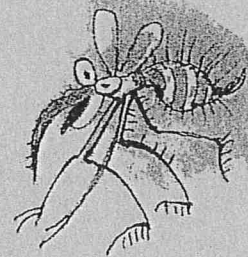
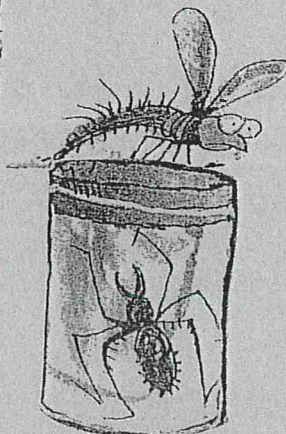
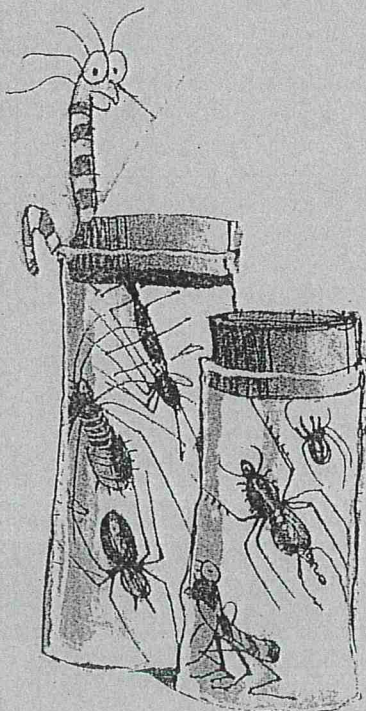




*The
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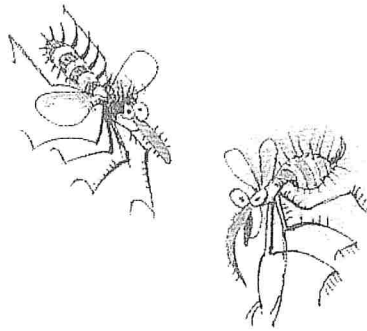
Poetry Festival

2009



*An Anthology of Poems
Produced by students in
Years 7, 8, 9 and 10*

*With sincere thanks to Eileen Betteridge
for judging this year's poems -
and especially for taking the time to make helpful and
encouraging comments on so many of the entries.*



Poetry Festival 2009

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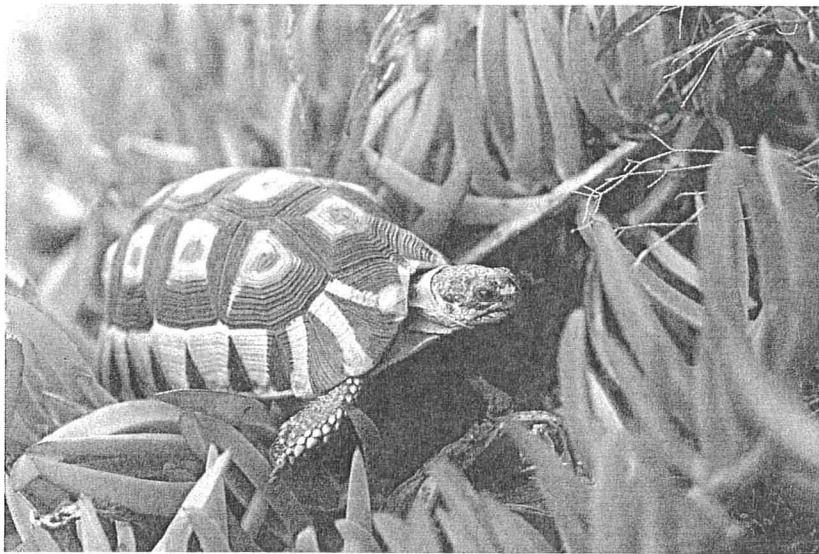
The tortoise

I'm safe.

I peer at the world between my scaly knees,
I might extend my telescopic neck for a wider look,
I'm safe.

I might hunt down a green dandelion leaf,
I might tear it off with my beaky mouth and my bright pink tongue.
I'm safe.

