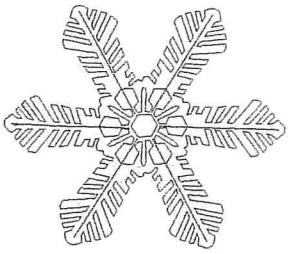
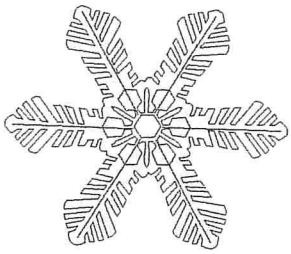
POETRY ANTHOLOGY 2004

MOUNTBATTEN SCHOOL POETRY FESTIVAL





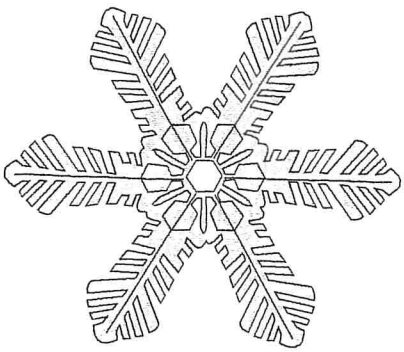
The Snowflake

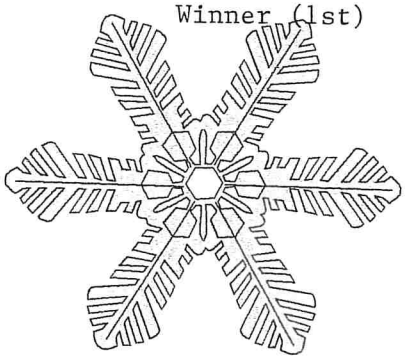
The snowflake that flies freely
And utters its frosty call
Is a beautiful silver bird,
Fluttering and dancing.

It flies in flocks,
Glinting in the winter's light,
And spreading its frosty wings
Over the vast white landscape.

They form a glistening silver carpet
Spreading across the land,
And this glinting crystal carpet
Is a spread of a million silver wings.

Alex Hickson Year 7
Winner (1st)





Hate

Hate looks like a searing demon of blazing fire,
Destroying all sympathy and consuming all happiness.
Leaving only fear, confusion and hate itself.

Hate sounds like a low humming, crackling, rumbling sound
Getting louder and louder over every second
Until it drowns out everything else.

Hate tastes like an unsatisfactory empty nothingness,
However much their is theirs always room for more.

Hate smells like freshly burnt ash,
Polluting the world and causing death in it's path.
Smothering all other thought except for pure burning hatred.

Hate feels like acid dissolving your skin flesh and bones
Eating you from the inside.

Joseph Little
Year 7
2nd Place

The Hunter

Silently poised,
Making no noise.
Head held steady,
Now I'm ready.

Lying all day,
Waiting for prey.
In the shadow of the house,
Now here comes the mouse!

He walks unaware,
He's caught in my glare.
He doesn't know that his fate,
Is to rest on my plate.

With a leap and a bound,
My prey's on the ground.
But he struggles free,
And escapes from me.

The chase is on,
Across the lawn.
But bless my soul
He's back in his hole!

Silently poised,
Making no noise.
Head held steady,
Once more I'm ready.

Amy Lochray

Year 7

3rd Place

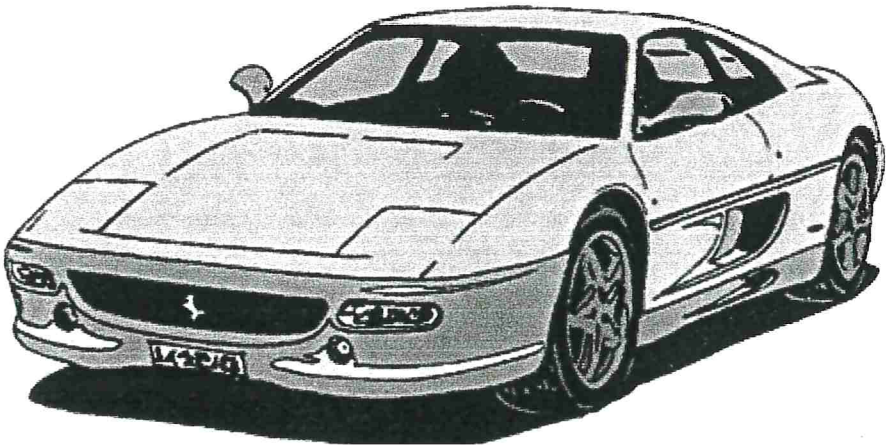
Ferraris are the wind

Ferraris are the wind.

Fast and furious, easily heard,
Sleek and streamlined, moves like a bird,
Thrives on agility, no time to waste,
Straight line speed, caught up in the haste.

