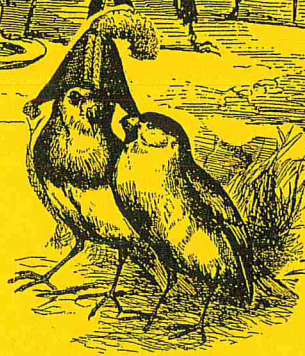
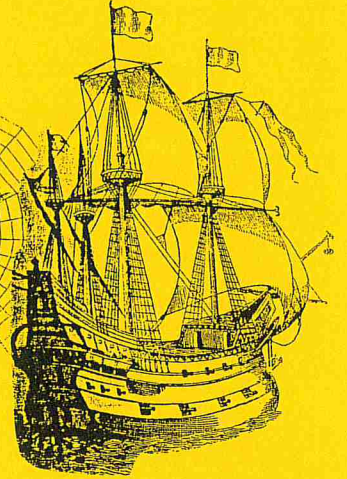
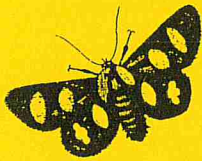
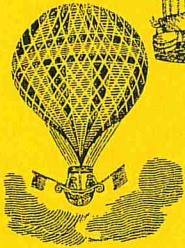




The Mountbatten School Poetry Festival 2007



Poetry Festival 2007

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THE PUB

*Away in the corner, far from prying eyes
Sit the young dating couple, drinking beer and wine
Chattering non-stop about what has happened through
the day, oblivious to the world outside, they just sit and
gaze deep into each other's eyes.*

*Close by, the old married couple sit remembering the
good old days, when they too would sit and gaze and
talk for hours, about nothing – just being happy to be
together.*

*In come the young lads, just turned 18, loud and brash,
out for their first pint, and a stop at the curry house at
the end of the night. They're looking for a good time.*

*Up on the bar stools sit the once young lads, now
divorced or separated, in here for a bit of company
before going home to a microwave meal. They
remember the days when they too were young, life
stretched out before them, now this is what they've
become.*

*The pub, a place for the old and the young, be they
happy or sad, all drinking together, their lives all as one
for a few short hours before life is done.*



I loved this poem, Josh. You have impressive powers of observation. [Mrs Morffew]

Josh Sparrow
Year 7
First Place

Black Dove

*The black dove soaring through the midnight sky, its
light but powerful wings slicing through the ice cold air.*

*Its grace and beauty is released every second whilst
drifting through the wind and rain. The dove lands on
the tree, but not like normal birds, its precision and
posture is a sight I savour with all my heart. As the bird
spots me with its dark sapphire eyes, it swoops down and
lands on my arm with the same grace as when it landed on
the tree, I stroke its silky but burly feathers.*

*This is no nursery rhyme or fairytale, this is my dove.
My... black... dove.*



This is beautifully written. Well done. [Mrs Morffew]

Greg Facey
Year 7
Second Place

FEARS

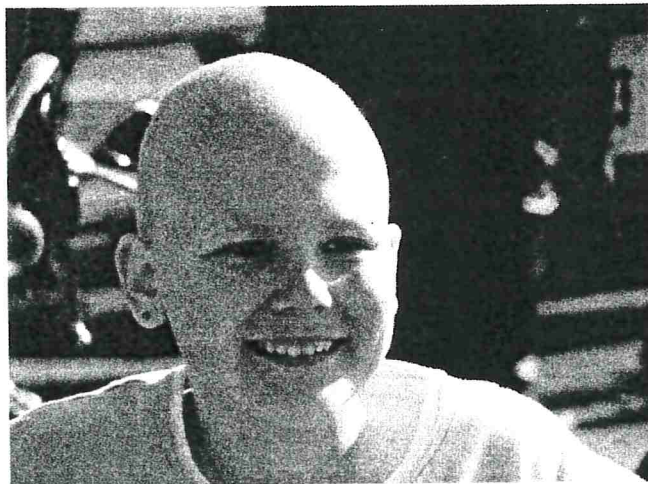
I'm alone at night,
When I can't get to sleep,
I'm so very alone,
I see faces,
Faces to haunt me, Faces kill me,
Looking at me, looking at me,
The wardrobe in my room,
It makes a face,
Such a scary face,
The mirror in my room,
Reflects the light,
The lights creeping in,
Creeping in - coming to get me,
I see my desk,
My desk in my room,
Why is it looking at me?
Why?
Why?
It has to be swaying,
Swaying side to side,
Moving towards me,
I forgot,
I forgot,
I forgot to close my window,
I can hear the road outside,
Angry monster,
Roaring, growling,
Coming to get me
But by now I am asleep!

