



Short Cuts

A selection of poems from
Kingston Readers' Festival
Poetry Competition 2012

JUDGES

Anne Rowe

Reader in English Literature
Kingston University

Sandy Williams

Director, Kingston Readers' Festival

Alison Hill

Rhythm & Muse

Kim Lockwood

Kingston University





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PREFACE

Many of this year's entries for the Kingston Readers' Festival Poetry Competition illustrate a need to share human experience. The majority of poems look outwards and draw on the common threads of human life: the natural world, time, life and loss. The poems frequently forgo subjective meditation in favour of using poetry to locate their speakers and characters as parts of a greater societal whole. In the face of natural, economic and social unrest, these poems emphasise familiarity and connectedness rather than isolation.

As always, the Young Person's category offers a fantastic array of fresh perceptions. In their work, these poets, all aged fifteen and under, present the world as they see it with extraordinary inventiveness and brilliant attention to detail. Marina McCready's 'Richmond Park' creates an imaginative sense of wonder: a deer becomes 'a horse with twigs on its hat/It has little boxes on its feet like shoes'; Kutloogh Qureshi's 'Panthera Leo' relocates the reader to the wild 'savannahs' of Africa and the primal battle between predator and prey. Kutloogh's changing rhyme scheme chases the poem's pace along, mimicking the hunting movements of his 'King' lion. Daniel Murray's 'Disaster on the Picnic' and Beverley Luu's 'Miss Jenkins's Toast' each surreally re-imagine the mundanities of daily life. Daniel's picnic goes dramatically awry, as the drunken speaker is flung from creature to creature, and Beverley's school day is interrupted by the arrival of a highly precocious raven.

Sophie McCorquodale's 'Ouch!' is, like Daniel's and Beverley's poems, fantastically dramatic, full of expressive snaps and thumps. Sophie plays out the horrible moment of

delayed realisation after being stung by a wasp, ('I think something bit my hand,/Although I could not see anything there'), capturing her speaker's voice with her relaxed language and attention to detail: 'I was slurping a bubblegum ice cream [...] Hmmm so delicious'. Joshua Greiner's 'I'm an eight year old boy and there's things I like to do' similarly crafts a fantastic impression of the speaker's character through his poetic voice, the adamant eight year old boy who offers no justification for his actions other than the titular, 'Because that's what I like to do'.

Reworking the familiar into something new is the overriding theme of the Young Person's category. In 'King Queen Knave', George Pepper crafts a quirky and dramatic narrative from a pack of cards, instilling a sense of purpose and emotion behind well-recognised images of clubs, hearts, diamonds and spades. Patrick Hughes's 'Chess Poem' is a collection of stanza-long mini narratives which, like the pieces they refer to, form crucial parts of a whole. Patrick offers perceptive insight into the different role each piece must play, from the 'King or Queen', 'Mighty, regal and in charge' to the 'loyal but tiny pawn/Charging always onwards/So a piece can be reborn'; even Patrick's title is playfully typographic, echoing the chequered chess board.

Atish Sisodia's poem reworks the image of a candle into a symbol for pain inflicted, often carelessly, on others: 'As she lit the candle,/I saw it gaze in pain,/A single tear rolled down its cheek,/And then it cried in vain.' Atish's closing image of a candle's limitless generosity being taken advantage of by 'the people who gave [nothing] in return' is simple and perceptive, and truly resonates with the reader. 'Mystery Girl', by Tiegán Carter Edwards, also explores the symbolism of illumination,

the speaker's shadow presenting a sophisticated image for the secrets we keep, even from ourselves: 'She's pitch black, she follows me'. Eleanor Pullen's 'The Pumpkin' picks up this metaphor of light, with the 'pumpkin glowing so bright', and combines it with the theme of transience, popular in both the Young Person's and Adult categories. The sudden break of the rhyming couplets at the poem's close lends a great sense of drama to the light's extinction, and casts a shadow of sadness as Hallowe'en passes.

