

**POETRY  
NATIONAL  
DAY**

# National Poetry Day 2019

## Year 7 Winner

Alice Stafford

### Sister Truth

The door slams,  
The wall shivers,  
Pictures look the other way.  
Brother Lie and sister Truth,  
Arguing every day.

Parent Justice walks in.  
The hullabaloo stops.  
“What is the purpose  
Of your rage?”  
The tone of her voice drops.

Lie smiles like a golden day,  
Truth grits her teeth.  
Lie explains a honey river  
Truth pleads belief.

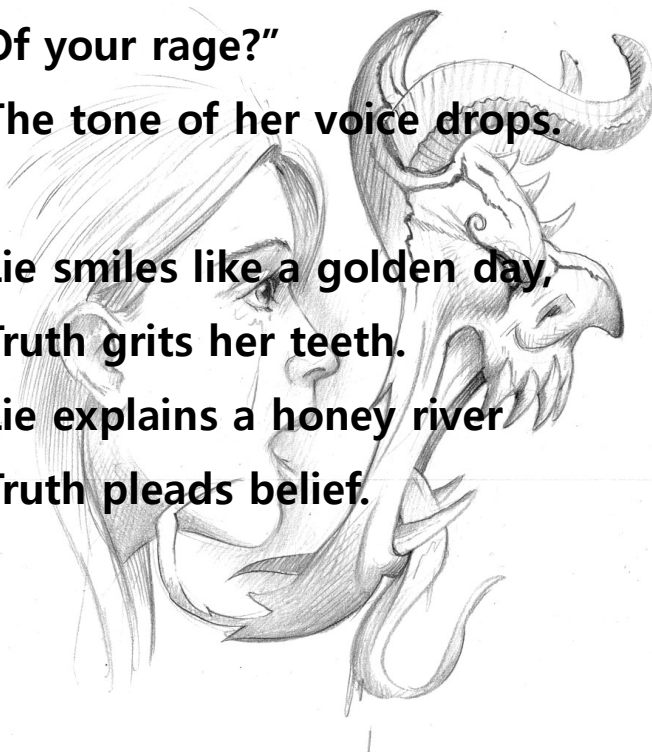


Justice takes a side:

It is the side of Lie.

In total shock and anger,  
Truth runs into the woods,  
To hide away and cry.

Many days pass,  
Truth is nowhere to be seen.  
Lie is looking for Truth,  
Wondering where she's  
been.



*Alice Stafford  
2019*

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**National Poetry Day 2019  
Year 8 Winner  
Pippa Steele**

Waves

Here I am sat on the shore,  
When something happens,  
I've never seen before.  
Something washes up on the white fluffy sand.  
I grasp it with my trembling hand.

I twist it over, and over once more,  
Just to be safe, just to be sure.  
Can I physically be holding it, or  
Is it something I see?

Waves of emotion come washing over me,  
Crashing in my brain like the ones at my feet,  
With the same chaotic booming beat.

The word truth, what does it mean?  
Has it come? Has it been?

As quick as it comes, it soon enough goes,  
But to retreat where? Nobody knows.

It slips between my fingers, cool on my hand,  
Disappearing, merging back with the sand.

*Pippa Steele*

# National Poetry Day 2019

## Year 9 Winner

Ted Farnan

### The Gift

Son, I have a gift for you,  
For being my child and being true.  
You sometimes lie, don't tell the truth,  
That's why I'm giving this gift to you.

You'll want to be the best, but you have to help others.  
You'll wish you had loads of friends, but the ones you have  
are priceless.

You'll try to outshine the others, but the shade is cooler.  
You need to be the builder son, not the ruler.

