

Free spirit – free verse



KING'S SUMMER TERM POETRY by PUPILS

***The King's School Passion 4 Poetry group invites you all to
read the shortlisted poems in our recent***

'Free Spirit, Free Verse' competition.



THE KING'S SCHOOL
CHESTER

July 2011

A Palestinian Christmas by Matthew Spencer 5FV

Two children on a dusty street,

Fierce sunlight relentlessly scorching the nearby sand.

A rusty toy car rolls inanimately towards the gutter,

All but crushed by the hardened leather of the armed patrol's boots.

Cigarette ash flitters to desolate ground,

Grey and black snowflakes, littering the street.

The panic stricken cacophony of doors slamming shut in the surrounding houses,

Accompanied by a very rational sense of fear.

The surrounding conflict and war bearing no weight in the children's blissful ignorance,

Incomprehensibly miniscule difference in religious belief forming no borders between them.

Tension fills the air,

The date signifies little here but deep seated resentment.

Apathy colours the expression of the children in their tattered clothes,

A smile so desperately tries to pass the boy's lips as his sister rolls the toy car in his direction.

No presents are waiting for them.

No significant benevolence is around the corner.

Ironically infinitely closer to where it all began,

Infinitely further away from the celebration.

Barely visible differences between the two beliefs bearing no weight in the boy's mind,

As they are made so abundantly obvious at this time of year.

All the jubilation elsewhere,

Mirrored here only, by indifference.

Yet, this is home.

A War Within Nature by Zoe Rigby ShRA & Class

Come let us tell the weeds in ditches,

That today is the day.

The dandelion seeds blow off along the wind spreading the word.

The sunrays

Hang from every tree,

While flowers poke out of the grain,

As majestically as a traitor

They hang and sway in the breeze.

Beautiful though they may be,

They have a filthy secret.

Come let us tell the weeds in ditches,

That they should be gone,

Ditches free of them.

The grass shall once again rule.

But they are competing with each other-

Every blade of grass against the weeds-

Every fight is the turning point from friends to enemies.

Families broken,

Friendships destroyed.

Never to be healed.

It's just not fair.

But fair was never an option.

Not for us at least.

Forever in conflict.

An endless war within nature.

A Windy Day by James Wynn-Edwards RmJW

The wind is like the sound of a tormented flute,

Whistling ferociously in my ears,

Screaming,

Shrieking,

Crying,

Hooting.

The wind floods the cold, grey city,

And laughs menacingly, as it blows trees and plants to the ground.

It watches people, as they flee desperately to safety.

It leaves a trail of destruction throughout the crowded city.

The wind blows harder as it sees rain approaching,

So hard that the rain is almost falling horizontally.

Umbrellas can be seen flying across the city,

Ones that belong to poor, helpless citizens.

The wind terrorizes children,

Making them cry, and long for the comfort of their home.

But today, the wind is my friend,

For I am flying a kite!

ALIVE by Allan Prossor RmSC

I am the swallow that soars through the sky
The falcon diving towards its prey,
The chick falling from the nest
The eagle patrolling...

I am the snake slithering through the grass
The lizard basking in the sun
The turtle cracking its egg
The crocodile waiting...

I am the lion prowling through its pride
The hyena hysterically laughing,
The cub tumbling down the bank
The gazelle leaping...

I am the ant marching through the dirt
The dragonfly skimming over the lake,
The larvae wriggling in the undergrowth
The bee humming...

I am the redwood breaking through the canopy
The oak sheltering the crops,
The sapling bursting into bloom
The vine tangling...

For I am Mother Nature,
I am ALIVE.

Before the Night by Nathan Addison 5DL

Timeless hope of ancient dark.
The final place light left its mark,
Would you have dared to give it name?
That which through innocence you could not know.
Before the night.

How would you describe the light,
Returning hope in dark of night?
God of dark but gone by day,
Is that a god?
Gone in light?

So how could it be as a god?
When in day, the sunlight shone.
This is found of knowledge that,
Without time is meaningless,
And lonely, as the dark of night,
Before the day.

Would it be your dream to know?
The place of where you cannot go.
Of answers that are nothing,
Without the time you do not have.
At the edge, the dawn.

And now you yearn for days gone by.
For lost innocence, for gods of sky.
And for namelessness, for hope,
Fantastic dream and greater scope,
Before the night.

