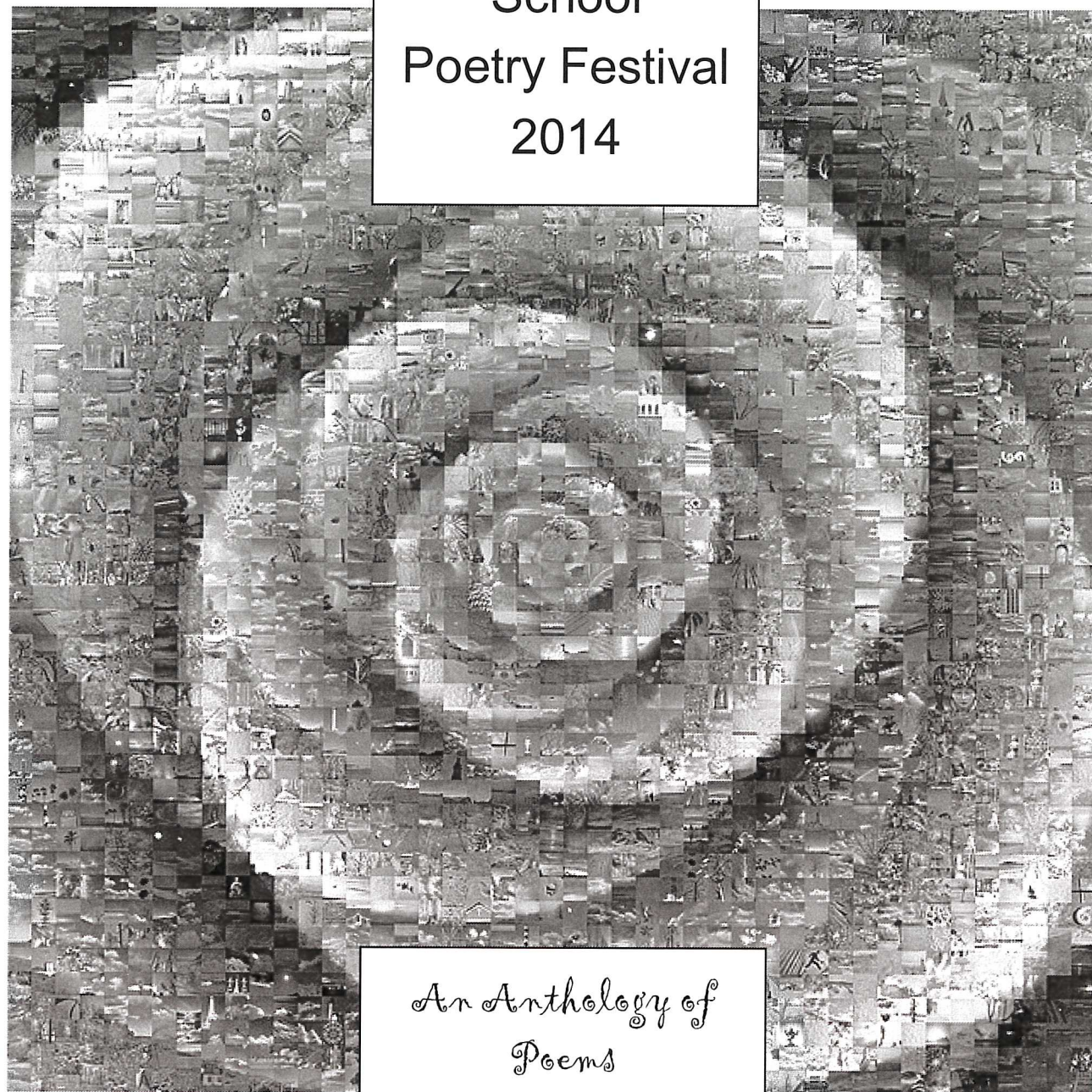




Mountbatten  
School  
Poetry Festival  
2014



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

*With sincere thanks to  
Mrs Maria Dennis  
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 2014

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# *Sherbet Lemon Ziggle Zaggle Zang*

