

Poetry Anthology 2002



Additional illustrations by Richard Dennis

POETRY FESTIVAL 2002

YEAR 7

Avital Halpin
Mitch Hounsone
Jenny Spottiswoode
Natalie Cresswell
Commended
Jakob Thornton
Bryony Tay
James Byrne

Death
Football Practice
The Loss of our Loved One
The Other Life

The Open Road
The Ark
The World Horror

YEAR 8

Neil Davis
Katie Whitlock
Verity King
Pippa Harman
Commended
Lois Wright
Louie Cross

Midnight Wood
Growing Up
I am a Storybook
Please, Mum

The Rat
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Christie Lock
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Robert Fresson
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True Jazz
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Look our Way

The Fisherman
The Stone

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Jack Meikle
Martin Hammond
Paul Abbott
Chris Anderson/Stu Penman
Commended
James Nightingale
Rhiannon Bland

Noah's Bus
Tombstone
The Good Life
Just For

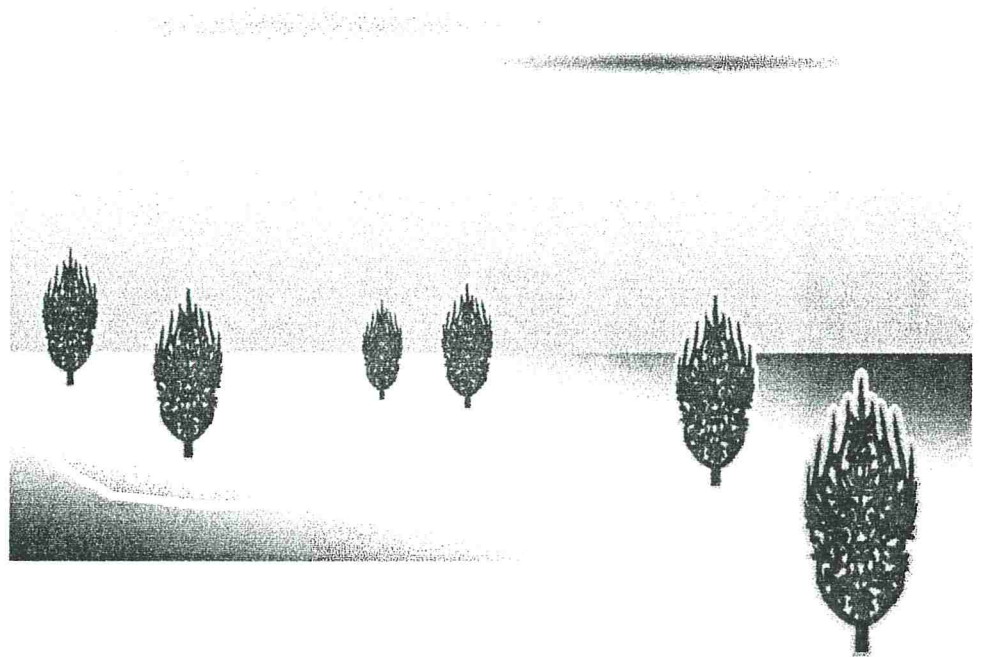
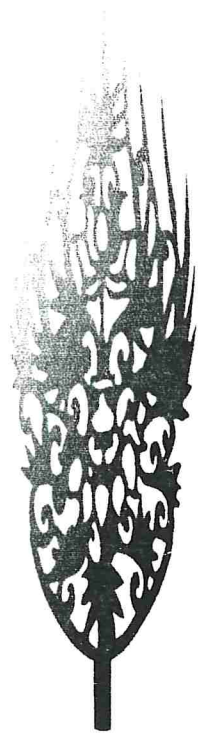
Something Strange
Baby Talk

Death

The chalky moon is a print on the sky,
The poor weeping people aren't ready to die,
The howling wind is sweeping seas clean,
People dream of grim things they haven't seen,
Misery is coming.

The creepy air leaves the lake's surface rippled,
The twisted branches make the tree crippled,
The stormy rain clouds have started to cry,
For the wonderful world that is about to die,
Winter is coming.

The bright, fragrant flowers are turning brown,
The stinging, sharp thistle is wearing the crown,
The poor, frightened people are weeping for their home,
Weeping and weeping, but their loved ones have gone.
Death has come.



