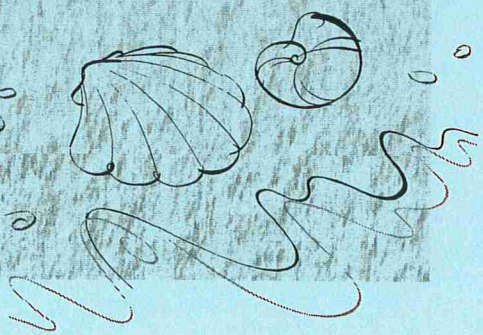
The Mountbatten School Poetry Festival

An Anthology of Poems Produced by students in Years, 7, 8, 9 and 10



With sincere thanks to both
Chantel Mathias - TES English, and
Laura Dockrill - Performance Poet
for judging this year's poems both written and performed-
and especially for taking the time to make helpful and
encouraging comments on so many of the entries.

Poetry Festival 2012
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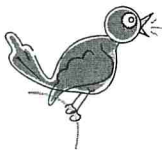
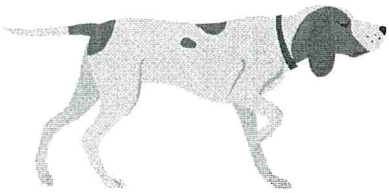
Bird Stalk

Dog, bird, 2 metres apart,
Bird no notice dog has start,
1 step, 2 steps, dog get closer,
Bird turn round and say 'Oi, No sir!'
1 step, 2 steps, bird get further,
Dog speed up then join in with her,
1 step, 2 step, both same speed,
Then owner get the lead,
1 step, 2 steps, round they go,
Dog and bird go very slow,
1 step, 2 steps, annoying thing,
Dog get bored and start to sing,
1 step, 2 steps, howling hound,
Bird fly off without a sound,
1 step, 2 steps, dog realise,
Bird not here, it gone to hide,
Dog go 'woof' and lie on floor,
Owner get dog and go on walk.





Such a clever and original poem. The aural nature of the poem was brought to life by the poem's strong voice and the immediacy of the moment emphasised by use of present tense. Super!

Nina Cork
Year 7
First Place

SNeeze

There are many types of sneezes:

The karate sneeze. *Hiiay!!!*

The sniffles. *"Sniff"*

Sneezes from the chest. *Achoo!!*

The silent sneeze. *achoo*

And the violent sneeze. *ACHOO!!!!!*

But I think my sneeze is the best .....
Hiiay!!!, Sniff, Achoo!!, *achoo,* *ACHOO!!!!*

I think I need a tissue.

AAAHHH TISSUE! 'S'not bad! Megan clearly nose all about onomatopoeia and it's sneezey to see she has excellent presentational skills.

Megan Jefferies
Year 7
Second Place

The Misty Castle

It stood on an island in the middle of a lake
Mist surrounding slithered like a snake
Its reflection in the water had turned like ice
Yet the detail is perfect, exact, precise

Everything is silent, there is no breeze
Death crawls, weaves through the trees
Purple and blue dance in foggy skies
Waiting for the life giving sun to rise

For now this place is empty, dark and cruel
Surrounding mountains shiver, it's icy and cool
Silhouetted trees whisper through the air
Nothing moves, it doesn't dare

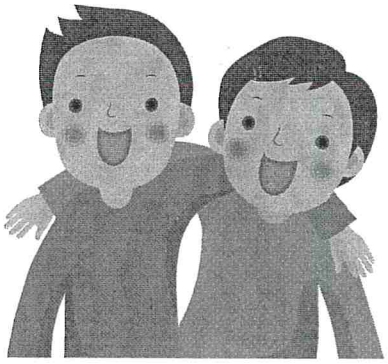
This lonely stone castle makes the air bitter
The surrounding lake reflects it with a glitter
The ruler of the island, this castle stands strong
Stood on its island, where it will always belong.

Well! This is just so lovely to see. You clearly have a passion and skill for poetry.

Jenny Sills
Year 7
Third Place

Friends are like keys ...

*A **friend** is like a key,*
At times so very hard to find.
*You can **always** keep them safe,*
*Or sometimes **leave** them behind.*
*You always want a **friend**,*
*To **treat** you like the best;*
*A **friend** is like a key,*
*That opens you like a **chest**.*



Millie Barefoot
Year 7
Commended

Furniture Game

Resembling a glistening mirror,
She has no secrets to tell,
A rolling pin too,
She smoothes things out as well,
Cascading rain at midnight,
She's mysterious and free,
High in sugar lemonade,
Fizzy and bubbly,
Exotic bird of paradise plant,
A multi-coloured blend,
Light and floaty summer-dress,
And that's why she's my friend.

Meg Daniel
Year 7
Commended

Last Will and Testament

I leave my youngest brother my patience for the times when he is on the edge of frustration,

I grant my father my wonderful imagination to pack his brain with delightful thoughts.

I bestow my composure to my extremely bonkers and talkative cousin so she can calm down when necessary,

I confer my spine to my oldest brother so it encourages him to elevate his head high,

I donate my perfectly functioning foot to my mother to end the pain of walking.

