



**INTERHOUSE
POETRY COMPETITION
2021
WINNING ENTRIES**





LIMERICK

JUNIOR

KAHOOT

“Kahoot?” Said the teacher one day,
The students are ready to play.
The cameras are on,
The silence is gone.
I wish it were always this way.

MILLIE JEFFRIES

SENIOR

THE BREAKOUT ROOM

Not another breakout room
(Gosh, I’m so done with Zoom).
“You’re on mute,”
Shoot—
You never accidentally do *that* in a classroom...

EMILY WALSTER





25 WORDS

JUNIOR

RUGBY

Clouds.

Studs. Grass.

Friends. Guests.

Coin. Anticipation.

Silence. Whistle. Shouts.

Collision. Dazed. Raindrops.

Yells. Pass. Adrenaline. Speed.

Chase. Push. Pulls. Line. Whistle.

Cheers. Sighs.

Repeat.

MICHAEL HUANG

SENIOR

BLINDED

Fog veiling visionless orbs,
Obliviously snared by obsidian night,
Groping, fumbling, staggering through,
A dusky, shadowy, blinding twilight:
Secluded by murky mist: out of sight.

EMMA JEFFRIES



MATCH

JUNIOR

THE DATING GAME...

Waiting for a notification.

Instant gratification that could
change a situation.

Swipe left or swipe right.

Mr Wrong or Mrs Right.

Algorithms, biorhythms, trusting
happiness to systems.

What happened to conversation?

Can you trust an app to change
your situation?

What happened to dating?

Replaced by a rating.

And waiting.....

and waiting...

For people to rate us.

Just to change a relationship status.

Profile after profile.

Fake picture, fake smile.

A soulless way to find a soul mate.

What happened to fate?

We want happiness on a plate.

Chatting only by snap,

Dating only by app.

Ghosting.

Endless boasting.

Genuine or i-Phoney

Are we really that lonely?

Matches arranged by family

Replaced by Silicon Valley.

Cupid's gone on strike

Replaced by a 'Superlike'

'Ping...'

Nice hair, good teeth, great catch.

A perfect match!

CELIA LEAVESLEY



MATCH

SENIOR

THE BALLAD OF HELEN

The grace of Artemis was once my own:
slight shoulders bore her cerulean cloak
and with ardent worship I would convoke
ambrosial chastity rashly sewn.

And yet man, upon his spurious throne,
grants cacoethes to asinine folk;
impotent woman behemoth would unyoke,
and lost children would Artemis bemoan.

For only Persephone could condole
nuptials' martyrs aversely deflowered,
owing to 'mariage de convenance'.

No hero for she who cannot cajole,
then Helen herself must be empowered
so the martinet may express penance.

LUCY THORNE





MATCH



SENIOR

THE MOON'S MATCH

In your eyes – which glitter with giggles like silver flakes of stars –
Dances my laughing reflection, a version of me
Which somehow casts all of me in one spell, leaving nothing to hide,
And, in that moment, I see what you see.

In your grin – which lights up like a Christmas pudding adorned with the ink of flames –
Leaps all of your happiness, like a balloon
Fit to burst, or like a child with eyes like saucers at the sight of one,
And your worries run off like the dish with the spoon.

In your breath – which crystallises like daffodils with petals of steam –
Spirals a hundred whispered dreams
Which flutter like butterflies in the space around our heads,
As if our stomachs aren't bursting at the seams.

In your ears – which are pink as bashfulness from the cold outside –
I wonder if the same string of notes attach
As those which resonate from my pulsating heart when I watch you:
In your face, the moon has met its match.

ROSIE PARKIN





HOUSE PARTICIPATION

1ST PRIZE: WIMBORNE

2ND PRIZE: LANCASTER

3RD PRIZE: SCHOOL HOUSE

