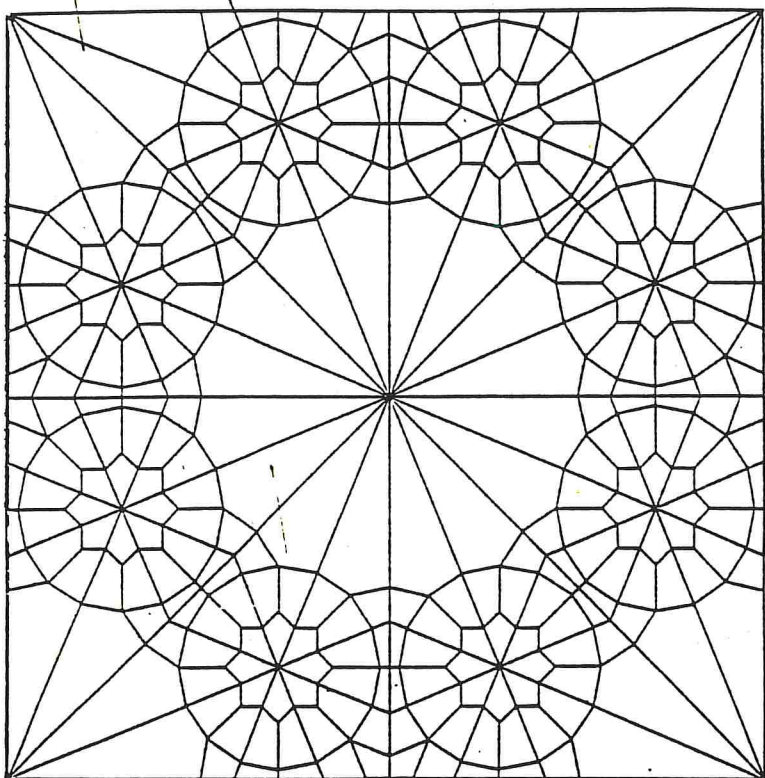


# **POETRY FESTIVAL**

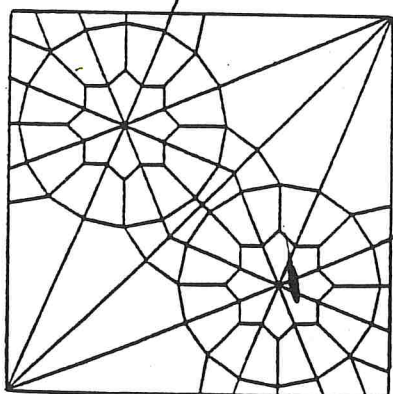
**1993**



**THE**

**MOUNTBATTEN**

**SCHOOL**



This year we were very fortunate to have Gillian Clarke as our judge.

Instead of writing a broad comment covering the whole entry, she addressed particular comments to individual pupils, and these have been passed on.

R.B.

*In the City*

*Bright lights, Motor bikes  
Kids in prams, traffic jams.  
You will find them  
In the city.*

*Ice cream man, lolly pop man,  
Big red bus to carry us  
When we're  
In the city.*

*Talking, shouting, laughing, joking,  
Traffic fumes, I think I'm choking.  
It's smokey  
in the CITY.*

*Matthew White  
7LF*

## *The Swan*

*Like a child's pale face,  
Her hair silver floating in moonlight,  
Like a stream as it washes past  
Whispering of things unknown,  
With a gentle splash  
A swan lifts from the water,  
Its wings touched by moonlight  
As it flies away  
To the midnight sky.*