This idea of time passing is a central theme in the Young Person's category. Jay Bartram's five-line prose poem, 'The Seasons', offers precise snapshots of a year passing, beginning with an autumnal 'army of leaves' and closing on the warmth of the sun 'beam[ing] down on your face which lightens/up your day'. Eleanor Williams's 'Savour the Moment' echoes this focus on transience, and offers a mature and spiritual examination of the sadness which surrounds loss. To sustain a rhyme scheme over twenty-one stanzas is no mean feat, and Eleanor's persistent refrain of 'Savour the Moment' is well-worked as a choral line to draw her readers' attention back to the experience of time passing even as they read through the poem. Dina Vafakish Sistani's 'Dear Diary' is more a playful expression of time, using nonsense rhyme ('On Friday/I was excited about the party/and we got a smartie') to make the reader remember that, despite its routines and regularities, life can always be unexpected, surprising and, if you let it, quite a lot of fun.

Festivity rules in the Young Persons' category: Mariam Nossair's 'The Christmas Tree', Zameer Shahpurwala's 'One Silent Night' and David Gardner's 'The Season of Snow' capture the magical anticipation of Christmas, and gave the



judges a much-needed reminder of the holiday season on a particularly grim and dreary January afternoon. All three poems present a wealth of visual imagery as ‘Santa and his reindeers’ get to work, ‘placing presents under the Christmas tree’ which ‘stands still and bright’, decked in ‘gold, red, blue and green’. Reading through these poems, we could, as David notes, taste the ‘Excitement in the air’.

Marilyn Hammick’s ‘How to feed a dolphin’ continues this focus on celebration into the Adult category. The poem is imaginative and quirky, the opening couplet’s ‘boy/who wears the water like a couture gown’ establishing its striking imagery. Fingers ‘belly-dance’ over a dolphin’s ‘raincloud’ snout, play water like ‘tremolo chords’. Hammick’s poem expresses a refreshing lust and enthusiasm for life, capturing the scene’s lightness and joy.

For the most part, however, this year’s Adult entries have a more sombre tone.

A sense of loss permeates Ruth Sherrington’s poems, ‘Beech’ and ‘Decomposition’, as they explore the transience of nature and the speaker’s attempts to come to terms with their own life passing. Despite its title, ‘Decomposition’ remains optimistic, finding reassurance in nature’s cyclical processes of renewal: although the speaker laments the ‘beautiful decay’, hope comes as ‘the fierce shoots of new plants [burst]/Through the dark ground’. Sarah Swing’s ‘The Journey’ offers a more playful look at perceptions of time, opening with an elderly couple sitting ‘Quiet as the grave’. The clash of modernity and antiquity formed as imagery of a ‘tortoise on a skateboard’ butts up against the ‘woman, erect, Sphinx-like’ gives a great sense of nostalgia for a time when the elderly couple were





young, before ‘respect’ gave way to the fads and crazes of more modern life.

Echoing this clash of modern and traditional, both Ruth Sherrington’s ‘Beech’ and Sarah Swing’s ‘Oceans Apart’ rework the poetic practice of using natural imagery to express human emotion. ‘Oceans Apart’ is deeply Romantic, the speaker railing against the foolishness of falling for the false promise of sanctuary offered by a ‘twisted beam of blue-grey light’ cast out across ‘the vast/Storm-tossed ocean’. ‘Beech’ echoes this dismay of natural mysteries being falsely illuminated, the magic of leaves forming ‘Perfect specimens of themselves, with fan-shaped folds’ ruined by the urge to ‘Unravel to see perfection’. In a world where technology makes information more readily accessible than ever before, poetry has become necessarily protective of the idea of mystery.

Conversely, poetry has also become a source of order. A turbulent twelve months has been counterbalanced in this year’s entries with a resurgence in the use of poetic form. Valerie Purcell’s sestina, ‘Earthquake’, uses the poem’s formal restrictions to convey the desperate search for meaning and order in the aftermath of natural disaster. The land where ‘before the shaking of the earth/lives lived’ is now dense and wrought, humming and smothered, the poem presenting a battle of wills between order and destruction as ‘fallen stones/in pointless mounds stare blindly at the sun’ and ‘The sun stares back’. Valerie’s sonnet, ‘Van Gogh – Crows over a Cornfield’, similarly searches for meaning in chaos, the comforting refrain of the sonnet’s rhyming couplets forming a stark contrast to the poem’s imaginative rendering of inner turmoil, as crows ‘roar abuse [...] and fly/across the sun, curdling the light’. Graham Walker’s villanelle, ‘Surrendering’, is more playful and





experimental in its ordering of natural chaos. Walker's alliteration exaggerates the severe limitations of the villanelle form, which allows only two rhymes to play out over its nineteen lines. Walker's intense sibilance, combined with the form's inherent circularity, is hypnotic – and challenging to say aloud – and highlights the futility of seeking unnatural order in the natural world.

