



Garvald Children's Poetry Competition 2013

Poems about 'Water',
to celebrate
National Poetry Day

Acknowledgements

This competition was organized by the Garvald Website Team in support of National Poetry Day, 3rd October 2013. All winning entries have been published at www.garvald.org.uk on the Competition pages.

We had a fantastic response to the 2013 Poetry Competition with over a hundred entries! The theme, as for National Poetry Day, was 'Water'. The poems were sent as anonymous entries for judging and this year we were delighted to have the renowned Scottish Poet, Writer and Playwright **Liz Lochhead**, the Scots Makar, as our expert judge. She really enjoyed reading the poems and sends her best wishes and congratulations to all the winners. We would like to express our thanks to her for supporting this competition and volunteering her valuable time to judge the entries. We had so many entries this year that her job as judge must have been very difficult. We are very appreciative of her support and on behalf of everyone who took part in the competition we'd like to say Thank You!

You can read more about Liz's work at the Scottish Poetry Library's website at www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/poetry/poets/liz-lochhead

We would also like to thank Garvald and Morham Community Council for their support in providing funds for the book token prizes. Winners received a £20 book token, Second prize was a £10 book token and Runner-Up prize was £5 token.

We are also grateful to Georgi Gill, Learning Manager at the Scottish Poetry Library in Edinburgh, for her support and for arranging some lovely prizes. All nine winning entries received a prize poetry book kindly donated by the Scottish Poetry Library. For more information about the SPL see their website at www.spl.org.uk.

Other websites of interest for young poets, parents and teachers:

- www.youngpoetsnetwork.org.uk
- www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/competitions/fyp
- www.guardian.co.uk/childrens-books-site
- www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/education
- www.nationalpoetryday.co.uk/index.php
- www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/connect/national-poetry-day

Comments from our judge Liz Lochhead

I found judging this REALLY hard.

I am far from sure I've picked 'the best'.

I've just gone for things that, one way or another, appeal to me.

I am hoping that 'water' poems of many and varied sorts have been read to, and by, the children. Reading and hearing poetry is as important as writing it. We need to do both, let one feed the other and I have chosen, usually, as winners, pieces that use poetic techniques like repetition, structure, rhyme, pattern.

I've not tended to go for just a startling image alone, or for completely free verse...

I think another day I'd have chosen differently. Something else would have possibly appealed to me!

Very best wishes and congratulations,

Liz Lochhead

Winners

Category: 5-7 years

Winner: Molly Mack (I Can See Water)
Second: Rudie Shearer (Bubbles in the Jacuzzi)
Runner Up: Fergus Montgomery (The Rocky Water)

Liz said: "I picked the winner because I loved the first line - I wanted to pinch it! - and because of the zapping of the thunder and lightning in the clouds in the last one. I like that zapping, a word with real energy, and with the zigzag of lightning in it too..."

Category: 8-10 years

Joint Winner: Isla Kilkenny (Waterfalls)
Joint Winner: Craig Milligan (Floods)
Runner Up: Lochie Bruneau (Waterfall)

Liz commented: "Both winners were very visual, and surprising with it. I simply couldn't choose which image was my favourite between the rainbows in 'Waterfalls' and 'the fireman's hose' in 'Floods'... while 'Waterfall' (not with an 's') used rhyme really well - and this isn't easy! A sophisticated poem."

Category: 11-13 years

Winner: Murrion Bland (The Sea is Full of Life)
Second: Hubie Litherland (Battle on The Seas)
Runner Up: Arabella Flame (Fish)

Liz explained: "I just really, really like the winning poem. Sophisticated, enjoyable rhyming. I love 'the whale and his wife'- and I can't explain why - which is always the right reason for loving a poem... The other two have great images and colours in them..."

Age Group 5-7 years

Winner

I Can See Water. By Molly Mack

Blue heavy rain falling from the sky.
Dark clouds above my head.
Wet rain hitting my house.
Salty water in my tummy.
Heavy heavy heavy rain.
Grey sky.
Thunder and lightening zapping the clouds.

Second Prize

Bubbles In The Jacuzzi. By Rudie Shearer

The jacuzzi's bubbles are popping.
The jacuzzi is warm and bubbly.
The warm water between my toes.
Drowsy.
Bubbles won't stop popping.
Blue birds twittering.
The lavender making us sleepy.

Runner Up

The Rocky Water. By Fergus Montgomery

The crushing waterfall whirl around my feet
Fish and newts
Slimy green plants
Very salty and fishy
Bubbles and fish tickling my feet
Vine and leaves
Fish and wavy water

Age Group 8-10 years

Joint Winner

Waterfalls. By Isla Kilkenny

Water splashes down
Onto rocks
Making them sparkle a lot
Watching it splash is fun
Watching it bubble down
The water is freezing cold
Climbing up slippery rocks
Is fun and dangerous
When the sun shines
It makes little rainbows

Joint Winner

Floods. By Craig Milligan

The flood in the village
Sweeping the cars along
And lily pads are growing in the road,
The park becoming a lake,
And the village becoming
More and more like the sea,
And rain splashes like an
Un-controlled fireman's hose.

Runner Up

Waterfall. By Lochie Bruneau

As the rapids go down river,
and reach their deathly fall,
the water crashes and smashes,
as the birds loudly call.

The fish swim round and round,
as the wind blows by,
the leaves fall to the ground,
the blue water as blue as the sky.

Then the water flows down river,
and slowly out of sight,
as the grass moves slowly,
the frogs jump with such might.

Age Group 11-13 years

Winner

The Sea Is Full Of Life. By Murrion Bland

The sea is full of life
the whale and his wife
the seahorses prance
and the little fishes dance,
hidden sea filled caves
and dolphins amongst the waves.