Lastly I entrust my welcoming heart to my grandmother so she can share all the content memories and cherish them forever

Lovely ideas Jasmine! Very original and thoughtful. Well done.

Jasmine Kaur
Year 7
Commended

The Silver Mist

The silver mist
Wafting through
Ghostly tendrils
Reaching, Searching
A cloak for hunters, trees
The silver mist
He stood rooted like trees of the forest
Terror coursing through his veins
Extracting the happiness
Injecting the misery
The silver mist
Pulling in the weak
Repelling the strong
No light shows
Neither does dark
The silver mist
Creeping ever onward
He stumbled through the woods
Like a spider's web, it gripped him
Like a hanger's noose, it choked him
The silver mist
Was it here and now where his end would come
Encased by the raw evil of the remnants who try to fight her
The silver mist
Beware her deadly force.

Dan Lockheart
Year 7
Commended

Time B mb

I'm so lonely on the brink of twenty-four
So much love to give but so unsure
I'm running out of time to make new dreams
Even which if I achieve aren't always what they seem
I'm giving up on God and the power of prayer
Still I often wonder what it is that's keeping me here
My heart beats like a time bomb ready to explode
It's always losing blood and sometimes skips a note
I'm just a hollow body signalling a tease
Inviting those to come and toy with me
But never once did I ever have to question
The clearest path or the proper direction
But everything we do life remembers
Even if I want to ignite memories into embers
Certain memories though I'd never want to forget
I cling to these thoughts because they are all I have got
Lost in myself at night I stare at the sky
But I realise they built these walls much too high
With no one to turn to I try to lock these thoughts inside
I become exposed however because I can no longer hide
No one really understands or knows how to listen
And because of this I often make poor decisions
And I can try and fly as far as I can
But I've run out of goals and have no plan
I don't even know what I want from life anymore
Though vivid images of people at night still wash ashore
All the feelings shared are going to waste
They now exist as empty words in timeless space
And my generosity sometimes goes underrated
My heart so mutilated has grown frustrated
I've aided so many people; more than I can number
All I ask is that they not awake me from my slumber
All I can do is try to teach people not to be
A hopeless person or someone just like me

And I believe we all feel like this at times
Word for word and every syllable in this rhyme
Some admit it while others live in denial
Life catches up to everyone through hardships and trials
And in this poem I am not looking for self-pity
Or witty remarks from faces that are oh so pretty.

William Ireland
Year 7
Commended

Eagle Poem

Fierce, dominant, but elegant too,
As innocent as a baby,
But as guilty as a prisoner,
You can easily be fooled,
By its appearance and figure.
It's sly but stately movement
Marks its territory from predators,
Its colour is the black night sky,
Its beak states its significance,
Representing a unique feature,
Not to mention its odd texture,
Delicate and segmented,
Like a puzzle, painting or picture ...

Jean-Luc Ramdin
Year 7
Commended

My Lost Dad

Sitting in a chitty chitty bang bang model car with me
We are in the All Stars Cars museum, in the Lake District.
The sound I remember from the memory is "Say cheese"
As we were having a picture taken.
I was trying to turn the steering wheel of the car.
When I remember him I feel happy and sad.
I don't remember much of him.
I miss him, but I still love him.
My lost Dad.

Ross Cantrell
Year 7
Commended

Evening Antics, Tomfoolery and Profundities…

All around the dinner table
My family comes into its own:
The dramas of the day unfold,
The stories of our lives are told!

All around the dinner table,
Many forms and paper piled high:
The sink does often overflow;
Tidiness does not always show…

All around the dinner table
Conversations run WILD!
A-level chemistry, deep philosophy
Rats, who has lost their front door key?!

All around the dinner table
Steam from homemade dishes swirl.
Dad is the culinary chief,
He cooks it all from beans to beef!

All around the dinner table,
Our napkins nestle in their rings,
For Mum wouldn't ever go without
The table looking 'proper' throughout.

All around the dinner table
Every day we sit:
My family, me and our great meal,
I wouldn't change it
Not a bit.

Loved the humour, refrain and rhythm in this poem. I'd love to be invited to dinner too!

Alexandra Walker
Year 8
First Place

MUSSOLINI

Mussolini
Standing over a yogurt pot getting his face stuck, licking every last drop
In the small kitchen

Trusting
Kind
Strong

Shining silver
His loud roaring purring
Happiness

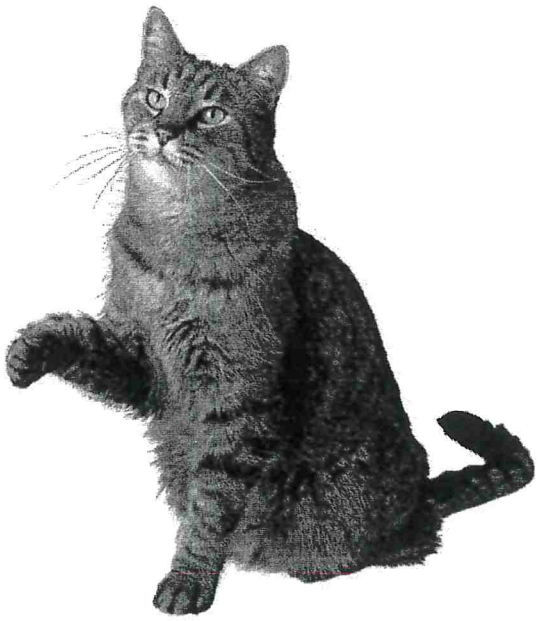
Until
He wasn't his normal self

Mussolini
Lying in monster arms
At the vets

Defensible
Innocent
Weak

A dark black overpowering him
His unsteady breathing
Pain
And I
Staring over his helpless body

My mother's cat
Mussolini
A Cat I will always remember



This is a carefully and sensitively structured poem. Very effective use of imagery and enjambment, too. A lovely tribute.