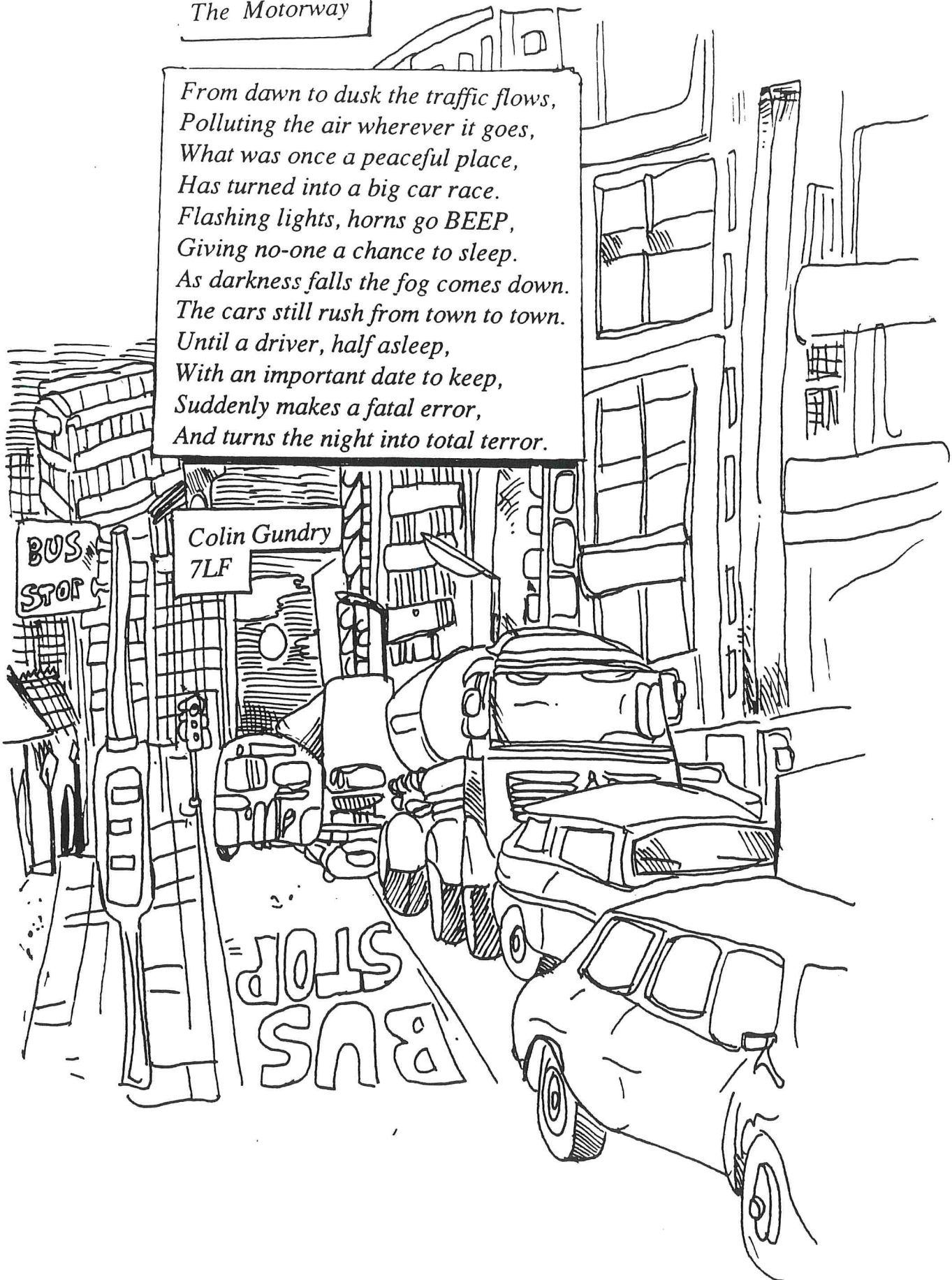
*Kim Newton  
7DY*





## The Motorway

*From dawn to dusk the traffic flows,  
Polluting the air wherever it goes,  
What was once a peaceful place,  
Has turned into a big car race.  
Flashing lights, horns go BEEP,  
Giving no-one a chance to sleep.  
As darkness falls the fog comes down.  
The cars still rush from town to town.  
Until a driver, half asleep,  
With an important date to keep,  
Suddenly makes a fatal error,  
And turns the night into total terror.*



