



HEATHSIDE  
SCHOOL

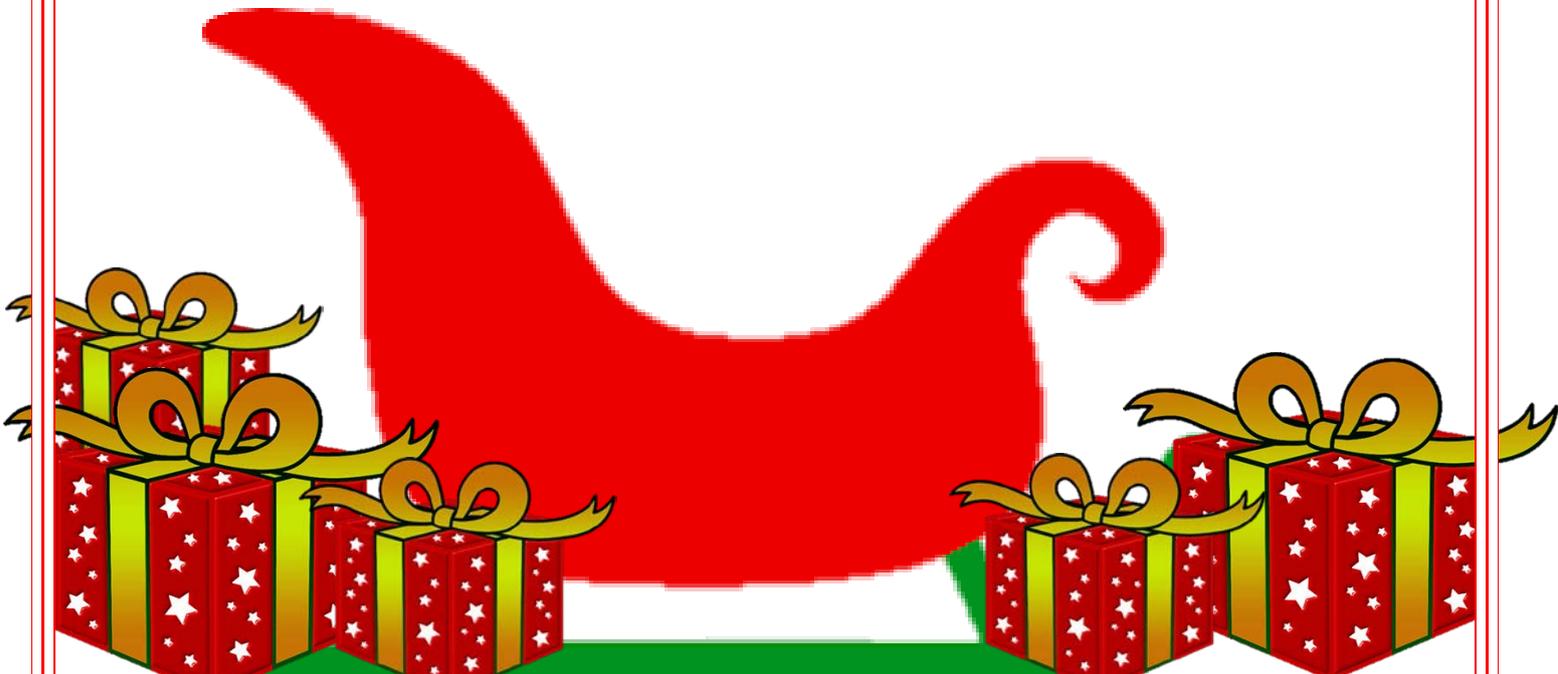


HEATHSIDE'S

CHRISTMAS

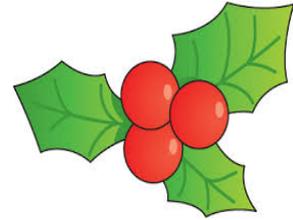
POETRY

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*



### Our Christmas Sonnet

The piercing cold sharply bites at my nose;  
Delicate snowflakes settle on my cheek.  
My numbing ears, as fresh as a red rose,  
Disdainful Midwinter's weather is bleak.  
The night's gloom fails to dim the merry mood,  
Festivity can be felt from afar.  
The seasonal aroma of hot food;  
Above me through the dim fog glows a star,  
Brightly dazzling despite the cloud.  
Twinkling, shining, glittering, shimmering,  
Radiating hope and joy through the crowd.  
The silvery brimming moon glimmering  
Along with the sparkling seductive stars,  
And lit up glistening eyes amongst ours.

