

COBIS Poetry Competition 2020

Today's Actions Shape Tomorrow's World

Category B: 11-14 years Runner-up

Dominoes

Everything is connected,
Like a lock and a key,
From the largest ocean,
To the smallest tree.
People change the world,
In ways they don't know,
But it's all just a game,
Like a game of Dominos.

The first tile tips,
Then the next tile falls,
And on and on,
Till there are none at all.
As each tile falls,
We do too,
Till there is nothing left,
And there is nothing to lose.

In this poem,
You will find,
It's more than it seems,
Not just a rhyme.
Rock and water,
Though far apart,
Are closer than they seem,
Let's go to the start.

The Ocean is vast,
Though it may be dim,
But beneath the surface,
There's a story within.
The currents race,
Rapid and cool,
And the fish are dancing,
In small little schools.
Though they dance,
Without any care,
Something approaches,
That's not at all rare.

A plastic bag drift,
Into the deep,
And a little fish wondered,

"Is it something to eat?"
The little fish bit,
And the little fish chewed,
Till the plastic bag
Was out of view.
What was it made of?
No creature had a clue,
But it came from the humans,
That much is true.

The Earth is great,
The Earth is old,
But in every nook and cranny,
There is a story to be told.
Stories of ants,
Who built a tower,
Made of dirt and mud,
Within the flowers.
Stories of lions,
Fast and strong,
Hunting gazelle's,
Till the day grows long.

Something approaches,
Through the trees,
Approaching softly,
Softer than bees.
Poacher's with guns,
Long and thin,
Stacked with bullets,
Up to the brim.
There is something else,
Attached to their side,
A dagger that's long
As well as wide.

And there's an elephant,
Plump and round,
Grazing in the savannah,
Not wanting to be found.
The poacher's approached,
The magnificent beast,
With the guns at the ready,
Without any peace.

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The first bullet flew,
And it soared through the air,
And it tore its skin,
Without any care.
The elephant fell,
And the elephant tumbled,
Slow and heavy,
Oh, how the cookie crumbles.

Way up in the sky,
There is something you see,
Thick and black,
That is floating free.
Smoke from factories,
From all around,
Drifting quietly,
Not making a sound.
There's a saying that goes,
You won't believe,
What you hear,
Unless you see.
Well the smoke that flies,
Through the clouds,
Is as clear as day,
Even in a crowd.

Joshua Thomas
Budapest British International School

As the blue skies go,
And the sun disappears,
The factories work,
All through the year.
No worker stops,
To look and say,
Look at the world,
It's in disarray.

We change the world,
In ways we don't know,
But it's all just a game,
A game of Dominos.
But like all different games,
It's all about choosing,
Cause that makes the difference,
Between winning and losing.
Which tile you place,
Which tile you remove,
You can decide,
What you want to lose.

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