



Mountbatten
School
Poetry Festival
2013

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

*With sincere thanks to
Kai Merriott*

*For judging this year's poems
and especially for taking the time to make helpful and
encouraging comments on so many of the entries.*

Poetry Festival 2013

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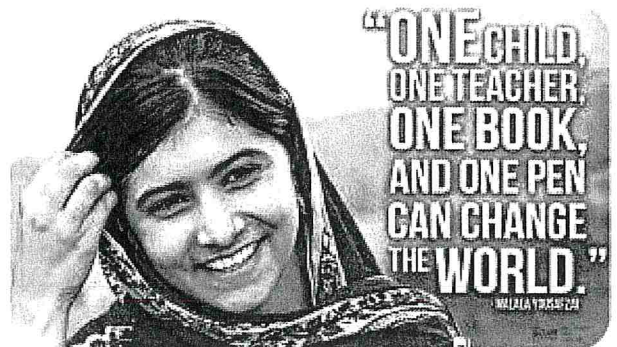
Malala Ballad

In the deep, dark days of Pakistan,
The country was ruled by the Taliban,
Forbidding education for women and girls alone,
Woman's rights are what girls would adore.

But one stubborn girl would not accept it,
Malala made a blog about her life; you see she didn't agree with it one bit,
From blog to documentary from YouTube to fame,
The secret was drawing out and rules looked quite lame.

The Taliban were angry... who could have foreseen what would come next?
Whilst on the school bus, men stormed upon armed and dangerous,
As Malala turned a bullet ricochet and hit her brain,
Close to death's door she managed to survive,
As she had been miraculously revived.

Now in the U.K. a charity for woman's rights,
Are reaching an unbelievable height,
Now her dream is to stop and protest,
For the one worst thing that all women detest ...



This poem is hard to ignore – a tricky subject made accessible
in a poem that's both informative and important.

Rosie Dyke
Year 7
First Place

Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror, on my wall,
I just want to be pretty, thin and tall

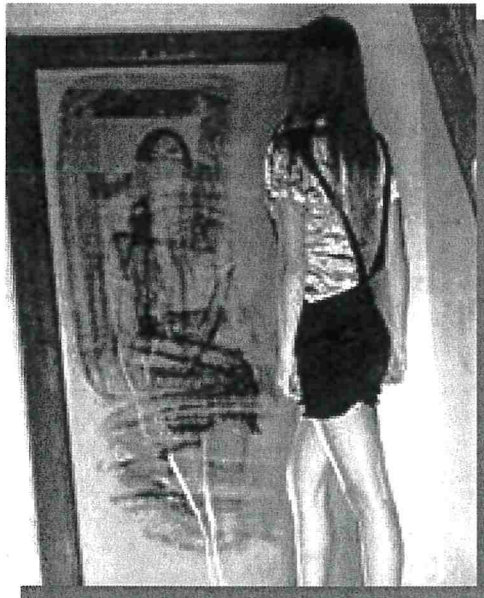
Mirror, mirror, if I change my hair,
Maybe someone will start to care?

Mirror, mirror, if I starve myself,
At least I'll be pretty, forget my health.

Mirror, mirror I just want to look like the girls on TV,
Though that will never happen in reality.

Mirror, mirror, if I cut my wrists,
Will I feel like I exist?

Mirror, mirror can't you see?
What you show is ruining me.



A deceptively simple poem with a direct message about TV's harming influence over young people. I found it reassuring that a person in Year 7 is as concerned about this issue as I am! It's a poem everyone should read.

Aimee Fisher
Year 7
Second Place

Granny and Grandpa

Up in the sky,
Above the trees,
Higher than the clouds,
Somewhere no one sees.

Where no one can see,
Sits my granny and grandpa,
With so much love,
Sat watching over me.

The pretty Birmingham girl,
The funny Manx lad,
It was something to marvel at,
The love they had.

My auntie came along first,
With the midnight black-hair,
Next comes my dad,
With so much love and care.

They hardly left the little house,
At the top of Saddle Road,
Such a friendly family,
With all the respect they showed.

The little ones became big,
They went off on their own,
But granny and grandpas love,
It was never alone.

Then the dark times struck,
We said goodbye to grandpa,
Poor granny was out of luck,
But she never went far.

Granny was ok,
And Grandpa just lay,
His ashes with him too,
Where I go to pray.

They all coped,
Granny was just fine,
But they always hoped,
They'd had a bit more time.

