

# Poetry Competition Winners 2014

## Our School

As the trees bend and rustle in the  
onslaught of the restless wind,  
children's warm laughter and happiness  
echoes around the school.  
This is our school.  
Beaumont Road.  
A place of happiness.

Blaine Reeves

## B.R.P.S.

B.R.P.S.  
Special, freedom  
partyng, calming, dancing  
my week day holiday  
singing, swimming, helping,  
grassy, leafy  
a journey.

Pihla Muunoja

## Our School Poem

Being a bully free school,  
Everyone enjoying their time at  
school,  
All parents help out,  
Ultimate teachers to guide,  
Mega learning every day,  
On the move, time to learn,  
Never giving up,  
Truth and courage is the motto.

Running around the school,  
Our school is just the right size,  
A day of happiness with friends,  
Dying to learn.

Joe Hutton

## Our school

Neat and beautiful.  
Writing carefully  
Like a busy monkey  
I wish school never ended.

Annie Turchini

## Our School

Small but bold  
Learning joyfully  
Like our own world  
If only it was every day.

Xander Caffin-Ballingall

## Beaumont Road

Beaumont Road  
Where do I start?  
A soft voice lurks in the classroom,  
from the brushing of pen to paper.

Paper flickers,  
minds tick,  
chairs clash,  
pens click.

Our School becomes a family,  
in which we all belong,  
we dance, sing, play, laugh.  
Our school comes together.

Classrooms begin to captivate you,  
conceal you  
keep you hidden in a realm of maths and English,  
floating like feathers through your brain.

Like a soft sponge, you sink, melt into,  
trimmed oval

Beaumont Road,  
It is unique  
there's no place you'd rather seek.

Sami Sharpe

## Our School

The classrooms are having a conversation about the cola  
The playground is playing with the children  
The handball court, being stepped on, is not pleased  
Out of bounds, are lonely, and miserable  
The bulky cola, yelled patter, patter in the rain  
The considerable sun is like a blanket  
The cricket ball is on fire  
The tents are abandoned; they are deserted at the bivouac  
The doors go bang at the end of the day  
The loud clocks, in the classroom, tick away  
The grass is a carpet  
The classroom is quiet  
A writing book is a window to our imagination.

Brad Power

## Beaumont Road

I am Beaumont Road.  
I wonder how it feels to be 61.  
I hear the children doing maths.  
I see the children doing sports.  
I want all the rubbish picked up!  
I am Beaumont Road.

Laura Januszek

Burning bonfire at the bivouac,  
Epic is all the teacher's middle names,  
Awesome gala day fun for all,  
Unknown award coming our way,  
Marvellous mufti day for poor orang-utans,  
Occasional cool computers, oh cool Mr Coates,  
Never normal pet day; fish, cats, dogs and plenty more,  
Terrific talkfest, oh my favourite thing,

Really cool canteens, many yummy things to eat,  
Dark dance professional moves we learn.

**Tom Pittman**

Beaumont is the best.  
Really good place to learn.  
Plenty of trees.  
Sensational grass for running on.

**Matthew Whyte**

## Our School

Bell rings; ding, ding, ding,  
Erasers scrolling the page for mistakes,  
Arranged stationary getting messy,  
Understanding teachers caring for the students,  
Mistakes being made and fixed,  
Obedient pencils jumping across the page,  
Noisy chairs quarrelling,  
There goes the bell for the end of the day.

Rampaging students running to their parents,  
Opening gates letting students out,  
Asking parents questions,  
Ding, ding goes the bell for another day.