A shadow silently glides all day,
To get to the place where the fish like to stay.
With its toothy smile and glinting eye
The fish speed away as if they fly,
So the hungry monster disappears,
Leaving behind a fading fear.

The reef returns to its usual calm,
The seaweed moves with hypnotic charm.
The blue green sea reflects the light,
A thousand glittering jewels so bright.
The sea is a place to soothe and calm,
The sound of the water a comforting balm.

Second Prize

Battle On The Seas. By Hubie Litherland

Liquid silver glistens
The red rose sinks below the horizon,

The captain steps up from his cabin
Wig curled, eyes a-glitter.
Storm is brewing,
Black clouds draw in,
The crew is tense.

A ship is sighted dark and skeletal,
cannons shine, tattered sails flap,
Bang!
Splinters shattered swords, slice through.
Dark red blood upon the floor,
Amber flames lick the hull,
Cannons pound out!

And the screams of dying men,
As the ship is slowly engulfed,
The deep takes its fill.
Down, down, down to the bottom.

Runner Up

Fish. By Arabella Flame

Finally I am released
One of the thousand
Almost blinded by my bright colours
I grow up, get stronger
Smell the salt in the sea
My baby coat turns into a beautiful collage of colour
My scales like a rainbow in the glimmering sea

I swim for the first time
The blue water encouraging me along
I am so taken back I do not see the shark
Its teeth like daggers ready to strike
I swim, swaying
The once relaxing sea now like a terrifying trap
As I swim the beautiful fish hide away in the multicoloured coral
Then I realise I am lost
I try to swim every direction
Nothing seemed like home

Age Group 5-7 years: Other Entries

Bubbling Time. By Aaron Adams

I hear people having fun splashing.
Floating bubbles around my feet.
I touch a slippery floor.
Disgusting salty water.
Very wet blue water.
Very blue water.

Hot Tub. By Evie Harkness

I hear bubbling
I see chairs going cozy
I touch the water
I smelly yummy
I feel the warmth of the sun

Fish Tank. By Polly Watson

Bubbles whirling around.
One fish swimming around.
Water that is wet as ice.
One fish smells like fish food.
Really happy to have a fish.
A toy mermaid for my fish.
One fish opening its mouth and closing it again.

Crunching Rainforest. By Rosie Simpson

Crumbling rocks
Bubbling waterfalls gushing down the river
A warm mug of hot chocolate in my hands.
Salty water
Adventurous and exciting to be there
Rock pools bubbling
Water hissing through the crashing waterfalls.

The Lovely Waterfall. By Rachel Rollo

Very loud water.
Lovely fish in the sea.
Just like water but it is always like that.
Really really salty.
So so so wet because it comes from a rain cloud.

Falling Water. By Rachel Black

It makes a sound like this... Shhhhh.
It is see through and blue.
The water falls crashing down like ice.
Very wet on my feet.
It is green.
It makes a sound like pitter patter on the roof.

The Wavy Fish Tank. By Annabelle Murray

Splashy wonderful fishes
Wavy wonderful slimy seaweed
Very wet water
Very salty wonderful water
Exciting and wonderful feeling
The very pretty sea glass
Very noisy.

The Bubbling Bath. By Ronnie Brown

The waterfalls whirl around my feet.
Water tumbles of whoosh around my feet wet.
It makes my fingers freeze like ice cold.
It makes my mouth freeze wet like frozen peas.

Rain Water. By Isla Irvine

Drip drip drop all day
Little drops of water
Wet waves
Play in the water taste the water
Wet stuff makes me sad

The Wild Waves. By Tom Kelman

Waves crashing
Red and yellow shells
May boogie board gliding
Very strong salt
Very wet blue water
Sparkly fish swimming
Waves splashing

Water Falls. Iona Taylor

Water on the water falls
Flowers on the waterfalls
Rainbow lavender in the water
Nice like hot chocolate

The Rain Forest. By Amelia Guzikoska

Splashy water in the forest.
Waves in the forest its beautiful
Smooth water is nice
Cosy warm chocolate
Beautiful cosy water in the forest.

Water Rocking. By Jessie Doherty

Tap running
The pool was warm
Wet weather in the pool
Salty water
Colourful waterfall rainbow

Beach Water. By Heather Wheelan

Floating beautiful water
Blue, turquoise, white and grey
Plain, normal and salty water
Wobbly wet invisible water in my hands
Glass, sand, water, islands, waves, whales and crabs
Thunder, lightning and seagulls

Water. By Daisy Ingram

The river flows fast and furious,
Faster than the sea, faster than the ocean,
Faster than me.
When the sun comes out the ocean sparkles,
When I get home the sprinkler is on,
It drips and drops and the water is happy
Going out and in the pipe,
I fill up the paddling pool and have fun
I empty it out and it's time for bed.