Kia Duplock
Year 8
Second Place

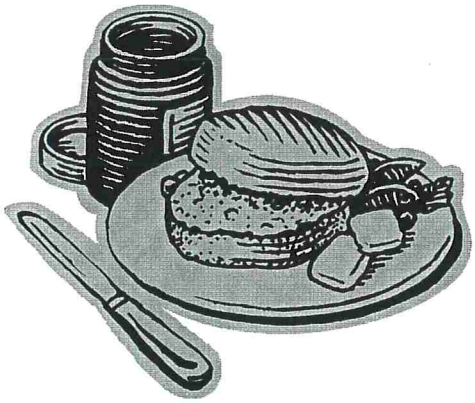
Scone

I have a certain way of talking and a particular tone,
Because of this they call me posh: for example I say scone.

I do not intend to talk like this but it is me down to the bone.
I believe I get it from my family whilst living in my home.

I am often told I talk like my mum, especially on the phone,
It is not the best but it doesn't matter; at least I'm not alone.

I have a certain way of talking and a particular tone,
Because of this they call me posh: for example I say scone.



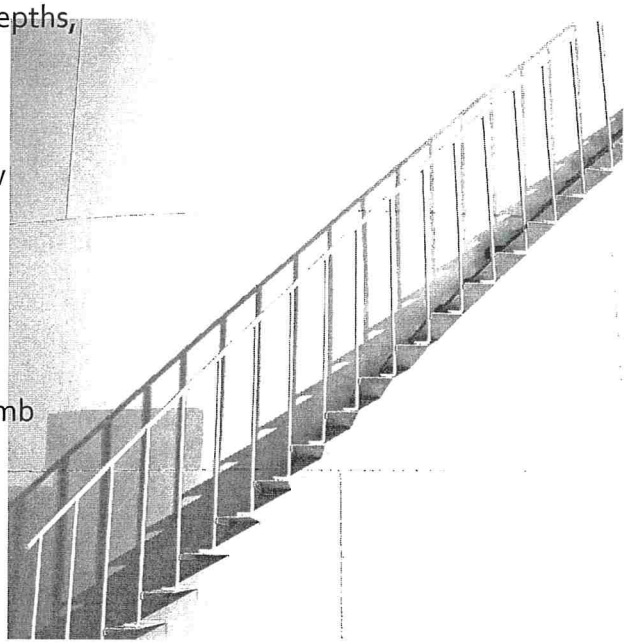
A witty little poem, Louise. Very Roger McGough in tone.

Louise Davies
Year 8
Third Place

My Endless Staircase

Up the winding stairs I climb
Not knowing where they lead,
Or if in fact they do lead anywhere
Or if my feet will bleed,
There's not a light to guide my way
Or comfort me when I am small,
The ominous walls close in now
Forcing me to crawl.

The ground draws me closer
Its gaping mouth calling me to the depths,
My life's a black and white picture
It hurts with every breath.



Though there is barely any hope now
I still try to hold my head high,
I think of all the past times
My happy times
Andy cry.

Tear stained walls and an endless climb
May be all I can see,
But with my hand on heart
And my heart on my friends,
Not giving up hope I will be.

There's a sparkle of light inside me
Just a light wanting to shine,
But I look down and see something sickening
And with a shudder realize its mine.

Ragged, searing cuts and mocking looks
May be all I can feel,
My skin grows hot, I feel it calling
My blood I will reveal.

I pause and look up thinking there was a light
My heart thunders fast like a drum,
But all there is, is suffocating darkness
I raise my hand in farewell,
Take a deep breath and,
Then
I'm
gone.

The sound of a clatter and a sharp, drawn breath
As I collapse to my knees,
If you ever find me one day
Just turn around and run,
Because the place I was is horrible
Just run,
Please?

Mim Carmona-Gordon
Year 8
Commended

Words of Blankness

Words mean nothing.

Unless you put emotion into them.

Otherwise they are useless letters,

Put together to make a never ending

Line of blank letters,

They make me write this;

I have no emotion;

There is nothing I can think about,

To spill out onto this page.

So I write this poem,

Words with no emotion,

A line of blank letters,

No meaning,

No emotion.

Rebecca Penny
Year 8
Commended

Who's There?

A dark room,
A stormy night,
Mysterious shadows fill me with fright,
Who's there?

A door slams,
The room shakes,
In the next house a baby awakes,
Who's there?

Something moves,
I get a chill,
Is it time to write my will?
Who's there?

Can't wake up,
Thoughts fill my mind,
Scared to think about what I might find,
Who's there?