Graham Walker's third prize-winning villanelle, 'Death in Venice', truly uses the form to transport the reader to another world. Walker creates a bleak and atmospheric Venice through the poem's slow pace and intense repetition. The contrast between the still 'whiteness' which 'abounds' and the more manic 'cries' and 'tears' of 'spirits' impressively elicits the key elements of Thomas Mann's short story from which Walker's poem takes its name.

By contrast, this year's second prize-winning poem, Sarah Swing's 'Degrees of Separation', locates loss in a familiar domestic realm. It's the everyday things which undo Swing's speaker, the 'tip of the iron nosing its way/Into the crease of a sleeve' and the 'Forgotten smiles on framed faces' that create the sense of sadness. 'Degrees of Separation' quietly longs for mystery, the speaker wishing, as in 'Beech' and 'Oceans Apart', that they could 'Choo[se] not to know'. Swing's use of rhyme feels very natural when read aloud, building alongside the poem's rhythm to create a sense of reliability and comfort which the closing couplet dashes: 'you wanted to stay/[...] I'd forced you to go.'

This year's first prize-winning poem, Marilyn Hammick's 'Unstitched' is, like 'Degrees of Separation', a relatable experience of loss. This poem stood out for the judges as a





subtle and underplayed observation on loss which effectively draws its imagery from the natural world. The poem's sustained image of the 'patch of sunflowers' which evokes the speaker's memory of the 'brown sweater', belonging to a loved one lost, is gloriously simple. It's a perfect snapshot, a poetic representation of that familiar sensation, where sadness makes it all too easy for memories to be stirred. 'Unstitched' has a timeless quality; it offers no clear cultural context and does not reveal any more than is necessary about the speaker, but the judges felt that the poem's lack of specificity made it unique. It was a scenario that we all recognised, expressed with great precision and carefully considered detail.

Kim Lockwood
Kingston University
2012



ADULT CATEGORY

1st Prize

Unstitched

Half way down the hill
a patch of sunflowers lingers,
the shape, the colour
of your brown sweater,
the one with its sleeve edges
unravelling, elbows exposed.

The summer has scorched
these fields, leaving a shape,
a colour that I now unpick
back to the yarn I stitched, row
after row, warmth slipped
over your body, year after year.

I sorted your clothes last winter,
emptying an empty space,
finding new bodies for all but one.

Marilyn Hammick



2nd Prize

Degrees of Separation

I watched you, preparing to leave;
The tip of the iron nosing its way
Into the crease of a sleeve,
Heat and moisture, released.
I watched you, filling up your cases;
Forgotten smiles on framed faces,
Folding shared memories
Into small spaces.
I faced my back to the door.
Choosing not to know
That you wanted to stay,
That I'd forced you to go.

Sarah Swing



3rd Prize

Death in Venice

Snow falling in Venice, whiteness abounds
Souls now abandoned, lie crisp, cold and still
The scourge of cholera hovers all around

Families broken, stacked down in the ground
Cries follow tears, cast high with a loud shrill
Snow falling in Venice, whiteness abounds

The Lido now empty, St. Marks no sound
Grand Canal silent, gondolas quite still
The scourge of cholera hovers all around

Doge's Palace shuttered, Palazzos now bound
With chains and locks to keep out those ill
Snow falling in Venice, whiteness abounds

A moment of gladness takes off the frown
Spirits awake, and snatch life with its thrill
The scourge of cholera hovers all around

Dark nights return, cruel shadows are thrown
On children and parents who lie quite still
Snow falling in Venice, whiteness abounds
The scourge of cholera hovers all around

Graham Walker



How to feed a dolphin

Find yourself in the Rio Negra beside a boy
who wears the water like a couture gown.

Play the river with your fingers
as you would play tremolo chords.