Water. By Joseph Cole

Water water everywhere water is a pond
Water water is a lake water water is a sea
Water water is a river water water is an ocean
Water water is cold water water is a drink
Water water is hot water water is fun
Water water is deep water water is clear
Water water is smelly water water is wet
Without water we would not be here

Water In The Sea. By Campbell Mack

Water is smelly in the cold sea
Water washes our hands after we have been in the sea
Water water keeps our world alive
Water keeps a smile on my face
Water water I love water
It keeps me alive

Jacuzzis. By Honor Stevens

Jacuzzis are very bubbly
Jacuzzis are very wet
Jacuzzis are very clear
Jacuzzis are very warm
Jacuzzis are very relaxing
Jacuzzis are very deep
Jacuzzis are very calming
Jacuzzis are very glittery

Water. By Jack Brown

Water is healthy and fun and wavy
Water is bubbly and cold
Water is dark and good

Sparkly Water. By Abbey Wood

Water is warm and sparkly
Water is shallow and sparkly
Water is cold and sparkly
Water is deep and sparkly
Water is in the middle and sparkly
Water is sparkly everywhere
Water is warm and gently
Water is warm and hot
Water is very deep and shallow

Age Group 8-10 years - Other Entries

Drip Drop. By Daniel McKay

Millions of waterdrops
Nice and sparkly
Millions of waterdrops
Can help flowers grow
Millions of waterdrops
Are fun
Millions of waterdrops
Tasty to drink

Me! By Mimi Brown

I splish and I splash
I add some colour to the world
I play with kids in the bath
I glitter and I am glam
Don't drink me from the sea
I taste blee!!!
I am everywhere in the world!

Water. By Jemma Swan

Water is beautiful
Water is cold
I love water
Water flows fast and is very fun
I love water
Water is blue
Water is sparkly and splashes

Water Mania. By Rorie Watt

Water water everywhere
sparkling sparkling anywhere
water is healthy water is wealthy
water water zooming fast
rushing through the grass
ignoring what it goes past
water I love it's so good
And water is on earth
Because if we didn't have water we would die

Water Water Everywhere. By Anna Meikle

Water water everywhere splashing and banging
Against rocks banging and crashing against the waves
Water is cold, water is hot, water is bubbly
Wavy and calm, clear and wet, as wet can be
Water is deep, water is shallow, water is good
For drinking water is best it keeps us alive
And all the sea creatures

Sea. By George Chalmers

Pond is splashy
Jacuzzi is bubbly
Lake is cold
Pond is warm
Waterfall is cold
Pond is warm

Water. By Zoe Doig

Water is the best
It cleans your vest
Water everywhere
I prayer
Water cleans windows
Water will win

Water is Everywhere. By Oakleigh Robertson

Water water everywhere splashing like they don't care
Water is everywhere
Water is clear
Water is fun everyone is splashing in the sun
Water is good fun at the beach
Everyone is having fun jellyfish in the sea
Having fun
Water is great
Water is fun
Water is dangerous
Water is great
Everyone is in water
Have a bath be nice and warm with bubbles
Have some hot cocoa in front of the fire
And watch some TV

Water. By Ellen Hunter

Water in a pool that's bubbly
Water in a drink that's lovely
Water in a beautiful lake
Water in a hose to use
Water in a sinking cruise

Water in a warm shower
Water in a great power
Water in a waterfall
Water in a pot that's tall
Water in a great big sea
Water's all for you and me

Under The Sea. By Aidan Ballanytne

The sea is jumping
Over and on the rocky
Beach but underneath
Lurks a shimmery shiny
Monster
Of the beach
With all the crabs and
Squishy fish
Rocks with all the sea
Weed and clams stuck in the
Rocks

A Well. By Anna Lodge

Wells can be small, big, flooded or empty.
I watch as the rain fills the well, higher and higher.
The height of the water is rising.
I wait to see the first drop of water , trickle down the side.
I wait to see it gather up at the ground.
Soon it dries as fast as the wind.
This well is empty and is ready to start again.

Waterslide. By Eloise Thursz

Screams echo when children fall down,
The gushing water fresh water goes down the hillside.
Splashing into ponds the sun making the water shimmer and shine,
Zinging and zagging through the hillside.
I love the way it is, as the fun is as fun could be.

Puddle To The Tsunami. By Ewan McClung

Water flying down mountains,
Crashing into warm lakes,
Couple of days later it rains,
Small puddles come, then it rains some more,
Puddles turn into tsunamis,
When the tsunami ends there's a flood,
And now the world is a giant swimming pool.

Water. By Daniel Murray

You can splash and swim and relax in the water.
You can paddle in the river.
Water falling down from a waterfall.
People splashing in the pool.
Water is natural.

Rain Falls Drip Drop Goes The Rain. By Hannah Chalmers

Rain falls drip drop goes the rain.
Making puddles as it falls from the sky.
Rain is nice it makes you soaking wet,
It makes everything wet soaking wet
Cars are wet,
Grass is wet
Everything outside is wet
It is wet, wet, wet.

Water Cycle Poem. By Harry Bertrand

Water, water running in streams.
Under the water there are fish swimming there
When it gets hot the water rises and turns into clouds.
When the clouds cry rain comes down turns into rivers all over again.

Waterslides. By Holly Brown

Water dripping from the waterslide ride
Hide away from the step
Wet people walking past dripping and laughing
Climbing up and up higher and higher
Hearing screaming from the top
More people going up

The Burn. By Jamie Macphail

When the rain plop's into a burn
It's so tempting to have a drink with it's
Cold temperature, the dripping in to the stones,
with it tricking on the muddy side soaking
Into the mud splashing and colouring.

Waves. By Holly Elliot

As the waves come up over the sea
they gush and rush so happily
when they play day and night
they come over and give you a fright
when you try to run away
they follow you to make sure you're okay.
When you do go away
it seems they have magically just flown away.

The Waterfall. By Jasmine Anderson-George

The beautiful waterfall as it flows down the mountain
As it crashes onto big heavy rocks and boulders
Just think how pretty but powerful it is.
Just see the cold and clear water as it rushes past you
And think about how much water helps you
And what would we do without it?
It cures your thirst and also when you are hot it cools you down.
But you know the prettiest thing that I think water does
Is when the water flows down the mountain and suddenly turns out to
Be a big pretty waterfall.