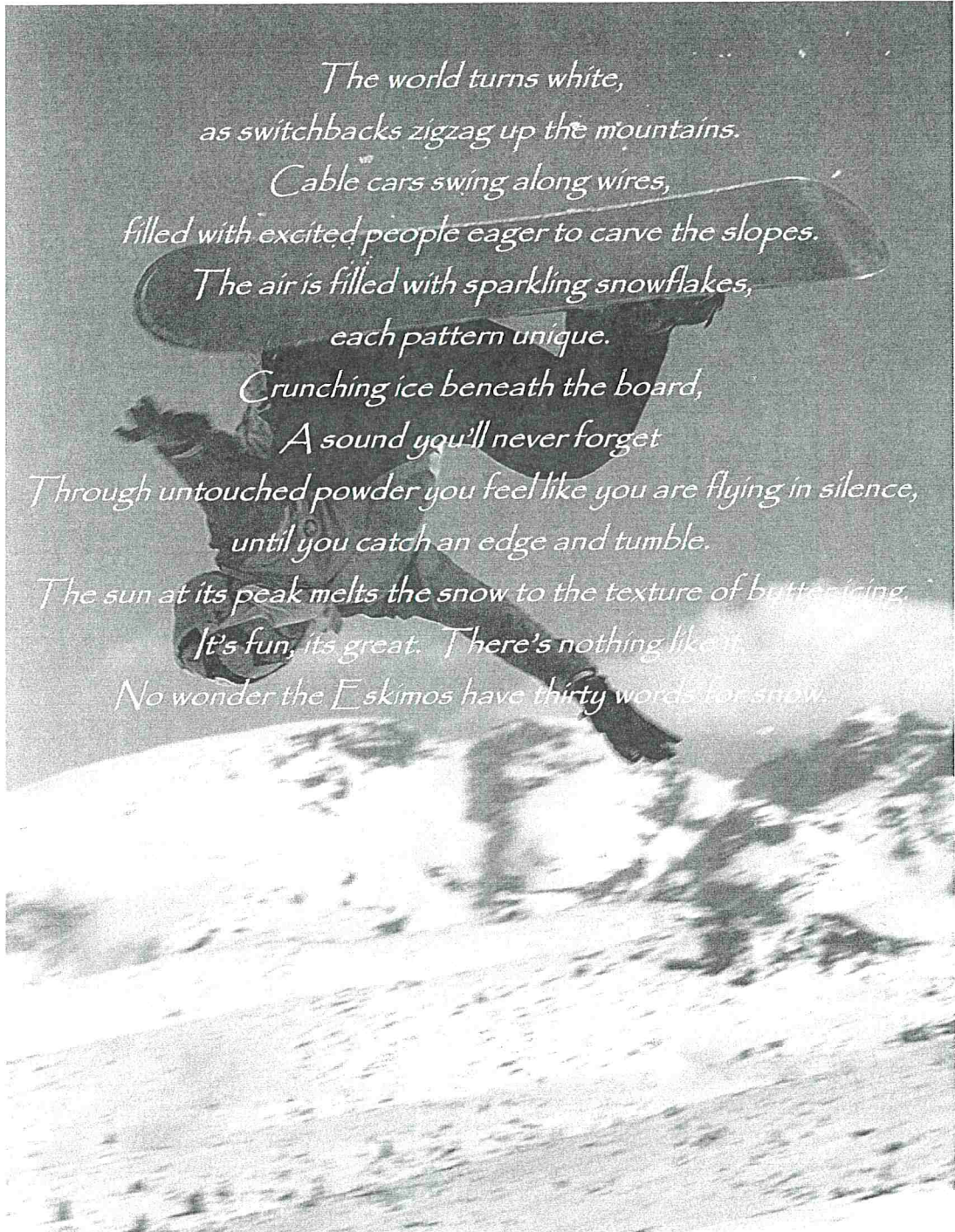
They laugh at me for being ponderous and slow,
But my chelonian scuttle moves my refuge quick enough.
Here I come.



This catches the voice perfectly "I might ..."
Hunting a dandelion leaf is an excellent idea.
Slow and tortoise-like.

Rachel Edmonds
Year 7
First Place

Snowboarding



*The world turns white,
as switchbacks zigzag up the mountains.
Cable cars swing along wires,
filled with excited people eager to carve the slopes.
The air is filled with sparkling snowflakes,
each pattern unique.
Crunching ice beneath the board,
A sound you'll never forget
Through untouched powder you feel like you are flying in silence,
until you catch an edge and tumble.
The sun at its peak melts the snow to the texture of butter icing.
It's fun, it's great. There's nothing like it.
No wonder the Eskimos have thirty words for snow.*

Light and happy. This invites
the reader into a white flying
world.

Hermione Bressloff
Year 7
Second Place

Madness

My palms are sweaty, my hands are cold,
My feet barely moving, my legs pushing me on,
My heart is thudding, hammering uncontrollably,
I mustn't look back, I must *never* look back.

I continue to pace, my body on autopilot,
That's the only escape, the escape from the truth,
If I leave I'll get caught, we'll get caught,
You and I, I and you.

It was never my idea to do this, why would *I* even do this?
But how can we solve this, How will *you* solve this?
Do my questions have answers? Or will they answer themselves?

Stay where you are, you mean stay where *we* are,
No! I mean you! No, *you*.
Then we shall both go, go where?
Anywhere, yes anywhere but here.

How about the back of a van, then a big white room?
I can leave you behind any day, really?
Yes, sure you can,
Of course I can, and I will!

Oh. You were right,
We were right, you've got me now, *I'll* always protect you,
Don't you even worry, I'm here now,
We'll always be together.

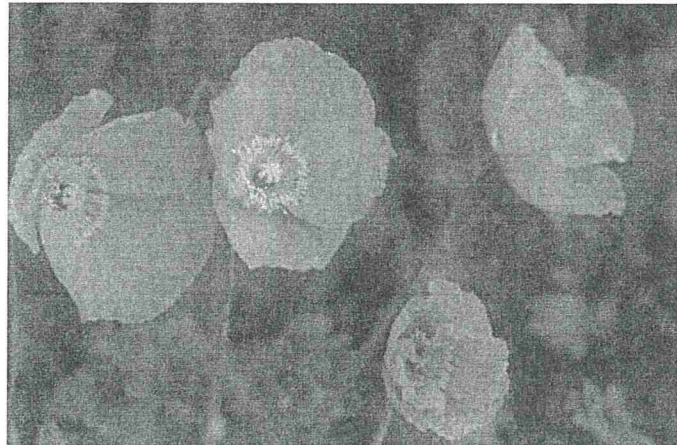
You'll never get rid of *me*.

