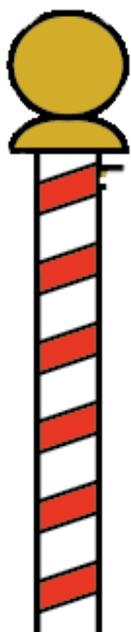




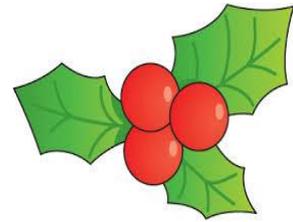
HEATHSIDE
SCHOOL

HEATHSIDE'S
CHRISTMAS
POETRY
ANTHOLOGY





Introduction



Students at Heathside have been busy entering the English Department's annual Christmas Poetry Competition!

Inside this booklet, you will find all of the winning entries. Each winner has been awarded points for their House and will have their poem published on the school website.

The students have once again displayed an impressive level of skill and creativity. They should be very proud of themselves.

Have a very Merry Christmas!

The English Department





Merry Christmas Mum

For all the times you put presents
under the tree; for all the times you
sang Christmas carols with me.

For all the times we turned on
Christmas lights; for all the times we
stayed up to talk long into the night.

For all the times we decorated the
tree; for all the times we baked
cookies on Christmas Eve.

For all the times you made me
Christmas dinner; for all the times
we've tried to name all of Santa's
reindeer.

For all the times I'll never forget:
here's to all the memories we
haven't had yet.

Poppy Phippen - Kestrels

Christmas

A snowflake drifts down upon the snowy earth,
On the night of our saviour's birth.
All around not a creature was stirring,
Yet a magical thing was occurring.
The angels lit up the sky,
As the shepherds and wise men walked by.
'Twas the day that our Christmas was born,
And a shining, bright star was airborne.
Now today our gifts lay under the tree,
From High Wycombe to the Caspian Sea.
Father Christmas flies high on his sled,
Which the reindeers have helped to keep led.
It's a jolly great time for everyone,
No matter if old or young!

James Kelly - Falcons

Scrooge

Oh, how I despise the dreaded holiday.
When people start their cheers, I start
With tears. I love to hate Christmas
With its jolly smiles and the millions of snowflakes that
travel for miles.
I hate Christmas.
I hate presents.
I hate carollers and their annoying presence.
Why is it that I have to be jolly?
I don't want to deck the halls with boughs of holly!

Joe Varey - Hawks



The Horse

In a grassy field with flakes of snow,
A fenced-off oasis where no humans go,
Roaming and grazing, under the trees,
Is a herd of brown horses, not wanting to freeze.

Not all of them gallop, and whinny and play,
Or laugh like old friends while they munch at their hay,
One lonely fellow, mouth droopy, eyes sad,
Just drifts in a corner, a restless nomad.

He may never settle, or lie down in peace,
If he gives them a chance, their teasing won't cease.
For this horse is special - he's not one at all,
He has two large antlers which make him so tall.

Once he was happy, and friends with them all,
Until he tried to play - that was his downfall.
He joined in a game, and ended up tagged,
Into a leg his sharp antler stabbed.

Since that day, he's wandered alone.
But who is this man, who he seems to have known?
He calls to him softly, in a comforting way,
And leads his reindeer to a gift-laden sleigh.

The horses look up, and blink, amazed,
As that gift-laden sleigh rises up and away.

Havana Brown - Kestrels



Christmas

The winter snow
Had a very nice Christmas glow.
On a cold winter's night,
The snow oh so white!
Children started to sing
Just before January begins.

Icicles as sharp as daggers,
Santa has the moves like Jagger.
The shining star at the top of the tree:
All the presents underneath just for me!
The streets lit with Christmas spirit,
Christmas carols with their Christmas lyrics.

Snowballs getting dashed across the street -
The Christmas decorations oh, so neat!
Cooking ginger bread men on a metal tray,
Only on this magical Christmas day.