*Crunch crinkle crackle  
Like treading on dry leaves*

*Lonely little lemon  
A dragon's eye looking up at me*

*Sticky snake's skin  
A curled up hedgehog*

*Sizzle sizzle szang  
Like Sweet soap blasting up your nose*

*Now, now what about now  
Irresistible temptation*

*Fizzle fizzle fang  
An explosive prisoner trying to escape*

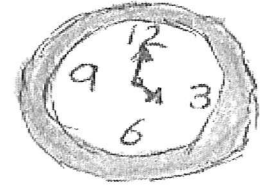
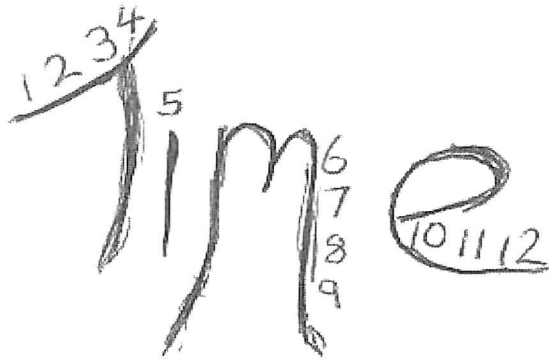
*Zing Zizzle Zang!!!!*



I loved the pace and effervescence of this poem. Your clever use of metaphor and alliteration makes the humble sherbet lemon a truly “irresistible temptation”.

**By Evie Mollitt  
Year 7  
First Place**





Time is odd,  
Time goes fast,  
Time, time doesn't last.

I thought I had more,  
But now you're gone,  
Unfortunately, your illness won.

Why didn't you say?  
Why did you go?  
But time is odd so I'll never know.

A well-considered layout and measured pace to your poem gives it impact. Well done.

**Aimee Fisher**  
Year 7  
**Second Place**



A storm was brewing at the coast,  
The air felt humid and damp like the steam of a kettle.  
I could hear the tune of the roll of thunder from far away.

The sky was shaded in gun metal grey and death black,  
The cold wind sent a tingle down my spine,  
But by now there was no more lighthouse out at sea.  
Not visible from the rain, just the reflection of the light on the rain.  
I felt the thunder vibrate the world under my feet,  
The towering waves crashed into the rocks,  
Evolving a new shape of the coast.  
The wind carried the mist of the sea and foam (toothpaste white)  
Then the rain came!  
It felt like needles plummeting on my head!

Well done, Nicholas. Some wonderful imagery in your poem,  
making the reader feel the menace of the storm.

**Nicholas Webb**  
Year 7  
**Third Place**



## THE BRAVEST BEE

*Delicate as the grass that rustles,*

*Busy as the ants that bustle.*

*Quiet as the lions keep,*

*Quick like the cheetah as it leaps.*

*Smaller than a little mouse,*

*Bigger than a little louse.*

*Patient as the hungry sloth as it climbs through the trees,*

*Ready as the little moth that eats its way through leaves.*

*Fly forth valiant humble bee,*

*Go towards the flower,*

*Bring some honey back for me,*

*We 'll have tea within the hour.*

The words of your poem really reverberate like a busy buzzing bee. Well done.

Charlie Whiting  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# Words

Words can mean a lot of things,  
Some of them can make you cringe.  
Words can stop a falling tear,  
Words can make you sound sincere.  
Words can help you through the rough,  
They can make you feel tough.  
Words can stop and hold you close,  
Sometimes words are best for most,  
Words can make you feel like a friend,  
Words can help you make amends.  
Words can mean a lot of things,  
Some of them can make you cringe,  
Words can fix a broken heart,  
Words can also tear one apart.

*Choose your words very wisely.*

Well done Lucy. A fresh and original way of considering the power of words.

Lucy Loch  
Year 7  
**Commended**

# Three Days to Live

Three days to live,  
Oh what to do?  
It's hard to think,  
That no-one knew.

1

I could fly high,  
Just like the birds,  
I can't explain it  
Written in words.

2

I could go travelling,  
To see the sights,  
Like New York City,  
With sparkling lights.

I could just tell you,  
How I feel,  
But 3 days is short,  
Too short to be real.

3

A well-considered pace and layout to your poem which really helps to create the sense of urgency.

Lily Holmes  
Year 7  
**Commended**

## My Poem

slithering, silently, slowly the snake creeps  
up on its prey cautiously, carefully, cunning  
it shoots its neck to kill the victim.  
Just another kill for the day.

Oodles of lovely alliteration – well done.

Harry Ockwell  
Year 7  
**Commended**

## Hurting

Does pain have a voice, a shape or a form?  
If it does, is it the shape of a tear drop?  
Where does it go?  
Does it still exist?  
If pain has a voice, is it a cry or a sob in the dark?

The use of rhetorical questions really helps  
to engage the reader to consider the theme  
of this poem. Well done.

Grace Rendell  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# *Leaving*

To the back is where it goes,  
Getting buried by the present,  
Reeking of insignificance but never truly erased.