Well done, Molly. [Mrs Morffew]

Molly Batchelor
Year 7
Third Place

AN EMPTY HOLE

There's an empty space in my heart
That you once filled,
I know that you are still there, but I cannot see you,
When I close my eyes, I remember some of the fun things
we did together, like mealy worms in your boots!
Feeding Christopher with bananas, and of course
How could I forget
Yes Hayley, the capybara.
The roar of the Harleys
And duck poo in your bedroom!
You are there, I know you are, but
Yet I cannot see you.
When someone dies, only their shell dies,
Because love itself never dies.
You will always love that special person,
And they will love you, but from a different place
You can't see or touch them
But they will be standing next to you.



This is a very moving poem, Charlie, but full of optimism and positive spirit – like Hayley! Well done. [Mrs Morffew]

Charlie Farmiloe
Year 7
Commended

Death of the Mocking Bird

I shall tell you the tale of the mocking bird
Who lay here dead in the snow
This is a precious secret
Of which not many know

Shot in the air with a pistol
As it let out a startled cry
From that pure wicked gun shot
The dear bird fell from the sky
Knowing that soon he would die

Tumbling down from the blue
Drenched in blood ruby red
Resting his head in the crisp sheet of snow
The mocking bird lay dead
Stiff in the blood that he shed

The best of this sad story
Will forever be kept within
With good and bad as always
The truth should always win

Remember the heart breaking story
Of the brilliant mocking bird
But it must remain a secret
Never seen, never heard.

Well done. [Mrs Morffew]

Emily Bowman
Year 7
Commended

They didn't know her

She was different
She was just herself
But being who she was
Wasn't good enough

First it was whispers
They grew to shouts
She couldn't smile or laugh anymore
The tears wanted to be let out

The tears finally broke free
Of the prisons called eyes
Instead of crying
As hard as she tried
She cried one tear
That one tear held so many tears
That words can't describe

She tried to fit in
In her head she said it was ok
But in her heart she knew there was no way

They read her life like a book
Not getting a proper look

They didn't know her

Well done, Jess. [Mrs L. Morffew]

Jess Smith
Year 7
Commended

The Harvest Way



If the world would share,
Fewer people would starve,
More people could eat,
If the world would hear,
Those who have,
Could save,
The rest,
Where are our tears?
When the world won't share?
Where is our heart?

Well done, Aanisha. [Mrs Morffew]

Aanisha Fulat
Year 7
Commended

ZOMBIE UNITED VS VAMPIRE CITY

And it's a vampire kick-off by David Neckham and Dracula.
Nightmare Park holds 666 people.
Kick-off. Neckham fouls, it's a blood red card.
Free kick. Ohh! high, wide and not handsome.
Dracula collects a loose ball, taps it in.
What a great shot – 1-0.

Kick-off. Ohh brilliant save.
Scoring against the vampires, it's like blood from a stone.
He drop-kicks and Dracula gets a goal from the half-way line
2-0.

With the sun rising the game must end.

The vampires missed their half-time snack, blood oranges and
nectarines.

Bye – see you next time for the next Satan league game:
Frankenstein Wanderers vs Ghost Athletic.

Until then goodbye.

What an original idea, Ifan. Well done. [Mrs L Morffew]

Ifan Clarke
Year 7
Commended

The Gangster

I now understood the gangster,
He truly loved her!
But the police would catch the gangster,
But soon he would be shot,
My enemy, shot,
But he was my enemy no longer.

From the woods I heard a mighty bang,
In my ears it rang and rang,
From that day to this, the sound still haunts me,
I have betrayed two people,
Murdered two people!
And one my love, how can this be?

But that was a long time ago,
And I have changed so,
I have to repent,
And become a new man,
A new, better man,
But always, I will lament.

Lament for my Bess
For I love her no less,
But I shall live in happiness
For I have confessed,
Oh I have confessed!
I have confessed my betrayal of Bess.

Well done. [Mrs Morffew]

Sandra Thompson/Bethany Raper
Year 7
Commended

Man Made Creation

The fields had lost their colour
The trees were dirty grey
The light blue sky was a raven's feather
Black as night in the day
Day-day
Black as night in the day

Swirling around the dull grey street
Peering at unknown faces
A rabble of chaotic children
From a hundred different places
Places-places
From a hundred different places

Exiled from a faraway place
That no-one has ever known
Waving goodbye to a land full of hope
Now they're all alone
Alone-alone
Now they're all alone

Trying to make some sense of things
Searching for a life, a dream
Wanting to be a part of this
Or that is what it seems
Seems-seems
Or that is what it seems

Smiling when a stranger walks by
Hoping that it would be the day
They would be taken from the streets
Where lay the sins they had to repay
Repay-repay
Where lay the sins they had to repay

Well done, Ellen. [Mrs Morffew]

Ellen Jocelyn
Year 7
Commended

Your Brain



Your brain is like a maze.
Take a wrong turn and you're lost.
So many places are in the brain.
The control centre.
Memory bank.
Respiration centre.
So many things can be crammed up here like:
Lies
Fears
Secrets
Thoughts
And if you're not careful all these things can escape.
From your brain to your mouth,
These secrets all slip out,
They burst out in an explosion of words.
So if you ever get lost in your brain,
Whatever you do,
Do not blurt out what's inside.

