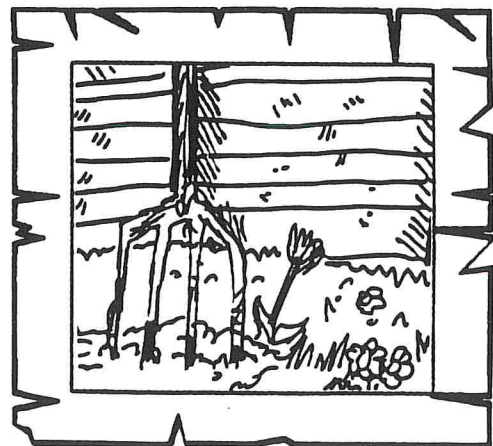


the
MOUNTBATTEN
POETRY
FESTIVAL
ANTHOLOGY
1992

Illustrations by.
Terence and Nicholas
Haines.



This year's judge, Robert Hull, commented as follows:

Any parent who has to re-decorate the house every month and shift the furniture round, weekly will know what it feels like being a teacher these days, and so will be as relieved as I am to find that under their dedicated and skilled guidance, so much good poetry is still being written. Girls and boys with kilos of course-work on their minds may be writing less than they used to, but there is a great deal worth publishing for us all to enjoy, and I have read 100 or so poems from Mountbatten School with real pleasure.

Choosing 'winners' is difficult. So much is a matter of personal taste, and that can vary. All I can be sure of is that the poems I have commented on are good poems, and that I liked them a great deal.

After several reads through, I settled on these:

YEAR 7

Rebecca Thomas's 'The Fox' is three views in one - a note-taking (school-girl?) watcher's straight description, then a hunt. Having three views helps it not to be sentimental, though it's still compassionate (towards chickens and foxes). Very good on action - the fox 'ducks into the grass'; and on atmosphere - 'In the freshly laid out daytime.' A fine poem.

Elisa Mitchell's 'The Gardener' is a lovely piece of observation - of the gardener, 'the garden's best friend', who 'cherishes the contents of his quiet world, / feeds it / keeps it fresh.' It's more than just looking; the poem is genuinely felt. The gardener goes off on his bike, 'Grunting and muttering to himself, leaving his peace in the park.'

Jenny Stokes' 'Looking Down on the World' is deceptively straightforward. It catches the sense of being 'on top of a Dartmoor Hill'... 'breathing in the fresh air / with my friend Jenny.' It is a place where 'We are the strangers' and 'The hawk belongs'.

Amanda Trollope's 'Mum's Children' has a very nice shape, and a neatly handled story. She takes us amusingly from the baby state, 'Eat, Sleep, Eat, Sleep', to age 5, when 'Baby's not a baby'.

YEAR 8

Sarah Hiscock's 'The Fancy Dress Party' is a poet's poem. Not a 'big' subject, no especially amazing ideas, but everything's sorted out, and it grows on you. (It did on me.) What makes it really interesting are the very mysterious fourth lines of each verse, where you're not told what they're wearing, only something that doesn't quite make sense: 'And Fred sat on the mat.' A loony-lovely nearly-nonsense poem.

Anna Revelle's 'Fields' is one of those direct straightforward poems that are satisfying to read and re-read, perhaps because the shape is right. The list of 'evil' things is maybe a bit general; some detail could make the evil more real.

Steve Galton's 'The Crossed Wires of a Hostage' is a very ambitious poem, with some marvellous ideas in it. The hostage's confused senses start to 'cross wires'; he hears 'the song of smoke', and 'the call of glass/begging you to jump through it'. Lots of originality here.

Amy Langford's 'My Street' catches the feel of looking slightly enviously at a 'big house you don't quite understand: 'In the morning, there's always people/walking up and down/ outside, like guards. It's really his dad's workmates/ waiting for him.' (He's always late.)' I like 'like guards', and the brackets for the last line.

YEAR 9

Edmund Matthews' 'Being Old' is an uncannily understanding re-creation of an old person's stream of thinking: 'Strange enough, don't like dominoes'... At Christmas, 'Am sat in my daughter's armchair/Drinking my daughter's sherry...' It catches resentment - 'Half a ton of bath salts and a tea cosy'; and change, 'Kind of got into game shows recently'.

David Johnson's 'Death' is beautifully and simply written, on a difficult subject (difficult because poems about the deaths of pets can easily be sloppy). 'My hamster died once,/But never again' is just right. Three very fine lines: 'I've never met Death. /I've met his brother, Injury, /And his sister, Pain.'

Steven Keites' 'The Thrilling Third Round' is all gusto and go. The alliteration keeps fizzing along through 17/26ths of the alphabet - without sounding forced. 'Southampton stumbled sadly sideways..' I know, I've been watching. (Seething season ticket-holder slinks off sadly on Saturdays.)

Lianne Emanuel's 'Deserted Art' is about going into a deserted art-room at night. 'I stumbled on the white walls and/the tiled floors reflecting each other'. Very atmospheric and strange. Perhaps there could have been a bit more detail about one or two of the paintings and sculptures.

YEAR 10

Helen King's 'A Mental Handicap' is good, not just for its sympathy with a mind disabled, but for its understanding of what this 'outcast' is missing. 'While other children danced the hours/... With air in their feet/And sun in their voices..' There's a fine ironic end. When war comes, she remains as she is, but it has 'stilled the dancing feet' of the others.'