But dark times came back to haunt,
They took granny away,
Off to the cemetery,
She lay.

They were back together,
Their love back,
It never really left,
Times were just very black.

So now I sit today,
Writing out this story,
I would have loved today,
Granny, grandpa, had a nice day?

It's not their fault I couldn't,
It's not mine either,
But it's ok,
They never met my mum neither.

We have our precious photos,
Those will always be here to stay,
But the best part is the stories and memories,
Those are here to stay.

They never met me,
But I met them in my dreams,
My granny and grandpa,
R.I.P.

A sad, personal poem about loss and hope. I liked the attention to detail and there was so much packed into this poem I felt like I'd got to know the lives of an entire generation in just a few stanzas.

Stephanie Cubbon
Year 7
Third Place

London Riots



Screams ring out, terror reigns,
The streets of London are covered with pain.
Suffering is all around,
Because of violence on the ground.

Why fight, why cause strife?
All for what, to frighten life?
Why, we ask, we cry, we pray,
That all this violence will go away.

Why do it, what makes you so unhappy,
What must we do to make you happy?
What do you find so bad, so terrible,
That makes you glad to be so unbearable?

So what if police shot one dead,
Has it got inside your head?
That when one dies, everyone decides,
Hell, we'll fight police and all will collide.

Yes, they shot him which made you rage,
And a girl, just 16 years of age,
Yet, there are thousands of people in London who have done no wrong,
Is it right for them to have to tag along?

Yes, you might be angry, and play too much Black Ops,
But hear this, looting is not a way to get back at the cops,
You think you are so hard, throwing burning wood and flames,
But now our precious London will never be the same.

Your actions have destroyed our city, blown us all apart.
You threaten and torture, and think you are smart,
But hear me you are not, violence is not the answer to your troubles,
You should not think this revolves around your own little bubble.

There are more people in London to think about,
Not just a way to boil yourself out,
Of all the stuff you've got yourself into,
You're actions are not helping you.

But, police are only doing their job,
So you should hold your gob,
Well you think that they are unfair,
But I think that they care.

For everyone in this city,
Cos otherwise it would be so gritty,
As everyone would fight and kill,
And it would be all just to get a thrill.

But listen up, you troublemakers,
We will stop your stupid behaviour,
You cannot beat our spirit,
Cos we will keep our freedom!

Drew Hickman
Year 7
Commended

Fighting for Comfort

*The memories now like tsunami tides in my eyes,
My heart filled with despair and lies,
When I look back, I regret it all.
I should never have let my finger slip, watch you fall.*

*You were my love, my life, my joy, my hope,
Now I'm submerged in sorrow, it's just too hard to cope,
I'm a failure, a murderer, someone who deserves to die,
I remember what I have done with a disgusted sigh.*

*I look out at the world from behind these bars,
I pray you're safe.*

up there with the Stars.

Ellie Dart
Year 7
Commended

Assassin

I can see you, you can't see me.
Silent as the wind, I am faster than thee.
From tree to tree, I leap, knife in hand,
From behind you feel powder, glass bits of sand.
I blind you with gravel and you're gagged by my hand.
You will not live to see the next day.
I am a killer, emotions locked away.
I am an assassin, your end, and your fear.
Run as fast as you wish, but my brotherhood is near.



Jamie Baigent
Year 7
Commended

What's for tea??

Every day after school,
My brother and I have an unspoken rule.

When mum asks "what do you want for tea"
My brother and I can never agree.

Can we have chicken korma, I shout out,
Oh not that again, my brother pouts.

Beans on toast my brother suggests,
That's disgusting I protest.

Spaghetti carbonara, that's what I'd pick
No way, you know that makes me sick.

What about pizza, my brother shrieks,
"NO", I scream and my mum starts to freak.

Enough's enough and mum stamps her foot
And Jack and I begin to hoot.

KFC we both exclaim
But health and nutrition were my main aim!

We look at mum with our sad faces
Well just this once, you pair of disgraces.

Harry Richards

Year 7

Commended

The Nightmare

I'm running away as fast as I can
But he's gaining on me that scary man
Knives for fingers pointed teeth
Yellow eyes with bags underneath
Trying to run but my legs will not go
Want to go fast but going slow
He's going to get me I let out a scream
I wake up in bed it's all just a dream
No need to be scared or sick in my tummy
But I called down the stairs
"I want my mummy!"