Anna Bowman
Year 8
Commended

Can't Write Poems

I can't write poems to save my life

Every time I try it ends in strife

Even if I try again

I fail but then ...

Then I'll find I can think of a theme

About something I like or somewhere I've been

I could write about London, Cyprus or Spain

But making most stuff rhyme is such a pain.

Rhythm, Rhythm I must remember

In January, February and December

Plenty of adjectives are in demand

But this use of language I don't understand.

If I don't remember the things I was taught and told

My teachers will give me such a scold

Because as I told you earlier

I can't write poems!!!

Luke Bowers
Year 8
Commended

Fake

I wear designer clothes to make me look cool
I totter around in high-heels and look like a fool
I pile on make-up, jewellery and more.
I straighten my hair and stare in the mirror just to be sure.
I go on diets to make me thin.
I cry every night and throw the real me in the bin.
No matter how much I change, I never fit in
No matter how hard I try, I never win.
Pretend smiles, phony laughs, wild life, breaking heart.
I tell them I'm fine and the don't see me falling apart.
I destroy my childish memories and re-decorate my room.
I no longer wish on shooting starts, I only watch them zoom.
I'm an imitation of them but they don't even care!
I'm not even myself and neither is my natural frizzy hair.
If I left they wouldn't even know.
When I hit rock bottom, when I feel low,
No-one is there for me, I am left for dead.
I cry, I hurt and many tears are shed.
I am artificial, a plastic doll, I am who you want me to be.
You can change me and make me but I'll never be me.
I am false, I am nothing, but you can't even see!
Look closely and you'll see the girl you think I am, isn't me...

Katie Johnson
Year 8
Commended

Penance

I crouch in this cell chastising myself
It's cool it's bare not even a shelf.

I'm only young, yet I feel so old,
The pain burns in my soul, yet I feel so cold,

I try to recall how it used to be,
When I could ride the wind; how I long to be free,

I accept my fate and how it is to be dealt,
Yet the hand I had been given could not be felt,

It's faded to a blur but the guilt has remained,
But she is safe as long as I am detained,

For I'm unable to throttle this beast inside me,
This putrid infection of jealousy.

I crouch in this cell chastising myself,
It's cool it's bare not even a shelf,

Until the time comes ...

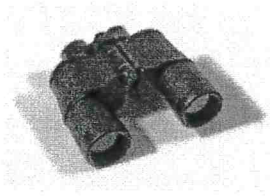
Anna-Rose Yexley-Collins
Year 8
Commended

The Detective

I stand looking at you, my number one suspect,
You have no remorse or feeling of guilt.
A life taken so brutally,
A family left torn apart by you.

My life is so different to yours,
I spend hours trying to find out the truth.
My job entails a lot more than hard work,
It's single minded determination to get justice.

You know I can't arrest you,
Because you hide the evidence from me.
I know you're guilty and this I find so hard,
But I will not stop looking because I know I will find the vital clue.



Was it for greed or love,
Or just to make a point?
These facts I will eventually find,
No matter how hard you try to deflect suspicion.

I have seen the look in their eyes once their souls have departed,
Their pain, their anguish;
I have seen it many times before,
A vessel now empty.

I am always faced with lies,
The lies you spin to hide the fact that it was your red hands.
I have to filter the information you gave me,
To add it to the ever-growing list of events of that dreadful night.

I am so committed to the job I do,
I spend hours away from my family.
My life spent with death and questions unanswered,
I have seen things no person should see.

I stand looking at you, my number one suspect,
You have no remorse or feelings of guilt.
Yet because of this unsolved case,
It feels I have committed the crime.

I feel I am the guilty one,
That is what you intended
I know it is.
Just tell me the truth. Please!

Georgina Bray
Year 8
Commended

Tough as Old Boots

Old warn and scuffed,
Ripped, torn stained with mud,
One by one they walk.

They can't walk alone.
Never part from the other,
Together, sole mates.

Always keep me safe,
Cosy, soft as if still new,
Tucking toes to bed.

Pick me up when down,
Put me on my feet again,
On mud, snow or sand.

Legs ache, can't go on
On this beach, carry me through,
Crush shells and sand below.

Yearn for touch of sand.
But stay wrapped in leather,
It's too cold outside.

Hearing sweet sea sounds,
Cold waves crash and fall,
Down to kiss their nose.

Rush of white horses.
Melt like candy floss in mouth,
Back to blue, green sea.

Always battle on,
They see, hear, feel all of it,
They're my tough old boots!

Sally, your poem is just simply fabulous! You understand the glory of simplicity, metaphor and magic.

