



Poetry

Competition

Adults and teens

shortlisted entries



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Teens

Shortlisted entries

“Home”

by Kyle Lingad

Some call their house a home
A place to live their lives with loving, caring family
Yet, some have other places to call home
Some have many spaces to call home
Some unfortunate souls have none
So what makes a home a home?
Well, as with many things in this world,
That depends on the one you ask
Some will say it's a place with their family
Some will say it's a place without
Some call their house a home
Some will call spaces with their friends their homes
Some homes may not even be physical
Some may feel at home online
Surrounding themselves with a group of close friends from across the world
And yet some others don't call a place a home
They may feel at home with a group of people
People who make them safe and happy
So what exactly is a home?
Well, home isn't a place
It is a feeling
A feeling of safety, of warmth, of happiness
When one feels safe to express themselves
A feeling of love, compassion, and caring
“Home” means something different to different people
“Home” is not the same for different people
Some may have more glamorous homes
And others may have simpler homes
But whatever your home may be
You will know when you're there
The place you will always return to
Home.

My Safe Place

By Elizabeth Lynch

Home is where you feel loved,
Where you feel safe and belonging.
A place where you can truly be you,
A place not to worry about opinions.
The feeling of freeness, like a dove
Soaring through the sky.
When trapped before, freed now.
A sense of security and trust fills the atmosphere.
With smiles, welcoming, glowing, full of warmth
And compassion.
Surrounded by those you love.

The people in which we live

by Sayler Phillips

The curtains were my mother's.
I remember how they came,
Cradled by newspapers dated 1975,
Smelling of cigarettes and dust bunnies.
The lace left limp in some places,
I hung them anyway.
She died the week after I left home,
When I was so desperate to be something I wasn't.
The guilt, like a parasite,
bitter, hungry,
It crawled into my mouth and stopped up my throat,
Coming to nest deep, deep in my stomach.
After the hungry sorrow gave birth to sickly guilt,
After the sickly guilt gave birth to bad habits,
I met her for the first time.
She carried a sorrow of a different breed,
That slumbered until suddenly awakened,
By the smell of coffee
By brown eyes and navy blue shirts
And then it would pace over and over and over and over.
The past had its hands around our throats,
Warm and stifling.
Like midsummer afternoons,
In a dark, empty kitchen.
Dishes filling the sink.
But
She was the autumn breeze.
I was a book you liked at fifteen,
Forgotten down the side of your unmade single bed.
Although, I suppose when her gentle, chilly wind
Flipped the pages of my story,
It was a funny kind of magic.
The trees have changed 20 times since we've been together.
We love differently now.
I hold on tighter,
She loosens her grip,
So she doesn't cut herself with her blunt bitten nails
I wake up with her hair in my mouth.
She borrows sweaters from my brother,
And wears my father's old loafers.
She patches the limp lace in my mother's curtains.

Familiar

by Kathryn Eagle

home

one small word,
yet millions of interpretations.

for some people, their home is a house,
a physical, familiar space.
for others, it may be a person,
like a loved one's welcoming face

i find it hard to place my 'home',
to discern one particular thing.
so instead, my home is what gives me joy
and motivates me to keep living

home is not my mum,
but it is the words she speaks.
our talks are precious and priceless
i protect them like antiques

home is not my cat,
but it is the comfort she provides.
her soft purrs mix with the crackling fire
which at night, she's always besides

home is not a book,
but it is the stories they contain.
the characters i meet, the places we go
never seem to be mundane

home is not my friends,
but it is the times we spend.
they know my flaws, my weaknesses
because on these people i can depend

so no, i can't define home as one thing.
it is a multitude, a range,
one thing is for sure though
home is always familiar, it's never strange.

Adults

Shortlisted entries

Where is home?

by Jemma Lynch

Where is home, what is that sacred space?
It is a country, a person, and a loving embrace,
Effortless navigation like a robot vacuum back to base.
It is a smile, a look, a familiar face,
A feeling of belonging to more than just the human race.
It is safety, security, a building, a special place,
Arrival at a destination at your own pace.
All these things you can change and replace,
But home will always be where you find love and grace.

Home

by Kimi Thomson

No walls. No door.
No tiled floor.
No woodfire in the storm.

It's the way
you call me Mum
that makes me feel warm.

Your eyes. Your hair.
They way you care.
Your entire unique soul.

It's the way
I call you Son
that makes my heart whole.

Your hand. In mine.
Our eyes, they shine.
The feeling of being home.

It's the way
You are my world.
Wherever we may roam.