Elliot Coburn
Year 7
Commended

Apocalypse

*I see the storms in the distance
The day of the judgement is here
The floods role onto the beach
You can smell the horror and fear.*

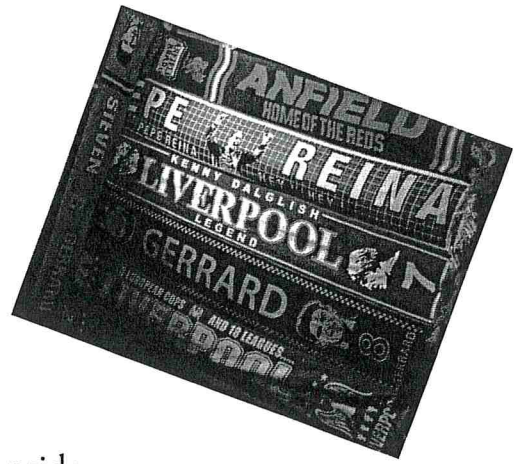
*Debris flies through the air
As the world continues through strife
And we watch as it falls
This could be the end of all life.*

*The killing all through the day
And the chaos in the night
And past the eternal sunset
We mourn at the end of the light.*

*But whilst this happens
And the world thrown away like chum
We realise this is, not the apocalypse...
... this is what life has become.*

Nathan Siddell
Year 7
Commended

A Liverpool Fan



Imagine the passion of a Liverpool man
A Scouser born and a lifelong fan
And he smiles as he recalls the Anfield night
When Shankly's boys put the sword in Europe's pride.

And he speaks of Yeats and Cally and Ian St. John
When the Kop sang "We've won the cup! We've won!"

Imagine the passion of a Liverpool man
A Scouser born and a devoted fan
Wrapped up warm in his old red scarf
Cheering for the reds on Anfield Park.

And he chats to Bob Paisley, conqueror of Rome
Then shares a laugh and a smoke with King Kenny
They talk of the future and Brendan's new team
And applaud with pride at the unique lad Stevie G.

Imagine the passion of a Liverpool man
A Scouser born and a faithful fan
Magicians he witnessed with the ball at their feet
And he said none could compare with Magic Dalglish.

The light on down from the Anfield stars
But it couldn't match the light of Suarez and Barnes
And we walk on together down the River Mersey
As we hear cries of "You'll never walk alone" in the distance.

Imagine the passion of a Liverpool man
A Scouser born and a lifelong fan
There is a child no longer sad
For they're now a Liverpool fan.

Hannah Moloney
Year 7
Commended

THE WOLVES

Down in the forest,
Nothing in sight
Everything quiet,
In the dead of the night.

The creature is hiding,
Searching for prey.
Hunting for food,
In a crepuscular way.

A pack at its side
The moon guides their way.
Camouflaged in trees,
No creature will stray.

The glow of their eyes,
Their dark winter fur.
Watching like spies,
'til the movements occur.

The deer awakens,
A small little doe.
She appears shaken
Maybe she knows.

Maybe she senses,
She knows they are near.
But she has no defences
So she gallops with fear.

The pack quickly follow,
Alpha in the lead.
The doe full of sorrow,
Fleeing with speed.

The case leads on,
She slows her pace.
Her feet weigh tons,
She's lost the race.

With an adrenaline surge,
They rip her body apart,
Then as one the pack merge,
And they rip out her heart.

Very impressed with this nature poem. The lines are tight and not a word is wasted. I could really see that poor doe's plight. It also has a shocking, brutal ending that effectively depicts the realism of the situation.

Emily Nicholson-Roberts
Year 8
First Place

Burning

The match is struck.
My world erupts.
Light twirls a beautiful waltz around me,
Dancing to the beat of my cracking skin.
It might have been beautiful.



A stunning amber dress replaces the dark,
Shining against my snow like skin
Cleansing the filth.
It might have been beautiful.

The peace is gone
Replaced only by pain.
Pain that intensifies as I soar through the air
Fiery wings flicker as the wind whips around me.
It might have been beautiful.

Beautifully written snapshot of a single horrific moment. The event itself lasts a second – if that – but every aspect is described in intricate detail. Poetic and chilling.

