

NATIONAL POETRY DAY 5TH OCT 2023



National
Poetry
Day

#NATIONALPOETRYDAY

REFUGE



POETRY COMPETITION WINNERS



WOLDINGHAM
SCHOOL

REFUGE IN READING

by Farah P, Year 7

I look outside,
The ruins of my once glorious city stare at me unblinkingly,
Longing for a sweet escape, I reach for a book,
I read the words on the wise yellowed page,
Beckoning me like an old friend,
Now, instead of being among piles of broken bricks,
I am Anne of Green Gables,
Skipping through the poplar woods.

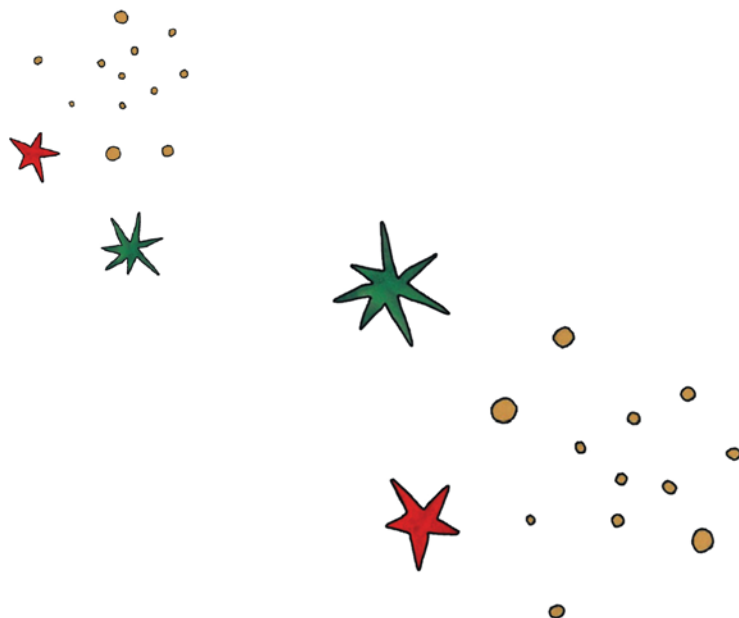
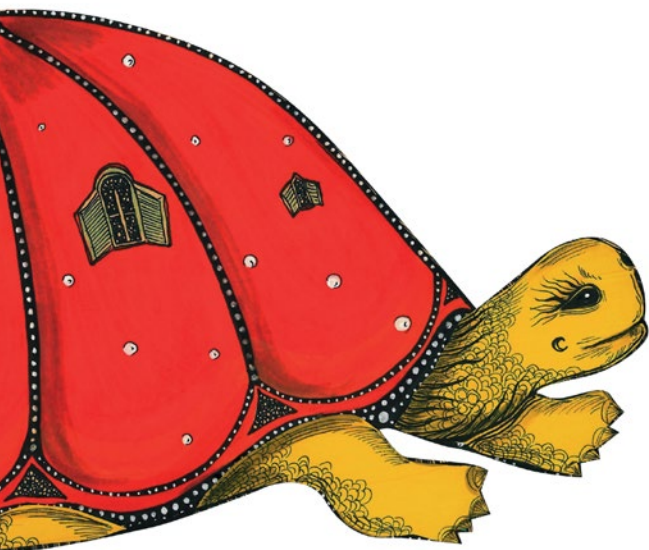
I open the cover with numb, frostbitten fingers,
A shiver spreads through me,
Mother telling me to stoke our dying fire,
I turn to the wood store to find it empty,
Longing for a sweet escape, I reach for a book,
I turn the pages as I sit before the feeble flames,
I am immediately transported to the Gryffindor common room,
Warming up before the roaring fire after a walk around the large castle grounds.

I am awoken by the sounds of shrill sirens,
Like screams piercing through the deathly silent night,
Longing for a sweet escape, I reach for a book,
The words transport me to Animal Farm,
Where I am plotting with my four legged friends.

I am called for supper,
Stale bread and soup that has lasted for days,
I walk over to where mother cooks,
Trying to find something that could make the bland meal more satisfactory,
Longing for a sweet escape, I reach for a book,
I lose myself in the story,
So instead what I see are scrumptiously sugary sweets,
And deliciously delectable delights,
Just like the ones Charlie saw in the Chocolate Factory.