Tamsin Saxton's 'We Could Have Crossed.' is a haunting piece about a future where the machines have taken over - then someone rebels. The poem feels wildly and breathlessly (in a controlled way) rebellious: 'And he shouted to the white clouds/ And he jumped and leapt and/Breathed a breath of sun..'

Christopher Broom's 'Bitch' makes a poem out of summarising a relationship in bluntly rhyming lines: 'Behind his back they made him the in-joke,/Blind to her jibes he fell under her spell;/Working to make her happy till he broke./No-one worried, they just watched as he fell. 'Very skilful.

Neil Stephenson's 'Hostage' has one or two splendid lines: 'I drink from the ground, which is also my bed' shows how reduced he is, to animal level (literally). The 'home/roam' rhyme at the end could be left out - the strength of the poem is more in the statements: 'The floor hurts with its frozen bite'.

YEAR 11

Michael Orchard's 'White Collar Blues' has a familiar message about greed, but it is conveyed in one or two strong and original images. 'Adult climbing frames' is a devastating metaphor for the skyscrapers that make 'freedom irrelevant'.

Stephanie Tempest's 'The Affected Mother' uses rhyming couplets, to make a sharp memorable comment on a mean, cool lady: 'Her idea of love is a wave from a car/Or a wind-blown kiss that has to go far.'

Samantha Allen's 'Mr. Executive' also uses couplets to put 'Mr. Executive' very firmly in his place. 'Money's his life./Owns a pet dog, and a middle-aged wife'. (Would the owner please stand up?)

Kathryn Thurgate's 'The Recipe' has so many ideas in it that you could find ingredients for other poems. Single lines are very evocative: 'Take a resurrection of memories'.. 'Peel a scraping of terror.' Several recipes in these lines.

All these poems had something to say that was worth listening to.

(Many thanks to Robert Hull, a poet and teacher, for being this year's Judge.)

THE FOX

*Look! It's here!
Ssh! You'll frighten it.
Don't forget to take notes.
O.K.
Small, black-shiny-twitching blob...
Two glistening-marble eyes...
Sniffing the air....
Quick dash....gone!*

*He creeps along the farmyard wall,
Slipping through the shadows,
Finding his tunnel. He has to haul
Himself to the other side
He hops, then pauses,
Then ducks into the grass.
He slides
And then trots to the chicken coop.
The chickens, suddenly
Driven from their rest,
Squawk and scrabble
And do their very best
To arouse the farmer
And call him to their rescue.*

*In the freshly laid out daytime
Hounds yelp.
Horses neigh.
Riders chatter in the early morning mist.*

*The hunt begins!
Over fences,
Up we go!
Through a stream,
Tally Ho!
There's the fox!
Over there.
Look!
We've caught him now.
Good dog.
Clever boy!
We'll come back again next week.*

*The windblown riders return home.
Wheezing horses
Happy hounds Dead fox.*

Rebecca Thomas 7DJ



THE GARDENER

*Such a lonely old man,
The garden's best friend,
Treats it all as his own creation.
Cherishes the contents of his quiet world.*

Feeds it.

Keeps it fresh

*With his worn spade and his well used trowel.
Apologizes to the worm which he almost cuts
in half.*

*And says good morning to the robin,
Whose glowing red breast shines
In the dullness of the
Misty, gloomy background.*

*Dressed in his thermal vest and his chequered
shirt,*

his old beige trousers,

duffel coat needing a wash.

Smelling of soil and cold, crisp air.

*Shuffles over to potting shed in his
Large green wellies.*

Always been a size too big.

*Slowly walks over to the bicycle, picks up
His old cloth cap,*

with his gnarled fingers,

Engrained with black earth,

From years of toil,

His cap in place, slightly over one eye,

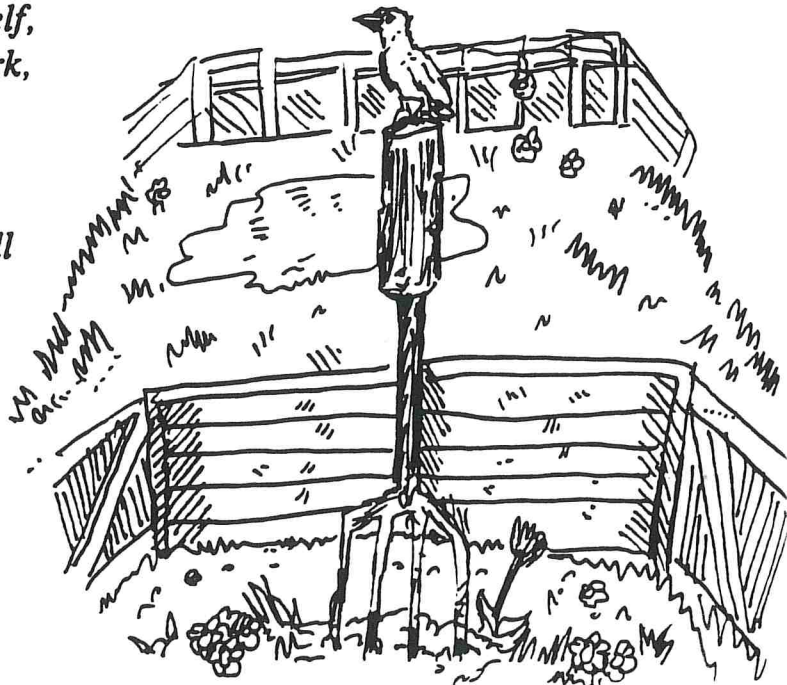
sits on his torn saddle.

Grunting and muttering to himself,

leaving his place in the park,

His only reason for living.

