

Book Week Poetry Competition (Year 7 and 8) winning entries

By Jack Carson (Year 7)

Emotions,
Aren't they a funny thing,
they can make you sad
they can make you happy,
just like that.

Happiness is full of joy,
happiness is all around you,
happiness is when you celebrate your birthday,
happiness is when you're out with friends and the sun is shining on you
happiness is looking into that loved one's eyes and hugging them as tight as you can
happiness is part of your life,
happiness is all you want!

But sadness that's a different story,
so many thoughts so deep
and with that there are so many tears to weep,
feeling like you're all alone
like you're contained in a cone.

After sadness it evolves into depression,
you're scared of those voices,
inside your head,
they scream and yell they could bring you to death.
"I can't let them win!" you say,
But I'm just so tired,
so tired of this life.
Close my eyes,
take a deep breath and let go into unconsciousness,
after all... wasn't I born to die???

"No." says your family,
your friends,
your teachers,
your classmates,
even that little boy you tried to help in grade 1.
They will be there for you!
No matter what,
even when you're at your lowest point they will hold the ladder steady,
they will get you to the top no matter what.

Emotions,
Aren't they a funny thing?

"Congratulations, Jack. A vividly contextual piece that flows between feelings and depicts an accurate and relative representation of emotions felt during various crises, particularly by many people at this moment in time. Keep up the great work."

–Solli Raphael

Alone

By Anthony Tian (Year 7)

I crossed my legs and closed my eyes,
unaware of anything or anyone around me.

There I was; in complete silence I could feel something...

As I slowly breathed in and out,

I could feel clean fresh air,

filling my lungs with goods.

It was at that moment;

where I could relax and enjoy some time by myself.

A butterfly flew on top of my nose,

And I instantly thought that from then on,

My day was only going to get better.

Having some meditation and calmness to myself

As I cleared all the thoughts in my head,

there was only one word that was stuck in there:

ALONE.

“Well done, Anthony. Great storytelling and a picture well painted. As poetry allows more room for punctuational and grammatical freedom, from a reader's perspective, a way to improve your poem would be to selectively use punctuation (commas, full stops, semi-colons) within your piece to allow greater flow. Congrats on such a great job.”

–Solli Raphael

Forward Light

By Austin Zhang (Year 7)

Concentrate on the forward light
Get them all out of sight
Forward till the end of life
A thin string being cut by knife

A heart being crushed by love
A body completely full of blood
A side you have never seen
When no one has ever been

Stay they say
But with my heart they play
Starved of affection
Never in my section

Concentrate on the forward light
There is no more bleeding life
The string has been cut
All of you are crazy mutts



“Awesome work, Austin. A distinct rhythm from the opening line leads through a commendable array of figurative speech before the poem takes a turn at the end. I felt a clear yet eerie vibe reading through your poem. Well done.”

–Solli Raphael