Lewis Skinner - Falcons



Christmas Eve as a Snowflake

Along the Southbank I weave through the trees,
I gracefully glide over the crystal clear Thames.
Drifting and dancing on the cool winter breeze,
The stars reflecting like glistening gems.

Tumbling and turning through the maze of
rooftops,
London is lit up with its Christmas delights.
In Trafalgar Square the tree stands tall with
props
With tinsel and baubles and thousands of lights.

Falling past windows, I see a happy sight.
Families gathering, gifts under the tree.
Reaching the ground, I join the blanket of white.
A winter wonderland will bring such glee.

When children wake up and realise I'm set,
I will become the best present yet.

Zoe Dimond - Falcons

Christmas

The sheer luminescence of the inky black
sky,
Brings warmth like fire, brings spirits up
high,
'It's Christmas again' all would say,
Which marks the end of what seemed like a
day,
The opalescent glow of the sights all
around,
Scream happy Christmas, yet I can't hear a
sound,
The bitter cold tries to fight for power,
But the light flourishes like a Christmas
flower,
Children brush past, screaming in delight,
Couldn't you tell? - It's Christmas Eve
tonight.

Lucy Brunner - Falcons

Christmas Poem

One little star on top of the tree,
Two little presents underneath for me.
Three silver ropes around the tree,
Four coloured lights shining prettily;
Five shining balls following silvery.
Oh, what a sight for us to see!

Tommy Goody - Hawks





Oh what a Life I have Led

Oh, what a life I have led;
sapling to snow-frosted giant.
I stood colossal for years,
shoulder to shoulder with the giants of the forest.

My life was turned on its side by the
blade of the wood cutter's axe.

Dragged through snow,
driven by lorry,
dumped carelessly at the back of
something called Homebase.

I was poked and prodded, pulled and kicked.
My companions were dragged one by one from
the cardboard
box we called our home, and were heaved into
the back of musky smelling vans.

I grew tired of the scent of greasy metal,
dry paint and pungent plastic. The clatter of
trolleys
and bustle of shoppers grew familiar to me in the
day,
and the dark and drafty DIY store at night.

I was isolated, solitary and dejected.
I longed for a home to call my own;
I wanted to feel warmth and comfort,
ribbons of flame dancing in the hearth of a fire
licking away at the crisp, hazel logs.
A Christmas tree like me could only dream.

Here I now stand, flooded with pride and
strength.
My body is layered in warm strings of fairy
lights, like fireflies in an enchanted forest.
Candy canes, ribbons, chocolates
and majestic baubles hang off each of my
emerald, sweet smelling branches.

I dominate the living room; I am the orange
Smartie in the Smartie packet, the beacon of
light down the deserted alleyway. The
children of the house stare at me, awestruck.

They worship me.
Their Christmas tree.

Daphne Morris - Kestrels





I am a Tree

I am a tree,
Over time my needles flee:
Once they put on a bauble
The more of my needles fall.
I'm the present protector,
I prevent them having a peak;
The presents are safe down there by my
stumpy feet.

I watch as the family consumes a meal,
I would settle for the potato peel!
As time goes on my needles brown,
I watch as they all fall down.
As the festivities come to an end
My lifespan comes to an end.
No more presents to defend!

Peter Warren - Falcons

Christmas

Moonlight glow is reflecting off the snow,
The warm crackling fire, burning at my toes.
The setting of the house was as peaceful as a
baby,
The stationary snowman, as fresh as a daisy.

Twinkling lights are flashing in the distance;
I was hoping that Santa would come deliver this
Christmas.

I can hear the Christmassy bells are ringing,
The happy children are doing their festive
singing.

Hanging up decorations all around the tree,
This really is the best time of the year for me!

On Christmas day, the turkey was ready:
It really was delicious in my tummy.