*by Elisa Mitchell
7KZ*



LOOKING DOWN ON THE WORLD

*One day in Devon,
On top of a Dartmoor hill,
With the wind whistling round us,
And the sun shining down,
I was breathing in the fresh air,
With my friend, Jenny.*

*Looking down on the world,
We saw heather, trees, winding roads,
Stone walls,
Cottages with old-fashioned chimneys,
And sheep scattered round like
Puffs of cotton wool.
No towns nearby, just countryside.
It was beautiful.*

*A hawk was sweeping up above,
Wings spread out,
Coloured with many different browns,
I wished I was a hawk,
Free to fly.*

*But we are the strangers.
The hawk belongs to these hills.*

*by Jenny Stokes
7DY*

MUM'S CHILDREN

*In year one the baby is
always hungry always tired.
Eat, Sleep, Eat, Sleep.*

*In year two the baby is
always hungry but never tired.
Eat, Whaa! Eat, Whaa!*

*In year three the baby is
controlling hunger
playing around learning to speak.
Play, Play, 'Mummy', Play, Play.*

*In year four baby is
always nosey, always falling,
always bouncing back.
What's that, bump, up again.*

*In year five baby's not a baby.
School now, big boy, not my
little baby any more.
"Mum, guess what I learnt at school
today?" "Mum ..."*

*by Amanda Trollope
7DJ*

THE WITCH NEXT DOOR

*"There's a witch next door," I told my Mum,
Her dark gloomy house shades us from the sun.
I bet she wears a tall black hat
She's got a familiar. She calls it a cat!
Her eyes are purple; she has a pointed nose,
Her arms and legs are the length of a hose!
There's a round black cauldron in her room
And beside it lies her wooden broom!
She eats frogs' legs, spiders, fleas and bees,
Yet I'm glad there's a witch next to me.*

by Tessa C Thornton 7DY

W H SMITH Certificate



THE FANCY DRESS PARTY

*I dressed up like a fairy,
Zoe dressed like a clown.
Peter went as ET,
While Sarah went to town.*

*Someone went as a policeman,
Mike went as a cat.
Sandra went as a lollypop lady,
Whilst Fred sat on the mat.*

*Kerry dressed up as a nurse,
Mary dressed like a dinner lady.
John went as a spaceman,
But I can't tell you about Sadie.*

by Sarah Hiscock

8DD



FIELDS

*Most people write about pretty fields,
With the sunny sun shining down.
But I write about scabby boys,
In scruffy backstreets,
Playing with a tin can.
Smashing up windows.
Pushing over rubbish bins.*

*Girls forget their pretty dolls with frills,
And go to the tip,
Picking up a scrap here, a scrap there.*

*I write about evil things,
Like bloodshed, slaughter,
And the laughing of the killer,
Peering eyes out of the darkness.
The tramp that walks the streets,
Stealing, begging,
I write about these things.*

*by Anna Revelle
8LF*



THE CROSSED WIRES OF A HOSTAGE

*The pitiful cry of a young tree,
Being felled by lumberjacks.*

*The taste of morning,
The dew and the lovely aroma of scented flowers.*

*The sight of the hard-working bees
Tirelessly collecting the nectar from the newly opened petals of flowers*

*The touch of my bed,
Warm and comforting, welcoming me home.*

*The smell of clean clothes,
Crisp and light, smelling faintly.*

*The good feeling of eyes looking at you,
Kind, caring, trying to penetrate the invisible barrier separating me
from them.*

*The feeling of Knowledge,
Knowing that things are there.*

*The high voice of children,
Playing merrily without a care in the world.*

*All these are things I miss greatly,
I can feel that soon I'm going to lose it; what's "it"? I don't know,*

*Maybe it's my senses,
There's still more I miss though. Things like:*

*The glow of a spider's web in the morning,
With drops of dew covering it giving the appearance of polished diamonds*

*The smell of grass,
Sweet and faint.*

*The sound of tree tops,
Swaying gently in the mid-morning breeze.*

*The sight of an owl hooting,
Calling through the still night air.*

*The touch of a mouse,
Emerging cautiously from its hole ready to scamper at a threat of danger*

*The smell of paper,
Musty and old.*

*I think I'm beginning to lose it,
Not long left, but still more wonders to express.*

*The sound of feet,
Descending gracefully downstairs.*

*The taste of flies,
Cutting decisively through heavy air.*

*The tail left by a bird,
Floating and wavering in the air.*

The sound of telephone wires,

Wobbling and vibrating as the wind moves them.

*The sight of Martians,
Arriving from far off galaxies.*

*I can see my house,
It tastes nice.*

*'Oh dear,' I'm hallucinating,
My brain is balanced between sane and insane,
It's beginning to get me in its grip,*

Soon I won't be able to hold on.

*The feeling of newly opened flowers,
Beckoning you to come and feel their soft velvet petals.*

*The song of smoke,
Calling gaily as it continues its upward flight.*

*The taste of trees,
Thick and creamy, leaving a sweet aftertaste.*

*The call of glass,
Begging you to jump through it.*

*I'm sorry, I know I'm writing nonsense,
Surely though it's worth it for the little bit of sense.*

*I'm trying but it's getting stronger and, and,
I'm weak, I can't hold.*

*What am I saying? I must be strong,
For it will not be long.*

*If only I can hold on,
I might get the chance.*

*I might get the chance for what?
Maybe freedom; yes, that's it, freedom.*

*O, what a glorious ring!
Freedom, Freedom, the thought and sound of it make me want to sing.*

*Freedom. If only I could reach out and touch it,
My fingers would have the glorious taste and smell of freedom.*

At last, at last,

Yes, I'm sure,

*At last at the end of a tunnel,
I can see light, light that represents life and freedom!*

*by Steven Galton
8DJ*

MY STREET

*I have a friend in my street, with a house as big
as Buckingham Palace.*

*I know it's not because they're rich,
it's because their Gran left it
to his Dad.*

He said he was going to buy one in France.

