

Oh, Gorgeous Sunshine

Isabella McAdam - 7 & under (KS1)- Winner

What name do people like to call me?

Oh, gorgeous sunshine.

How would you describe what I look like?

Golden, shimmery and round.

How do I have fun?

I dance with the moon all night.

Who are my friends and family?

All of the planets and the moon.

What is my special talent?

Shining like a star.

What am I proud of?

Keeping the Earth happy and warm.

What's the best thing about me?

It means we can play outside.



Our Sun

Oliver Lynch – Age 7 & Under (KS1) - Highly Commended

I love the sunshine
It makes me feel warm
It dries up the rain
After a storm

The sun is bright
It moves very slow
It's extremely important
It helps things grow

It comes out in the morning
And goes to bed at night
Without the sun
We wouldn't have light

The sun is huge
A big burning star
It would take a long time
To get there in a car

The sun hates clouds
They block the light
And then humans on earth
Don't have the delight

The sun doesn't move
Because it's very lazy
Earth orbits around it
It's all pretty crazy

So that's my poem

About the sun

I hope you like it

It was a lot of fun



Sunshine

Isla Pinchbeck Age 7 & under (KS1) - Highly Commended

I sunbathe in the sunny sun, sun.
I dance around in the sunny sun, sun.
I love to have lots of fun,
With my lovely Mum.

I see sun,
run.
We are going to have so much fun,
In the sunny sun, sun.

I eat my picnic,
In the sunny sun, sun.
Sand in my lunch bun,
Oh, what fun!

Sunshine

Louie Ward - Age 8-11 (KS2) -Winner

She shines high in the sky above,
And whenever you need it-
She'll give an abundance of love:
My mother is my sunshine.

Like a lion cub, full of effervescence and vivacity,
Even when he sets-
He glows like a city:
My father is my sunshine.

Her face is always full of zest,
And enveloping you in hugs-
Is what she does best:
My sister is my sunshine

My Family is my sun.

Sunshine

Dillon Pinchbeck - Age 8-11 (KS2) - Highly Commended

Sunshine is my favourite Panda,
Up in Edinburgh Zoo.
Never got to see her yet,
Soon I'm hoping to.

Happy in your enclosure,
I watch your Panda cam.
Never go extinct,
Ever yours, your biggest fan.

Sweetie is your best friend,
Usually chomping on bamboo.
Never ending adoring visitors,
Spreading love throughout the zoo.

Happy to share in China's great gift,
Icons in your own right.
Never failing to make me smile,
Endless calm and Sunshine throughout my day and night.

Shining Summer

Alfie Farrell – Age 8-11 (KS2) – Highly commended

Swim with me, Summer,
through long green grass.
Play lengthily, as we are
away from class.

Jump with me, Summer,
under the bright blue sky,
Sing loudly as the flowers
bloom high.

Shine with me, Summer,
like the huge yellow sun,
Talk quietly in a field
where we can run.

Laugh with me, Summer,
under a big brown tree.
Look slowly and see
what you can find with me.

Sunshine

Annalise Bovill – Age 8-11 (KS2) – Highly Commended

As the beaming sun arose
she unfolded her fiery skirt.
all across the earth
people sang with joy
for the hope she spread
our brightest star.

She rose above the horizon,
over the soft sandy beach.
children chased the shadows of their kites
that they flew under our friends smile.

Night spread his cape from the west to the east
our brightest friend fell asleep.
people gathered to see the queen of light disappear,
until tomorrow, our shiniest star.

The World Under Sunlight

Henry Youdan- Age 11-13 (KS3) – Winner

The world wakes up.

As the sun bursts through the darkness.

Birds chirp in the golden sunlight,

A cacophony of sound.

The world warms up.

Aureate light filters through the great oak trees.

The warmth embraces the valley like a loving mother.

The world by noon.

The wheat fields begin to thrum with the

chirp of crickets,

and the buzzing insects

in freckled swarms.

The world by sunset

Every night the horizon lights up,

swirls of pink and orange,

fading away into the night sky.

The world when the sun has gone away

As a blanket of stars stretch across the sky,

when the moon sits on the clouds,

perfectly round.

perfectly still.

