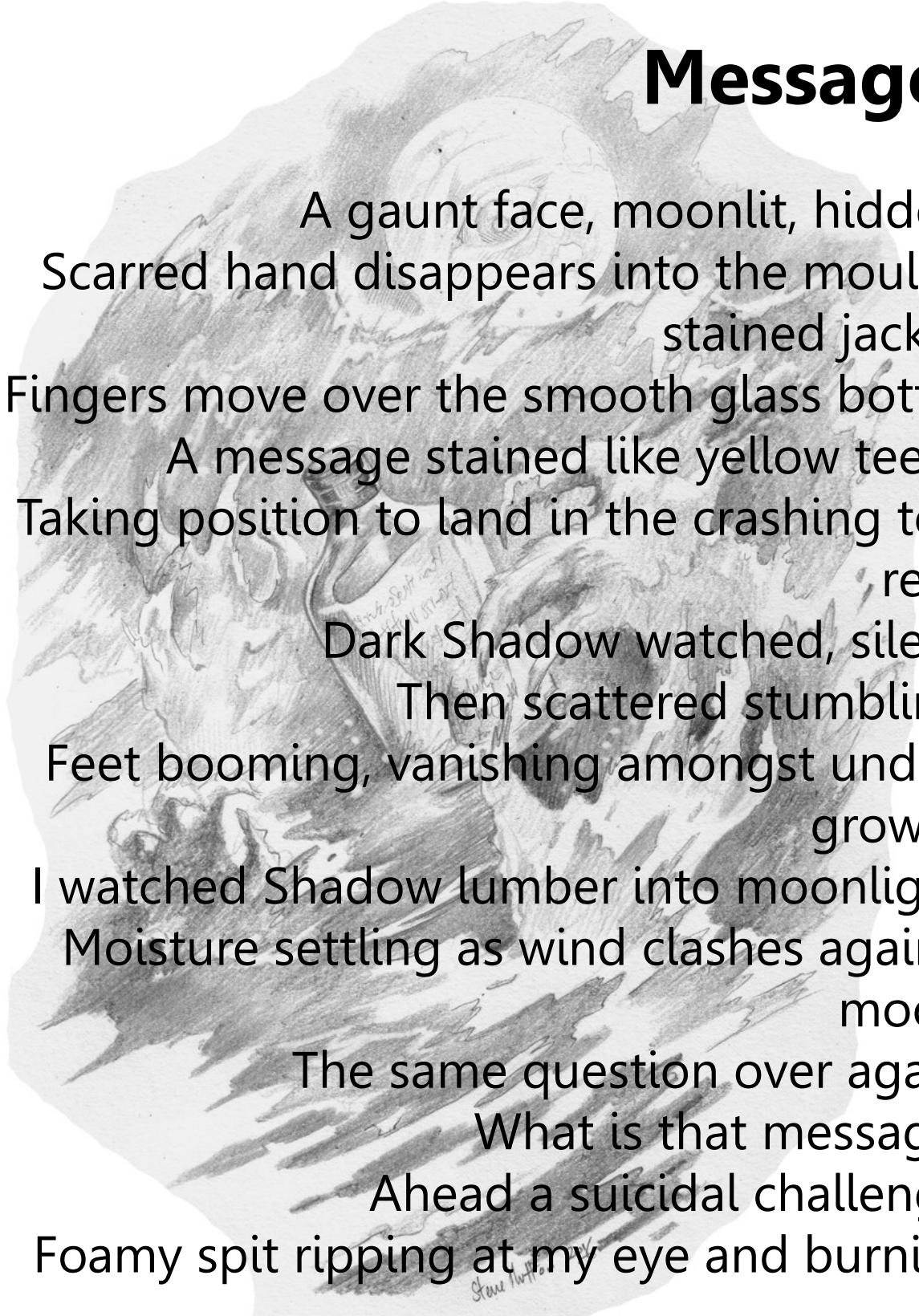


POETRY
NATIONAL
DAY

National Poetry Day 2016
Year 7 Winner
Molly Steels

Messages



A gaunt face, moonlit, hidden.
Scarred hand disappears into the mouldy,
stained jacket.
Fingers move over the smooth glass bottle.
A message stained like yellow teeth.
Taking position to land in the crashing tor-
rent.
Dark Shadow watched, silent.
Then scattered stumbling.
Feet booming, vanishing amongst under-
growth.
I watched Shadow lumber into moonlight.
Moisture settling as wind clashes against
moon.
The same question over again.
What is that message?
Ahead a suicidal challenge.
Foamy spit ripping at my eye and burning

