



1st – 3rd YEAR POETRY



SMILE

Smiling is infectious you catch it like the flu

**It may be hard to smile this weather but when you get your hair done
you'll feel brand new**

But if we don't stand together ,this won't be gone anytime soon

**So do yourself a favour wash your hands, help stop the spread of this
corona flu**

Name: Sophie Walsh

Age: 12

Year: 1st Year

School: St. Angela's Secondary School



A LASS CALLED LILY

**There once was a lass called Lily
She was always a little bit silly
She loved the small of flowers
And she'd sit there for hours
But when she went home
She always felt alone
Because she felt at home
With the flowers and their cologne**

Name: Abigail Henley

Age: 12

Year: 1st Year

School: Dungarvan College





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THE VIRUS

The virus is here
And it will be her to stay
If we keep mixing with friends
And going out to play

Can anyone remember what life was really like
When we could go to the park and cycle our bike

Everyday is the same
You just go sit and eat
You go back to your room
With 5 bars and 10 sweets

Everyones' binge eating food
I bet you do it too
When you're stuck inside
With nothing to do

Being stuck at home
It's taking its toll
The sanitizer is gone
And so is the toilet roll

Don't forget your mask
When you go to the shops
And if you wear gloves
That's extra props

Please stay inside inside
So online school will end
Its' such a hassle
When the work does'nt end
Please don't mix with people
Don't go outside
Would you rather play with friends
Or would you rather save lives

Remember going on holidays
And eating ice cream
That won't happen for months
So all you can do is dream



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**I can't wait for the day
That Leo will say**

**The virus is gone
You can go out and play**

Name: Abbey Hearne

Age: 12

Year: 1st Year

School: The Abbey Community College



MY LITTLE HOME

**A small house, with a background
of mountains, tiny in amongst the vast fields.
Cosy in winter and stifling in summer, this time of year the sun is
streaking through the windows.
Playing outside near the trees, eyes burning and nose streaming.
Cats curled up on the couch, and reprimanded when they climb
onto the table.
Paintings and childhood pictures hung with love on the walls,
memories never forgotten.
Windows drenched in perspiration when boiling pasta.
Warming next to the fire on cold evenings.
It's not much
But it's home.**

Name: Labhaoise Ni Lonargain Ni Chonmhara

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: Gaelcholaiste Cheitinn





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**Right now we're in quarantine
The world is going mad
Panic buying toilet roll
Because someone at a bat
I actually had a conversation with my mother
In the living room we sat
Found out the kid upstairs is actually my brother
How insane is that**

Name: Eoin McDonagh
Age: 13
Year: 1st Year
School: De La Salle College



**I have been looking for my poem all day
I think she may have run away
She is lost of that I am sure
The details are a bit of a blur
In the drawer
Or in my room
Oh wait!!
I sent it on google classroom**

Name: Daniel Elliot
Age: 13
Year: 1st Year
School: De La Salle College





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GOLF

Golf is for the young and old
My golf clubs might just be sold
I didn't realise how hard it would be
To get the ball off the tee
It can really drive me around the bend
But with some practice I'll be on the mend
The ball sails through the air
And to me the joy it brings
It is on the golf course

That my heart truly sings

Name: Roidy Bambury

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: De La Salle College



Since March 12th there has been no school
Now my mam she makes all the rules
Still getting all of my homework done
And still making time for some fun

4 homework passes to my name
In quarantine I am growing a mane
Can't wait for the barber to open once more
Because soon my hair will be down to the floor

Can't wait to see my friends in September
My handsome face I hope they remember
Back in school standing outside your door
Until then I'll play my PS4!

Name: Ben Quilty

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: De La Salle College





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SCHOOL IS OUT

School is out
There is no doubt
To finish at home the school term
Our An Taoiseach was so firm
Lockers were emptied and school gates shut

No time for goodbyes, no time to speak
"Oh no" says my Mam, you'll be under my feet.

Home schooling is different no chats, no laughs, no mass
But when thinking of what to be making
I have improved on my homebaking
My family all say I am onto a winner
They love my buns, tarts and even my dinner.