## *The Turmoil*

*I hate him!.....*

*He's dead after school!*

*May all his teeth fall out but one*

*For the tormenting toothache.*

*Thinking of him my stomach knots,*

*My blood turns to fire,*

*My heart beats faster.*

*His face appears and blurs my thinking.*

*My mind is possessed, I'm sinking, sinking.*

*What am I doing?*

*I shouldn't feel this.*

*I'm cut up inside, destroying myself.*

*Satan can't have me.*

*I'm stronger than this.*

*The gladiator inside has escaped the abyss!*

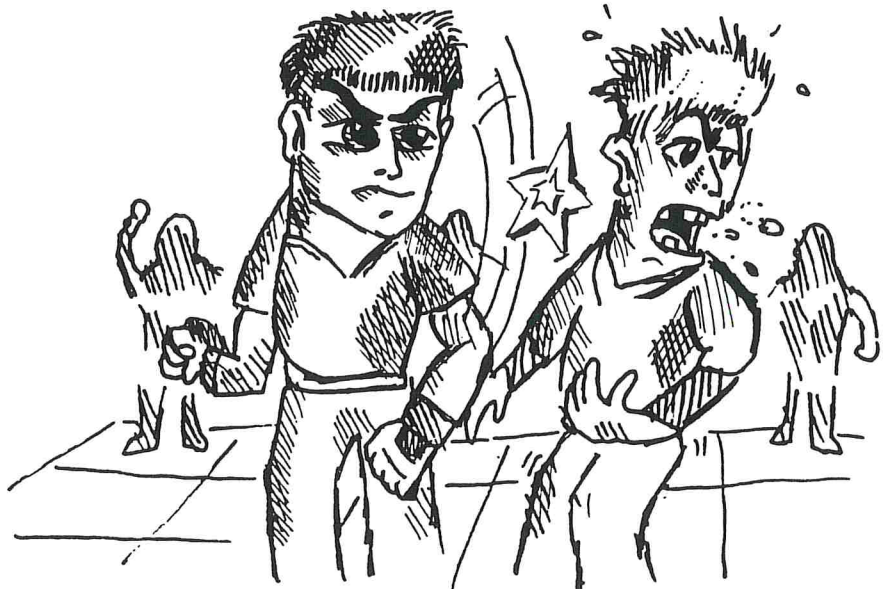
*The turmoil has ended, the flame has died.*

*That hatred within me*

*Banished from inside.*

Alexei Roszkowiak

7WW



## Medusa

*The hissing rings in my head,  
Neverending, it fizzes like a pylon overhead.  
My head pounds and aches my eyes.  
My limbs are weak but I must be strong.  
Around are tortured faces, cracked and grey,  
Silently they cry for help.*

*Suddenly I whip round my head.  
I am paralysed, hypnotized,  
My eyes are tallied with hers,  
Deep black like pools of ice,  
With fire dancing in the centre.*

*Then a flicker of life  
Lights up my heart,  
And to the tip of my blade  
I draw every inch of energy  
In my entire body.*

*I lift my sword high up in the air  
But as I begin my diving sweep ....  
Sparks fly faster than light,  
Like a lazer beam,  
Red hot but cold as ice.*

*Lightening strikes me deep in my heart.  
My body is seething.  
Then everything turns cold.  
My heart has stopped,  
My lungs won't move.  
My Blood runs cold and hardens in my veins.*

*Suddenly I cannot see,  
Nor hear the constant hissing.  
My entire body has turned to stone.*

*I picture hills and rocks and cliffs,  
And pebbles on the sand.  
Does this mean we now are brothers  
And cousins and friends likewise?  
I wonder who they really are -  
The earth, the moon and stars.  
How long have they been trapped -  
Like that?  
And how long till we'll all be free?*