The Waterfall. By Lucia Bivar Segurado

The water is dripping
It is dripping on my head
When I got home it was making massive PUDDLES
Quick! Look at the mountain it has flooded
After a few weeks there was my dream - a water fall
Talking about waterfalls, the waterfall has flooded the town
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Waves. By Morgan Smith

Splashing, Soaring, Some Find It Boring,
The Bubbling Waves As They Approach
Your Feet, Let's just Play In The Sea Before The
Tide Goes In, The Sun Is Going Down Now, We Have
Had Enough Fun Today, Let's Go Inside Now As There Is
Plenty To Do Tomorrow.

The Swimming Pool. By Nicole Taylor

As I looked out the car window
It wasn't busy.
As I got in I changed into my
Swimming suit.
I went to the deep end.
The wave machine pulls you under the water.
Just imagine you saw fish, whales and sea horses.
How cool is the swimming pool.

The Pond. By Rory Morrison

I wonder what is under the misty cloudy water in the pond.
Seeing ripples in the pond .when you throw the stone into the pond the sound
Is a splash and then a plop the water splashes on me and I enjoy it.
After I walk back home I pass all the different ponds that I have walked passed.
I finally get home and I open the door of my house and I sit down and have a rest.

Water. By Samantha Snowden

Water water everywhere,
All around the world there is water,
There are streams, seas and rivers,
Water is amazing you can splash
Play and jump in water.
It is amazing what you can do with water.

Water From The Tyne. By Tom Riddell

Water is wet that's such
A boring first line I should of thought
To have something better to rhyme
So what do you think of
That stuff that we drink
Does it really come from
The Tyne?

Waterfalls. By Tom Taylor

All the drizzles and thundery water,
flowing down like a water slide,
through the hills and mountains,
down and down it goes,
shimmery as it goes down,
everybody knows it's the waterfall,
it's the funniest thing in town,
it makes everything shimmer like a diamond,
It flows and flows, down it goes, into the sparkly lake, then it runs into the wavy sea, bye bye you
don't know where it could be.

Waterfalls. By Tirkana Stanhope

Rapids flowing white and blue,
fish scales like a rainbow,
splashing, crashing, noisy, see-through,
butterflies flying so low.

Which thick foam bubbling quickly,
caves under the waterfall,
long, dark, damp and sickly,
desperate to be as colourful.

Tsunami. By Katya Eardley

The sun is shining brightly,
the waves are gently splashing,
so many people swimming,
suddenly the sea is crashing.

The horizon is changing,
everyone starts to run,
All the people jump into cars,
Uh oh! Where is the sun?

The sky has turned black,
the sea is now one big wave,
birds are flying high in the sky,
don't think of anything else to save.

Oh no! The sea is much closer,
the sea is now on the land,
quickly, we must get away,
it is now covering the sand.

Phew! We have been saved,
No one was left behind,
I can't see the sea anymore,
everyone has been so kind.

The River. By Robbie Stewart-Howitt

I feel the spray on my face,
as the waterfall crashes down,
the foam is bubbling by the shallow rocks,
as my boat spins round and round.

Pool by pool the water gets deeper,
and the fish start to jump,
Now the water is starting to ripple,
as my boat makes a "thump".

Here we fly down the rapids,
as we bang into the rocks,
the waterfall is strong and powerful,
I'm going to lose my crocs!

The Loch. By Oscar Jack

I followed a stream down to a loch,
and watched a fish jump high,
the sun shone brightly on the water,
the colour of the sky.

The water crashes against the rocks,
the fish swim out of the schools,
I had a sudden fight in my sight,
as they danced around their pools.

The air was turning cool now,
and the sky was turning grey,
I felt a sudden drip of rain,
come tumbling onto my face.

The Snowman. By Ines Courtois

In the morning the sun got up,
the children played in the snow,
a maze white in the country,
the sun tells the wind to blow.

They decide to build a snowman,
with a carrot for the nose,
a scarf, a hat, and two long sticks,
He stands with a beautiful pose.

In the night, poor snowman melts,
his face starts to frown,
in the morning he's disappeared!
Just the carrot on the ground.

Ice. By Ella Walford

Clear, tasteless, cold to the touch,
fresh, lifeless, losing its luck,
warming, warming, melting away,
penguins dying every day.

Penguins swimming round and round,
speeding, fishing, touching the ground,
eating, gobbling the fish they catch,
jumping, leaping, making a splash.

Soon, the ice will disappear,
that is of all my greatest fear,
you see I love the penguins, I would cry,
if all the penguins were to die.

Ponds. By Joshua Nevill

Fish dash about as they please,
the tarpaulin is rubbery at the touch,
the rustling bushes never cease,
there is a lot of lily pads, but not too much.

The water snails stay very still,
fiery red stones are at the side,
the fish tilt,
downwards in their fright.

Waterfalls. By Ruth Meynell

The waterfall holds a lot of sounds,
with solid bulks of rocky mounds,
the water sloshing round and round,
liquid rocks moving down and down.

Fizzing, tickling on my toes,
salty smells flowing up my nose,
foaming, frothing, bubbles grow,
the cold, cold SPLOOSH! feels like snow.

Birds flying low are calling though,
crawling as low as the water flows,
the fresh green grass looks mown and mown,
the river bank edge being towed and towed.

Water. By Lucy de Burgh

Water sometimes is calm and sometimes wild,
 All summer the sea is bright blue and green,
 The waves smashing against the rocks.
 The waves are bigger than ever, everything is still in the night sky,
 Rarr goes the waves and it all goes still.

