

**GDST Laurie Magnus Poetry Competition**

**My Monarch Butterfly**

You have wings like a red, sweet strawberry,  
And your wings outline as black as ebony.  
    You have a body like silk.  
Fly, butterfly, flutter in the wind,  
Gracefully soar over flowers.  
    So fly, butterfly, fly.

**By Minnie H**

**Year 2**

**Howell's Junior School**

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**GDST Laurie Magnus Poetry Competition**

**A Land of Fairytale**

As I drifted into dreamland  
I looked up and I was sure  
That emerging from the shadows  
A unicorn I saw.

Cascades of colour danced from its horn,  
Filling the forest with light.  
Swishing its mane causing sparks of pure dreams  
To dance through the night.

In dappled moonlight,  
Fairies fluttered in a crowd.  
Amongst them flew a King and Queen,  
So silent, tall and proud.

By the shore on glittering rocks,  
A mermaid is combing her hair.  
With tail of shimmering blue,  
Her song so sweet and fair.

Rising from the ashes  
Wings of golden-brown,  
A phoenix arises  
Wearing a fiery crown.

The call of the phoenix awakes me,  
The dawn light floods my room.  
The phoenix becomes my alarm clock -  
Better be getting up soon.

**By Molly F-P  
Year 4**

**Howell's Junior School**

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## GDST Laurie Magnus Poetry Competition

### Betrayed Storm

Bendigeidfran's warm heart turned to ice,  
His eyes, pools of love, clouded over with rage  
As he heard of the treachery that fell upon his dear sister, Branwen.

Revenge glinted in his jade-green eyes  
Which were rapidly turning grey with the dark thoughts  
That lurked inside his huge head. This meant war!

Bendigeidfran needed no ship to cross the Irish Sea.  
Shimmering shoals of salmon parted in his wake.  
His sister's screams rang in his ears like bells, her wedding bells.

The waves roared as if to scare him away,  
His chains of strong slimy seaweed tried to hold him back  
But he broke through like butter to a knife.

The strong scent of betrayal and the sea mingled and overpowered his nose.  
His rage was an internal flame and no amount of blood could quench it.  
The betrayal was as sharp and as pure as a knife of ice.

Lightning, wind and rain cascaded down,  
Stirring the sea into a rage, almost as powerful as his own – almost.  
Suddenly an emerald-green island rose on the horizon and Bendigeidfran spoke:

“Ireland, feel my wrath!”

**By Sukie W**

**Year 6**

**Howell's Junior School**

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## My Howell's Dragons

Last night I dreamt of dragons, there were dragons everywhere,  
They were standing in my classroom, with their fiery red hair.  
They were teaching me the Tudors, whilst I learnt my history,  
They were marking all my homework, which was such a mystery.  
They were on our chairs and tables, they were in assembly too,  
They were flying round the Great Hall - it caused such a hullabaloo!  
They were sitting at our table, whilst we all ate our lunch,  
There were all my friends together - afraid we'd be their crunch!  
They were running round the Sports Hall, they were playing netball too,  
They even went into the pool, and swam a length or two!  
Mrs Moyle saw them coming, so she hid behind her chair,  
They tried to use her office so she shouted, "Don't you dare!"  
Mrs Davis saw this mayhem, so she chased them down the stairs,  
"You're scaring my nice Howell's girls, NOW go back to your lair!"  
There were dragons, dragons, dragons, for as far as I could see,  
But when I woke this morning, there was only little me!

By

Laura R

Year 9

Howell's School, Llandaff

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## Poppy

Cradled in my palm there is a poppy.  
Small and delicate, as red as flames.  
He has grown with such pride from the ground at which they  
fought,  
Keeping with him every soldier and their name.



Cradled in my palm there is a poppy,  
Who holds an army of secrets in his petals.  
He had watched the soldiers fall where the memorial stands tall,  
As the eleventh hour strikes, the world settles.

Cradled in my palm there is a poppy,  
As a relic to remind us of the past.  
Silent but wise, its memory will never die,  
Generations after us will let it last.

Cradled in my palm there is a poppy,  
Who, with us, prays for a peaceful time ahead.  
We have learnt from our mistakes the problems we can make  
By disrespecting the living and casting aside the dead.

Some people see poppies as just flowers,  
But I see them as symbols of hope.  
To hold one in my hand is to hold a million memories,  
Most of which bring a lump to my throat.

Cradled in my palm there is a poppy...

***By Elin S***

***Year 11***

***Howell's School, Llandaff***

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## The Garden

I remember watching you;  
face,  
nose,  
hands pressed up against the glass, a human fly swatted into eternity.

Only my eyes were alive, following  
you. Trying to eavesdrop on your  
small talk with  
the bees,  
as you made homes for the  
hydrangeas,  
fuchsias,  
rhododendrons,  
snapdragons -  
words from your own secret language, jingling like the keys  
in your pocket.

Or so I liked to believe.

The soil was your armour  
and the spade was your spear. You  
used to water the flowers with  
your laughter,  
used to bathe them in the sunshine of  
your crinkled eyes,  
used to waltz to the birdsong -

You,  
a rippling mountain stream  
in your own little  
garden.

Until they found you twitching  
like a trout among the  
red roses.

Sometimes

I like to lie spread-eagled on your bed

of bruised peonies.

My heart cartwheeling across the lawn

in time to the thrum of the

summer haze,

as I turn into gold.

By Reem A

Year 13

Howell's School, Llandaff

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