**Millie Thatcher – Kestrels**



### A Child's View of Christmas

I gaze out my window and what do I see?  
But small little children, merry as can be.  
White covers green and clouds smother blue,  
And ice sticks to cars and pavements like glue.  
In the morrow I will run to the Christmas tree,  
And I shall express all my delight and all my  
glee;  
As will each child in the neighbourhood,  
Or at least each child who is known to be  
good.  
The presents and snow are exciting as can be,  
But they are not all, my mother tells me.  
She says there is more to Christmas than what  
meets the eye,  
It is about someone's birthday; and Mama does not lie.  
My mother told me what Christmas meant,  
And she explained that all the Christmases spent  
Were to mark the eve of Jesus' birth,  
To remind us all how much He is worth.  
Christmas is more than I first thought,  
And compared with love, presents mean  
nought

**Erfan Dizaei - Hawks**



### Secret Santa

Do you ever wonder how Christmas happens?

All the food and presents in glittery wrappings.

The tree goes up with lights and baubles,

gifts underneath and a star adorning.

The table is laid with crackers and fine china,

it looks so beautiful, nothing is finer.

Who works this hard to make it so magical?

I don't understand, it's just not logical.

Is it the people who give presents, or the glistening tree?

Why is none of this making sense to me?

Then I get up on Christmas morning

No, for some strange reason I wasn't confused or being dumb.

The person who did all of this, was my mum!

**Saskia Garrod - Eagles**



### Christmas Haiku

The True meaning of Christmas

A lack of snowfall

Bitterly cold wind instead

Yet gifts are given.

#### **LIGHT**

The fire roars

Muti-coloured lights shine bright

Colour in the dark.

#### **OPENING PRESENTS**

Card, tag and paper

Chocolate, jumpers and socks,

Beloved clichés!

#### **MONOPOLY**

Happiness, glory,

Anticipation and – oh –

You're now bankrupt.

**James Hone - Kestrels**



### The Little Christmas Tree

I am a tree, in the midst of a wood,  
For years many others beside me have stood,  
We grow older each day but our leaves never fall,  
They wrap all around us like comforting shawls.

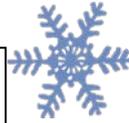
Nothing has changed here for many a year,  
But this freezing winter, for reasons unclear,  
Humans appeared, all wrapped up and warm,  
And chopped us all down, their chainsaws a storm.

They stood me outside near the others from the wood,  
More people arrived, wearing coats or a hood,  
Then some came along, two big and three small,  
They took me home and put me in their hall.

They hung on my branches a hundred small spheres,  
And bells that would be a delight to their ears,  
They gave me a necklace of beautiful lights,  
That way, they said, I would shine very bright.

Finally I understood, I knew why I was there,  
No longer was I normal, no longer dull and bare,  
Now I could bring happiness to all who looked at me,  
As finally, I had become a brilliant Christmas tree!

**Havana Brown - Kestrels**



### A Christmas Robin

A robin perches on the crunchy snow,  
Soon to fly, where will he go?  
A robin nuzzling under white snow,  
What will he find deep below?

A robin carrying what he seeks,  
A Christmas feast held within his beak,  
A wriggling, unhappy, little worm,  
The robin watches it twist and squirm.

A robin rises from the crunchy snow,  
Back to his nest, dinner in tow!

**Freya Walker – Kestrels**

### Our Family Christmas

The days drag by, the clock ticks slow,  
when will Christmas come, I don't know!

The decs are up, the food is coming,  
Dad's got the drink and the house is humming!

oo0oo

Finally, Christmas Eve is here, Dad is already full  
of cheer!

Mum's still hiding, wrapping and tying,  
using all that sticky tape that she's been buying.

All the prep is finally done, at last the magic has  
begun!

oo0oo

Now time for the pie and a whisky for Santa,  
whilst mum and dad argue but say 'it's just  
banter'

and let's not forget the Carrot for Rudie,  
he's doing the hard work, so he mustn't be  
moody!

oo0oo



At last the day's here and no alarm needs  
to be set,

no need to be woken, I can guarantee that.  
The sack by the bed is bursting at the seams,  
full of everything seen in my wildest dreams.

oo0oo

The family arrive with the wine corks to pull,  
The diner is served and the crackers are pulled.

After dinner we sit down by the tree  
Whilst dad sips his Port with a HUGE slab of Brie!

**James South - Falcons**



### Christmas Poem

Family keep us together  
Amusing for all!  
Magical for the believers,  
Items and toys for little children.  
Luxurious time for some  
Yay it's time for Christmas for all!