Books give me refuge,
Each time I choose another gem from my small collection of magical portals that sit on a shelf,
I am no longer living through the beastly reality of war,
Instead I get to seek refuge through the words on the page,
A chance to live a different life.



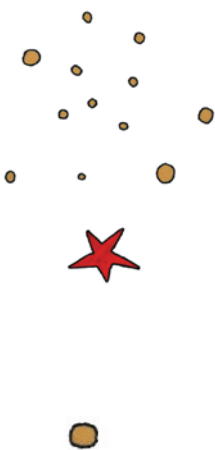





RUN

by Freya S, Year 9



Crash!
I shake in panic, my dog barking loudly
But quivering in fear
I smell smoke and terror
My mother gets up
Run,
She says,
Run
I take a carrier bag, stuff it and,
Run
I can hear screaming,
Crying all around
I see a bus
Crowded with people
Screech!
The old bus doors open,
So I get in.
Run,
I hear a whisper in the bus
Run,
I hear a baby cry, hungry and scared
Like me
He must run
CRASH!
The windows of the bus shatter
Shards of glass surround me
I smell blood
Run,
A man tells me
I see limp bodies on the streets



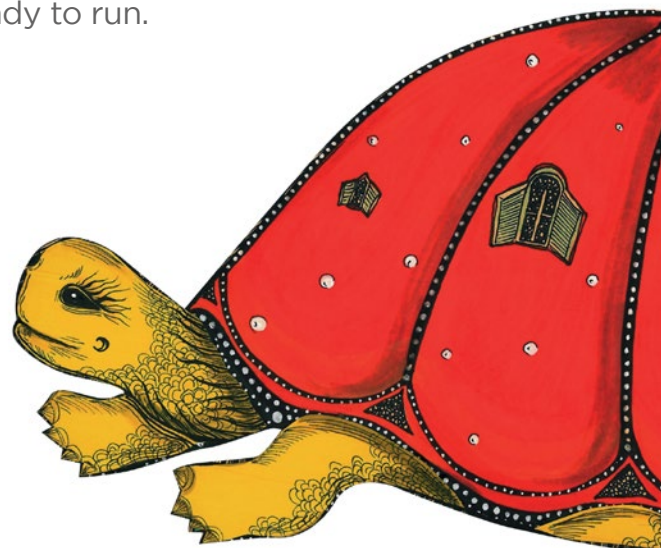
I can see fire rising from the main town
Where is my family?
Are they alive?
So many questions, that stay unanswered
I hear a gunshot
I see the bullet,
Racing past my eyes
Another gunshot
A stabbing pain in my stomach
My eyes become blurry
With tears
Somebody runs up
Run,
They tell me,
Run with me, and you will be safe
Run
I can barely stand
Boom!
Another explosion
Lighting up the sky
So I run
I run because my life depends on it.

When will I be safe again?

I lie in my bed
Cold at night
Worried,
When will the alarm go off?
When will the city burn again?
When will I have to hide again?
When will I be safe again?
Ssscreeeeeeeee



The alarm goes off
I run out of my small flat,
Dog in one hand,
Sister in other
Parents following
Screaming to stay safe
Then I hear it
A force throws me to the ground
The ringing in my ears slows me
But I know
A bomb has fallen on our block
Windows shatter
Screaming and crying follows
I smell smoke
And blood
I get up
I get away, with just a small cut
But others don't
They don't even get away
When will I feel safe again?
When will I be a child again?
My heart pounds
As my dog yelps
I search for my family
But they are gone
I must find a way without them
Someone runs up to me
In the dark light,
I can just make out my neighbour
Clutching my hand tightly
Ready to run.



HOME

by Imo P W, Upper Sixth

a church bell toll,
the day is gone
the night rushes in
but I'm not ready to be alone



the ghouls climb to Hades
their souls gone to the sky,
the shine of them
seems dim compared to you

the fresh mound remains
well into the night
the stars in the sky
small compared to my sun

the stars we once loved
shining down on me,
gone is your presence
joined with them instead.

i long for those
hot, summer nights
the air, pollution free
your face, alight.

i stay by the mound
lie there
like on those hot, summer nights
not ready to say goodbye
to my star in the sky.