A clever picture of a dual personality
which manages the confusion and worry well.

Maddie St. Moores
Year 7
Third Place

The Guilt

Poppies are dancing around me,
Everywhere I go poppies are in my mind,
The red of their petals follows me,
The deathly black of the seeds chase me,
The thought of another death does not worry me,
But the guilt is too strong,
The guilt's too powerful,
It's too overwhelming,
It's too compelling,
I remember the apprehensive moment.
I remember the look on the ghostly white face,
I remember what I did.
I just did it,
I struck the axe and I did it.
No time to stop,
No time to think,
No time to wonder about her future,
I remember the whistle in the wind,
The poppies dancing in that bitter wind.



So vivid and frightening.

Hollie-Jane Beard
Year 7
Commended

A Child's Chores

Watch your manners,
Be polite,
tidy your room,
Switch off for the night,
Wash the car,
Polish your shoes,
Brush your teeth,
Switch on the news,
Kiss your auntie,
Go up stairs,
And wash your hair,
Do your homework,
Go to sleep,
Set the table,
Wipe your feet,
Flush the toilet,
Clean the bath,
Change your socks,
Have a bath,
Sit up smartly,
Stand up straight,
Blow your nose,
Clean your plate,
Take your coat,
Close the door,
See you later,
Be in by four!

Lively, funny, rhythmic.

Alex Hurst
Year 7
Commended

A Meek Heart

He sits, willing another day to pass
Shy, he talks to no one
Friendship, he offers to people.

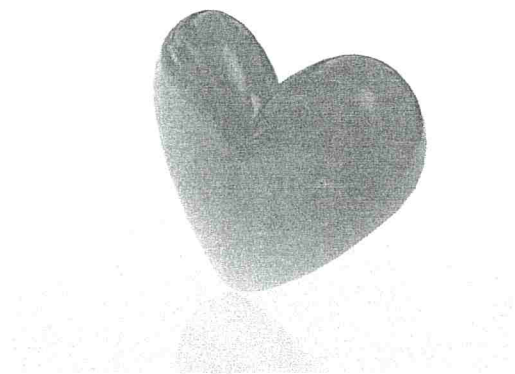
NO, is the reply.

Sad, he sits alone
lonely, he's by himself
luckily, someone comes.

Let's be friends!

Happy, he stays contentedly
Fulfilled, he plays with them
Meekly, he offers friendship.

'Yes', is the reply.



A very quiet, simple observation.

James Donaford
Year 7
Commended

Spain Seasoning



Springtime in the Costas, new leaves upon the trees
Weathervane is blowing in the gentle mountain breeze
New shoots begin to flower, Rosemary and Thyme
Oranges and Lemons, Olives, Almonds, Lime.

Summer dawns ferociously, a land of blistering heat
A village sparkles in the sun, fiestas dance in streets.
Church bells ring and echo across the sun baked mountains
Natural water from the hills, trickles down to fountains.

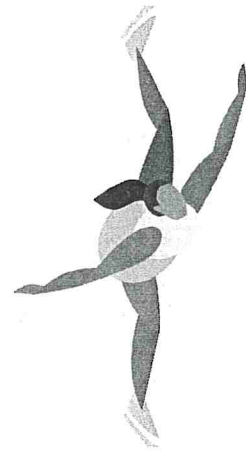
Evening in the autumn, going out to dine
Restaurants and bodegas, tapas and fine wine.
Weather is uncertain, storms suddenly appear
One day basking in the sun, the next a gottafria!

Before you know it, winter's here. Wind and cold and frost
Tops of mountains snow capped. Sea and waves storm tossed
Keep the log fires burning. Never mind the rain
The winter doesn't stay for long; then Spring comes round again.

Nice bouncy rhythm. Lovely list of plants and trees. Warm.

Lauren Cousens
Year 7
Commended

Ice Skating



Whoosh!

Gliding, elegant

Sophie, the beautiful figure skater

The clear, twinkling ice below her feet

Cracks as the razor blades slide across the ice

Whoosh, again as Sophie takes off for the Triple Lutz.

A graceful landing

The audience cheers as she glides past balancing on one leg.

Balancing, turning

As graceful as a swan

Dips and loop

Spinning and bobbling

No bird can compare to the freedom

Taking flight in leaps

Matching her partner

Catching another spin

A leap of joy

A bird in the sky

The music flowing

Slipping leisurely.

“Whoosh” says it all.

Yasmin Clarke
Year 7
Commended



Why Do People Bully Me?

Why do people bully me?
I just don't understand
I stand all alone
In the dust and sand.

They wait for me outside school
And punch me in the face
Even though it's not very cool
They laugh and then race.

They gang up on me in the changing rooms
And call me rude names,
Everybody else joins in
And I feel such disgrace.

They just don't understand how I feel
And the teachers don't help.
As I run towards the door
They trip me and I called HELP.

They write graffiti on the walls
About nasty stuff I don't do,
Shove me in bushes
And then throw rocks at me too!

I just can't take it anymore
They've taken it too far
They followed me home
And told my mum I'm such a baa.

