



# Mountbatten School Poetry Festival 2017



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

*With sincere thanks to  
Mr Michael Bull  
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 2017*

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# *The Devil's Triangle*

Petrified Pilots fly over Puerto Rico,  
Scared sailors travel across the sea,  
People wonder what happened? Where did they go?  
The Bermuda Triangle is such a mystery!

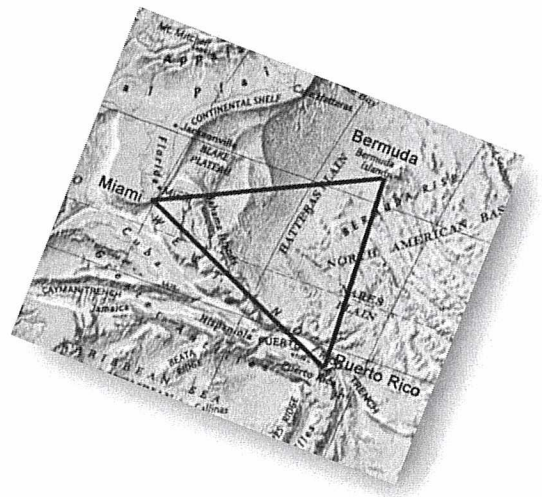
It lives up to its other name,  
It's like a hand pulling you down to your watery grave.  
The Devil's Triangle swallows you in vain.  
When you're up against the paranormal there's no time to be brave.

The supernatural is not spurious  
Nature will always be stronger than man!  
Don't get too curious.  
This is where the mysteries all began.

The extraordinary cloud  
Will drown you without a doubt,  
Even though you shout "Help!", so loud,  
Once it's covered you, you never come out!

The Triangle what a deceiving shape.  
More than three unsolved cases.  
The paranormal cloud is the Devil's cape.  
Never again will you see the victims' faces.

Unusual, mysterious and supernatural,  
This triangle is truly evil,  
Nature will always be stronger than us all.  
When you hear these stories you should believe them all!



This poem grew on me the more times I read it. Very effective use of alliteration and some very mature, thoughtful expression of ideas too. Well done!

Lizzie Brooke  
Year 7  
**First Place**



# The “Unsinkable”

It was the 10<sup>th</sup> April 1912  
When the Titanic set sail.  
Many people went on the voyage  
Not many can tell the tale.

Rich and Poor all on one boat,  
Different lifestyles they led.  
But it wouldn't matter anyway,  
Soon most of the would be dead.

They tried to break the record,  
They tried to get there fast,  
They didn't see the iceberg  
Waiting in their path.

They spotted it too late,  
They tried to steer around,  
But they collided anyway,  
It felt like they hit ground.

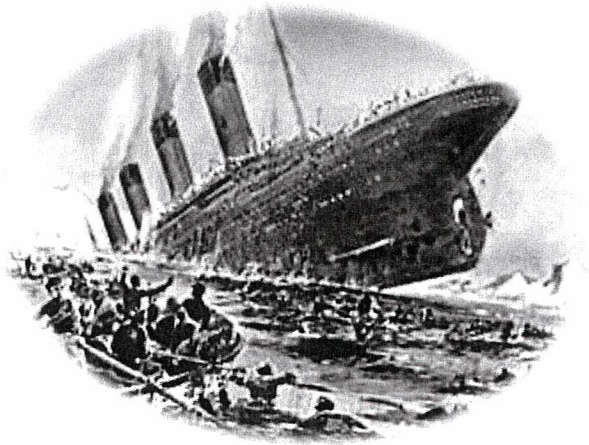
“What's all the commotion?  
What is going on?”  
He was upset and he was annoyed,  
But soon he would be gone.

“Put on your life jackets!  
Everyone leave your rooms!  
Everyone get to the lifeboats!  
Get off this ship soon.”

They all rushed to the lifeboats,  
Women and children first.  
But there wasn't enough for all of them,  
So they prepared for the worst.

This ship was quickly sinking,  
There wasn't much chance now.  
The ship was going down,  
Starting with the bow.

1503 people died.  
On that very tragic day  
Far too many lives  
Were taken away.



It's not easy to write a successful ballad, with rhyme and rhythm flowing naturally. But you have achieved that. Well done!