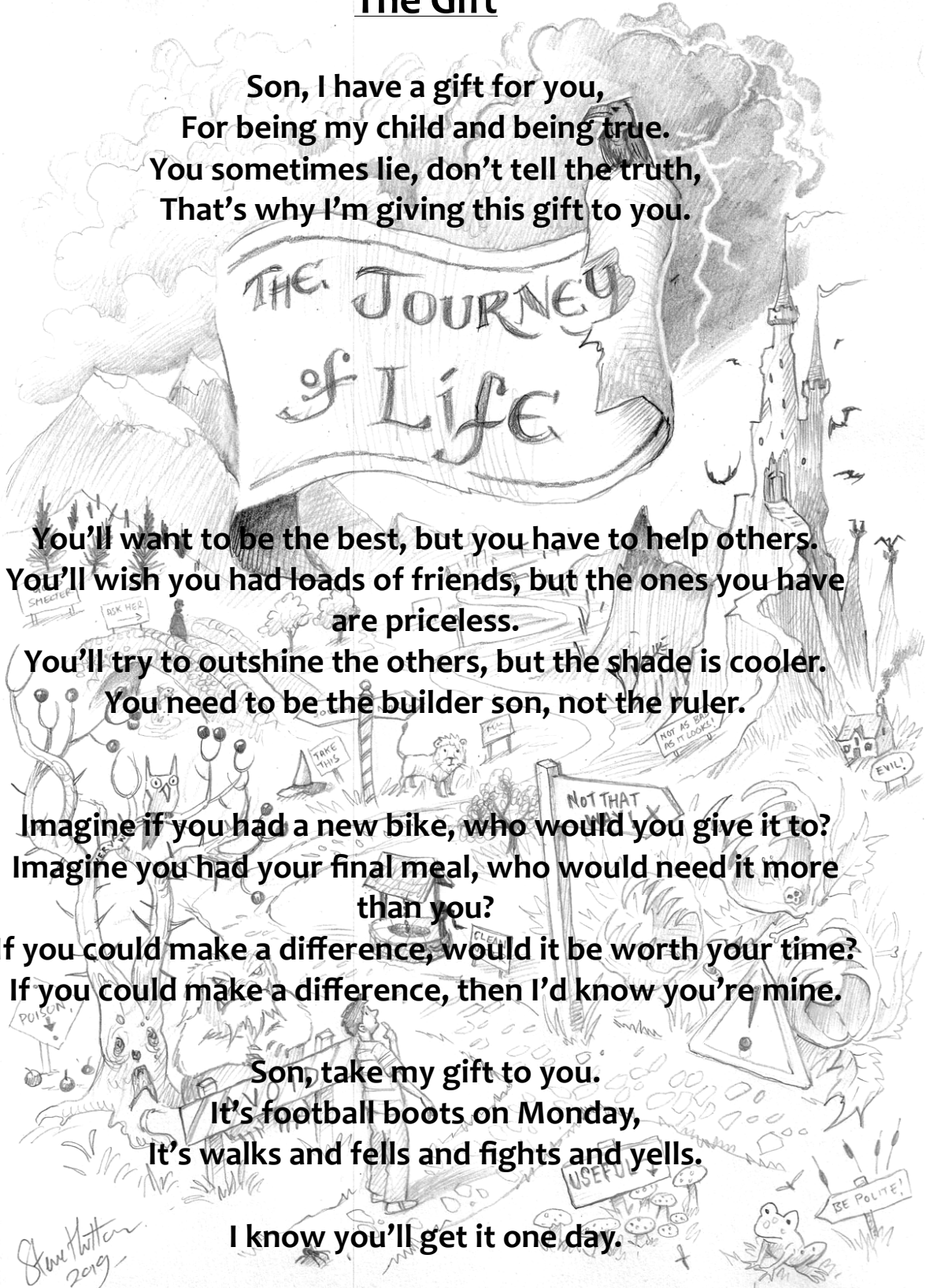
Imagine if you had a new bike, who would you give it to?  
Imagine you had your final meal, who would need it more  
than you?

If you could make a difference, would it be worth your time?  
If you could make a difference, then I'd know you're mine.

Son, take my gift to you.  
It's football boots on Monday,  
It's walks and fells and fights and yells.

I know you'll get it one day.

*Steve Hutton  
2019*



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# National Poetry Day 2019

## Key Stage 4 Winner

### Katie Jeremy

#### Medusa

Her beauty was ephemeral  
Soon to be replaced by coldest stone,  
All broken hearts and screaming men,  
Captured in marble white as bone.

She danced in her statue garden,  
Deep brown skin and hissing hair,  
Bathed in palest moonlight,  
Her laugh was light as air.

Her euphoria was tangible,  
As she danced well into night,  
Her smile was undeniable,  
Even in the fading light.

No one had ever survived Medusa,  
She was impossible to kill,  
But Perseus had the Gods on his side,  
And Perseus had the will.

She spun around and laughed out  
loud,  
As his sword swung for her neck.  
The only sound was crunching bone,  
As her body was left a wreck.

Perseus had not played nice,  
The boy had not played fair.  
For he had snuck up on her,  
Invisible to the snakes in her hair.

You think Perseus killed a monster,  
A murderous thing of greed.  
Instead he had killed a young woman,  
When there had been no need.

He told the world he fought her,  
But instead it was a sneak attack.  
Medusa didn't have time to scream,  
As he came from the back.

The victors write history;  
We always believe the man.  
Even when sweet Medusa,  
Was murdered while she danced.

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## Key Stage 4 Winner

### Commentary

#### The Truth of Medusa

Medusa – whose name probably comes from the Ancient Greek word for “guardian” – was one of the three Gorgons, daughters of the sea gods Phorcys and Ceto, and sisters of the Graeae, Echidna, and Ladon. All of Medusa’s siblings were monsters by birth and, even though she was not, she had the misfortune of being turned into the most hideous of them all.

A beautiful mortal, **Medusa** was the exception in the family, until she incurred the wrath of **Athena**, either due to her boastfulness or because of an ill-fated love affair with **Poseidon**. Transformed into a vicious monster with snakes for hair, she was killed by **Perseus**, who afterward used her still potent head as a weapon, before gifting it to **Athena**.

The poem is about how Medusa is always portrayed: an evil monster cursed by Athena for her disrespect. Whereas in actual fact, she was the victim of a jealous Goddess who conspired with her half brothers to murder the young woman.