Hugely powerful, more so than most,
Continents passing, coast to coast,
Prancing around looking for trouble,
Sees opponents, reduced to rubble.

Steady and stable, aggressive and upfront,
A shrill whistle, with almighty grunt,
Sharp handling, always near disaster,
Only one solution - going faster!



Richard Cole Yr 7

4th Place

Winter

The street lights burst on,
The light flickers in the wind,
Cold snow erupts and smothers
The ground with a woolly blanket
of pure white;
The wind howls like a werewolf,
The cold seasons here.

Tom Harry
Year 7
Commended

The Poetry Guru

I need to write a poem,
And fill it with great feeling,
And if I don't do that by Nine,
My teacher will hit the ceiling.

I saw an idea lurking,
After truly ages,
And when I looked under the sofa,
It was the Yellow Pages.

I blew off all the dust on top,
And flicked to W,
When there I saw his name,
Wiz, The Poetry Guru.

I hammered in his number,
And shouted down the line,
"I need to write a poem,
Before the clock strikes nine!"

He said "Ok, I'll help you,
But listen first to me,"
"I have no time for warnings
As it's nearly half past three!"

"You've created a poem,
About everything you've said,
It's not too late to write it down
As it's still in your head."

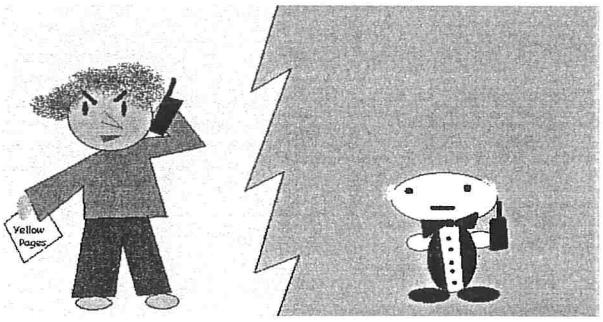
"Bye bye I'll just hang up now,
Because I'm going to watch T.V."
"But first I have something to tell you," he said
"So listen carefully."

"This wonderful service of mine,
It isn't exactly free,
So the total poem works out at about,
Nine pounds and thirty six pee."

I said "You've got to be joking,
You never told me about that!"
"I tried but you just interrupted!"
Argued the miserable old bat.

So let this be a lesson,
If you seek help with poetry,
Get all the information,
And don't miss out the fee!

By Sebastian Sadr-Salek
Year 7
Commended



LIGHTNING!

Lightning is a black blade of silver
steel,
Silently sliding through the night sky.
It strikes in a single moment, and
where it strikes
No grass will grow.

Put back in it's cover
The clouds gather round.
To aim at it's next target
Far away on the earth.

Thomas Smith
Year 7
Commended

The Underground Nest

Bustling, movement,
Deep under the ground.
Like insects travelling blindly,
Through their dark tunnels.
So very deep underground.

Descending through the ground,
Not earthy,
But lined with ceramic,
Tiles with modern touches,
In this place under the ground.

Arriving at the base of the nest,
Great gushes
Of wind come winding through the tunnels
Deep underground.

The gushes of wind from the many
Centipedes winding round with a heavy load.
Speeding through the tunnels
Deep in the action packed ground.

Walk on to the busy platform,
Of yet more hard tiles,
And wait for the carrier of load,
To come speeding to you
In the tunnels deep underground.

Many others await to be picked
Up, and whisked of to another
Place covered in tiles,
Far down underground.

Flashes arise from the track as
The dark, old tunnel races past,
As you sit in the windowed belly of the
Centipede, one of many,
Racing deep under the ground.

But then these aren't tunnels
Full of insects but tunnels
Full of innovation.
And sitting, or standing there,
It can be amazing to think
That the bustling city of London
Is above you as you ride
On the Underground.

Written by
Matthew Round
Year 7
Commended

On a Global Scale

On a global scale you are a flower on a patchwork of fields,
You are but a tiny stitch on a huge royal tapestry.

You? You are nothing but a two letter word on a billion page book!
You are only a piece in the huge jigsaw that's the world,

Why, when you die no-one will remember you– no-one will care!
'Cept me– I'll remember you, but you will only be a small fraction of my vast memory.
In fact by the time I'm old I'll have probably have forgotten all about you!

Just remember that,
On a global Scale you are a flower on a patchwork of fields,
You are but a tiny stitch on a huge royal tapestry.

On a global scale.

Charlotte Hood

Year 7
Commended

Sunrise

The vast plains stretch to support a brightly blazing sky,

Crimson turns to amber in a flurry of colour,

And a golden globe of fire illuminates the land.