**Jastina Kang**  
Year 7  
**Second Place**

# Dripping Away

*My shaking hands held flowers,  
My palms slick with sweat,  
Disinfectant filled my nose,  
Like the one Nanna used to get ...  
The infuser dripped,  
Drip, drop.  
Drip, drop.*

*Nurses bustle.*

*And, Oh! . . . she's there.*

*Wires and metal hold her still,*

*She's damaged them all, her legs, her*  
*muscles.*

*The infuser dripped.*

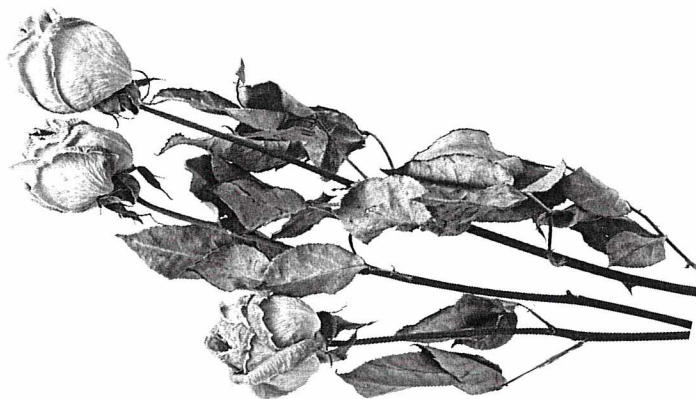
*Drip, drop.*

*Drip, drop.*

*Gingerly I sat,  
And held her hand,  
Tracing her wrinkles,  
She talks to me about her cats.  
The infuser dripped.  
Drip, drop.  
Drip, drop.*

*When they told my mother,  
Salty tears fell,  
Pouring.  
I came to visit with my brother,  
The infuser dripped.  
Drip, drop.  
Drip, drop.*

*Slowly she fades,  
The sparkle goes,  
My Nonna smiles,  
My heart jolts  
Doesn't she know the joy she's made?  
The infuser dripped.  
Drip, drip, drip, drip.  
Drop.*



*I found this very moving.  
The deliberate structure adds to the emotion of the situation.  
Well done!*

**Isobel Staples**  
Year 7  
= Third Place

# The Lady of Romsey

Surrounded by marshes proud Romsey stands,  
While the River Test runs through the land,  
Upon the hill the nuns do pray,  
To worship God both night and day,  
The first Abbess of Romsey's jewel,  
Ethelpheda robed in black and grey,  
The wooden Abbey built to stay,  
Until she fell, as prey, to the Danes,  
But, ere long, she regained her reign,  
The grand Lady of Romsey.

Masons came from all around,  
To craft their skill upon her ground,  
And rebuild her as a gem,  
To shelter and comfort a thousand men,  
For the next generation of Romsey's jewel,  
She was saved from Henry's mighty decree,  
By the plucky townsfolk, who paid their fee,  
John, John, John and Robert — four,  
The men who bought back the town's core,  
The changed lady of Romsey.



In dead man's land between Parliament and King,  
Throughout the battle, our lady quietly knelt to cling,  
From which she still bears the faded scars,  
Steadfast in her faith in the heavens and stars,  
Which tell the tale of Romsey's jewel,  
To this day she stands proud and tall,  
The tapestry of history within her walls,  
And still the music and worship,  
Trip solemnly off her stone lips,  
The wonderous Abbey of Romsey.

The narrative element is strong and there are some very interesting ideas expressed in effective language. I liked it!

**Matthew Jones**  
Year 7  
= **Third Place**



# *The Sirens Chimed*

When she left her town behind  
She walked as the sirens chimed  
To school, the bus, the train  
One last look, again and again.

Her uniform hat flew away  
The train being taken astray  
She saw her mother, waved goodbye  
As the grey musty clouds hid the deep blue sky.

As she settled in, to her new family  
As it felt like it lasted a century  
Days, weeks went by  
No food to be eaten, her mouth went dry.

A sudden noise, a sudden wake  
Hear heart stopped to break  
The toys made of paper and card  
She looked down to the yard.

A scream, a yell  
She began to smell  
A burning crackle  
As the light began to speckle

She asked what she did wrong  
As the flame slithered along  
She said her prayers and goodbyes  
As one more time the sirens chimed.

This poem was full of dramatic intent and in spite of the lack of most defining punctuation you managed to convey the meaning very effectively.

**Aliya Stevens**  
Year 7  
**Commended**

# The Ballad of Richard III

In Leicester, my birth town,  
The bones of a man long dead were found,  
The bones of a man from whom much can be learned,  
His name: King Richard the Third.

