

# Monsters



Monsters are hairy, ugly and mean,  
But I don't think they are quite what they seem.  
They look vicious, wild, ferocious and scary,  
They look dirty, ugly, scaly and hairy.  
But that doesn't mean they're naughty or mean,  
As I told you they're not always what they may seem.  
On the inside they're normal, civilised creatures,  
Unfortunately, they don't have perfect features!



**Sera Allen 10 years Marian School Hamilton**

*This was a tough age group to judge as there were so many great poems. Sera entered four poems, each one good enough to be a finalist, and they showed her gifted writing ability. I felt Sera showed great maturity in comparing monsters to people, and reminding us about the dangers of being judgmental. She has a strong message that tells us to look within, before judging.*

# Sleep



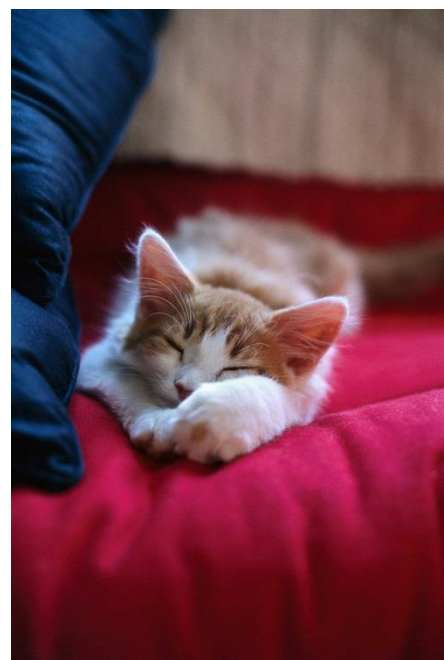
Trying to get comfy  
I restlessly toss and turn.  
Nine times the clock chimes,  
Echoing through the house.

Faintly, I hear the T.V  
blaring,  
See you tomorrow world,  
Sleep is nearing.  
Sleep.....is.....nearing.

The moon watches over me  
As I lie dreaming on the bed  
To which I am bound.

Warm, curled up tabby at the foot of my bed,

Safe and sound.



**Jorjia Travers 12 years Marian School Hamilton**

**© Rainbow Poetry Jorjia Travers 2014**

*This is a beautifully crafted piece of work by Jorjia that creates a picture in the mind of the reader. I've read this poem over and over again, and it still gives me 'goose bumps.' It was an obvious winner for me.*

## My Messy Room!



Help! I can't seem to shut the door  
There is too much stuff on the floor  
Mum growls at me - tidy your room  
Keep saying I'll do it soon

My clothes are piled up so high  
They can nearly touch the sky  
I probably should put away some things  
I'll start with my dolls, books, and rings

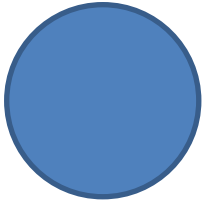
Tiding my room is not fun  
I'm never going to get this done  
Wow I found Barbie, & my bear  
I have not seen them in nearly a year

I cleaned my room it took all day  
Now I have lots of time to play  
I guess tiding my room was not that bad  
And best of all Mum is not mad.



**By Aleigha Darling 8yrs Bluestone School Timaru  
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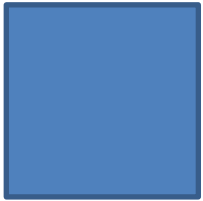
*Aleigha did a great job of her poem, and at only 8 years old. It is well structured and thought out. It does need some attention to detail which will develop. I loved the use of humour. It is a very performable poem, and I'm hoping it will be performed at a local drama festival later in the year. Well done Aleigha.*



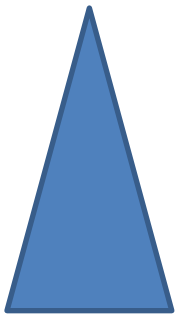
# Shapes



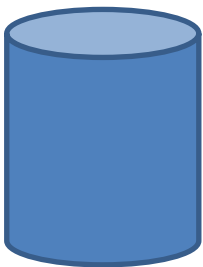
I wish I was a shape  
I could roll all around  
Do whatever I want to  
All over the ground



One is called a rectangle  
One is called a sphere  
Some are very straight  
Just like a square



Some can roll on the ground  
Some can flip upside down  
Some are very bumpy  
Some are very round



