

**POETRY  
NATIONAL  
DAY**

# National Poetry Day 2017

## Year 7 Winner

### Tom Pye-Kendall

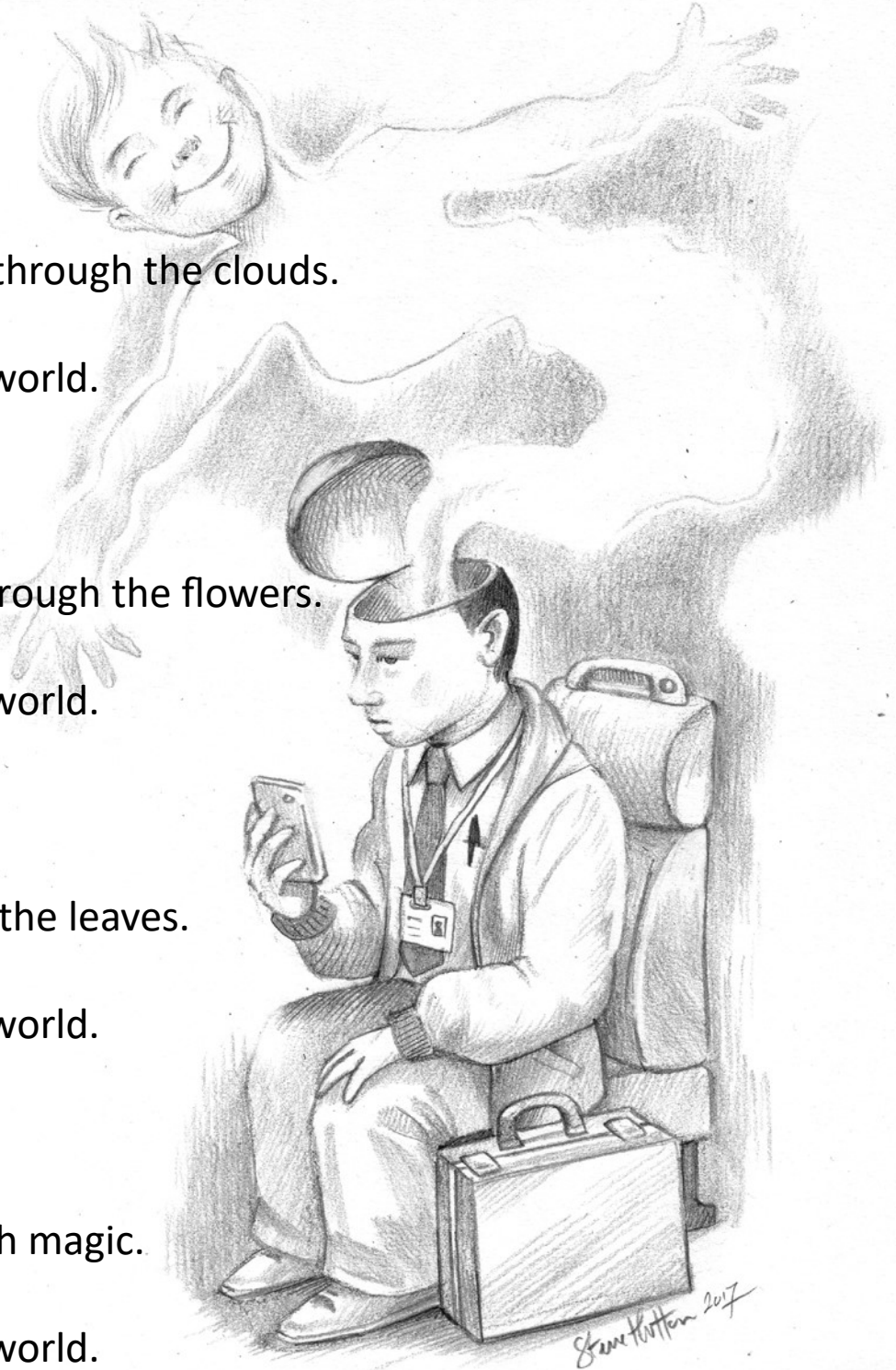
#### Free As You Like

You fall,  
Upwards?  
And you're flying through the clouds.  
Free as a bird.  
Not a care in the world.

You jump,  
Onto a hill.  
Running down, through the flowers.  
Free as a wolf.  
Not a care in the world.

You slide,  
Into the trees.  
Climbing through the leaves.  
Free as a monkey.  
Not a care in the world.

You dive,  
Into your dreams.  
Swimming through magic.  
Free as you like.  
Not a care in the world.



