

ILLUMINATE

Rugby High School's creative writing magazine

National
Poetry Day

Special
Edition

October 2016



Welcome to this special edition of “Illuminate”, which celebrates National Poetry Day.

The theme this year is “messages” and you will be able to read the wealth of creative ways in which the students have interpreted this idea.

The pieces featured in this edition are the prize-winning and highly commended entries for the School competition; over a hundred students wrote work for the competition and the standard was very high.

I would like to thank all the students who wrote poems – I enjoyed reading them all. Thank you also to the members of the English Department for inspiring their classes.

Olga Dermott-Bond

WINNER: YEAR SEVEN

Adchaha Sureshkarana

Messages

Stormy skies thundering away

Clouds in gangsHanging on string,

Crunchy leaves chat among themselves.

That's what I love about autumn....

Red and orange leaves are ribboning on the grass,

Aroma of pumpkins and ripened fruit.

Trees shedding till the bark is bare.

That is why I love autumn.....

My message to you is that there is more to things that you just don't recognise.

SECOND PRIZE: YEAR SEVEN

Bastina Gilbert Raja

What Can I Do?

Under the table, you text secret messages,
But also you look at all the pictures people send,
Talking about makeup, secrets and gossips,
Giggling and laughing,
But sometimes crying and weeping.

Everyone's talking about,
All these strange things,
Well should I be listening,
Or should I walk away?

Everyone is singing a song,
About all these upsetting issues,
I have to close my ears,
Because of all these croaky voices.

Should I tell a teacher?
About all these messages,
Or should give them one more chance,
To think about all these issues.

JOINT WINNER: YEAR EIGHT

Elle Hardy

That Note in Yellow

Mid-Summer 1942,
I was out gardening in the sun.
With the scorching heat,
And the fresh cold breeze,
I spent the day with my son.

He'd been gone for about 4 months,
But it seemed way longer than that.
I started to worry,
Until he came
And took off his hat.

Closer he came,
I dreaded each footstep.
“*Ma'am,*” he said
“*Killed in action,*” it read,
I felt a sharp pain in my head.

I blinked away the tears in my eyes
As I stared at the young fellow.
“*Mother is everything alright?*”
I couldn't believe it
That note in yellow.

JOINT WINNER: YEAR EIGHT

Dona Bittaj

ERROR!

Error! File too large
Computer memory chip
Overload. Please restart now

Error! You cannot
Save to 'Network'. Please
Select other location

Error! Syntax! Un-
Able to understand the line
Of code. Rewrite. Beep

Error! Please choose a
Valid name for the file you
Are attempting to save

Error! Serious
All shortcuts have disappeared.
Screen. Mind. Both are blank.

Error! The erased
File must be re-typed. Do
Immediately

SECOND PRIZE: YEAR EIGHT

Scarlett Street

Free Me

Free me from my internal bleed,
from this deep dark thought.

Free me from this horrible time,
that is only going to get worse.

Free me from this loss,
that I still can't comprehend.
Free me from this feeling,
that the world has come to an end.

Free me from this mind-set,
that it won't ever get better.
Free me from this depressed time,
from this horrible weather.

WINNER: YEAR NINE

Ruby Murphy

Sew What?

[Dear Little Sewing Needle of little sewing box.]

*So excruciatingly delicate, so tiny,
yet you prick my fingers
in a rhythmic syncopated pattern.
You don't really co-operate,
collaborate or make things easy for me,
but I do try my best,
and threading you is such a dreary drain.*

*But, at the same time,
creativity seeps from the holes
that you pierce in my mind,
and all my seams unravel.
My freckles are French knots
my skin is felted wool,
my eyes are glassy beads that pick you out
from clouds of pincushions.
you're my best friend, big, small, thick, thin,
we can stitch our memories together,
they will never be unpicked.
To other people it may seem weird,
but their bobbins are wound too tight,
so who cares what they think?
Sew what?*

SECOND PRIZE: YEAR NINE

Grace Rose

Don't be the one

I would like to remind you that,
You hate grumpy old people,
So don't be one.

Don't be the one who shouts at the TV because they can't hear you,
Don't be the one who beeps their horn even though they're the one driving
slowly,

Don't be the one who tuts overly loudly when someone one does something out
of the ordinary,

Don't be the one who wears their glasses on the end of their nose (that's not
how you wear them)

Don't be the one who stuffs a snotty tissue up their sleeve,

Don't be the one who says it was better in their day,

Don't be the one to not except help when it's needed,

Don't be the one that thinks everyone younger than them is inexperienced,

Don't be the one to dress like a teenager, but one last thing never ever step foot
in bonmarché.

WINNER: YEAR TEN

Carys Nash

The last message

A message to the future, from the past and the present
Concealed on a scrap of paper, its contents not too pleasant,
In an empty land with empty houses he recites what he has written
Sat on a chewed up armchair, in the middle of Great Britain,
He quotes:
If you are reading this message, I'm afraid it's all gone
I fear somewhere along our way we did something wrong,
My planet floats in pieces and the stars are burning out
And we never even got round to finding out if we're the only life about,
There's so much more we could have done in the time that we were given
So much more we could have discovered that still lies hidden,
So as I write the last words maybe ever to be seen,
I ask you to use your time wisely and learn what could have been

He seals it in the capsule and hopes one day his message is read,
As the last man alive is now the last one dead.