Rebecca Thomas .  
8DJ

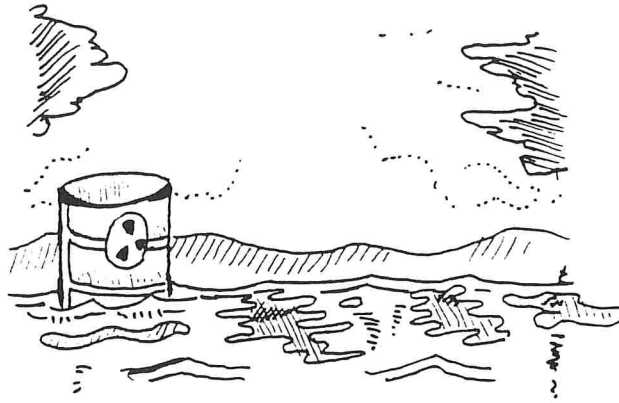


*This Strange War*

*This strange war brought us apart.  
We didn't speak.  
We didn't see each other.  
We just fought  
In the dark forest overlooking the town.  
Where children used to play,  
All was now silent, no-one around,  
No birds in the trees,  
No animals running.  
A man lay dead,  
Never to see light again.  
I knew him once.*

*David Verrall  
8WW*





## *Oil*

*The wind whips water wild.  
lives stricken,  
black tide,  
all stand helpless man and child.*

*Rainbow coloured surface sheen,  
sad men,  
lost lives,  
and threats unseen.*

*Toxins poisons slowly sinking,  
Black death.  
Trapped birds  
and shorelines stinking.*

*Seas are dead now  
land is dying,  
future parents,  
sad and crying.*

*Matthew Bargh  
8DY*

## *February Flower*

*When the light rises,  
The flower opens up  
And faces the radiance of the sun  
And it sways in the breeze  
To and fro.  
Its towering, green, slender stalk  
Ends in a brilliant burst of sunny yellow.  
The petals form a star in the sky  
And when the sky grows dark  
And the cold wind blows,  
It curls up and goes to sleep.*

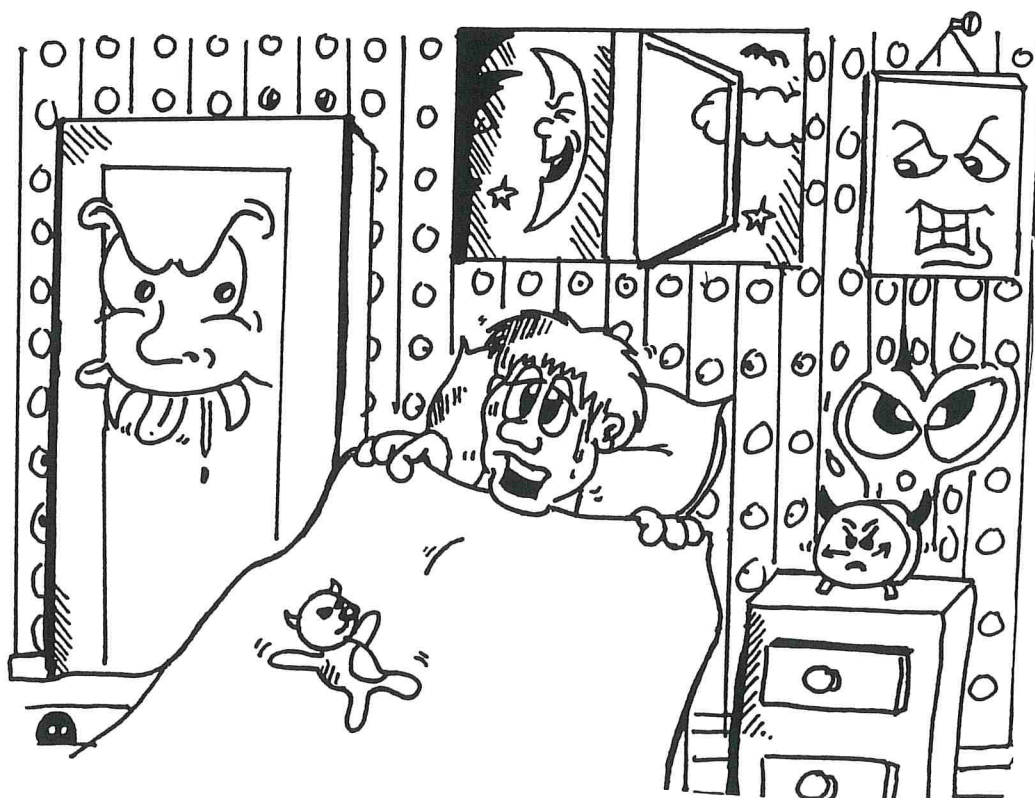
*Kate Snowsill*  
8WW



*Fourteen*

*Sometimes I lie awake at night,  
Now too old to be afraid  
Of the closet or things that lie waiting  
With clammy hands for stray limbs  
Outside my duvet.  
I am no longer afraid of dark dreams,  
But more afraid of daytime realities.  
My age ,it seems, has brought its own set of Monsters.*