Avital Halpin

FOOTBALL PRACTICE

Monday

Practised heading the ball

Missed it. Hit the neighbour's wall.

Tuesday

Perfected my sideline throw

Fell in mud. Forgot to let go.

Wednesday

Worked on my penalty kick

Missed the ball. Hit a brick.

Thursday

Developed my tactical play.

Tackled a goal post – it got in the way.

Friday

At last! The day of the match

Came through it all without a scratch.

The ref was amused how I kept my nerve.

He agreed it's not easy to be a reserve.

Mitch Hounscome 7AHE

THE LOSS OF OUR LOVED ONE

Death,
Creeping through every corridor,
Taking everyone he meets,
Sucking their souls from their bodies,
Mortals at his feet.

Dead,
Neatly packed in a coffin,
Being taken away from me,
Caught by ugly nothingness,
Never to break free.

Living,
We visit the dead,
Crying, groaning, calling,
And blaming ourselves for death,
Breaking down and falling.

Speak out.
Talk about the loved one,
Comfort the ones who have cried.
Grieve and mourn the one who was loved.
Remember the one that died.

Me,
I spoke out
About the one I loved.
I spoke of the one that I prized,
Ignoring the sickening lump in my throat,
Ignoring the tears in my eyes.

Afterwards
I begin to cry,
Hard and heavily,
Unable to stop the tears,
Unable to look at anyone,
Sunk in my own misery
Over the loss
Of my Grandpa.

Jenny Spottiswoode 7EJS

THE OTHER LIFE

The teddy bear is ten feet tall,
It scrapes its head on the ceiling.
At night it unzips its furry skin
And steps out as bare as a sheep,
To move with night echoings
Slow shadows, a cold silence,
All gloomy and magenta – maroon coloured.

One night out walking
He met a fire that scorched and burnt
The ends of his golden-amber fur,
Fed on his fluffy stuffing,
Left an aroma of charcoal
And a husk of debris,
Soot on his pawprints.

Natalie Cresswell 7STA

THE OPEN ROAD

The water rippled on the golden sand,
The sun was yellow and red.
I gripped a shell in my right hand
And this is what I said

“God, you made the world so big,
Too hard for me to explore.
Beautiful sights I have seen today,
How can I ever see more?”

“I want to go to Turkey and Greece
And back-pack around Malasia.
I want to see the Himalayas
In that far distant part of Asia.

All these places I want to go,
The wonders I’d like to see.
Rain, hail, shine or snow,
The road is the place for me.”

Jacob Thornton 7SHN

THE ARK

The animals went to the park one day,
They thought they were only out for a play.
The dogs went "Bark!"
Because a great ark
Had appeared there, right in their way!

As they climbed in,
The lights, went dim
And classical music was playing.
The creatures blushed,
Their talk was rushed,
They didn't know what they were saying!

It was time for bed,
So the animals said
"Goodnight" as they stifled a yawn.
As they closed their eyes,
They knew not what surprise
Was waiting for them in the dawn.....

There was a big bang
And then a loud clang,
It seemed to arise from the deck.
The sight was ugly
As a hippo had smugly
Got hold of an ostrich's neck!

"Let me go!" cried the bird
"Its completely absurd!
You're ruining my favourite feather.
If you don't, I will nip
A hole in this ship
And then we'll go down all together!"

The hippo said "Right,
I'll not hold you so tight."
But by then it was really too late:
The ostrich was pecking
A hole in the decking
That then sealed the animal's fate.

It carried on raining,
The cats were gaining
A grip on a floating plank.
They shared it with mice,
Who thought it quite nice
Of the cats till they helplessly sank.....

THE WORLD HORROR

Panic,
In the wake of the terrorist attack.
The sky is filled with
Clouds of choking dust.
People run,
People shout and scream.
Distant ambulance sirens wail.
A mother kneels
By the corpse of her baby
Sobbing.

Misery and sorrow,
Caused by the brutality of the men.
Innocent people in concentration camps
Shuffle around the smoke-filled camps.
The expression on their faces,
Woe and misery.
The stench of rotting bodies fills the air,
Swarms of flies plague the camp,
People kneel, crying in the dust.
Sadness.

Horror sweeps the globe like a foul beast
Sent from Hell,
A Satanic servant,
Hoping to wreak havoc on another nation.

