



PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR RECENT POETRY COMPETITION



JUNIOR & SENIOR INFANTS CATEGORY

WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Meadhbh Hall Age: 6 Class: Senior Infants School: Sisters of Charity NS.

LITTLE COW

There once was a little cow,
He liked watching the farmer plough,
He was very healthy and sad,
But he always had to graze last.
The little cow would like a friend,
He liked to run from end to end,
While he was thinking he smiled with glee,
The little cow cried yippee.

I think I might share,
To show that I care,
I'd like to have a friend to play,
So he shared his grass on that day.

JUNIOR & SENIOR INFANTS CATEGORY



WINNER - 2ND PLACE

Name: Adam King Age: 5 Class: Junior Infants School: Clonpriest NS

MUD



Playing in the mud,

Playing in the mud.

I like to play in the mud

because I can make roads.

I can put water in it

like a stream.

I make trees and stick in leaves.

Playing in the mud,

Playing in the mud.





1ST & 2ND CLASS CATEGORY

WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Hannah Daly Age: 8 Class: 1st Class School: Scoil Gharbain

OUT OF MY WINDOW

The sun appeared out of the grey

On a misty morning

The fog bowed and ran away

And the sun started to shine its ray

Oh me oh my what a beautiful day

All because of the sun coming out of the grey.



1ST & 2ND CLASS CATEGORY



WINNER - 2ND PLACE

Name: Tom Hayes Age: 7 Class: 1st Class School: Rathgormack NS

MY SUPER HERO

**Today my Mam dressed for battle,
To fight an enemy I cannot see,
She is so kind and so brave,
As people's lives, she fights to save,
She is committed, right from the start,
She is positive, with a loving heart,
She stays up all night,
So she can put in a fight,
She works her fingers to the bone,
She is glad to see her home,
With masks and gowns, she battles on,
Until the danger is all gone,
If I need a pat,
She will do just that,
She will know what to say,
But most of all when to stay,
You are more than a nurse,
You are more than my Mam,
You are more than my friend,
Give me a biro,
You are my Super Hero
The End**

3RD & 4TH CLASS CATEGORY

WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Daniel Fitzpatrick Age: 10 Class: 4th Class School: Holy Cross NS

LOCKDOWN

**On March the 13th the year 2020
I was in London, the crowds were aplenty
I didn't know what all the fuss was about
Until I came home, the whole place was shut.**

**I couldn't play soccer or hurling or Gaelic.
My friends were in lockdown , the whole place was Manic.
I was thrilled at the thought of no school and no homework,
Then Mum said – school website and she had the codeword**



**I haven't seen Granny or Grandad in weeks,
My hair is so long its now down to my cheeks.
I so miss my friends as I'm stuck at home,
But I'll keep myself busy by writing this poem**

The End



3RD & 4TH CLASS CATEGORY

WINNER - 2ND PLACE

Name: Jamie Byrne Age: 10

Class: 4th Class

School: Rathgormack NS

A THUNDERSTORM

A thunderstorm is like an angry bull,

Bashing into the walls.

The clouds are black and dull,

And the rain heavily falls.

We're sitting cosily by the fire,

Listening to the wind blow.

For the wind to stop is our desire,

And for the clouds to go so the sun can glow.

When night falls it's still awake,

Bashing it's head against the gate.

But soon dawn will break,

And the world will be as calm as a still lake.

5TH & 6TH CLASS CATEGORY

WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Eve Penkert

Age: 12 Class: 6th Class

School: Presentation Primary School

EIGHT FEET TALL

**Sneaking down these dim lit halls,
He was coming, eight feet tall.
I creep around so silently,
Knowing it may end violently.**

**I hide inside the dining room,
Hoping it's all over soon,
But he bangs on the door relentlessly,
And I am breathing heavily.**

**Then it stops, not a single sound,
I open the door and look around.**

**I walk back through these dim lit halls,
Chased by no man eight feet tall.
I thought I was finally safe and sound,
Until the roof came crashing down.**



5TH & 6TH CLASS CATEGORY

WINNER - 2ND PLACE

Name: Alex O'Brien Age: 11 Class: 5th Class School: Our Lady of Mercy Primary School

BUTTERFLY

**You're like a butterfly
Who is scared to spread your wings
You know that you want to fly
But can't try any new things**

**Scared of what could happen
If you don't succeed
You don't live life to the fullest
And let fear take the lead**

**But really to be honest
You should go and fly
Spread your wings out, try your best
If you fail at least you tried**

**And you might feel alone now
Scared to go and try
But please just take it from me
Because I was also a scared butterfly**





1ST YEAR TO 3RD YEAR CATEGORY

WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Maggie Bambury Age: 15 Year: 3rd Year School: St. Angela's Secondary School

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.
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.