"Being civil" , a satirical poem by Duncan Ritchie 4MP

(Any spelling/grammar "mistakes" are intentional)

We built a castle of cavernous bed-chambers
with five-poster beds and splendid on-suites.
The corridors pointed to corridas. The beasts
(savaged by civilisation)
attacked those who love
to kill with mocking word.
They knew what was at steak.

The greatest hall, below the green corridas,
was
in fact
better than any coral reef, superior
to anything not built by mankind.
Coral reefs have clownfish. Petty.
We fin-ished great hammerhead sharks
served on platters
with knives and forks and spoons and chopsticks.

We hold more than sharks.
We make and keep beefburgers, hamburgers,
Hamburgers, French fries,
apple pi to billions of decimal plaices.
Places to dance,
have a ball,
under pearly glitter-balls.

Yes, we are the masters of nature. That's right. We

build castles, plural, sprawling and awesome,
antlers on walls,
our door-mats are bear-skins.
Rainforests are pointless and thus demolished under a bloody sky.

But a tidal wave completely demolishes our petty sandcastles.

Card Game by Evie Shaw 5JM

I'll play for your love
Staring into those diamond eyes ,
Spades and clubs battling to win your heart-
I'm not the joker, please let me be king.

I guess I'll always be your boring old jack, just jack.
Queen, deal me a good hand.
Don't keep those cards so close to your chest,
Don't strip Jack naked.

Your twisted game plan, stop! These stakes are too high,
Stop calling my bluff, lay down my final ace.

How much are you going to bet on me?
Anything to win your heart.
But then again, love is all about chance.

Numbers are nothing that equal everything to the logical mind,
Believe me and you've conquered the earth.
Society's tidal swim, swim, swim-
Get out now!
Powerless or powerful, unnaturally selected.

Your head is bankrupt, too marked, too busy.
Step back for a moment
And you've conquered the world.

Cricket by Matthew Rutherford ShJJ

The sound of
leather on
willow rang
through the
air, like a
doorbell on a
concierge's
desk. The
crowds, in
their
thousands
filled the
stands.

The rivalry, bat versus ball, was soon
apparent. The cherry glistened in the
afternoon sun. As the bat and its master
prepared for onslaught. Like a charging
bull, the ball and its wielder stormed in.
All was silent, THUMP THUMP, THUMP
THUMP. The steady thump of the bat's
heart was what the ball had wanted, he
bayed for blood. Seconds felt like
minutes, until... SMASH. Up went the
cheer from the crowd as the poles flung
back and lay to rest on the brittle floor.
The ball sat there; still as a statue,
grinning.

Garden by Johan Bos 4PN

**All overflowing,
boundless bushes and free flowerbeds spill into each other.
A tree leans in,
casting the chaos a disdainful eye.**

**Neighbours glare in with a haughty stare,
as colours blare out,
all shouting for attention.**

**The lawn mown at a time long gone and along odd lines and at multiple
levels.**

**A trampoline traps another kingdom,
with long unreachable and unkempt grass falling out,
tickling the fabric above.**

**However,
it's my perfect disorder.**

A poem of Impossibilities by Harriet Cole RmJW

I should like to taste the shimmer of the moonlight,

Or to see the pot of gold at the end of every colourful rainbow.

I should like to hear the apple tree sprout through the upcoming
seasons,

To touch the beam enclosing around the glistening stars.

I should like to smell the lily-pads drifting away on the sparkling lakes,

To hear the speed of an eagle darting towards the ground gazing for
prey,

And coconuts tumbling from one unaccompanied palm tree.

I should like to touch the gloomy shadows belonging to twilight,

To keep the past secured inside a bronze pot,

And to hear the peacefulness in every existing soul.

Hunter's Home by Nathan Addison 5DL

Tribal song and Beaten Drum,
Let the savage hunters come.
Howling cry and body numb,
Hear the filthy hunters come.
Blood runs hot with cold regret,
Salty wind and fearful sweat,
Misplaced shadow, spirit sold,
Flitting through the forest, bold,
Fearfully trembling as the sow,
Watching painted demons,
now:
Stalking closer childhood shed,
Ready spear that steadied head.
Lowly crouched in Heaven's Hell,
Yin to Yang as Skull to Shell.
Spear in hand of he who they shun;
Let the lonely hunter come...

A silent plea...
A wish for home...
Far from trees...
Where hunters roam.

-Based on Chapter 12 of William Golding's Lord of the Flies 'Cry of the Hunters'

Lost. Found. by Matthew Spencer 5FV

4:15; inspiration remains a mystery,

Unreachable to me like a secret, locked deep inside that impenetrable box of yours.

