]

Jasmine Burgin-Dade
Year 10
Second Place

The Wistful Youth Discovers Love



I walk on shores of stunning gold
I stroll idly by mountains old
I watch sunsets of reddish hue
But none more lovely than you.

I look from hilltops onto fields
And all the fruit the forest yields
The river is most sweet to hear
But I prefer your voice, my dear.

I sit enjoying glorious sun
And hear the laughing children run
I stay outside amidst the rain
Thinking of you, again, again.

I'd lie here for a thousand hours
Dreaming love were really ours
Oh, to dream of love behind doubt's curtain
Or declare it now and know for certain?

Fantastic! Beautiful theme, perfect rhythm, a lightly effective poem. I also like the very clever final 2 lines. [Mrs McIlroy]

Eve Taylor-Reilly
Year 10
Third Place

My Poem

They walked their final feet,
With an anthem of man blowing over them,
Their heart skipped many a beat,
When bullets condemn.

No lark, no nightmare, no sound.
Silence shattered by just one burst,
Boots pound the very ground,
Where they go, there's no need for hunger or thirst.

Just common men,
From normality,
Randomly picked from forest or fen,
What have they done wrong?

Good use of repetition. Variation in rhythm in the final stanza is very effective.
[Mrs McIlroy]

Stephen Bennett
Year 10
Commended

Cancer

Take me, I am ready
Trapped in this living hell
To which there seems no end
I died inside long ago.

Lying in this numb reality
Watching everything I built
As it is reduced to this pitiful end
My mark on this world long gone.

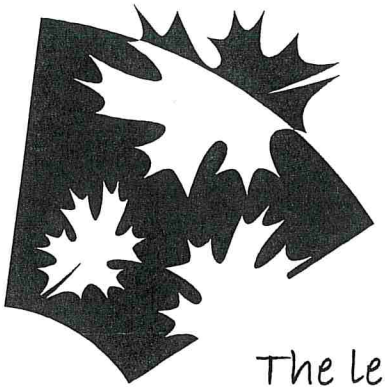
Piece by piece it disables my shell
But leaves behind my core
A helplessly ill body
Encasing a helplessly tired mind.

It devours my worn out body
Uniting its victims with its tattoo
A cruel snatching far too young
Or a painful drawn out end.

Hope of the future tragically taken
The world grieves for lives cut short
Yet here I lie within these white washed walls,
A burden of society, waiting to fall.

Some very powerful images here. [Mrs McIlroy]

Sophie Lerway
Year 10
Commended



The Leaf

The leaf is a beautiful butterfly
That flutters gracefully down,
Meandering and darting,
Softly without a sound.

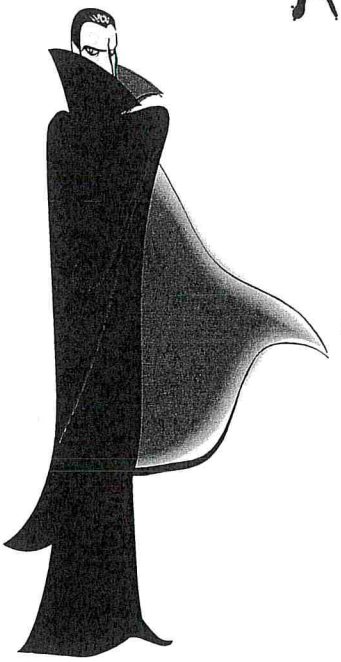
That twists and twirls
In the golden autumn air,
That dances upon the breeze,
So gentle and free of care.

Warm reds and rich golds,
And dark shiny brown,
Light as a feather
It lands on the ground.

The leaf metaphor is very effective.
As is the vocabulary you use to
describe the autumnal colours.
[Mrs McIlroy]

Louise Thompson
Year 10
Commended

A Vampire's Sorrow



A shadowed black heart,
empty,
still as darkness,
overcomes my spirit deeper.
It bleeds endless hate
and sorrow.

What will become
of me?

No feelings I have;
No love do I feel -
a monster, it seems
and I long for
passion.
My lips touch yours. Slowly,
I make my way down your soft
neck. Bloodful veins
Cover your tender skin.
As you fall to the floor, you lie there
still, bleeding sweet
crimson.

What have I done?

Helen Sepehr
Year 10
Commended

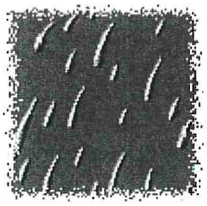
World's Weather

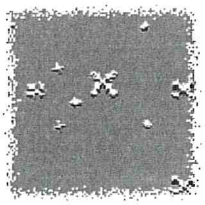
Sunlight crystalized upon cottony clouds,
Mighty spires of nimbus towering upwards,
White glassy drops fall forever downwards.

Shifting mists fill the valleys below,
As storms gallop with fury upon grassy plains,
And white horses trot along the seas with flapping manes.

Hurricanes blunder and whirl in dizzying circles,
With tornadoes funnelling their fury with energy and sound
And the winds of the world like jack rabbits leap and bound.

Sandstorms shift with the golden dune tides
But frost pricks the glass with icy lace,
While snow's chill envelopes you in its embrace.

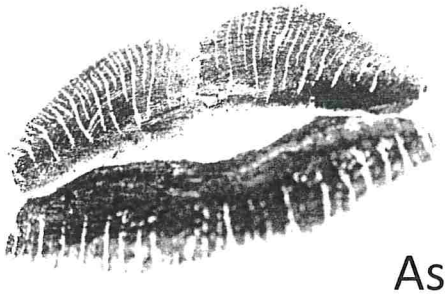




A lovely poem. Well chosen adjectives and verb in well crafted descriptions give a series of photographs to the reader. Very powerful.
[Mrs McIlroy]

Sophie Osborne
Year 10
Commended

My First Kiss



I close my eyes.
As I move passionately closer.
My legs go weak at the knees.
My heart is pulsating.

As her full red juicy lips get forever closer.
My lip starts to tremble.
My palms begin to sweat.

Our lips are now entwined.
This is a feeling I never felt before.
I wonder where I would be without her in my life.

We slowly pull away.
Gleaming into each other's eyes.

My first kiss.

Anyone who has ever kissed will be reminded of the first time by this poem. I really enjoyed it. [Mrs McIlroy]

Nathan Stride
Year 10
Commended