*Kate Bull  
9WW*

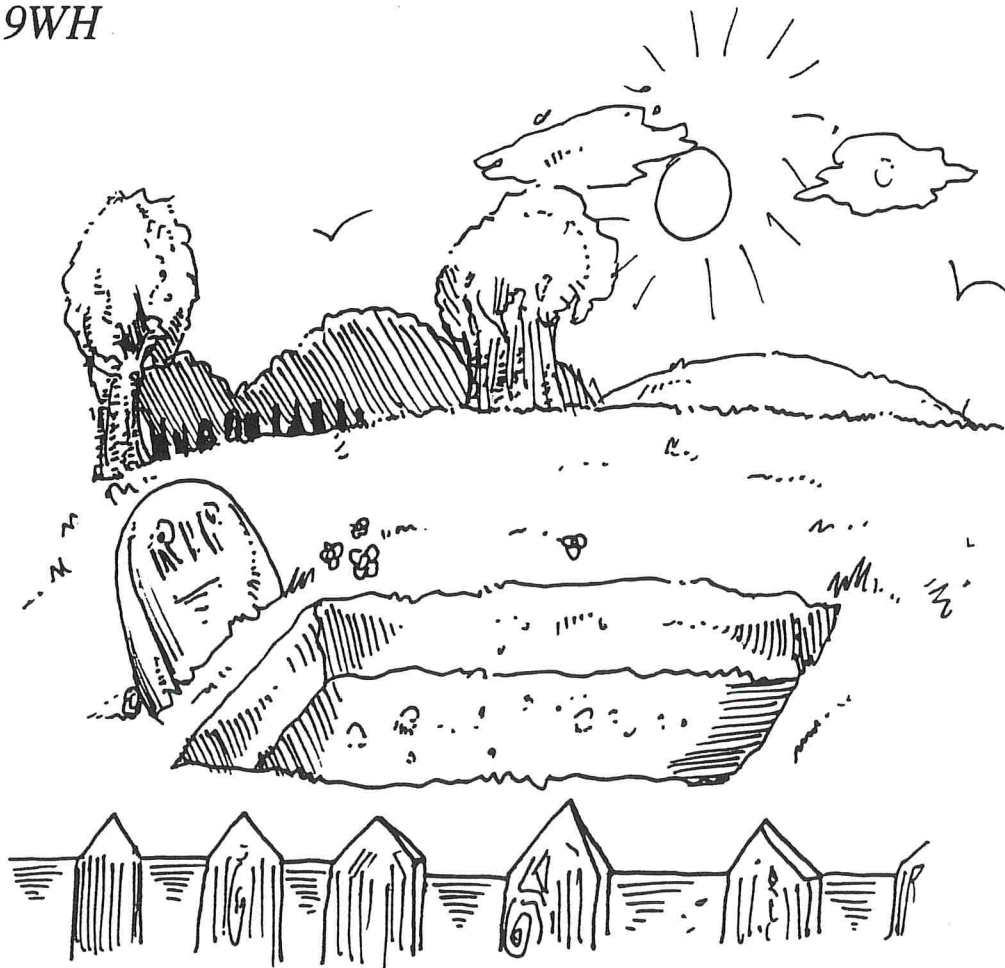




## *The Funeral*

*A dull sky,  
Darkened by overcast clouds,  
Reflects on the occasion.  
Death is present  
In the heavy silence of the cemetery,  
Thickening the air with sadness and despair.  
A huddled group has gathered round.  
A small family full of grief  
Watches as a coffin is laid to rest.  
Tears mingle socially with rain  
As flowers shower down on the coffin,  
Motionless as the stones.*

*Katherine McArtney*  
9WH





## Lowry and the sad street

The people walked around sadly,  
Doing their sad business,  
In their dank, dark and depressing drabs,  
So poor, Oh ever so poor!  
Nothing to look forward to,  
Nothing to have for they have nothing.