A glimmer of it, a shooting star across the endless night sky

Is all I ask? But no, not even a trace. So then it's settled. I remain a name, an innate shell.

I sit here, pen hovering above a blank page, basking in my worthlessness.

Punch the iron walls, it does no help. My cage is sealed.

Beneath the now oh so important superficial lies nothing, I am no-one to you.

You're not listening to one word of this. Are you?

The quiet pitter patter of footsteps drowning my mind,

A reminder that life goes on outside this pathetic pursuit of grandeur,

So it yet remains a delusion, but it's my delusion. Nothing can take that away from me,

Not even you.

Perhaps I am infected, like countless others.

This lust for recognition burns within me like an infinite flame. Taunting me.

You think you're so good, sitting there upon your throne,

Forged from the remnants of other ambitions forgotten, dreams crushed.

My disease spreads, the throw-away scrawls of so many others litter our streets.

Their fate is mine, to be forgotten. Lost.

You're feeling pretty happy with yourself right now aren't you?

Oh to be like you; remembered. Found.

I hope you're sitting pretty, enjoy it while it lasts.

For all things must end.

A star burns bright in the sky as you read this, our all-giving sun, revelling in its golden age.

Even the heavens will fall however, so enjoy your fifteen minutes.

For one day your fire will die. You will be lost, nothing but dust and gas in an endless abyss.

Your silence breaks, your newfound inexistence is flooded with a single sound.

Laughter, and it is mine.

Mrs Hitler by Katey Beggan 5VL

We sat down for dinner. The beef, garnished with a cherry blossom honey.

Roasted, slowly in the oven. Tender.

And its rare smell filled my lungs, it blemished my skin and tickled my lips.

Frantically clinging to the hairs in my nares.

I turned. His face was a picture.

Slouched on the couch, he was grinning into his hands.

The red ripe Russet, sitting between his two palms crying for the mercy

Of the Devil's clasp, was silenced by hunger.

I perched on the stool, wiping the table's lip with a frayed cloth,

Sweeping the fragile crumbs onto the clay tiles.

His new heavy face hung from a hinge.

The wine paint was trickling from his fingers like blood.

And dripped onto the floor leaving a trail of Black dots.

Once his career, now used as a pastime:

He used to paint Deutsch mountains, and champagne children looking into the blue,

And plaiting their blonde...

But.

Guns are his love now. He pays no attention to me.

After all I'm a shadow in the black background of his picture.

He adores his job, and nothing else. So I'll leave him be.

And then he can't stutter about my scones and my tea.

Now he has obligations.

Now he has duties.

Now he has a life.

And now, he has no wife.

My Ethnic Home by Hansaj Singh ShHL

Despite all the things that you may see,

Punjab is the place that is home to me.

Coloured slums-

Rainbow landscapes.

Soiled rivers-

So dull; daylight is sucked away.

Nearby-

Things of golden beauty.

Aromas-

Oriental wafts of pleasure.

Crowds-

Mad waves of applause.

Sun-

So fiery diamonds perspire.

Traffic-

Constant, blaring horns,

Despite all the things that you may see,

Punjab is the place that is home to me.

Nature's daughter (a tribute to Ophelia) by Richard Capes L6SP

Her eyes transfix

With her melancholy gaze.

She rests among the freshly bloomed roses,

The petals swaying gently in the warm dusk breeze

With regimental precision.

Her blue veins protrude from her mauve flesh -- beating:

Her roots.

Unzählig blühen die Rosen.ⁱ

She absorbs the stares of the passers-by;

Offended by her dilapidated hair,

Smothered around her natural contours

Glazed by a layer of damp perspiration from the Sun's angry focus.

Unzählig blühen die Rosen.

It seems the Earth stands still – though not in a conscious sleep,

But breathless in awe

As the stars surreptitiously stare,

Heaven's poetry?

Gradually, greyness envelops her

Permeating through her bed of roses.

They yawn silently,

As the last smirk of the Golden Orb sinks below the horizon.

Unzählig blühen die Rosen,

Und ruhig scheint die goldne Welt¹.

¹ The roses bloom unnumbered

² And the golden world seems to be at rest

Old Tree by Edward Everett ShHL

Old Tree

Twisted Limbs and gnarled fingers

Creaks, groans, sighs

Skyward gaze towards starry night

Cool breeze on rainbow leaves

Autumn's blush

Old tree, but Nature's child

Poem by Rosemary Lavender 4PN

Because of the sun and because of the sea,
You and you were walking with me,
My friends
Mis amigos
Even
Mes amiees
Together in mind and very much in soul,
So I'll take a short-lived chance to say,
This is a tribute to that day.