Richard was an evil man,  
He had a cunning, ambitious plan,  
A plan that would bring much wealth to him,  
He plotted to become the King.

Richard's brothers were in the way,  
Sadly, they both died one day,  
One was drowned in a bucket of wine,  
The other of his grief did die.

Richard now became the King,  
But his nephews were to rule after him.  
As soon as they turned twenty-one,  
Then Richard's cup of bliss would be gone.

Richard's nephews were ten and twelve,  
They were too young to help themselves,  
When Richard's men, driven by lust for power,  
Smothered them in the London Tower.

Many more did Richard kill;  
His wife and Lords who opposed his will,  
But then Henry, Earl of Richmond came,  
Destined to be Richard's bane.

Henry and Richard met in battle to fight,  
They attacked each other with all their might,  
But only one of them could win,  
That day Henry became King.

So Richard paid, in that hour,  
For his nephews, smothered in the tower,  
And all the others he had killed,  
He met his end in Bosworth Field.



It is not easy to write a successful ballad but you have managed to control the rhyme and rhythm well.

**Emma Aellen**  
Year 7  
**Commended**

# ROBIN OF LOCKSLEY

He stole from the rich and the wealthy,  
To give to the lowly and unhealthy,  
He ran through the forest stealthily,  
His name was Robin of Locksley.



He was good at shooting a bow,  
So, he went to the Archery show;  
He wanted everyone to know,  
His name was Robin of Locksley.



A silver arrow, he won,  
Which around his neck he hung.  
And, to many people, he was 'The One',  
His name was Robin of Locksley.



Maid Marion was his tender wife,  
She was young forgiving and full of life,  
She stood beside him through all the strife,  
His name was Robin of Locksley.



But one day he did pass away,  
Like a weeping flower may.  
And now, he lies beneath the clay,  
His name was Robin of Locksley.



Today, we still remember his name,  
And the trees all whisper his glorious fame.  
His charming smile, his golden mane,  
His name was Robin of Locksley.

Ballad writing is no easy skill. Ensuring the rhyme and rhythm flow naturally and are not forced can be a challenge. You did well and the story is well told.

**Rachel Shaw**  
Year 7  
**Commended**

## My Life's a Lie

It's crazy what school can do to you,  
It can make you want to slit your throat,  
It can make you wish you were on the Titanic,  
The boat that couldn't stay afloat.

It can make you want to bleed to death,  
Go to sleep and never awake  
Because you think that everything's great  
And then realise that it was all fake.

To realise that people don't love you  
Even when they say they do,  
A mother who doesn't accept her daughter,  
She loves your brother not you.

It makes you cry your eyes out  
Until you're all empty inside  
It makes you want to run away,  
Never be found, just hide.

Will anyone care if I went  
Will they even shed a tear  
Is it their wish for me  
Or their biggest fear.

At least I have my bestest friends,  
Paige, Izzy and Niamh,  
I guess that is one reason  
That I shouldn't leave.

I guess I'll stay for now.  
It's not quite time to say goodbye,  
I'll just wear a big smile  
And live my life a lie.

A disturbing poem – so you have achieved the effect you intended. Well controlled and crafted.

**Eleanor Slayford**  
Year 7  
**Commended**



# The Girl Back Home

Red light,  
Just like the colour of our love.  
I look around, men scared of the jump.  
But proud in their brown uniforms;  
Brown just like her hair, long and beautiful,  
Just like the girl back home.

The backdoor opens with a cry,  
Like my cry for her in my dreams,  
Green light as we fly over the land zone,  
Green just like her eyes, glistening in the moon.  
Just like the girl back home.

I jump .....

A combination of fear and thrill hit me;  
Like the thrill I will experience when I get back home.  
Fear like the moment I left to fight.  
Scared, scared like the enemies I face.  
Scared like the girl back home.

The girl back home is like a goddess.  
She's everything, in the lights, the uniforms.  
She's the cry in the door, she's the girl in my heart.  
She, is the girl back home.



The concept here works perfectly.  
A true poem!  
Well done!

Elliot Wells  
Year 8  
**First Place**

# School

I sit on the school bus,  
Gazing from the window.  
I see people, so many people,  
Moving like frantic insects.

At school they swarm,  
Mingling, fitting in,  
Buzzing around the buildings,  
Like a busy hive of bees.

The sacred school bell rings,  
A signal to the workers.  
Like clockwork, all faces turn,  
And an educational journey begins.