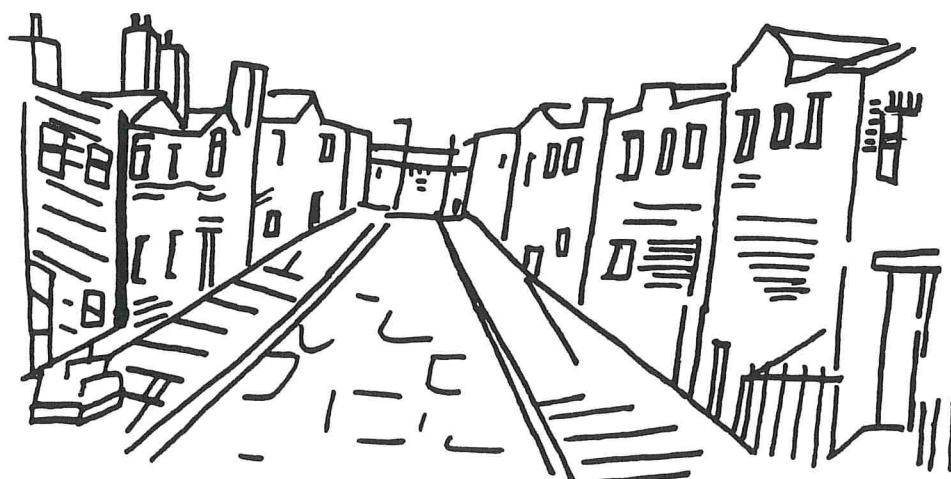
*In the morning there's always people
walking up and down
outside, like guards. It's really his Dad's workmates
waiting for him.
(He's always late)*

*On top of his house
is a flag shape.
He said to me it was
a windsock.
(Whatever that is)*

*People are always going
in and out,
with cars picking them up
like VIP's.
But he said to me,
'It's people to do with Gran's death.'*

*I love that house.
I wish it was mine.*

*by Amy Langford
8DD*



THE SONG OF THE WHALE

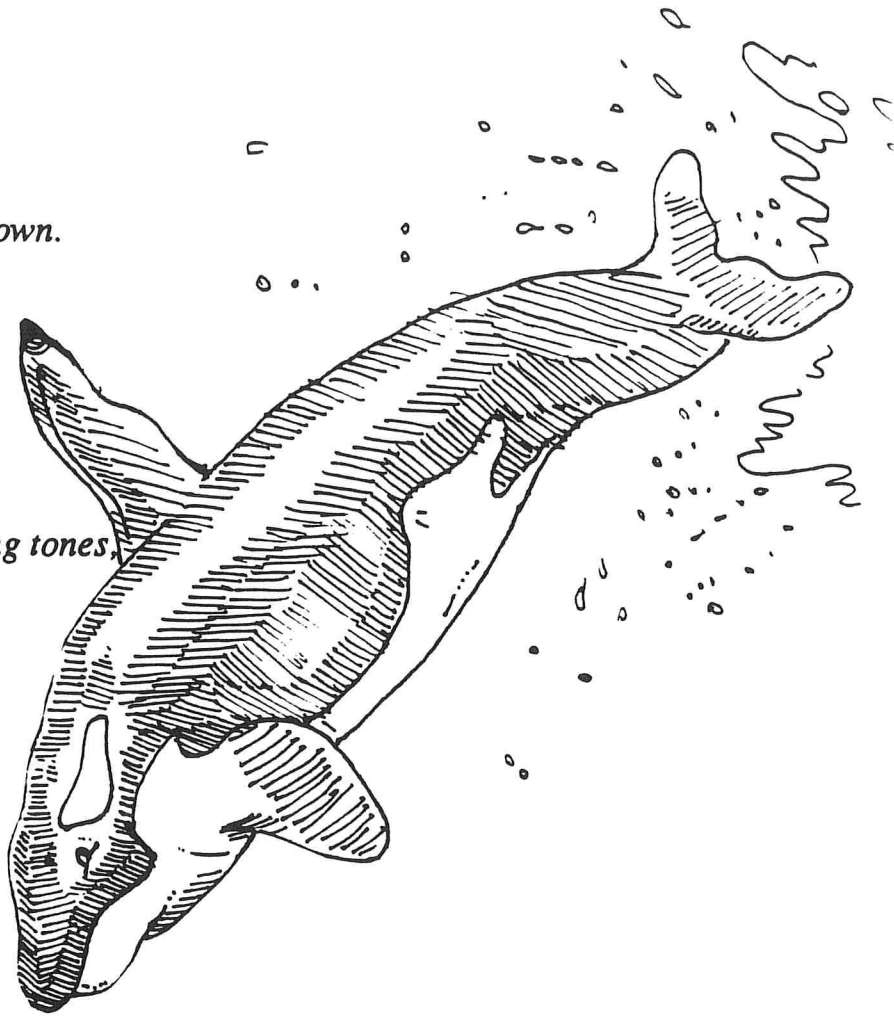
*The whale sang,
like a spinning top,
calling out into the unknown.*

