

MAKING MUFFINS

It begins with butter
and flour,
and while I am weighing,
Mum is unboxing the eggs.
I try to do a one handed crack
and fail and the shell falls.
While Mum fetches the sifter,
I make a start with my hands,
flour falling through my fingers.
We plan to use the mixer,
but can't figure out how it works.
I butter the tray and we wait.
make purple icing.
We decorate with blueberries.
Sometimes it's hard to get
Mum all to yourself
but when we are baking
there's just us and muffins.

YOUNG POETS' COMPETITION 2017

AVALANCHE WARNING

It stood next to ours;
two white vans in a white world.
We skied and returned
Noticing theirs was empty.
Even after dark.

As the snow fell, it thickened
on their roof as we listened
to avalanche warnings on the radio.

An ache of doubt grew
As the snow fell constantly,
constantly, constantly
nagging at my conscience.

We should call someone.
No one for days now
and when I can't sleep
I feel the weight of the snow
on the roof wondering
If they're dead or alive.

Rosie Blake QEGS
2nd place 9-12 years

YOUNG POETS' COMPETITION 2017

RIVER

I don't need to remember the river
for it is like blood in my veins,
with me forever and ever
It's with me through joy and pain.

When the stream comes down the hill
it seems as though it can fly,
Under the bridge and past the mill
it joins the river flowing by.

The river is my playground
splashing about with my friends
Playing in the light of the sun,
it is a joy that never ends.

No matter where in the world
I'll roam, it will always be here
and will always lead home.

YOUNG POETS' COMPETITION 2017

In memory of Angelica Brown

This here is a story,
Of an unfortunate girl,
Who got caught up,
In the social media whirl.

She had many apps,
On her spanking new phone,
'Cookie Buzz', 'Frog Hop',
And even 'Paint a Gnome!'

But her favourite by far,
The one she adored,
Was *Selfie Snap-tastic*
She could never get bored.

Now Angelica Brown,
For that was her name,
Was snobby and spoilt,
And terribly, terribly vain.

She pouted and posed,
In front of the lens,
Taking thousands of selfies-
Even one with her hens.

Her mother said,
"Photos wear you away".
But still she took
Another hundred a day.

Leaving the advice,
(Oh what a fool),
She carried on snapping
With her friends at school.

She took a studious selfie,
While sitting in Spanish.
But failed to notice that
She was beginning to vanish!

Then by tea time
-and this is the twist
Angelica Brown
Ceased to exist.

Millie Dutton QEGS
1st place 12-18 years

YOUNG POETS' COMPETITION 2017

IF I COULD

If I could freeze that moment,
Your expression serious, but a smile breaking through.

If I could, I would take a picture, frame it,
as you called in Mum, laughing all the while.

If I could, I would bottle that moment forever,
Mum scornful, me guilty, you laughing.

If I could, I would forget that image forever,
The white of the hospital bed, you so pale, you
almost blended in.

If I could, I would remove that moment from time;
you knew your end was near,

If I could, I would reverse all that happened,
And make everything alright again.

If I could, I would ask for a last chance,
To have one last goodbye.

Annabelle Spencer QEGS
2nd place 12-18 years

YOUNG POETS' COMPETITION 2017

REMEMBERING THE RIVER

Down by the river,
a long time ago,
a striped honey badger,
and a nesting crow.

Lurking in the river,
a pike could be seen,
bubbles on the surface,
wherever he had been.

Up above the river,
a bird of orange and sapphire blue,
at night he slumbered,
by day his colours flew.

Striped like tigers,
a hum of bumble bees
bustled in and out of the
weeping willow trees.

Down by the river,
At the present time
more rubbish than animals,
a *private property* sign.

Down by the river,
a few years from today,
the animals will have gone,
the plants beginning to decay.

But it can be stopped,
if we stick together,
care for our river and
it will care for us forever.

Natalie Shapton QEGS
3rd place 12-18 years