A long summer ahead with no plans
will Dad play golf and will GAA be banned
even our Dog Toby would be speechless
if he thought no run on our beaches.

Don't get me wrong I am not complaining
All my loved ones are not ailing
I thank the front line workers for all they do and say
COVID-19 I pray
that you don't think you are here to stay.

Name: Niamh Walsh

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: Ardscoil na nDeise





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LOCKDOWN

**You cannot see or hear lockdown, instead you live it.
It isn't a place under lock and key.
Nor is it a place with bars for windows.**

**It is a place where screens are companions.
Where the walls you used to live and breath inside,
Are now your suffocation and limit.**

**Where cups of coffee with family are now just blurry memories.
Where the road to recovery is almost as long
As the untrimmed hair on your head.**

**Even still through all this hardship we find hope
Hope in ourselves to protect our loved ones.
Hope in ourselves to protect our nation.**

Name: Roisin Hunt

Age: 14

Year: 1st Year

School: Ardscoil, Dungarvan





THE TALISMAN OF THE GHOST

“Jack where are you?”
Said the girl. Crying in the
Foggy night. She could have
Heard her echo in the beach
As she said that. The girl screamed
a second time, “Jack please come
back” but this time she heard
someone howling and this made
Her even more scared than before.
But nothing happened, she went
Closer to the sea and then
Saw someone standing on the cold
Icy water. That made her shudder,
but that thing standing on the
Water turned around and started
Walking very slowly towards her.
The girl didn’t run away but she
just stood there admiring the ghost’s
eyes, they were bright red just like fire.
As soon as she heard lightning strike the
Ghost disappeared. Then suddenly she saw
Jack running towards her and then the girl
Picked up Jack. Jack was shaking because
Of how wet he was. While Jack was licking her
Face she said “I have given you back what
belongs to you, thank you for saving my dog”.

Name: Camilla Ashour
Age: 13
Year: 1st Year
School: Ardscoil na nDeise





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A WORLD

In a world where sunflowers talk,
And the moon can walk with two feet,
The sun rises and comes down within two seconds,

And mutated mice dance to a beat.

The Eiffel tower is turned upside down,
And the statue of liberty is on its side,
Fish can fly and blink their eyes,
And the sea is completely dried,

In a world where cars can swim,
And humans have no hair,
Trees have eyes,
And every single soccer ball is completely square.

The world is flat but has no end,
The ponds are filled with milk,
The grass has turned green with stripes,
And goats make the finest silk.

This world is very strange,
But nobody knows where it could be,
In a star system far far away,
Or in a mind belonging to me.

Name: Julia Raszewska

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: Dungarvan College





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DEEP THOUGHTS

Listlessly sleeping
Underneath a moonlit sky
Life moves onwards

Towards places
In reality or not
That's my decision

To choose between them
Would indeed result in pain
I cannot do it

I must continue
To exist within this world
For life moves onward

Listlessly sleeping
Underneath a moonlit sky
This place is my grave

Name: Osgar Mor O Conaill

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: Gaelcholaiste Cheitinn





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We got an unexpected holiday,
On the 29th of March,
It wasn't one that was planned,
But an eye I did not arch.

Two weeks off school,
That's what the principal said,
It really didn't bother me,
I could stay longer in my bed.

A virus had appeared,
It was killing people dead,
That is what Dr.Holohan,
And Leo Varadkar said.

We had to do our schoolwork,
On our phones and computers,
And everyone was told to stay at home,
Except Front line commuters.

Everyone over 70,
Were asked to cocoon,
They were really hoping,
It would be over soon.

This virus has dragged on for weeks,
But this I have to say,
The Front line workers are just fab,
They all deserve HUGE pay.

I'm glad things are improving,
But so many lost their lives,
Mothers,Fathers,Brothers,Sisters
Grandparents,Husbands, Wives.

There has been major changes,
But we've also had some fun,
Homebaking,Family dinners,
And days spent in the sun.

Over 70s are now allowed,
Out of their own abodes,
We see them walking,
Up and down the roads.

Better days are coming,
We can already see,
A definite improvement &
POSITIVITY.