The clock face ticks,  
Every eye upon it.  
As it strikes the end,  
The hive is quickly emptied.



You have managed to develop your metaphor throughout the poem very successfully.  
A true poem. Well done!

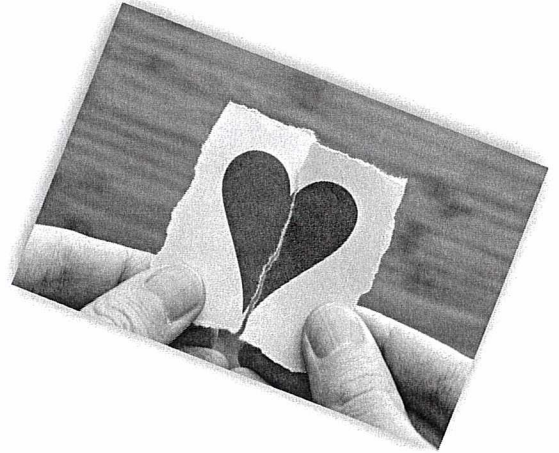
**Seb Money**  
Year 8  
**Second Place**

# The Funeral of Our Hearts

Confusion hung upon my head,  
Why was the rain leaking in her eyes?  
What devils would make her rainclouds shed?  
The dismal future held their goodbyes.

I could hear their voices,  
Echoing down and roaming the hall,  
Increasing in volume to have their choices,  
Either side of a collapsing wall.

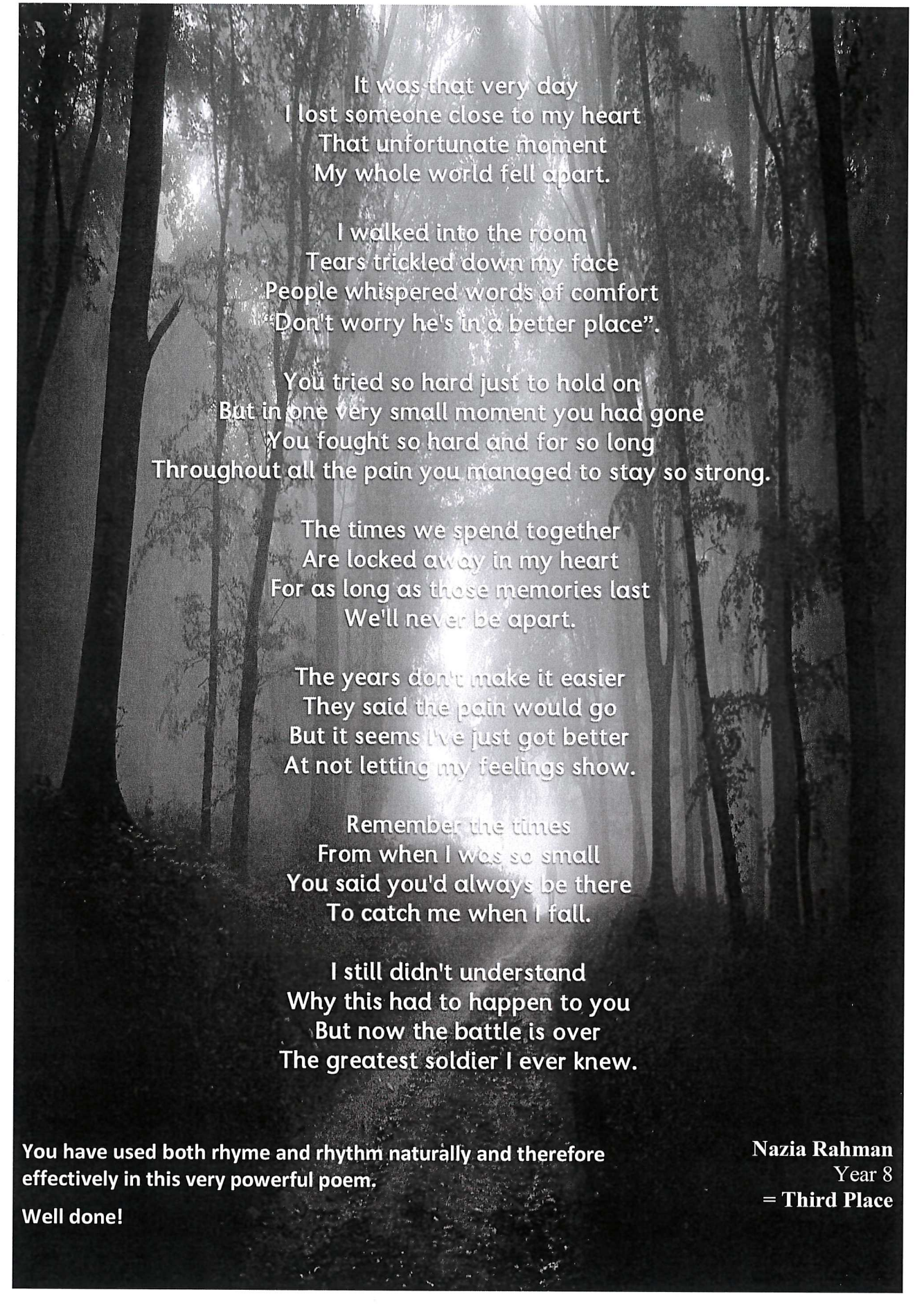
The final flicker of the flame faded,  
The deceased marriage left both broken.  
Their once undying love, fell unaided,  
Buried in the ground, never awoken.



