

GDST Laurie Magnus Competition 2019

Fire

Fire, dancing gracefully like a ballerina.
Fire is friends with oxygen and fuel,
Fire is afraid of water,
Without one of fire's friends, fire isn't fire!
Fire will glow like a diamond in lots of colours,
Fire is like an explosion of colour out of the gloom,
Fire is beautiful and amazing.

Zuriel U, Year 2

Climbing Up Wales

Climbing up the world I go,
The lord of light, the summer's glow.
Climbing up the world I know,
The dark of night, the winter's snow.

The coldness rising, higher and higher,
The setting sun like a burning fire.
The snow shimmers all around,
Winter's blossom hears the sound.

The times of feeling currently changes,
My pattern of breath rearranges.

Coming to the top, inhaling the views,
The higher I go, the love pulls my sinews.

Reaching the top, a pebble I chose,
To add to the pile, the statue rose.
An extraordinary memory springs to my mind,
This is my Wales that I designed.

Climbing up the world I go,
The Lord of Wales, the one he shows.
Climbing up the world I go,
This is my Wales, the one I know.

Lucy D, Year 6

Change

Change

Make or become different

Change

I check the dictionary for reference

Change

Take or use instead of

Change

I watch Mummy water the foxglove.

Winter bites my nose,
Summer seemed so long ago,
The once pink foxglove,
Five shade of brown
The rotten petals
Fallen on the ground.

Four months later,
Spells of rain,
The foxglove planter won't properly drain,
Buds of green
Clamped shut tight,
I ask if it will ever open
Mummy says, 'it might.'

The forecast says 20 degrees,
I suck on ice lolly,
Here comes the bees,
The foxgloves opens
With speckled petals inside,
I can't believe all this time,
It was willing to hide.

Change

Make or become different,

Change

I check the dictionary for reference,

Change

Take or use another instead of,

Change

Mummy watches me water the foxglove.

Maryam M-L, Year 7

My Favourite Place – The Welsh Room

I have worshipped at St David's, trekked up Snowdon and beyond,

Traced the steps of Dylan Thomas, paddled coracles in ponds.

I was blown away by Newgale, loved the history of Llyn

But my favourite place in Wales just has to be A17.

As a tourist destination it boasts everything you need,

With our own in house translator in the shape of Mrs Reed,

Educational materials, y geiriadur mawr,
And a secret stash of Diet Coke as sustenance for Gwawr.

If you've not seen Patagonia, the film is solid gold,
It deserved to win an Oscar, we were robbed if truth be told.
Mrs Jones can stage a screening of this classic masterpiece,
Whilst enjoying all the benefits of watching Mathew Rhys.

Round our strange hexagonal tables, we've learned idioms and nouns,
Shed a tear for Prince Llewelyn and his trusty, faithful hound,
We've rehearsed for the Eisteddfod, done the graft that it entails,
Just a glimpse of why the Welsh room is my favourite place in Wales.

By Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgo- oh forget it
(My pseudonym!)

Tabitha H, Year 10

Ynys Môn

Anglesey

There's a place I know,
held in the moment of a memory at the edge of the world.
A simple kind of quiet:
the earth's whisper, a natural minuet.

And I am alone here.
Alone together with my thoughts and the chuckles of gulls,

the shift and sighs of the sand beneath —
dappled beige merging with ebony,
all tucked in to sleep by a cloak of mahogany seaweed.

A slick sheen of water, spread across the pebbles like butter,
imitates the descending rays bursting through the thick layer of suspended rain above.

To my left, the pier.
To my right, the town.
A nestled fairytale protected from the rest of the world.

The hills, and all beyond the mist, a distant thought.

Behind me lies the house, a capsule of history in itself,
but this beach of ever-changing marbles,
of ever-rolling life,
it is new and ancient —
a fresh collision of immemorial rock,
a unique shuffle of a deck...
this beach has never been and will never be again,

only now,

and here I stand alone,
at peace,
at the edge of the world.

by

Morwenna B, Year 12