James Byrne

GROWING UP

Dolls, old toys are thrown to rot.
The pram's been passed on and so has the cot.
Memories spin and fade in my head,
My old teddies look lifeless and dead.
Make-up and boys start replacing books and games,
Parents start to realise you're not the same.
Your music broadens to a different range,
Your positive attitude and patience begin to change.
Growing spurts begin to kick in,
Your inner child gets lost in the din.

Katie Whitlock 8JLK

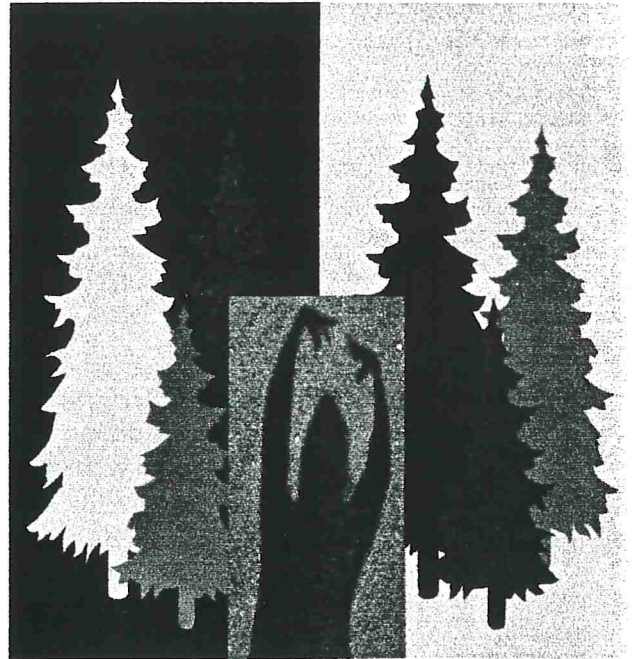
Midnight Wood

Dark in thee wood the shadows stir,
What do you see?
Mist and moonlight, star and cloud.
Hunchback shapes that creep and crowd.
From tree to tree.

Dark in the wood a thin wind calls,
What do you hear?
Frond and fern and clutching grasses,
Snigger as you pass,
Whispering fear.

Dark in the wood a river flows,
What does it hide?
Otter, water rat, old tin can,
Bones of fish and bones of man,
Drift in the tide.

Dark in the wood the owlets shriek,
What do they cry?
Choose between the wood and river,
Who comes here is lost forever,
And must die!



Neil Davis

I AM A STORYBOOK

Sometimes I feel like a storybook
Waiting to be chosen out of the library,
But I never get chosen.
I don't look as great as the new books
That everybody chooses.

I try to smile when somebody walks past,
But nothing can hide the misery that is trapped inside me,
Like a bird in a cage.

I was once taken out,
Out of the dark, lonely library,
But I spoilt my chance.
I started talking nineteen to the dozen,
I was taken back the very next day.

Sometimes I feel like a storybook,
Never knowing if I will end up living happily.
I pray for freedom
And a library or family that will want me,
And will never abandon me
But use me
And show me off to their friends.

I was once a brand new book,
The most popular in the library,
But people grew tired of reading me over and over again.
They threw me on the floor
And forgot about me
And I was left looking like a disintegrating house.

I wonder whether I will be thrown out soon
Or sold to a family that does not want me,
After all I am an insult to the library.
Who would want a book looking old and worn out?
Not the best (and only) library in town.

Verity King 8APN

PLEASE MUM

Would you please go shopping Jake?
Sure Mum, what shall I take?
A fish bowl and a garden rake
Please Mum, for goodness sake!
O.K. you can bake a cake.

Can you hurry up son?
What do you want in it, Mum?
Masking tape, peas and rum.
Please Mum, don't be dumb!
O.K. you can clean my room.

Will you put my clothes away?
Pardon Mum, what did you say?
The shoes go in the kiln today.
Please Mum, that's for clay!
O.K. you can write a play.

Will you write a part for me?
Yes, what do you want to be?
A haircut or a broken knee.
Please Mum, you're 43!
O.K. you can make the tea.

Can you see the wholemeal bread?
No, can I use white instead?
How about the green or red?
O.K. Mum, with spider spread?
Please Jake, that's enough, now bed!