Hopeful time for all.  
Over achieve for this little sleigh,  
Passing through the night sky.  
Enjoyment for everyone...

**Max Livingstone - Hawks**

### Christmas

Thy sky is pitch black,  
Apart from the moon,  
Shining bright,  
Now at the dead of night,  
A flickering shadow is thrown across the city  
Whilst Regent Street lights flash looking pretty,  
Excitement fills each and every house,  
Santa slips down the chimneys quiet as a mouse,  
It's the happiest time of the year,  
When people are filled with Christmas cheer.

**Siannon Botterill - Hawks**





**Christmas from a Reindeer's Point of View**

We assembled upon  
His snowy roof  
And let Santa know  
With a tap of a hoof.

The cold wind whistled  
Around our sleigh  
We will dash and dance  
Through night 'til the day.

Here he comes  
The man with the beard  
Upon boarding the sleigh  
He shouted and cheered.

"Merry Christmas my reindeer!"  
(Was that us? I didn't know.)  
"We will sleigh-ride tonight  
Through the wind and the snow".

He held up the reins  
And with a loud whistle  
Father Christmas gave us  
Our festive dismissal.



So we pulled and we heaved

We tried

In vain

To get to flight

This festive aeroplane.

We skidded and slid

As we pulled at the reins

The loot wouldn't budge

Through our pulls and our strains.

The presents stacked high

Wobbled as we worked

They fell to the floor

With a crash and a jerk.

Father Christmas looked sadly

Down on them, all forlorn

Theirs bows were unwrapped

Their paper all torn.

All his hard work gone!

Down dropped a tear

No, no child would

Be joyful this year.

**Kate Madakbas Eagles**



### Christmas Poem

Like a leaning tower the tree was in.

All the wrappers were in the bin.

Steady and still it didn't fall.

Beano barked, it was so tall.

It's getting dark and snow was falling.

In the distance I hear the church bells  
calling.

Hot cocoa mugs all over the place.

My red cheeks blushing on my face.

Fake snow falling down the tree.

Kneeling down on one knee.

I threw the baubles all about.

Tinsel wrapped in and out.

Now's the time to put out Santa's treats.

Whoops I've eaten all my Christmas  
sweets.

I think he will like his mince pie.

Before he chuckles and waves goodbye.

**Emily Law - Eagles**



### Our Christmas

The piercing cold sharply bites at my nose;

Delicate snowflakes settle on my cheek.

My numbing ears, as fresh as a red rose,

Disdainful midwinter's weather is bleak.

The night's gloom fails to dim the merry mood,

Festivity can be felt from afar.

The seasonal aroma of hot food;

Above me through the dim fog glows a star,

Brightly dazzling despite the cloud.

Twinkling, shining, glittering, shimmering,

Radiating hope and joy through the crowd.

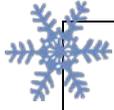
The silvery brimming moon glimmering

Along with the sparkling, seductive stars,

And lit up glistening eyes amongst ours.

**Roman Karimi - Eagles**





### The Beginning of Christmas

Waking up early,  
That feeling in your head,  
You know that it's Christmas  
But you go back to bed.

You close your eyes  
But you can't sleep.  
A peep at the clock,  
You try to count sheep.

Heart beating fast,  
Still dark outside.  
Did you hear sleigh bells?  
Is he out on his ride?  
Time is the enemy,  
Slowing itself down.  
You want to get up  
But outside's a ghost town!

As the feeling consumes  
You jump out of bed  
Sliding on your slippers,  
Cheeks turning red.

You open the door,  
You begin to run.  
Your face says it all,  
Christmas has begun

**Hattie Watts - Falcons**



### Mistletoe

Love,  
It's unpredictable,  
Love grows under the mistletoe.  
Everyone's kissing, everyone's  
dodging,  
In the entry of the door.  
No one can pass by,  
Without a kiss.  
Shh!  
I won't tell...

**Amanda De Sousa - Kestrels**



### The Night Before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas and  
I couldn't sleep.

Down to the tree, I was tempted to  
creep.

Finally I slept but woke up with the  
sun

Eager to open presents and have  
some fun.

The tree was piled high with gifts  
galore

I clocked my name on a few & hoped  
there'd be more.

Alas and alack 'twas not to be,  
Breakfast first, said mean Mummy.

With a groan and a moan, we  
dragged ourselves there

To wolf down our food as quick as a  
hare

Breakfast done, quick, back to the  
tree

Alas and alack 'twas still not to be.