Know a dolphin will seek your hand
with its raincloud grey snout.

Belly-dance your fingers over muscle
smooth and strong as a spider's thread.

Offer small fish on your flattened palm,
feel baptised by grace.

Marilyn Hammick





Earthquake

Up here, before the shaking of the earth
lives lived. Now the fallen stones
in pointless mounds stare blindly at the sun.
The sun stares back. On the glittering air
there hangs the taste of olives, sage and thyme,
wild fragrance melted from them by the heat.

Mid-afternoon. High sun. Vibrating heat.
Heat that quivers, crushes, cooks the earth.
This heat that scoured the buildings in their time
now blesses flowers but punishes the stones.
Heat drags the soothing moisture from the air
and sucks it spitefully towards the sun.

The ruins of a tower point to the sun.
Its shaded flank, protected from the heat
shelters a mountain goat, sniffing the air,
invisible, the colour of the earth
mingled with the blotched and faded stones.
A single, ancient goat, marooned in time.

For just their tiny element of time
butterflies bounce, skipping in the sun
among the shameless flowers, framed by the stones.
For their brief span they can ignore the heat.
Tomorrow they will spiral back to earth,
This is their day, their single blink of air.



From somewhere carried gently on the air
there is a sound of bells that measure time.
The sound of creatures humming in the earth.
This place cannot be silenced by the sun.
Its noises are not smothered by the heat.
Perhaps I hear the groaning of the stones.

The heft of history is in these stones
Releasing ancient voices in the air,
Enduring elements, defying heat.
Here there is no thermostat of time.
Weeks, months and years are nothing to the sun
and time snagged here when nature shook the earth.

The heat is not enough to melt the stones
cremate the earth or set fire to the air.
But here it blisters time, this vicious sun.

Valerie Purcell



Oceans Apart

Across the vast
Storm-tossed Ocean
Of crumpled white
A twisted beam of blue-grey light shines,
Guiding me across the dark of night
And is mistaken for sanctuary.

I am such a drowning fool,
It's a siren call,
Stranding me on rocks, mid-sea.
Out here I am alone.
No OS maps or guidance home,
No contours or gridlines.
Not a buoy in sight.

A distant roar, way off
A secure shore is out of reach.
Sinking, I struggle, throw out a line.
A fortune-telling cellophane fish,
Your edges curl inwards,
Denying me all
But a verdict to drown with:
'Unlucky in Love'.

Sarah Swing





Surrendering

Seven starlings swirling, savagely, slashed
Soaring, skimming, swerving, so startling
Scattered, so shattered, so severed, so smashed

Skies serene, sunsets so soft, showers stashed
Surely, softly, silently surveying
Seven starlings swirling, savagely, slashed

Summers since savoured, spring solstice surpassed
Solar splendour, sweet soul saturating
Scattered, so shattered, so severed, so smashed

Squally storms surfacing, sunsets so squashed
Screeching, searching, savouring, swallowing
Seven starlings swirling, savagely, slashed

Spirits silenced, sinews suddenly squashed
Sucked so swiftly, sadly surrendering
Scattered, so shattered, so severed, so smashed

Slowly stalling, silently spinning, stashed
Stuttering, squalling, soon sinking, sliding
Seven starlings swirling, savagely, slashed
Scattered, so shattered, so severed, so smashed

Graham Walker



Beech

Slipping backwards through time, I am delighted
By beech buds, tightly wrapped in thin brown paper
Overlapping as it travels up the thin spear
Which has to be unwrapped now, not in spring
Not later when the buds are ready but now.
It's because of the leaves - vivid -
Microcosmic,
Perfect specimens of themselves, with fan-shaped folds
Wrapped tightly in the brown sheath.
Unwrapped they are already perfect, ready to change
That bare hedge into a wall of intense green.

Sharply-pointed buds cause no pain to the picker,
Only the slow understanding
Of how we destroy to see creation,
Unravel to see perfection,
Cannot put back what is undone.