Benjamin Ashworth
Year 7
Commended

Only Human

I'm forty today, I have scaled the mountain of life to reach its zenith.
I stand there with no where else to conquer.

I have been ascending that steep slope from the moment I took my first
breath, gaining strength every time I struck a pick-axe into the side of the
mountain, and hauled myself up with life loving energy.

Now, I crave to remain upon this peak forever; but as I think this, I am beginning to
be ripped away from it by a skeletal claw, scrapping at my
skin.

I'm being dragged toward the end; slipping, slithering like a serpent reluctantly
retreating from its prey, which has gained the courage to fight
back.

To my horror my body is beginning, gradually, but clearly, as time
passes, to take on the appearance of the thing that's pulling me toward its
cavernous mouth; the thing I most fear – the spectre of death.

My heart is tiring like an athlete running a marathon, but this athlete does
not desire to finish; he intensely revels in and the experience, trying to
cling onto it forever.

But he has no control – cannot stop running until he reaches the
finishing line, which tragically is the last place he wants to go.

As I am cruelly wrenched from the peak and down the mountain of life,
what lies before me, baldness, fatigue, diminishing vision or deafness,
arthritis?

I will soon be unrecognisable to the magnificent creature I once was; then it will
come, the worst case scenario, which is unfortunately both natural and inevitable:
death.

I began writing this poem twenty minutes ago.
I'm now twenty minutes weaker, twenty minutes more exhausted,
twenty minutes closer to death.

I really enjoyed this poem, Patrick. Sadly, there's not much hope left for me and
Mr Hughes! Perhaps you could change 40 to 50 (or 60). [Mrs Morffew]

Patrick Haste
Year 8
First Place

Cancer

It snuck up on her,
Without warning.
The poacher hunting the deer,
The clammy talons of death,
Grabbed her,
And wouldn't let go.
But she fought,
Each cell fought,
With each Cancerous part,
A bloody war,
the cancer withdrew, wounded.
Stayed quiet for a couple of years.
The great tiger, waiting to pounce,
Waiting,
Waiting.
Then it pounced,
It's claw unsheathed.
It took her life so quickly;
One day she was fine,
The next she was dead.
Her body lifeless,
Screaming a silent scream,
As the war was over,
And the cancer remained victorious.

I really liked this poem, Nicola, - chilling and sad. [Mrs Morffew]

Nicola Heyer
Year 8
Second Place

Mum's Magic



One by one, out come the ingredients,
Utensils clatter on the surface tops.
Gradually, sweet odours mask the stale air
As she slaves over the hot stove, smiling.

To herself. Stirring, mixing and pouring
In love. People come and people go.
But she remains constant, stirring, humming.
The windows steam and the gas flames flicker.

The clattering of blue china, the plates
Emerge. Hungry kids flock to the table.
Call it mum's magic; her creative flair.
'Anyone can', she says to me, fondly.

Pure love transformed into tasty delight,
I know each mouthful will be perfect; just right.

Well done, Livvy. [Mrs Morffew]

Livvy Evans
Year 8
Third Place

Bullying

Bullying is like suicide,
Every word is icy splinters that lodge into
your heart,
Dark clouds, fill the mind of the frightened
target, like a thunderstorm.
The thunder which clashes and destroys
everything in its path,
Represent the bitter hatred you feel from the
core, like a bomb, whizzing uncontrollably.
Your tormentors are a pack of wolves,
Hunting you down,
Snarling, growling, grunting and gnawing at you,
Until you are totally destroyed.

Well done, Aaron. [Mrs Morffew]

Aaron Chadda
Year 8
Commended



Abused

The one small girl with sore red flaming eyes cries and
Her cold closed heart unable to love or let anyone in.
As the door creeps open she chokes.

A girl of only six too scared to be in her own room freezes with fear.
She crawls across the floor in the dark hoping that tonight will be different.

Its too late she is caught.

He walks in and grabs her, throws her on the bed and shuts the door
Yet no screams come out.

An hour passes the girl in bed
She can't breath, can't speak and can't think

He leaves her damaged and distraught

But I guess that's for the best.

Another one got away again!!!

What a powerful poem, Francesca. [Mrs Morffew]

Francesca Holloway

Year 8

Commended

I AM

I am a red cross on a white back round,
Flowing in the wind.

I am a red rose in a sea of green,
In a beautiful countryside.

I am an island in the middle of a cold blue sea.

I am a sporty girl with bright mind.