The smokey atmosphere as depressing as ever  
Then a banner, a person, more people, a demonstration,  
Hundreds and hundreds all mobbing together  
Into one enormous super being,  
Stamp, stamp, stamp, stomp, stomp, stomp,  
Went the thronging, marching crowd of workers.

People pointed staring at the banners  
Thinking, thinking, standing stone still,  
Some people walked off,  
Horried at what might happen,  
The marchers didn't care,  
They just pushed their banners higher.

Robin Matthews  
9DY



*Shortcut to Canada*

*Waves' whip against the battered ship,  
Trouble looms;  
Slowly brewing,,  
As storm clouds scud across the sun,  
Leaking dark  
Quickly flowing.*

*Turbulent seas wash rocky shores,  
Black and thick;  
Poison spreading.  
The suffocating blanket spreads,  
Destroying land  
Quietly killing.*

*Birds struggle in its fearful clutch,  
Deperate fish  
Gasp their last.  
Seals are driven from their homes,  
Polluted fur;  
Vainly clinging.*

*Andrea Thurgate  
9DD*

*Gran*

*It isn't her  
It's me who's changed.  
She comes and stays and leaves.  
As soon as she started to pack  
A fear would grow;  
She's not coming back!  
When zhe car pulled away  
I started screaming and crying,  
But since the age of seven  
That hasn't happened.*

*I'd always been showered in gifts,  
Sweets and chocolates,  
All within a week's visit.  
Every morning in her bed,  
On top of three pillows I would sit and read.  
Then I'd make the first cup of tea of the day,  
Two saccharine for a large mug.*

*Sylvia, Theresa, Christine, Nancy, Rose.  
She could never remember Julie,  
But I didn't care.  
Cards, games, board games, all kinds,  
I loved them all.  
No it isn't her -  
It's me who's changed.*

*Julie Beckett  
10KG*

*Down, Twyford Down*

*Ancient pathways, twist and turn,  
Countless feet over thousands of years,  
Have trodden this soil.*

*The earth shall be free no longer  
But encased in stone,  
A tarmac tomb,  
A hostage of progress.*

*The union of time and nature, broken,  
As man desecrates this sacred isle,  
Of peace and tranquility.*

*Bulldozers roar,  
The earth flies skyward,  
Amid tears and screams,  
The 'GREAT WORK' begins.*

*The Down is crushed,  
Under the weight of stone  
Trampled by the giants foot.*

*The living turf cracks,  
Under the cold steel,  
And the trees fall,  
To the will of man.*

*Spirits from the past,  
Celts and Saxons  
Gaze in sadness  
As modern man rips away  
The soft veils of time.*

*Peter Barber*

*10KG*

*Seed*

*Dear seed  
My carelessness created you  
My youth snubs you  
I banish you.*

*Dear seed,  
Soon you are to be gone  
Expelled from inside me  
In your immature embryonic form  
At present, you are not welcome.*

*Dear seed,  
Do not be angered  
Do not haunt my mind in years to come  
Do not remind me of this trauma.*

*Come again  
Dear seed  
Someday I'll crave you  
With a partner who'll adore you  
My life will embrace you.*

*Yes  
Come again, my dearest seed,  
But not to a soul who is no more than a babe herself  
I shan't forget you seed  
Be patient  
For in more fortuitous days  
You shall be my child.*

