

2015 IPA \ NWW Schools
Poetry Competition
Secondary School Senior Section

1st Prize Alisha Coll

If I go, will you look at the sky
Think of the times that passed us by
Knowing that I'm somewhere
but I'm someone
at the top of the world
Looking up at the stars we share
Under the sky's watchful eye,
my days and nights quickly pass
by. As I trek through forests, alive and green.
Climb great mountains with views to be seen.
I never forget what's in my heart,
that sinking feeling when we are apart.
This is what I've always wanted, a dream come true,
but it took too long to realise,
it's nothing without you.
The more footprints I leave,
the lonelier it gets,
I've decided this beach,
would look better with two sets.

Alisha Coll
Secondary School
Deale College
Raghol



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A smile

I'm the girl with a smile painted on
There for others when things go wrong
Straight A student until fourteen
Trust me I was chasing the dream.
Grew up in Belfast, a rough council estate,
Granny and Daddy never far away
Of course you're wondering what about my mum
Well when I was a baby all she did was run.

At seven dad did what family do best
Left my granny and put me to the test.
Moving to London: the big scary city
Where I couldn't be young, wild and free
Things began to slip out of grip
Daddy not giving a toss about me.
Met a new lady, excitedly I'd call mum
I didn't realise this wasn't going to be fun.

A memory I have of when I was small
is sitting by wishing wells in a shopping mall
flipping a coin, wishing my heart out
"I wish for a mum" in silence I'd shout.
But all is done and dusted
My heart and feelings have rusted
But one thing is 100% sure
I will be the best mum
That will be the cure!

Aimee O'Bryne

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2nd Place Aimee O'Byrne

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Appearances

I look at the oak tree
And see its strength,
The strong roots, thick branches,
Tall and majestic.

I look at the rose
And see its passion,
The sweet smell, the fine petals,
Bold and dramatic.

I look at the lily
And see its beauty,
The bright colours, the long stems,
Graceful and delicate.

And then I look again.

I look at the oak tree
And see its weakness,
The broken roots, twisting branches,
Stooped and frail.

I look at the rose
And see its violence,
Sharp thorns hidden
Cunning and dangerous.

I look at the lily
And see its contortion,
Fading colours, broken stem,
Warped and disfigured.

And finally I look in the mirror
And see a reflection,
Bright eyes, happy smile,
Proud and content.

But closely I see the pain,
Hidden and concealed.

Niamh Kelly

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3rd Prize Niamh Kelly



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The Seekers and the Stars.

Between the earth and the skies above
There they rest, like little doves
Perched in the velvet, those sparkles of white
And they give us easy heart and wisps of delight
In the darkest, bleaker times of night.

And when they shine on Mother Earth's fair Face
And illuminate every silver of her fair Grace
Showing us still that there is a burning spark
In the blissful hours of the dark
Where the constellations leave their shining mark

For here Wishers, Dreamers, deep, deep Thinkers,
The Curious, the Mind-boggled, The star Seekers...
Who question the light in the brightest day,
And ponder if the clouds' array
Realise the stars out-do their fine display

Sparkles of Magic in the great untold
And only they who dare, the Brave, and the Bold
Can reach for the heavens with fingers outstretched
And bravely go there and never forget
The wonder and the brilliance of the amazing architect

Who made the wonderful World, from the Lion to the Dove...
And to the magical stars in the Heavens above.

Laura Ni Dhuibhir

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1st Prize Laura Ni Dhuibhir



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Bullying

first punch
foot crunch
hard hit
mouth spit
eyes swell
can't see
please, let me be

rips my homework
steals my money
grabs my lunch
thinks it's funny

Through the door
up the stairs
face is bloody
no one cares

in the bathroom
clean my mess
I'll be safe
till recess.

Jamie Marshall

2015 IPA \ NWW Schools Poetry Competition Secondary Junior Section

2nd prize Jamie Marshall



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The chicken

If chickens could talk what would they say,
Probably feed me or clean out my hay.
If chickens could speak how would they talk,
Serious like their face or funky like their walk.
When a chicken lays an egg what does it think,
Probably something random, like I need a drink.
I wonder would chickens be mentally stable,
If they knew that one day they'd end up on my table.

Ben Bustard.

2015 IPA \ NWW Schools Poetry Competition Secondary Junior Section

3rd Prize Ben Bustard



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Primary Schools

The Day at the Beach

As I walked across the glistening beach
The sand felt soft beneath my feet
The waves rolled in towards the sand
My thoughts were clear, sweet and calm.

As I glared down towards the sand
All the shells glowed and shined
They were all different colours with horizontal lines
And some were turned upside down

The sound of the waves were soothing and sweet
And the waves curled up around my feet
Then I ran through the water, not a care in the world
Then I stopped and listened to the birds in the air

The waves and the birds were a musical treat
And the crabs and the rock pools and the shells on the beach
And I thought to myself what a fantastic treat
To be walking along this beautiful beach

There were people there but they took no notice of me
As I picked up a shell and listened to the sea
I thought how better could life be!

Michaela Galvin (5th Class)

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Primary Section
1st Prize Michaela Galvin



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Primary Schools

Safari

On my safari I met a herd of zebra,
I met a foal and called him Larry,
I followed them down a valley.

I saw golden trees with yellow bees,
The foals played. Day after day the zebras brayed.

Then finally we found a stream.
The water was clear and clean.

They ate grass.
Then Larry's mother had passed.

I looked after him as if he were my own.
I brought him home.

I said I'll come back to the safari zone.

When Larry is old enough
I'll bring him back

To live free and far from me.

Jack Kelly (11)

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Primary School Section

2nd Prize Jack Kelly



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“Roses to my heart”.

Blossomed red was a rose in my heart,
Piercing deep with a flaming dart.
The scent of valour dripped out pain,
From poisoned blood that flooded the vein.

Thorns ripped the veins and released vitality,
As the mind held its sense to life's morality,
Dead are the roses blossomed in my heart,
Black is their colour rotting in one part.

Singing to the moon was the soul of the dead,
From deep underground , lying in a coffin bed,
Their voices travelled through roots of the rose,
That anchored itself to their heart like bows.

Hamdi Dervishi (Aged 10)

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3rd Prize Hamdi Dervishi