Pippa Harman Yr8

THE RAT

The rat leans up against the glass.
An injection pierces its pure, white coat.
The scientist is gloved and masked
To test for human antidote.

Its dainty, soft paws
Reach up gently for attention.
His pink skin is raw
From the distressing reaction.

It gently grooms its pink nose.
It is clean and friendly, small and aware.
To its bowl of food it goes
And delicately nibbles there.

Its fur is soft and silky
But will never be touched by someone ungloved.
The eyes are warm and milky
But will never be noticed, never be loved.

Lois Wright Year 8

ANGER

Anger comes when I'm frustrated
My blood is pumping and full of hatred.

Anger comes from deep inside,
My head is on a roller coaster ride.

Feelings all get in a jumble,
My body feels it's going to crumble

It makes me see all kinds of red.
It plays havoc inside my head.

When at last the feeling goes,
The strain is felt from head to toes.

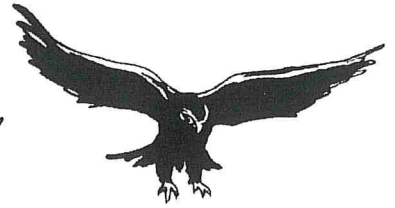
This feeling comes from somewhere deep
And leaves me drained. I need to sleep.

Louie Cross Yr8

Flight of an Aeroplane



*The first flight, shiny and new,
The massive eagle spreads her wings,
Away...*

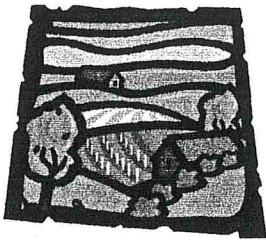


*The breeze brushes,
Over the streamlined wings,
Soaring through the sky,
The plane glides through candyfloss clouds,*

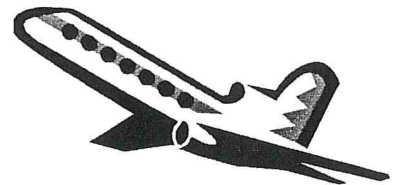
*Look down
on the world you've left behind,
Facing nothing but clear blue skies,
The regrets of before forgotten,*



*Your home is now a view from far away,
something you've forgotten to pack,
Awaiting the new destination, unexplored,
Entering you into it like a child to a sweetie shop,*



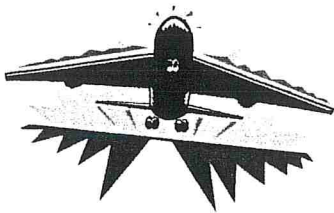
*Look down,
On another world from our own,
a pretty painted picture,
untouched and unspoiled,*



*Weightless we hover amongst the clouds,
Flying over the world below,
Oceans of glistening diamonds.
Fields of large patchwork blankets of colour,*



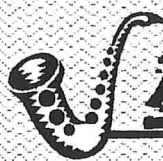
*Look down,
The descent begins,
Down through the clouds, passing the citrus sun,
Touch down in a new place.*



Christie Lock



TRUE



JAZZ



The sleeky smooth saxophone blows the tune,
A sweet melody in C jam blues.

"Drop that beat!" the brothers say,
The trumpet sounds and the band begins to play.



The booming bass riff from the Baritone,
Fills the room like an amplified ohm.
A harmony of notes blaze in the air,
From the clarinets' solo with a funky flare.



A-syncopated-rhythm, stomps out the beat,
Beckons a jive; gets the crowd to their feet.
The ebony and ivory played by nimble hand,
Cools the tempo and chills the band.