Waterfall. By Rachel Aitchison

Wonderful time
At the end of the day
Talk to the water watch it go by.
Everything perfect but hear that lovely waterfall
Replying with sad looking bubbles
Falling down the rocks
Annoyed at the flow of water
Lovely but
Lovely waterfalls

Dream. By Tilly Bellamy

As the stream signals to the
rocks. As it crashes to and fro.
Its dream to be seen in the sea
with the fishes and the boats
but instead it goes to a little waterfall
and soon I see it going down
with all the other drops.

Waterfall. By Eliza-Jane Curran

Wishing wells are water
Also is the river... but
To me the most beautiful
Ever source of water
Reads as the waterfall
Foaming and frothing
At the bottom but
Lovely and smooth at the top, bubbling down like a river
Lovely is the waterfall

Water. By Kuba Guzikowski

Waves wash the sand and leave the shells.
A whale splashing water everywhere it's
Totally fun don't say no water is cool
Especially when paddling a kayak.
Recycle rubbish do not drop it in the sea.

Water. By Paul Holmes

Water is so amazing

And you can freeze it and you can drink it.
The water that you shower with either hot or cold.
Eating stuff but you can't survive without water.
Rivers are fun to walk across but not in winter.

And when it's raining it's freezing cold.
Never drink alcohol drink water.
Don't shower all day because all you are doing is wasting it.

Salt water is disgusting and stingy when it goes in your mouth.
Especially when it goes in your eyes.
And salt water is cold in Scotland and warm in Spain.

Water. By Isaac Ingram

The raging torrent gushes off the cliff, crashing against the rocks as it goes.
Erosion has formed a chamber behind, unexplored for hundreds of years.
The pool down below gets constantly filled with the roaring cascade of liquid.
The trickle of water turns into a river, always getting faster.
It pours into a lagoon, and laps against the shore.
The pull of the moon takes its toll and it sweeps out away from dry land.
Soon it will evaporate and fall from the sky starting its journey again.

Tornado Water. By Ross Morrison

Water is fierce it's wild because of hurricane and tornados smashing against the sea.
And rivers bursting floods everywhere and loads of sudden deaths.
The cars are trying to stay on their wheels but in seconds they're floating in water.
Entering people homes is water and more water.
Roads are closed and roads are blocked because of the tornadoes and fierce floods. Cars are being towed away from the road everybody is worried just in case it's worse next year. Dun dun dun its next year already.

Water. By Paul Vernon

Water is great
At all times of day we use it morning, noon and night
Time and time again floods occur to flood villages
Entering in to a steady stream
Running down the mountainside

Water. By Annie Wilson-Rumney

Water in the well
At a rainy hill
Tugging on the rocks
Exploding with bubbles
Raining all day long
Fierce river rapids
At the bottom so nearly
Living at the bottom
Lovely waterfall

Underwater. By Charlotte Hippe

Underwater the blue whale sings
Now the blue whale with its calves
Dreading the day when she will lose her babies
Every minute of the day she stays by their side
Rocking coral side to side
Water, waves, whales
And fish back and forwards
To the shore
Every little fish to big blue whale
Reunite in the sea every day, minutes of days, months and years.

A Raindrop Called Larry. By Tristan Swan

A raindrop called Larry, fell from the sky.
He didn't know why, no he didn't know why.

A raindrop called Larry landed in a puddle.
Oh what a muddle, oh what a muddle!

A raindrop called Larry leaked in Sam's shoe.
Sam never knew, no Sam never knew.

A raindrop called Larry, watched Sam leave.
He started to grieve, grieve, grieve.

A raindrop called Larry alone on the sand,
felt something amazing touch his watery hand.

"I am the voice of the sea" it said to he.
"Come to the bottom of the sea with me."

A raindrop called Larry all in all, thinks it's pretty cool to have an undersea hall.
A raindrop called Larry, king of the sea is as happy as happy could ever be.

Water. By Rhys Young

Water is fast and loud going down the stream
All water is clear everywhere
Trickling down a leaf. Splash! on the long thick grass
Every drop was a splash! and dampened the grass
Running down the grass into the lake

Drip, Drip, Drip. By Millie Watt

Tap with water dripping
Drip, drip, drip

The water of a water fall
Drip, drip, drip

My dog shakes all over me
Drip, drip, drip

After I go swimming my hair goes
Drip, drip, drip

The rain goes pitter patter
Drip, drip, drip

When I cry
Drip, drip, drip

I am a raindrop
Drip, drip, drip

Hydration. By Harris More

Water thunders down the drain.
Always stay hydrated.
The rain falls to the ground.
Every day you drink water.
Rainfall floods the rivers.

The Homeward Bound. By Tristan Swan

A ship, a ship called the Homeward bound
Sailed across the icy seas
Dodging all the rocks and reefs
Standing on the seabed, like monsters teeth.

A ship, a ship called the Homeward bound
Rushed across the Choked canal
Manoeuvring around the deadly branches
On which many ships had met their doom.

A ship, a ship called the Homeward bound
Whizzed across the polar oceans
Swerving around the great icebergs
Floating in the sea, like great looming ghosts.

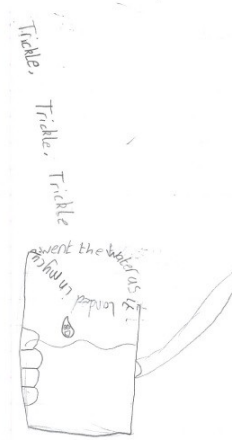
A ship, a ship called the Homeward bound
Sailing off into the sunset
Never to be seen again,
By anybody in the world
A ship, a ship called the Homeward bound.