I am a designer label in a sea of clothes.

I am a girl with a wonderful home.

I am a musical note in a song.

I am dancing shoes amongst high heels.

I am an adventure with a happy ending.

I am a fish in the sea,

I am me!

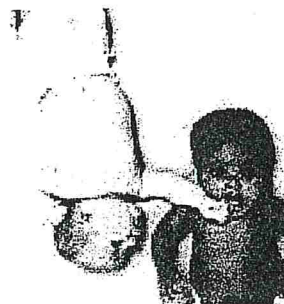
This is lovely Grace. [Mrs Morffew]

Grace Fisher

Year 8

Commended

Prejudice



Why do we look at somebody
And make an impression of them from the way they look?
Why do we think we know who someone
Is without getting to know the person inside?

What would we do,
If everyone was blind?
How would we be able to judge someone
By the way they look on the outside?

No-one would know what
They looked like.
There would be no different colours of hair,
Eyes, skin or difference of anything else.

You wouldn't know what you
Looked like on a special day
Memories would only be
In mind.

Next time you are prejudiced
Toward someone
Think what you would do if you were blind;
Maybe that would help you change your mind.

An excellent idea, Nicola – beautifully worked through. [Mrs Morffew]

Grace Fisher
Year 8
Commended

Adlestrop

I leaned back in my seat,
Listening to the noise of the express train,
Battling with a mid summer afternoon headache.
It was an unremarkable journey,
However, a route I'd never travelled before.

When suddenly, the regular pattern of the train wheels slowed,
The train came to a complete standstill.

I mustered up my remaining energy,
And looked out of the window,
But there was nothing there!

Not a single person got on or off the train.

I turned my attention to the countryside:
There were row upon row of yellow English meadows,
A heard of deer running off in the distance.

When out of the blue a songbird began to sing a simple melody,
And all the birds from counties around joined in.

Then the express train rolled out of the station,
However, I will never forget that haunting song,
Or the station's name.



Well done, Eleanor. [Mrs Morffew]

Eleanor Martin
Year 8
Commended

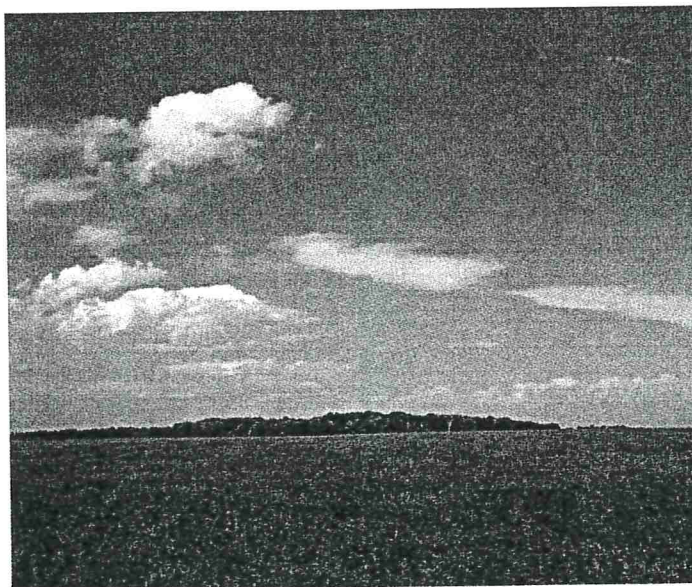
The Talking Track

I remember,
the sultry afternoon heat of that late June day.
The train shuddered to a halt,
it shouldn't have stopped.

Steam hissing and spitting,
a nervous cough echoing around the carriage,
my eyes scanned the ghostly platform.
No-one entered, no one left.
The station's name Witchton West.

The sweet smell of fresh cut grass,
a carpet of wild flowers smothered my memory.
Succulent hay drying in the sun,
fluffy cotton clouds filled me with delight.

And in the hedgerows a blackbird sang,
others joining in the chorus.
Speeding through the hills of Oxfordshire
rolling into Gloucestershire.



Well done, Gemma. [Mrs Morffew]

Gemma Halliday
Year 8
Commended

I Poem

I am a rainbow,
Smothered by cloud,
Few colours shine out,
The rest drowned out by the sorrows of others.

I am a tooth pick,
One with two sides,
One to pick,
One to clean,
But disposable at will.

I am a snail,
Clinging to the
Smooth surface of my shell,
Not letting it go,
Until I am done.