Ruth Sherrington

The Journey

Quiet as the grave, lost in memory
The elderly couple sit
Opposite sides of the train.
So slow, so patient, the old man;
So fast and slick the train:
A tortoise on a skateboard,
Head nodding to the clack refrain.
The woman, erect, Sphinx-like
Crowned with solemn, black hat;
Icy specs, hands gloved, folded,
Demanding respect.
The train is stopped, delayed;
A garbled announcement relayed.
The gist he fails to grasp; enquiries.
The Sphinx responds in tones loud,
Clipped as bones, not once, but twice.
Final destination, almost in sight.

Sarah Swing



Van Gogh - Crows over a Cornfield

I am tormented by the crows
that swarm in gangs above the rows
of corn. Beneath a furious sky.
they roar abuse at me and fly
across the sun, curdling the light
into my cell. I rage for night.
These violent creatures guard the route
away from here and they pollute
the silence, fill my poisoned brain
with sights and sounds of wings and pain.
I have no weapon, cannot harm them,
Can form no noise that will alarm them.
The loaded brush has no restraint.
I strike them with my lethal paint.

Valerie Purcell





Decomposition

Feather, not to be airborne, brown
As the mud it becomes – light, skeletal,
Full of food for the new birth –
Rotting leaf.

Beautiful decay, with tendrils of veins
Holding translucent scraps of fabric
In the evasive structure of death.

Nothing remains of this, in spring,
But the fierce shoots of new plants bursting
Through the dark ground.

I am not sure if I can match the leaf
In giving.
Maybe nothing will spring from my passing
- Just erasure and omission.

If I must fade and go, let there be goodness left,
Some touch of spring, a shaft of sun
To dress this beautiful world in shades of green
I shall not see.

Ruth Sherrington



YOUNG PEOPLE'S CATEGORY

Chess Poem

I'd like to be a chessboard,
In dashing black and white
A battle ground for players small
Who duel with all their might.

I'd like to be a White piece,
A King or Queen perhaps
Mighty, regal and in charge
Avoiding many traps.

I'd like to be a Black piece,
With plans and strategies
Working every move out
For an outcome that will please.

I'd like to be a Chess piece,
A Bishop or a Rook
Protecting my great master
I'm a piece they wish they took.

I'd like to be a Chess piece,
A loyal but tiny pawn
Charging always onwards
So a piece can be reborn.

I'd like to be a Chess piece,
Life played on chequered squares
A mighty game of cunning
For anyone who dares.

Patrick Hugh



Savour The Moment

Savour The Moment;
Cherish the time.
Slow down the seconds;
The church clock's last chime.

Days pass us by
Without even a glance.
So don't be afraid
Of taking a chance.

The time spent together,
The moments you share,
You keep when you wake
To find they're not there.

Savour The Moment;
Just stop to think.
Slow down the seconds;
They're gone in a blink.

Do we even notice
How much we are blessed,
By people that love us
Until they have left?

Can we forgive it
The time we have lost?
Ourselves and our dear ones
Will soon pay the cost.





Savour The Moment;
Live every day.
Slow down the seconds;
And hope they will stay.

As the world rushes by
You need to sit down.
Even almighty kings
Must surrender their crown.

Look back on the laughter,
The times that you shared.
When all seemed so joyful
For nobody cared.

Savour The Moment;
And all that is said.
Slow down the seconds;
Let go of the dread.

You frolic through daisies,
Skip and dance without care.
Days of childhood in summer
Are lost to the air.

Your love is beside you,
They're taking your hand.
Draw in a deep breath, now
And march to the band.





Savour The Moment;
Live each like there's no more.
Slow down the seconds;
Love deep from your core.

But though they have left,
They are not yet gone.
We cling to their memory.
In us they live on.

Savour The Moment;
Give back the years.
Slow down the seconds;
And we will have no fears.

The angels are calling,
Beckoning you in.
Yet your love is still with you.
They weep from within.

The pain that it gives you
Is too much to bear.
You want to be with them-
Way back down there.

Savour The Moment;
Love is not dead.
Slow down the seconds;
And now you have read...





I bid you good greetings
Throughout all of life's trials.
With love and good courage
You can walk many miles.

The great winds are fading.
Time is almost done.
The playing is over-
The game has been won.

But we shall never leave.
We cannot break the bond;
Because we still watch over you
From the great land beyond.

Eleanor Williams



The Season of Snow

Children running,
Parents far behind,
The time has come for snow to fall,
Snowballs flying through the air at such a pace,
SOMEONES BEEN HIT IN THE FACE!

