

# House Poetry 2024

# FREEDOM

Write an original poem  
inspired by the theme  
'Freedom'.



## Winners & Honourable Mentions 2024

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## An Introduction

This year, the House Poetry competition invited entries inspired by the theme of 'Freedom. This contribution by Ryan seems a nice way to introduce the collection.

### The Freedom of Poetry *By Ryan 10T – Honourable Mention*

Poetry,~  
It's an interesting one.  
There are Sonnets, Haikus and Ballads,  
But no one follows the rules,  
nowadays.

Poetry,  
It's about standing out,  
And being crafty with your word choice.  
But what would Shakespeare say,  
And Byron, and Keats, and Wordsworth,  
If they came to the future?  
Well, I'd say they would find it a bit odd.  
But who cares?

Poetry,  
It's about being authentic,  
Having a little spark of madness,  
And making something no one else  
Has done before. That's what I call  
The freedom of poetry.

## House Champions

For each house, our judges chose the top poem to represent them as house champion and claim points for the house competition. These are the champions from each house.

### Warwick House Champion

I'll Wish *By Teodor 11W – First Place Winner*

Those flowers you gave me  
The only time you made me believe  
I could be loved,  
Sit in the vase in the  
kitchen, black and rotten.  
The shrivelled petals fell long ago,  
sinking into the viscous, muddy sea  
Of flies.  
You're not like the next person;  
Maybe we're just as misanthropic as each other.  
You'll come back when you need me and I'll wish  
I ran.  
You're just as trapped as me;  
Maybe we're made for each other.  
You'll come back when you need me but I'll wish  
I ran.  
Still,  
Your double-faced personality,  
As toxic as the drink and the drugs  
Poisons me from afar  
and leaves my organs to fail.

## Throwley House Champion

**I Wish I Was** *By Estiaan 10T – Second Place Winner*

I wish I was my hamster,  
I watch her eat carrots in her cage, while  
I sit and dread the war on sparx I wage  
I see her – free to think what she thinks, as  
I am trapped by my possessions and things

I wish I was my hamster,  
She is unharmed by life's unspoken laws,  
She has never known any of life's flaws,  
She is ignorant – and she is in bliss,  
Is it freedom to not know what struggle is?

...

I wish I was my human,  
I see him venture into the outside,  
I am in shock of where he's been – eyes wide,  
I see him speak – it makes me jealous, as  
I can only listen – eating my pellets,

I wish I was my human,  
He is free to go where he chooses, but  
He mostly stays home – his phone he abuses,  
Will I be free if the walls come down? Or  
Is freedom something that cannot be found,

## Greyhound House Champion

*By Soham 9G – Third Place Winner*

I am not free!  
Nobody is.  
Awake or Asleep.  
Our roots run deep,  
Like a banyan tree.  
Into life, its tapestry

Friend, I am  
Not a rolling stone  
Nor are you  
When the day is gone  
We gather moss.  
Some love and some loss.

## Lenham House Champion

### **River's Journey** *By Suhail 9L – Fourth Place Winner*

Gently, toward the drop  
Meandering peacefully  
Slowly approaching the fall  
Winding casually  
Steadily heading for the edge  
Bounding briskly  
Quickly nearing the plummet  
Racing rapidly –  
CRASH  
Surging over the rocks  
Carving a new path  
An unknown destination  
Freefalling  
Roaring down the hill  
Pounding against cracked earth  
Leaving a trail of life  
Free-flowing  
Unrestricted direction  
Unchained waves  
Unopposed strength  
Freedom

## Manor House Champion

**Peru** *By Johnny 13M – Fifth Place Winner*

I stood next to an otter  
 Shot her then forget her  
 It's a shame that happened  
 She was called Terracotta  
 But back to me  
 with my chincherinchee  
 that a South African plant  
 that is very fray-grant  
 They are also in Peru  
 That's not true  
 I said to my confidant  
 In a rant  
 Who lives in Peru  
 And sells acetaminophen for revenue  
 Onomatopoeia  
 Ill she her next year  
 I'm genuinely in fear  
 Worcestershire  
 Anachronism  
 Is a long word  
 Anta-gonism  
 Is also a long word  
 Freedom  
 Gained at the Battle of Antietam  
 Fought in 1862  
 Fought near(ish) Peru

## Honourable Mentions

House points have also been awarded for the collective merit of all the entries from each house. The following students earned an honourable mention within their house collection.

### THROWLEY HOUSE – First Place Collection

*By Bruce 12T – Honourable Mention*

My kind of freedom  
is writing a haiku with  
too many syllables

**Am I not free?** *By Ben 7T – Honourable Mention*

I am not free to spend hours controlling characters on screen.  
But I am free to run, jump and climb in the real world.

I am not free to spend unlimited time in digital universes.  
But I am free to spend my imagination designing my own.

I am not free to indulge in foods that might damage my body.  
But I am free to indulge in foods that delight and to discover new cuisines with my family.