Peter Feeney
Year 8
Commended

My I Poem

I'm the bark of a cedar tree
The heat of a speeding bullet
The red cross of a flag I see
Dark like a broody mullet

Grey and rainy clouds overhead
As well as a bright blue sky
Dreams of Shakespeare and storms in my head
Or thoughts of a small butterfly

Two places I could have lived in
Mediterranean or English seas
As long as I am with my kith and kin
I will cross all the boundaries

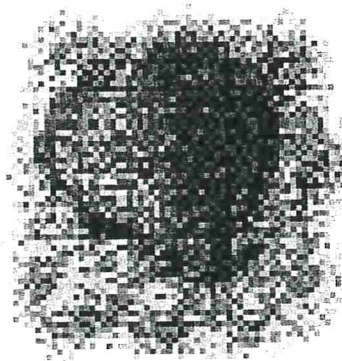
I am like a falcon free
All in all I am just me.

Mike Saba

Year 8
Commended

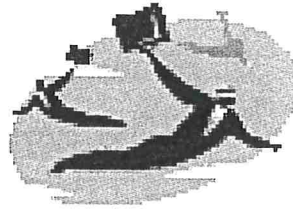
Numbing Hearts

I tend to bottle up my pain
With a golden corkscrew of lies
And like a fine wine
It gets better with time
Or so I thought
My lies build upon each other
Burning and aching with heavy pressure
Pushing me to my limits
So I can now explode on
Numbing my heart
I can't feel my toes
It's spreading throughout me
I'm coughing up blood
Numbing my senses
Controlling my visions
I just want to move on
But with this time come passed tick tick ticking of the time
That I spend sitting on my rooftop in this evil ambitious night
Weeping in the wind
Screaming through the tinted window
Falling beneath the lonely stars
Just hanging there
Doing nothing.



Tasha Ford
Year 8
Commended

Flying



Flying. Speck on the canvas of
Blue sky streaked with yellow sun,
Wind rushes through swept back hair.
The wind steals breath and turns cheeks pink.

Flying. Down below patchwork fields.
Sun lights up blue ribbon river,
Draped on green velvet cushion.
Trees, like pins stuck in the cushion.

Flying. It's exhilarating!
The thrill of being in the air.
Weightless, hanging like a feather,
Then soaring ever upward like a bird.

Flying, flying, flying, flying.

Well done, Erin [Mrs Morffew]

Erin Spencer
Year 8
Commended

Tipidabo

*Rattling along on its rusty tracks,
It finally comes to a halt.
Warm summer air wafts through the train.
It's the middle of June.*

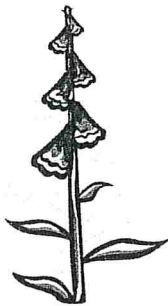
*A smoky waterfall gushes out of the valve.
The old wheels make a screech.
All that is heard is the silence of summer,
except for the occasional cough.*

*A crowd of wild flowers creep through the untamed
grass
Barrels of hay sit polka dotted around a distant field.
Lonely clouds roll by the sky,
as the blazing sun bounces like a ball.*

*A group of love birds park themselves on a branch
then burst into harmony.
Many birds from counties far away
join in with the choir.*

*All of this happening in 60 seconds
That should have been spent somewhere else
As my train rolled away
I only just caught the name of the unknown station ...*

Tipidabo.



Jessica Hamilton
Year 8
Commended

Fire Enclosed in Steel

Looking out from the docks of Portsmouth,
A view of the sea, the sky
And the horizon,
Separating the two.

A dozen black specs appeared there,
Slowly rising, as they got closer,
Into the sky, growing larger
Accompanied by a low rumbling

The rumble now a roar,
They approached,
Now distinguishable,
12 German bombers

Craning my neck now,
To follow their flight,
I saw them dive,
Screaming down upon me

Levelling out
And turning round to go home
Not all had left though,
Cases of steel continued to dive.

I saw the first hit the ground,
With a flash of blinding light,
And deafening sound,
A fire ball was unleashed

More and more came,
Flash, boom, flash
Portsmouth, no longer a dock,
Now a field of fire, and rubble

It all stopped,
All was quiet,
No one to be seen,
Just destruction

The planes merged once more with the horizon
Few had survived,
Those lucky enough
Not to be under a bomb

This poem beautifully evokes the atmosphere, Thomas.
Well done! [Mrs Morffew]

Thomas Bealing
Year 9
First Place

During the War

I remember it well
The start of the war, that is

The blitz
Every night booms and bangs
For weeks on end
My dad would stay up late
Listening to the radio
To cover the noise



Every morning
The sadness as they picked bodies out of the debris
And, when I got peckish during the day
I would realise rationing is in play
Out with my friends
Worrying about the night to come
Never knowing if one wouldn't come back

The siren sounds
Into the damp Anderson shelter
Pitch black
Only a small space for us all.

How much longer can this go on?

How much more pain and suffering can I take?

Why can't there be peace?