Pearly strings of clouds drift smoothly across the sunlit sky,

A lone tree stands tall with the dappled light on its branches,

The day has begun...

By Sammy Scott.

Year 8

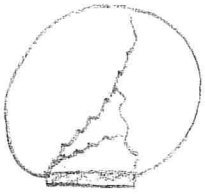
Winner 1st

Tales of a Pebble

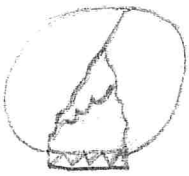
I pull the pebble from the sand
And hold the pebble in my hand.
It feels so smooth and cool and old
I dream of the stories its been told.
Of Sharks hunting,
The Wales wailing,
Of Fish in schools,
And crabs in the rock pools,
Of sunken ships with broken masts,
And stones that have been cast.
Millions of pebbles on a beach,
And each with a different tale to teach.

By Duncan Jones 8EBW (8x2)

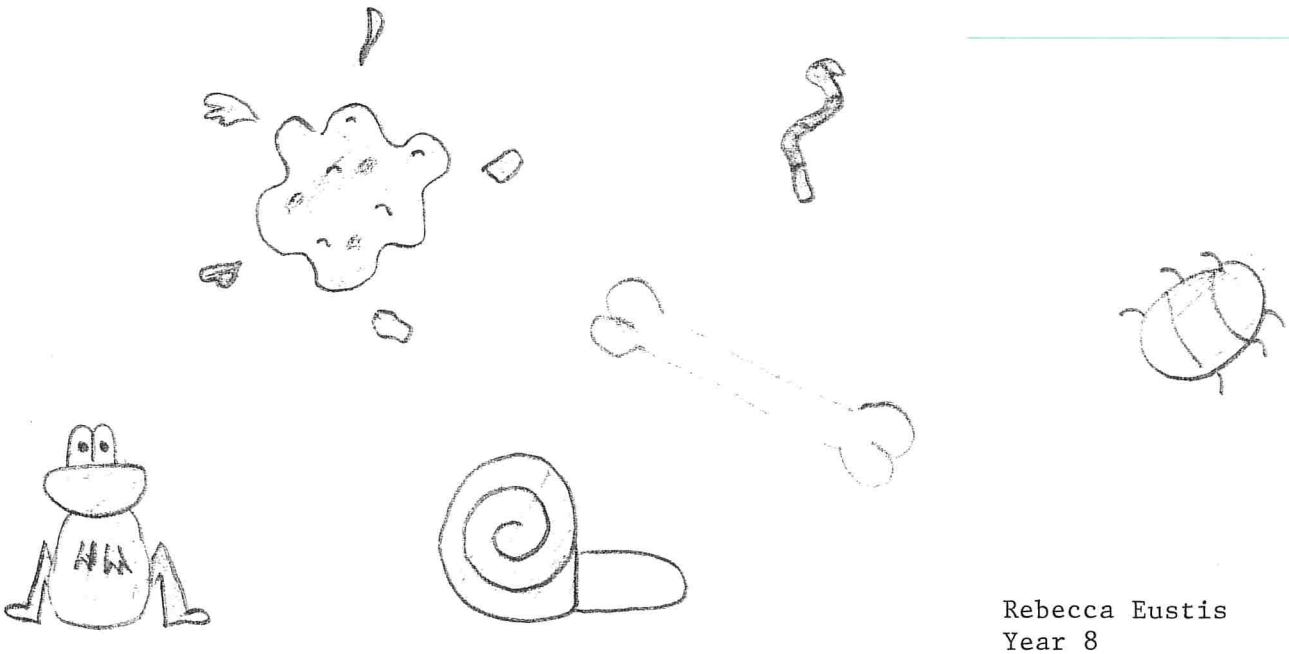
2nd Place



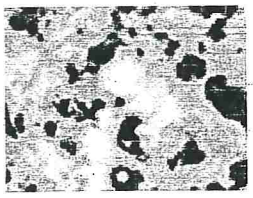
Brussel Sprouts



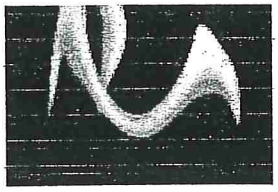
Phlegm and bile and earwax and blood,
Pus and warts and vomit and mud,
Fleas and scabs and roaches and spit,
Sweat and worms and a par-boiled nit,
Bleach and prunes and dust and grime,
Boils and mucus and a bucket of slime,
Dirt and lice and slugs and snails,
Wichety grubs and rusty nails,
Liver and tripe with flakes of mould,
Old fish bones and soup that's cold,
Soap and frogs and rotting meat,
Scrapings from the toilet seat,
I'll eat all of them with gusto and glee,
But please don't give me sprouts for tea!