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A PANDEMIC WHAT LIKE ACADEMIC AM I LEARNING ?

What even is it Pandemic ? - I suppose that makes sense as many a lesson I have now learned.

Friends are all at a distance - online is not the same as real - video and screen do not make me feel all is okay.

I can't get lost in a fake distant world I miss the sea - I miss my Dog my house my dad the green the shop the park the woods - the knowing that everything is as it should.

It's been replaced with a long lasting feeling of de ja who - yes you heard me not de ja vu as this doesn't feel like anything I've ever seen before.

I wake up and think each day it must have been a dream but it's real.

There are good parts too - I live and spend each day with my mom and grandparents- we have a big house surrounded by trees and birds - I've never heard them sing so loud - or maybe I haven't listened - I've never see the trees this green - or maybe I didn't look - the sky has never been so blue - or maybe it's my new view.

Amongst the madness comes nice calm and happy memories I'm making with grandad and Mam Mam that maybe without this never would have been.

I'm 13 and living through a history which we will speak of in years to come and I'll speak of all my love ones and how they are being so strong I'll speak of my dad and being on the front line fighting that war -

And I'll speak of how it ended and how I saw everything in a different NEW.

I'll cherish moments more and respect a persons space - I'll never take for granted the sea or my favourite friends embrace.

I hope we all will learn from this and I hope we will be okay just remember simple things will get you through each day.

A smile a laugh a kind reach out a song a book a movie find the feel good fit for you and try hard not to loose it. And loose it if you do - know that it's okay too - full moons and isolation make for quite the test and just because you don't get all the answers right doesn't mean you didn't pass.

Name: Kacey O'Toole

Age: 13

Year: 1st Year

School: Gaelcholaiste Phortlairge





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HARD TIMES

This time is kind of hard for most,
Cards now only coming by post,
It's hard not seeing friends at school,
But some say that no school is cool.

I miss my friends and family,
Only talking now online,
But we have to face reality,
Listen to the rules stay in and we'll be fine.

I wash my hands at least ten times a day,
That's what all the doctors say,
Don't worry or get upset or sad,
When this pandemic is over we'll all be glad.

You have to look on the bright side,
Because not everything is bad,
There's a lot more time to spend with family,
And because of that I'm not upset or sad.

Name: Cora Foley

Age: 14

Year: 1st Year

School: Ramsgrange Community College





ISOLATION DEMONSTRATION

I wake up everyday
Wishing Corona would go away
My Mom's about to lose her head
Apparently, she can't get any bread
And my Dad is going insane
Apparently, us kids are giving him a pain

My brother and I are having a fight
As there is no toilet roll in sight
Everyone is afraid to use the loo
Except for me I really need a poo
My sister is driving us mad
When this is over I'll be glad

I decided to go down to the shop
When I get there all that was left was slop...
I managed to get a pan of bread
Some idiot nearly hit me in the head
I ran out of there in a flash
Because everything else is trash

The whole world is gone into a pandemic
While I'm over here working on my academic
I have a lot of work at home
So it's a relief doing a poem
Sorry but I really have to unload
If I don't get to the toilet I'll explode

Name: Jack Broderick

Age: 14

Year: 2nd Year

School: Colaiste Aindriu Secondary School





MY VOICE

They tell me to
shut it out,
to
stop
My feeling
"It's just a phase"
"Everyone goes through it, it passes eventually"
"No need to be, to feel so loudly"
Because I am young, I don't know
what love looks like?
Because I am young I do not know
how to speak for myself?
I am certain of one thing.
My voice is my
weapon,
stronger than any bullet could ever be, driving home a point like a drill on a
nail.
The universe will hear me, will know my name, because
I am loud.
I cannot simply
be quiet.
Not doing anything
is letting things
stay as they are
and if I
shut up
they will treat me the same as before.
If I am
quiet
I will not make history and if I
stay silent
I cannot help others.
It is not
illegal
to feel, to speak up for my community, and for
who I am.
Although sometimes it feels like that.
I won't stay
quiet
I will
Rage.
Misbehave.
Shout until they hear.
I will feel, loudly.