Its malicious spirit slithering desperately to be vivid  
and alive,  
But the mind demands for it to be forgotten.  
The sound of cogs echoing its struggle to shut it  
Away...

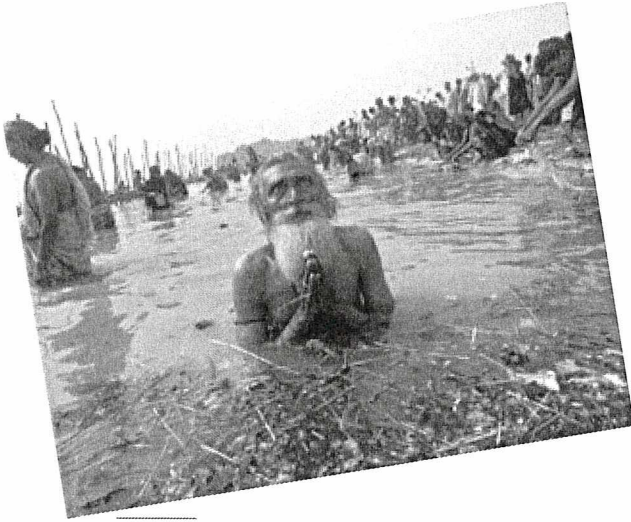
Treading on my emotions every step of the way, no matter  
how hard I tried

Dispensing its empty promises,  
That forever shall stay.

This beautifully written poem draws its reader back time and again to absorb the sway of emotion trapped within its lines. Very well done.

**By Sophie Taylor**  
*Year 8*  
**First Place**

## *By the River Ganges*



Spiritual river.  
Alongside the serene water  
Warm, brown clustered buildings  
Consecutively constructed; close.

Ageing, brown windows,  
With filigreed metal  
To embrace the sun light,  
Cast flower patterns  
In obsidian shadows.

Green, iridescent leaves  
Of Banyan trees  
Stretch out their branches  
Endeavouring to be seen.  
Timid Peepal trees  
Are companions  
To the sienna-brown buildings.

Men, women and children  
Of the Hindu faith  
Amble to the river  
In hope of sins washing away  
In the sacred river.

Hot, pink leis of marigold  
Floating .....  
Carelessly cast away  
On the surface of the river.  
The Ganges:  
Lit by the vivid coloured saris  
Of the women, wondering –  
Flowering in Amber, Crimson, and Cobalt Yellow.

This poem unfolds on the page like a beautiful, colourful  
tapestry. Well done.

**Sarah Hayat**  
Year 8  
**Second Place**

# Tsunami

Soft is the tide,  
Calm is the moon,  
No one knows but something's coming soon.

Jewelled as the sand,  
Blue as the sky,  
Mysterious are the creatures that live inside.

Rising is the tide,  
Darkening is the moon,  
Everybody knows that something's coming soon.

The animals are hiding,  
They know what has dawned,  
The ocean rises like a wall picking up the storm.

Murky is the Water,  
Quiet is the land,  
Loud is the desolation people don't understand.

Your wonderfully woven words evoke the oncoming of this natural phenomena, Excellent.

**By Jane Powell-Keilloh**  
Year 8  
**Third Place**



# *Roller Coaster*

I stand at the entrance fear rising up,  
Gut-wrenching loops in plain view.  
And as bright-eyed strangers are leaving the ride,  
I know that I'm where I should be.

As I sit the seat belt locks like a cell,  
And I know that there is no escape.  
Imagine the butterflies, exploding inside,  
Striking fear to the hearts of us all.

Sluggish movement turns speedy swift supersonic  
and screams of joy can be heard all around.



Your poem makes the adrenaline flow as it races towards an  
explosive end!

Evie Byfield  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# *My Weird Family*

My Uncle John is six foot four,  
He bangs his head when he walks through the door.

My cousin, Andrew, has size sixteen feet,  
and he never has enough to eat.

My cousin, Georgia, is the same age as me,  
But it won't be long 'til she's six foot three.

My Auntie Sandra is a language teacher,  
She's always tired and a bit of a screecher.

My Grandad lives in bonnie Dundee,  
It's cold up there by the sea.

My Dad supports Southampton FC  
He can't wait 'til they win a trophy.

My brother Jack is Xbox mad,  
He plays so much it makes mum sad.

My mum has always been cabin crew,  
Her favourite hobby is to drink a few.

Tabitha is our family pet  
She's a Labrador not a cat, as you might expect.