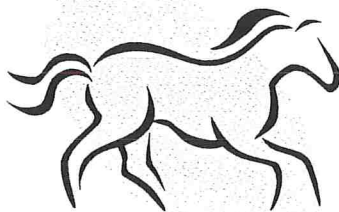
I really enjoyed this poem, Tom. You have managed to create the atmosphere beautifully. [Mrs Morffew]

Tom Mould
Year 9
Second Place

Twinkle

*You gallop through the
Dewy field like a
Bolt of lightning,
Your mane swishing
Like the morning breeze,
Your hooves churning
Up clods of mud
And you heavy breath
Steams smokey clouds
Into the atmosphere.*

*When you're all tacked
And raring to ride
You stand so proud
Your beauty shines
Your black coat sleek
And glistening
In the morning sun,
Everyone is still sleeping
And not listening
to you and me!*



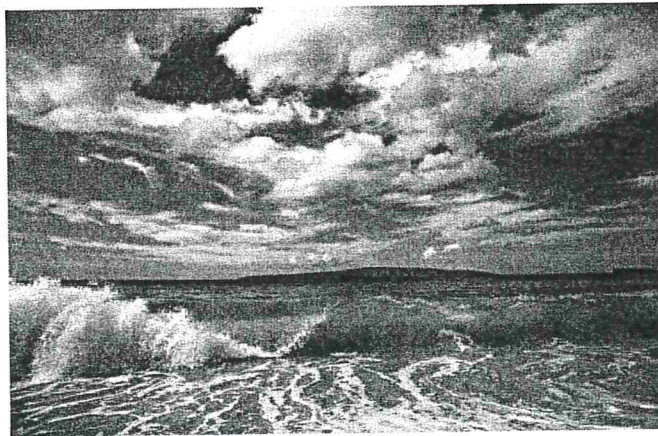
Well done, Joanne [Mrs Morffew]

Joanne Hurst
Year 9
Third Place

the beach

*A war of two forms
Icy blue depths against flat solid stones
They battle for eternity
No stops
No breaks
No rest for the wicked
Wave after wave
As the sea goddess breathes*

*Yet past the frantic crashes and hiss
Through the clatter of shingle
Is the endless peace
Nothing to see for miles around
Blue on one side, brown on the other
So sometimes we forget
The limitless powers of the sea
How it can give or take life
Tear those we love away from us
Make life a living hell.*



Well done, Tom [Mrs Morffew]

Tom Urquhart
Year 9
Commended

My Way

It's amazing how much pain is caused
Because of what people say
And how your life can turn upside down
And you don't know who to blame.

Have you ever wondered
What would happen if you died?
Would people feel guilty
Because they made you cry?

Have you ever tried
To shut those people out
But all you really want to do
is close your eyes and shout.

Just one thing that they don't like
They have to say it everyday
Why can't they leave me alone
to live my life my way!

Charlotte Young
Year 9
Commended

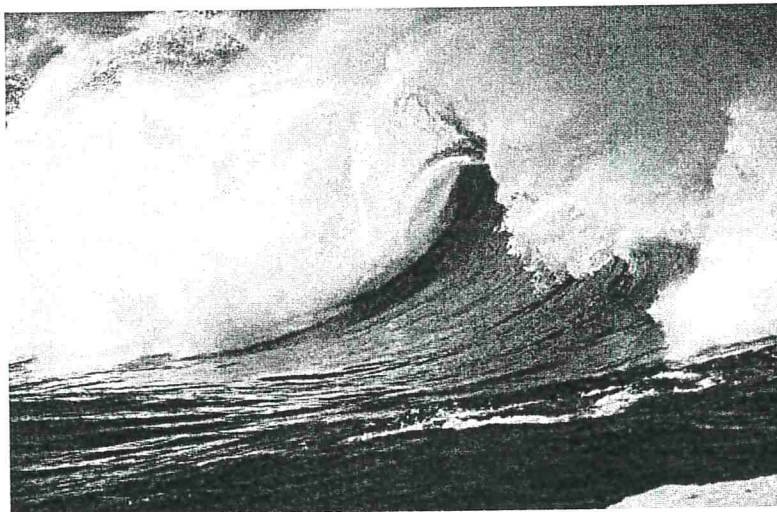
Vicious Seas

*Rolling, splattering
Like rain pouring down.
Footsteps rattling,
Crushing the pebbles beneath.*

*The smooth, mounded shore,
A blur that surrounds.
The strong wisp of salt
Like entering a sushi bar.*

*The foaming waves
Roaring out in anger,
As they charge at the shingle
Only to be dragged back.*

*The silky, slimy feeling
Of pebbles between toes
Continues and never-ending.
A desert but never the same*



Well done, Becci [Mrs Morffew]