I am not free to be like my peers and have my own phone.  
But I am free to enjoy face-to-face fun.  
I am free to spend evenings free from constant alerts.  
If I am not free to enjoy phones' advantages, I am also free from their risks.

Because I am not free from homework,  
I am free from boredom or idleness.  
I am free to grow, to learn, to discover.

Because I am not free from chores,  
I am encouraged to be free from selfishness, ingratitude, entitlement...and dust.

I am not free to boast, to snap, to moan, to snatch.  
But I am free to praise, free to hug, free to thank, free to give.

I am not free.  
Am I not free?

## GREYHOUND HOUSE – Second Place Collection

### Crows *By Alex 11G – Honourable Mention*

We watch in awe as the flock of crows  
Swoops and soars, shrieking a cry of joy.  
Their wings beat as one as they leave the meadows  
Behind, climbing higher and higher until  
They reach the crest, and then they slow.

'An omen of death', you whisper to me,  
The pack now circling us like vultures.  
But I can only admire the beauty  
Of the elegant formation, carving sculptures  
In the wind. Truly free.

I will never be a crow, gliding  
Silently through the air. I will never  
Feel the fresh breeze on my face whilst flying  
Up there, above the lush pastures below.  
Will I ever be free?

Your hand reaches into mine, snapping me back  
To reality. I squint at the bright sun  
Over the horizon, warming my face;  
Its glow a refreshing reminder that  
Freedom doesn't have a price.

We lie together in the mud,  
Watching the flock of crows in awe.  
They dance in the wind as we gaze from  
Down below, fresh dew on the grass.  
The glittering stars shine like lights in a ballroom  
As we waltz under the moon.



*By Hayden 9G – Honourable Mention*

I am not insane, I whisper to the silence,  
In this asylum, where echoes are our only guidance.  
Cracks in walls, a canvas for my mind to roam,  
A sanctuary for thoughts, a place to call my own.

I am not insane, though doubts may start to creep,  
Through the halls, where secrets can softly sleep.  
Counting seconds, each one a precious thread,  
Between the meals, I have nothing to do instead.

I am not insane, yet memories flicker dim,  
Of a home once known, where safety was a hymn.  
I have forgotten my friends, my mum, my dad,  
But I am certain that I am not mad.

I am not insane, for in the chaos, I find,  
A connection, in screams, a tortured mind.  
In this asylum, where madness takes its toll,  
I cling to hope, and whisper to my soul:

I only have one wish: not for food, not money,  
I don't need anyone to say that I am funny  
And even if my mind is worth the Colosseum,  
All I wish for is that one day I can say I am free, that I can finally  
have freedom.

## WARWICK HOUSE – Third Place Collection

### *Frying Pan* By Tom 11W – Honourable Mention

The sun blazed down at him.  
 A vast horizon stretched out on all sides, dividing brown from blue, an infinite freedom.  
 The flat ground was a frying pan; he the cracked egg  
 Sizzling.  
 The AC was broken- of course it was.  
 No matter, he thought, rolling down the windows of his car  
 Fields of corn on the left, maize to the right.  
 Or was it maize to the left, corn to the right?

The sun blazed down at him.  
 A thousand colours, a dashboard of beeping and urgency, the car  
 Ground to a halt. Smoke  
 Rose upwards into a blue freedom.  
 The man lurched out of the car, sidling his way to  
 The bonnet was hissing and steaming.  
 Sizzling.  
 He lifted it, caught  
 A glimpse of twisted, tortured metal and sighed. Sat down with his phone.  
 What the hell was a camshaft?

The sun blazed down at him.  
 No wind spared him from the frying pan;  
 Neither did a passing car.  
 His phone no help, his hands even less so,  
 And so he sat. Waited. Waited some more  
 With corn to his left and wheat to his right.  
 Or was it barley?

The sun blazed down at him.  
 Swivelling, 180  
 Degrees from where he sat on the molten roof of his car  
 Was a figure. A farmer  
 All chequered shirt and hat and whatnot.  
 Relieved, the man ambled towards the farmer,  
 Squinting in the sun.  
 "Good afternoon" He said  
 No reply.  
 "Hello?"  
 Silence; an impassive face hidden by a ridiculous hat.  
 The man was annoyed.

So much for freedom;  
He longed to  
Sit down. Inside probably.  
Nice and cool

Still the sun fried him,  
Sunny side up.  
He waited; waited some more.  
The man stared at the farmer,  
The scarecrow didn't stare back.

The sun blazed down at him.