**Lauren Welch**

## Our School

The wind is the trees blowing,  
and the parents are saying, "Hurry up and get going,"  
The bell goes ding, ding,  
As the children start filing in,  
As the caps go off pens there are pops and clicks,  
The pages on books make annoying flicks,  
The whiteboard starts to show the days plan,  
As the teacher turns on the fan,  
As the books come out,  
The children contain themselves to shout,  
The problems show themselves,  
Before they have to go back on the shelves,  
As pens dive off table tops,  
The children become the pen cops,  
They get put into pencil case prison,  
As new pencil heroes have risen,  
The clock goes tick, tick, tick,  
As we finish our meanings of a needle in a hayrick,  
Finally the bell rings,  
as we rush outside to see what recess brings,  
The teacher says we can go,  
And we don't wait in case the teacher suddenly says no,  
The grass is a carpet as children run around,  
A wild game of cops and robbers with someone as a blood hound,  
The de ding, de ding, de ding,  
Odd we go, back in.

**Alex Bohmer**

## Ode For Beaumont Road

Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road!  
You are from my heaven  
What would I do without you?  
Beaumont Road, oh Beaumont Road!  
You smell like fallen flowers  
Your grass is as green as the meadows  
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road  
I run on you every day  
When the bell rings I have a frown on my  
face  
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road  
You feel so warm and happy  
You look so clean and inviting  
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont road  
Your hot pies and slushies taste awesome  
Computers, library, sport and science, we  
are so lucky  
At Beaumont Road  
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road  
You are my beloved school.

**Oliver Jorgensen**

## Beaumont Road

Beaumont Road is the best!  
Every day we play and learn.  
Awards at assembly time.  
Under the COLA are the cockatoos at the bins!!  
Make lots of craft and friends.  
Our school is unique.  
Nice to have friends.  
Try to do your best.

**Kindergarten Girls K/1G**

## Beaumont road Poem

You walk into Beaumont Road, and see the kids grinning,  
Jabbering on about some sport they are winning,  
Oh bliss, oh Bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The Classrooms are appealing,  
Yet the cockatoos are stealing,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The sun is scorching, the children are singing,  
Did I mention how much they love grinning?  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The children are playing,  
the trees are gently swaying,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The children do a report  
about their enjoyable sport  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The teachers are marking,  
a stray dog is barking,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

Children roast marshmallows over a fire,  
as people passing by stop to admire,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

The grass is green as can be,  
the sky is as blue as the sea,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

Beaumont Road is like a star,  
Shining ahead, it will always go far,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

Goodbye Beaumont, goodbye everyone,  
My experience here was long yet fun,  
Oh bliss, oh bliss,  
It's something I will definitely miss.

**Sophina Read**

## Our School

"Our school has a bivouac," Molly said to Joe  
He said, "What is a bivouac? I'd really like to know.  
Is it a scary animal with antlers, tusks or horns?  
Does it have large hairy feet, or very nasty thorns?"

Joe looked rather worried as he thought of beastly things,  
Dinosaurs or dragons with enormous flapping wings.  
"Can it fly, or swim, or jump, or slither around?  
Have you told the teachers? should it be in your school ground?"

"It isn't a scary animal," Molly said to Joe.  
"Oh, Phew," He said, "Then tell me please, I'd really like to know.  
Is it a plant with slimy leaves and spiky bits and bumps?  
And shoots and roots that travel far, and give the playground lumps?"

I'm thinking very hard as to what a bivouac might be  
It sounds more like a flashy car than something like a tree  
Is it from a foreign land or from a local market stall?  
Can you eat it? Is it nice? Should it be there at all?"

"Our school has a bivouac," Molly said to Joe  
"It is rather hard to explain, but I will have a go,  
It's kind of like Christmas Day, as it's only once a year,  
If Christmas is a sleepover, with all your camping gear.

There are big tents and little tents, and sleeping bags and lights  
And when it's dark, you don't go home, you stay there all the night.  
A bonfire warms your face as you toast marshmallows on a stick,  
I ate too many marshmallows and I was rather sick.

But best of all, at sleep time, there was mum and dad and me,  
all squashed together cosy in a tent under a tree.

"Our school has a bivouac," Molly said to Joe.  
"Wow! A bivouac," he said. "I wish I could go."