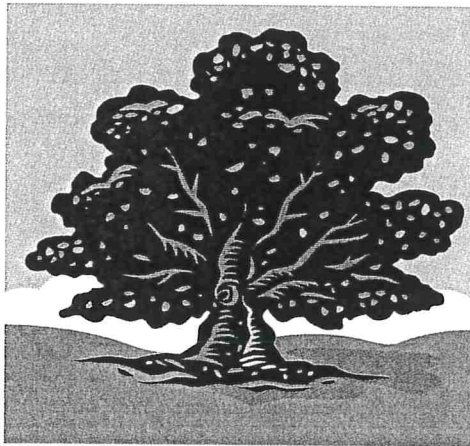
Becci Ayling
Year 9
Commended

*I'll never forget that small railway station,
It was by chance the express train stopped,
One beautiful summer's midday.*

*I recall the sight of steam pouring from the valve,
Someone clearing their throat nearby.
Not a soul stood on the platform,
No-one stepping off the train,
No-one stepping on.
Just the name of the station,
Standing still and proud on a sign.*

*The fields were empty,
Apart from the odd oak tree,
Green grass standing tall
And varieties of wild roses along the trackside.*

*The sixty seconds we stayed floated by.
I heard the gentle tune of blackbirds singing across the countryside,
as we pulled away the station faded into the distance,
but not from my mind.*



After reading "Adlestrop". [Mrs Morffew]

Tristan Mitchell
Year 9
Commended



The Tiger

The Tiger lies,
Majestic and powerful like a king on his throne,
Beautifully yet misleadingly inactive,
The Tiger lies

The Tiger prowls,
Silent but deadly, vividly coloured yet perfectly camouflaged,
Ready to silence the slightest movement,
The Tiger prowls.

The Tiger leaps,
Fangs and claws bared, ready to tear into the flesh of the living,
His prey sits terrified, his mind clouded as his life disappears around
him,
The Tiger eats.

I loved this poem, which moved so skillfully from majestic creature to lethal killer.
Yet the hint was there at the outset, "misleading inactive". [Mrs Morffew]

Michael Terry
Year 11
First Place

Storm's War

Sea rises up to meet his partner,
Wind swoops down and begins her dance,
She twists and twirls at such speeds,
Sea tries to catch her. Now.
A chase. Wind always out of reach.
Sea is frustrated, his energy unbearable,
He leaps and bounds, higher and higher.
Still Wind eludes him, knotting him,
She dives amongst his waves,
Skimming the surface, then back to the air.

Now, storm has come with his Servants,
Wind and Sea forget their chase;
They dance together, to beat back Storm,
He sends his powers reaching, extinguishing
Light, his dark clouds rolling over Sea,
Sea struggles, thrashing against the weight,
Wind swirls around Storm, diving at him,
Tugging him, pushing him,
But Wind cannot win.

Storm catches her. He sends her, a messenger,
With his first servant; Mist, she must smother Sea.
But Sea fights back still, leaping at Mist.
Now Storm sends Rain, pounding Sea.
Wind turns icy, cold and wet, Light
Is all but expelled.

Then storm in his chariot unleashes
His most loyal allies, a pair that work
In harmony to destroy.
Lightning streaks across the sky,
Her deadly fingers splitting Wind and Sea,
Thunder follows her, rumbling boulders,
Stamping, muscles taut, across Sea,
Lightning splits, her fiery tendrils damaging Wind,
Sea swallows the fire, and bursts with new energy,
He screams and jumps, attacking Storm,
As Thunder and Lightning rage there.

Cont/d

Battle. Mist and Rain join together,
Wind is captured and works for Storm,
Thunder beats his mighty drum,
As Lightning fights, stabbing Sea.
He's alone now, against the might of Storm,
He beats his fist on the heavy clouds.
He is dangerous too now.

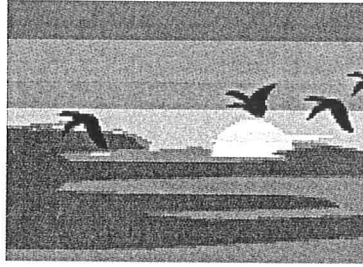
The war intensifies, all parties desperate
For a win, the noise is unbearable,
No longer controlled, all fight for themselves.
But none can win.

Exhausted, Storm departs to torture Land,
Sea lies, still as death, Wind meanders
Once again. Their fruitless battle has
Destroyed everything.
Sun chases Night away,
Wind plays with a carcass. A ship
Consumed by Sea.

This poem is very atmospheric. It starts so lightly and benignly, and builds up to such a destructive intensity. What a chilling end! [Mrs Morffew]

Isobel Thompson
Year 11
Second Place

THE BIRDS



*The birds run sweeping through the bright air,
Whirling, weaving,
An aerodynamic dance.
Poetic,
In its motion.*

*They fall.
Wings and claw.
Fall of feather like a bright and tumbling banner;
An autumn leaf.*

*They defy the breeze,
Whistling upwards once again,
Dancing, Whirling.
And I watch them move away.*

*Until the darting dance
Is but a speck on the painted sky.*

This poem cleverly captures the movement of the birds – lighter than air, soaring and swooping. [Mrs Morffew]

Rebecca Bramwell
Year 11
Third Place



Lies

I see the angels,
I lead them to your door,
There's no escape now,
No remorse, because I still remember
The smile when you tore me apart.

