


**WOLDINGHAM SCHOOL**



**POETRY  
COMPETITION  
WINNERS**

**IN CONJUNCTION WITH**

**NATIONAL  
POETRY   
DAY 2020**

**See It Like a Poet**



# COLOURS OF LIFE

by Amelia, Year 7

So fast is this thing called life, we journey toward its end,  
experiencing pieces of a puzzle we don't truly comprehend.

The hues of our emotion paint a picture of our past,  
as we hurtle toward a destiny that is not meant to last.

Youth a canvas all in white, not knowing what awaits,  
feel caresses of a brush that which we know as fate.

Love so very true in reds, that beat within our heart,  
shadows black take form as hate, which tears the soul apart.

Greens of joy and happiness, lush grass beyond compare,  
sadness, shrouded depths of blue, the waters of despair.

Yellow screams of agony and pain which we endure.  
Guilt and shame are shades of grey, a endless downpour.

Earthy brown desires are that for which we lust,  
the loss of which comes with age, like iron begins to rust.

The image changing constantly as time plods slowly on,  
taking shape in many forms, as the twilight replaces dawn.

We look into a mirror for the answers which we seek,  
but we find no consolation as our eyes grow dim and weak.

The final touches on a painting created with much love,  
as we realize that the destination is the gallery above.

# VISION

by Lily-Mae, Year 8

Seasons,  
First is Spring,  
For everyday brings something new,  
The feeling of being enveloped by the vivid, sparkling treasures,  
The quivering, fresh, green finery,  
And the vibrant sights and sounds of springs symphony of song-birds.

Second is summer,  
The fresh morning sun, shimmering dazzling blue,3 poured in  
through the windows  
And the blazing carpet of bluebells,  
Flowers like piles of jewels, flooded warmth into the land  
Summer cloaked with purple heather, stifling hot and the air still,  
Among the clicking of the crickets and the lazy humming of bees,  
The aroma of barbecued food lingering in the air.

Third is Autumn,  
The leaves on the trees were dressed in their suits of red and gold,  
The branches were painted with autumns crisp.  
The trees danced and the leaves rushed along the ground,  
Above me, clouds fluffy like cotton balls drifted across the sky  
Autumns crisp leaves crackle and crunch as we step on them.

Last, but not least, Winter,  
Waking up on the first of December in a fairytale world cloaked in  
snow,  
Our breath in clouds around us like white ocean blending into the  
sky around,  
The trees stock still like ice sculptures, with long icicles which fell  
like daggers,  
Trapped in a white whirling wall of snow burying my feet and the  
blanketing the fields all around,  
The ice above me fell from the branches in a delicate shower.

# PERFECT

by Léonie, Year 11

Perfect,  
Engulfing every essence of my being,  
like a shroud,  
That removes all senses that are freeing.  
An illusion,  
Distorting the reflection I see before me.  
Reflection  
Mirroring a mind that cannot agree.

Perfect.  
Blinding is the faultless form  
Which haunts.  
Rationality cannot break this storm,  
This tempest.  
A bottomless pit to spiral in  
To lose,  
A war that almost none can win.

Perfect,  
A vision nearly all desire.  
Sparking,  
The most gigantic fire.  
But ahead,  
Surging, crystal water falls  
To end  
All the internal brawls.

# WHAT I SEE IS WHAT I THINK

by Olivia, Year 11

What I see is what I think  
but what I think is not what I see.

And day, by day  
by day  
your scent fades slowly from my sleeves.  
My mind is empty.

I, am empty.

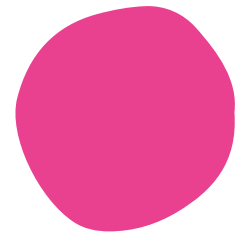
Like aching roars of passing trains  
and rain under the stars,  
like endless eyes of hurricanes  
and worlds devoid of art,

are you, art?  
Because I think you are.

You are the silence in a sound.  
An arabesque of the breeze.  
The peace between a heartbeat;  
a reason not to leave.  
The very fabric of the night,  
the silk of seamless sleep.  
The depth of beauty in a dream; a reason,  
to feel.

But I am empty.  
I am so, so empty  
to know what could've been.

To know that what I see is what I think  
But what I think is not what I see.



# VISIONS OF KALOPSISIA

by Madeleine, Lower Sixth

Hand in mine, floating in a mist of darkness,  
never quite touching,  
together we cast one shadow on the wall, lunae lumen  
illuminating, with torped quickness we drift  
along empty hallways, ethereal fingers press ivory softly,  
spindly toes scrape cracked stone,  
flaccid chrysanths and barren leaves,  
Alexander watches from his marble throne.  
This castle never scared me,  
paint crumbling walls join rotting floorboards,  
carvings scratched by broken nails. You hid from Azrael  
and now we dance our first, transcending  
beyond centuries, I feel the tender strings pull.  
You led me up the staircase, frozen breath caught on soft lips,  
placed a necklace of hope and together we flew  
suspended in time.