Lucy Lovell
Year 8
Second Place

Scarlett Rain

There's that stingy feeling in the corners of her eyes.
It would be familiar to you as it's the feeling you get before you cry.
She'll blink a few times but it won't help.
Because as she starts to cry, she'll act on what she's felt.
Her fingers wrap around the cold, heartless metal
And soon it begins; red like ripped rose petals
Burning pain with the beauty of scarlet rain
Dripping along her wrist once again.
Red.
Hot.
Heart racing
The room will spin
But she feels nothing
Cold, sharp against her skin
Cutting until the blade is in
Pain and surrender
Nothing can mend her
Her wrist is too thin
And that blade has gone too far in
She's too hurt to realise her body is numb
There's too much comfort in a blade for some
Collecting by her bright pink socks is a red pool
And from her limp fingers slips the dangerous tool
Lying on her bathroom floor
What was it all really for?
Darkness soon comes before her eyes
And tonight that broken girl dies.

A disturbing, powerful poem about a young girl's suicide. I liked that it was a very bloody poem but blood was never mentioned by name – the recurrence of the colour red (and its variations) was an effective device.

Karam Ragi
Year 8
Third Place

The Second

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Stamp, stomp, stamp, stomp,
Tired troops of officers march home.

But that one moment, the one moment in time,
That second, the bond between father and son,
The love and joy in that hug was inseparable,
The second that ticked by, although it felt like a lifetime,
The boy ran towards his father,
He wanted it so badly it felt like running through glue.

But once that hug came, it stayed,
The other troops marched on by.
They were robots,
The father was real and full of love,
The son's face was unforgettable,
Full of joy and happiness.

The son's face would stay with him for a lifetime,
Would stay with me for a lifetime.

His son

My son ...

Christopher Cornwell
Year 8
Commended

The Machine

It moved ruthlessly,
From street to street,
Smashing, burning, throwing.
He was no longer in control; the machine was.

In the darkness, gears grinding,
Moving on no matter what.
The orange hose is its disguise,
If anyone saw it they wouldn't see.

He was slower now, like a dying car.
The night was his protection.
All around him fear yet joy.
They too were the same.

The cold silver against his waist,
Ready. Prepared.

A dark figure. The machine took over.
Down. Pull. Click.
The massive flash. The noise. The scream.
Shut down.

George Bates
Year 8
Commended

The unfortunate moment you have an allergic reaction!

Blurry vision

Bloodshot eyes

Can't breathe

Tears leave

Tingling lips

Bursting tongue

Face like a balloon

Wish it pops soon

Urgent itch

Erupting spots

Imminent sneeze due

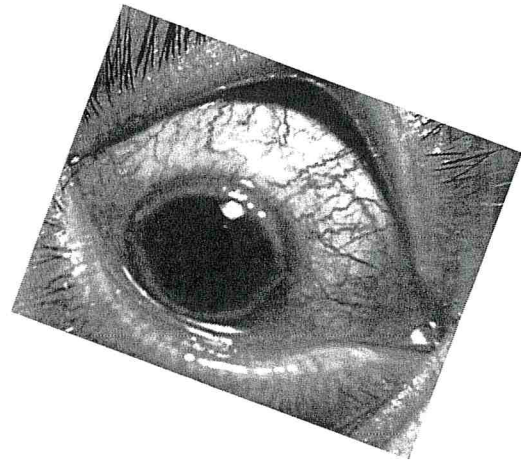
And... Achoo!

Excessive wheezing

Swollen skin

I hate this nightmare

It's really not fair.



Jasmine Kaur
Year 8
Commended

The Whisper



I shall not tell a soul
I feel your breath against my ear
The words you speak are wise
I hold the vision in my mind
As you walk away.

You look back, straight back at me
Urging me to lock your words
Forever.

You disappear in the night
The words you spoke, going through my mind
The whisper

Casey Wilton
Year 8
Commended

My Teacher's iPod

My teacher loves her iPod
It's always in her ear
She doesn't mind it if we joke
Or chat 'cause she can't hear.

If we don't pay attention,
She doesn't seem to care.
Whenever she has music on,
She wears a distant stare.

Our Principal dropped by one
day,
And she paid no attention.
He took away her iPod,
And he sent her to detention.



James Brace
Year 8
Commended

Her Garden is her Paradise

Her knee rests upon the damp grass.
A countless number of daisies surround her.
She hums silently, raindrops balance upon the vibrant petals.

A sweet floral scent rises in the morning air.
My mother moves gracefully from plant to plant
Attending them as though they were her children.
The spade plummets into the soil, she begins removing
Unwanted weeds.

