

WINNING POEMS

**Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 1<sup>ST</sup> Prize**

**Peter Joy**

Peter Joy was a wiry boy. Thin.  
Tight black curls, didn't like girls. A grin.  
Smelt of fags and bag-lady bags. Sour.  
Tiny-faced, emaciated, dour.

Little, dirty, grimy, curt, he talked  
In a high-pitched voice, made comedy noises, squawked,  
But almost despite him, I couldn't not like him, his spark.  
It was all in his eyes: mischief, surprise, the dark.

Then one day, he mocked me. His vehemence shocked me. Stung.  
Furious, baited, I calculated, sprung.  
I thought I could hack him, have him, smack him. Wrong.  
He tore me to bits, all fists and spit. Strong.

I heard in the yard, the Joys were hard, cracked,  
And that Peter, the runt, the punch-bag, the brunt, got smacked  
By his father, his mother, his sister, his brother, the lot.  
Thought I was his equal, but Peter Joy showed me: I'm not.

Judy Claybourne

## Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize

### *The Arnolfini Story*

He

Of course light isn't everything. I think  
of the first day she came here, how light  
flowed through this window; the cherry tree  
outside, the blossom, the spring day itself  
seemed to enter. How close we were.

Yet look how it is today. Though the year  
has matured, it's a half light now, as if summer  
were in retreat. But we shall manage well.  
I have my work, my wealth; she  
will care for me with patient devotion.

She'll see to the house, keep  
our chandelier well polished. Always  
we'll have artificial light...Have you noticed  
that one candle lit on the chandelier?  
A room in half light has light enough.

She

You see how his hand touches mine  
so lightly. How cold it is.  
He does not look at me, we lack

shared eyes. I know now why  
he's wearing all that black - it's denial  
of joy. Surely he was not always thus?

My only longing now -  
as sharp a longing as the pain  
of fasting - is to come close to him again,

as two roads will come together if one curves  
just a little towards the other, to meet perhaps  
Somewhere just short of the horizon.

van Eyck's Arnolfini portrait (1434) is in the National Gallery

Daphne Gloag

## Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize

Norin

I not your sweet submissive lovey-dovey  
more-tea-vicar type Thai girl. I slam your door  
Shout swear throw things about type Thai girl.  
Screw neighbours. You live in flat, what  
you expect? Besides, it give them thrill.  
They all listen. And you know best thing  
about big huge hammer and tongue row  
with boyfriend? Great sex afterwards.  
Neighbours listen that too. I live in London  
since seven years. Many things crap here.  
Tube crap. Food crap. Weather crap.  
But English men world class undisputed  
number one top dog sulkers. Ex-boyfriend  
once not talk to me for month. Whole month.  
Why? What I do? Forget feed cat probably.  
Or leave bra on radiator. So I dump ex-boyfriend,  
go live in Ealing with sister and vibrator.  
Ealing crap too. Now have three possible  
future boyfriends. I know what you thinking.  
Slag. But not true. I no sleep with anyone now.  
It big conundrum why so many English men  
want marry me. (This word conundrum  
I find in dictionary while vibrating).  
I good Buddhist Thai daughter  
and when father die it break my heart.  
Porsche 911 Targa, bad love poems,  
flower bouquets, all very banal  
(another dictionary word). But chanting,  
music, prayer help put my heart together.  
No words in dictionary for this.  
*Om shantih, shantih shantih.*

Philip Wright

## **Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - special commendation**

### HELD IN SUSPENSE

She stays by the phone, counting her breaths,  
reading a crossword,  
remembering deaths from a distant year.  
Checking her diary,  
she stays by the phone,  
Expecting to hear.....

He stays in the park, stumbling ahead,  
ignoring the gossip,  
asking instead when the truth will unfold,  
glimpsing a secret.  
He stays in the park,  
not being told.....

They stay near the door, facing the clock,  
sipping a coffee,  
unsure if a knock will release them to go.  
Hoping for voices  
they stay near the door,  
preparing to know.....

Judyth Knight

## **Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - special commendation**

### **You might have just come home from work**

You might have just come home from work, sitting on the kitchen stool in your suit and tie. But you haven't taken off your shoes.

We might have put the kids to bed. We might have smiled as Alice grabbed your tie and pulled you to her for another kiss goodnight.

We might have had some pasta on the hob, some rioja in the glass.

But the cooker is squat and sullen in the corner. Shiny and gleaming. I cleaned before you came. And nowadays I don't cook.

The children asleep already, hurried to bed so they don't get excited by the mirage of "Daddy's home".

"Daddy's home". The children asleep already, hurried to bed.

Don't get excited. It is a mirage. Nowadays I don't cook.

I cleaned before you came. The cooker is squat and sullen in the corner, but shiny and gleaming.

We might have some pasta on the hob, some rioja in the glass.

Alice might have grabbed your tie and pulled you to her for another kiss goodnight as we put the kids to bed. We might have smiled.

You haven't taken off your shoes but you're sitting on the kitchen stool in your suit and tie. You might have just come home from work.