*Humming,
moaning,
wailing,
in seemingly never-ending tones,*

*loudly,
shrilly,
bubbling,
rumbling,
sailing as they sing.*

*Singing out to all other whales,
distressing,
like a sound from another world.*

*Clearly,
dully,
harmless,
but dying.*



by Michael Foulds 8

W H SMITH Certificate

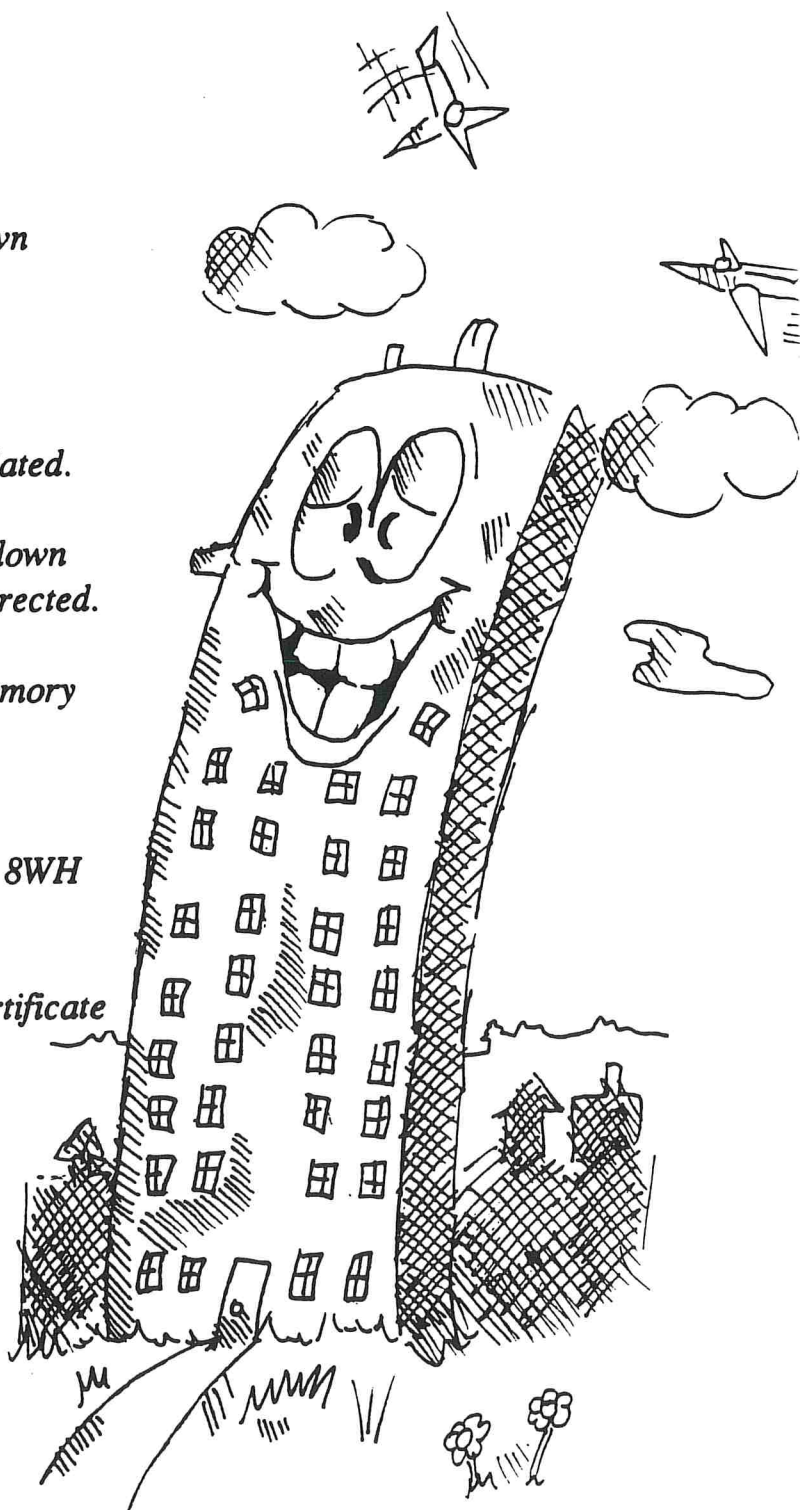
MR BRICKY

*I am Mr Bricky
The highrise block of flats
I've been standing here
For forty years
With tenants in my flats.
With my head in the clouds
I watch the planes
And wish that I could fly
But my feet are firmly stuck
To the ground
With concrete fasteners.
My bones are steel,
My skin is glass,
A lift runs up my middle
And as it travels up and down
My back begins to tickle
But then it stops
And people come and fix it.
I fear that I am getting old
And my design is quite outdated.
I hear talk in the town
That I'm soon to be pulled down
And a newer, better block erected.*

*I will be no more than a memory
In a builder's mind.*

by Paul Clapper 8WH

W H SMITH Certificate



BEING OLD

*Strange enough, don't like dominoes.
My veins are overly visible.
Am proud of my teeth,
For they're better than average.
Weak they are, but real enough.*

*Got an invite to a party laid on for me,
And others over sixty.
Watched a girl blow tunes through her trumpet
And a boy on his guitar,
Not entertaining,
But the kids knew that.*

*Am old. It is Christmas.
Am sat in my daughter's armchair,
Drinking my daughter's sherry
In my daughter's house.
I would rather not accept the presents for they
Embarrass me.
Half a ton of bath salt and a tea cosy.*

*Kind of got into Game Shows recently.
"BFH" always makes me laugh,
"Go for the car!", that kind of thing.
Like them to win - bit of friendly jealousy.
I love coming up with answers like "Canterbury".*