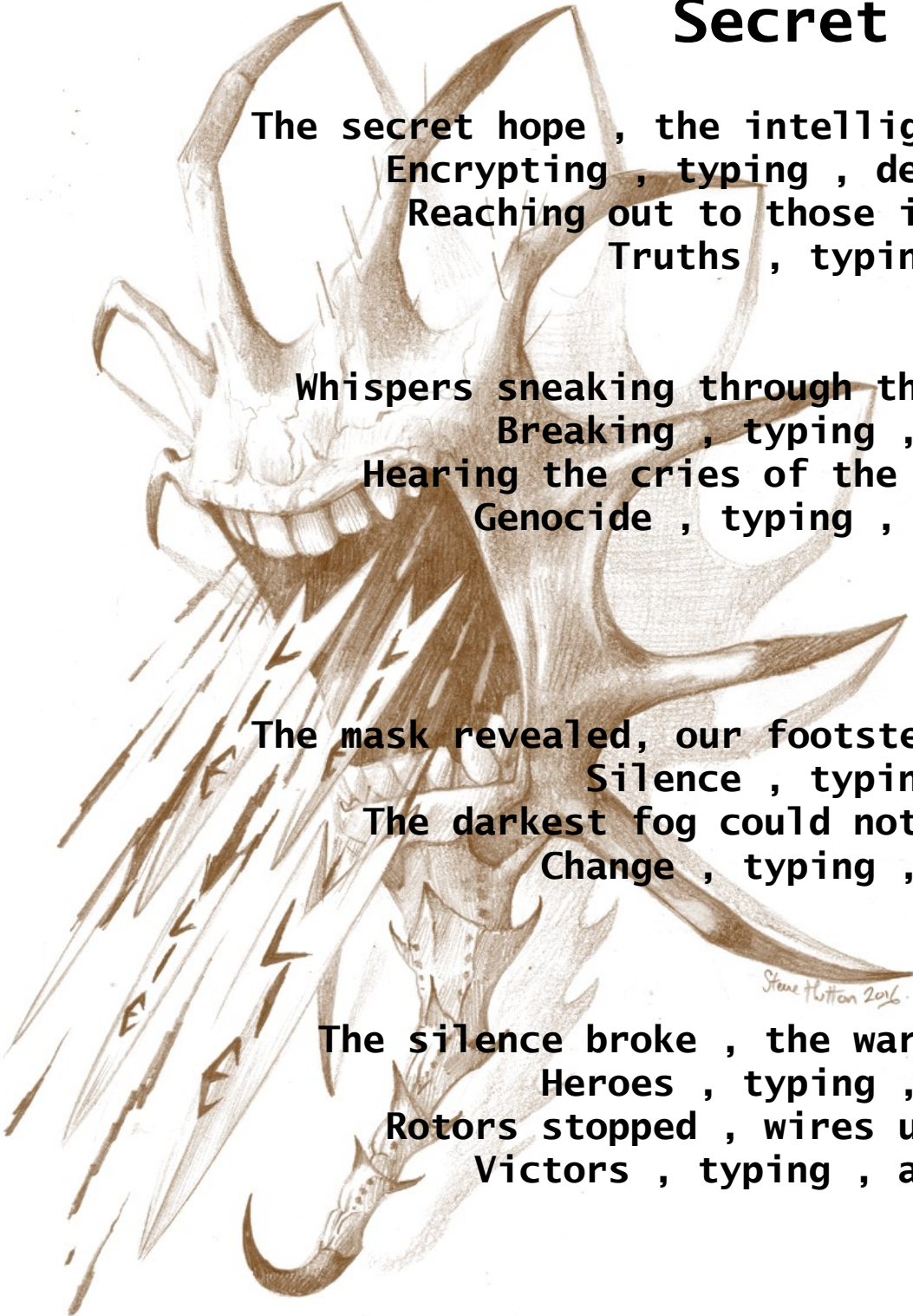
**POETRY
NATIONAL
DAY**

National Poetry Day 2016

Year 8 Winner

James Duffy

Secret Typing



The secret hope , the intelligent mind ,
Encrypting , typing , decrypting .
Reaching out to those in battle ,
Truths , typing , lies .

Whispers sneaking through the cracks ,
Breaking , typing , solving .
Hearing the cries of the innocent ,
Genocide , typing , strategy .

The mask revealed, our footsteps heard ,
Silence , typing , stop .
The darkest fog could not be seen ,
Change , typing , upgrade .

The silence broke , the war was won ,
Heroes , typing , triumph .
Rotors stopped , wires unplugged ,
Victors , typing , anonymous .