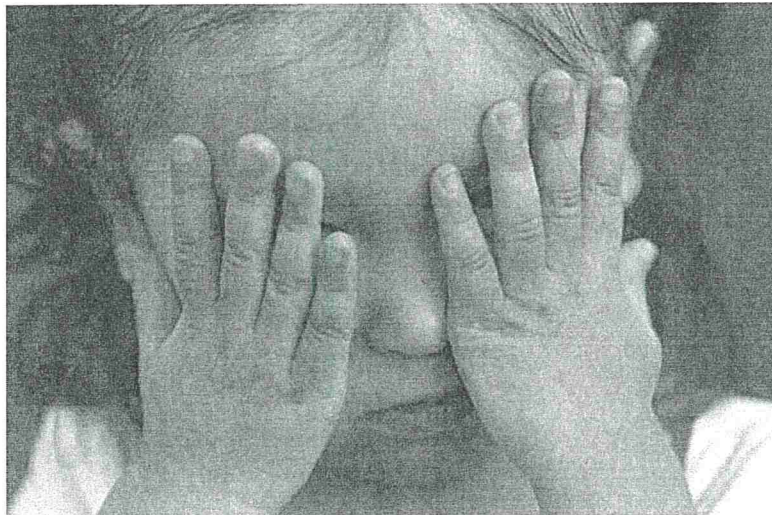
I want to move school
But my mates won't let me give up,
So I'm trying my hardest
And not throwing up.

Very sad and believable. Organises ideas into tight form.

Rebecca Clarke 7PDS
Year 7
Commended

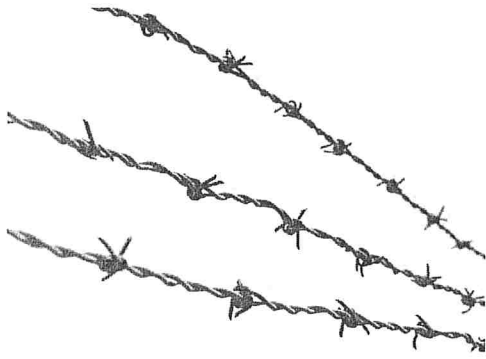
Bullying

Bullying is like killing,
The words that are said are like a knife to the chest,
Tormented and scared, like fire, burning and
destroying everything ahead of life,
People with a hatred heart out for you,
Like an explosive ticking wrecking you,
The haters ripping your heart to bits,
Playing with your mind,
Always laughing, teasing, grunting, shouting,
Continuing until you're completelyCrushed.



A rush of words, strong feelings.

Aaron Stoodley 7CGY
Year 7
Commended



War

My feet are like bullets
They fire when I touch the ground
My legs are like swords
Piercing through your heart
My insides are like metal wire
Surrounding the concentration camps
My arms are like guns
Waving around shooting people in my way.

Inside me is a little somebody
Screaming, screaming
My heart stopped long, long ago
But you know one thing
I used to be one of you.

Excellent contrast between violence in stanza one and the pathos of stanza two.

Ellen Bruty 8SHW
Year 8
First

Michael

My Grandad died
When I was two
But now I've made
A friend in you.

Like Old McDonald
On your farm
You have goats, sheep and chickens
Living at 'The Barn'.

You've taught me everything
I need to know
About how farm animals
Breed and grow.

How an orphan lamb
Is bottle fed
And how to put
The fowl to bed.

And how to milk
The grumpy goats
And how to mix
The feed with Oats.

I've watched when
Shaggy sheep were shorn.
You even let me help
When Snowy's kids were born!

You're like your old
Land Rover, 'Landy',
Ancient, runs well,
practical and handy.

Michael you are
jolly and fun.
Your snow white hair
shines silver in the sun.

You say "I'm having
A bad hair day!"
Then you comb your hair
While mucking out the hay.

If anything is broken
You know just what to do.
Mike you can fix anything
You put your mind to.

You like to talk to animals.
You like to talk to me.
You like to talk about the good old days
When you were as young as me.

I think when I am older
I want to be like you.
Living the good life, young at heart
And a farmer too.

A delightful portrait. It is well constructed with vivid detail.

Hayley Perriment
Year 8
Second Place

The Forgotten

Eyes stinging, head spinning, drowning in others' hate
Squatting in others' pain, controlled by others' fame
Someone find me please, someone give me hope, I can't take it
Put me to rest.

burning in mundane ignorance, cut for nothing
Knowledge of my pain, distortion in my veins
I am unknown to the world
Just a well kept secret
Do it quick
Put me to rest.

No way out, no cure just pain
I hold my breath
As long as I can, I try to say
Help is on its way
I pretend that there's a god
I chant to myself
To make life pass quickly
But my shrill voice is drowned by hate
My life's already gone
But in a spiteful way
I still live
Put me to rest.

If I'm still heard, and you still listen, and I still have sympathy
Then you will do as I demand
And get a knife, get a gun, get a rock, poison,
Like an animal
End my life
Put me to rest.

I think this is about the displaced peoples of the world.
A heartfelt voice.

Sam Hamill-Stewart
Year 8
Third Place

Dance of the Tribe

Flutes as high as kites play gracefully.
The darkest red totem poles brightly smile,
When the sky turns dark blue and the stars strike.
Bright green plants surround the tribe camp,
Where Indians are dancing round fire.
Their brightly painted faces look ecstatic,
Even though they are playing to their fate.
Lumber jacks come and chop their precious land,
And the tribe will go and never return.



Good contrast between before and after.
Very topical. Very sad.