First Light

Lula Spindler- Age 11-13 (KS3) - Highly commended

The first light of dawn cracks through the clouds,
The light shimmers on the water as dawn crawls to the shore,
The day breaks and illuminates dark corners,
Dawn has arrived with her morning chorus.

Birds climb and soar in the bright morning light,
The grasses sway as they wake from the night,
The temperature climbs and the crowds they arrive,
Down to the shore when the day comes alive.

Playing and bathing in the heat of the sun,
The first light of the day makes way for the fun,
The light shifts to gold as the day starts to set,
The crowds they don't leave,
They're not quite done yet.

Then the ball of heat and it's chorus of light,
Prepare for one more spectacle before the arrival of night,
The sunshine and its glory give one last photographic scene,
The arrival of dusk and all is serene.

A New Day's Glow

Jake Ure - Age 11-13 (KS3) - Highly commended

In the morning's early light,
The sun rises with all it's might,
Spreading warmth and joy so bright,
A shimmering orb in the sky, so right.

The sunbeams dance and play,
Welcoming a brand-new day,
Chasing shadows far away,
Making everything come alive and sway.

The warmth of the sunshine brings us cheer,
All of our worries it makes disappear,
A comforting feel, oh so dear,
A gift of love, so pure and clear.

The world awakens, dressed in gold,
As the sunshine makes it hold,
Natures wonder to unfold,
The magic of the sun, so bold.

In the warmth of the sun's embrace,
We find a peaceful, happy place,
A world of love, a smiling face,
And a heart that beats with upmost grace.

So let us cherish the sunshine's glow,
And let its joy, and warmth overflow,
For it brings us love, and lets us know,
That life is beautiful, as we bask in its glow.

Bang!

Melissa Martin – Age14-16 (KS4) – Winner

Bang!

And I, the sun that watched this world's whole beginning, gazed upon it.

A colourful, swirling mess of stars

With bangs and crackles, popping in every crevice of it.

Beauty plastered it and it was a sight to behold

Seconds passed as I stared

In awe at the magnificence of this creation,

So carefully, so tediously, so miraculously hand crafted that I shone on it with glee.

I was staring and it was staring back

with the same sense of wonder glowing in its eyes.

I shock, no in awe, I blinked in disbelief.

I blinked for a moment and it was gone.

Gone.

The stars, the swirls, the magnificence – I had blinked it all away.

And what stared back now was a decrepit, monstrous creature,

Burning with rage.

Nothing swirled but seas, becoming deeper and more tempestuous

as I had skyrocketed the climate's heat

The crackles of fire echoed in the bushes of the forests

as I scorched their surface.

The land was dry, barren and sandy

With nothing more colourful than a speck of dust

There was no beauty here.

The people, left upon it, blamed me.

The star that watched its first glorious moments.

They blamed me for the sweltering heat that destroyed its beauty.

They blamed me for the burning and fiery destruction of their own free world.

September Sunrise

Charlie Killcross – Age 14-16 (KS4) Highly Commended

As we wake with dismay,
We leave our brothers where they lay,
We hum ourselves lullabies,
While we wait for the September sunrise,

As cold turns to warm,
We weathered a storm,
Waning clouds vaporise,
While we wait for the September sunrise,

As we see a glimpse of crimson in the sky,
We remember it's to do or die,
We keep watch, it's something we must reprise,
While we wait for the September sunrise,

As the sky brightens,
We fell our fear as it tightens,
Wanting to stay awake- our eyes open we prise,
While we wait for the September sunrise,

As the land in front of us clears,
We listen to the birds sing- music to our ears,
We know the land ahead we must familiarise,
While we wait in the September sunrise,

As we see the sun, we remember,
We are soldiers,
Carry the world on our shoulders,
While we wait in the September sunrise

(Context: a soldier talks about the effects of the sunrise, knowing it's another day of warfare every time he sees the sun rise)

Heatstroke

Daisy-May Brislen Age 14-16 (KS4) – Highly commended

I lay on a cold bathroom floor,
Sickly heat rushes through me;
I'm no longer a blushing bride,
My cheeks scorched red.