Exquisite butterflies pass her; she smiles.
A bee hovers above, the familiar sound of summer.
She steps back and admires her work, a carpet of colours.

Foxgloves a shimmering purple, lilies a dazzling orange,
Roses a crimson red and violets a glorious blue.

Her garden is her paradise.



Alice Young
Year 8
Commended

Sdrawkcab

Fi uoy daer siht meop sdrawkcab
Neht ti lliw emoceb raelc
Emos esnes lliw eb edam fo ti
Sdrawrof ti skool reeuq

T'nod tup siht meop nwod tey
Daetsni yrt ot krow ti tuo
S'ti ton yllaer that modnar
S'ereht gnihtemos s'ti tuoba

Hcae drow si nettirw sdrawkcab
Os ti skool yllaer egnarts
Tub fi uoy daer ti thgir
Eht elohw aedi lliw egnahc

I tsuj evag uoy eht rewsna
Fo woh ot daer ti os
Od that dna you nac daer ti
Og no, evah a og

Uoy lliw dnif a gnimyhr meop
S'that yllaer etiuq lamron
Tsuj fi uoy daer ti sdrawrof
S'ti ylbidercni lamronba

S'ti nuf gnitirw sdrawkcab
Uoy dluohs yrt ti oot
I kniht uoy yam revocsid
S'it etiuq a drah gniht ot od

Ydobon sdnatsrednu ti
Er'uoy revelc fi uoy od
Llew enod ev'uoy daer litnu eht dne
Won yrt gnitirw sdrawkcab oot!

Jenny Sills
Year 8
Commended

Thoughts from Places

A train pulls in
The doors are open
Commuters pile
On board

Tracks criss-cross all
Across the moors
And past the doors
Of all

This web of tracks
Is so much more
Than metal and brick;
It's lives

Across from me
Sits and sleeps
A family
Of three

Where have they
Been what have they
Done to bring them
Into dreams

The lonely man
Reads his paper
A recluse: a
Quite one

The brakes are on
The train pulls in
The lives are now
On pause

More stories come
And interweb
With untold lives
On board

Landscapes blur
As if some great
Monet's brush has
Drawn them

Sunshine ripples
And flecks the grass
As the rolling
Hills pass

An ambitious poem where both lives and tracks cross. I particularly liked the details about the outside world – where landscapes blurred like Monet's brush.

And the rain does
Fall and streak down
Racing to the
Finish line

"Tickets please guys"
Click, click – thank you
Just imagine what
Bought them

Just imagine
The hours and hours
Of hard graft to
Fund them

Slowly now the
Train pulls in to
My station:
Destination

Thoughts from places
Come to a close
And this pond'ring
Must end

For the criss-cross
Across the moors
And the many lives
Untold

Will disappear
Will leave my thoughts
The second I leave
This train

That's the role of
The train network:
To continue
Never Stop

So, whilst the lives
Leave the lines,

The trains criss-cross
Across

The moors
And hills,
And people.

Alexandra Walker
Year 9
First Place

The Prey

A stretch of the yew,
The flex of a horse hair,
And the whisper of the wind,
Strings of sweat crawling down my neck,
And time paused within my mind.

All are prey,
For I am the predator,
A soft whisper,
And the trees watching closely,
I then know it was time to act.

Oak and iron,
Bound for its use,
Ancient carvings woven into its flesh;
The drippings of the venom,
Transformed into nature's grace.

Yet the arrow hissed,
And slithered as a snake,
Through air's grasp,
And into the heart,
Of thy prey.



A lovely portrayal of an unnamed hunter. The image of the person poised with their bow and arrow is excellent – “a stretch of the yew, the flex of a horse hair” – and made for a particularly strong opening.

Henry Dyer

Year 9

Second Place

Spenserian Sonnet

Human perception - untrustworthy thing,
With hate, they love and with lies so bizarre,
It's all in the mind - I sit with clipped wings.

All in the gutter, some look at the stars,
While I'm alone, nursing *their* work: *my* scars,
Because things were never as they appeared,
And honestly, it seems downhill so far.

I'm half past a hero; a little bit weird,
Don't know if I should be pitied or feared.
They take things away, they don't understand.

I'd give anything - my soul volunteered,
To never be one of them, I can withstand,

But we're only pawns in a game of chess.
Human perception - a broken burnt mess.

This had a particularly poetic sound. I liked some of the strange phrases – e.g. “with hate, they love” and “half past a hero”. It’s understated and rewards on repeated readings – every time I read it I found something new.