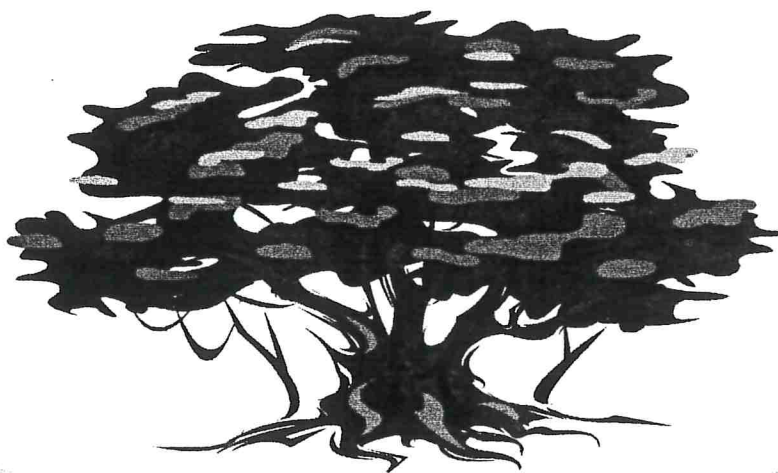
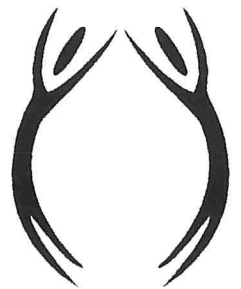
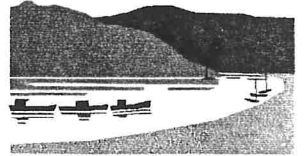
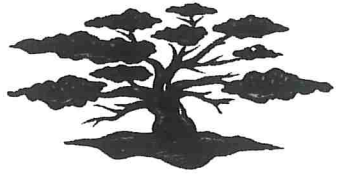
The marriage of sounds breathes from the page,
The quavers and the semi-tones leap through the stave.
The groove steps up into a ragtime razz,
A penultimate chord - *and all that jazz!*



By Richard Dennis

Sea and Tree

In a lonesome coomb there quietly stood
The remnants of an old forgotten tree,
His branches cast of wondrous gnarled wood.
He bowed his forlorn head towards the sea.
The sea was lustrous, fair and sparkling bright.
She arched her body softly on the sands.
Sweet droplets splashed, leapt softly to the light,
Reached out towards the sea, towards the land.
A pearl of water fell between the grains
Of wood; as if to find a place to dwell.
The water touched his heart, and like the rains,
Brought life, and caused his buds to swell.
So burst forth in awe-inspiring bloom,
Took up his roots and sauntered from the coomb!



Robert Fresson

LOOK OUR WAY

If only evil were just one of those fads
I'm beginning to think that Hell
Might not be so bad.
When the whole world is all in chaos,
And the children are walking lame
You don't even care now do you?
Don't even look our way.

And so you expect us to keep the faith
As all those old songs say.
To walk along the winding road that you paved,
And so you want us to be like you,
To be exactly how you want us to,
To live a life of love and care,
Well that's a nice dream you've got yourself there.

And so what are we supposed to do?
When there are children crying and people dying,
Buildings falling and countries warring.
Do you expect us to think
That it's all part of your plan,
Even though there's no safe place
For any woman, child or man?

If only evil were one of those fads,
I'm beginning to think that Hell
Might not be so bad.
When the world is all in chaos
And the children are walking lame,
You don't even care now do you Lord?
Don't even look our way.

Charlie Tippett-Cooper Year 9

THE FISHERMAN

The waves roar, crash and tumble,
The sea merges with the sky,
The cloud clots, collides and thickens,
The lightning flickers.

The wind settles,
The sun glints from beneath the horizon,
The seagull soars,
The fisherman sets sail.

Robert Crossman 7DGM

THE STONE

There was a stone
And near to the stone
Was a bunch of withered flowers.
Behind the stone
Was a wrinkled man
With a small tear rolling down his face.
Around the stone
There were more
Cracked and crooked stones of grey.
Inside the stone
There was a soul.
Without the stone
He would be lost.
Except for the stone
He had nothing
And was alone.

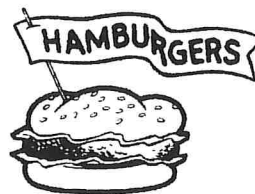
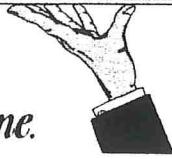
Jenny Clifford 9HWS

National Dishes

We waste no time in savouring wine.
But gulp it down in gallons.
And drink till alcoholism
Nearly has us in its talons.
Why can't we be like the Japanese?
And drink good things like herbal teas?
Less of the beer, less of the coke.
Less of the nicotine, less of the smoke.
Perhaps we could make a lettuce steak.
It depends wholly on your mood.
But I'd wager that you'd rather take
Some cholesterol-filled fast food.
A healthy Britain is some way away yet
Despite those people who like to keep fit.
In foreign lands across the sea,
They do things somewhat differently.
In France they eat snails and bits of their horses.
But spread it out over six courses.
In Italy they drink naught but wine.
And on those pizzas they tend to dine.
For Americans its burgers and fries
If they say its fat -free its probably lies.
In England though its not quite right.
And we tend to go to "The light..."