1ST YEAR TO 3RD YEAR CATEGORY

WINNER - 2ND PLACE



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



4TH YEAR TO 6TH YEAR CATEGORY



WINNER - 1ST PLACE

Name: Jenny McCloskey Age: 16 Year: 4th Year School: St. Augustine's College

SLUT

Slut. A word that's burned into a woman's existence,
A word rarely met with much resistance,
How is this slur treated as a regular noun,
When it lets our hopes for equality slowly drown.

Well if they aren't a slut then they're a prude,
These are more than just insults they are more than just rude,
They are words invented to bring down women,
They lead to violence, tears and aggression.

I don't care if you use this word just to kid,
I don't find it laughable I find it wicked,
It opens a door to discrimination,
Allowing it to burst out into our civilisation.

When Malala got a bullet to the head,
And the Taliban organisation wanted her dead,
When Davidson was hit by a racing horse,
And the world simply laughed feeling little remorse.

Is this the society they wanted to achieve?
Where rape and trafficking victims are rarely believed,
Women who speak on issues are perceived as hysterical,
Diana, Thunberg, Oprah, Markle.

Pay gap and sexism is just a reality,
Sexist violence. It leads to fatality,
This is more than feminism by its definition,
It's a world full of systemic oppression.

We don't expect you to bow at our feet,
Simply don't treat us like a piece of meat,
Cant we have a society where a woman's worth,
Is not determined by the length of her skirt?

So next time don't say it's only a word,
It's a slur that millions of women have heard,
So sorry for all of this to unfurl,
But then again who cares. I'm only a girl.



4TH YEAR TO 6TH YEAR CATEGORY

WINNER - 2ND PLACE

Name: Benedite Mambu Age: 17 Year: 6th Year School: The Abbey Community College

CORONA

**On her head she wears a corona
Capturing all of our attention
Twirling about
strumming coffins
Wearing souls loosely around her neck
Empathy isn't her forte
Nor would she care for it to be..
Her words, not mine**

**She's just been crowned Miss Universe
She claims to be a native from Wuhan, other sources think otherwise...**

**She's as swift as the wind
She need not say much to make her presence known
There's a look about her..
It's something in her eyes that spell out -LIFE
yet seem so dim**

**She waits-
Expectantly almost-
Ready to embrace us with open arms**

**She sits proudly. Boldly. Unapologetically;
Upon her throne of cushelle,
andrex, soft and nicky
Downing her miseries in purell and citec
And we're all slaves to fear- her currency of control;
While nations lock innocent citizens into their cells
She is free to roam the streets and dance upon the clouds**

**So as I write this poem in mine own
I'll sum her up in these concluding lines:**

She's as gripping as the sand...

And as timeless as the wind...



WINNER – IRISH LANGUAGE POEM

Name: Killian O’Sullivan Age: 16 Year: 4th Year School: CTI, Clonmel

SCÉIN STÁITSE

**Tá sé ag cur allais, tá a corp go hainnais
Tá sé neirbhíseach, ach féacheann sé láidir agus réidh
Chun té amach, ach féachainn sé ar an mhéad
Daoine atá ann, níl fonn ar aon rud a rá
Tá a corp reoite, tar éis cleachtadh gach uile lá
Tá eagla air, tá daoine ag gáire faoi
Níl aon am fágtha, caill sé a caoi
Agus caill sé a deis, ach tógann sé a fadhbanna leis
A bhaile chun cleachtadh níos mó
Don céad uair eile a rachfaidh sé chuigh an seó
Chaill sé an uair seo, ach ní tarlóidh sé arís
Is cuma leis cad a bhfuil ar déanamh chun saoirse
A bhaint amach, ó a shaol crua arais in a teach beag bídeach
Agus é ag scríobh amhrán nua beagnach gach
Uile lá go dtí go faigheann sé an deis sin arís**