Sally Britton
Year 9
First Place

Mephistophelian, Succubus'

I could see the apocalyptic expanse of dejection,
Seething in her dilated, scornful gaze,
Drifting yonder in the distance,
At an authentic, scarlet haze,
Her unapologetic stare incinerated my soul,
Hair frayed and straggled thinly,
Her voice hoarse and very wispy,
Her nails chewed to the bone,
For she knows what she must approach,
Demons are no creation of myth or warped ideals,
No phantasmagorical creations of a primitive superstition,
I thirst for, I crave weak, mortal blood,
The horror within scratches within my core,
It pleads that I must lift this internal war,
To allow it to caress freely in the night,
To possess weak humans and claim their rights,
To relinquish its true form,
I am an abnormal, reckless, satanic preacher,
I have many unorthodox features,
I have inhumane delusions and foresights,
I eradicate all that venture into the blackened, misty night,
I will cleanse the earth of the affliction of mankind,
Eternal refuge is no more,
Seek an outlet in oblivion,
It will serve you more,
Hands jolting in attempted-sustainability of my human traits,
My throat is withered and writhing as if bound to a speechless fate,
I couldn't utter a sound; it was far too late,
I had to intervene with the distraught being within,
I had to let her know I wasn't in control,
That me demonic half had descended to the fore,
My face contorted with malicious glee,
Now feeding off her bliss and deranged agony,
An occult of deception, a being of perfection,

In dire mortification you fulfil your wretched aspiration,
You wish to perish at my hands,
I shall grant you your feeble request,
You are antagonizing, pleading for demise,
Open your eyes and see through my lies,
I have no soul, I am not in control.
I am the demon in your mist,
How can you trust me to be swift,
This is but my gracious gift,
You are no prodigy but this is no paradox,
My fixations are not of this earth,
My human loyalties severed at birth,
A spiteful, decelerate death shall befall you,
Where is your optimism this was your request,
There is no beginning, there is no end,
Anticipation and anguish manipulate my notions,
As I create, in-righteous, vile potions,
Grinning ruefully with sadistic pleasure,
I have succumbed to injustice and terror,
Sacrilegious urges impatiently in my ear,
Necrotic intentions consume my mind,
Paralysed, hypnotised, under a wretched spell,
My obligations now dismissed,
Now allowed to fulfil my arrogant wish,
My mind consumed by a desolate being,
It cares for nothing, it is all seeing,
The recreant who embraces nothing,
Shall be imprisoned in its own crude lies,
Pierce the veil,
Shatter the sun,
Obliterate the moon,
Undo what has been done,
Foresee its lies and allow its prize of solace to remain anonymous,
He is forsaken and shall obtain no absolution,
He shall be isolated in my abattoir for his false deeds,
Jaws drooling; spilling phlegm and bile,

The last traits of humanity dwindles from my face,
This is my disgusting satisfaction,
You are an abject parasite, wallowing in self-misery,
Exasperatedly and traumatically hacking zygoma,
My in-abrupt rage no longer shall remain concealed to humanity,
My illuminated, hypodermic syringe is to hand,
I scour with no remorse across this foul land,
Eyes bulging with morbid pleasure,
This is the life I wish to endeavour,
The corruption of tranquility shall be dejecting,
Is this not what you've been expecting?
This is the annihilation of all of mankind,
None will be spared; no tears to dry,
To spill tainted, human blood is all that I desire,
I will not conclude the necromantic slaughter,
You will all witness my eternal blight,
As I prowl subtly through the dark night,
The infernal regions with praise me eternally,
Demonic songs of genocide will never come to pass,
Monoliths build to honour me past,
Personal oracles to speak of my wrath,
I am a psychopathic slaughterer,
Necrolatry, necrophiliac, necromancer combined,
Wherever you are you cannot hide,
Futile, demon spawn shall rupture once sacred lands,
We are the adversaries of sorrow, give into our demands,
See salvation in the past; the present belittles your filthy race,
Omen of lust, omen of spite,
Abolish all hope upon this eerie night,
Gods putrid, discouraged exiles,
Pursue with deranged, twisted glee,
Defender of the trinity, diviner of our sanctuary,
This was my hallowed, selfless legacy,
I used to be a respectful creature,
Now I have become a malevolent being,
A lord of sin and sorrow,

Reigning over a monumentalcomplexion,
The air is dense with the rancid, stench of blood
I now commence my devious rituals of treachery,
This twisted, wretched land is shadowed by absolute darks of hell,
In dreams of defilement beyond the bounds of a withered witch's spell,
Where loathsome creatures dwell in dim moon light beyond the security of radiance,
Demons scour the forests; devious eyes are upon you all,
Sacred weapons to the corrupted, revealed to be unleashed upon the valiant forces of hell,
A horrible curse taints the woodlands nearby with the forms of the walking dead,
Unholy inversion of hope, twisting the faith of the meek into hate,
Driven insane by the darkened one, who brings forth the foul biddings he speaks,
The undead are among us at dark they fade back to their silken beds,
They slumber by day,
Your dire ploy of the restoration of contentment has been erased,
They wane by day and at night they fester upon a child's butchered entrails,
My legion is expanding, spreading my shadows of sorrow throughout the land,
Releasing the fears that dwell inside the slumbering, weak minds of men,
We can tarnish the strongest opposing ones, leaving heroes paralysed,
The rivers flow with poison the lunar orb condemns your soul,
The ghouls that roam this darkened place are thirsting for your throat,
Even in a higher entity's presence you are not safe,
We will, Vanquish, liquidate and exterminate you all,
Even with a druid's help, you all will still fall,
Damnation is erupting by the fallens command,
You are all herpetic slaves of affliction,
Don't dwell on your fate until it's too late,
This is seen through articulo mortis.
This is your apocalypse.