*Down a hole am spinning,
I land on a road.
I walk for er - a period of time.
A house is before me.
I knock.
Ghostly frail woman answers
And points
And shouts, "You're not dead yet,"
As a I wake up on a hospital bed.*

*by Edmund Matthews
9K
W H Smith Certificate*



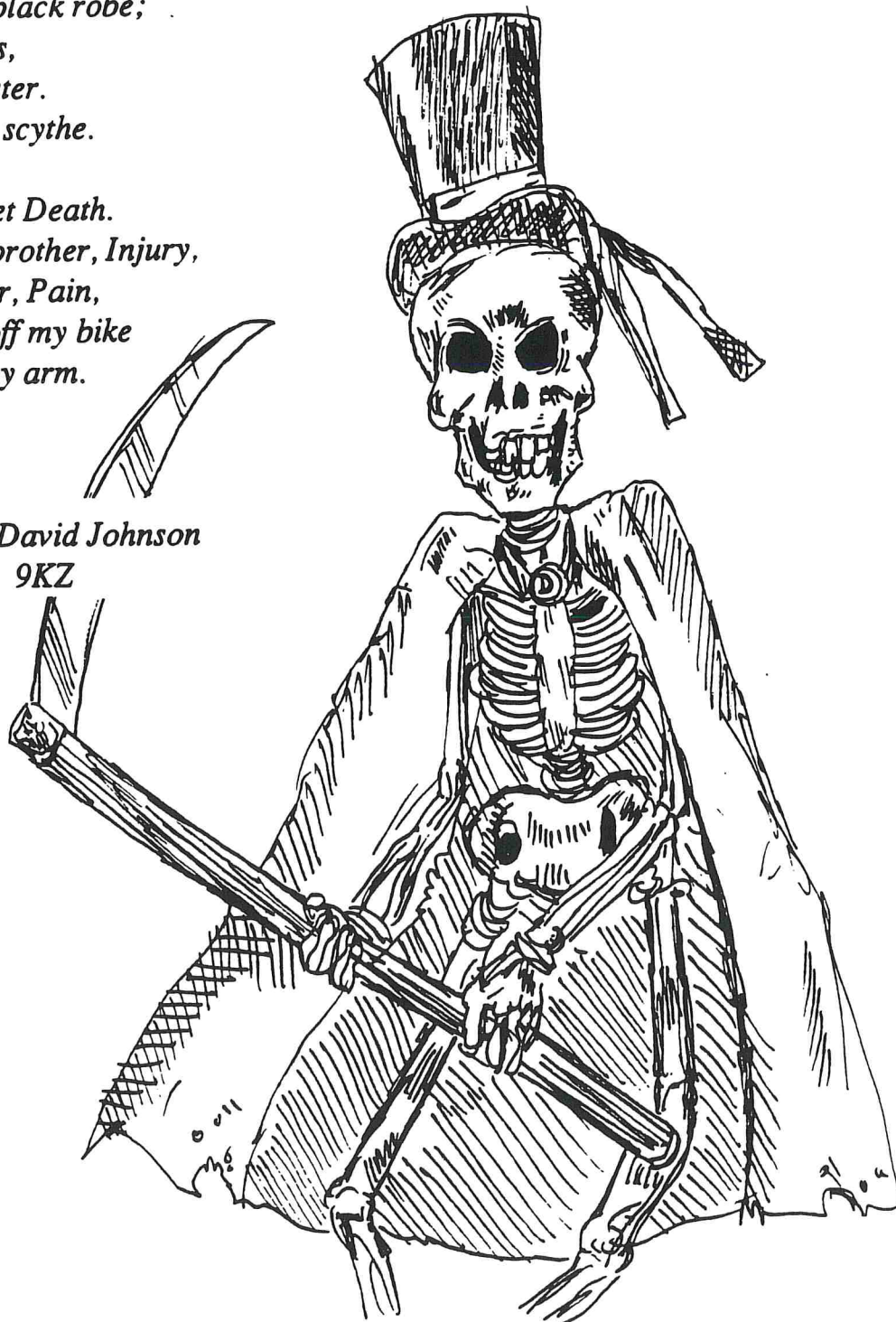
DEATH

*Death,
Comes to us all,
So my Mum says.
My Hamster died once,
But never again.*

*He's a skeleton,
With a long black robe;
Death, that is,
Not my hamster.
He carries a scythe.*

*I've never met Death.
I've met his brother, Injury,
And his sister, Pain,
When I fell off my bike
And broke my arm.*

*by David Johnson
9KZ*



THE THRILLING THIRD ROUND

ARSENAL acted anxiously against an awkward Aldershot attack and Anders Limpar and Alan Smith scored super strikes.

BARNET, bruised and battered, battled hard, but Blackpool beat them.

CHELSEA created chances, catching cautious Coventry's composure.

DERBY defeated Darlington with danger whose defence was despicable.

EVERTON ended evergreen Exeter's endless endeavour.

FARNBOROUGH furiously failed Fulham and Frank Farina went flying.

GATESHEAD gutted Gosport, giving gangly forward Graham Gang goalscoring gifts.

HEREFORD's high flying Hungarian hit-man, Henrec Houston, headed happy Hereford's heroes a-head against un-happy Hartlepool.

LIVERPOOL lacked lustre and looked like losing late against lousy Luton.

MIDDLESBROUGH muddled mindless misses, beaten by magic Manchester United.

NORWICH nearly never netted against never say die Nottingham Forest.

