

**Drifting and dreaming**

I used to dream  
As a boy

My father took me  
On his boat  
Sat on his shoulders  
We felt like a tower

I imagined  
We were spacemen  
Sailing the stars  
While aliens wheeled overhead

The sun would die  
Before our eyes  
Crumpling red  
On the silent ocean

Now almost grown  
His words are an anchor  
He rages and roars  
We feel like a tempest

Our tower collapsed  
The dreams lie as shipwrecks  
As I sail from my harbour  
I will drift  
Or sink  
alone

*1st prize – Senior Category, S1/2  
Kirsti Liggat – S2, Madras College*

**The slashing and burning of the Baobab**

The withered old tree stands alone  
Broken, Twisted, Black, Dead  
The branches crumble away into dust  
As it sits in shame,  
In the midst of stumps

A miracle of nature  
Some say,  
That it had been discarded from the  
Garden of paradise  
Ground into the earth only  
Upside down  
It's ugly roots stuck up in the air,  
A hideous tree to the eye.  
But then the flowers came,  
Beautiful, extraordinary  
Transforming this tree into  
An African gemstone  
One can scarcely mine

Now it stands old and frail  
The last of its kind  
Its inside burnt out  
To make a bus shelter,

Its last leaf fell like a tear.

*2nd Prize – Senior Category, S1/2  
Geir Darge - S1, Madras College*

**Sticks and Stones**

Conflict in the playground,  
Conflict in the school.  
Every student just ignores the anti-bullying rule.

They pick on Tammy 'cause she's smaller,  
They pick on me 'cause I am black.  
They pick on Johnny 'cause he's taller,  
They pick on Roddy's crooked back.

Sticks and stones will break my bones,  
But words will hurt inside.  
Outside injuries will heal,  
But inside ones will hide.

Tammy's smartest in the class,  
Me, I'm good at writing.  
Johnny's an art pro, so he is,  
And Roddy stops them fighting.

Breaks and cuts have their constraint.  
But harmful words can grow.  
And you can live along with it,  
And nobody will ever know.

But still the teachers laugh and say,  
"Oh you four! Stop complaining.  
Go outside with the other kids,  
And I don't care if it's raining."

Conflict in the playground,  
Conflict in the school.  
Every student just ignores the anti-bullying rule.

*3rd Prize – Senior Category, S1/2  
Caitlin Sneddon, Milton of Balgonie*

**Divorce**

A slippery game of dodge ball,  
With me – the ball,  
Two Christmases, Two Birthdays,  
Two Bedrooms,  
I've lost count of hellos and bye byes,  
Two different houses 50 miles apart,  
A bleak silence,  
For the journey travels on and on.

I love my mum,  
I also love my dad,  
But they're like kids with me,  
Crying when they see me go,  
I can hear their muffled arguing,  
Through the closed door,  
Then they come out all smiles,  
I can tell they're faking,  
I wish with all my might that someday,  
Someday they will get back together.

I'm wishing and wishing and wondering,  
Thinking every day,  
Wondering how I'd get on if ...,  
If I were divorced one day.

*1st Prize – Intermediate Category, P6-7  
Caitlin Smith – P6, Sinclairtown Primary School*

**The North Sea**

I am stranded, stranded here  
There is nobody to help me, no one.  
As the waves grow stronger, I grow weaker  
Slowly one by one my limbs turn numb  
I'm helpless

The waves get fierce  
They throw themselves against the rocks  
But the rocks don't want them  
And they throw them back out to sea

I feel safer here where the water is clean  
But as time passes, I know it won't be long  
It won't be long until it swallows me  
I want to get away  
As the polluted water scares me

The boat has left me  
I am so tired but can't fall asleep  
I refuse to  
I may die out here  
But I'm not going to let myself die  
Without a fight!

I thought about many things  
And one thing I learnt was that  
You can't fight nature  
So I remember  
The world always changes  
And the waters will follow

*2nd Prize – Intermediate Category, P6-7  
Lauren Whyte – P7, Lawhead Primary School*



### **The Dreaded Vegetables**

Eat your vegetables, it doesn't matter they're green  
Although they taste bitter, spiteful and mean  
Just eat them, they really aren't that bad  
Eat them, for pity's sake, you're driving me mad!  
There won't be any sweets, there won't be TV  
You had really better listen to me  
If you don't want your pudding, then that's fine with me.  
It's delicious and creamy, look and you'll see.  
Right, that's it, you're off to bed.  
Now I can eat your tasty pudding instead.

*3rd Prize – Intermediate Category, P6-7  
Susan Honeyman – Y7, St Leonard-New Park*

## The Train from Home

The sirens  
and so is  
The whistle  
may ask. The  
train I'm  
Leaving my home  
new, somewhere  
to the Galathorns,  
the Galathorns.  
But it's out in  
space to run and  
But I'm leaving  
leaving my family.  
and think about  
But now it is time  
The Germans are  
say. Making us run,

are ringing  
the whistle.  
of what you  
whistle of the  
leaving on.  
to somewhere  
new. I'm going  
the Galathorns,  
I'm a little afraid.  
the country, with  
bales to play on.  
my family, I'm  
When I stop  
it, I can't stand it.  
to go, go, go.  
coming or so they  
away from home.

*1st Prize – Junior Category, P4-5*

*Ben Levy – P5, Strathkiness Primary School*

**Brace Face**

They bully me because of my silly brace  
They don't know what it's like  
Having a big chunky brace controlling your mouth  
Is it ok if we call you brace face?  
NO, IT IS NOT!  
Well now, they don't bother me.  
And do you know why?  
They all wear braces too!  
And if someone calls us brace face  
We open our metal mouths  
And laugh out loud,  
Together.

*2nd Prize – Junior Category, P4-5  
Lucy Visocchi – P5, Greyfriars PS*

**A Slave Song**

I work very hard, I have sore arms  
My hut is badly made  
When it rains our huts get muddy  
Soon we will sail away

We wish we could go home  
Where we will be free  
Where the sun always shines  
Soon we will sail away

I will soon see my family again  
We will soon eat food again  
I will soon live in a dry house  
Soon we will sail away

My clothes are damp and smelly  
Some of us will die  
Some of us are sick  
Soon we will sail away

*3rd Prize – Junior Category, P4-5  
Drew Falconer – P5, Dunino Primary School*