

Poetry Competition

Open theme

9 to 13
years old

Greymouth, Harriet Lilley

Greymouth, Greymouth, found in the south. The west coast, a place more beautiful than most.

Hospitals, schools, and shops galore, and a library that will last forevermore.

Dairy cows moo and native brows hoo, while ratas bloom and honeybees zoom.

Everyone is treated exactly the same, whether a pauper, or whether a dame.

On the track the black coals steam, while on the harbor, silver shoals gleam.

The barber cuts through on a cold winter's day, waking ghosts from the past, as they used to say.

The clocktower chimes on the hour, letting everyone know of its great power.

In the lake Brunner mine explosion, many have fallen and lost their lives, but many will rise to new highs.

One of the Greymouth war memorials stands fearlessly near the pier, to recall those who did so bravely, cease their lives for our peace.

A place of old called Shantytown, there to help be a breakdown, and to remind us of the ancient ways, of the olden days.

Mawhera is a place of wild imagination, all in the same creation.

May Greymouth forever last, never to be lost in the past.

**Greymouth
Library**

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One Big Piranha, Tarver

Once there was a piranha he was bold and
big he was so big he could eat a big pig.

He would go in the streams, swim very fast and
annoy all the fish with a very big blast.

Once in the day he would have a big feast eating
everything like a brown headed beast.

To day was the the day when he found a mate found
by a big date, one week later the kids arrived
they ate all the fish than they thrived.

So if you visit the river don't fall in because if you
do they you will be din din.



Greymouth
Library

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14 to 17
years old

Marginalia, Shammah Chihwai

At seven
I wrote my name
In the margin of a book.

The letters leaned
toward one another
Like frightened houses.

I wrote it again
On the next page,

larger this time,

then larger,

Until my name
Began swallowing
The sentences around it

My mother found the book
And rubbed the graphite away.

She told me
There was no need to write so hard.

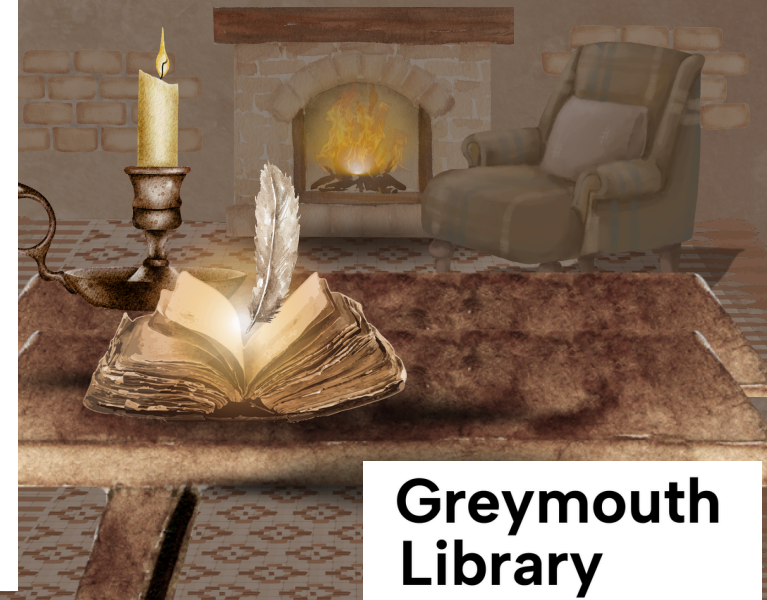
Years later
I found the same book
In a cupboard

The pages had yellowed
Under certain light
The graphite returned,

A grey architecture
Beneath the printed world.

I had changed my handwriting
Many times.

The page had not



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**18 years
old & over**

Di's Cottage Garden, Di Johnston

Autumn leaves are falling down
Yellow orange green and brown
They fall in heaps upon the ground
And make a carpet for my feet

Spring and Summer have come so blue
Isn't it wonderful how a flower or few
can brighten our day with a color or two

The slugs and snails crawl out at night
And eat my plants with great delight
I set the bait to catch them out
Morning dawns I've got the trouts

The sun beams down upon my crops
My veggies so much better than the shops
The fruit and berries are ready for harvest
To make my jams I know will last

My garden attracts a pigeon or two
My home is painted white and blue
People come to my garden to view
They always take a tomato or two

My two little hens lay an egg or two
They offer their droppings for me to use
To grow my garden for me and you

My friends and family help with jobs, and
never expect to be paid a bob

That's the end of my poem today
This is all I have to say

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I went awalking, Ollie

**18 years
old & over**

I went awalking in the rain,
With gumboots and umbrella.
When up ahead I chanced upon,
A girl out with her fella.

They seemed to be so unaware,
Of anything but each other.
The rain came down, the wind did blow,
It wasn't pleasant weather.

But they were walking arm, in arm,
Their faces upward turned.
A rainbow arced across the sky,
Oh how I wished and yearned.

That I could bring back long ago,
When I did have a Beau.
And we went walking in the rain,
The wind, the sleet, the snow.

We never felt the raindrops,
Or Wintens windy blast.
The warmth we shared was in our hearts,
And love we knew would last.

How life moves on and he was gone,
One rainy, rainy day.
So I walk alone with memories,
And sorrow kept at bay.

So I go awalking in the rain,
With gumboots and umbrella.
And I remember all those walks
Right beside my fella.



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**18 years
old & over**

Where we meet, Astiana

Look down the river, you see the remains of our old harbour
Once lined with boats, people bustling & incoming goods from lands far beyond here
Where you see the sunset over the vast horizon
Many ships voyage over the bar into open waters
Scaling this water means rolling with unknown currents, undertow & high tides or water levels
Look upriver, you see the remnants of mountain glory
High peaks, native trees & settlements in the distance
Set between two mountains that meet
Like two Tuatara drinking from this river

A cozy living room scene with a fireplace, a chair, a candle, and an open book on a table.

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