Charlotte Blackmore
Year 9
Third Place

Revealed

My eyes dropped,
My heart sank,
My movement stopped,
My mind went blank,
My limbs went numb
My blood went cold,
My heart a drum,
When I was told
To my great distress
Into my pants I had tucked my dress!

Alexandra Griffiths
Year 9
Commended

The Power of Words

The power of words is an enigma
Hidden within them is a power for what?
To persuade?
To enchant?
To wound?
Who is to be the keeper of these powerful tools?
The police?
The government?
You?
How are these tools to be used?
As weapons?
As shields?
You are the one who shall decide the use of words.
Make sure you use them well. You could inspire
Millions, or perhaps consign those same millions to death.
Words are powerful.
Words are tools.
Use them well

James Dickerson
Year 9
Commended

The Car Journey

Open the window,
Do up your belt,
Now, where has Time gone?
IF THAT ICE CREAM MELTS!

Don't forget food
No, you can't bring the cat!
I'm sure I've missed something,
Have you all got sun hats?

Stop being silly!
Can't you sit still?
I need to pee
I'M LOOSING MY WILL

Can you not kick the seat?
You're making her cry!
Who you texting, your boyfriend?
He's a friend who's a guy!

I have the map.
Tell me the time.
Give me that Kit Kat.
You've had one, you're fine!

Where are we now?
Are we there yet?
Let me look at the map,
Before I forget.

Right! Stop off here,
Get out the car.
I need to pee!
The toilets not far.

Take him inside
But, TAKE HIM INSIDE!
Who's got the map?
Do I look like a guide?

Should I stay here?
I won't be long.
Fill up the tank.
Great! What did I do wrong?

Back in the car.
Right you have closed the door?!
Better be off again,
Three miles more!!



Amber Ophaus
Year 9
Commended

Machines

There's no light at the end of the tunnel
As they work in the darkness alone.

No tears can ever wash away their pain
As they work their fingers to the bone.

Trapped with no other choice
But to work their life away

Like a machine.

With every game someone loses out
Every step forward leaves someone behind
To build the tower that's lifting the rest
Above them all
To build a better world for us
But with every choice someone's left to
Face the consequences of your greed.

But you know that in this ever changing world
There's always someone at the bottom ...

Struggling to keep above the tide which
Reaches closer with every last breath you take.

But you know that when the dark is banished,
the sun will pierce the horizon again ...

Jack Corbett
Year 9
Commended

The disturbed girl's proof

'I can do anything!'
Shouted the girl, aloud
I sniggered in return at her
She ignored it and stood proud

'I bet your handstands are really bad
And I bet you couldn't climb a tree
You definitely wouldn't be a good
dancer
And no one can swim the whole sea'

'You're wrong' she says
Shouting in my face
'I will prove it to you
Give me a time and place'

'OK then, right now!'
I shout loud for her to hear
'I bet you can't fly off that building'
She gulped, her face showed fear

By the time I finished laughing
She was half way up the stairs
I panicked and ran to the bottom
By the 3rd flight I began to swear

'STOP, STOP it was a joke!'
I shouted right at the top
'but you will not believe me
If I just don't drop'

'I know you can fly
It was all a silly joke
Don't jump off that building'
But her fall caused me to choke

I screamed in such despair
And ran back down the stairs.
But when I had arrived there the
scene was such a scare.

I ran to her aid
As she looked at me weak
'you were right I can't do it'
And then she fell asleep.

Lauren Maxwell
Year 9
Commended

When Time Stopped

What would happen if time stopped ticking?
If rain stopped falling?
If everyone froze?

Silence.

Birds cascaded motionless in the sky,
Wings spread so wide,
Paused in time.

Silence.

Athlete jogging down the track,
Stuck in that second like
a fly trapped in a web of time.

Silence

A man suspended under a bridge.
Waiting for the end.
Stuck in the last minute of his life.

And then the clock began to tick.....



Sophie Lake
Year 9
Commended

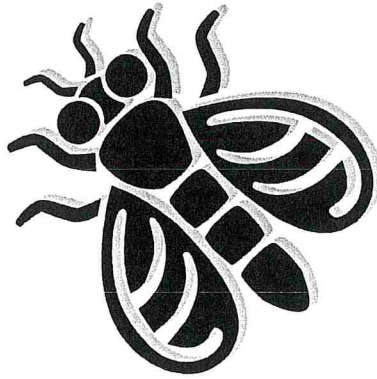
BLACK FLIES

Black flies on the windowsill,
Laid there cold bitter still,
Searching for the little crime,
In their mind a childish design.