Frances Arnott
Year 8
Commended

A MEMORY LONG GONE

The wind dances through the trees
Laughter ripples through the leaves
The stream is a glittering piece of sapphire silk.
Lapping at the trees knotted roots
Branches of aging trees are entwined overhead
Like a delicately woven spider's web
A thundering noise erupts and shatters the peace
The ancient trees bear fresh wounds,
Their rough bark is torn, their cuts weep sticky blood
What used to seem so indestructible,
So strong is now nothing more
Than a memory long gone.



Lyrical, with a well pointed ending.

Isla Curtis
Year 8
Commended

The Ghost

**“Boo”, said the ghost,
But it really didn’t scare,
‘Cause I couldn’t take my eyes,
Off his vivid ginger hair.**

**It’s really not the same,
If head to toe’s not white.
Well, it isn’t going to work,
When they try to spook and fright.**

**But he tried and he tried,
Even though the cause was lost.
And he even sprayed it silver,
Like a pumpkin tinged with frost.**

**But I suppose I shouldn’t laugh,
As he puffs and sighs and moans.
So I told him what to do ...
... a white wig he now owns!**

Brilliant idea! Rhythm well managed. Funny.

Jack Warner
Year 8
Commended

A Martian sends a postcard home

I have seen a blazing red light that enlarges.
It turns yellow and orange but dies when it gets wet
Turning into thick black dust on the ground.

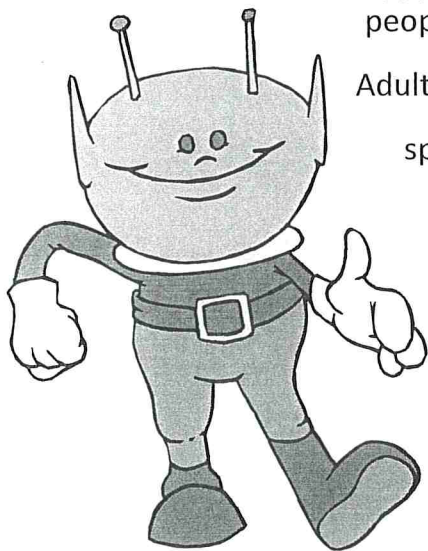
There is a shining shape on the walls of people's houses.
It shows a whole new room. A room that isn't really there.
Symmetrical to the one you are standing in.

There is a land with water on the ground but as you get
closer, it magically disappears.

A machine freezes the image when a button is pressed.
You can look back at it at later times.
Some people freeze images of people they are close to.

A white sheet fills the ground when it is cold. Young
people use it as weapons, chucking it around aimlessly.

Adults place an object in a torture cube. A light turns on
and it
spins round and round. They get it out and eat it.
Tearing it apart bit by bit.



Some very successful ideas here.

Beth Garrett
Year 8
Commended

A Martian sends a postcard home

Their memory is held in square boxes
With moving pictures
That they sometimes access with a rodent!

They are often eaten by viscous hairless creatures
With four spinning legs
And then moved miles from where they started
And spat out.

Their hunger is evaporated by brown chunks
That rot their miniature white tiles.



Good ideas here.

Ben Carr
Year 8
Commended

'School'

School.

Who wants to go to school?
It's great meeting your mates and all.
But who wants to go to school?

Early mornings.
And early nights.
Plus homework when you get back home.
Who wants to go to school?

Teachers moaning.
Pupils groaning.
And detentions for no apparent reason.
Who wants to go to school?

Stay at Home?
Make the beds?
Wash the dishes?
Maybe I'll go to school.

Find a job?
Nine to five?
Without a break?
I'm definitely going to school.

I like the turn of the last two stanzas.

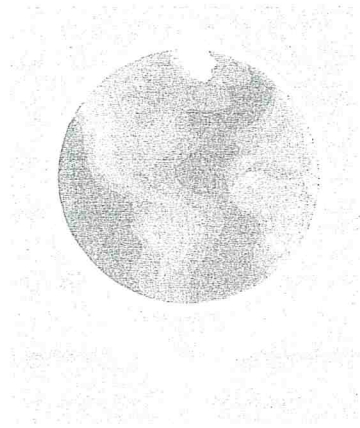
Rueben Vulliamy
Year 8
Commended

Music Poem

In ancient times, when creation began,
When life was sprouting through all the lands,
The sun rose and set each glorious day,
Each morning the haven was revealed:
The landscape as pure as rivers of gold,
Each detail defined as an artist,
Each bird singing its own sweet melody,
Each predator a fearless hunter,
Man came. Man destroyed - a mindless killer.
Nothing would get in his selfish way.

It's good to see young people care for the planet.

Javi Carmona-Gordon
Year 8
Commended



The early death

The dew fell dancing, glittering and leaping down to the butterscotch
grass,
It landed, settling into a perfect crystal formation,
It sparkled with joy,
The grass was dotted with tiny clusters of stars,
Painted spots of amber grey speckled over an emerald green canvas,
The gems shimmered in the brand new light from the morning sun,
They lit up the world like a low burning candle.

The candle burned too low,
I sat cross-legged on the muddy brown grass,
The tears ran down the trees, falling on the weeping violets,
The sun burned away the grass, the gems, and my day.

Almost an 'epic' treatment of evaporating dew.

Laura Gillett
Year 8
Commended

'No Lives will be the Same'

An ominous breeze, a chill to the bones of men.
A sullen silence, as the victims of war wait
and fear the coming weeks and months.

Rodents under foot, swim in the filth of men.
A sick man is left to die while his brothers watch on,
waiting for that dying breath to salvage what they may
of the cold corpse.

