

**ROTARY CLUB OF CHICHESTER**

**2018 CHILDREN'S POETRY COMPETITION**

**BASED ON THE THEME “The place I would like to visit”**

**ORGANISED IN ASSOCIATION WITH  
WATERSTONES BOOKSELLERS**

**POEMS JUDGED BY: Emma Jane Hughes**

## **WINNING POEMS**

**Prizes presented by  
Councillor Martyn Bell, Deputy Mayor of Chichester  
on 27<sup>th</sup> April 2018**

### **Principal Sponsors:**

**The Trefoil Trust**

**John Wiley and Sons, Publishers**

**Woods Travel Company**

**Waterstones Booksellers**

## **Winning Poems and Categories**

### **1<sup>ST</sup> Prize 5-7 Years Category**

Poem by Johnathan Roe Dos Santos – Oakwood School

#### **WHERE TO GO**

I don't know where to go.

Mexico!

But Mexico has no snow.  
Sweden has snow and so does Moscow.

Africa is hot and has giraffes with spots.

I could fly on a plane to a beach in Spain,  
or I could take a boat to see an Alpine Goat.

I want to be adventurous and see lots of places.  
I'll pack my cases and see different faces.

I look at my world map,  
whilst I eat a duck wrap.  
I think of the pandas in China,  
What trip could be finer?

### **2<sup>ND</sup> Prize 5-7 Years Category**

Poem by Adam Shepherd – Fishbourne CE School

#### **THE AMAZON JUNGLE**

It has animals, trees, blowing wind  
 and a nice big sun in the sky.  
 Snakes and weeds.  
 Bugs and trees.  
 Rain poring on the ground.  
 Monkeys and birds.  
 Tarantulas as big as dinner plates  
 That's where I would like to be

### **3<sup>RD</sup> Prize 5-7 Years Category**

Poem by Andrew Barker – Shiloh Home School

#### **THE PLACE I WOULD LIKE TO VISIT**

I would like to climb up Uluru,  
 I would like to bounce with a kangaroo,

I would like to swim with a whale,  
 I would like to race a giant land snail.

I would like to ride into the wild west,  
 I would like to find a dinosaur's nest.

I would like to blast off to the moon,  
 I would like to explore an Egyptian tomb.

I would like to sail across the sea,  
 I would like to drink China's tea.  
 I would like to see a volcanoes eruption,  
 I would like to stop the earth's destruction.

## 1<sup>ST</sup> Prize 8-11 Years Category

Poem by Hazel Swain – Chichester High School

### AWESOME ANTARTICA

Awesome Antarctica,  
 A frozen world,  
 Cold – desolate,  
 Can it be like its twin?  
 Hyper huskies,  
 Perfect penguins,  
 Super seals sliding slowly,  
 Ingenious igloos,  
 Frosty fortresses,  
 Towering ice-bergs like  
 Frozen giants,  
 Perfectly preserved,  
 A world untouched,  
 Where I want to make my mark,  
 Saved from human ruin,  
 Saved from rubbish, cars, fumes.  
 Pristine, clean,  
 But soon to crumble and melt.  
 Can this sacred place be saved?  
 It needs our help!

## 2<sup>ND</sup> Prize 8-11 Years Category

Poem by Ruby Bottomley – Chichester High School

### WHERE I WANT TO GO! NYC!

The city that never sleeps,  
 People go to follow their dreams,  
 Broadway shows to your delight,  
 Times Square lit up so bright.

The statue of liberty she stands so tall,  
 People always come and go,  
 Brooklyn Bridge to Manhattan,  
 Too much cheese cake will surely fatten.

Crown Plaza is where to stay,  
 Make sure you've got lots of dollars to pay,  
 Hop on a bus for a tour,  
 With this you will really explore.

Yellow cabs you spot from a mile off,  
 Raise your hand if you need a ride,  
 Oh New York what a wonderful place,  
 Where everything is so fast paced!

### **3<sup>RD</sup> Prize 8-11 Years Category**

Poem by Scarlett Guilfoyle – Great Ballard School

#### **THE PLACE I WOULD LIKE TO VISIT**

The place I would like to visit is  
 The Moon  
 We've all seen it  
 but not acknowledged it well enough  
 to see its gorgeous craters  
 that go deep into the ground.  
 The moon has no gravity!  
 What fun!  
 It's bright white  
 And apparently made of cheese.

I would be the first woman ever to visit!  
 Oh, but the weather  
 How hot it would be in the day!  
 At only 100 degrees.  
 But at night the Sun fades away to reveal  
 -183 degrees!!!  
 Since I'm a tourist I'll visit the mountain  
 ranges and the single ocean!  
 I would love to see the "Mons Huygens"  
 Which is a whopping 5.5Km!!  
 The ocean I would love to see  
 Is the  
 Ocean of Tranquility,  
 the ocean of storms and the sea of nectar,  
 twenty seas, twenty lakes but not a single  
 drop of water!  
 I might not need my swimming costume...  
 Ah I can't wait to visit the Moon!

### **Highly Commended 8-11 Years Category**

Poem by Willow Christie – Chichester High School

CHILDHOOD?

The heat is unbearable,  
 The ground hard and cracked.

Some children playing and running,  
 While others are walking for hours on end.

Some children reading and writing,  
 While others are collecting dirty brown water.

Some children eating feasts of turkey,  
 While others are eating scraps on the ground.

