

Ealing Arts Poetry Competition 2009

Heathrow Sunset by Richard Miller
1st Prize

The blood-red contrails scarify the sky
And, this windless evening, drift apart.
We scan the heavens, we who prophesy.

"Red sky at night!" is our delighted cry –
We stand to watch the scrap of sun depart.
The blood-red contrails scarify the sky

The breaking patterns satisfy the eye
And so our talk turns naturally to art.
We scan the heavens, we who prophesy.

"This Chris Ofili, hard to classify.
His future's bright, he's made a stunning
start."

The blood-red contrails scarify the sky
"He paints on shit from elephants!" We try
The dialectic, filth and beauty. Smart!
We scan the heavens, we who prophesy.

Warnings of global warming. Most deny
The contributions of the jumbo's fart.
The blood-red contrails scarify the sky
We scan the heavens, we who prophesy.

The Green of Life

by Ki-Yeon Hong 2nd prize – 18years & under

The first shoot of life is green,
Born from the womb of the soil,
The very depths of the earth.
Nurtured by the golden sun it grows,
The first shoot of life, green and good,
The shy new bride to the world.

The first fruit of life is green,
Like a young apple not yet ripe in the summer
breeze
Its days are not smooth,
There are bugs, there are pests;
But the large leaves are cool green shades,
And under these shelters the fruit survives the tests.

The first bud of life is green,
Full of secrets, things enclosed,
But ready to burst forward when the time comes.
And when it does the green will be gone,
Pushed into a corner by the dizzying new colours –
But everything has its end and so does the beautiful
bloom.

The first shoot of life is green,
Born from the womb of the soil,
The very depths of the earth.
Nurtured by the golden sun it grows,
The first shoot of life, green and good,
The shy new bride to the world.

And so the cycle repeats,
A new beginning, a new shoot,
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His Eyes were Green by Katy Byford
1st Prize – 18years & under

I hear the stiletto tap of rainwater
Close to me ear,
And close my eyes to listen.

For eyes can speak only truth,
And eyes can understand.
But all my eyes can hear
Is the rain,
And the crying of the sun.

I can hardly move my limbs to
Step out from the cage,
But, eyes still shut, I do.
I cannot feel the rain,
Or sense the effervescence in the clouds.

I only hear your voice,
Now a shard in a locked chest of wonders,
And your eyes disperse themselves
To the far corners of my
Memory.

But I find you.
And that is why I close my eyes:
Because your eyes need to be found,
And locked away as well.

Your eyes were green.
As green and rippled as the lake where
I saw you last,
Green like the memories of grass and
Woodpecker feathers.

Now men,
And hate,
And blood, turns them grey.

They are gone
And now, in this rain,
So am I.

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Going to Seed by Nora Leonard

2nd prize

So, here I am:

the least in the field.

The bees have been and gone.

They've left me a widow,

frazzled and grey,

a breath from dissolution.

The radiance of youth –

that big buttery glow –

is packed away for good.

I'm truly a weed now.

A Completion of Seasons by Daphne Gloag

3rd prize

Here plants go their own way, like children

playing. Take the fennel: it was used

by gladiators, you told me, to increase stamina,

here it prises apart paving stones,

and its thousands of seeds give it victory

in contests of survival.

But you buried your face in the soft feathers

of its leaves, remembering Elba, where fennel

Green by Ellen Garrard

3rd prize – 18years & under

A green girl stood by the green lake,

A girl glowing with green jealousy watched

A green swan floated up

A girl glowing with green jealousy watched

A green tree bent down its green frond

A girl glowing with green jealousy watched

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High Tally by Louis Hellman
Highly Commended

She's raved in Ravenna
And sinned in Siena.

Been crudely obsceneo
In downtown Urbino.

Made love in a frenzy
All over Firenze.

Got stoned in the stables,
When riding in Naples.

Being my Own by Gabriella Fleur Melville-Shaw
Highly Commended - 18years & under

Maybe I wear baggies
And white socks with flip-flops.
Maybe I don't like listening to rave,
And I'm not on social mountain tops!

Maybe I like giving smiles,
Which seem to be a sin today,
And maybe I allow my imagination to
Sometimes run away!
Maybe you don't understand this,
And this is why you cannot see

Garden by Giles Goodland
Highly Commended

From the thistle's mouth white
Noise keeps lifting. A caterpillar
painstakingly erases a leaf.

Lice taxi under the shell of a wasp,
a grub fingers in an apple.
What the slugs touch turns to sensation.

Things would pass by their names, but
these are in a language

Green

by Moya Marshall

Highly Commended - 18years & under

I was in detention one sorry day,
In charge of putting up the green display,
What can this colour possibly mean?
Looking down on that shade of green.

I knew that green was the colour of grass,
The colour of food when it doesn't last,
It's the colour of your face when you are sick,
And the colour of bushes, healthy and thick.

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An inconvenient truth by Hannah

Greenstreet

Highly Commended - 18years & under
Green,

The colour of the dress

That I stared at longingly in the shop
window.

And green,

The colour of the smattering of notes I
clutched in my hand,

Not enough.

Green,

The colour of the leaves which faded to
autumn

As I paid a daily homage to my beloved.

And green,

The shop girl,

When I asked if I could try it on,

Just once more,

Just once more,

Without buying.

Green,

The colour of my purse,

Gorged on months of saving to make the
final visit.

And green,

The colour of the empty hanger,

Whose former tenant had been

Sold.

Green,

The colour of the dress,

That my friend said she would wear to the
party.

And green,

The colour of her face

When the bilious words split my forced smile,

"Blues and greens should never be seen."

The favourite Guest by Angela Aratoon

Highly Commended

Yours is the empty chair beside my table,

Yours is my best Darjeeling, hidden away

For golden afternoons, when you are able

To spend sweet, short days here, and make my day.

Yours are the book, the sewing, the thank-you letter,

The art discussed, performances compared,

My poem shown: "Your scansion's getting better!"

The birthday card, the chocolate ginger (shared).

And this is how I indulge in 'multi-tasking'

*Congratulations to all
who entered the
Poetry Competition.*

*Thanks to Kit Wright
and to those who took
part in and helped
organise the*