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## Year 8 Winner

### Grace Price

### Freedom in Lead and Paint

I place the pencil on the paper, my mind rattling with anticipation.

What could I craft on this sheet? Some marvellous creation?

Would I draw a homeless man, dancing in the snow?  
Or a quizzical zebra? Or a monochrome rainbow?

My pencil dances along the page, like an elegant ice-skater.

It leaves outlines and scaffolding for paint to fill in later.

I could create a masterpiece, world famous in years to come.

Or just something to stick on the fridge, or resit to my mum.

Stone Potter

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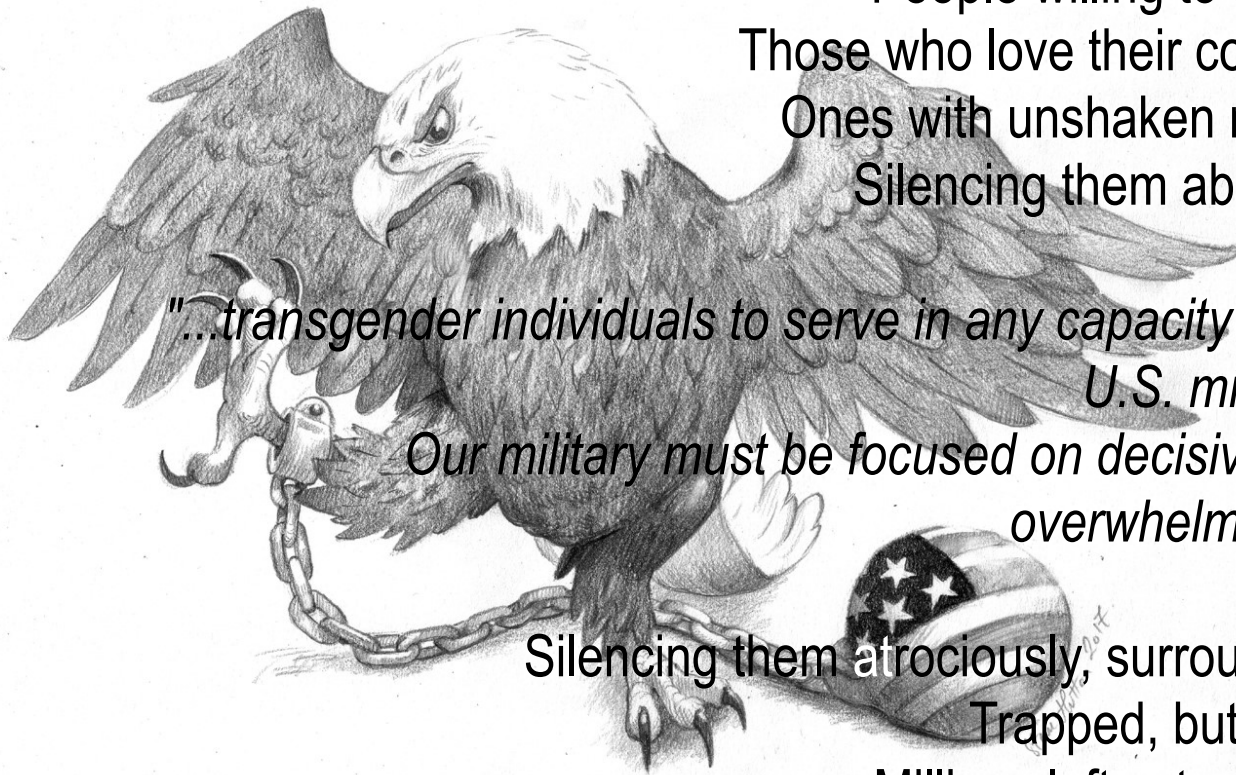
# National Poetry Day 2017

## Year 9 Winner

### Shay Rafferty

140 Characters or Less

*"After consultation with my generals and military experts,  
please be advised that the United States government will  
not accept or allow..."*



People willing to serve,  
Those who love their country.  
Ones with unshaken nerve.  
Silencing them abruptly.

*"...transgender individuals to serve in any capacity in the  
U.S. military.*

*Our military must be focused on decisive and  
overwhelming..."*

Silencing them atrociously, surrounded,  
Trapped, but free?  
Millions left astounded.  
What happened to equality?