Christmas trees in every house,
All along the, white puffy street,
Snowflakes falling, promptly breaking,
Few cars racing.

Food is storing,
People waiting,
Snow fights continuing,
Excitement in the air,
Days passing not a present to be seen.

Time is running out,
Parents getting frantic,
Children getting impatient,
Such a rush, the snow is falling faster!
Speech: have you found out when it is?
no time for boredom,
WHY IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME OF COURSE!

David Gardner



The Pumpkin

This pumpkin glowing so bright,
Sits alone in the darkness of night.
As plump as a pillow on a puffed up sheet,
Looking down the dead end street.
Trick-or-treaters scream in fright -
A pumpkin face in the full moonlight.
An hour goes by and the sweets all go,
A boy comes out and starts to blow.
As Hallowe'en comes to an end,
The boy blows the candle and the pumpkin is
Dead.

Eleanor Pullen





King Queen Knave

King, Queen, Knave

I once knew a girl with a broken heart

I offered her a club, a diamond and a spade.

She took the club and with an angry heart

Killed the man whose love she craved.

I took the diamond with a joyful heart

And put it on the finger of my pretty maid.

We took the spade with vengeful hearts,

Buried the man, his sins repaid.

George Pepper





The Seasons

An Army of leaves painted the grass as I walked along
the grey winding path.

The children playing and laughing in the ice cold snow.

In the spring, animals are all having babies while
daffodils look pretty.

In the summer the warm sun beams down on your face
which lightens
up your day.

Jay Bartram



Ouch!!!

One sizzling hot summer's day
I was slurping a bubblegum ice cream,
I bought at Pembroke Lodge,
Licking and licking it,
Hmmm soo delicious,

Ouch!!!!

What was that?
Aw PAIN PAIN!
I think something bit my hand,
Although I could not see anything there,
Mum says a wasp stung me,
Mum takes me sobbing to the Doctors,
After all of that turns out I am fine,
Next time I will look out for wasps.

Sophie McCorquodale

Miss Jenkins' toast! (or rather, birdseed)

Suddenly, a raven descends,
I was trying to make amends
For arriving ten minutes late.
Jess was sorry, 'cause she's my mate.
Miss Jenkins paused in mid-lecture:
She'd spotted my pet – Mr Fletcher.
She stared. She gawped. Her jaw went slack.
“You! Get that raven off your back!”
I paused. I looked puzzled. “What bird?”
She frowned at the offending word.
She poked Fletcher on his tummy.
That was bad, 'cause he thought “yummy!”
He opened his beak- snap, snap, snap!
Miss Jenkins got into a flap
'Cause Fletcher thought she was a worm!
Mean Miss Jenkins was off all term!

Beverley Luu



One Silent Night

One silent night when it was as quiet as a mouse,
Santa and his reindeers were giving presents house to house.
Santa was placing presents under the Christmas tree,
Whilst children were dreaming in their snug beds, cosily.
Christmas time was finally there,
People singing carols everywhere.

Zameer Shahpurwala





The Christmas tree

The Christmas tree stands still and bright
all decorations shining bright.
The Christmas tree glitters with tinsel
and the star lighting the dark sky.
The tree rocks gently
all the baubles are swaying with joy.
All the red berries shining brightly
gold, red, blue and green
all sorts of colours filling the Christmas tree.
The magical day is coming!

Mariam Nossair



Dear Diary

On Monday,
I ate a pie
with a tie.

On Tuesday,
I found some gold
that was very old.

On Wednesday,
I was in a hurry
for a curry.

On Thursday,
I was mad
because the weather was bad.

On Friday,
I was excited about the party
and we got a smartie.

On Saturday,
I went to the swimming pool
and the water was really cool!

On Sunday,
I didn't get mucky
when I went to feed the ducky.

Dina Vafakish Sistani



The Candle

As she lit the candle,
I saw it gaze in pain,
A single tear rolled down its cheek,
And then it cried in vain.

I deeply thought inside,
About the candle giving light,
To the people who gave none in return,
In the darkness of the night.

Atish Sisodia



Disaster on the Picnic

Today I went on a picnic with my friends,
I got drunk for once,
and I got left behind sadly.
I was flicked up in the air by something,
I did a somersault
and I was caught by a beak.