... of Bengal"

And take away it all.
Curry is someone else's national dish
But we still prefer it to chips and fish.



Luke Macklin

IF I LEFT YOU

If I left you now,
What would you think?
Would you be forced to swim
Or miserably sink?

If we're truthful
You probably wouldn't notice.
And if you didn't notice,
You wouldn't care.

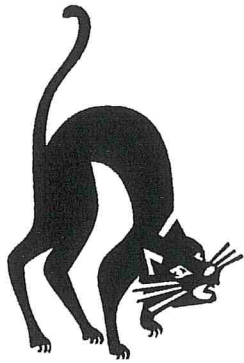
And if you didn't care
It wouldn't matter.
And if it doesn't matter,
Then maybe I will.

But if I do,
Then I'll have no choice
But to return,
Because even if

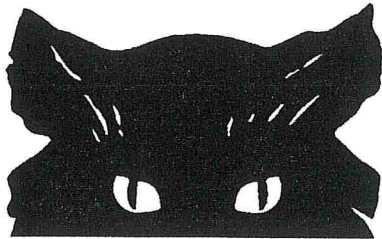
It doesn't matter
And you don't care,
And you don't notice,
I do. About you that is.

Ellie Pitkin Yr 10

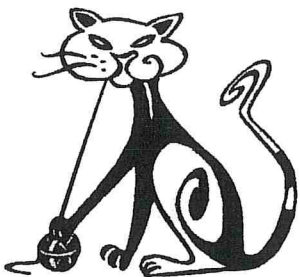
Wanted – A Witch's Cat



Wanted – a witch's cat,
Must have vigour and spite.
Be expert at hissing,
And good in a fight,
And have balance and poise
On a broomstick at night.



Wanted – a witch's cat,
Must have hypnotic eyes.
To tantalize victims
And memorize spies.
Also be an expert
At scanning that sky.



Wanted – a witch's cat,
With a sly, cunning smile.
Good knowledge of spells
And a great deal of guile.
With a fairly hot temper,
And plenty of bile!



Wanted – a witch's cat,
Who's not afraid to fly,
For a cat with strong nerves:
The salary's high.
Wanted – a witch's cat.
Only the best need apply.



RAIN EVERY DAY

We've grown apart,
A change of heart.
I feel the rain every day.
Will it ever stop?
Will you remember me?
Will you look me in the eye?

You know I loved you,
You know I cared.
You know that emotion's
Something we didn't share.
You were my glittering star,
No one else shone better than you.

We couldn't live together,
We can't live apart.
This is the situation,
I've known it from the start.
Everyone's world goes round and round
And I see mine going upside down!
Please don't be bitter,
Let's just be friends.
Sorry!

Simon Randall Year 10

ACCEPTANCE

I need you now
But you're not here.
You were the one
I held most dear.

I cry, I weep,
The tears run free,
Night and day
Continuously.

Now I am lost,
You were my all.
Without you here
I'll trip and fall.

Who will catch me
And make me strong?
Who will guide me
My whole life long?

You left me here
When all was well,
Now I'm alone –
It feels like hell.

But where are you?
You are at peace.
You're in heaven –
My pain should cease.

I can do it:
Leave you behind,
But you're always
There in my mind.

Now I accept
That you are dead:
No longer is
Each step like lead.

Alice Liddell 10HWT

COME AND GONE JUST LIKE THAT

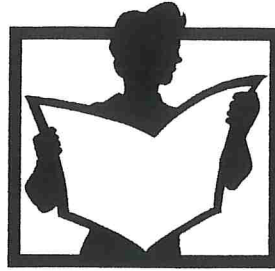
Here I stand with family and friends,
Not a smile in sight.
Only mournful whimpers fill the air,
Tears come streaming down my face.
Then they come in holding her up like a trophy,
But neither the cheerful emotions nor the applause come near.

Slowly but surely her face is shown
And, like her, I'm stone cold.
Moments pass with me just staring,
Then she's taken away from me.
This time it's forever,
She came,
And now she's gone.
Just like that.