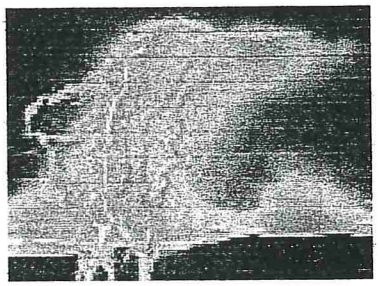
Rebecca Eustis
Year 8
3rd Place

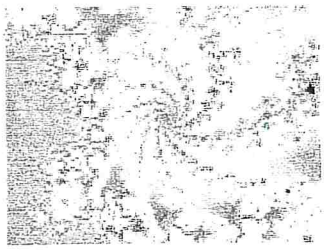


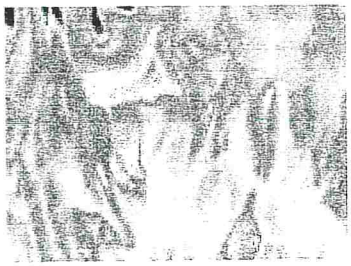
Anger



Anger feels like fire coursing through your veins,
A feeling which nobody can contain.
Anger looks like lots of deep empty fonts,
Clear blue water is what they really want.
Anger smells like a burning flame,
A fire, which no man will ever tame.
Anger tastes like a sour grape,
It engulfs you in a cold black cape.
Anger sounds like a hollow scream,
Which terrifies and haunts your dream.







Amy Matthews
Year 8
4th Place

Riddle

I am very lazy and have moss on my back

But unfortunately speed is something I lack

I eat fruit and leaves and can also swim

I have massive curved claws on the end of each limb

My digestive system takes a long time

I'm very strong and find it easy to climb

I'm often accused of just hanging around

This is only because it's not safe on the ground

Sleeping all day is vital for my growth

You have probably guessed that I am a sloth

Kyle Eastoe
Year 8
Commended

The Months Of The Year!

January brings dark nights,
Cold winds and frost that bites.

February, the month of valentines,
Chocolate hearts and will you be mines.

March heralds the beginning of spring
Dancing lambs and young birds that sing.

April showers, umbrellas out
Floods and puddles all about.

May pole dancers fill the street,
Bright custumes and busy feet.

June brides all dressed in white.
Wedding cake a party night.

July sunshine, holiday time,
Beaches, sandcastles, seaweed slime.

August heat fills the air,
Families together without a care.

September time, it's back to school.
Teachers, timetables, p.e in the hall.

October, witches, pumpkins, ghosts.
Trick or treat who can scare the most.

November fireworks fill the sky,
Bonfires lit complete with guy.

December time for Christmas cheers.
Children excited for all to hear.

Month by month a year has gone,
It starts again and goes on and on...

By Bryony Sanders

Year 8
Commended

Crash Landing

Once, there lived a mad professor,
Who made all sorts of gear.
His latest was an aeroplane,
He'd worked on it all year.

He'd fly around up in the sky
To give the plane a test,
He'd check forever, just to make sure
This plane, he'd made was the best.

But one day, whilst flying in mid air,
High above the town,
He found that when he tried to go up,
The plane itself, went down.

He plummeted towards the ground,
Like someone dropping a ball,
But then, he landed, not on the grass,
But in the middle of a school.

Meanwhile, a class of children,
Had heard this noisy din,
Then, all of a sudden, with a terrible noise,
The ceiling caved right in.

White plaster came raining down,
Upon the childrens' heads,
While others suffered from injuries,
And the professor was even found dead.

So let that be a lesson,
Pay attention to the truth,
If you hear a noise get louder
A plane may come through your roof.

James Bullock
Year 8
Commended

It's that time again

It happens too often with impending doom
when Mum says those words - 'TIDY YOUR ROOM'.

Upstairs I troop, my intentions are good
I need to be tidier, I know I should.

I open the door, well that's a start,
Don't go in my room if you've got a bad heart.

Not a single bit of carpet to be seen,
It will take me years to get this clean.

I begin by picking things off the floor,
It makes it easier to open the door.

Eventually I make it to the other side,
The pile of picked up rubbish is long and wide.

The bin is soon full, the laundry basket too,
"It's been a long time since I saw that shoe".

Next I start to hang clothes up,
"surely it's not mould in that cup".

Now the floor is clear, surfaces are too
and I look around for what next to do.

I'm spoilt for choice, should I vacuum or dust?
I don't want to do either but I know I must.

An hour later my room is done,
not at all fun.

From now on I'll try to be tidy like my mum
But I'm not convinced that time will come!

Lucy Dodsworth
Year 8
Commended

The Homeless Man

He sits all day with only a bottle for company.
His torn fingerless gloves scratching at the label;
Ash and paper encircle his remorseful face.