By Isobel Paton - Hawks





Christmas

Delicate flakes descending
Onto blankets of snow:
It's never ending.
Glacial air wraps around,
Whistling wind makes me spellbound.

Tingles of excitement
Fill me with joy,
But I don't really want a toy.

Family surrounds me
Feeding me with glee;
Love and life is all that I see.
Isn't this the perfect season?
There are so many reasons,
That's why I love it this much.

Bubbles, bubbles in my tummy
Come on, be faster mummy!
My mouth is watering,
Everyone is chattering.
I can't wait for my stomach to be
fulfilled,
I am so very thrilled!



Lights on the tree
Spread happiness
And let us be.
Red cheeks and cold hands,
but everyone has a warm heart.
The season is off to a great start.

Thank the Lord
for all he has done,
I am having so much fun!
Hearts open
To the one who was chosen;
Prayers are said
Before we're off to bed.
Until...TOMORROW MORNING!!!

Emilie East - Hawks





The Snowman

It's pretty today,
 Pearl flakes delicately fly around me,
 The topaz blue infinite sky is motionless
 above me,
 Emerald blades are put to bed by the white
 blanket over them,
 The tall, textured trees dance to the music
 of the wind.

The sun glistens in my eyes,
 Asking me to leave
 As the small child places the last button on
 my chest.
 It was time.

My skin starts to soften.
 The wintery flakes whisper goodbye,
 The scattered powder-puff clouds wave
 goodbye,
 The sea of emerald threads wake up from
 their slumber as they are pushed by a
 child's foot.
 They stand tall defying gravity and salute
 me.

The towering tree beasts groan.
 It's pretty today, but I won't see it
 tomorrow.

Adiba Abedin - Falcons

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Have yourself a merry little Christmas,
 They say. Gather round the fire -
 Smother your family with love.
 But how can I,
 When I watch all the little presents
 Torn and opened?
 When I watch all the little lights
 Flashing and glisten;
 When I watch all the little white flakes fall and
 grant wishes.
 How can I,
 When all I see is you?

Zoe Gan - Eagles

Last Christmas

Last Christmas, I set up my tree,
 But the next day, the lights broke.
 This year, to save me from darkness,
 I'm going to put in a parallel circuit.

Last Christmas, there wasn't much snow,
 Then very next day, it melted away.
 This year, to save me from heat,
 I'll install a humongous freezer.

Amelie, Annabel, Meg, Alisha and Kirstin

Kestrels, Hawks, Falcons and Eagles





Christmas Poem

Christmas time is finally here,
It only comes but once a year.

As I watch the stars sparkle on Christmas
Eve,
All the children are saying "We believe".

Smoke from the fireplace chuffs out of the
chimney on high,
As it swirls and drifts up to the crisp night
sky.

You can hear the blazing fire crackling inside;
As all the families start to arrive.

The outside path was lit up by the warm
Christmas lights,
It was time for those eight furry friends to
take flight.

Covered by the snow that fell from the sky,
A blanket on the ground was created at
night.

The clock chimes, midnight is here!
The children all sleeping, their faces glisten
with cheer.



Presents miraculously appear below
the tree,
Who's put them there, could it be he?



The man with the big red suit, hopping
from roof to roof,
Slowing down time, so every child ends
up with the proof,

The sleigh disappears, and the new
day's sun rises;
The children burst from their beds to
see their surprises:

"What have I got, what have I got", as
the paper's torn apart by the boys,
It's exactly what I wanted, some shiny
new toys.

The girls take their time, they notice
the ribbon, paper and bows,
As they peek inside, they're so excited,
their eyes tighten as they wiggle their
toes.

After all the gifts have been given,
The presents were well received,
everyone was smitten.

Trinity Drummond - Hawks



Christmas in a Hospital

Ambulance sirens: louder, closer.
The faint scream of joy -
Footsteps. Footsteps I hear outside.

But reality...

Doctors all around
Whispering, whispering.
The bringer of fluids.
Rush of London traffic.
The time has come.