Black flies on the windowsill,
Summer stole winter's chill,
Still I'll be a traveller
But the road will be narrower.

Black flies on the windowsill,
Comfort overtook will,
All this apathy you feel,
Could create a whole new appeal.

Black flies on the windowsill ...



Laura Austin
Year 9
Commended

Little John

In the house next to mine lives the shell of a man.
He stays shut inside as much as he can.
When I moved in, my neighbour Sam told me
That the strange man next door was dreadfully lonely.

I tried to make friends but it was a waste
As the strange man just slammed his door in my face.
He muttered of jobs and the great times of old
And how no-one would give him what he was still owed.

When I eventually managed to get him to speak,
The strange man sat down and began to weep;
He ranted and cried for nearly an hour
Of the days when he was just a young superpower.

"Oh, Erin," said Sam when I had escaped,
"The strange man next door is filled up with hate.
He just doesn't see that he's tiny and weak
Since once he was strong but now an antique.

"He warred everyday with whoever would fight
And his anger could set the whole world alight.
He still reminisces of the old days so good
And then wonders how he's been so misunderstood.

"The strange man next door once ruled the planet
And somehow he never broke out of the habit
Of thinking the past will have no end.
See, you're neighbour's John Bull and I fear soon he'll be dead."

An impressive "state of the nation" allegory depicting Britain as a hate-filled, backward-looking, broken man with a huge chip on his shoulder. Intelligent and thought-provoking.

Erin Marsh
Year 10
First Place

Sigh No More

*Beyond your duty you stood proud
A rebel 'midst the common crowd.
Remember those who you stood for
My little angel, sigh no more.*

*There are brothers, sisters, come and go
Nothing compares to family you know
They've been there, after and before
My little angel, sigh no more.*

*At God's speed you never take a rest
Forgetting how you're truly blessed
Just take your wings and learn to soar
My little angel, sigh no more.*

*When home is lost amongst the flame
Do not hang your head in shame
When paradise is just offshore
My little angel, sigh no more.*

*Even when your hope is long lost
Nothing seems so worth the cost
Your friends will help you through your war
My little angel, sigh no more.*

A moving poem from the point of view of a parent to a child. It reads almost like the words of a hymn – so much so you can imagine it being read at a funeral. It's also timeless – it could have been written today, or fifty years ago.

Hannah Lessiter
Year 10
Second Place



Success

It is the human nature, for men alike,
To ponder about what to be successful is in life.
Be it riches, having fun, knowledge or love.
We nearly all mature with the same ambitions in mind:
It is to be similar to those that are wealthy.

For we take one ignorant look
At what it must be like to be a celebrity.
Absorbed in this deception that they own everything they want.

Then you stop.
You take one look, at their life.
And you see the secrets that cameras cannot take,
That, artificial features cannot hide.
Bare, just lying there:

The sadness in their eyes...
The posing, fake, forceful grin...
The apprehension of everything...

Then you realise, that their life is no more than a drama,
Where they are the actor,
With them obtaining the possibility of controlling their future,
But not...
As every decision they make is judged
For they're at the mercy of the many, not the few,
Harshly, the many, judge,
But, compassionately those that love you.

Unlike us, they have everything they want.
But not everything they need,
For we all need love,
And with that security.
Aren't we lucky ...?

We try and aim for something of the highest price.
Yet foolishly we do not realise,
That we have the greatest treasure, even money cannot buy:

Love...,
With that, I have discovered what success is in life.
It is not money, materialism or selfish desires,
But to be content with what we have,
And to love those, who we know, completely.

A thoughtful polemic on the true nature of celebrity. I could easily take lines from this poem and turn them into slogans – “They have everything they want, but not everything they need”, “We have the greatest treasure even money cannot buy: Love”, “they’re at the mercy of the many”.

Elisabeth Millard
Year 10
Third Place



Rush Hour

Here they come

Here they come in their grey suits

Blood shot staring eyes

Plodding like robots

Pale skin matching the concrete buildings that surround them

Quietly creeping

An army of zombies

Marching across the city like tiny ants

Just another Monday morning

For London commuters.

George Keep
Year 10
Commended

London

Wandering down the beautiful dirty streets.

She gazes at the endlessly high buildings,

Searching for a streak of azure.