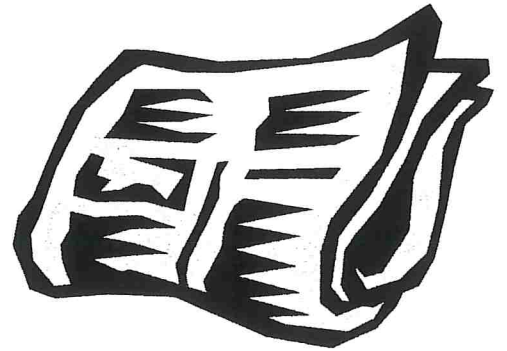
Naheed Brora Year 10

Newspaper Cuttings

This is my poem.
of newspaper words.
It has no meaning.
I'm just disturbed.

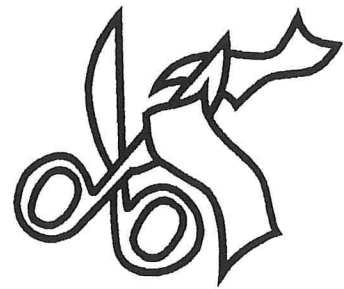


The words can take me
where ever I want,
to the hottest des ert,
or the wettest swamp.



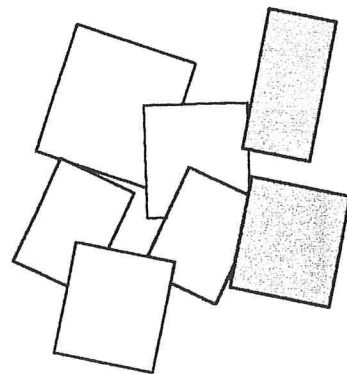
With words you can fly
or dive or soar.
The echo's arrived.
more words! Give me more!

Cutting and pasting.
arranging them so.
what word I'll use next
no-one can know.



These words on the table-
No! I'm going to sneeze!

words muddle
is.
but beyond keen cheese



THE MAIDEN AND THE KNIGHT

Past icy mountains capped with snow
And forests tall and green,
A fair maid sits beside a pool,
Where she may think and dream.

The glassy pond reflects her face,
Her hair beneath a hood,
Her sapphire eyes, her swan-like grace,
Estella of the Wood.

Then through the trees, a horse is heard
Upon the path so old.
Into the clearing he emerged
Astride the steed, a knight so bold.

"Forgive me, please, oh pretty one,
I do not mean to pry,
But may I ask why one so glad
Has tears beneath her eye?"

His voice was gentle, as soft rain,
As kindly as the sun,
Her presence made her feel so safe,
From him she could not run.

"Excuse me, Sir, for I am hurt,
When you found me this morrow.
For I am sad beyond belief,
You cannot know my sorrow."

But as she looked into his eyes
She thought back to another,
For she was waiting by that pool
To meet her long lost lover.

A knight had once rode by this way,
Sir Rupert of the West.
He stole the maiden's heart away
And then departed on his quest.

"My Rupert, I have missed you so",
Estella then replied,
"But when you leave, take me with you
And we shall voyage far and wide."

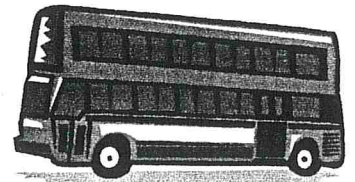
Sir Rupert softly kissed her cheek.
"Then we shall go," he said,
"And you shall be beside me now.
Together down this path we'll tread."

With that, she mounted Rupert's horse
And they both rode away.
They galloped through the lonely night
They journeyed through the day

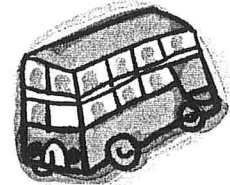
And to this day their love lives on
Wherever they may go,
Through ancient forests tall and green
And icy mountains capped with snow.