I think your poem is brave, ambitious and rich in language.

Josh Crockford
Year 9
Joint Second Place

My Sister

I remember playing with our dolls and toys,
We've grown out of them but we've not grown apart,
We share our dreams of life and share our joys,
We've been extremely close right from the start,
We talk about futures and laugh together,
Things like growing up and getting married,
We speak all the time and laugh whenever,
All of the ups and downs we have both carried.

I wish and hope our friendship stays the same,
You're someone who fills life with laughs and smiles,
We share secrets and make up our own games,
We always argue but only for a while,
Sisters together forever at heart,
Forever even when death do us part.

This is great, well done! Gentle, true and beautiful. You haven't kept it too mushy. It packs punch.

Courtney Sinclair
Year 9
Joint Second Place

Music

It flows right through me every single day,
Keeps me entertained – at home or away,
Takes me away from the world – peace at last,
Makes me feel like dancing – beat slow or fast.

Any song playlist can get me ready,
For the day; before I get my Shreddies,
When I start to play, there's a growing heat,
Feeling the beat pulsating through my feet.

Lying there in bed – plug into Sony,
I go from silence, to my own party,
Makes me feel alive – no matter my mood,
There's nothing I love more – not even food.

It doesn't matter which place I may be,
Music's the life that is inside of me!

Fantastic opening! This is a great poem. I like it because I found it honest and from the heart. Poetry is all about micro scoping in on those tiny details. Well done.

James Creed
Year 9
Third Place

Sonnet 18.9

Shall I compare thee to a winter's night?
Thou art more frigid and chilling than ice
Thine life is devoid of sunshine and light,
So glacial, sharp and chilling are your eyes.
Icicles burn in thine heart and thine blood
Frost clings to thee and it laces your soul,
Stealing warmth and love and all that is good;
Where goodness should be, is nought but a hole.
Thine fire and colour has been taken
Replaced only with disgust, frost and hate
Your heart and company too cold for men,
A life in the cold and dark is your fate,
Though laughter and love are all that you crave.
I am Summer, and it's you who I'll save.

Erin Marsh
Year 9
Commended

The Dying Piano

The horror from its squeals was excruciating.

We dragged it to the driveway and attacked it with sledge hammers.

The sound just grew louder.

Then we cremated it.

Finally, Silence.

Twisted metal remained.

We took it to the dump.

Stephen Harley
Year 9
Commended

Sophia

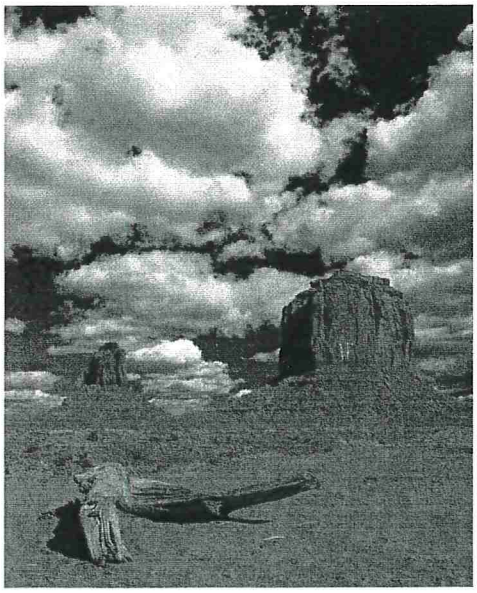
Tears fall deep from within my broken soul,
As faint disfigured dreams enter my mind,
Her sad disturbed eyes are as black as coal,
It seemed that she was perfectly designed.
Trapped inside her casket of loneliness,
Her lifeless limp body caged in oak,
Memories flood back of our old happiness,
Her death scarred my soul causing me to choke,
Everything has changed now she's gone,
Carrying on without her seems unreal,
Her voice sounded like a beautiful song,
Filled with magic she was the real deal,
They say it will all be okay now she's gone,
But my thoughts of her go on and on.

Beautiful poem, well thought out, well executed and excellent word choice.

Tara Taylor
Year 9
Commended

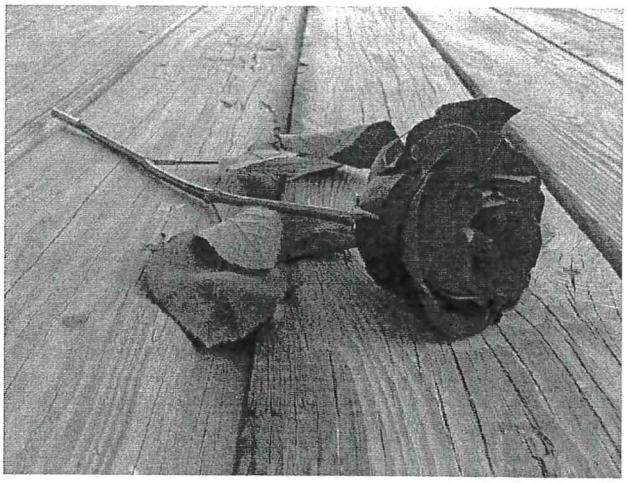
THE BARREN LAND

The barren land is a sleeping giant;
Just waiting to be awoken again,
Dust flies in the wind like a swarm of insects,
The birds of prey soar;
Looking for a possible meal for their young,
Lizards search for water in the vastness,
Their throats parched from the heat of the day,
Trees rustle in the slight wind,
The sand, underfoot, is scorching;
All animals speed along to get away from the heat,
The arid landscape asks for aqua;
Needing the sweltering heat to disappear,
The dead animals take on a dreadful stench lying in the heat,
This is the barren land. Nothing can escape it.