The Water In My Cup. By Cody Gunn

[written as a shape poem, see right]

Smash, smash, smash when the ice as it hit the floor.
Bang, bang, bang went torrent is it smashed into the bank.
Roar, roar, roar screamed the tsunami as it ripped its way through the city.
Trickle, trickle, trickle
Went the water as it landed in my cup.

The Water in my Cup
Smash, smash, smash went the ice as it hit the floor.
Bang, bang, bang went the torrent as it smashed into the bank.
Roar, roar, roar, screamed the tsunami as it ripped its way through the city.



Whoosh Goes The Waterfall. By Connie Pennycuik

[written as a shape poem, see right]

Whoosh goes the waterfall splash at the bottom,
whoosh splash drip,
whoosh splash, drip.
Rushing past the bank then whoosh down the waterfall the water goes.
Into the water at the bottom trickling down the mini waterfall.
It looks so kind and fun and peaceful and then it does it again whoosh splash drip!

Thursday 19th September 2013
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By The Sea. By Beth Riva

[written as a shape poem, see right]

The water sways from side to side, it rushes quickly with the tide.
The water crashes against the rocks
It's freezing cold when it comes in my crocs.
I watch the fish glide through the water it's small and shiny just like a quarter.
I love being by the sea it's just the place for me to be!

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Water. By Rosie Goldsmith

Water is like crystals in the night sky.
So smooth and refreshing after a long tiring run.
It trickles down your throat and refreshes your body.
Oh what would we do without water.

It is like the twinkle in an eye.
When it flows down the side of a hill on a summers day.
Then a black cloud pours down on us.
We run to a shelter to keep dry.

Water is like diamonds falling from the sky.
When it pours down on us.
And drops into your mouth.
On a hot day.

In the sea
The water can be clear.
But not really in Scotland.
In Greece you can see all the fish at the bottom.
And all the weird creatures to.
But in south America there are grey fins moving around.
And are ready to come and get you when you go swimming.
Water would be and awesome place to live.
I wonder what it would be like to live underwater!!

Age Group 11-13 years - Other Entries

A Journey. By Pandora Bannister

A babbling small stream
Weaving through the rock
Down the mountainside
Towards the rivers below

Down the small valleys
And down the steep mountains
Joining small streams
Towards the rivers below

White souring waterfalls
To foaming blue pools
Cold, icy, turquoise torrents
Towards the rivers below

Gushing rushing
Tumbling falling
Eroding the rocks
Towards the rivers below

Swirling rapids
Crisp pools
On and on
Towards the rivers below

Danger. By Cressida Wilson

Bubble, bubble, bubble
I am swimming along
Bright colourful fish darting all over the place
Orange, pink, green, yellow
Like a rainbow
Salty blue water so refreshing
I am swimming through the cliffs of coral
Then it goes quiet
No fish are swimming
They are all hiding
It feels like I am the only fish in the sea
A quick sly creature circling me
My fins are shaking

Despair. By Jake Green

A flash of yellow
Light burns my eyes
Screams of terror and despair
Dying souls
The great blue sea swallowing lives
Despair
Water rising
No breath
Sinking
Glimmers of bright yellow burst far above the surface
Air

Desperation. By Leo Harper-Gow

Egypt
Burning heat penetrates to the bone
Dry sand, thin sand pushes to and fro in the sluggish air
Hot statues scream in the shimmering heat

I am missing, lost everyone

Thirst
The wretched, desperate thought sticks in my mind
Its constant sting poisons my mouth
Skin begging for moisture, heart feels hopeless

Music. By Zoë Mylne

Drip drip
The sky bursts with laughter
The rain is pouring down
It seeps into the sand so quickly you can barely see it land
There is so much laughter and excitement
Even the plants are smiling
You can taste a party about to start
You can hear the drip drab pounding down
It is like live music
Everybody is dancing
Drip drip clap clap...

By The Loch Side. By Evan Ball

I emerge from a dark, misty woods,
With Thorns and Thistles,
And I see a glistening loch,
So beautiful and sparkling.

It is a sunny day,
There's a warmth in the air,
Saying winter has ended,
And spring is beginning.

The slushy snow lays on the ground,
As a deer gallops by,
With a young fowl behind,
to take a drink from the water.

The water is calm and still,
Nothing floating in it,
The deer and fowl create ripples,
As they drink and drink.

Flowers are budding by the loch side,
Daisies and lilies,
Creating vibrant colours,
That glow in the sunlight.

The pine trees around,
Smell of Christmas day,
Water drops and snowflakes,
Still lay on it.

The only sound that is made,
Is the pitter patter,
Of a little waterfall pouring,
Straight out of a fresh stream.

A little stone cottage lays alone,
With fluffy smoke floating out of the chimney,
Blocks of wood surround the hut,
Giving away the identity of the old woodcutter.

Behind the shiny loch,
And the fresh pine trees,
Lays a misty mountain,
Full of mystery and wonder.

I look at the dazzling scene,
Stunned and amazed,
So I walk up to the water,
And take a sip.

I am immediately enlightened,
Through it's sweet and tender taste,
I fill up my flask with the water,
And leave the beautiful scene behind.

The Army. By Ellie Vestey

Running through the valley as fast as knights on horses.
Colours dancing in the sun light.
Here the roar of the waves as they crash into the rocks.
Trapped in it's own path.
Taste the river air,
Feel the breeze blowing around the place.
Moving with the wind like an army.
The trees loom over the battle field.
The sun seeps through the cracks in the trees making shows on the side of the river.
Rain drops dive into the river and gets swallowed by the rattling waves.
The day gets colder and the wind calms down the trees stop lurking and the day is still.

