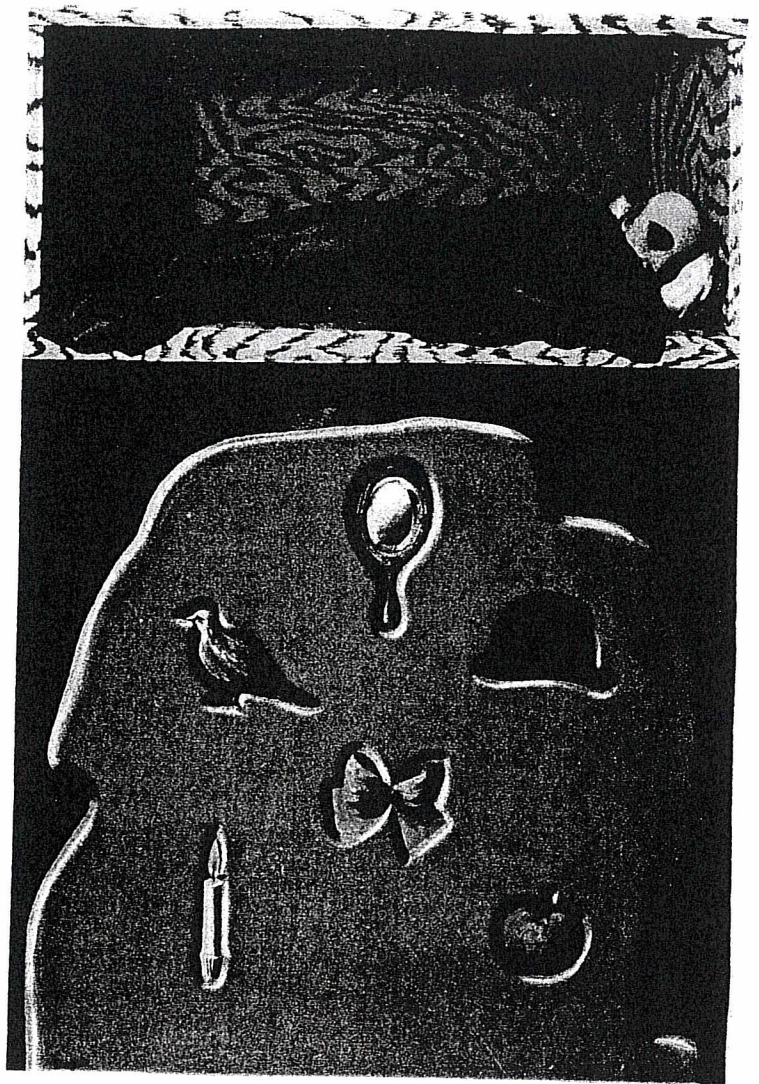


*Selected
poems
from*



The Mountbatten School

**POETRY
FESTIVALS**



The Mountbatten School's Annual Poetry Festival was started in 1973 by Isobel Butler in order to encourage pupils to take pleasure both in writing their own poetry and in performing published poems to an audience.

Eileen Betteridge then encouraged a generation of young poets to pursue poetry writing through her inspirational Poetry Workshops.

The school's English Faculty has since striven, through storms of change, to keep the ship afloat – with Sylvia Curtis ensuring that thousands of poems were safely stowed, hence our ability to publish this 'Hall of Fame' selection. My thanks also go to all the English teachers who, throughout the years, have encouraged all pupils to take part in the writing and performance of poetry in the classroom and on stage.

Above all I would like to thank all the young poets who have given us all such pleasure in reading their work over the years.

Will Jones
(Head of English 2008)

***Joys
And
Sorrows***

Colours of Love

*A pang of jealousy,
Rips through my heart,
It is green,
Like your eyes.*

*You are with him,
I am crying,
Tears,
Blue tears.*

*Our love was once burning,
Like a fire,
Red,
Like your hair.*

*The sky is black,
It is churning,
Black,
Like the death of him.*

*The dove white,
Flies free,
Like our love, used to be.
White is surrender,
I surrender,
So you can be free.*

Gareth Aspinall

As You Walked Away

As you walked away
everything lost meaning.

Life became shallow
all colours faded to grey
sounds softened to silence
tastes numbed ,
as reason dissolved to nothing.