*Lee Williams  
10WW*



*The Red Rose*

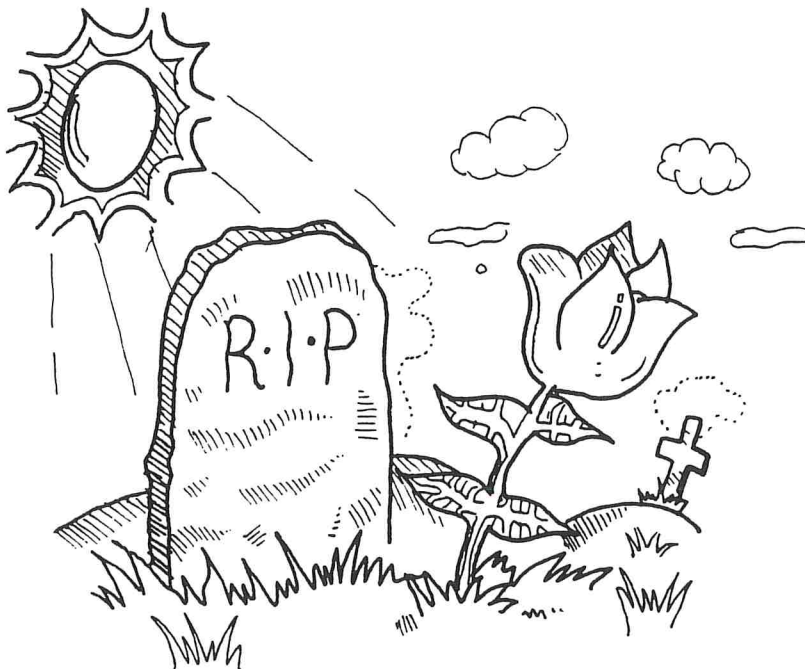
*The weathered headstones  
Green with age  
Bear their flowers.*

*Flowers will not help,  
Nothing can,  
Gone are their last hours.*

*Friends, mothers, grandpas,  
Sons and aunts  
Corpses beneath my toes.*

*On finding his grave  
Newly dug  
I lay down the rose.*

*Sarah Hammond  
10KQ*



*Stranger*

*This woman is a stranger.  
Her face is impassive ,detatched.  
Eyes bear no echo of life or laughter;  
They have turned to ice,  
Leaving an empty shell.  
Bitterness has rushed to fill the vacuum,  
Building an insurmountable wall of resentment.*

*This woman is my mother.  
She has withdrawn so far into herself  
That only the wall between us remains.  
She will not allow our eyes to meet.  
Perhaps she fears the possibility  
That my silent pleas could erode away the barrier  
Which has existed for so long  
It has become a lone ally in our wordless war -  
Or perhaps she has forgotten who I am.*

*Sarah Dawson  
11LT*

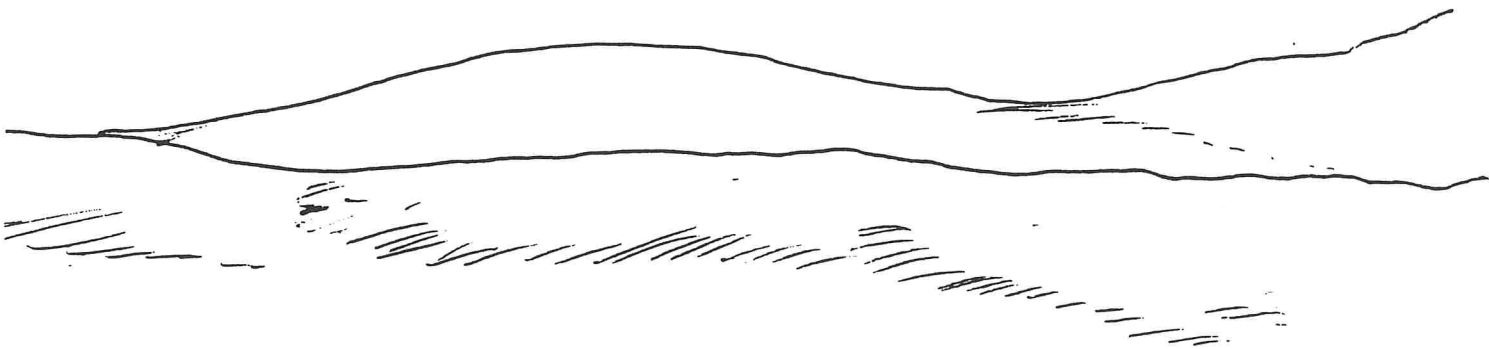
*Undisturbed*

*A huge expanse of sand,  
Too large to see as one,  
Is glazed with sea-water,  
Shining like a window of glass  
Face upward to the sky.*