**Louise Bennett**

## Our School

At BRPS there is always lots to do,  
Reading, writing, science and computers to name just a few.  
Everyday all the boys  
love playing soccer  
and building with toys.  
The girls think dancing in the hall is best  
and that our school is better than the rest.  
Finally, we just have to say,  
we love coming to school each and every day.

**Class KK**

Beaumont Road- So much work, so many friend and so many books  
Really, really the best things are reading, drawing, writing and the library.  
Please, please do your best work and do your best drawings and play with your friends.  
School, school is the best place. School, School- have lots of fun.

*Sophie Besley*

## Our School and the Ghost of Beaumont Past

As twilight touched the trees  
and the shadows slowly dimmed  
as the stars, quite bright  
and the moon's earthly light  
did fall upon a figure  
of its own silky glow.  
He crept along the grass,  
well tendered to, it seems.  
There was not a patch that wasn't  
a bright, light, healthy green.

And so it was that  
on that dark night,  
the moon's reflected figure  
The humanoid, silky, transparent figure,  
who seemed to glide across the oval  
a wraith in the night.

As the moon  
still aglow  
cast its own  
dim newborn shadows  
on the well-to-do buildings  
winding around the school  
like a stream.

For it was a school  
this night  
that the moon and stars  
watched so intently  
waiting for the occurrences  
about to begin.

As that full moon  
for full it was  
shed its silver waves of light  
Upon the land.  
The figure, the ghost,  
sat perched upon  
the school's lamppost,  
now alight,  
and glared down  
upon the barely-lit earth  
Searching, searching  
for his homework  
without which he would never be free.

The ghost's eyes,  
a milky white,  
pierced the night's gathering gloom  
and fell upon the school hall.

Memories flooded his mind  
and he recalled  
playing in the school band there  
and sitting listening for hours  
to those well-rehearsed speeches  
of clear length and mind.

But he mustn't be distracted  
Oh no!  
For it was a full moon  
and the ghost knew  
that odd things happen on the nights  
ruled by the moon  
in its Zenith.

So No!  
No time to waste.  
His eyes then fell  
to the grassy plain beneath  
where many a spots game  
had been played  
and many a race lost and won.  
And where many a smile had shone  
and where the fun had been had.

But he must not  
be distracted  
This ghost must not be distracted.  
Then his eyes fell upon the front office.  
A place known to everyone  
the true heart of a wonderful school.

And then he saw  
something new.  
Where once was flat,  
un-shaded space,  
except for the shade  
the trees bore down  
as they danced in the wind above,  
had once been  
there was a tent shape covering it instead.  
A change!

SWISH, SWISH, SWISH  
The night wind told him that daybreak  
was chasing away the stars  
Not Yet! thought the ghost  
and he turned as he did  
to face a  
netball court where there  
had not formerly been one.  
And it was flagged  
by two goalposts  
that stood sentinel.  
In the growing anticipation  
of the spark like dawn.

And also more buildings  
next to the hall  
that flowed forward  
Oh! Had he missed them?  
The school had grown from the time  
he had left  
so long ago.

This school, once his home,  
was now a better place  
with buildings sturdy  
and sheltering  
caring adults  
to all those wishing to learn  
and learning is an eternal treasure  
a treasure beyond measure.  
And homework was better  
(And there was obviously  
lighter punishments on  
lost homework)  
But his homework was not here  
Nor anywhere.

And as the moon began to sink  
into its lightening  
sea of sky,  
and the sun began to rise and  
claim the sky for its own.  
Knowing not of the events  
that had occurred that night.  
Only knowing about the school's happiness  
and not the once again failed  
task of the ghost to find his homework  
not given in on time  
and still not  
at school ready to be marked.  
For the sun only sae  
a silky silver pearl  
a tear  
fall to the ground  
from the Ghost of Beaumont Past.

*Bennett Roebuck Krautz*