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I am young, but my knowledge of the world surpasses yours.
I am small but my heart is large and full with love.
And when I walk into a room, I will fill the space to the walls with my voice.

**Everyone will listen.
Everyone will hear.
Everything will change.**

Name: Alice O'Mahony
Age: 14
Year: 2nd Year
School: Loreto Secondary School



COVID-19

**As the weeks roll by, I am trying so hard
To not worry so much in this weary time
Some families are troubled with sadness and loss, as we watch this nightmare
unfold in our grasp**

**Marvelling in these unprecedented times, many lives have been lost and many
are saved**

**Cures will be invented but we must continue to be attentive
To this pandemic that halts the world with such speed**

**Stay indoors doing chores that were unfinished before
Spend time with your family like never before
Our trips have been cancelled and matches we play
For you have taken it all without any say**

**Our Grandparents and friends we can see really soon
And we will then celebrate as we will be over the moon
For we are doing this together as that is what this takes
But the world is united for all of our sakes**

Name: Sallyann O'Brien
Age: 14
Year: 2nd Year
School: The Abbey Community College





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TWELFTH OF MARCH

**A day normal to some.
Twelfth of March,
The day that I went numb**

**Have you ever heard shouts and shrieks of joy, laughter from those around
you,
yet felt your emotion evaporate, leaving the body it belongs to?
Sit, stare, all feelings fade, you're no longer controlling the vessel.
Pull back your conscience, you're inside your own head, silently going mental.**

**From the inside, looking out, watching the world around you.
Limbs, heavy, brain, slow, all you have is your thoughts and view.
This is not your life, this is not your home, you're simply an observer.
Your mind has consumed your senses, this is anxiety's life conserver.**

**Twelfth of March,
A day I depersonalised.
Twelfth of March,
The day I thought I died.**

Name: Jessica McEvoy
Age: 14
Year: 3rd Year
School: St. Angela's Secondary School





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YOU ARE NOT ALONE

I know it feels like the world is ending,
However in reality the world is mending
Free from the poison of the modern world
The treatment of which we have simply observed
For countless years we have abused
Ruined, overworked and overused
This place that we refer to as home
We have taken control of, called it our own
So one good thing that we can't recreate
Is that the world is returning to its primitive state

I know it feels like you are trapped
As if your freedom has been attacked
Watching the clock go tick tock
In an ultimate deadlock
Confined to a single space
Enclosed, encompassed, encased
A nighthawk in a cage
Like an actor without their stage
A songbird without their song
It simply translates as wrong
Nowhere to go, nowhere to be
Nothing to do, no one to see
A change in life, but not a tragedy
As we can spend it with our family

I know it feels like you're in danger
You've become scared of every stranger
Counting regulations in your head
Memorising them in your bed
Unable to sleep
The nightmares seep
From the unforgiving night to the day
Listening to what everyone has to say
The news reports telling you the virus was contrived
The news reports telling you it was a complete surprise
Turn off your TV, switch off your phone
You'll be ok, just stay at home



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**I know it feels like your alone, overwhelmed defeated
Your hope has been completely depleted
Lost in a swirl of chronic anxiety
In this unfamiliar society
Watching the ruthless devastation
For which there is no consolation
The ones who are struggling to survive
The ones who didn't make it out alive
Each day the death toll feels multiplied
You feel as if all your tears have been cried
An issue that just will not be held accountable
And it seems to have become insurmountable**

**But throughout this crisis
Remember not that but this
The nameless heroes who fight against this pain
Who continue through the incessant rain
The people who fight day and night
So that another soul can see the daylight
The efforts made by each and all
To bring this to a complete stall
The ones who died shall always be remembered
Their lives and memories forever treasured**

**I know it all seems cruel but you must see
This is the greatest show of humanity**

Name: Stephanie Dunne

Age: 15

Year: 3rd Year

School: Presentation Secondary School





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LOCKDOWN

Lockdown is a scary time,
Hopefully I will make this rhyme.
Everyone scared and frightened in different places,
Let's put a big smile on those faces.