What a mature poem! There is lots to admire here. Very strong feelings conveyed by some very carefully chosen expression. I especially loved the alliteration of "The final flicker of the flame faded". Wonderful!

**Milly Grundy**  
Year 8  
= **Third Place**





It was that very day  
I lost someone close to my heart  
That unfortunate moment  
My whole world fell apart.

I walked into the room  
Tears trickled down my face  
People whispered words of comfort  
"Don't worry he's in a better place".

You tried so hard just to hold on  
But in one very small moment you had gone  
You fought so hard and for so long  
Throughout all the pain you managed to stay so strong.

The times we spend together  
Are locked away in my heart  
For as long as those memories last  
We'll never be apart.

The years don't make it easier  
They said the pain would go  
But it seems I've just got better  
At not letting my feelings show.

Remember the times  
From when I was so small  
You said you'd always be there  
To catch me when I fall.

I still didn't understand  
Why this had to happen to you  
But now the battle is over  
The greatest soldier I ever knew.

You have used both rhyme and rhythm naturally and therefore  
effectively in this very powerful poem.

Well done!

Nazia Rahman  
Year 8  
= Third Place



# Calshot Lake

*She sat alone by the quiet lake,  
It waved a gentle hello.  
The sea salt tickled her feet  
As the sun began to glow.*

*The turquoise water rippled,  
Encouraging the shy little sun.  
The dull green grass, soft under her hands  
And the crickets continued to hum.*

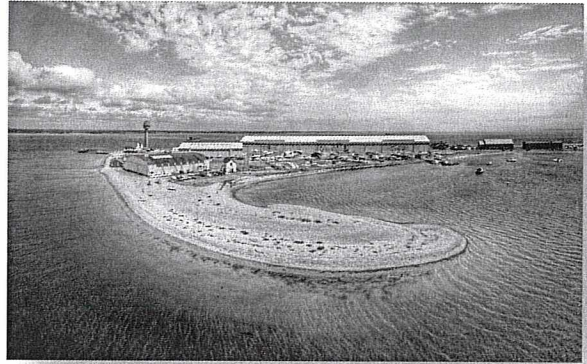
*The seagull squawks were calming  
As annoying as they may seem  
They circled above the water  
The scenario felt like a dream.*

*The sunrise scene was beautiful,  
Reflecting off the lake  
And in the distance she could hear  
The trees begin to shake.*

*The little birds awoke  
and like clockwork began to sing,  
A gentle tune about the moon  
And the little engagement ring.*

*The birds had known for a while now,  
How the moon never met the sun  
But no matter the painful distance,  
To the moon, the sun was the one.*

*The lake and the girl were together again,  
Sown together at the seams.  
It was as if they were inseparable,  
They were together in her dreams.*



*She wandered into the water,  
Away from the crisp morning air  
And went for a swim, a delightful swim  
To venture anywhere.*

This poem worked well for me – I found it very engaging. Both rhyme and rhythm were handled effectively. Well done!

Year 8  
**Commended**

# SLAVERY WAY

Palm trees waving in the wind,  
As the blue waves crashed and thinned,  
Hot sand under my feet,  
Skipping along to my own beat,  
That's the Caribbean way.

Ice cream flavours chocolate and vanilla,  
People relaxing in their beachside villa,  
Children splashing in the pool,  
Hoping it will keep them cool,  
That's the Caribbean way.