Time is not a watch but another bottle of gin.
A smile would be a momentous occasion for him;
Yet he does not smile back.

His face portrays not a flinch of emotion
And his bristly chin moves only for a fix

I often wonder why.
Why he's alone
Why he's without a wanted heart; without a dream

I want to make it better,
I want to make him see,
there's something beyond the bench and beer
there's much, much more to see.

Maddy Lomax
Year 9
Winner (1st)

Up

Smoothly gliding side to side,
Across the white glistening snow,
Your board cutting the fluffy, soft powder,

Weaving in and out,
Of the great towering pines,
Shadowing all beneath,

Icicles falling all around,
Through the blazing sun,
Melting the wool like snow underneath,

Gradually building up momentum and...

Up,

Into the clear, blue sky,
Wonderfully spiralling in the air,
Through seven hundred and twenty degrees,

Then landing,
Softly upon the white shining snow.

Matthew Price. 9STa. 9Y1

2nd Place

Helen Daniels

Everything and anything

Why? Why? Why?
Why are we here?

How? How? How?
How do we know what life after death is like if we need to die to find out?

What? What? What?
What is so good in heaven?

Who? Who? Who?
Who is going to prove everything?

Where? Where? Where?
Where will this lead the human race?

Why? Why? Why?

How? How? How?

What? What? What?

Who? Who? Who?

Where? Where? Where?

No matter how many questions I ask, I'm going to still have to get up in the morning.

Helen Daniels
Year 9

3rd place

I've got a cold

I've woken up,
I do not feel well.
My throat is sore,
and my glands they swell.

My head it throbs,
My chest it wheezes.
I'm in a sweat,
and full of sneezes.

My nose is red,
And really runny.
I go down stairs,
To look for mummy.

" You will be fine,
Look here's a tissue.
Now off to school,
Goodbye." Atishoo!

Josh Barnes
Year 9
Commended

DRIVING

Key turning.
Engine roaring.
Lights gleaming.
Pistons pumping.
Oil boiling.
Axle spinning.
Petrol burning.
Fans turning.
Exhaust screaming.
Tyres screeching.
Gears changing.
Horn sounding.
Indicators flashing.
Brakes gripping.

Adam Stuart
Year 9
Commended

"Crowning Glory"

by

Natalie Cresswell 9STA

Everyone notices hair
Whether its short or long-thin or strong
whatever style you wear

Some are lucky and don't have to try
Others have problems, too greasy- too dry

Some just don't like it and shave off the stuff!
Just for attention- thinking they're tough

Some people grow it, right to the floor
I bet that's painful when caught in the door!!

Plait it or style it -whatever you choose
Or dye it the colour to match your new shoes.

It's a person's trademark, how they have their hair
It says a lot about you, if you have time to care

My hair's uncontrollable-its just like me
It has behavioural problems and needs to be free

Its wild and it's reckless and needs putting straight
It gets all my attention and still makes me late!

It has a mind of its own and won't take second best
I wont leave the house with it looking a mess

I spend ages on it but I hope people see
Its my individuality
Its what makes me, ***me.***

4th place

British Weather

This midsummer sun is too hot,

This cloudless sky too bright,

This midwinter snow is too cold,

This rain is just not right.

These storm clouds are too big,

This shade is far too small,

This sleet is coming down too fast,

I really hate them all.

Weather in Britain is too extreme,

It is never, never in between,

It is always hot or cold, but not,

Between cold and very hot.