POETRY
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National Poetry Day 2016

Year 9 Winner

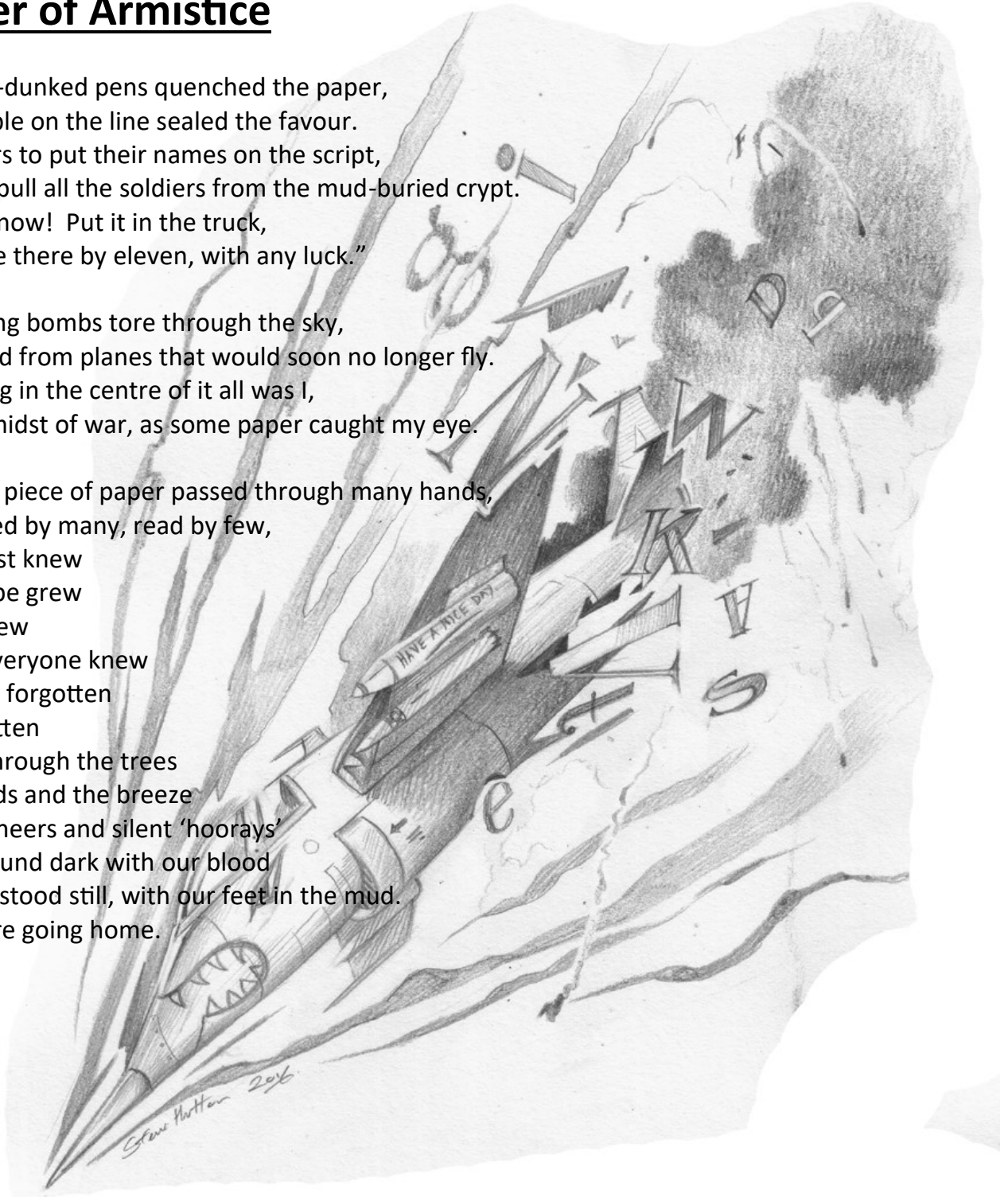
Joseph Percival

Letter of Armistice

The ink-dunked pens quenched the paper,
A scribble on the line sealed the favour.
72 hours to put their names on the script,
And to pull all the soldiers from the mud-buried crypt.
“Quick now! Put it in the truck,
We’ll be there by eleven, with any luck.”

Whistling bombs tore through the sky,
Dropped from planes that would soon no longer fly.
Standing in the centre of it all was I,
In the midst of war, as some paper caught my eye.

A flying piece of paper passed through many hands,
Skimmed by many, read by few,
But most knew
The hope grew
Panic flew
Then everyone knew
Disease forgotten
Feet rotten
Wind through the trees
The birds and the breeze
Quiet cheers and silent ‘hoorays’
The ground dark with our blood
But we stood still, with our feet in the mud.
We were going home.



POETRY
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National Poetry Day 2016

Year 10 Winner

Bailey Quigley

To all the men who think women are weak,
When you were born as a baby, who did you seek?

