

Woldingham School Poetry Competition for

National
POETRY
Day 2021

Winner - Marden

Choices Have Wings

Step on a butterfly and a new world is born.
Everything changes in a single act.
The fabric of everyday things is torn

The food you eat, the clothes you've worn,
Your choice has changed it all, to be exact.
Step on a butterfly and a new world is born.

From one decision a new picture is drawn,
From the concrete to the abstract.
The fabric of everyday things is torn.

It was such a small thing, you could've sworn.
You only really saw it after the fact.
Step on a butterfly and a new world is born.

Choices have consequences, they warn
But you never thought it would have such impact.
The fabric of everyday things is torn.

Now a green sun rises on a new morn
And the glass in the window is cracked.
Step on a butterfly and a new world is born
The fabric of everyday things is torn.

By Alice S, Year 8



Winner - Main House

Tones

I walked down the path.

Small flakes of ice and snow descended softly.

Silence.

I tried to remember the last time I could hear the sounds.

And came up blank.

Melancholy enveloped my atmosphere, and I suddenly stopped.

In front of me, a small pool of water cut across the path, a splash of reflected colour.

Reflected in the tiny expanse of water was the night sky.

Highlighted by beams of moonlight, enveloping, and covering its surface with a scatter of stars, the pale blank face of the moon and the protective arms of the oak trees, reaching over the dark sky scape of... unknown.

A cool winter breeze bit through my clothes, causing me to shiver and stirring ripples in the tiny body of water.

And for a second, I imagined a little boat, traveling its expanse, braving the waves.

I stood there, for who knows how long, seconds, minutes, hours, infinity, it didn't make a difference.

My imagination ran wild, connecting the stars, creating images, stories.

I imagined Artemis, in her full splendour, riding her chariot across the heavens.

Stars changed to musical notes, as a melody appeared, changing the constant silence with its sing-song voice.

The notes formed to follow my ideas, changing to fit like a background music to each of my thoughts.

Then I imagined the sunrise, colours dashing across the sky in a spectral play, causing shadows to dance around like fire.

Then lightning, crashed across the sky, flashing the shadow's dark shapes as a storm grew.

The tone of the music adopted a note of urgency.

Then it suddenly stopped.

The music stopped suddenly, syncing with the end of the storm, only a drizzle remaining in my mind, ferns growing under the rains soft welcome.

I smiled.

A small flash across my face.

A small glimpse of joy.

Something that came when no one was thinking of it.

Something everyone should have.

By Manon D-C, Year 9



Winner - Sixth Form

Unstoppable Forces

The sun gazes in awe at the moon's tranquility,
The beauty in its moderation,
Its dimpled smile.

In fact, the sun is so enthralled by the enchanting moonlight, that it
doesn't even notice moon silently admiring the sun beams' splendour,
Its blazing eyes,
The way happiness could penetrate the moon's soul at the very sight
of its enemy.

Enemy, the moon scoffs.
How ridiculous it all seemed now.
How could the moon abhor something so beautiful, so gentle, so-

It wasn't fair.

The sun and moon had both been condemned to a life of solitude.
Yet sometimes, just for a brief moment, the moon and sun are both
visible in the sky,
Mere inches away from each other's embrace.

They don't cry. They don't complain. They don't mourn the eternity
that had passed by shrouded in desolation.
They simply cherish each other's presence while they can.

Then the two halves are severed, ripped from each other's arms by
gravity, by time, by every other supposedly unstoppable force in the
universe.

But not before the sun says, "I'll see you later", sauntering off through
the endless expanse of blue, Knowing their paths will cross again.

Continued...



They do, of course- the sun's always right about these sorts of things,
And it never fails to avidly remind the moon of this fact.

Yet the moon cannot help but wonder what it would be like to defy gravity.
The sun agrees.

The moon buries its head in its hands, and lets out a deep, centuries-encased
groan- *it's impossible*.

The sun disagrees and proffers the moon its hand.

The moon hesitates.

Sombrely the sun turns-

Only to be enveloped in an effusive embrace.

Oh!

The two become one again. The halves finally whole.

Tentatively, they circle the Earth, hand in hand,

Soaring through the sky so swiftly they can't tell whether they are flying
or the sky is falling,

Held aloft upon wings that no others had dared to use.

Soon the inmates of the solar system are breaking through the blockade
of clouds,

Shooting towards the cosmos- the entirety of the star-spangled universe
is theirs to explore-

Flying up and up and up until... until they are free.

They are free.

By Tilda G, Lower Sixth



Highly Commended

Choosing... what a word

Me, you, and everyone around us
Make trillions of choices every day.
If you choose to board, for example
You feel confident about protecting yourself.

Me, you, and everyone around us
Make trillions of choices every day.
If you choose to do things later,
You are piling up things for you to do.

Me, you, and everyone around us
Make trillions of choices every day.
If you choose to study hard,
You will ace your tests without a doubt.

Me, you, and everyone around us
Make trillions of choices every day.
If you choose to attend many clubs,
You like going beyond expectations.

Me, you, and everyone around us
Make trillions of choices every day.
If you choose to repeat "choose" many times
You could view it differently in terms of spelling.

Choosing.... what a word

By Temidore D, Year 8



Highly Commended

His Choice

At the beginning it was him and I.
We chose it risk it all,
To love each other.
Choosing to break the law,
So we could hold each other.
He chose to sacrifice himself,
I chose to hide.
He died so I,
The coward,
Could have another shot at life.
I now choose to tell you,
My beloved reader,
I choose to share his story.
No one else will know about him,
About us.
No one but you.
Now it's your turn.
Make your choice.

By Christina H, Year 8