It is always not quite right,

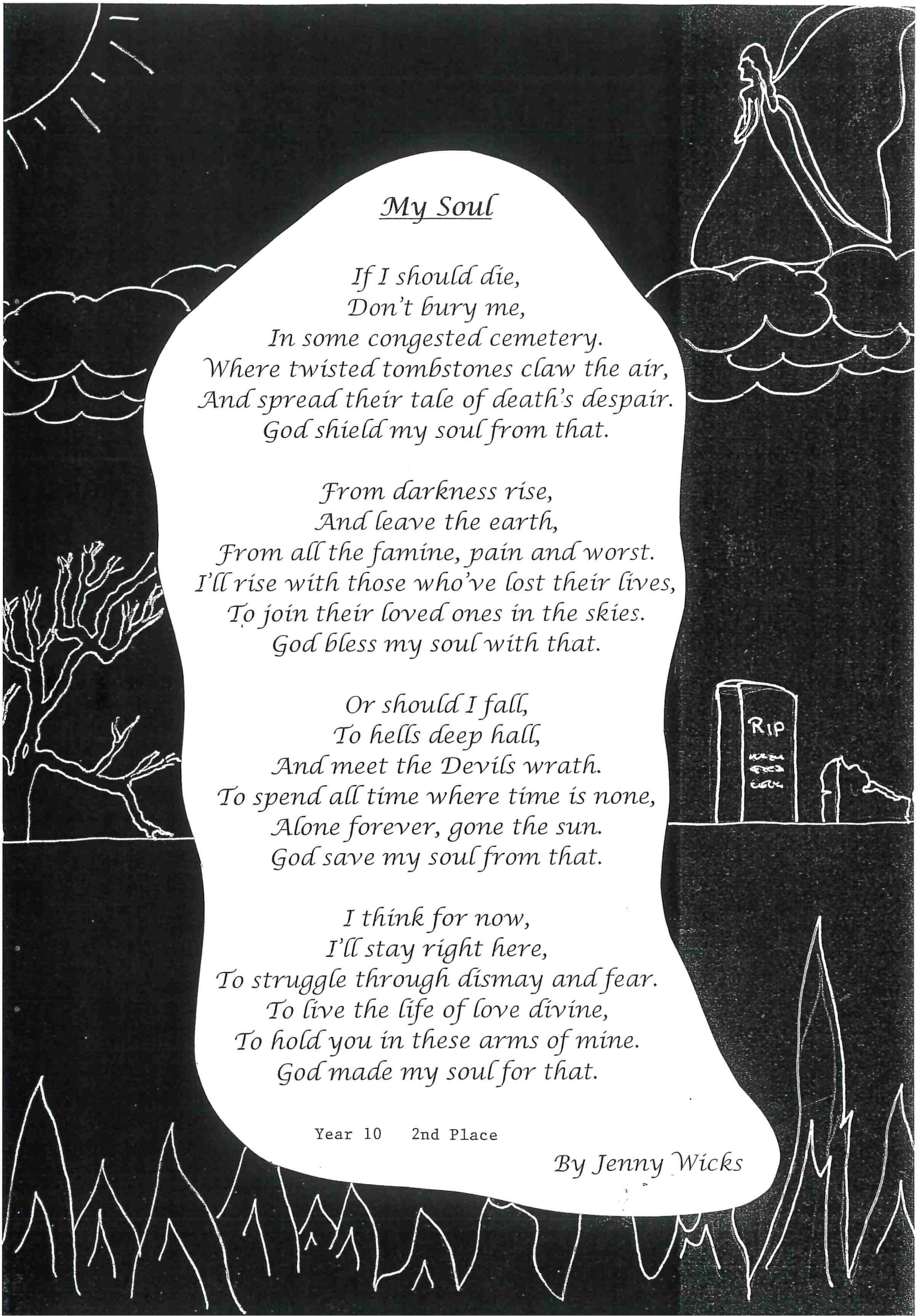
It is always in the red,

I think we should move right now,

To somewhere in the Med!

By Sam Cox

Year 9 Commended



My Soul

If I should die,
Don't bury me,
In some congested cemetery.
Where twisted tombstones claw the air,
And spread their tale of death's despair.
God shield my soul from that.

From darkness rise,
And leave the earth,
From all the famine, pain and worst.
I'll rise with those who've lost their lives,
To join their loved ones in the skies.
God bless my soul with that.

Or should I fall,
To hells deep hall,
And meet the Devils wrath.
To spend all time where time is none,
Alone forever, gone the sun.
God save my soul from that.

I think for now,
I'll stay right here,
To struggle through dismay and fear.
To live the life of love divine,
To hold you in these arms of mine.
God made my soul for that.

Year 10 2nd Place

By Jenny Wicks

The Writer

She sits by night
in a misty, magical attic
filled with tattered books
high in haphazard heaps
with enchanting photos,
worn with love
scattered absent-mindedly.

She crouches over the aged desk,
glancing around
seeking inspiration.
She finds it-
in the shadow of her memories.
They flit across the room
easing their way
into the winding passages of her mind.
Where she weaves them slowly
into beautiful tales
overflowing with dreams.

She is transported into another world,
one riddled with mystery and awe.
The dawn's light
starts to wriggle her way
into the attic
to snatch a look
at the magic she has created.
She snaps the book shut.
She is a creature of the night.

Katie Skinner-Valerio
Year 10 Winner (1st)

Creation

Life
A plan.
Started slow,
And got bigger,
A rush of colour.
Thought, feeling, emotion.
Soon it meshes together.
The self-conscious is created.
The very first humans are born.
All life is flourishing at the time.
There is a peaceful existence on Earth.
All of God's animals are living as one.
That is when it seriously goes wrong.
Tools are created for the first time.
Some of them create; some destroy.
No longer does life flourish.
Man starts to hunt for sport.
More weapons are made.
War soon breaks out.
Man fights man.
Result?
Death

Martin O. Williams
Year 10
3rd Place

Exams

The ticking of the eternal clock,
Nothing to comfort the convulsing body;
Only footsteps,
And pens scrawling.
Along with a wry smile from the paper,
That has the brain tied in knots.

