

COBIS POETRY COMPETITION 2012 WINNERS

Category A - 10 yrs and under

Winner

Author: Annabelle Silm
School: The International School of Moscow

Thylacine

You're pedigree is 4 million years old
And you're the largest known carnivorous marsupial, I'm told
What magnificent jaws with a 120-degree reach
I bet they are put to good use where you live near the beach

Your spectacular stripes provide a superb disguise
For hunting your prey with ambush and surprise
So what are you?
You can hop like a kangaroo and you have a pouch too
But you look like a dog so I haven't a clue.

They call you a Thylacine, which sounds quite pre-historic
I've heard there was one of you in a zoo called Benjamin...or was it Warwick?
You hunt at night and sleep in a nest
You even sound like a bird; "Yip Yap", "Cay Yip".
Do your neighbours ever get any rest?

But...
You rather like sheep, which makes you a pest.
Do you swallow them whole? They'd be rather hard to digest.
Farmers feared you until there was a generous bounty
One pound per Thylacine—before long, there was none of you in the county.

When Benjamin died in 1936
Not a single Thylacine could be found; a problem not even money could fix
I wish more than words could bring you to life
Your time on this planet was cut short; with mankind you got into strife.

Let your story be a lesson for the ones yet to come
Let no one repeat the mistakes that have already been done.
Poor Thylacine, I wish you could be
Alive..... and free for everyone to see.

Category A - 10 yrs and under

Runner Up

Author: Conor Duggan
School: The British School Al Khubairat

Catnap

Down among the catmint
By the garden wall,
Cats are sniffing,
Up tails all.

Black cats, white cats,
Ginger cats and Tabby,
Fat cats, slight cats,
The Skinny and the Flabby.

House cats, Mouse cats,
Pouncers and Catchers,
Lost cats, Cross cats,
The Howlers and the Scratchers.

Street cats, Fleet cats,
In and out the meadows,
Tree cats, Free cats,
Purring in the shadows.

Category B - 11 to 14 yrs

Winner

Author: Annie Do
School: Rygaards International School

The angst of being a swan

The epitome of a perfect swan
As I paddle through the water,
I hear a tittering from above
I am squat and gray
Slightly bigger than a dove,
Not even two months out of the egg
Yet already I hear, expectations,
Expectations, expectations,
expectations everywhere!

Just now I heard from the Finches
above
“Oh my, that is Clara’s brother
Most surely will he turn out, a graceful
dancer!
“no, no, said the other
“A brother of Sara
Will surely be a great high flier”

I do not know, how I can be, what is
expected of me
My elder siblings left, before I was
hatched, beneath a tree
Yet still they return just for fun
Already I can see it in everyone’s eyes,
Sizing me up, ready to see, who I will
turn out to be
I hear my family, whispering always
whispering in the dead of night
Now as I lay awake I hear
“He will have a graceful neck,” says one
“Eyes blacker than coal, “sings another
“He will cut through the water, faster
than the prow of a ship,”
I heard my mother say
All in all, the epitome of the perfect
swan.

Yet how can I be what is expected of
me?
I can barely fish, let alone fly or hunt!
I have tried my feather at activities
expected of me,
In actual fact I voted against
participating, but alas,
My mother made me!
I tried dancing, racing, flying
But to no avail, I simply crashed into a
tree
“How is this possible?” I hear my family
say
“All his siblings could fly and dance at
two months of age.” My parents squawk
I can not be what my family is.
The epitome of a perfect swan.

Category B - 11 to 14 yrs

Runner Up

Author: Melissa Boyce-Hurd
School: Mougins School

The Animal Inside

When I am bored and I quite often am,
I look all around me, as much as I can,

At the faces and people that rush or drift by,
And with all of my might, I speedily try,
To see which animal resembles them best,
The one that sticks out above all the rest.

I see poodle-like women with puffy, tight curls,
And slobbery lips above huge white pearls,
They have small, beady eyes, greedy and bright,
Like they're waiting for treats or a jolly good fight.

I see small monkey-boys, all cheeky and quick,
That punch and poke and taunt and pick,
They jump around, being naughty and fun,
'Til the mother bear gives them a slap on the bum.

The mother bear is fierce and strong,
I'd never dare to tell her she's wrong,
Her gigantic paws can lift you up high,
She can roar so loud it brings tears to your eyes.

And the skinny cat-girls, wearing rather short skirts,
With long lanky hair and super tight shirts,
Surely these sorts of people could not hurt a fly,
But those sharp, feline eyes just love watching you cry.

There are buffalo-men, all beef and no brains,
And old seal-women that laze and complain,
There are tall, clever eagles and wolves wearing suits,
There are lions in dresses and snakes wearing boots.

So next time you take a short walk around town,
Be careful, because I might just be around,
With a quick glance at you, no worries or strife,
The animal in you is brought to life.

Category C – 15 to 19 yrs

Winner

Author: Fatima Elorza Tahum
School: Kings College Madrid

Peacocks in Love

It is now the mating season
he emits a very high-pitched cry
for love is the only reason,
we do crazy things
and later ask ourselves why,

What crazy things does this one do?
You may ask,
he exposes himself completely
and proves his love ever so sweetly,
by spreading his splendid coloured feathers
into the sky,
he knows love is never easy
but it is definitely worth the try,

He is now a display of shimmering colours; green, blue and gold
yes, he is very good-looking
and so he has been told,

His tail keeps on vibrating
making a rattling sound
while he dances for her ludicrously
without caring about the others around;
he knows he is making a fool of himself
but love makes a fool of us all,

What about her?
Does she fall for him too?
Does she flock her feathers
and dances off to his amuse?
No, for her feathers are dull
and so compared to him,
they are of no use,

She is very insecure
but she likes how his million feathered eyes
are staring right at her
as if she got him hypnotized,

So yes, she has fallen for him too
but she has to get rid of the other two
because she definitely has competition
in fact there are more than just two
and they are all standing in a queue,
she spreads her feathers at those jealous others
to warn them to keep away from her lover,

They are represented as the symbol of love, compassion and beauty
so it doesn't matter if their relationship ever gets gloomy,
because their love must always be true.

Category C – 15 to 19 yrs

Runner Up

Author: Lucie Otenslegrova
School: Prague British School

Nine Lives

The deep blackness of the night was disturbed
By two emeralds, high in the sky,
They shone and carefully scanned the dye
Of today's night. None was to be heard.
The paws stretched, all nine lives woken
And ready to patrol her realm, the Roof.
The stars followed her evry silent move,
Too quiet for the stillness to be broken.

The enchanted Moon joined the audience,
Bathing her fur in silver, making it glisten.
She purred in case anyone cared to listen
To her savouring of the night's ambience.
She caught, while in the wind's cool embrace,
That sweet smell, which the breeze brings
To her nose each midnight on its wings.
She eagerly sensed tonight's prey's trace.

Graciously pursuing the scent on and on,
She looked down on her territory.
The world was hers, she had no worry,
But to catch the mouse before it's gone.
The clouds at once covered the Moon's face;
But the hunt was on; to dangers she's blind,
Only victory was on her mind,
So the path led her to an empty space.

The cat
Fell
Down.
All was still.
The stirring Nature held her breath.
The paws stretched out, all eight lives awoken;
The hunt was on and the charm unbroken.