SECOND PRIZE: YEAR TEN

Shona Whelan

‘No Wander About It - Just Lust’

You are a mid-afternoon train wreck,
The embodiment of my poetry.

And my lonely collarbones whisper too many
Sweet nothings
Into your summer-storm hands,
Folding like paper cranes
To make wishes upon themselves.

Wishes are simply for the weak –
Stand up,
Please do something about this quaking heart
And freezing fingers.

Anything.

I think I finally found myself then,
Lurking behind your wanderlust eyes.

JOINT WINNER: SIXTH FORM

Holly Rose

Anti-social media

Ten apps to talk, it can now be easily done,
Nine hundred new followers, there's always room for more!
Just Ate? Thou shalt snapchat, the youth decree.
Seven deadly sins... AKA the sloth apocalypse.
Six of creation for... word abbrvtn?
Five years of social dehydration,
For how many friendships?
More than Three?
Two? Or
One?

JOINT WINNER: SIXTH FORM

Ophelia Clarke

Modern Weaponry

ping.

ping.

ping.

the utterances, the murmurings, the rapid-fire gunshots wound me again, again, again...

its there, the message is written right there you see?

once youve sent it, you can never get it back.

choose the words wisely, theyll be recounted incessantly.

you could become famous.

Didyouhearaboutthegirlwho-

of course you did. news here spreads like wildfire.

bzzz bzzz bzzz the lot of them.

bees in need of their constant succulent stream of honey.

(they can sting too)

that wit, that legend immortalised eternally

on the tiny screen, shiny as a swords blade, emitting its dazzling, white light.

i await your reply. tap tap go my keys. i really must stop.

its a nervous habit sorry. im not waiting or anything.

i dont care much about it anyway. its meaningless.

stick it in a bottle. i dont care. i promise that i
dont.

here it is excuse me a moment i should probably take a look at this
oh. ive seen it now. thanks for the reply.
your message came through.
oh yes it absolutely did.
loud and clear.

(can you hear the sound of it breaking?
the phone i mean. i was only
a bit frustrated and it
smashed
a little. you thought I meant my heart?
definitely not. dont be silly.)

SECOND PLACE: SIXTH FORM

Ella Roberts

Much Love, Lavinia

Her words permeate my skin, seeping into my blood,
coursing languidly through my faded veins.

My eyes become ping-pong balls,
darting backwards and forwards
as I take in the extent of her love.

The letter is a beacon of hope
carefully inscribed on mottled parchment,
capable of shining
through the thickest of pea-soupers.

I hug it close to my chest,
trying in vain to push it directly into my heart,
and allow the inks to bloom and rupture
in my right ventricle.

I decide to keep the letter in my pocket instead.
There, it becomes a source of warmth in the winter,
and a kaleidoscope of colour
pigmenting my desaturated days.

Those words,
those amalgamations of the same twenty six letters

punctuated by kisses,
become a memoir of love-
handmade notes that fill my heart to bursting point
with adoration and joy
each time my fingertips feel the scratch of the parchment.
Like blankets,
they wrap me up and keep me safe
in the knowledge that I am wanted.
That I am loved.

But the best part of these scribbled symbols
is the last sentence.
It soothes my restless mind
with comforting compliments
and reassurances that you are here, always here.
Three words, sixteen letters, one comma.

‘Much Love, Lavinia x’

HIGHLY COMMENDED POEMS:

Sophie Chohan

Message to me

Don't fill your head with worries,
Stress isn't worth your time,
Our imperfections are what make us human,
Embrace them,

Never lose the feeling of feeling unique,
Normality is tedious,
To be yourself is beautiful,
You see, you're different in the best kind of way,
Pretty odd is one way to put it,

The ability to dance along solely to the beat of your heart,
Humming happily while you eat,
Those two hands that have a mind of their own every time you open your mouth to speak,
Blatantly laughing at your own jokes,
Giggling about your own hilarity in the hours to follow,

These little quirks are what make you you,
Own them,
Don't ever change.

Lydia Roberts

A Message in a Bottle

I perched upon the dusty chalk rock,
Gazing upon the ocean.
The waves gently slapping the oncoming surge
Each white horse cantering into shore.

Hurling the glass bottle into the majestic expanse,
The tip whistling in the wind as it travels through the air.
I watched my conclusion of events wash away,
My message inside dispatched, expecting to be found,
I hope the person that finds it is you.

My message broadcasts my true thoughts, without me having to speak.
My message could slash the layer of disrespect and hurt
That harbours your heart.
This isn't the first message although it may be the last.
With each one I feel like I'm screening my thoughts
Whilst the curtains drop on a section of our history that little bit more.

I hope you find this so you realize
You cannot know my mind or guess my heart.
But you can cure your sins,
And read my messages from the sea.

Harriet Kilner

Do You Remember

That time when
you gave me
your jacket
in the rain.

The droplets
danced down your glasses
the wind's loving fingers
caressed your hair so gently

And it was such
a small moment
But, oh
was it perfect.

Alice Walker

C U L8R – *message to the sky, from the streets*

Gd bye my luv,
U didn't deserve dis

Wud giv NEthing 2 C U agen,
But I'll b w u s%n
Not 2dA or 2moro,
1 dA

It's not sAf out here, dis lyfstyle, dis wrld – dis genr8n.

I couldn't protek u, but d sky can.
No shot, no stabs, no runN,

Jus peace.