Noah's Bus

*I sit downstairs on bus No22
next to a boy about my height with red hair
and two artists across the passage.
The bus stops, and two scruffs get on and say
"Alright Noah", pay their fare and dive upstairs
two at a time for a sly smoke.*



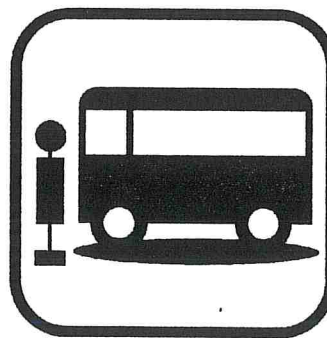
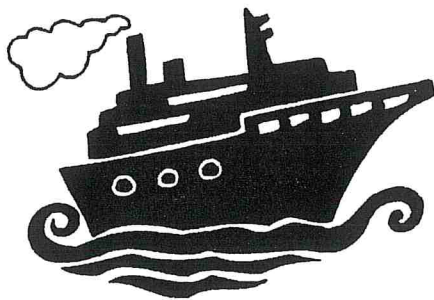
*All of a sudden the bus flies around the corner like a bullet from a gun
and the scruffy men fly through the air onto my lap.
I push them both off onto the floor
in front of two snobs who sit opposite me.*



*The snobs look down their noses at the scruffs.
The bus comes to a halt to let two radicals on,
sending the scruffs to the back seat where two Japanese
read their bibles.*



*Two alcoholics lie on the parcel shelf waiting to be picked up,
giggling at two addicts who can't stop shaking.
After the radicals follow two anarchists who refuse to pay the fare.
Two grannies tutt.*



Jack Meikle

TOMBSTONE

Tombstone, weathered by unceasing rain,
Words, names, toponyms, all indecipherable runes now.
Still standing, though bent in perpetual pain.
But as seasons turn, the cracks begin to show.
What once was can never be again.

Shadows, beyond which no superficial eye can see,
Candles flicker around this makeshift tomb,
Mourning the dreams that can never be,
All your moments spent crying in this room,
And yet no tear is really shed for me.

For I was always unknown to you,
Just a flickering reflection of an older brother,
Nothing told at this funeral was ever true,
All of these words belonged to another:
The one you saw, the one you knew.

Perhaps I am better forgotten in the back of your mind,
Condemned to be just one more newspaper cutting,
Fragments of fragments that you'll never find,
For the final screen of my life is shutting,
Always, forever, to leave you blind.

Martin Hammond 11AJS

THE GOOD LIFE

Poem based on "I have seen the eternal footman, Now hold my coat and snicker."

We have no great war,
No visible enemy to struggle with.
We wander down an empty road to nowhere,
Alone.

Ours is a spiritual war,
But we are too clever for faith.

We keep ourselves alive,
Filling up time till we die.
All this by consuming other life,
Other matter.
So our lives are simply aggression.
Successful life,
Successful aggression.

Good, then,
Means; good for me.

But even good for me does not last.
We get old,
Fat,
For what?

All our great enemies within our power,
Are gone,
Defeated.

What purpose is there left for us?
We have no great war.

Paul Abbott 11AJS

JUST FOR

I want to break his mind down
Just for wanting you.

I want to take his eyes out
Just for looking at you.

I want to rip his heart out
Just for hurting you.

I want to take his hand off
Just for touching you.

I want to make him give back
All he took from you.

I want to make him regret his life
Since the day he met you.

I want to feel as guilty,
I want to feel ashamed.

I need to feel the pain again
And let you know I've changed.

Chris Anderson and Stu Penman Yr 11

SOMETHING STRANGE

When I'm walking a dark road
At night, or strolling through the park
When the light begins to change,
I sometimes feel a little strange,
A little anxious. When its dark

Have you run your fingers down the wall
And have you felt your neck skin crawl
When you're searching for the light?
Sometimes when you're scared to take a look
At the corner of the room
You've sensed that something's watching you.

James Nightingale

BABY TALK

Do you know what?
I'm so angry!
Last week I was forced out of my home,
In the village of Labour.
I wasn't informed who was moving in after me.
There was this rush of light
That blinded me.
You see, I didn't get out much.

This man in green grabbed me.
He had some sort of torture device around
His neck, a long plastic wire, with a metal circle
At the end of it.
They call it a 'stethoscope'.
And after all of that, I have been forced to wear
Plastic knickers.
I mean, what is the deal?

Giants surround me twenty four, seven,
Talking the coochy, coochy, coo language.

I have to sleep in a cage.

And why do the animals above my head
At night move around?

They should be asleep!

Rhiannon Bland Year 11

