



Children's Shortlist & Winners

(aged 5-12)

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Goblins and ghouls ruling the night Cackles and screams will give you a fright Witches and zombies invading the town Beware of your brother, the killer clown.

Little footsteps and doorbells ringing Children's voices wildly singing Sticky fi ngers and paint in your hair Do you keep candy or do you share?

All the costumes that your parents made Photos taken because memories fade Hidden tricks up a child's sleeve Do you dare to go out on hallow's eve?

Celebrating (A Reverse Poem) by Paris Yiannoutsos

Being happy is damaging

you'll never hear me say

There are things to be proud of

I know deep down

Honor has no purpose

And that

There's no such thing as hope

I will never think

Positive memories are worth it

Because

Joy is unpleasant

I don't understand how

Celebrating lifts you up

Since

Ignoring achievements is best

I can't see a way as to how

Self-worth is crucial

And I love how

Expecting the worst feels so strong

And I despise the fact that

Motivation brings you bliss

Furthermore,

Celebrating is arrogance

Nobody will ever convince me that

For every cloud there's a silver lining

And

I deserve good thoughts

Because

Memories are pointless souvenirs

It is not alright to assume

Celebrating is okay

Everyday Celebrations by Alisa Khrypko

There are always things to celebrate...

First time standing up,

Drinking from a cup.

Getting a medal,

Learning to pedal.

Hugging your Mum when it's not Mother's Day,

Making a bully go away.

Reaching the top of a very steep hill

Or being brave to swallow a disgusting pill.

If you are kind, and strong, and brave,

You can have a celebration every day.

What Makes Me, ME! by Mia Skaria

All day with Parents,
Along with grandparents,
That's what makes me, Me.

God in the centre, He is my Mentor, That's what makes me, Me.

Stories of yonder,
Things I like to ponder,
That's what makes me, Me.

Two countries I come from, India and New Zealand, That's what makes me, Me.

Jumping and running, Playing and swimming, T hat's what makes me, Me.

My clothes and my culture, My hair and my color, That's what makes me, Me.

The food I like to eat,
The friends I meet,
That's what makes me, Me.

My beliefs and my ambitions, My family and my traditions, That's what makes me, Me.

Celebration of Flight by Sophia Le

Birds soar Across the bright blue Flying fast Gliding on the currents Free

Planes lift
Defying gravity
Buzzing, flashing
A cloud kingdom
In the heights, where humans
Cannot go

Kids swing, screaming In exhilaration As they go up and up Sweeping their feet across the sky

Burdens left behind A swift retreat As the ground grows fainter Beneath our feet

Joy untainted

Adrenaline uncontainable

Freedom in the heights A celebration of flight

Pōhutukawa, Tīramarama Mai (**Pōhutukawa, shine brightly for us**) by Pippi-Rose Waitere

Ko Pōhutukawa tēnei He ataahua koe, a Pōhutukawa He tāonga koe, a Pōhutukawa

He rerehua ō mate Ka karanga ahau ki a koe Tiakina ngā mātua o tōku Nanny Tiakina te Māmā o tōku Poppy

He nui tōku aroha ki ōku tūpuna Pōhutukawa, tīramarama mai

This is Pōhutukawa You are beautiful, Pōhutukawa You are a treasure, Pōhutukawa

The departed you hold are beautiful I call out to you, Look after the parents of my Nanny Look after the mother of my Poppy

I have so much love for my ancestors Põhutukawa, shine brightly for us

Nature's Beauty by Eve Pilcher

Nature celebrates

The green leaves dance, a gentle breeze River flows, soft sounds Peaks of sunlight, swaying trees Nature's beauty, new life grows

Nature heals

I am certain
The cycle of life doesn't end—it grows
It starts new beginnings
The new growth is upon us all
The celebration of nature

What will it be?

When the shadows drift and fall Or the rivers are dry and cracked And the beauty washes away, But still, I wonder.

Matariki Poem by Aria Chatley

Beneath the brightest stars at night,

We gather with family and friends tonight

To remember, to share, to laugh and to care.

The stars above, the warmth below,

Remind us how our memories grow,

So let us live with hearts made bright,

And treasure joy on Matariki night.

Different Celebrations by Ramona Robinson

Halloween is a time for a frightful scare

Christmas is a time to be happy and share

Easter is a time to hunt for eggs with friends

Matariki is when a new year starts and an old year ends

On birthdays we eat cake and be greedy

On Waitangi Day we honour the Treaty

Holidays are a time to bring us together

After all, holidays will be forever.

Waitī and Waita by Olive Archer-Braddock

Waitī sparkles where the rivers flow,

With shimmering streams and the sun's warm glow.

She sings of lakes and gentle rain,

Of water moving around your feet again.

Waitā shines over the ocean blue,

With roaring waves and fish swimming through.

She watches the tides, both strong and fast,

And shares secrets with the ocean's past.

Together they brighten the sky and the land,

The water of life, a bond so grand.



