

HSL November Poetry

Winners:

Morwenna and Amani

Meet November

What can I say about November?
Well, she's that calm, collected feeling
In between
The costumes and the candy of late October
And that festive friend that we all count down for.
She's that soft peace of crisp, frosted mornings
When you whisper clouds
And there's icing sugar on the grass.

When you're with November,
You curl up with hot chocolate
And a good digestive
And watch premonitions of turkey, stockings and snow
On a flashing screen.

November brings with her that little shiver
That nips in the air
And calls the trees to bedtime,
Tucking in their leaves.

When you meet November,
Time floats to a steady tempo.
She reminds you of the on-coming excitement of December,
But also that things can wait;
That the year is drawing to a close;
That another twelve months have passed
Since you last met with her.
She brings a feeling of nostalgia
And remembrance.

When you meet November,
You take a little time to think, and be still,
Amidst the pandemonium of the world.

Morwenna B. (Y10)

Autumn

Light resigns to slumber
Flushed skies dust the land with an auburn hue
Frosty air meets with humid breath forming a plume of vapour,
Woollen hands clutch steaming beverages
The concoctions perfectly capturing autumn beauty
Sweet ginger with a hint of spice and a slight tang of pumpkin bring warmth to the
painting.

He lays down his worn, bristled brush and steps back,
Silver hair falls around his lined face as the corners of his mouth twitch upwards,
He had finished just in time.

The land's autumn complexion fades away,
Icy winds sweep away crumpled, crisp, leaves,
The artist holds out his frail hand to catch the first snowflake.

Amani K-A (Y10)

Highly Commended

Also congratulations to:

Jasmine W and Venetia S (Y7)

Ellora M and Fiona B (Y8)

Amani M (Y9)

Aya K and Heidi H (Y10)

Molly R (Y12)

Trio of Haiku

Leaves

Leaves, dancing at night
Wind whistling in your ears
Trees... bare, for Christmas.

Crimson Drift

Golden-blanket mist:
Deep breath breaks frosty silence,
Clouds the crimson drift.

Tsunami

Tsunami of leaves,
Submerges all in its path,
A mountain no more