My heart froze into eternal winter
your smile, glazed in ice
chilled memories hang in the air
around your pictures.

Lost in this blur called life
I wandered blindly,
while my heart screamed softly for yours
my future becoming
lost to the moment.

As you walked away,
Every thing lost meaning.

By Gary Bungay

FIRST STEPS

*Chubby little fingers grip the sofa,
As she hauls herself onto short fat legs.
Toothless smiles chew at every toy,
With sticky apple cheeks.
The toddler tumbles
Silence as she draws a wave of breath to
Wail her own ambulance siren.
Seeking a mother's warm chest,
When lifted up she knows her hospital is found.*

Sumairah Syed

SUNRISE - SUNSET

Long ago
A distant age
Where time stood still.
Caught between the pages

Of a forgotten novel
You and I loved.
From our sunrise,
Invisible to the world
Yet beauty to each other,
We built our boats
And set them floating
On a silver sea.
Lost in the midday heat
We laughed and cried
Sharing joys and sorrows,
We grew together
In a carefree world.
Lazing in the hazy afternoon
We became quiet
And drifted from our mooring
For a while
We were content
To follow the tides,
But too late
We lost sight of land
and each other.
Long ago
In a distant age
Time took its toll.
On a far off horizon
We felt the pain of our parting.
The sun slowly set.

Maria Fielder

*Walk upon my grave when I am gone,
And it should warm, and swell,
As did my heart
When our eyes met.*

*Don't be as those who came and wept,
But bask in the love I gave.
I am looking down,
On you, my love.*

*Don't mourn our past.
But look to the time,
That you and I will reunite
Together, in our place beyond the stars.*

Helen Meader

BITCH

*He stood at the brink of the world, waiting.
And thinking about what had happened to him.
He had thought it love, whilst she was laughing
Up her sleeve, with him hanging on each whim.
Behind his back they made him the in-joke,
Blind to their gibes he fell under her spell;
Working to make her happy till he broke.
No-one worried, they just watched as he fell,
Tumbling through self-pity. He was a wreck.
Why had she wanted to have him? For fun?
Just leaving him for dead, none came to check.
Feeling bad and needing somewhere to run,
He decided to give them one last laugh,
His body on the rocks, broken in half.*

by Christopher Broom

Holly Black

Like This

I want to stay like this
If possible to the end.
By now the world around
No longer interests me.
It is enough that you are here
And that I hold you like this.

A gesture from you is enough,
A smile,
A word;
And a moment like this
Is worth an eternity.
Light a fire and then
Let's be alone!
Us.

You Always

You always knew when I needed guidance to
 Get me through the day,
You always gave me that kindness to take
 The pain away,
You always gave me your hand to hold on
 Tight and hope,
You always gave me that smile to reassure
 Me we could cope,
You always knew when I needed to be told
 That I wasn't going to fall,
You always gave me your courage to
 Stand up proud and tall,
You always knew how to make me laugh
 To take away the sadness,
You were always there to give and share and
 Help me feel some gladness,
You always gave me your voice, which soothed
 And calmed my fears,
You always gave me your wisdom which you had
 Learned from all those years,
You always gave me your love and thank
 You is all I can say,
I just wish you could do it for at least
 One more day.

Tessa Welsh

The Infant-School Playground

*The grey, rough tarmac hosted my worlds,
Curved, yellow lines made our roads, our paths:
And we were dogs, and trains, and owls,
When imagination whirled and won,
I was the author; it was my land.
We ran over earthquakes, swam in the sea,
We went on adventures on that bare ground;
And covered the world in fifteen minutes,
For us it was our kingdom, our home:
But to others, a black, bleak playground.*

Graham Seed

FISHING

*Calm misty morning,
Birds call in the trees,
Boat slowly bobbing,
Downstream in the breeze.*

*Float sitting patiently,
Warm beneath,
Trout hunting breakfast,
Snaps it in his teeth.*

*Line pulls tightly,
Reel screams aloud
Have I got the monster one,
To make my dad proud?*

*The fight lasts an hour,
With fish finally landed.
"Did Grandad help you catch it?"
"No, I caught it single handed!"*

Alasdair Robertson

Survivor

In a battlefield of mud and blood
On a lonely mound
It stands.