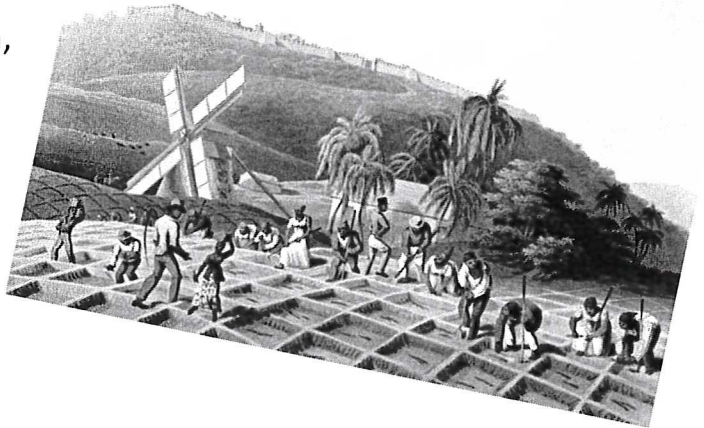
Clear blue sky,  
Relaxing sigh,  
Or is this all a lie?

Hit with a whip,  
Causing skin to split,  
Blood begins to drop,  
Will it ever stop?  
This is the slavery way.

Starved of food,  
Punished for being rude,  
Cold, bare, feet,  
No matter hail or sleet,  
This is the slavery way.

Sugar cane picked,  
Or they will get whipped,  
Full of discrimination,  
What happened to our nation?  
This is the slavery way.

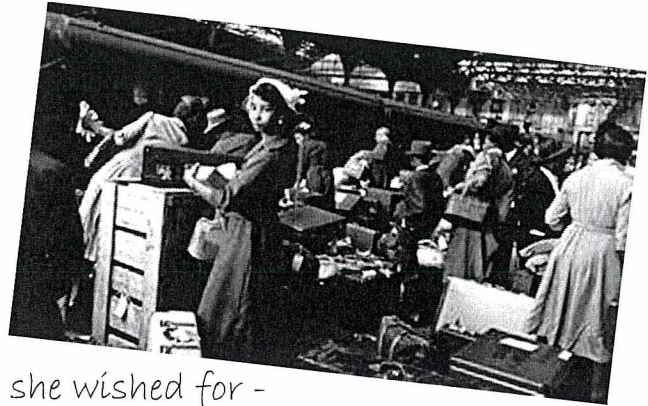
The contrast in the two aspects of life in the Caribbean is conveyed very effectively. Some very powerful use of language. Well done!



**Lois Phillips**  
Year 8  
**Commended**

## You'll Never Know...

One small step off the boat,  
One giant leap for education.  
Bare feet sunk in the sand.  
She'd reached her destination,  
She'd left her home, her life behind,  
Full of expectation.  
But England wouldn't give her what she wished for -  
Salvation.



They all stood, stood and stared,  
Her skin,  
Her eyes,  
Her face,  
Her hair,  
Different.  
Different from theirs.

They said "no, you're an immigrant".  
They said:  
"You take our jobs, our well earned jobs",  
"waste the country's money".  
"Behind a fence you live in a tent".  
"and yeah I think it's funny that .."  
"I'm not racist, but you see ..."  
"get out you're sitting in my seat!"  
"Hello?" they said "Do you speak English?"  
"Ewh"  
"Yuck"  
They said "terrorist! Help".  
"Go back to your own country".

Full of dramatic effect. The structure deliberately aids this effect. Very topical and relevant. This really comes alive when read aloud.

**Elena Strachan**  
Year 8  
**Commended**



# The Power of Emotions

By giving someone your heart,  
You bestow them your trust.  
You long to spend your nights with them  
To embrace their warmth and their lust.

Giving someone your all,  
Trusting they'll give theirs back  
Granting them respect,  
But even if they toss you aside,  
Craving to feel respect back.