The Beach. By Alexandre de Teglassy

I see my brothers,
other people
Diving of the rocks into the water.
Waves. Sea spray. Sea gulls. Fish in the water.

I hear crashing ,screaming seagulls.
I jump.
I smell the salt.

Rush! By S. Woodd

Screaming sirens
Running to me
Shrieking and screaming
Fierce hatred

Silence. Everything
Stops
Glued to the spot
A rising fear

Crash! Quiet darkness
Forceful swirls of brown
Pushing me down
Suffocating me, dragging me in

Debris cruises past me
Clanging against me
A fierce sting
Of surging pain

I realise this end
Death has fallen
Advancing towards me
Distant and uncaring.

Spring In The Woods. By James Connolly

The thunderous splash of a nearby waterfall
Echoes down a valley
feel the water trickling
all over thirsty skin

A deep pool filling up
like sunlight filling a rocky valley
colourful fish in the pool
swimming gleefully around

Rocks brown, grey
as dry as bone
then a sudden burst
of water quenches their thirst

Hear the sing song chorus
of tiny hidden birds
singing with excitement
in their fragile voices

As the waterfall sounded its applause

The Dam. By H. Tomlyn

Blue water shimmers in the sun
Brown cracks surround the water
Fish jump, glistening for a moment
And dive back down to the depths of the water.

The big cliffs on either side
Stretches of water go on for miles
The reflection of big olive trees
Stumbling on the edge of the cliffs.

The Beach. By Ruby Stuart

Soft sand rushing through your feet,
the wind hitting you like a puff of feathers,
sun sparkling on the water like a crystal,
almost blinding in a delightful way,
all you hear is the wind whistling and waves lapping gently on the sand,
salt fills your lungs in a cooling way,
with the sun casting a shadow on the shifting shells,

In front all you see is a blue, vast open landscape,
with little toy boats scattered on top,
on the other sides are white rock cliffs,
there's moist green grass on the summit,
and calling seagulls nesting on ledges,
mild, quiet and peaceful,
what a beautiful day.

My Little Blue Boat. By Sophie Gladstone

My little blue boat,
Is thrown into the air,
As the water plays a bully's game,
And flings it back down.

A rush of water darts past me,
I can hear the low hum of the boat,
Beneath me, comforting me,
As I sail along in my little blue boat.

The whistle of wind,
The salty twang of the sea,
Powerful waves roll along so gently.
As I glide along in my little blue boat

I feel like a skimming stone,
Skimming along so freely,
I can feel the rhythm of the water,
As I skim along in my little blue boat.

A sudden surge of wind rushes past,
I lean back to balance myself,
My hair trickles along the water,
As I dart along in my little blue boat.

The pounding fists of bullies are beating,
And the glaring rays of the sun,
Swallowed up by the raging waves,
As I bounce along in my little blue boat.

And then a gale of wind, so strong,
Which swats me out of the boat,
I plummet into the icy waters below,
And now my little blue boat is gone,

Black, I need to swim,
Then a muddy brown, I need air,
A murky yellow, my lungs are exploding,
Air! Finally a life saving breath of fresh, crisp
Air.

Speed Of Water. By Hamish Davidson

The roar of the engines
As the boat starts up
The crash of the anchor
And the bubbles beneath

The speed picks up
And the wind's in my face
The whirl of the engines
And the speed picking up

"Faster and faster" I shout
As the waves break
A white path behind us
With blue all around

"Faster, faster" I shout
As the bounce gets bigger
A wave in my face
But still ploughing on

"Faster, faster!" I shout
As we reach the speed of speeds
The illusion of the water
Before everyone's eyes

Crash, crunch. Crash, crunch
That is the pace of the waves
And back to the bay
Slowing, slowing and back to normality.

The Beach. By J. Soriano

Walk slowly
Calm sea
No sound
The sea is crashing on the rocks
Empty beach
Seagulls wheeling
Feeling good
Run to the light house
Start to be hungry
Go home
Return to the beach
Colourful
Shouting swimming and sunbathing
Dive into the water
Cold
Play with my friends
The waves do fssssssss...!!
I swim
I am alone
I listen to music
The day is over

The Flood. By Wilfy de la Hey

Water engulfing me,
My house holding onto the roots of its life,
The endless downpour of rain sorrowful
Voices screaming and echoing in my head.

My house is falling in front of my eyes,
I can smell the powerful destruction of the barrage of water,
A thunderbolt of despair strikes my head,
As I hear the wailing voices scream and plea.

I see the water swallowing structures,
Punching an eager fist on my door, fighting to get in,
Pain searing through my body and I can taste the blood leaking from my lip,
The water, waiting like a weary, wounded tiger ready to pounce.

I can't find my family,
My dog is gone,
My brother, Mum and Dad,
My whole life taken from me.

The hands of my old body have no feeling,
Drawing blood as I hold onto a thread of hope,
Wait is all I can do wait until,
The water takes me.

The Flood. By Archie Robison

5a.m.
Deadly silence then,
Drip, drip, drip
Faster and faster
Drip, drip drip
Suddenly, whoosh
Rain hammering
Windows rattling
Wind rushing
Heavens opened and rain crashes to the ground
Floods started and people howled, screamed
Silence
Shoes, tables, beds, prized possessions
Sirens whirring, motors buzzing.

The Pool. By Lucy Venters

Walking through the doors
Smell of chlorine hits you like the wind smashing you in the face
Kids screaming
Feel the regret of coming in
Hard to breathe because of the humid air
The high pitch noise echoes around the room
The excitement starts to build
Everybody gathers round the wave machine
Hear the laughter and joy from the people around you
Leap with a scream into the water

Water Force. By Ariana Willoughby

Everything goes silent...
Then...
The sirens start to shrill
I hear shrieks coming from every
Corner of the world,
The tides are churning and the waves crashing
Against the rocks
My heart is pounding waiting for
The wave to hit, to wash away lives
To clear all dreams of the young, to ruin homes, crops, jobs.