Well written and executed poem. I like the idea of the opening. Real sense of thirst throughout.

Isaac Murphy
Year 9
Commended



A Rose

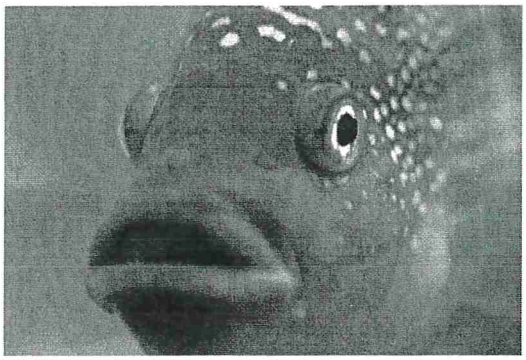
A lovely rose with petals soft
A scent so sweet and light.
So beautiful this flower,
With colours shining bright.
But something not so nice about this fragrant rose,
The thorns so sharp upon the stem,
That sharpens as it grows.
Yet still lovely is the flower,
Despite the thorns that spring
You'll always find them in the garden
Blooming in the spring.

Gorgeous, simple, elegant and sweet. Perfect balance.

Charlotte Friend
Year 9
Commended

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BEN TAILBY

I leave to my friend legs because you have never been able to stand on your own two feet.



I bequeath to my fish, eyelids – because you need the sleep.

I leave my uncle a back bone because yours is buried deep.

To the brave soldiers in Afghanistan I give you a heart because you have given yours to the people of your country.

To the people of Great Britain I leave satisfaction because you are never happy with our weather.

Really funny and well balanced.

Ben Tailby
Year 9
Commended

The Decider

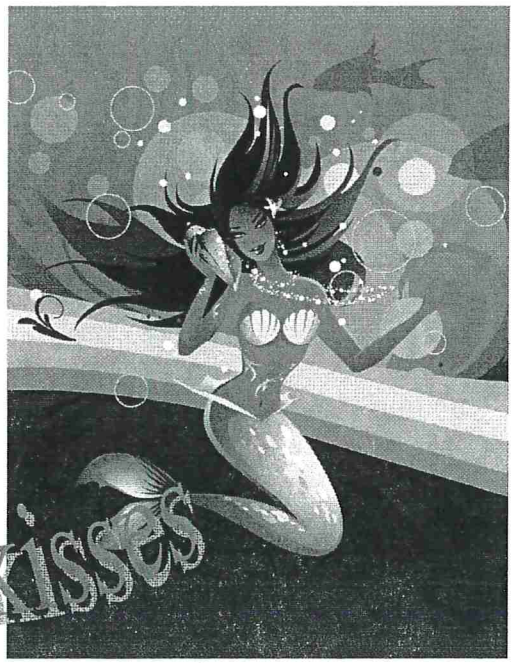
Standing at the crease waiting to face a ball,
Wandering if it will bounce, or be full.
The bowler turns around and counts his steps back.
The only thing you know is that he's going to attack.
The bowler digs his spikes, to grip into the grass,
I ask for "middle please" to make the time go past.

The bowler starts to run down; charging like a rhino,
It runs through my head, I have to stay low.
The bowler releases the ball, it fizzes through the air,
There's only one place that's going, right over square.
I raise my bat aloft and strike the ball clean,
I put my head down and run like a machine.

The fielder picks the ball and throws it directly in,
Just one this time I need to judge the spin.
The match is near its end.
Upon me the score depends.
I hit the ball and hope, just a fielder in my way,
It passes through his hands, and wins us the day.

Great rhyming pattern, pace and structure. Well done.

Joe Bristow
Year 9
Commended



Mermaid kisses

In the depth of the ocean lay a little wooden boat,
It had just three men on board,
A darkening night, an approaching storm, danger lay in store,
But no one thought about the creatures, the creatures of the deep,
They joked about the dangers that lay under the sea,
They said it would never happen but now he's dead and gone,
The man who loved a mermaid will his story still live on?
On a sea washed rock she lay, for all the world to see,
Sailors couldn't resist the tyrants from underneath,
As they watched the temptress, her voice began to sing,
"The waters cool, just right" she swooned and then the men gave in,
When they heard her alluring chant, they stared in fascination,
They followed her empty promises of love and adoration,
The first man jumped and then the rest, imprisoned by her trance,
She dragged them in, her job was done they didn't have a chance,
She didn't mean to hurt them, she didn't want them dead,
It was just so lonely out there in her watery sea filled bed.

This poem is fun and has beautiful imagery. The ending is very fairy tale like and imaginative – rich in language and style. Executed fantastically well.