Like a skeletal creature,
fingers clutching at the sky
A deadened, blackened
Twisted figure, left alone to die.

It has been bombed and shot at,
Shelled and gassed,
Seen men killed, retreat,
and advance en masse.

It has seen all the horror,
Seen all the grief.
Seen much bloodshed
Since it lost its last leaf.

Now it stands in the driving rain,
Amidst barbed wire and trench,
Bodies lay in the mud around,
The wind carries the horrid stench.

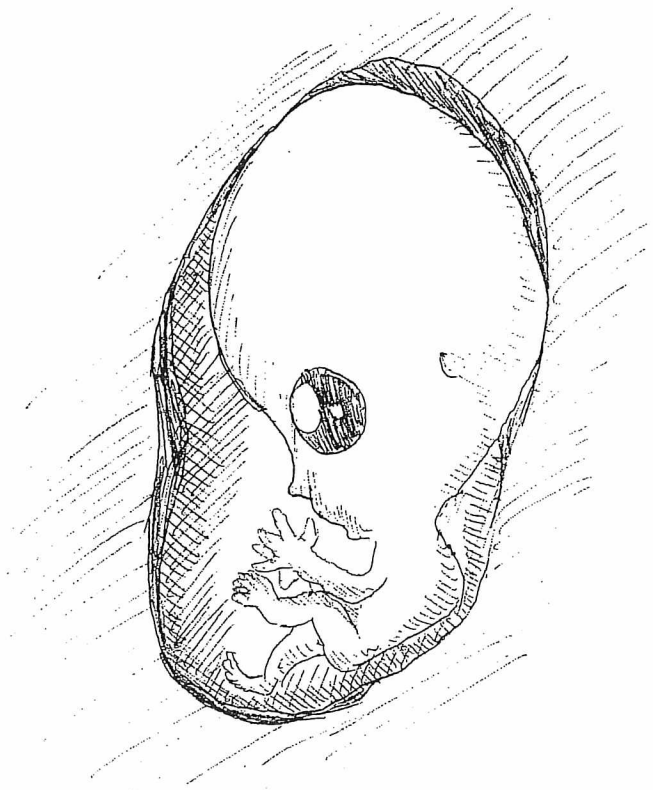
Branches broken, roots dried up,
the bark is cracked and old
But still it stands up on the mound.
Amidst the bitter cold.

By James Feist

THE BIRTH OF LIFE

Beating,
A constant beating,
Like a tiny, crystal hammer,
The heart beats.
And life creeps warily
In that tiny body,
And embraces the mother's womb,
Life's only lifeline,
To the mother's world - another world.
The child - the unborn,
Shifts slightly,
And is content to sit,
To wait for its time.
Like the spring waits,
For its time to fade away
And let the melodies of summer
Draw in.
For it does not know,
Of the harshness of mankind.
the, the incomplete, is ignorant,
and yet still she grasps at life.
For she yearns to taste creation,
to fathom,
Her own nemesis,
Her own being,
And to fill her soul,
Like a starving child
Wishes to discover
The kindly, sweetness of apples,
And to quench his hunger,
With their succulent flesh,
The unborn desires to be born.

She pushes her way from darkness,
To the outer world, and the sun,
Something she has never seen,
Never dreamed of.
So, just as the stars bathe,
In the light of the moon,
Thus she bathes in the sunlight,
Is consumed for love of it
And mother earth takes the fledgling
In her arms,
And the child rejoices her own being,
Like the robin
Rejoices the Spring.
For, as yet, she has not seen
The cruelty,
Does not know,
That she is insignificant,
The tiniest of shimmering droplets
In a distant, rumbling thundercloud.
Does not know,
That her own life,
Is the finest of spiders' threads
Blowing in the wind.
So easily snapped,
To pass beyond, into the vaults,
Of unbeing.
She has yet to know,
For she, the youngest
Of a million newborns,
Is the unexpectant of the burdens,
Upon the shoulders,
Of the Living.



Alistair Bowron

A Funeral at sea

There is no coffin
It is a grave without a stone
The floating flowers will die.
The sea will erode all evidence
And memories will be borne with the tide.

Rachael Loftus-Smith