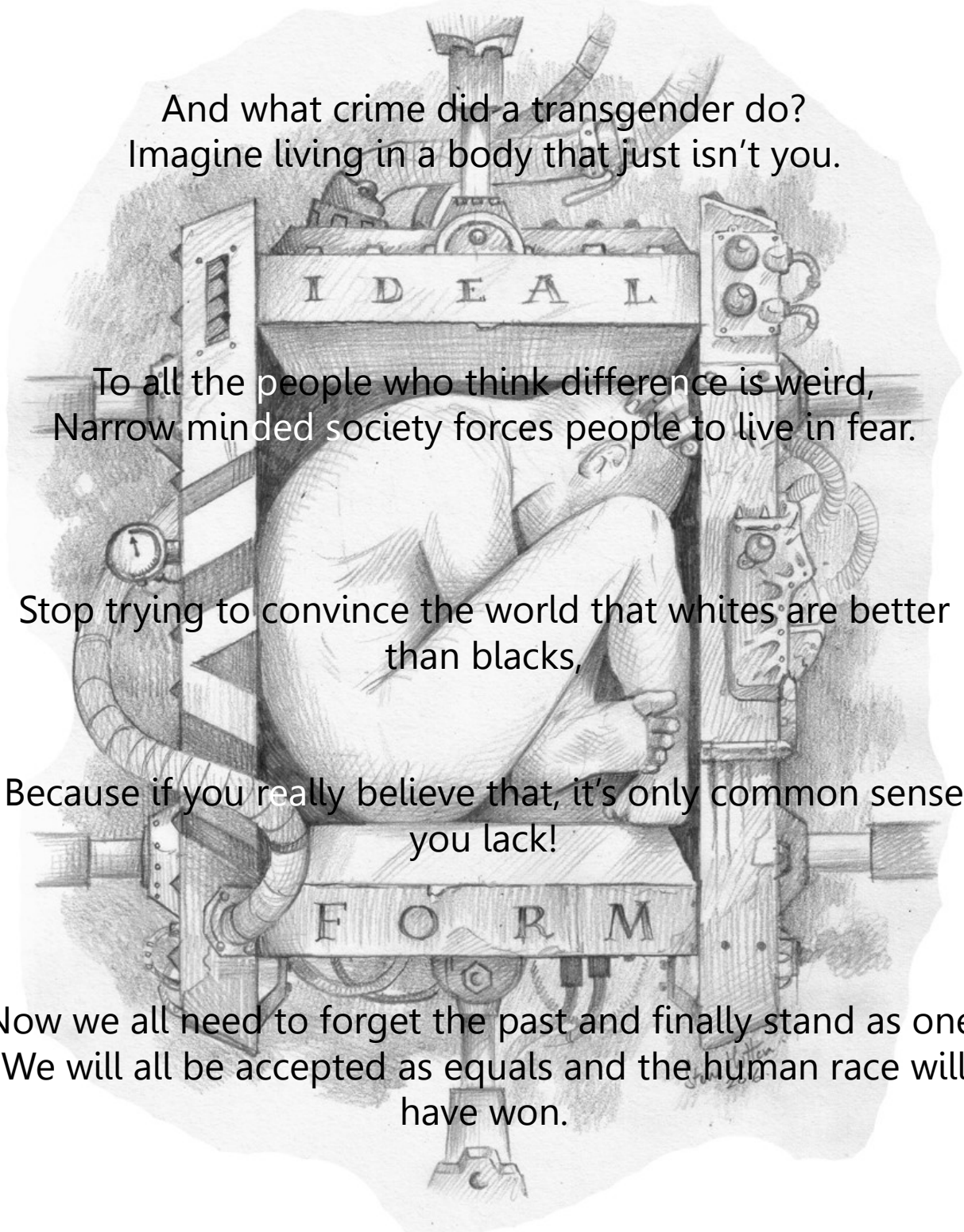
And what crime did a transgender do?
Imagine living in a body that just isn't you.

To all the people who think difference is weird,
Narrow minded society forces people to live in fear.

Stop trying to convince the world that whites are better
than blacks,

Because if you really believe that, it's only common sense
you lack!

Now we all need to forget the past and finally stand as one,
We will all be accepted as equals and the human race will
have won.



**POETRY
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National Poetry Day 2016

Key Stage 5 Winner

Bethan Savage

*- Do you remember, my love,
That day when your hand
Stretched up into the tree
And plucked - as sweet and ripe as any fruit -
My Heart? -*

Love was the ring of the telephone
Sharp-sweet
Remembering whispered promises into the receiver
"Tuesday, 2 o'clock"

A hushed rendezvous on the street corner
Tracing the lines of your face
So foreign to my soft fingers

A well-thumbed note, passed through trembling fingers
"Meet me..." "Be here..."
Nervous, searching eyes
And the hint of a smile

Love was when your infinity swallowed my numbered days
And stretched them out