Equations that peer at you from the page,
Answers that elude the ever remembering brain,
All seems to no avail.
Only panic and chaos exist.

You perspire and convulse more,
The clock ticks in its everlasting way,
The footsteps continue.
The pens scrawl faster and faster,
Until 'times up' is called.

By Michael Stevens 10SPS

Joint 4th Place

Peter Smith

Diary of a Gorilla

So, what will it be today?
The usual leaves and cane
Or maybe an adventure
And Banana for afters.

Hey, I know your face
You were here last time
Nice to see you again
How have you been.

So, what will it be today?
The thrill of the swing
I know, I'll beat my chest
Then you'll smile.

I might even growl
To really make you go wild.

So, what will it be today?
Get settled in
Where are you?
You brought me here.

You haven't visited
Not for a while
Perhaps I made a mistake
But these guys sure are fun

They scare me a little
This one animal really hurt me
I thoght it said 'Don't Touch'
Maybe I was wrong

Maybe I *am* Free

Peter Smith
Year 10
Joint 4th Place

To My Angel.

As my angel, you took my hand with your soft touch
And showed me heaven. Show me now where you watch
Over me, as I allow time to pass without you. Wipe
Away my forbidden tears, tears for your lost presence.
Your skin against mine always sent me shivers of emotion
That made me feel cared for. With your warm touch,
Heal my heart that misses you and longs for you to be close
To me again. The wind whispers against my body that
You'll be there whenever I need you most. I need
You now to take me in my dreams with you to paradise,
Where I will hold you close to me and never let go.

By Jenny Babey

Year 10

Commended

Roxy

My pills taste good today
they make me smile
my nurse is called Steve
he likes it when I smile
he gave me his watch.

I like it here.
I like my friend Spunky, he's never gone
he's not a boy.
Maybe one day I could go to school
but maybe I can stay here.
I like it here today.

I tell the doctor I am ok
I am ok
I am ok

I like my new watch.
It makes me look small.

Susan Roberts
Year 10
Commended

Did it hurt?

Did it hurt when the knife went in,
Did it hurt when you fell,
Down to your knees,
Did it make it all well?
Did it end all the suffering,
End all the pain,
Did it push over a pawn,
In part of Gods game?
No is the answer,
It knocked more than just one,
It knocked the whole row down,
Before the game had begun.
Instead of ending it all,
You just caused 10 times more,
By blocking out life,
And closing the door.
All the people that cared for you,
Now suffer your pain,
On top of their own.
Are you happy with your gain?
All those that were there for you,
Now wish themselves dead,
And I'm afraid all this new pain,
Does rest on <u>your</u> head.
So if your gonna, don't do it,
Don't stab in the knife,
Don't jump from the cliff top,
It's not just your life.

Gemma Taylor
Year 10
<u>Commended</u>

Adolescence

Trapped in a box
Can't seem to get free
A mixture of feelings
Flow constantly.
Shouting, fighting –
It never ends.
I just want to escape
Free from it all.

Deadlines, work, pressure
Adults measuring me
I want to give up
I want to break free.
Not inspired into action
Mentally drained.
I just want to escape
Free from it all.

Trying to impress
Always so vain
An image to strive for
Admiration to gain.
It's more than an instinct
It dominates your life.
I just want to escape
Free from it all.

Kirsty Taylor
Commended

Alex Wavell

You're the Winner, I'm the Loser

You're the candle, I'm the moth
You're the cheetah, I'm the sloth

You're the rocket, I'm the pad
You're the fashion, I'm the fad

You're the panther, I'm the fawn
You're the daylight, I'm the dawn

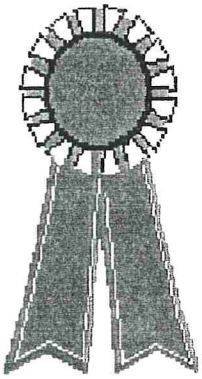
You're the mansion, I'm the house
You're the mammoth, I'm the mouse

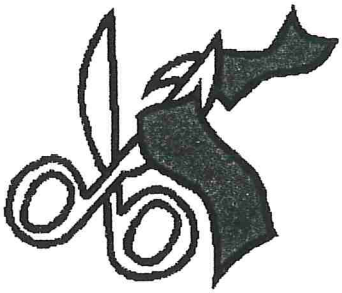
You're the redwood, I'm the moss
You're the gold, and I'm the dross

I'm the rabbit, you're the hare
But what bugs you is I don't care!

Year 10

Commended





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

Year 11

Winner (1st)

Him

In this room his face is all I see,
I turn around, around in a whirlwind
of my own thoughts,
his face piercing my body like a thousand knives.