My mam at home homeschooling my brother who is a pain in the bum,
By the way we don't call our mam mum.
Never have I spent so much time with my family,
They fill me with lots of glee.

I miss seeing all my friends,
There really isn't no end.
My relatives haven't seen me,
But social distancing is the key.

I go to my grandparents house to stand at the wall and talk,
and after that I go for my walk.

Once this has all come to an end,
Hopefully we haven't brought mam and dad to their wit's end.
We will go out and live our lives,
and be able to give people high fives.

Name: Lauren Gough

Age: 15

Year: 3rd Year

School: Ard Scoil na nDeise





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HOPE

Before:

The Sky was musty, mute, in need of a deep breath, so deep it would push out all the toxics fumes, toxic air and toxic colours out. Hopeless

The seas and rivers were dirty, Not taken care of, infuse with waste and used more than the ancient baths in Rome. Hopeless.

The people used to have heads filled with unnecessary “ bits and bobs”, focused on things not worthy of being focused on. Crammed. Begging for some free time. Hopeless.

Nature was forced into certain areas, getting smaller and smaller each and every day. Tense, Animals and plants alike, not being able to grow, live and produce. Hopeless.

Humans decided to stay inside allowing things to change.

After:

The sky is brighter, rain is fresh and hydrating. It is singing loudly and freely as it's sprouts natural and vivid colours.

The seas and rivers are now alive. Mother Nature is looking down at them with hope and cherishing the new and old gifts that return.

The people's minds are clear. After taking a step back and realising what is important, family , friends and loved ones. No their minds are not empty but producing new ideas and differently.

And now nature is free. Breathing and growing everywhere. Making new homes and settling.

All this change is happening and has happened because we had hope.

Name: Leah Sheridan

Age: 15

Year: 3rd Year

School: St. Angela's Secondary School





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BUTTERFLY WINGS

Butterfly wings shudder and judder
Wings of broken glass and ripped strings
I am choking, starved of blood and breath
Fat worms devouring the wings of my heart
Red raw rib bones dripping poison
A too-tight cage of veins and flesh
Wrapping like ropes, pinning me under
Far too tight for wet wings flight.

White tablets sharp as teeth
Surgeons scalpels peeling me apart
Did nothing.

The white worms grow into bulbous leeches
They feast like gluttonous emperors
Let loose on a beating crimson banquet table
Beating slowly, slowly, slowly now.

All I see is thin light casting shadows through curtains
Shadows that stalk me and inch closer
Like little fingers to round red candies
People come and go like ghouls
Widening eyes and crawling voices
To gawk at the breathing corpse
They call me mother, wife, daughter, friend, patient
But all I really am
is a husk
Of someone they once loved.



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They try and try to patch me back together
But I know what they really want
is to sew a shiny new heart
Right into my chest
I want that too
But turns out hearts are rarer than rubies.

So I wait for my butterfly heart to beat to a stop
For the white worms to eat me alive
To strangle the breath in my throat
And the blood in my veins
For the shadows to peel from the walls
And engulf me.

Music gaudy and blaring interrupts my timeless stupor
A skeleton's hand reaches toward it and lifts a brick to my ear
I hear a string of words strung together like diamonds
They have found a heart for me
They will mould it into my chest and I will be new again
My little butterfly can finally rest.

Name: Maggie Bambury

Age: 15,

Year: 3rd Year

School: St. Angela's Secondary School, Waterford



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THAT SUMMER

Do you remember that summer?
The summer we had last year ,
When most days were sunny,
The feel of the swooshing warm air

Do you remember that summer?
The summer with all the laughter,
When all we did was sing ,
But our singing came out a disaster

Do you remember that summer?
The summer with all the fun,
Jumping off piers into water,
Going out for our daily run

I remember that summer
A summer I will never forget,
Eating chips by the beach,
Splashing the water as we screeched,
Messing around, having fun,
You will always be my number one,
I didn't want that summer to end,
But another summer was around the bend,
And now that summer has finally come,
Time to spend some time out in the sun

Name: Millie Lucey

Age: 15

Year: 3rd Year

School: Ardscoil na nDeise