Over the top!
A thunderous boom,
A whining shell.
Bodies lie limp on the vicious wire,
Bullets scream as lives end in an instant, the lucky ones ...

The guilt of living men is unrivalled
by any emotion lest to feel.
A grown man cries over the hopes of home.
A picture of family and home, scorched, burnt.
No lives will be the same.

War poems are not easy to write. These pictures are well
chosen, and expressed in simple language.

Chris Hamill-Stewart
Year 9
First Place

Rainbow



Royalty, heat, wine, love, desire,
Blood, anger, blush, hate, fire.

Red

Affection, warmth, sun, happiness, flower
Honesty, humour, faith, summer, power.

Orange

Irony, joy, laughter, hope, tears,
Golden, honey, fallow, pale, fears.

Yellow

Naive, envy, fresh, new, jealous,
Young, lush, healthy, truthful, zealous.

Green

Beach, rain, calm, sea, clear
Pure, aqua, free, sky, sincere.

Blue

Ongoing, passion, bold, vibrant, enthusiastic,
Dynamic, alive, teasing, forgiving, drastic.

Indigo

Wicked, deep, mysterious, fragrant, caring,
Midnight, evil, luring, beauty, daring.

Violet

Clever structure and sheer pleasure of
these single words.

Emily Bowman
Year 9
Second Place

Running

Running down the dark streets
Breath catching in my throat
Arms pounding back and forth
Legs tangled in my coat.

I can't look back on what I had
On what I could have been.
I have to focus on the future.
There's too much I have seen.

Street lights flicker on and off
Casting unnatural glows.
Closing my eyes against the shapes
Made clear in the shadows.

I can't look back to my old life
Pretending that I'm fine
While all that time I was living a lie
Not having my chance to shine.

As footsteps slap all too close
I begin to pray.
After everything that I've been through
How can it end this way?

Vividly imagined, catching the dread in the
last lines. There's a whole story here.

Ellen Jocelyn
Year 9
Third Place

Escape

Now my music's up loud, I can hear nothing,
Gum in my mouth and I can't feel the world,
Head in my hands and ...
I should be ashamed but,
When my head's in my hands,
I can see nothing.

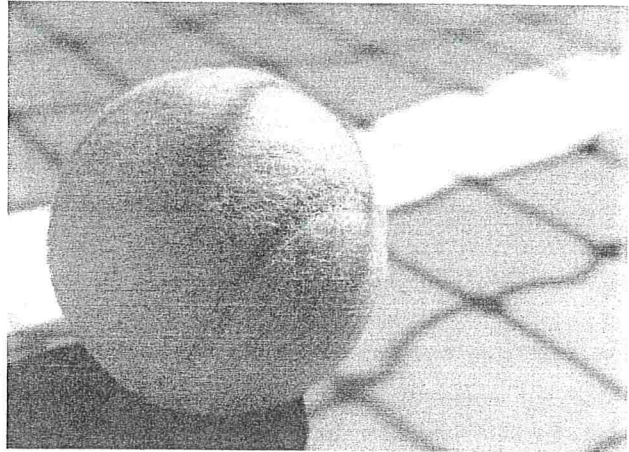
Now my music's up loud, I can drown out her screams,
Gum in my mouth and I can escape my head's throbbing,
Head in my hands and ...
I should be ashamed but,
When my head's in my hands, I can see nothing.

As he hits her again.

Very economical with words but every one counts
to shock the reader.

Emily Harris
Year 9
Commended

SW19



Five games to four and his turn to serve
He needs this game to win.
Will he keep his nerve?
Can't manage an ace, but has plenty of spin.
It's all his opponent can do to keep the ball in.

Three points is all he needs
Perspiration runs down him in beads
The next point he wins with a great crosscourt
Then loses the next two.
What a frustrating sport!

Thirty-all and he conjures an ace
Match point, not a touch of expression on his face
Forehand to backhand then the ball goes out.
The crowd erupts and scream and shout
The tears come like opening a dam
Federer has just won another grand slam!

Good pace and enthusiasm here.

Mark Dodsworth
Year 9
Commended

Chaos in the Classroom ...

Right, settle down kids, listen up quick,
Timmy, stop telling me that you feel sick!
I know that your throat hurts, yes I do care,
But maybe it's cos you're eating Anne's hair?

Stop swinging on your chair Ralph, it's not a toy!
Calm down and stop acting like a little boy.
Don't take the class hamster and try to boil it,
If you eat it before lunch then you will spoil it.

Pur your arms down Jenny! Don't jump on the table.
Sam, the computer's blank, have you chewed the cable?
Finally, the pet goldfish! There they are, I missed them.
Child, how many E numbers do you have in your system?!

There's paint everywhere, who has opened the pot?
Jeremy, the apple core in your bag's beginning to rot.
Someone's taken my house key, I don't have a spare!
Chin up kids, learning your ABC's is never fair.



A bouncy rhythm matches the humour to create
a very busy picture.

Aimee Kinchin
Year 9
Commended

Alone

Silently he lies there,
Alone in the rain,
His tiny body trembles,
The tears show the pain.

All his life he's known this,
His fears locked inside,
With no one to talk to,
Even though he's tried.

Watching the stars,
He stares at the sky,
His hopes and his dreams,
Inside him all die.

He feels no one loves him,
Shivering with fright,
Lying there he knows now,
He's lost his cruel fight.

His arms wrap around him,
He closes his eyes,
The memories come back,
He can't forget but he tries.

