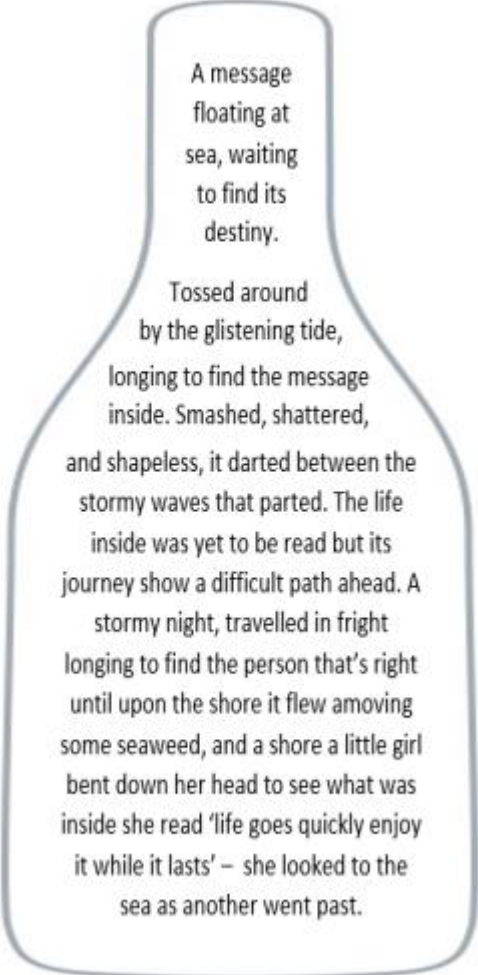


## House Poetry Competition

October 2016 – Theme '*Messages*'

Overall Winners from SYCAMORE House:

Isabella Stovey; Devan Parmar; Layla Campbell



A message  
floating at  
sea, waiting  
to find its  
destiny.

Tossed around  
by the glistening tide,  
longing to find the message  
inside. Smashed, shattered,  
and shapeless, it darted between the  
stormy waves that parted. The life  
inside was yet to be read but its  
journey show a difficult path ahead. A  
stormy night, travelled in fright  
longing to find the person that's right  
until upon the shore it flew among  
some seaweed, and a shore a little girl  
bent down her head to see what was  
inside she read 'life goes quickly enjoy  
it while it lasts' – she looked to the  
sea as another went past.



Remember me.

Remember me, who I was and what I can be.

I remember back in the day. I was on a mission.

I didn't need permission or remission to find MY definition,  
I had my words that was my ammunition, for the ignition-

You see that I learnt that people come in seasons. People,  
Come and go for whatever reasons. They wilt and fade away,  
Like my demons, they always ricochet. That's why I want you,  
To guarantee that you'll remember me for who I was and what I can be.

This is a cold world and a cold game.

So in this match, I have to be unapologetic and

Forget it. I got distractions on my mind. Like my little brother, who I  
will find,

A haven and heaven, a place he can call home and be free.

Hopefully he'll remember me. Remember me, who I was and what I  
can be.

I don't want any sympathy. I just want to tell my story and message.

My mum, she is my blessing. My father, he was undressing. Another  
woman.

Imma grow up an build a role model for my little bro. His older dynamo.

The globe is my lock, and I am the key.

I want them to remember me. Remember me, who I was and what I  
can be.

Fast forward two years, I'm bleeding my tears, realising my fears.

We were an incident. My metaphorical imprisonment. You see my little  
bro,

On the other side, of a 45. Bang. Tick Tock. The Shock. The Knock. My  
little bro, lined in chalk. I hope he remembers me, remembers me, who  
I was and what I should have been.

Because I know I'll remember him.

**Devan Parmar 115**

**A Message to my Best Friend**

How do you do it?

You create music out of thin air with your comforting voice;  
Thread garments of silk and gold with your hands;

Melt my heart with every minor movement you make;

How do you do it?

I don't understand.

How do you see me the way you do?

You praise me and reassure me,  
Look at me I'm an angel.  
A deity,  
A supernatural being,  
One that can never be comprehended by the mortal mind...  
Perfection as you call it.

But, do you see yourself?

Every time your thoughts wander and you gaze into the  
distance,  
The way your eyes light up when you smile,  
The passion in your voice that awakes whenever you talk about your  
favourite things.

Every time you grace me with the gift of your company, I am reminded how lucky  
I am to have someone like you in my life.

But why can't you see it?

Why do you refuse to see it?

I hope one day  
You'll see it.

And maybe then,

You'll love yourself...

as much as I love you.

**Layla Campbell 11S**

**October 2015 – Theme 'Light'**

Overall Winner: *Light* by Michael Lawman (Willow)

Category Winners:

KS3: *The night the light disappeared* by Katie Branigan (Sycamore)

KS4: *My light* by Kerrie Geelan (Beech)

KS5: *The Chase* by James Bullen (Oak)

*Light*

by Michael Lawman 10Willow

The sun has gone, all's dark in sight  
And the whole wide world is encased by night  
Sleep may come, to those who are weary  
Insomnia makes the night seem dreary  
The ebony blanket we call the sky  
Leers down on us from up so high  
This being that shrouds us all in shade  
Can be defied with a force we have made  
Years ago with sticks and stones  
Its glow so warm with orange tones  
So fight the being we know as night  
With fire and lanterns that shine so bright  
Until dawn when the sun presents its cleansing  
light.



**October 2014 – Themes ‘Remember’; ‘Polar Bears can't play cricket’; ‘I believe’**

Overall Winner: *Remember* by Caitlin Ingarfield (Oak)

Junior Category Winners:

Year 7: *Polar Bears Can't Play Cricket* by Matthew Archer (Ash)

Year 8: *Here the Poppies Lay* by Chloe-Mai Carpenter (Beech)

Year 9: *Remember* by Shannon Ballantine (Elm)

*Remember*

by Caitlin Ingarfield 10Oak

Blood stained flowers litter the bodies of the fallen,  
Men of the streets who answered their calling,  
Holding their rifles with cold, frozen hands,  
Nothing escapes from no mans land.

Men left to die,  
Under the stormy sky,  
Covered in soil poisoned by evil,  
Every bullet shot is lethal

And the remaining cower,  
From the injustice of power.