I was pinched and dented all over,
and I shouted "DROP ME!"
Finally the beak dropped me,
suddenly I felt and heard a SPLASH!
The water was icy cold as I drifted
to the edge.

A little hand picked me up,
and I heard "this is useless"
as I flew backwards onto a hard track.
I heard a loud THUMP!
A fluffy paw crushed me
And I was left alone helpless.

A distant gallop came closer and closer to me,
suddenly I got flicked backwards by a hoof,
and landed in a park bin!
I shouted "WHAT A DISASTEROUS PICNIC!"
I hope my friends are here.

Daniel Murray

I'm an eight year old Boy and there's things I like to do

I'm an eight year old boy and there's things I like to do
I like to tease my sister when she's sat upon the loo
I call her Mrs Stinky and I switch off the bathroom light
She screams for our Mummy because it gives her such a fright
When Mummy asks me why I do it I simply reply
I always tease my sister
because that's what I like to do.

I'm an eight year old boy and there's things I like to do
Like playing football on a sunny afternoon
I play with all my classmates and a few of my friends too
And when I score a hat trick I shout "Scooby Scooby doo!"
When the coach shouts "Josh! Pass the ball," I sometimes just
ignore
And when my Dad ask why I do it I simply reply
Because that's what I like to do.

I'm and eight year old boy and there's things I like to do
Like eating chocolate sundaes, Pizza, cake and potatoes too
When people give me sprouts I shout "That's absolutely ughh
Are you trying to poison me? Is that what you're trying to do?"
When Granddad says, "Come now Josh, vegetables are good
for you,"
I say, "I'll never eat a vegetable
It's not what I like to do."

Joshua Greiner

Mystery Girl

Everywhere I go, I can see her.
Just there, nearby when it's moonlight.
I always step on her feet but she doesn't scream, "Argh!"
Because she's got no mouth or nose.
Like me she also has long wavy hair.
She's pitch black, she follows me.
When I do a sudden movement, she copies me.
She scares me because she has no eyes
and then I don't feel safe.
Sometimes she's at the side of me,
Behind me and even in front of me.
When it's bedtime, I switch off my light,
And suddenly, she's no longer there...

Tiegan Carter Edwards

Richmond Park

“What’s that Charlotte?” Who’s my nature crazed friend,
“The thing with ears that stand up on end,
It’s really cute, all white and grey,
And it’s bouncing about, so happy and gay,
It has a tail like a pom pom,
Into a hole and oh, it’s gone!”
But dear Charlotte, what on earth is that?
It looks like a horse with twigs on its hat,
It has little boxes on its feet like shoes,
Hiding behind the oaks and yews,
“Hello Dear Friend, How are you today?”
Ooops, now he is galloping away!”
“What’s that bird? The one coloured green,
Its eyes are beady, his feathers are clean,
Its long curved scarlet beak,
Opens and closes yet doesn’t speak,
I spread his tail feather, all of greeny blue,
Left his perch and off it flew!”
“But what’s that great majestic thing?
Plenty of feathers on each wide wing,
She swims gracefully, like she rules the place,
An orange beak in the middle of her face,
Then with several flapping wing beats,
She goes up into the air revealing large black webbed feet.
Suddenly it’s getting rather dark;
I think we had better leave Richmond Park.

Marina McCready



Panthera Leo

A Lion strides,
Where the grass is green,
And trees grow high,
Only a Deer can be seen,
The Lion slowly approaches the deer,
It feels no fear,
The Lion listens and waits,
The Deer has caught its scent and starts to run,
The chase continues in the immense heat of the Sun,
The Lion leaps onto the Deer with its enormous paws,
The Deer feels the Lion's razor-sharp claws,
It is dead,
In the grass lies its head,
The Lion eats until it can eat no more,
It lies down for its body is sore,
There is nothing in existence,
Just a faint call in the distance,
The lion rolls over to catch the warm rays of the Sun,
And then drifts off into a deep,
Very long and relaxing sleep,
When it wakes,
It climbs to the highest rock and roars,
Creatures in the forests and savannahs all pause,
It roars once more,
To show it's the King.

Kutloogh Qureshi