OXFORD's outstanding oriental international, Ou ounge Wang, ounced Orient out.

PORTSMOUTH's play was pure pleasure and pleased Pompey's patient supporters, putting powerful pinpoint goals past Plymouth's priceless Primrose.

ROCHDALE's rich chairman replied by buying Ryan Richards from Runcorn, after Rochdale wrongly lost to Rotherham.

SOUTHAMPTON stumbled sadly sideways, but sill smashed six super strikes against stupendous Sunderland.

TOTTENHAM tragically trickled out, thanks to timely strikes by Tranmere's Tony Thomas.

WREXHAM wearily won against West Ham, thanks to wonderful winning goals!

It easily was a Thrilling Third Round!

by Steven Keites 9DJ

DESERTED ART

*At night the room so bare,
I stumbled on the white walls and
the tiled floors reflecting each other.
Delicate rose coloured paintings,
contrast an untitled wonder!
And canvases blood red!
Clay, slayed arms burst through
paper rings.
Everybody's gone - no thoughts or
even children in sight.
But still the moon churns on
through the window tight!*

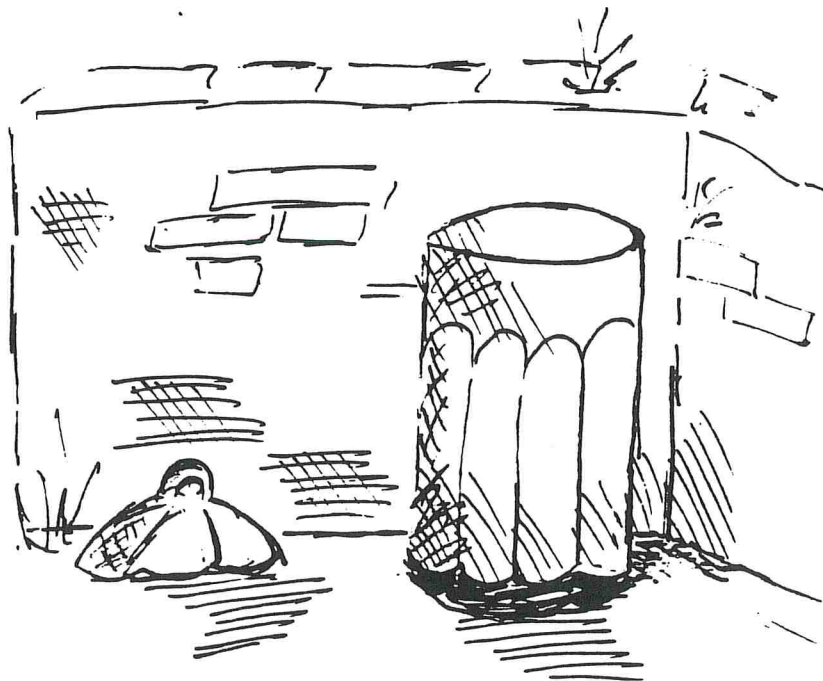
by Lianne Emanuel
9LT

THE DUSTMAN'S DAY

*Tin cans,
Old vans,
Metal bins,
Cut shins,
Dirty suits,
Rubber boots,
Blackened skin,
Make a din,
Early morning,
We're all yawning,
Placky bags,
Old rags,
Carts full,
Back to the mall,
End of day,
Receive pay,
Down to the pub,
Buy some grub,
Go back,
HIT THE SACK!*

by Chris Draper 9LF

W H SMITH Certificate



A MENTAL HANDICAP?

*She was an outcast of an elite society,
A cumbersome elephant in a world of butterflies.
Slow, ridiculous and inane.
While other children danced the hours,
Like Witch-hazel fairies
With air in their feet
And sun in their voices,
She was misplaced, a June snowdrop
That withers, fades unnoticed
In the summer's heat.*

*When war and darkness came,
And Summer's bird has flown,
The battered, fallen street
Had banished fairyland
And stilled the dancing feet.*

*When Death had loosened the sparkles from the
children's eyes
To run down their reddened cheeks,
She was the child whose face held the only smile.*

*While others held the burden of years,
Her innocence was pure.
The gentle simplicity of her mind
Allowed no bleakness
To penetrate her joy for li*

*A daisy in December,
No falling bomb could scatter her petals.*

*by Helen King
10WH*



*We could have crossed the road but hesitated
And waited for the machines with dusters*

*Machines with polishers
Machines to keep us safe
Machines to stop the traffic
Machines to help us across
Machines to check*

that the other side was safe ...

*And then a man ran across With a gun
In his hand*

*Shouting loud and clearly
Addressing all around*

Running without caution

Running without shame

Taking his own chances

Playing his own game

And he ran into the valley

And he ran on through the stream

And he shouted

While he ran

The machines would not catch him

The machines could not catch him

While he shouted to the blue sky

And he called out to the birds

While he shouted to the white clouds

And he jumped and leaped and

Breathed a breath of sun, weaving through the air

with the swifts and swallows,

Green leaves on green trees sighing,

Singing, slow melodies.

He fell and lay

Resting, resting.

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
LOLF*

HOSTAGE

*Everything is still,
Nothing moves,
To read and write is no longer real.*

The total darkness is cold on my body.

The floor hurts with its frozen bite.

*The smell of loneliness fills the air,
I want to reach out where people care.*

I feel iced over inside.

*There is no need for torture,
I'm already dead.*

I drink from the ground, which is also my bed.

I'm led to believe that this is my home.

No need for life and nowhere to roam.