My name is Harry and this is my family  
A pretty weird bunch as you will agree.



A pacy entertaining insight into your family, Harry. Well done.

Harry Richards  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# Suspended!

The cold wind snaps at my exposed flesh,  
Grit my teeth, fearlessness is key.  
The jeering crowd call at my back, baying for blood  
And waiting for heads to roll.

The stairs creak, wood cracks and splinters,  
The devil himself checks the noose, the gateway to hell itself.  
As the drums pound, pound, pound  
Slowly, slowly building up 'til ... thud!

The expression of terror and relief on the man's face as he receives  
The cold sweet embrace of death.  
Where numbness prevails  
The heart ceases to ....

And that's when I realise it's my turn next.

A powerful poem on a difficult theme. Lovely use of  
repetition in the central verse building up tension. Well done.

Drew Hickman  
Year 8  
**Commended**



## IT IS NOT FAR NOW

The floor crunches as I stop on the dry lifeless leaves,  
Twigs snap under my feet,  
It is not far now.  
The trees are towers making an arch,  
The bitter wind blowing in my face,  
The barking sounds behind me send a shiver down my spine,  
It is not far now.

I look behind me terrified,  
Spit hanging down from their mouths,  
Thinking soon, that will be in my blood,  
My legs are numb,  
It is not far now.

I feel pain in my legs,  
I can see an opening,  
The light is motivating me,  
All I am thinking is left, right, left, right,  
I am in agony,  
It is not far now.

The light shines bright in my eyes,  
The line of trees stop,  
I jump over the fence that seems higher than ever,  
Just a few more steps,  
The green grass meets my feet,  
I lay down breathing heavily,  
I am out.



The well-considered layout helps the poem build momentum in this exhausting chase. Good work, Matthew.

Matt Bulpitt  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# *Souls between*

The dead stand around  
Summoned by scent  
Fresh earth  
Buds surface  
Life lost  
But only mortal life.



The living weep  
The dying fade – caught in limbo between two worlds.

Two worlds parted – not by distance – by form.

Possessed by one, qualities of truth masked by logic  
The second – without pain  
Pain is only temporary  
Death takes life without guilt - a consequence of this.

The metamorphosis between dimensions  
The living weep unknown.  
But dying must let go.  
The divide between the living and dying  
Appears ever shrinking  
Parallel lines of both worlds meeting despite rationality.

Graveyards are not places of tragedy – they are gateways  
A rare perplexing gap  
A portal!  
A vision!  
Seconds of schizophrenia.

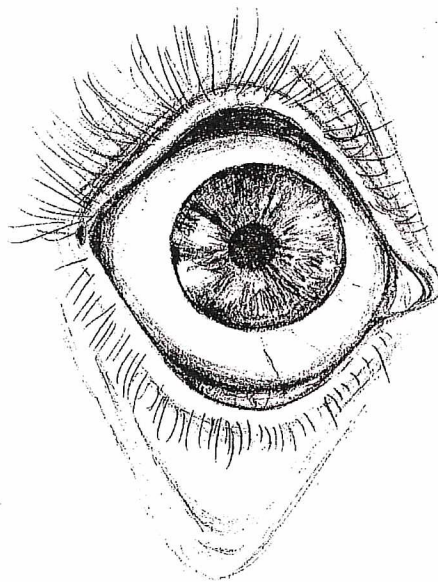
Perhaps those among us are not all visible  
You cannot see a soul  
Only when visions obstructed  
Blind to distractions of the world to which you and I are confined.  
Only then are boundaries crossed.

You cannot hear a soul  
Nor can you call it by name  
It speaks a strange tongue  
Inaudible – quieter than blood flow  
Its lips soft against a beating heart  
The same lips that burn open eyes.

Yet no harm is inflicted  
None that mortals may look upon.

Fear not the nearing certainty of death  
Her kiss brings unbroken silence  
But not silence as we know  
Listen with your beating heart  
Listen with your dying heart  
Speak! Speak when at last you are whole  
Whole though parted from your body  
Speak! Speak with the same tongue  
Speak what you came to hear.

Speak without weight of that heavy beating heart.



Such confidence, style and maturity, Nicola. I really enjoyed reading your poem. You must continue to share your talent.