I wish Apollo did not curse me,
He had not spited me;
So, I would not suffer with this sickness,
This discontent.

So now I'm sick and I cannot walk,
As this illness overcomes me;
I'm fragile and seared,
Left at the cool altar.

A faint smile embraces me,
As I reminisce;
As shine comforts me,
It introduces my freckles to my smile lines.

I can still feel the shine on my cheekbones,
On my features;
But it's an illusion,
A dream.

Memories fill me with blinding lights and giggling days,
But it has closed with sickness and health;
My bouquet replaced with a ricochet of paper,
As fatigued tears slide down a scorned face.

A nausea, a wobble, an inability,
Words I cannot say and words I cannot speak;
A girl is no longer here she is replaced with me,
Now my head lays on this seat of misery.

As my daze begins to fade,
And my attempts to lift my head begin;
My heatwave will pass and,
I will not regret the day; the sunshine rushed in.

Dollhouse

Molly Nash – Age 16-19 - Winner

When the world waits in slumber,
How else can the sky pass the time
But by shedding the weight
Of the clouds, of the birds,
Of the poets so bold,
And paint weaving patterns from sunlight?

For mere moments
Before the first eyelids a-flutter,
The first slippers go adorned,
The first kettles start a -whistling,
The sky can play in her dollhouse
And create a watercolour world from sunlight.

The paint spreads, inching across her canvas
Until it builds a boundless, endless, infinite chapel,
And her art is so human that
It can't help but permeate our dreams;

While we are sleeping
The sky breaks away from her responsibility
And paints each dream from sunlight.

She is still young after all,
And while we sleep,
She is free.

Sunshine and Sunscreen

Charlie Davenport – Age 16-19 – Highly Commended

Fire and fusion light up the sky.
Hydrogen and helium crash together,
Pulled so close by the force of their own gravity
That the very atoms themselves,
Smallest in the cosmos,
Bend and break
Like everything under pressure.

150 million miles away from even the surface of
This colossal reaction,
The only known intelligent life in the universe
Plays on the hot sand.
Sweet innocence laughs and cries
At salt and sunburn,
At suncream and warm seas.

Blissful ignorance makes comfortable
The presence of eldritch living
With these people who do not know
The force and power
Emitted each second by a body so large
They cannot understand
That it all started so long ago.

People swim in an orange glow
Setting beyond the horizon
Cold salt water buoying them up above the sea
They swim into, sprinting
Into the unlit darkness of that greatest unknown
And the secrets that lie within
That floating orb of sunshine.

Sombre Sun

Tallulah Gustafsson- Green – Age 16-19 - Highly Commended

How long
do waves ebb and flow,
before they know
that ocean travels with them?

And how do

seeds learn to grow,
with no nurturing scripture
to guide and follow

If the earth can rotate
with harmonious, rhythmic pace.
Steady, across the enigmatic pelagic.
Then why do I drown before I feel what it is to float?

Moons, planets, stars.
All have the force to beam and glow,
effortlessly, like the smallest flinch of a bow
an archer releases
searching for his soul.

So why can't I

emit my aureole?
The only sombre sun
Waiting for its chance to shine.

Writer's Block – Christopher Salmon

I can't clear my head.
It seems impossible.
So much inspiration.
So much love.
So much laughter.
So much sorrow.
But I can't place it.
They are just words lost.
Melodies floating straight out the window.
Would-be wisdom drowning in its own ideas.
Isn't it cruel?
The thing that drives us, defeats us.
And it is ourselves.
For we discipline ourselves too harshly.
Because no matter how inspired.
How in love.
How happy.
Or how sad you are.
You can't force it.
Just let the words flow...
And there you go.
It's rhyme.
If just for one moment in time.
You're found.
The world is sound.
And inspiration here.
The people cheer.
For at last we can entertain.
With our melodies, no pain.
And faster we go.
But don't let go.
Our fuel's running out.
To soon be nowt.
Savour this time.
Savour this rhyme...
For now, we are lost again.
Our lyrics defeated.
Inspiration gone.
At least that made me feel something.
Now it's just confusion.
I can't clear my head.