He screams and he yells,
But this never matters,
He braces himself,
As the glass bottle shatters.

The sirens awake him,
His eyes look around,
The children's ward's sleeping,
It makes not a sound.

A girl's at his side,
She found you, they claim,
He looks at her closely,
His eyes filled with shame.

Silently he lies there,
Alone in his bed,
Tiny body wrapped in a blanket,
The girl kisses his head.

Keeps the tight structure going well.
The happy ending is a great relief.

Bethany Tongs
Year 9
Commended

Computer haikus

Your picture is gone
It was on your computer
But then disappeared

You write the word "kiete"
Word corrected it for you
You must learn to type

Web surfing is fun
But when virus takes over
The PC is screwed

When Vista crashes
Reboot the PC and wait
Order shall come soon

Illegal download
Turns out to be a virus
That's karma I guess...

USB is dead
You must use ranger outpost
Your file was erased

Making videos
It can be very hard work
When the tech part fails

When this haiku ends
Your PC should not fail now
until you log on...

This doesn't miss a beat and it captures our PC
frustrations very well.

Benjamin Ashworth
Year 9
Commended

It's my mum

It's my mum I can't stand.
She wants me to be
Just like she was
But that's not me.

She can't understand
Why my tastes are different
From what hers were
Thirty years ago.

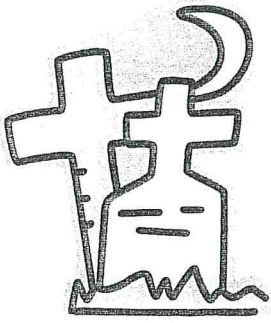
She never lets me go out.
It's too dangerous, she says,
And I'm too precious.

But my friends go out.
Their mothers don't keep them
Wrapped in tissue
Like a china ornament.

And when I weep
She shuts the door in my face
Not understanding
That the sad times are when I need her.

This will ring bells with many daughters.
It says a lot in few words - not easy to do.

Laura Collins
Year 9
Commended



Death

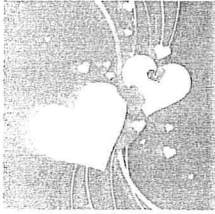
Death is the virus that spreads throughout,
To kill is its mission without a doubt.
Death is the demon that haunts your life
Reaping and claiming, wielding its scythe.

Hunting you down.
You cannot begin to imagine the torment that's hidden
within,
For its harrowing grasp is that but kind,
And it will destroy your body, soul and mind.

You cannot avoid.
You have no choice.
Crumbling your body, silencing your voice,
Moving like a black, silky cape,
Death... there is no escape.

I like this head-on look at death.

Joe Dawson
Year 9
Commended



What is this love?

If this love was a Fairytale,
You two would be the Lovers,
Doves would fly over rainbows for you two,
For you to stay as one,
With every step you make, you're drawn closer to each other.

Children would ring roses around you,
The love you have is unconditional,
Nothing can change that,
You fit like a puzzle,
You just have to find the right pieces.

Your love is like a flower,
It develops and blossoms with age,
Although you do not know,
You both feel the same way,
You love each other utterly and completely.

Your love is like a melody,
It fits and flows as time goes by,
The music rushes and slows,
As you make your memories together,
Even when you're apart this relationship is ever-lasting.

This love is like a circle,
The connection never ends,
But, if you fall and tumble,
You bring yourselves into the run of things again,
So, this love is purely and perfectly,
Untainted love.

This dares to be romantic and rosy as it builds up
images to support.

Lauren Hatch
Year 9
Commended

The Intensity Scale

You say I am *not* whole.
That I am unfinished,
Unaware, incomplete,
Stunted.

You say it's just a crush.

But I say for you
It's sloppy seconds,
muted tastes toned down
with glazed eyes and limp fingers.
It's the numb robotic turn of your smile.
Because for you it's been
felt, felt, felt.

Now you are the empty vessel
of a *has been*.
Skin on skin fails
to bring any transferred
current to electric lips.

Let me remind you:

The tightening grip
of clammy palms,
stringing tears coursing
through bronzed cheeks.
Exhilaration on mountain tops,
The vulnerability of naked dreams
but always, always,
real.

Distilled, concentrated, pointed.
This writer is not afraid to address the
older generation.

Olivia Evans
Year 10
First Place

Boatman



Boatman, boatman, why are you leaving in your little yacht,
Out of harbour, out of sanctuary?
The sea is dangerous, it's storms are like war,
Why leave you're home on the Isle of Mull?

I leave to the sea for she is my goddess,
She is the one who I can both love and fear.
While I may decide to live by peace on land,
She will decide whether I live or die.

Boatman, boatman, where are you going in your little yacht,
Once the waves take you by their own accord.
Are you headed to the islands, or the shores of Scotland,
Will you stay there for an hour, day, week or more?

To the Outer Hebrides, or the Isle of Skye,
The Islands of Rum or Coll, the Shetland Shores,
I will stay there for however long the sea tells me,
For she will decide where I will go.

Boatman, boatman, what will you see in your little yacht,
When the water is calm and the waves are still?
What creatures will break from the depths,
Which secret coves will appear slowly out of the fog?

Maybe the great whale or the sleek dolphin,
The solemn basking shark or mighty sea eagle.
The distant hills of the highlands or ancient sea forts
She will decide what my eyes will see.

Boatman, boatman, when you leave this isle,
What will you do in your little yacht?