Heart beating, beating
I can't feel my head
beating, beating
The sweat trickles from my forehead
beating, beating
My body like lead
breathing, breathing
I can't feel my head

But then he's gone,
gone,
with her.

Christen Boswell
Year 11
Winner (2nd)

Anima Cruelty

Animals suffer when they are harmed
Pigs are tortured; chickens are farmed.
When calves are slaughtered they smell the fear
Make this message loud and clear.
Dogs are dumped,
Hamsters die.
Cats are left
And seal cubs cry.
We don't help; we don't care
That this torment of animals is unfair.
Tigers and leopards get skinned for their fur
It would be so much nicer to hear them purr.

Emily Croft
Year 11

3rd Place

Dyslexia

When words do jump about the page
I could then be filled with rage,
When all around can see words plain
I can only search in vain,
To make much sense of black and white
As with pen or pencil write,
Whatever does this question mean?
Whatever are these words I've seen,
They haven't made much sense to me
All these things on the page I see,
How can I make sense of this?
English over? Ah what bliss.

By
Katherine Organ
And
Derek Newton

Year 11

4th Place

In dreams of home

Sleeping beneath the stars, the lost boy
Dreams of home.

He wanders those paths he trod last spring,
The woods alive with the blossom of bluebells
In dreams of home.
He nestles beneath an oak and watches
As the sun goes down beyond the edge of the world
In dreams of home.
He is beckoned inside by glow of firelight
And the smells of wine and roast draw him to his hearth
In dreams of home.

Siren call and lost boy is heaved awake.
Thunder of cannon, crack of bullet, groan of tortured earth.
Shrill of whistle, scream of agony, maiming of innocent flesh.
The lost boy falls
Sees fire,
Tastes blood,
Smells death.

In a pit of Hell gouged out of mother earth
The lost boy lies still, in the company of the dead-
Their hollow, stony eyes glistening in the gathering gloom.
The lost boy's eyes, those wavering sparks of life,
Shut out the abhorred pit, shut out the crowded womb of death.

Sleeping beneath the stars, the lost boy
Dreams of home.

He wanders those paths he trod last spring,
The woods alive with the blossom of bluebells
In dreams of home.
He nestles beneath an oak and watches
As the sun goes down beyond the edge of the world
In dreams of home.
He is beckoned inside by glow of firelight
And the smells of wine and roast draw him to his hearth
In dreams of home.

Light of morning and the lost boy is eased awake.
He sheds a lonely tear, for he knows in his heart
That he will never go back
And the bluebells, the sunsets, the firelight glow
Are distant memories, glimpsed through a haze of smoke
In dreams of home.

Charlie Cooper
Year 11
Commended

Poems

I don't know what to write,
Though I had rather hoped I might.
Be inspired by nature, or rhythm, or rhyme
To do something quickly, as I don't have much time.

What could I write about to make people think?
There are so many issues but my writing skills stink!
There's war, the environment, but I can't seem to do it.
I'm not a good poet. I said so. I knew it.

So is a poem used for expressing your emotion?
Happiness, sadness, love and devotion?
I've written my feelings - poems just aren't for me,
Twelve lines is my limit as I'm sure you can see.

By Emily Atherton

Year 11

Commended

Poem For The Dead

Your soul is alive,
Whether you live or die,
The smile on your face,
And the sparkle of your eye.

And the angels from heaven
Will descent from above
Retrieving your body,
For God, with love.

And when I lay awake at night
I know, I will look into the sky.
There will be a congregation of all the stars
That once sparkled in your eye.

And as you live on top of clouds,
Gazing through their misty peaks,
Startling views -
Knees becoming weak.

Remember once living,
Amongst us,
And whenever you – up so high – get so low,
Remember me - Remember - you will always have my trust.

Doyle Cassar
Year 11
Commended

You

I've seen a new you –
cruelty wearing your skin,
a version of you I wish not to know,

You've been swept away.
I didn't see it coming,
I'm left alone, inadequate.

It seems I'm where I had feared I'd be.
Individual and for the better...
but my heart is far for the worse.

Everything I treasure has gone,
in that everlasting minute.
My life was turned upside down.

I long for you back,
you are no longer you,
or are you the you that you've always been,
finally showing me who you are?

Christie Lock
Year 11
Commended

The Beach

The sun, the warmth,
The beach welcomes you now,
Beckoning and calling for you,
The waves crash in the sea,
The screams of children as they first touch the water,
I wish I could live by the sea,
But then winter is here,
The salted water blows inland,
Freezing weather,
Icy winds,
The clouds, the rain,
The beach is not so welcoming now.

Christopher Boakes
11AHG
Commended