You are home

by Sherrie Lee

You are the slippers shuffling, knuckles rapping at my door
You are the expired milk and oatmeal bikkies baked in-store

You are the soup stirrer, meal maker, washer upper
You are the lights and gas checker, front door locker

You are the dripping tap that needs a-fixing
You are the crumbs all over that leave her screaming

You are the black socks in pairs and threes
You are the 180 pre heat and stubborn grease

You are I got here first and I'm watching that
You are dinner time, where's mum, ask dad

You are the clutter nutter box collector
You are the nothing doing boring forever

You are the soapy sponge scrubbing stains
You are the same same all over again

A Night In

by Shayne Bradley

Here I sit in a room of 4 walls

One window, one door
One chair on a bare hardwood floor
Not a flower to be seen
It's cold, I'm warm
I feel like a Scotch, but, I have no ice
The sickly sweet stench of marijuana doest foul the air
From the street below traffic howls and echoes
From the sky above, the stars dance in rhythm to the night
A candle
Flame
Light
Somewhat warm but not really bright
I close my eyes but I can still see
Mind opening up, my body feels free
The sound of bee's buzzing, but there are no bees.
The walls fall away
Awake in a dream that's not really a dream
I open my eyes
To a room of 4 walls
One window, one door
One chair on a bare wood floor
Not a flower to be seen
It's cold, I'm warm
I feel like a Scotch ,but ,I have no ice
I wonder how the other half die.

Home – three haiku

by Paula Bloomfield

Motherhood arrives.
Train sets, lego, Xbox, dates.
They grow up too soon.

Piles of washing,
Dirty dishes, windows, grime.
Cuddles to say “thanks”

A vast sea of green.
The plane’s wings touchdown. Hurray!
“I will be home soon”.

They say...

by Adam Williamson

The ache for a home lives in all of us
But what if the ache is too much?
What if the thing that you long for is always the thing that you just cannot touch?
They say home is where the heart is
But what if you don't have a heart?
What if it's been broken and ripped out and trod on and torn apart?
They say that there's no place like home
But what if you've no place at all?
What if you're outcast and down on your luck and you're always hitting the wall?
They say a house is made of bricks
And a home's made of hopes and dreams
But what if your hopes have been dashed and your nights are just flooded with nightmares and screams?
They say home is heaven for novices
But what if you're destined for hell?
They say God's at home, you've just gone for a walk but what if you've both said farewell?
They say home's the place to find happiness
But what if you can't find it there?
What if it feels like your home is just full of distress and disgrace and despair?
If what they say makes no sense to you
If you're at the end of your line
If your home is a place that you just cannot go...then you're always welcome at mine



3rd

The Nest

by Barbara Calnon

Arrive
Welcome
Family
Best

Food
Nourishing
Cooking
Tasty-zest

Encouraging
Engaging
Amusing
Liveliest

Warmth
Snuggling
Comforting
Rest

Family
Gathering
Nurturing
Home – Best Nest

At home

by Marion Callus

Winter seclusions
Summer staycations
Family reunions
Sibling relations
Housework and Daywork
We juggle, balls in the air
Homework and playwork
So much to do there
Mobiles and laptops
We all have devices
Together, apart
Are they glue, or just vices?
Conversations together
Then irritation shows
Isolation gives spaces
Thankfulness flows
Baking and cooking
Cakes, grub and chow
Muffins and tea
Give sustenance now
The Family tribe
Siblings and tots
Aunties and uncles
Grandies, the lot
Home is a haven
Where heartbeats are slow
Where families cuddle
And love feelings flow.

No home

by Rose Biggs

I watched the man in the shop doorway
He was young, yet he looked so old
Clutching whisky to his chest
Like a miser clutches gold
His only protection and comfort
From the bitter winters cold
He begs without the use of words
By eating bread thrown to the birds
Passers by give him money
Others an angry glare
Mothers pull their children away
Afraid he has lice in his hair
No one knows his name
Nobody seems to care
The only connection between them
Are the coins they have to spare
His possessions tied in crumpled bags
His life on public show
No one knows from where he came
Or where he was to go
Although he is homeless now
He wasn't always so
He had been in the Army
Forced to fight in war
On his return he couldn't cope
With the horrendous sights he saw
He turned to the imposter friend
The bottle and the glass
He hoped it would ease his pain
To help his troubles pass
But his marriage failed, he lost his job
Evicted from his home
He wanders now from town to town
He's always on the roam
I sadly watch the man in the doorway
Through my reflection in the shop glass
For I am the man in the doorway
And I watch you as you pass

My home barbecues

by Alan Benge

No matter where I travel,
Wherever I may roam,
I dream of sizzling sausages,
Reminds me of my home.
At home, my backyard barbecue,
Is always so much fun,
I've grilled outside in noonday heat,
And under scorching sun.
I've cooked up on windy days,
When everything gets blown,
I love my backyard barbie,
It makes my home a home.
Perfect paua fritters,
I cook 'em up real fine,
My home-cooked feasts are legendary,
With scrumptious smell divine.
Incredibly delicious !
My neighbours think so too,
For they line up with their dishes,
To form a 'barbie-queue' !