My friend, it's simple for you and me,
She will show us the sea.

This has a traditional song-like quality. I like the place names and the creature names. They ground the poem in the real world while evoking a sense of adventure.

Peter Cooper
Year 10
Second Place

Goodbye

Where did you go?
I haven't heard from you in so long,

I just had to get away,
I needed some space,

Space for what?

I don't know.

Yes you do,
Space for what?

Space from you,

Why?
Didn't I show to you how much I care?

Yes,
That's exactly it!

That's exactly what?

You showed me you care,
Showed me all the time,
It's just...

...just what?

Just,
I'll hurt you,
I won't mean to but I will,
I'll hurt you,
And you could never forgive me,

But...

But nothing,
Why should **you** care?
What did I ever do to deserve such kindness?
You don't know me, you think you do,
But you don't.

But
I love you.

A very well managed conversation which captures
both people clearly. It's so sad.

Jordan Goater
Year 10
Third Place


The Sky

I am the night watchman.
I devour the earth's atmosphere in a thick black coat.

Some light can get through me in the form of stars
Burning continually so vibrant and bright
within my darkness.

I also patrol the skies from dawn till dusk
But I will never tire,
I will always return for more in the morning.
I am two faced.

When I decide to bring morning around
I will drape the earth in blue sky and bright colour
and bring the birds to attention in the trees.



This is so confident and sure. "Two-faced",
"bring the birds to attention in the trees" - brilliant!

Ben Bright
Year 10
Commended

Sdrawkcab

Please, switch the light-flick and back-sit.

This
is a poem
created purely for the enjoyment of playing with words.
Which are dyNAMic and
f l e x i b l e

They have been wirtten:
sdrawkcab
front to back
up all jumbled
umop əpɪsdɪn
and even dsinie uot.

Is alliteration included in it?
Yes.
I may even subtract in an oxymoron.

The meaning of this is meaning-less
Error: this poem has no ending.

(The print ran out in the inker)

Light and funny. The writer obviously enjoyed this!
So did I.

Eleanor Martin
Year 10
Commended

Til the Dawn

No tears shed tonight
We begin the gentle fall
To places we can't see yet
But we will soon
See you soon.

I refuse to say goodbye
That removes the mystery
of midnight conversations
That will not even be remembered
'Til the dawn
You're not the only one who's torn.

We are presented with a choice
And the right thing will kill one
While the wrong thing kills the other
But choice wise there is no other.

I wish the rolling of the moon-faced
clocks of sand and heat could hear
The whispers of these conversations
They'd be enticed on that alone
We're still alone.

And when we say hello again,
That removes the mystery
Of midnight conversations
That will not even be remembered
'Til the dawn
You're not the only one who's torn.

We are presented with a choice
And the right thing will kill one
While the wrong thing kills the other
But choice wise there is no other.

I very much like the mood and mystery of this.
Could become a song.

Ginny Marshall
Year 10
Commended

Mortality

I may be sitting still
But I'm racing towards death.
I don't feel too bad but I'm ill
Rotting away until there's nothing left.

Death follows me like a shadow,
Always these wherever I go
And all that I will ever know
Is that I'll never escape it.

So does it matter
That our biggest banks are facing bankruptcy?
Or that our members of parliament are corrupted?
Would it matter if we didn't wake up in the morning?

So do we rush around just to die
And when on our deathbeds we lie
Will we see the light
Or will our fate be dark as night?

Is there anything on the pages we read?
Or into one do all life colours bleed?
It's all too much to comprehend.
Well no-one wants to think about the end.

It is frightening to think
That 'til the day that I die
I will never know why
I will never understand
The closest thing to hand
My mortality.

Very brave to stare Death in the face!

Michael Arnott
Year 10
Commended

Poem about Depression

In the complex labyrinth of life we live
Constantly living our way to the future.
But in his future he sees only darkness,
A lightless abyss of cloudy uncertainty,
 Into which he falls,
 Insignificant and worthless,
 With no way out.
 Except one.
 But dare he?
Dare he defy life and end his suffering?
How blissful the empty nothing would be,
And it could be over so quickly.

A perceptive poem. Succinct.

Sophia Sadr-Salek
Year 10
Commended

Sorry I ran over your Cat

Sorry,
I ran over your cat.
Ran right in front of my tyres,
and well...
I couldn't stop fast enough.
Believe me I tried!
OH YES!
Tried I did!
But you see, I just had these tyres installed, they're brand
new.
So if it's not too much of a hassle,
would you mind cleaning them for me?
Your cat,
after all!



I'm a cat lover but I appreciate the cynical voice of this poem.

Sohail Hussain
Year 10
Commended

Just A Boy



His startled eyes lock onto those of stone,
Desperate, primitive search for warmth,
For safety,
Is hit by an icy wall of hate,
Encapsulating all precious hope, where love should flow.

He scampers across the room,
Drastic attempt to escape her unforgiving arms.
He waits.
Uneven, ominous footsteps, imitated by fickle heart.
He draws limbs in closer, hugging his forsaken form.
Then imprisoned between twisted emotions and emotionless wall,
It begins.

Blood surges upon release,
A single tear of agony dribbles down his swollen cheek,
This perplexing display contradicting simple logic,
But one thought plays with each impact,
Why?
Why doesn't she love me?

I am just a boy.

Almost too much to bear. A difficult subject, dealt with
vividly and sympathetically.

Nicki Heyer
Year 10
Commended

