

**POETRY  
NATIONAL  
DAY**

# National Poetry Day 2015

## Year 7 Winner

### Katy Malcolm

## Afraid of the Dark

Eerie shadows dance on the wall,  
As my candle flickers, but the flame won't fall.  
A whispering wind breathes through the door,  
My cold, bare feet pat on the floor.

As one tentative hand reaches for the handle,  
My other grasps tight to the dripping candle.  
In the empty hallway everything is still,  
And the soft glow of my candle has darkness to fill.

The moonlight penetrates through the blinds,  
Where ghosts are lurking of all shapes and kinds.  
Tap tapping at the windows makes my blood run cold,  
As grasping fingers of fear take hold.

A stab of terror races through my veins,  
This is no time for fun and games.  
A ghostly hand stretches towards me,  
And my candle light is dying...

Darker...

Darker...

Gone...

Steve Hutton 2015



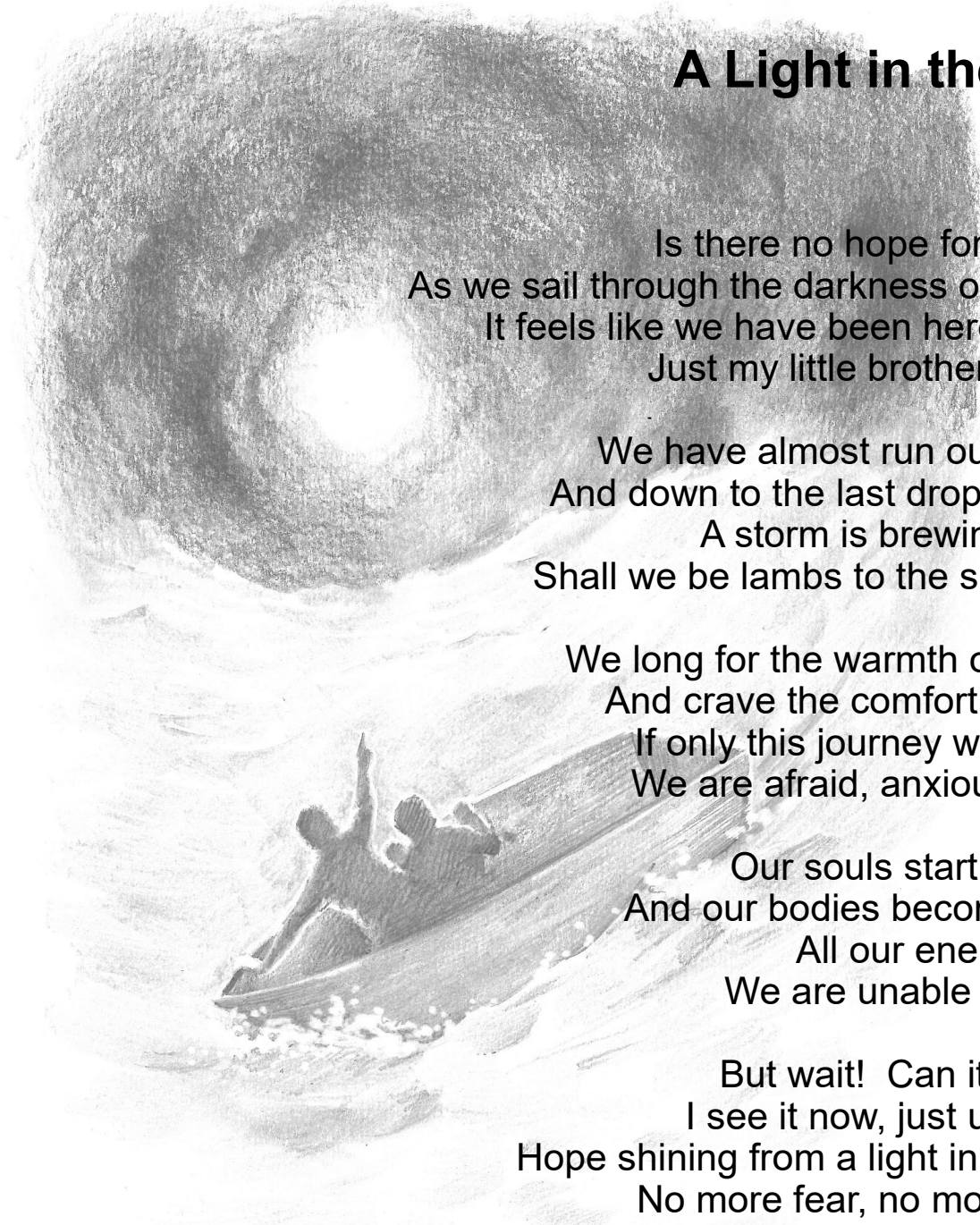
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## Year 8 Winner

### Rowan Hunter-Skelton

## A Light in the Dark



Is there no hope for us now?  
As we sail through the darkness of the sea,  
It feels like we have been here forever,  
Just my little brother and me.

We have almost run out of food,  
And down to the last drop of water.  
A storm is brewing above,  
Shall we be lambs to the slaughter?

We long for the warmth of the sun  
And crave the comfort of home.  
If only this journey would end,  
We are afraid, anxious, alone.

Our souls start to break,  
And our bodies become weak.  
All our energy gone,  
We are unable to speak.

But wait! Can it be true?  
I see it now, just up ahead:  
Hope shining from a light in the dark,  
No more fear, no more dread!


*Rowan Hunter-Skelton*

# National Poetry Day 2015

## Year 9 Winner

### Kate Stoddart

## Little Light



The bright light peered through my door,  
I couldn't take it anymore,  
I jumped out of my bed in a rush  
Trying not to wake anyone, shush.

The door creaked open and the light got taller,  
But as I got closer it appeared much smaller  
And there it was, carved into the wall:  
A tiny door at the end of the hall.

I looked around to see if anyone was there,  
but they were all asleep without a care.  
I wondered whether to go towards it...  
I started walking despite my wit.

I tiptoed over the rickety floor  
And you wouldn't believe what I saw;  
The most tiny people dancing in the night,  
All brought to me by this little light.

*Stuart Wilson 2015*



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## **Key Stage 4 / 5 Winner**

**Kiera Collins**

### **Raindrops and Moonlight**

Light bleeds into a kaleidoscope  
Of colours that blend into a symphony of white.  
It opens the stars out to the sky,  
When there's only the black of night.

The light of the moon a reflection  
Of the sun hidden till early rise.  
Blanketed by a duvet of darkness,  
Concealed from our eyes.

Raindrops disperse into a collection  
Of colour to mesmerise.  
Building and crafting an arch of beauty,  
That clouds of white disguise.

*Kiera Collins*