The shape I'd like to be most of all  
But I'm hesitant to say  
I don't want to upset all the other shapes  
But it's the crescent all the way

**By Olivia Sulzberger Hautapu School**  
© Rainbow Poetry and Olivia Sulzberger 2014

*This age group provided me with some struggles for 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>. I chose Olivia's, as while not a sophisticated piece, it is a simple, bouncy, well structured rhyming poem with a perfect beat. It needed no major work, and was within the length allowed. It is interesting to note she has used no punctuation, which can make a poem tricky to perform. Well done Olivia.*

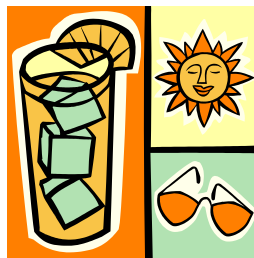
## Seasons

*The snow keeps on falling,  
Birds no longer calling,  
A blanket of snow thrown over,  
The green grass and clover.*

*Buds are opening on the trees,  
Flowers and plants are buzzing with bees,  
Day by day lambs are born,  
We watch them play on our back lawn.*

*Waves are crashing over the rocks,  
Pushing the boats against the docks,  
The summer sun is beating down,  
As I wander through the town.*

*Leaves are drifting through the air,  
Some are captured in my hair,  
Animals start to hibernate,  
Kids no longer stay up late.*



**Julia Manning 10 yrs Marian School Hamilton**

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*Julia wrote a beautiful poem, (she entered 2 in fact) and you can see the problem I had choosing the winners. She creates wonderful pictures with her words, so the reader can really see the season changes. I am looking forward to working with Julia in the future and watching her talent develop. Well done Julia.*

## Mine and my dad's Harley

I wish I owned a Harley  
How cool would that be  
I would be cruising down the highway  
With people staring at me.

I would have ridden for miles  
Much more than my share  
Just cruising on my Harley  
Without even a care.

The sun will be blazing  
I hear this voice in my ear  
The voice keeps getting louder  
And it says. "son please take care."

I pull my Harley over  
And have a look around.  
It's my dad from up above  
I see his face, he has a frown

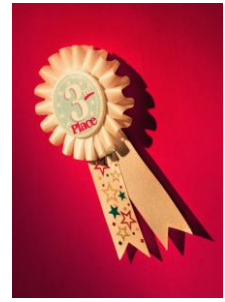
I wish I could shake his hand  
And tell him not to worry  
And tell him jump aboard dad  
We will ride down to the quarry

And there we would talk for ages  
About life and our Harley  
I will get my chance to tell him  
I love him and I'm sorry

**Jerome 11 yrs**

© Rainbow Poetry and Jerome Grey-Brydon

*When you write about a personal experience it shows. Jerome touched my heart with his heartfelt poem.*



## MAN AND DOG

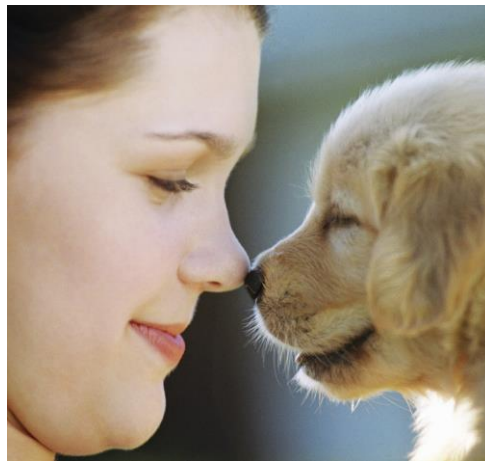
Georgie was my Daddy s best friend.  
To the end - they both couldn't mend.  
She was black with a waggy tail.  
He was short a special male.



Georgie was cuddly just like me.  
Daddy was clever handsome and free.  
They used to snore at nana nap time,  
But always woke in time to dine.

Georgie told stories full of glee!  
Daddy said, "You can be anything you want to be!"  
Georgie was strong and daddy was brave.  
Vet and doctor they couldn't be saved.

More than one year ago when I was seven,  
Daddy and his dog arrived in heaven.  
I'm sure they're in a better place now,  
Because they were struggling - I know how.



**Millie Dunlop 10yrs Karapiro School**

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*Millie's poem was another sincere piece of writing that came from her heart. She shared her emotion with us, and drew us into her world. Well done Millie.*