In awe of the colourful grey city.

She forgets her country home.

Her wide green stare,

Bright blonde hair,

Shine and glisten long into

The mysterious night,

Illuminated by a sea of dazzling lights.

Annabel Skinner
Year 10
Commended

The Door to the Corridors of Power

The door to the corridors of power. A door that symbolises authority. A door that will either break you or make you.

A door that has seen so many. From the Welsh orator of the people's budget, the cigar puffing Churchill, the nationalizing Attlee, to the weak Heath and the Iron Lady.

Through war and peace, thick and thin,
high and low and the door still stands.

A door that knows what to conceal and
what to reveal. She or he who makes it
can be confident of their place in history.
Appeasement, we shall fight them on the
beaches. The pound in your pocket and
the lady's not for turning.

You love them, you loath them. But you
look at the door. A door that one day I
hope to pass. This is the Downing Street
door.



James Clark
Year 10
Commended

The Turkish Bazaar

Shaded by sheets that blister in the heat,
Fruits of purple and orange and yellow,
Hustle and bustle swirl through narrow streets
Foreign and strange they struggle to bellow.

Performers in the street dance to the beat,
Dancing and singing for water and bread
Feeling the sweltering heat on their feet,
Fatigue taking over, their limbs of lead.

Hot ears of corn listened in on the shouts
Erupting from the boisterous locals.
In a cage nearby they acted like louts,
Leering, jeering displaying their vocals.

Oh, my! How could a place be so bizarre?
A place so unique, the Turkish Bazaar!



Olympia Hardy
Year 10
Commended



Ashamed

I was ashamed of the fact that I'd become jealous of
the anorexics and the self-harmers.

The fact that I hated myself because I couldn't see
my ribs. Because I had no scars.

I was ashamed that I had a perfect life. No issues or problems.
The fact that I had no reason to hurt. No reason to cry. It was just too painful.

I was ashamed that no one loved or cared enough about me to ever ask what was wrong.
The fact that I wasn't getting any attention, I wasn't getting any help.

But that's all changed now. I'm no longer ashamed or embarrassed.
I honestly have no feelings anymore.
I feel numb. Numb to the core.

I'm skinny and beautiful but people still talk negatively about my body.
My home life has fallen apart and I've never been more isolated in my life.
People care now, now I'm the talk of the town. Everyone wants to know the psycho.

The psycho who cuts up her fragile wrists just to witness the blood falling, like in a tragic
murder.

The psycho who's addicted to losing weight, like a druggie hooked on Meth.
The psycho who survives on the constant abuse thrown at her by some strangers she once
called her family.

I'm lost.
I'm a psycho.
I'm ashamed.

Anonymous
Year 10
Commended

Change

Blocking out the sound,
Holding in the words,
A role where money, status and honour doesn't change.
It is time to move,
Break that barrier,
Young or old, rich or poor, everybody lift your head up.
We've got the power,
Don't be negative,
Have faith, we have time to be able to change the outcomes.

Smiling divinely,
Acting innocent,
A character which can only be seen on the TV.
Lies, all of it lies
Confront and fight back,
Don't let these nightmares haunt you, don't let them suffocate you.
We've got the power,
Be optimistic,
Have strength, show your passion and belief, we can change this world.

Trisha Mandapat
Year 10
Commended

The seven levels of the gamer

All the world's a game,
And all the man and women merely players;
They have their logins and their battles,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His server being seven levels.
At first, the infant,
Slowly levelly-up Bob the Builder.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his Game boy,
And brand new PS3, swearing like a man
Unwillingly to school.
And then the teen,
Gaming like furnace, with a fierce attack,
No time for friends or others.
Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and playing hours of COD,
Jealous of levels, sudden and quick for snacks,
Seeking the game's high score,
Even in deep in dungeon. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with popcorn ready,
With eyes severe and stubble cover,
Full of wise saws and Game trophies;
And so he plays his part. The sixth level shifts
Into the crossword, Sudoku and occasionally Tetris,
With spectacles on nose and beer on side;
His youthful games, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish consoles, games
And Italian plumbers. Last scene of all,
The familial bleep on the machine,
Forgotten controllers laded by bedside,
In time with heart not with thumb,
When was it when trees stopped being adventures,
Sunlight a gift, rivers a challenge and friendship real?
When did we leave the real world?
But now we're locked up in the world's game.

Ella Ridley
Year 10
Commended