*"...victory and cannot be burdened with the tremendous  
medical costs and disruption transgender in the military  
would entail. Thank you."*

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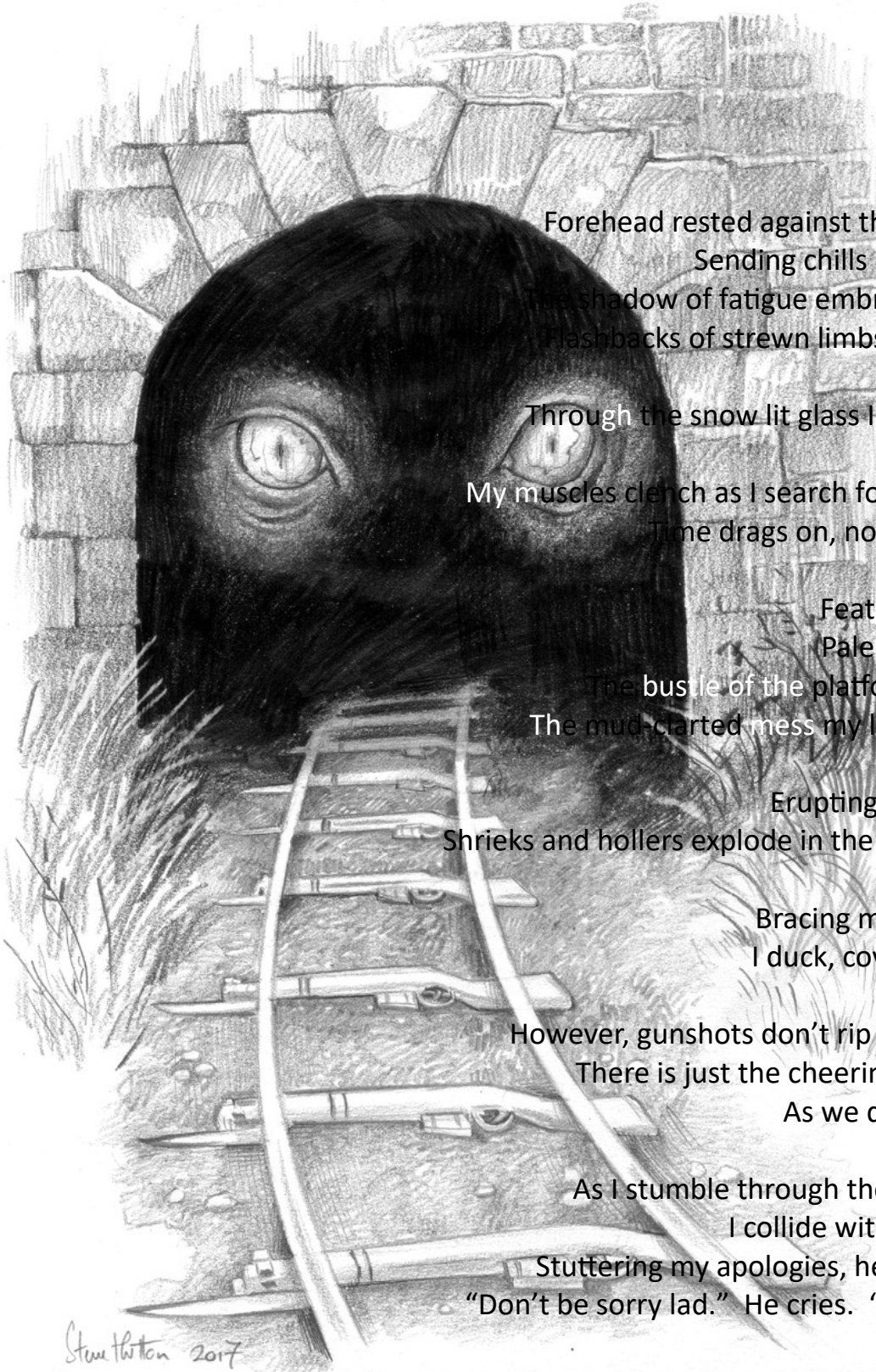
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## Key Stage 4 / 5 Winner

### Louis Pickering

#### Freedom



Forehead rested against the frosted glass,  
Sending chills down my spine.  
The shadow of fatigue embracing my mind,  
Flashbacks of strewn limbs for me to find.

Through the snow lit glass I observe a large  
crowd,  
My muscles clench as I search for familiar faces,  
Time drags on, no familiar places.

Features flutter past,  
Pale faces, blue lips.  
The bustle of the platform juxtaposing  
The mud-cattered mess my life has become.

Erupting from nowhere,  
Shrieks and hollers explode in the air surrounding  
me.

Bracing myself for attack,  
I duck, covering my head.

However, gunshots don't rip through the air,  
There is just the cheering of the crowd,  
As we depart the train.

As I stumble through the milling crowd,  
I collide with an older man.  
Stuttering my apologies, he cuts me short,  
"Don't be sorry lad." He cries. "You've given us  
freedom."

Stuart Walton 2017