

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.



National Poetry Day 2018 Year 8 Winner Sonny Walsh

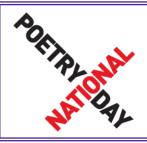
Time Flies By

Here's where it would all begin,
The very first season, we call it spring.
Birds will sing and the lambs will play,
The sun will rise and fall each day.

School is out, time for fun,
We stay out all day: play, laugh and run.
Summer is here, oh we wish it would stay,
We want the rain to go away!

Green has gone, now amber and gold,
The season has changed, it's stating to get cold.
It's trick or treat time, now autumn is here,
This is only for fun, so please never fear.

Snow will start falling onto the ground, It's the best time of year to have family around. Presents from Santa and a room full of cheer, Then all you have left is a Happy New Year!



National Poetry Day 2018 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.



National Poetry Day 2018 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.