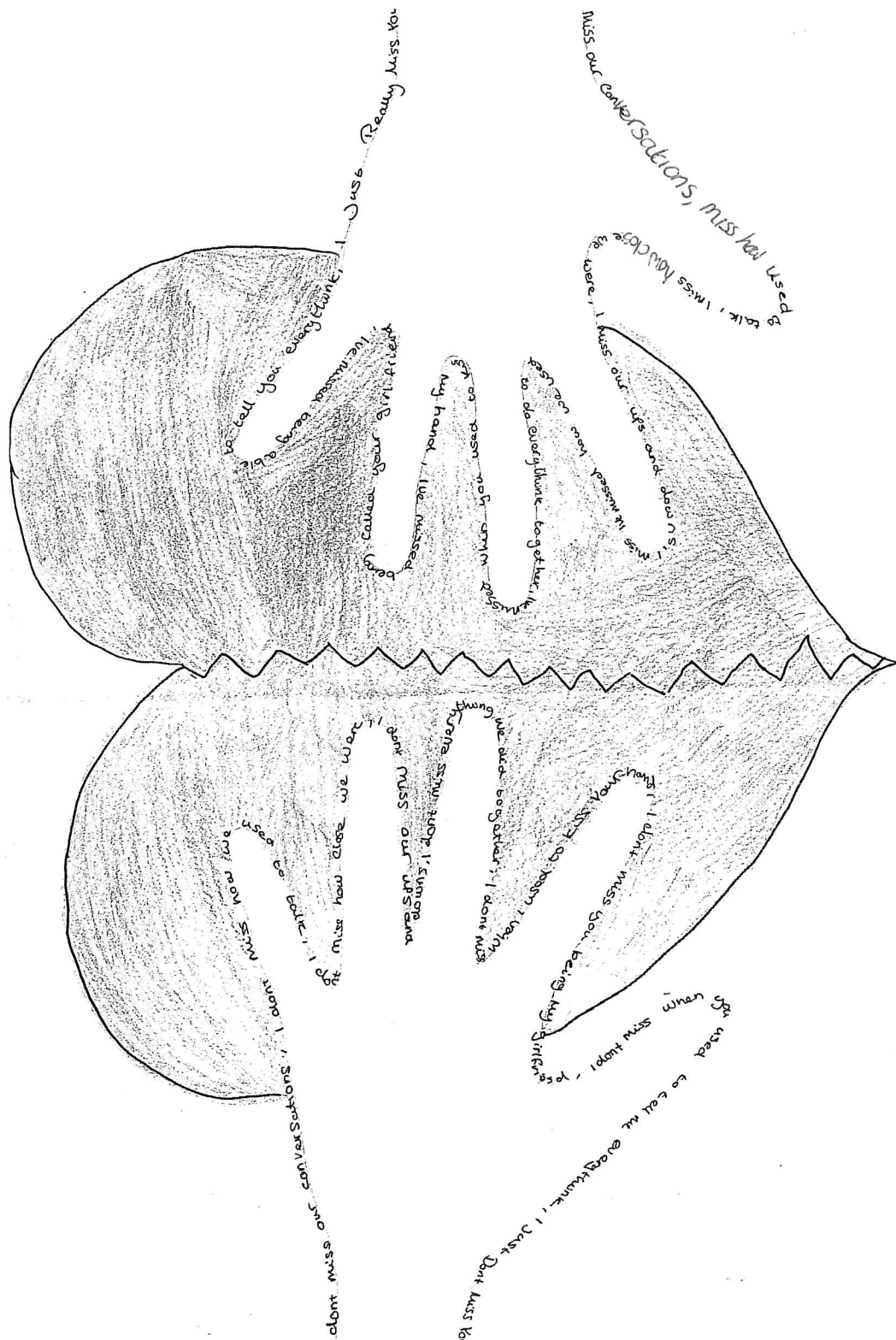
Giving someone power over your emotion,  
Is allowing a knife pushed against your heart.  
And as soon as they don't care anymore,  
It will tear you apart.



It is not easy to write a successful love poem in your early  
teens but you have achieved this.  
Very effective.

**Matilda Wilkinson and  
Ruby Lawrence**  
Year 8  
**Commended**

# Relationships: Love - Hate



This really appealed to me! It was refreshingly different. The subtle changes really convey the change in the emotions.

**Milly, Millie and Caitlin**  
Year 8  
Commended

## Out of the Aeroplane Window

Clouds –  
Weightless, powerful  
White on azure sky  
A glimpse of magic

Birds –  
Fearless voyagers  
Hopeful travellers  
To a new land

Far below –  
An artist's canvas  
Of green and brown  
Bustling with life

This feeling –  
Soaring  
Above the world  
Invincible, free

Stepping out  
To a new land  
Feet on the ground  
Once again.



Some very effective expression in the first 4 verses. Well done.

**Eleanor Robinson**  
Year 8  
**Commended**