Nikki Squire

## Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 1<sup>st</sup> Prize under 18yrs

### Shuffle

I walked to you there, in that cold place,  
My head was hooded,  
You couldn't see my face.  
I dropped my love around your feet,  
Splashed in the snow.  
But you couldn't see me, was I even there?

I passed on by, a frozen tear,  
You didn't know it,  
Never hit the ground.  
But I fell in love with you.  
I whispered your name, and it clung to my heart,  
You don't remember, you never heard.

I wept in your arms, in the warmth of your home,  
My problem was veiled,  
You didn't understand.  
I told you I'd failed, and it was okay,  
Lied in one way, but not in the other.  
You never guessed, because you're my best-

Friend. Lover. What's the difference?

But you couldn't see me, was I even there?  
Splashed in the snow,  
I dropped my love around your feet.  
You couldn't see my face.  
My head was hooded.  
I walked to you there, in that cold place.

You don't remember, you never heard,  
But I fell in love with you.  
I passed on by, a frozen tear,  
Never hit the ground.  
I whispered your name, and it clung to my heart,  
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You never guessed, because you're my best.  
Lied in one way, but not in the other,  
I told you I'd failed, and it was okay.  
You didn't understand,  
My problem was veiled.  
I wept in your arms, in the warmth of your home.

Isaac Colliver

**Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize under 18yrs**

**Nanny**

**We shared the same yet did not know our faults, they intertwined.  
Perhaps we shared the same suspicious, dead, afflicted mind.  
That surfaced only in solitude when weakened by disaster  
Inescapable-that deepest hole lurking beneath the plaster  
Of skin so white, deceives the eye, a soul so cleansed and clear,  
Did you feel the way I do now? Please help me, Nanny, hear  
My cries grow louder, and yet more hollow still  
Like the wolf I was scared of when I was three, his growl in vain to kill.  
I wish I could recover it, the path between you and me and I  
Spaced apart, night and dark, dead and still alive.**

**Yet if you do reside dear Nanny in my ceaseless thought  
Let me see the time when you were broken, low, distraught  
As I know you were, the things you did were crying for attention  
Is that perhaps why you clung to any mild affection?  
Did it stop you feeling lost, feeling that unsure haze  
That clings to every sight I see each second of my day?  
Yet you still lived on, you still gave love, and that makes you eternal.  
My mother knows, the care you showed is still in her nocturnal  
Sleep, and sleeping as you are now, are you alone again?  
Or did you find that space and time are the greatest of all friends?**

**Lucy Parkinson**

## **Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2008 - 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize under 18yrs**

### FRIENDS

Friends are like flowers that blossom in the spring,  
They are like diamonds that fit well in a ring.  
For fear when lost, they can't be found,  
It's like they disappear without a sound.

Friends are like balloons attach to a string,  
they're like a finger that goes with a ring.  
You shout, you laugh, you cry, you sing,  
they're here, they're near to share with you everything.

So hold them tight with all your might,  
pretend it's your shoelaces you tie so tight.  
They make you mad, you shout and scream,  
Then you make up by sharing an ice cream.

This is what you've been waiting for all along,  
a place where you finally belong.  
So don't hesitate and don't think twice,  
friendship has a value beyond any price.

Jasmina Camille

**AOTEAROA**

THE LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD  
SHOULD BE EXTREMELY PROUD  
OF ITS BIG BLUE LAKES  
AND ITS MERINGUE CAKES  
THE BEACHES AND DEEP BLUE SEA  
SEEM TO BE DRAGGING AND CALLING ME  
THE SOFT WHITE SAND  
RUNS THROUGH MY FINGERS LIKE AIR  
AND THE HOT, HOT SUN SEEMS TO  
BLEACH MY HAIR  
TRAVELLING AROUND IS LIKE A DIFFERENT  
WORLD  
AND THE GOOD LUCK CHARM, A FERN  
THAT IS CURLED  
IT FEELS LIKE A MAGICAL PLACE  
WHERE YOU CAN'T SEE ONE POLICEMAN CHASE  
THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES  
DESTROYED IN ONE BLAST  
COVERED IN WATER IN ASH LIKE A NATURAL CAST  
A CITY BUILT ON VOLCANOES,  
ISN'T THAT WEIRD?  
SOMETIMES ITS SO HOT IT RAINED AND I CHEERED  
THE MARKETS AND TOWN SHOPS ARE  
SWEET AND SMALL  
BUT IN THE CITY THEY ARE BIG AND TALL  
THE LITTLE ISLANDS ARE DOTTED ALL AROUND  
SOME SO TROPICAL IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE WALKING  
ON HEAVENLY GROUND  
WE WENT TO WATCH DOLPHNS SWIM AROUND OUR BOAT  
BUT WE COULDN'T SWIM BECAUSE OF THE CALVES  
THE CAPTAIN HAD TO NOTE  
WE TOOK A JET BOAT UP THE DART  
I THOUGHT IT WAS THE BEST BUT IT WAS JUST THE START  
MY TRIP WAS EXCITING AND SOMETHING I'LL NEVER  
FORGET  
NOT STAYING IS THE ONLY THING I REGRET  
AOTEAROA THE LAND OF THE LONG WHITE COULD  
OH YES THE KIWIS SHOULD BE PROUD

Romey Aras-Payne