*An icy breeze sweeps away  
The noise of city life  
And on this cold wind  
The cries of birds are floating -  
The birds that colour the sky.*

*It's a place full of life  
Yet in total peace,  
Watched over by the distant sun  
That warms the empty beach;  
An expanse of sand  
meeting with the sky.*

*Sophia Chillingworth  
11DD*



*There'll Always Be ...*

*Yesterday was a red day  
Red fire searing through a scarlet sea.  
Red-throated battleships swallowing ocean.  
Red anger  
    red fight  
    red war*

*Today is a white day.  
White letter in white hands.  
White tear-blanked faces  
    washing white memories.*

*Tomorrow will be a blue day.  
Blue mist of blue mood.  
Blue gravestone  
Blue sky  
    and empty.*

*Red, white and blue.  
We fight for you.  
Sister of sorrows,  
Mistress of morals,  
Scarred with shadows  
    in a cold, cold grave.*

*Tamsin Saxton 11DJ*

## *Freedom*

*When money 'talks' for the very last time,  
When oil deals and arms sales are no longer sublime,  
When the tramps on the street have more than one dime,  
We shall be free.*

*When people can state and show how they feel,  
When the man on the street doesn't beg for hiis meal,  
When a nuclear -free world is once again real,  
We shall be free.*

*When vehicles and factories once again gleam,  
When the air and the oceans are once again clean,  
When the roofs of great forests are flamboyantly green,  
WE shall be free.*

*When we can live out our lives with whoever we choose,  
WHen the people in power attend to our views,  
When peace and goodwill is the only news,  
We shall be free*

*WHen the old in our midst are loved and respected  
When blacks in the townships are put first, not neglected,  
When the whole of mankind is at last connected,  
We shall be free.*

*When the starved in Africa are aided and fed  
Wen young boys and girls are no longer found dead  
When we know politicians who meant what they saidm  
We shall be free.*

*When animals and birds are not smothered by oil,  
When clouds full of acid don't ruin our soil  
When a man becomes rich through honest ,hard toil,  
We shall be free.*

*We shall be free!*

*Graeme Massie  
11KG*



## OLD AGE

I'm twelve.  
I wont grow old.  
I'll stay young for ever  
Like those peas Mum has in the freezer,  
Frozen in time.  
If one day  
When I'm not looking  
Old age does creep up on me,  
I wont say,  
DON'T PULL THE CAT'S TAIL!  
Which is what some old people say.  
I'll say,  
"If you do that,  
The cat might scratch you."  
Or  
I might not say anything,  
And let them find out for themselves.  
I wish old people would do that now  
Instead of just saying  
NO  
and  
DON'T!

Janine Taylor 8LF

W.H.SMITH. COMMENDATION

## WINTER SKIES

Dagger-like wind  
Strips naked  
Ice-sculptured skies.  
Minted air  
Cuts deep, into  
Raw flesh of face.  
Sheet glass sky  
Stares blankly  
At swift clouds. Then  
Blackbird's outburst  
Cracks the emptiness  
With vibrant colours.

Shelley Diaper 10 WK

W.H.SMITH. COMMENDATION

## EMPTY PAGES

Empty pages lie there as if they are waiting to be filled.  
Filled with words and pictures telling the story of a lifetime.  
A lifetime holds more than meets the eye.  
Interesting, humorous, sad and tearful pages  
Full of a person's time with themselves and others ,  
Their thoughts and dreams described on peper,  
Paper that was once an empty page.

Jennie Baillie 8WW

W.H.SMITH. COMMENDATION

## DEFINITION of a RAIN FOREST

Dreams disappearing at dawn,  
A thriving wilderness,  
A tree of life,  
A light like no other.  
The kingdom of the rich,  
A leaf without a branch,  
A tree without roots  
The heart pumping blood around the earth.  
The cry of a dying animal,  
The groan of a dying tree  
Ripped from its life source.  
The spider that weaves the web of hope,  
The man who breaks it.

Anna Gordon 8KZ

W.H.SMITH. COMMENDATION