**Ode to Unbound Life** *By Anish 8W – Honourable Mention*

*In the vast expanse of the open sky,  
Freedom's wings spread, ready to fly.  
No shackles to bind, no bars to confine,  
This boundless realm, forever mine.  
Through rolling hills and winding streams,  
I chase the horizon, living my dreams.  
No chains to hold me, no walls to scale,  
Just the thrill of a life without a veil.  
Unfettered and wild, I roam without fear,  
Embracing the world, my spirit so clear.  
For in this realm of endless liberty,  
I am the master of my destiny.*

## LENHAM HOUSE – Fourth Place Collection

**By Ayesha Palehepitiya 12L** (entry 1)

Freedom,  
 What a fleeting and gentle word.  
 It brings to mind the birds that soar,  
 The whales that swim,  
 The flowers that sway.  
 And I can only look from afar,  
 Watch with longing eyes and hope,  
 For an escape from these restraints of mine,  
 These shackles that keep me locked within this city.  
 But 'freedom' really is quite fleeting.  
 The bird is shot down,  
 The whale is beached,  
 The flowers are trodden underfoot.  
 And I, just as any other man,  
 Will return once again,  
 To these cold and unfeeling grey buildings,  
 To move with the same mechanical movements,  
 And only dream of a notion of freedom.

**FREEDOM** *By Krish Venkat 7L*

On my day of freedom,  
 On the day when no rules bind me,  
 On the day when I don't have to listen, to people  
 With endless lists of paper demanding me to do this and do that  
 "Do your homework! Do the dishes! Do the laundry! Go clean your room!  
 On that day when there are no annoying reminders, no loud alarm clocks.  
 That day, that one day amongst all the other 364 days. That day  
 You will not be able to find me. No matter where you look. Unless...  
 You look in a strategic location... Under the bed sheets.  
 But... You would not find me awake. Just a body of sleeping me,  
 Detached from the world, detached from the universe,  
 Just floating, floating away.....

## MANOR HOUSE – Fifth Place Collection

### **Bound** *By Jidneya Desale 12M*

I cling on to the future I never had,  
Endure the fleeting present,  
Dwell on the past I did not want.

These convoluted emotions tie me down  
In the miasma of this illusion  
That we call choice

Prisoners we are to time,  
Prisoners we are to nature,  
Prisoners we are to ourselves.

What is freedom?  
Is it fictitious.  
Or is it out of reach.

Inside an invisible cage,  
We are all bound,  
Slowly suffocating,  
Gasping for the veracity that governs all.

Yet none seem to grasp it, before the inevitable end.

### **Room 5** *By Oli Mineyko 11M*

The time is three thirty-four,  
Please can you let me out of the door  
I hate, the blue carpet floor!  
The bell hums sweet melodies.  
Children file into the street

One,

By,

One,

Clattering of feet, all around.  
Yet regret is plastered across the walls.

The happy trampling  
Turns to marching the very next sun.  
The school's chilling alarm,  
Removes all traces of calm;  
And as students look out the glass,  
They know that they are trapped in this class.

## STAFF POEMS

**Spiderman** *By Mr C.Roy - Head of Manor House*

Sir?  
What happens  
if you forget your lanyard?

Room 2.  
End of the day.  
20 minutes.  
Gotta take responsibility, lad.

No,  
Sir.  
What happens if  
YOU  
forget your lanyard?

...  
Sir?  
What happens  
if you don't wear your uniform?

Room 2.  
End of the day.  
20 minutes.  
Gotta take responsibility, lad.

So,  
Sir.  
Why don't teachers  
have to wear a uniform?

...  
Sir?  
It doesn't seem very fair, sir.  
You get to choose your uniform, sir.  
For me it's this or detention, sir.

Spiderman, lad.

I don't understand, sir.

With great power comes great responsibility, lad.  
More responsibility  
Means more consequence.  
Less responsibility  
Less consequence.  
If you want the freedom  
You've got to shoulder the responsibility.

There's freedom of choice  
Then there's freedom from choice.

**Freedom** *By Mr Humphries - Throwley (entry 1)*

All we have to do now,  
 Is take these lies and make them true somehow.  
 All we have to see,  
 Is that I don't belong to you and you don't belong to me.  
 Yeah yeah

**Do the right thing** *By Mr Karlsson - Lenham*

Re: autonomy -  
 (Doing things the way you want,  
 finding your own way.)

Benign appeasement  
 no longer seems to work for  
 you or me today.

So do we choose the  
 primrose path, or fight against  
 dumb conformity?

You have the freedom,  
 voice, privilege, and power,  
 to do something else.

This is your hour.

**"Free Dom!"** *By Mr Humphries - Throwley (entry 2)*

"Free Dom!"

BoJo roared through a mouthful of scotch egg outside Wormwood Scrubs.  
 Raab had been clobbered by the plod for flogging knock-off gilets,  
 puffers, quarter-zip fleeces etc.

Rishi had nabbed a couple for a press opp at a local pig farm.  
 Cameron was keen to join too. Press the flesh, of course.  
 But sadly Raab had run out of 2XL and couldn't contact his suppliers from inside.

Meanwhile, BoJo muttered something about justice  
 but it was too muffled by the sausage meat.  
 Raab stared through the bars, disappointed with his mucker's feeble fight for freedom.