Some children going to the hospital  
While others are lying on the ground waiting  
to go to  
Their death beds

### **Highly Commended 8-11 Years Category**

Poem by Joseph Slade – Chichester High School

#### DESERT

There is hardly any water.  
Water brings salvation.  
That I know.  
I feel so dead,  
Dead enough for the  
Vultures to be circling,  
Searching,  
Scavenging.  
And it could be me.  
Dry cliffs like dusty prison walls.  
I can only crawl,  
Swaying clumsily  
On my bare feet,  
Mind playing tricks on me.  
Isolated dunes the colour of a  
Glaring sunset  
Setting my blood pounding.  
Sand scratching the  
Back of my throat.  
I have no fire  
To ward off predators,  
And the darkness  
Is growing,  
Engulfing me.

## 1<sup>ST</sup> Prize 12-15 Years Category

Poem by Isabel Hints – Chichester High School

### TAJ MAHAL

In the distance so splendid  
 You can see a  
 Glass reflection  
 Open to sky and water.  
 Tomb of immensity,  
 Queen in slumber,  
 Sleeping Beauty  
 Of a fairytale.  
 Slow, effortless breeze  
 Whispers about  
 The white bulk,  
 Brushing against  
 Tamarind leaves,  
 Where towering pillars  
 Flank the queen of the  
 mighty Taj Mahal.

## 2<sup>ND</sup> Prize 12-15 Years Category

Poem by Gosia Popek – Chichester High School

### FIJI

The golden glistening sand  
 Is being stroked by the baby blueness of the sea,  
 The palms standing tall as soldiers  
 Bowing gracefully as if royalty were walking past.  
 A peaceful land, untouched by human hand.  
 Mountains overlook the land  
 Like self-appointed gods

Observing human behavior.  
 The smell of sea-saltiness prickling my nose.  
 Birds flying high, higher, highest  
 Into a dimension where the land  
 Seems small  
 But for those on the ground the sky  
 Seems tall.

### **3<sup>RD</sup> Prize 12-15 Years Category**

Poem by Oli West – Chichester High School

#### **PORTUGAL – THE PLACE OF DREAMS**

There it is, the view of dreams,  
 There it is, the country that beams,  
 Here before me the sun is shining,  
 Here before me the church bells are chiming.

The blue sea glistening in the sun,  
 Brazen beaches loved by everyone,  
 The sea horses crisply rising and falling,  
 Here come the tourists – dancing, enthralling.

But as the sun sets it starts to change,  
 A new vibe appears, a modern age,  
 The lights of the nightclubs pulsing, shining,  
 The music blaring, the people dining.

### **Highly Commended 12-15 Years Category**

Poem by Charlotte Graham – Chichester High School

#### **BEAUTIFUL BURANO**

I see the photographs of the brightly painted houses,  
 Creating a rainbow horizon.  
 The clear cobalt blue sky,  
 There's not a single cloud in sight.  
 I can almost feel the gorgeous sun on my back,  
 Clothes hanging from windows to dry.  
 I can almost hear the sound of boats floating,  
 The swishing and slopping of the water.  
 I imagine the smell,  
 It would smell of seafood from the markets and restaurants.  
 I can picture the bubbly and calm town,  
 Burano is a beautiful, vibrant and graceful place.

### **Highly Commended 12-15 Years Category**

Poem by Emilia Birch – Chichester High School

#### **WAR TORN SYRIA**

You won't find any children playing here.  
 Only the broken ones left behind,  
 Picking through the piles in  
 Western Damascus streets.

You won't see people on their way to work.  
 Only the senseless, scattered ruins  
 Where the comfortable hum of engines  
 Is replaced by gunshots and bombs.

You won't smell the aroma of fresh food,  
 Only the acrid stench of smoke and gunpowder.  
 The place where people call home  
 Is gone  
 And I dream of visiting.

## Highly Commended 12-15 Years Category

Poem by Hannah Woods – Portsmouth High School

TIME TO SEE THE REAL WORLD AGAIN...

Global warming, natural disaster, civil war,  
Pollution, plastic, political instability, superbugs,  
These are the labels of our world today.

If I could visit a place I would go,  
To a place that is not governed by technology,  
A world where people talk face to face,  
Conversations are not just lines of words on a screen,  
With cowardly two-faced comments concealing the true person.

If I could visit a place I would go,  
To a world where headlines tell of salvation,  
Our success in preserving the world,  
Tell of the help we give to other creatures who share this planet,  
Rather than how every action we take spells their doom.

If I could visit a place I would go,  
To a place where we do not turn life bringing air,  
Into malevolent fumes that poison our bodies,  
Where green replaces the rolling tableaux of grey,  
Ant the stars in the night sky are not exchanged for the artificial glow of  
electricity.

If I could visit a place I would go,  
To a place that had truly achieved equality,  
Gender, race disabilities,  
Where people do not have to fear the prejudice of something  
uncontrollable, written in their genetics before they were even born.  
If I could visit a place I would go,  
To a place with a future,  
Where children learn to play with toys rather than video games,

Where they are not always plugged in,  
And a place where the line between humans and machine is not so  
vague.

I would love to visit this place if only to see a world that does not seem  
to be on fast forward,  
A place where people stop acting like projectiles, launched on a set path  
from A to B,  
A place where people stop rushing around, heads down in their own  
programmed world.  
A place where instead, people have time to stop, time to help, and time  
to see the real world again.