**Nicola Malcolm**  
Year 9  
**First Place**

## *The War Photographer*

*It is here, death has finally found a home.*

*It has crossed nightmare lands and has trudged through the blood of mortals.*

*Terror flows out of its twisted body, drowning men,*

*Noble men, patriotic men who now haven't even the courage to stand up and fight in a land that is bleak and fiery,*

*Fumes of dust and ashes now replace any sign of life ever flourishing.*

*But alas, there it is, a shimmering gem creating golden pools of light.*

*The flower.*

*The last one still stood proud with the posture of a tree looking down on us all.*

*What must we seem like, pathetic creatures fighting because ... we feel we need to?*

*It's my duty to capture it, seal it from harm,*

*Steal its beauty and show it to the world,*

*Let it bring hope to all places and fill their hearts with love once more,*

*For soon it will be gone.*

*Soon we will all be gone.*



Powerful imagery in your thoughtful poem, well done.

**Connor White**  
Year 9  
Second Place



# Ode to a Spider

*I admire the spider.  
Its intricate web that sits delicately in the  
bush  
It moves slowly.  
Frustratingly, it has no need to finish you off  
for it knows you can't escape.  
There's no rush  
The flies are unable to cry out.  
They could scream but no one would hear.  
White silk stifles the cries.  
It leaves a crack for you can't die until you see.  
See the eyes. The eyes that leer.*



*I admire its cunning  
Crafting silent slumber that morphs to an endless lie.  
Yet still it leaves hope.  
For eternity you're crushed, unable to move, but still it's there.  
The tantalising glimpse giving hope, the sky.  
Even if you could make it out there's still more.  
A bribe, the fate of your friends.  
Life for you but at what cost?  
So you stay put and wait. Sure it won't fulfil its promises.  
But you're wrong, onward to death, your end.*



*I admire its brilliance.*

*Despite its purpose in life you know it must have a genius mind.*

*How else could such beauty exist?*

*With such a mind why can't it stop killing, crushing and killing again?*

*Why can't it be kind?*

*Yet here I am, the end of an era.*

*I'm still confused.*

*Another forgotten fight.*

*It's pointless that we're here still waiting for the spider to pounce.*

*I know I'm being used.*



*I admire the spider.*

*Maybe that's why I can't let go.*

*It's frightening, tightening, disheartening  
you know.*

As you admire the spider, Lucy, so the readers of your poem  
admire your efforts at giving us insight to its purpose. Well  
done.

**Lucy Lovell**  
Year 9  
**Third Place**



# The Soldier

Back up is coming  
He still has hope  
He shouts 'incoming'  
Boom! The sound is deafening.

Blood pours down his face  
In pain, he falls  
He can hear screams of fear  
Bullets flying faster than light.

Through the smoke he sees the sky  
He senses the raging battle  
His friends who used to fight for honour  
Now fight for survival.

He needs to fight with them  
In his mind he urges them on  
'Come on my lads, we can do it'  
Then darkness falls.

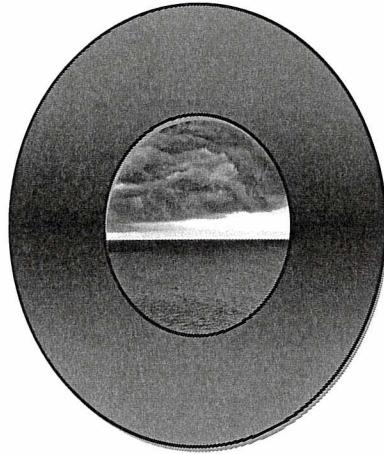
Everything is dead  
The trees, grass, all turned to ash  
He does not hear the helicopter  
He will rest here, eternally uncomfortable.

A very good attempt at capturing the sights and sounds of war  
in 'The Soldier'.



Nathan Humphries  
Year 9  
**Commended**

# *Behind the Camera*



He was helpless, so was I,  
All I wanted to do was see him fly  
Out of the black and white hell,  
To roam free. Out of the prison cell,  
That I, a camera, a monster had created.

His eyes filled with sorrow, I couldn't cope,  
I took the shot, no glimpse of hope.  
If I didn't they wouldn't know,  
The immense pain – an all-time low.  
He lay there, at rest, in his Sunday best,  
Ruined by the radiant red pouring out his chest ...

Back at home, the same old shelf,  
I gather dust, reminiscing to myself.  
I'm filled with the tragic memories  
The lost, the dead, the miseries.  
Yet, I, a camera, a monster  
Have only one purpose.

Does anyone really look at the image deeper?  
To reveal the secrets, and discover the weater,  
If only they could really see, what a camera like me, really felt...

A challenging subject looked at from a very interesting perspective. Original work – well done.

Megan Jefferis  
Year 9  
**Commended**