



NATIONAL POETRY[®] DAY[®]

✦ 6TH OCTOBER 2022 ✦

POETRY
COMPETITION
WINNERS



WOLDINGHAM
SCHOOL



LET ME BE

by Gabrielle F, Year 7

Everything that I see is being cut down,
This includes all my sorrowful trees,
Not even one twig is left alone
Just let me be.

All the plastic is polluting the water,
You are hurting the animals and the sea,
All my sea creatures are disappearing because of you.
Please let me be.

Animals fall to the ground every day,
Every gun you shoot hurts more of me,
And every living thing is dying quicker than ever,
Why can't you let me be?

My weather is heating up, not even my tears can stop it,
This change is happening extremely quickly,
You look away whilst my ice melts away,
Stop hurting me and let me be!





THE OCEAN

by Jessica P, Year 8

I am vast, I am free
I can do whatever I want
And I have always been here.

You fill me with your unwanted, your waste
And yet, I stay
I am a home, I am their home
And I have always been here

I am there when there is death
I am there when there is life
And I have always been here

You drink from me
You feed off me
And then you choke me with your waste
You have forced me to black
You have drowned my creatures
And I have always been here

But even then
You are still not sorry
And you will keep on poisoning me with your presents
You know that it is wrong
But did you realise, that the guilt is lifelong?

NO NAME

by Manon D-C, Year 10

No Name

Stillness in movement

A Monsoon, relentless, breaking, clattering, striking
pit pater of thousands of little drops

Slip.

Where did it come from?

Seasons, a cycle of a single unbroken song bringing unfailingly--

Grasp.

Stillness in movement

Weather dashing across the sky in
an ever-changing whirl of color and light and—

Gasp.

Where did it go?

Crashing waves creasing the smooth surface
of the sea a vast expansive pool of everlasting—

Shatter.

Rubbish.

Ongoing but Unchanging

Said but Unspoken

Unknown—

Is it?

Thud.



Continued...



Alive.

A trillion tales tucked away
Infinite shadows tracing its wake.
Laying in waste in some unintended place

Space.

Thousands of years behind that single fall.
A million leaves -- A thousand branches

One trunk -- One tree?

Glance.

Take a look

Go on

Look close
A second to pause
What *does* it look like?
A moment to think
What *do you* think?
One blink
Fire, Famine, Flood
Another chance(?)

THE LOST AND FORGOTTEN

by Imo P W, Lower Sixth

The leaden waters of the Mediterranean,
made black by filthy oil,
the long-forgotten sailors' ships,
submerged to the deep,
by the very same sirens,
who now can only bleed.

Their melody polluted,
by work of human hand,
their scales no longer blue,
but the rotten colour of tan.

Cerberus welcomes in animals,
shaking his three heads,
the Spix Macaw, White Rhinos, Passenger Pigeons,
of which humans swore to protect.

Hades cradles them in his skeletal hands,
sending them to Elysium,
as the warriors they are,
much before their time should have come.

The goddess of night,
awake all day,
manipulated into believing the black clouds of industrialisation
were her blessed sanctuary.

The power of the gods is failing,
no more may they reign
should the lives of humans continue
of their own selfish gain.