The wind howling in my ears as
I look back at my life, all I have done all I have achieved, where I have been
And all I have seen
Is this the End?

Bam! The Wave hits I grab for something
Nothing, what will I do what can I do
Help! I hear myself shout Help! I hear myself cry
I'm losing air, I'm losing oxygen, and I'm losing life
I won't die like this, I can't die like this
I push myself up with all my power
And there I see the sun, the sun that saw it all
All the death, devastation and loss
This isn't the end.

The Plaster. By Ella Robson

Mould, dank and cold, a sickly green in colour,
Something French on the back of my bench,
I shudder in disgust.

“Be out by 2.30,” the receptionist mumbles,
Lifeless,
Painted,
Woman.
Sadly I shuffle on.

I am regretting my decision,
Of which I made with such precision,
Kids with veruccas and warts,
Germs, horrible germs,
Infesting every corner.

Something floats past me, what is it?
Rectangular and cream,
It could only be what I see,
A plaster!

Turmoil, horror and disgust,
Not that I am one to fuss,
Used, germs, bacteria and all,
Shaking, quaking, I turn around,
Plant my feet on the ground, and run.

That was the last time I visited the pool,
I’ve filled my afternoons with something else,
I’ve hung up my costume for good.

The Sea And The Sand. By Doune Meynell

The waves were rolling along the sand like coffee being spilt
Washing jellyfish onto the shore; red, purple, white, crimson and lilac
Fascinating colours
Walking along the beach
Dry sand blown onto my feet and ankles
Hair attacking my head
Being blown in all directions
I climbed up upon the rocks
Cold rocks, rough rocks, rocks covered in slippery seaweed
I stretched my hand into the dark water
It’s as cold as ice falling to the ground in the Arctic
Salty water dancing through my fingers
The moon, white moon hanging by a thread in the sky
Its reflections shattering the calm sea

The Public Pool. By Max Bruneau

I open the door and I'm hit
With a wave of humid air
The sound of children crying
Like the sound of a circus or fair

I can see a spat of sick in the corner
And another glob of spit
It's the most disgusting place in the world
It's like a dumping pit

It's unhygienic, vile and repulsive
It's disgusting, foul and horrible too
The taste of chlorine chokes me as I enter the water
A swelled up brown plaster floats across the pool

The sound is ear piercingly loud
And everyone seems to shout
I feel as if the ground drops beneath me
And hear my name called just as I pass out

The Sleepover At The Beach. By David Wakefield

The sound of the waves was like an angry child
Screaming for its mother
The sand was being turned from white to brown

The water was sea green
The waves were as white as pearls
Crashing down onto the
everlasting expanse of the beach
History crammed into every particle like a
mixing bowl

As the sun fell the navy blue sea erupted with
Salt-water fish and
crabs trying to find their
First meal of the night
Then the water gradually
smoothens

The moon shone down reflecting the light
Off the water

Slowly the break of dawn brought me to my senses
Lapping waves filled my ears as i set
off for home

Tsunami. By S. Macpherson

From peace to chaos in just a few seconds,
It swallows all it can reach,
A deafening roar then all goes black,
All you can do is hope it won't come back.

Thrown around like a doll made of rags,
Wounds open and bleeding and covered in mud,
It comes again like a bucking stallion,
Trampling all under its great black hoofs.

Thick scarlet blood drips onto the ground,
Infection dancing from wound to wound,
Vision blurred, but carrying on,
Coughing up blood from a dried up throat.

Stumbling over a broken chair,
The world starts to spin and,
Death holds out his hand.

Vibrant Fishes In The Ocean. By Rose Atkinson

Water moves in and out
Waves lash onto the sand
Rolling in
Startled fish driven forward
Drawn back into the depths
Weak small fish hide in the rainbow coral
Whish, whoosh, bang
Suddenly it stops the water then relaxes
Then rare fishes, red fishes, slim fishes, chubby fishes, small fishes, big fishes come out
Small gentle calm fishes
Slowly swimming along
Slim long fishes
Swipe past
And gobble up the bread children have thrown
Bright corals shine out
Small moving creatures
Play around
The sun shines onto the slow moving shape
The sea is refreshing
Cool
Fun

Then fish move on
Seeing miles of water ahead
Hearing the waves
Water passing
Children's laughter

Rain. By Ellen Hill

Pitter patter on the window pane,
As the clouds begin to rain,
Rain rain down the drain.

Crash goes the rain,
As it gargles down the drain.
Plip plop go the drops,
Dropping all the way down, down, down!

Water. By Joe Smith

Water is cool water is fine
When you drink it your life will be a rhyme
While in water your life will roll like time
Water will drip like it's a smooth funky snake.
Water can also drip like a dreaming dragon in a water cave.

Water. By Christopher Renton

Water can taste salty like the sea
Water can be warm or cold

Water is clear like glass
Water it can all so look mouldy in a swamp

Water sounds like splashing and crashing
Water.

The Sea. By Eve Smith

The sea is a pack of unicorns
Crashing agents the beach
Gallop on the sand

Every time it repeats itself
Starting small and getting big
Then ending up on the sandy shore

Every unicorn is a different size
And on stormy nights when the unicorns
Get frightened they jump on the high rocks
Nothing gets in their way

But they have a moment when they are calm
Asleep still.

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