



# Poetry

# Competition

*Children's*

*shortlisted entries*



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## **Wellington**

by Harry Williams

You are the bright orange leaves, shining sun and warm woollen clothes of a mild autumn morning.

You are a phoenix, bursting with light and fire.

You are the bright red cable car as it rumbles up the hill. You are a dolphin, jumping in and out of the glimmering, shining water.

You are the sun of the night sky, giving light and not taking it.

You are a tui, flying free through the trees.

You are as impossible as a plane that doesn't fly, a tree with no trunk and a star that doesn't shine.

You are the whistling wind, the steep hills and the reflective harbour.

You are my home.

## **Home sweet home**

by Thomas Lynch

Home is a good place to make a base.

Whether it is blankets, books or other things, it is an amazing place to make a base.

It has a toilet, kitchen, bedroom and other spaces.

It has items to cook and clean and everything in between.

The rooms are nice and there aren't any mice, the bed is springy and has a heavy blanket, so it is a very nice place to sleep.

Home is the best place you can be when it rains, pours or lightning storms, because then if you are in your house it is safe, dry and doesn't leak.

Through the window you see, the birds flying gracefully. Swooping, soaring, so beautiful you must agree.

The feeling of home is the best bit yet, the coziness, the friendly warmth of being home.

The house hugs us in an embrace, it is way more than a standard thing or a product of the human race.

The atmosphere is pretty great, full of love and respect.

Home is the best place you can be, to grown up and see the world beneath your feet.

## **A Tiny House**

by Reese Lingad

A tiny hut in the middle of nowhere  
Old, damaged, and crumbling to pieces  
No one thought that this place could be lived in,  
much less loved  
The rich ignored it, as they had much more  
They thought it was abandoned, deserted  
Left alone to rot in this wasteland  
However, it did have one single lover  
It was he who lived there, and he had no regret  
Even if it was sad and falling apart  
It was his home, and nothing else could compare  
To this giant hut, which he loved with his heart.



## **That could be home to you**

by Alicia Johnson

If you're a stray cat you might live in an alley,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a elephant you might live on the plains,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a chameleon you might live in a rain forest,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a stingray you might live in the ocean,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a camel you might live in a desert,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a polar bear you might live on the ice,  
that could be home to you.  
If you're a tufted deer you might live in mountain forests,  
that could be home to you.

## △...Home...△

by Noor Hamideh

Home is a place warm and cosy  
But look out for siblings they can be nosy  
You can invite your friends to come along  
But sometimes they cant, so you have to stay strong  
You might play with your bro (or sis)  
And at night your parents give you a goodnight kiss  
Sometimes there will be movie nights  
Cuddle close to mum it may give you a fright  
You can own a pet!, it can be a cat, dog or even a bird  
I heard people keep rats,that's completely absurd!!!  
On the holidays you might leave your house  
And then it will be as quiet and alone as a mouse  
You might even have a trampoline in your yard  
But on rainy days it can be hard  
So now you know what home is to me  
It fills me up with joy and glee  
It's the only place i can be safe and free



## Home is where the heart is

by Henry Towersey

The home is as it was and as it always will be  
but the house does wither away  
the home can stand the sands of time  
so do you see, the difference between these two  
the home is where the heart is the house is just the shell



## **My home**

by Milo Melrose

Loud, warm, safe, funny and very fluffy.  
I hear my brother laughing, his smile as bright as the moon.  
Standing on Lego, felt pen all over my hands, chocolate afghans.  
I feel my mum's hugs, they feel as comfy as a huge warm bed with five  
giant wheat packs and  
ten trillion pillows.  
Dad's funny jokes, his loud drums, his morning fart.  
Tripping over Lola, but she always forgives me,  
my best fluffy friend.  
Home is the perfect place for me.

## **Home**

by Brooklyn Donaldson

Having a warm snuggle under a blanket  
Opening your eyes to see joy and happiness  
Memories being made  
Enjoy the bright and great time

## **My home**

by Caitlyn Trevean

Shelter comforting us all, keeping us forever safe  
Family embracing my talents, supporting my every move  
Neighbours connecting through friendship, showing they care  
Love warming my heart, like a ball of fire  
Home is the place I belong.

## **Of flickering and immortality**

by Alex Lee

How is it that a home always has a fire, one that flickers but never dies?  
On the coldest of winter mornings, that fire heats you, thaws you, and  
flickers but never dies  
Most importantly, in the darkest times the fire glows and leads you down  
the right path, your guide flickering but never dying  
Even when all seems lost, you can trust that fire, that home and watch  
gratefully, as it flickers but never dies