The Boat by Daniel Ardron SHD

The boat was still in the calm waters,
Unmoving and silent,
The boy on board wondered if they would ever move,
They had been in the same place for over a year.

Always the same view,
Always dark or suddenly light,
Like someone had flicked a switch.

The boy wondered whether the wind would ever tousle his hair,
Wonder whether the birds would sing overhead,
Wonder whether anything different would happen, ever.

The boy felt alone,
Isolated from everyone and everything,
Like a prisoner,
Trapped and scared.

The boy would never know that the boat would not move,
He would not know the feeling of elation as the boat skimmed the waves,
The boat was the boy's prison,
The boat was the boy's life.

Llanddwyn Sands

by Thomas Cuffin-Mundy ShHL

From a distance the beach gives a warm welcome, inviting customers to stay.

Lighthouse.
Unused, white-washed,
reflecting bright, harsh sunlight.
Temporarily restoring the beacon it once was.



Grass.
Long, coarse, sharp.
Pointing upwards accusingly,
Prickling sore, spiked legs.

Shingle crunches beneath feet treading towards the beach.

Wind blows into screwed up faces,
bracing and refreshing.



Sand.
Its salty taste dissolves in saliva, sharpening senses.
Sticking to skin, creeping into shoes.
Creating sand castles.
Having fun.

In the distance the beach waves goodbye as the sun sets on its horizon.



The Tsunami

by Dan Warr RmJW



It was coming.

They would try to stop it but they would die without even a fight.

It would crush the country and take a deathly toll on its victims.

Thrashing,

Running,

Dancing

It would come and then the destruction,

the chaos,

the terror and sheer power.

The terrible beauty of its deadly arcing peak.

Horror,

as its foaming cavalry of breakers advance toward the shore,

defenceless,

without a chance of survival.

The endless second when the whole world comes crashing down.

This by Joseph McKeown 4PN

As I ran,

As I ran down the corridor,

Acting as I knew I should not,

As I smelled the first tang of disinfectant on the corner of the medical room,

I stopped. I stopped and I thought to myself,

And I thought to myself,

“This, this is what school is.”

As we sat,

As we sat on the hillock,

Alone and unvoiced,

As I felt the rough-smooth of the skin on skin sensation,

I proceeded. I reached out and around and I thought to myself,

And I said to myself,

This, this is what leisure is.

And I smiled,

I smiled as I realised,

I became aware of the fact that I would never say,

This, this is what life is.

For no matter how I might try or struggle or wish,

I will never compact life into a word as simple as ‘this’.

Water of Love by Holly Johnston SHTK

All night water worked without a pause

Back and forth, back then forth.

The noise was unbearable, so unbearable

Meandering in-between death defying rocks,

Swirling down through everlasting hopes,

Heaven roared with laughter and me

I knew nothing.

While watching me struggle

My ship, once a ship, now a shipwreck.

All night water worked without a pause

Battering us and our happiness;

Deposits the hate far away

The tides rise, and then they fall.

We who cry our morning call

The sirens from our last hope

As we are attacked by sadness's jaws.

Some may label it "survival of the fittest"

But some of the strongest break and crumble,

Even the most vivid, fade away

To nothing someday, like the ship

My ship, once a ship, now a

Shipwreck.

The Floor-Lamp by Luke Howarth L6SW

Misanthropy, seldom self-inclusive, was
My way. Slouched torpid, in
My seat; immersed in turbid thoughts; held
Atemporal
In a pocket of yellow light.

The floor-lamp stood
Staid beside, glowing amber
In candescence. A child
Clutching a bright red balloon sat in
My seat, the solid string gleaming gold.

Absorbed, I pushed with
Three careful fingertips,
Displacing the stand,
And the floor-lamp turned like a broken
Compass-needle or second-hand.

The shadows which shrank and swerved
With each nudge or inflection,
And the imperfect silence which attended this
Dimly lit occupation, were
Unnoticed
By my listless senses. Nothing else
Needed exist
There, but the chair
And the scarlet beacon which lingered,
Curious, above a sea
Of troubled reflection.

Solitudinarian; sustaining a swarm of wandering
Equivocations and speculations, I mused,
Delighting in flawless control
Over the floor-lamp.

Once, when wielding the silver stem,
And playfully releasing the idle grasp of
Three carefree fingertips,