Let's escape reality!

Bells ringing,
Settling snow,
Carollers singing, ho ho ho,
The faint scent of pine
The odd mince pie.

The happy families know nothing
different -

But mine does.

This has been three years of my life
But only a bad dream in yours.

Mine's reality
Yours is just a bad dream.

Amie Twinn - Falcons



Christmas

Inside, the crackling of the fire,
Outside berries on the brier,
Birds sing and dance
Whilst foxes scamper and prance.
Glistening lights sparkle and
shine,
Icicles hang in line.
Dazzling tinsel hangs glistening in
gold.
Nothing compares to it, nothing
at all.

Lidia Sturgeon - Kestrels



Christmas Eve

A white layer of snow covers the
ground like a blanket.
White snowflakes slowly fall
down
As people's smiles raise:
Their families are together and
happy.
The bells ring as the snow dances
on the ground,
The happiness spreads like a cold
layer of snow.

Bradley Griffiths - Hawks





The Little Snowman

There was once a little snowman,
Who really wanted a tan.
He was very, very sad,
As he could never understand,
Why he never got one.

So, one Summer's day he stood underneath the
sun,

"Oh, what fun!"

Splish, splash, splosh.

"Oh, no!"

Raya Bhuiyan - Kestrels



A Christmas Poem

Christmas is on its way and this is how I know:

The reindeer are eating hay and it's beginning to
snow!

Christmas cards are given out to family and friends,
lights are lit up all about

And I count down the weekends.

Mum and me we decorate and put the angel on the
tree

Getting ready to celebrate, we sing carols merrily!

Anon - Eagles

Journey to Fear

Christmas is about giving, you're not meant to
steal.

But sometimes with the life you're living,
you'll do anything for a meal.

It's the worst time of the year, my main aim is
survival; another step towards Christmas is
another step towards fear -

Just like is says in the title.

The heat is my obsession, I wish she would
never let me go; the cold is my depression,
like when I'm lying in the snow.

A coffee in my hand.

A penny in my cup.

Christmas really is about giving, no matter the
life you're living.

Ege Ozkan - Kestrels



Christmas Is Here

The baubles hung, with delicacy and care
The tree laden, with ornate decorations.

The eggnog has gone, twice round

It's Christmas!

Christmas is here!



Old men, beards so full,
Children run, hide, play and hide again.

The housewives sing,

The fire crackles,

The greasy turkey, now gone

It's Christmas!

Christmas is here!

Wrapping lay like a carpet of colour
The calendar stands amidst joy and laughter.

The mince pies go around

The snow falls, pristine flakes, down in the
gutter

The snowmen stare amongst the frivolity.

It's Christmas!

Christmas is here!

Filled with glee

Their cold little fingers playing in the snow,

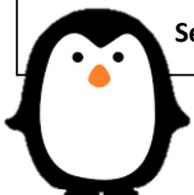
Mince pie crumbs layer their lips.

Hot Christmas pudding fresh on their minds.

It's Christmas!

Christmas is here!

Sebastian Rayner - Eagles



Christmas Haiku

It is Christmas time,
Burning fires warm the room,
And snow falls outside.

People swap their gifts,
And the children laugh and play
While others share jokes.

It's a merry time,
As Christmas pudding warms souls,
But Christmas warms hearts.

Kirstin Roberts - Eagles

The Snowman

This morning I made a snowman:
Hoping for him to be my friend.
I wanted to take him to Winter Wonderland
Before that day could end.

We wore green gloves and hats,
Scarves and bright red coats.
Our boots sitting on the car mats,
He told many funny anecdotes.

We saw some snowflakes falling,
And we danced under the Christmas lights.
Then I heard Santa calling
"Come and see the beautiful snowy sights".

That Christmas night was amazing,
Until Mr Snowman started to melt,
And I just stood there gazing.
Oh What awful sadness I felt.

Imogen Vargo - Eagles