You took my heart,
Deceived me from the beginning.
You gave me dreams
That "I wish" turned real
You broke the promise.

And made me realise: It was all just a lie.

All of these memories,
I keep them close.
In silent moments
Imagine you here.
That thorn in your side;
My silent whispers
Silent tears.

Laura Snelgrove
Year 11
Commended

Black and White

Black is the colour of death
Of cold hearts turned to stone
Black is the colour of darkness
Nights spent all alone.

Black is what consumes you
When friends are lost or gone
The colour of sadness it waits for you
When nights last for too long.

The blackness overcame her
Her eyes blinded by tears
She sat alone and waited
Surrounded by her fears.

She waited for the light to come
That beautiful shining light
The only thing that could save her:
Bring her back to life.

Somewhen, somehow it hit her
A sudden burst of white
Her eyes brightened slowly
She walked back into life.

White is the brightness
That returns you on your way
The colour of warm hearts beating
The colour that leads you home.

Katy Siddall
Year 11
Commended

Once there was a fair maid
Upon an emerald hill
and she loved the peasant boy
who lived in the old mill.

The boy he loved her right back
His heart was good and true
He wanted her to marry him
and knew just what to do.

He knocked upon her father's door
And asked for them to wed
But the father was a greedy man
And this is what he said.

"Bring me a silver platter and
A goblet made of gold,
Rubies, diamonds, emeralds too
Fine silks in colours bold.

If all these things you can obtain
And bring upto my lair
Then you can have my daughter's hand
I think that would be fair.

If you can get these things for me
Before the year is out
You may wed my daughter fair
If not, you shall have nowt.

The boy agreed the miser's terms
And took off down the lane
And off to seek his fortune
Through sunshine and through rain.

He walked abroad for many months
And one day found an Earl
Bound from head to toe in rope
And crying like a girl.

"Dear sir!" he cried, "pray help me!"
My wallet hath been took
Unbind me please and help me
Seek out the evil crook".

The boy he had a kind heart
And quickly cut the cord
The two then took off on a horse
The peasant and the Lord.

Two score miles down the road
They caught the wicked thief
The peasant he did make him dual
Their fight was short and brief.

The boy he won a victory
And stuck him through the chest
The Earl he praised the peasant boy
And with riches did him bless.

He gave a silver platter and
A goblet made of gold
Rubies, diamonds, emeralds too
Fine silks in colours bold.

He also gave him a fine grey horse
With noble head and eye
The boy jumped on this noble steed
and down the road did fly.

Down the cobbled road he dash'd
Through sunshine and through rain
He galloped over moor and heath
'Till he was home again.

He went straight to his lady's house
And called her father's name
And gave him all that he had asked
And did his daughter claim.

They were wed the very next day
Upon the village green
And they lived happily evermore
As if in a dream.

Becca Eustis
Year 11
Commended

The Tomb of Life

The golden flower gently blooms
to light the silence of the tombs,
and with its subtle guiding light
destroys and banishes the fears of night.

Illuminates an ancient path,
which splits the tomb in perfect half,
revealing now to modern minds,
Complexities of ancient finds.

A dozen words adorn each wall
of this foreboding entrance hall,
a dozen words best left unseen,
for we cannot know just what they mean.

Yet ask we must for in our heads,
Such curiosity for things long dead.
Yet the meaning is gone, they lost all trace,
when we defiled that sacred place.

Neal Reeves
Year 11
Commended

A Slave's Plea

Help us! Save us!
We are trapped
In prisons of poverty
And chains of inequality.

We were tricked, mislead
By our barbaric master
With a honey tongue
But a heart of stone.

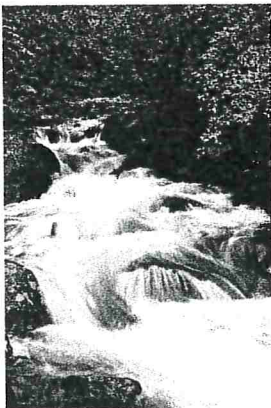
Kicked, assaulted
We've learnt to obey,
Doing what we must
But with soul unwilling.

We want to fly free,
Free from enslavement
And the pains of poverty,
That's where our souls long to be

Help set us free!

Alison Thompson
Year 11
Commended

Journey



Gently bubbling,
Rolling down the mountainside
Feeding the grasses.

Ribbons uncurl through
Country green, expanding sides
Push away the land.

Currents rush, ebb and fro
White horses ride from open arms
To ocean blue.

Anna Miles
Year 11
Commended