Megan Humphries
Year 10
First Place

Ethiopia

Ethiopia is dark in emotion

The trees do not sway with joy

Instead they twist with pain

Sweat coats the tender skin of the young bodies

Their feet obliterated from the on-going brutal torture

School is a dragging effort to most children but a distant dream to these innocent boys

Their kidnap is still fresh in their memory

A nightmare embedded in their mind

And yet they still plod on

Not knowing if they would ever see the end of the tunnel.

I think this is an honest, moving and reflective piece of work. I like the fact you haven't dressed it up. It is bold and therefore fantastic. Well done.

George Hounsome
Year 10
Second Place

Homosexual, bi-sexual transsexual...

Homosexual, bi-sexual, transsexual,

Gay, lesbian, fag

Black, white, ginger.

Stupid, ugly, dumb

Useless, worthless, slut.

Liar, fake, freak, nerd,

You're not good enough and you never will be.

Society killed the teenager.

This poem is very brave, sharp and frank. It is to the point and does its job. Well done.

Anonymous
Year 10
Third Place

A poem about teenage life

Judged as a thug who's forever doing drugs
In honesty I don't even know they how work?
Models sized zero,
Seem to be everyone's hero,
Wow-society sucks!

Yes, I'd prefer to be in the pool,
Compared to studying in school,
But why all be so cruel?

No, being a teenager is not easy stuff,
In fact being a teenager is really tough.

Heads are shook,
I feel like replying – sorry that my head
Is not constantly stuck in a book!

I guess we're judged whatever we do,
Like I said society sucks.

Thank you to the minority.

I love your writing style and voile. I found it and your message refreshingly unique and honest.

Jasmine Hindle
Year 10
Commended

Are you OK?

"Are you OK?"
What a question
A question strangled with the lies of untold pain
A question whose answer is usually perfected by only the best of actors
A question which lets memories flow back into life.
Winding and twisting emotions into a dull, empty ache. No, I'm not OK.
Reminiscing thoughts crowd my mind, push against my chest, choke me into silence.
A sharp mixture of pain and sadness drives me to a world of my own.
A world that blocks out the voices around me.
A world where the silence lets me think.
Visions of the past pierce my normality.
But somehow, these feelings, these dark, painful feelings,
Manage to twist my mouth into a smile.
A smile to paint over reality.
"Of course" she replies.
"I'm fine".

A great poem, perfect in structure and an excellent subject matter. Very good ending.

Annie Saba
Year 10
Commended

I am an oversight

I am an oversight
Just like a parasite
They won't forgive
They won't forget.

They try to cut me down
But I know I'll be around
Now I'll have to wait
To drive my fate.

I can't take the pain
The life of me they drain.
I know that they'll win again.

I liked this outspoken and brutal bit of writing. I enjoyed the honesty, the writing voice and the darkness behind it.

Alex Blandford
Year 10
Commended

I Wish

I wish I could tell you how much I miss you
I wish you were still here to smile
I wish I could remind you I love you
And stay safe in your arms for a while.

I wish I had talked to you about how you really felt
Were you scared, sad or relieved?
I wish we had longer than months together
But it came faster than first perceived.

I wish I could tell you how I thought it was unfair
To take you away so soon
I wish that I could do something for you
Because I love you from here to the moon.

I wish I had listened when they had told me the truth
And I hadn't denied the facts
Please remember that I always love you.

I wish I could bring you back.

Well written and great for audiences to related to. Well done.

Lucy Palmer
Year 10
Commended

Places I'd rather be...

There are many places I'd rather be,
Than stuck here in my reality.
I gaze out the window and wonder why,
Which story I would choose to try.
I could live a life in the faraway tree,
Or climb Mount Doom with Hobbits fearlessly.
Yet investigate a serious murder case,
Or perhaps go explore the outer-space.
These stories and books, they fill my head,
Begging and weeping to all to be read.
My dreams are infiltrated with wands and magic,
And gripping horrors filled with misery and tragic,
As I wander up the stairs each night,
My heart skips as I must turn out the light.
The Woman in Black wails behind me.
A blood thirsty Orc roars maliciously.
My life is structured from ink and imagination,
These books, these characters, a whole congregation.
Mountains and mice and wizardry tricks,
Sleighs and griffins and moonlight with sticks,
Frodo and Sam, Ron and Harry and Dumbledore,
Red Riding Hood and Snow White, her dwarves and furthermore
Romeo and Juliet, those innocent lovers,
Are locked behind those papery covers.
My mind will always strain and strive,
To make these wonderful tales come alive.

Really loved this poem. Well done.

Rachel Wright
Year 10
Commended

What happens in the dark?

Jumping over fences,

Landing silent every time.

Slipping into the darkness of night,

He's about to commit his crime.

He jumps, he lands,

Right on the victim's back.

Tugging and ripping at it,

And causing it to crack.

The end to this life was such a pity.

My Nemo is such a vicious little kitty!

I found your poem light and breezy, easy to read, endearing and surprising.

Sophie Turnbull-Ditlev
Year 10
Commended

Things could be better ...

Things could be better

If we listened

Things could be better

If we knew

Things could be better

If we understood

Things could be better

If we cared

Things would be better

If we came together

A strong and bold piece, moving with an excellent energy and message.

William Hill
Year 10
Commended