Down to church said the powers that  
be.

With a groan & a moan we dragged  
ourselves in

To listen to sermons and joyfully  
sing.

Home at last with a race to the tree

Alas and alack, 'twas still not to be.

Not time yet, lunch to prepare

Surely this torture is not really fair?

With a groan and a moan we dragged  
ourselves there

To peel the veg and prep the fare.

At last the words came we'd been  
waiting all morn for

Shall we open pressies? said mum  
with a roar!

**Alexander Douglas - Eagles**

### Christmas Angel

All year spent suffocated in a  
box,  
With the dusty decorations and  
timeless tree.

It's that time of the year where I  
hear the creaks of the attic's  
locks,

Now I can finally spread my wings  
and be free!

For my owner is coming to search  
for me

And it's another year for me to be  
the fairy on the Christmas tree...

**Keira Horne - Kestrels**

### Christmas

A white blanket lies,

Glistening in the sunlight,

Perfect to my eyes

And falling from a distant height.

Fire crackling,

Warmth and comfort flooding in.

Children are dancing,

While the adults sip gin.

Christmas joy fills the air,

The lights sparkle on the Xmas  
tree,

Oh, what a day; this memory is  
rare.

Oh, what a day filled with glee!

**Rachel Samuel - Falcons**



### The Other Star

Isolated. Lost. Forgotten.

Overshadowed by the other stars.

Alone in her colourless world;

In a place with no hope.

A star she was and alone she stood;

Many Christmas Eves ago.

She was a gazer and a dreamer:

She dreamt of better things.

She looked upon the luminescent earth to  
see a child.

It was alone.

As she watched, she saw its solitary tear  
fall into the snow.

The child had no gifts, no meal and no  
home.

The star saw herself in the child

And the child felt that the star was there.

The star took her final look at the child

Before it extinguished.

**Lottie Wotherspoon - Kestrels**



### Christmas Tree



Standing tall, proud and sparkling bright,

It won't ever fail to lighten your night,



Little baubles of shimmer and shine crowding the tree,

Hoping that there are some candy canes for you and me,

Lights strung and hung with love and care,

And needles on the trees which look like hair,

Children snuggled up in bed,

With festive excitement filling their heads,

Stockings are filled with presents and joy,

The children hoping to uncover that one desired toy,

Eyes gleaming on that one special day,

And beneath it beautifully wrapped presents lay.

**Grace Gray - Eagles**

### The Christmas Present

Here I am, sitting under the tree

With an excited mind, and a feeling of glee.

The children are running down the stairs

In their hands they carry their soft teddy bears.

They're kneeling down with a happy expression

With a nice, calming, relaxing obsession.

Opening their presents, with fantastic thought

Wondering what their parents have bought.

But there is still one present under the tree,

Oh yes, I forgot, it's me!

**Oscar Hope-Frost - Falcons**



### Christmas Eve

The fire is blazing strongly  
Giving off a welcoming warmth;  
The logs are crackling loudly  
All is ready on the twenty fourth.

The stockings hang above the fire  
Waiting for surprises and treats.  
There's hopefulness in the air  
And anticipation for sweets.

The Christmas tree is all ready  
And the twinkling lights are strung.  
The tinsel is wrapped around  
And the baubles are all hung.

The warm mince pies are waiting;  
The tempting smell fills the air.  
Beside them are the carrots  
For all the reindeer to share.

Through the window the night is still  
With the moon shining bright.  
Some snowflakes start to fall  
Will there be a blanket of white?

There's magic in the air this evening;  
There's only one more sleep to go.  
The excitement of Christmas is all around  
I wonder if I'll hear a ho ho ho?

**Zoe Dimond - Falcons**

### Sick Santa

Santa Claus was ill that year,  
So many children lost their cheer.  
What was to come was greatly feared.  
The mean and cold men just sat and jeered.  
Christmas lists were left unwritten,  
The only present you got was knitted by your Nan and  
they were mittens.  
I remember sitting on my stool,  
Wondering how the world could be so cruel.  
And I started singing bye- bye my giant turkey and pie,  
I drove my sleigh to the grotto but the grotto was tired.  
We all walked into school on the 25<sup>th</sup>,  
Wondering how it all seemed so normal - we were miffed!  
We started singing, bye- bye my giant turkey and pie,  
I drove my sleigh to the grotto but the grotto was tired.  
But there old Santa sat with a tissue to his nose,  
And he said next year will be different I suppose.

**Joe Kent - Hawks**