*by Neil Stevenson
10DD*



ENEMY

They were haunted.

*The foreboding air, as
The adversary evolved,
Stepping from the mist,
Darkened against the sky.*

They were hunted.

*It pursued,
Hungry, yet thoughtful,
Brandishing weapons,
The devil of its own.*

They were killed.

*It snared and trapped,
Caught and killed.
The survivors retreated,
A darkness in their soul.*

They were scorned.

*Man laughed, filled
With selfish pride.
He ruled now,
Where they once ran.*

by Daniel Spooner LOWH

W H SMITH Certificate

WHITE COLLAR BLUES

*The sun rose behind the
mighty watchtowers.
Towers of glass and of
steel.
Corporation hierarchies.
Adult climbing frames.
"To work is to achieve"
is what they all believe.
Chairman or Director is
the destiny of all
inside the monetary castle.
The castle of greed prominent
throughout Chicago streets,
where expression is meaningless
and freedom irrelevant.*

*by Michael Orchard
11KQ*

*The Affected Mother instructs her lad,
'Make friends with him ... he has a rich dad.'
Her idea of love is a wave from the car
Or a wind-blown kiss that has to go far.
She goes off to her health club to meet with
 'the girls'*

*Her idea of school input is paying the fees
So that Matron is there when her boy scrapes his
knee.*

by Stephanie Tempest
LIWH

MR EXECUTIVE

*Mr Executive, Mr Rolls-Royce,
Mr, "I'm rich, so I'm spoilt for choice."
He's very intelligent, very well dressed,
All that he owns is 'only the best'.*

*Smokes a cigar, pipe at weekends,
Up-to-date with fashions and trends,
Owns a sound business, money's his life,
Owns a pet dog and a middle-aged wife!*

*Mr Executive, feels very stressed.
Works overtime, pains in his chest.
Too many dates in his brown filofax,
He hasn't found the key to relax.*

*by Samantha Allen
llLF*

THE RECIPE

*Take a recipe so complex
That can never be changed.
A tabulation of feelings,
All neatly arranged.*

*Take a minute of time,
A pinprick in years.
A thought once treasured
Veiled in tears.*

*Take a resurrection of memories,
An everlasting scene.
The only moment
When life was serene.*

*Take a lifetime of survivals
Both insect and man
Joined in a unity
As one large band.*

*Take a patchwork of threads,
A needle so fine.
Gather the rags:
The rags of time.*

*Peel a scraping of terror,
A remnant of tranquility.
Add the tiniest drop;
A drop of civility.*

*Season with experience,
Use infinity for its mould.
Laced delicately with spice,
And allowed to grow cold.*

*Mix both hope and despair
And grind them to a paste.
Spread over the top
And sweeten to taste.*

*Its potential is fearsome,
Save it while you can.
Apply only once
In the life of a man.*

*by Kathryn Thurgate
11DD*

DONOR

*Death becomes another's Life,
Syphoning, not tasting, the red wine.
Pumping over time, not laid to rest,
Forfeiting unscathed prestige.*

*Bubbling, gurgling, flowing jauntily,
Taking advantage of providence.
Pushing through tunnels and caverns,
Cells exploring new plumbing.*

*Stones of tradition grind in disgust,
Dying plead with propaganda.
Losing the wrestle with selfish feelings,
Reaching out, the card is taken.*

by Ian Mitchell IILF

W H SMITH Certificate

THE GIFT

*The flickering light lends broken glass
Cool radiance of beauty,
The haggard house and stricken door
A presence of tranquility.
Interpretation breeds self-deception
Calling lies, just creation.
Emotion crawls with gibbered calls,
In pleasure by sensation.*

*Beauty beauty, wretched beauty,
Eyeing the beholder,
Let love and hate
Crackle and smite
And fury and writhe and smoulder.
Let Vanity take her naked stand,
Then Reasoning rear its ugly head,
It cocks to one side and smiles
And darkness takes the land.*

*When soldiers bold
Of stories old,
Took fork-tongued mirrors,
Cracked and cold,
Paths were paved for Satan's slaves,
Their downfall prophecy told.*

*With every hope and hero,
Cast away as toys,
The fate of man in Satan's hand
Was burning burning
Black and poised.*

by Christopher Ng IIWK

W H SMITH Certificate

RELATION OF MINE

*Will you walk tonight?
Or turn your back to dusk
Silently fearing
Long feet in shadows,
Chain gasps to whispers
In begging the light.*

*Will you forgive yourself?
To blame no other,
Or hold my lead
Through unlit streets,
Past darkened windows
That paint our plight.
Leaving the path
Now by charitable light,
Will you embrace the night?
Feel its equity
In the fibre of air
Under plumed leaf,
For dreams of our same sky.
Peel the smiles from your mirrors
And cast away his life,
To last in fading light.*

Will you walk tonight?

by C Ng llWK

W H SMITH Certificate

TWO MEN

*I am never going home,
This place will bear me.
In lack-lustre light
We both part the sky
And dream of the same night.*

*Though air may traverse
The space between us,
Words rain deadened
While lead finds flesh.
And sorrow fills all my angels
In parody
The song.*

*Then,
Well met,
These two men.
Were we to turn
And seek the thriftless storm
Might he anger at the empty eye.
Pupiless and blind
As some ancient snake.*

*But words falling
On the fallen footsteps,
Too late was I.
And not knowing the way,
My body lost to the wind
Bloodied by glass paths.
Yet though I venture
By no boundaries of foot,
My mind
Beggars the night.*

by Christopher Ng IIWK

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