

POETRY  
NATIONAL  
DAY

**National Poetry Day 2018**  
**Year 7 Winner**  
**Joshua Rogers**

The Little Flame

A little flicker was how it began,  
A tiny speck so small it was almost invisible.

A small light suddenly appeared.

As it ate its way through its hunger,  
Building its strength, growing and glowing,

It devoured its logs, paper and coal,

Until it turned as red as blood.

This was not just a normal light,

It was a bloodthirsty flame.

As it grew it breathed smoke

Which was as black as coal.

Ash appeared, grey as pencil lead.

As it devoured its food, it went too far.

A second later, a house collapsed.

And what was alive

Was now

Dead.



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## Year 9 Winner

### Grace Price

#### Change

I am old with a beard the colour of rust,  
My faces are wrinkled and worn with dust.

I lay in darkness for days on end,  
In these quiet silent walls that bend  
And twist and cave and collapse in,  
On my brothers, sisters, all of my kin.

On some occasions, the sky splits in two  
And our dark world explodes into blue.  
Some of us venture through this tear in the night,  
Some of us stay, petrified we might  
Be the next few plucked from the comfort of dark,  
Yet everything they take still leaves their mark.

Taken. Taken, ripped from my home,  
Grabbed by a hand that calls me its own.  
They give me away for someone new to keep,  
Thrust back into darkness, cast in deep  
To someone else's collection, 'til even they too  
Decide to give me to some new.

Royals have held me in their hands,  
Maybe your ancestors or your favourite band  
Have kept me close for months on end  
And used me, held me, lent me to a friend.  
So I must admit, through my journey be strange,  
I am simply a penny, in a pocketful of change.

*Grace Hutton*

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## Key Stage 4 Winner

### Megan Walton

#### Too Late to Change

I hate this man. I hate him.  
Living in the flat across from me,  
Always offering a spot of tea.  
I always say no to the freak,  
But he keeps on asking week after week.

I hate this man. I hate him.  
I see him in the lobby halls,  
I see him in the shopping stalls.  
Old man, just let me be!  
I don't even like you, can't you see?

I hate this man. I hate him.  
Your stupid stories are dumb and boring,  
Every one of them leaves me snoring.  
I don't care that you were born in Rome,  
Why can't you just leave me alone?

I hated that man. I hated him.  
But that opinion went out in flames,  
Just like him, his flat and those dusty old picture  
frames.

The police say it was just him up there,  
I'll never misjudge anyone again I swear.

