

**Upper Hutt City Library – Poetry Competition**

**Adult Category shortlist**

**Inspire – Haiku in the Forest by Jean**

Tiny fragile shoots  
From a dying kauri tree  
Reach out for the sun  
Persistent raindrops  
Purify a tainted stream  
On its seaward path  
Nature resurgent  
Battles against the impact  
Of man's thoughtlessness

**Dear Donor by Rose**

I wish I could inspire others  
As you have inspired me  
To cure the sick and help the blind to see  
Untie the binds to kidney machines  
Setting renal patients free  
In someone's darkest hour  
To be there hope and light  
What greater gift can someone give  
Than that of life and sight  
If I can inspire others  
Even if it's just the one  
If saves a life  
Than that's a job well done  
I wish I could inspire others  
To prevent a broken heart  
To stop family and friends  
From being torn apart  
To wipe a tear from sad eyes  
And erase someone's fear  
Please don't take your organs to heaven  
Heaven knows they are needed hear

**INSPIRE by Rose**

Never listen to Negativity  
It's an imposter and a liar  
Pretends to be a friend  
But stands in the way  
Of your hearts desire  
Negativity shakes its head  
Rolls its eyes and says Tut! Tut!  
Puts obstacles in the way  
With words like if or but  
Ignore negativity and listen to inspire  
It's always on your team  
Lifting your spirits high  
So you believe that you can reach  
For the stars in the sky  
It never tells you that you can't  
And encourages you to try  
All the great inventors  
And those in the world of art  
They were all inspired  
It was with them from the start  
A tiny seed of thought  
That grew in the mind and heart  
So listen to inspire  
Who know where it could lead  
Of all the great ideas  
Inspire plants the seed.

**Inspire by Cyndi**

Simply put,  
To breathe.  
To breathe in all that surrounds us and,  
Exhale  
Art

Love

Music

Dance

Hope

Tomorrow

### **Inspiration Lost by Antonia**

*A cautionary tale for modern writers*

Many are started; few are finished  
Have you ever thought  
Of the words of genius left unpublished?  
Undiscovered. Lost.  
Masterpieces that go to the grave with their authors.  
Great literature abandoned  
While so-called 'reality' television  
Monopolises our once sharp minds.  
Do you lament the intellect lost to mindless indulgences?  
  
The written word is just another commodity  
Suffocating the authors of our time.  
The potential literary masters of our generation  
Are reduced to writing 'waffle'  
Couched by questionable 'facts.'  
Modern authors scramble for clicks and votes. Popularity trumps quality. And truth.  
Articles scrawled between their string of 'gigs,'  
which may or may not garner enough money for the rent,  
shape our collective consciousness.  
  
Did you even notice?  
Or did you pour another tippie, Read another piece of 'click bait,' Of dubious origin,  
And wonder why it left you empty?

### **Selecting the best bits by**

In the mind garden  
She eases a dandelion  
Roots and all  
From the gap in the raised bed's brickwork  
Sun-wrinkled hands stroke the heart of  
each flower Each jagged green leaf  
Breaks open the stems  
Her fingers sap-tacky  
She breathes in the aroma  
Of grassy green brokenness  
Etched with the harvests  
Of summers before  
Into her baskets fall blossoms for wine  
Greens for the salad  
Roots for the tea  
And onto the ground  
Fall the dark or unwanted bits  
Down to the chickens  
That peck at her feet

**I once stopped for just long enough by Adam**

I once stopped  
In the morning  
For just long enough

I didn't worry  
About being late  
And I heard my daughter say

Swish swash bosh hot chocolate  
Squish squash plop marshmallow  
What do cockroaches taste like?

I once stopped  
At dinner time  
For just long enough

I didn't worry  
About the mess  
And I heard my daughter say

I closed the plastic bag  
It's mostly still open  
Today I ate some spatatios

I once stopped  
In the rain  
For just long enough

I didn't worry  
About getting wet  
And I heard my daughter say  
The rain is giving my eyes a drink  
I'm trying to catch it all on my tongue  
But I can't stick it out far enough

I once stopped  
At the hospital  
For just long enough

I didn't worry  
About the tears  
And I heard my daddy say

I love you  
My precious daughter  
I never regret  
Stopping

### **PARTING COMPANY - (Independence Day) by Zoe**

I have seen a bird fly winging through the air,  
I have seen a child cry when pushed down the stairs,  
I have heard an owl hoot softly through the night,  
I have heard a man shoot in his desperate plight,  
I have watched the rain fall dripping through the trees,  
I have watched a dying man begging on his knees,  
I have felt a man's love safe within my breast,  
I have felt a child's hate gun hugged to his chest,  
I have watched the sun rise over the distant hills,  
I have watched the blood flow over the ground it spills,  
I will tell you how wondrous nature is

You tell me,

What is the purpose of all human ills?

So...

Touch my hand and go from me  
Remember I said  
Touch all that you see,  
Turn darkness to light bring sunshine to rain,  
Return good for all evil no matter the pain.  
Touch their hands as you touch me,  
Remember I said  
Touch all that you see,  
Open your arms though they hold out a knife,  
Make for a happier more peaceful life.

### **#457 The Girl Who Found Purpose by**

I want to write about something different; by this I mean I'm tired of pulling the worms of me  
and watching as they squirm, uncomfortable, in the sunlight.

No, this time I'll write of a feral girl, one who was tamed by a love like moonlight,  
with a family like wolf pack and friends like forest

She'll howl in happiness and inspire others to do the same,  
the moon will laugh its way to dawn

The wolves will yip and yap, dancing at the wonder of her  
and the trees will sing like twirling leaves

Glitter dewy like nature's tears and the world won't stop  
and stare at their change, but pirouette in joy

The girl will run wild and lope headfirst into life,  
knowing at some point

she'll make a difference.

### **Breathe by Mussita**

When the morning comes, and the sorrow is still there.  
When the anxiety causes chaos from your toes to your hair.  
When the smile on your face is another forced one.  
When your day has just begun, but you feel like you're already done.

Breathe.

Take each moment as it comes.  
Take the next step and then some.  
Take each deserved compliment right to heart.  
Take each undeserved criticism and throw it like a dart.

Breathe.

Hold on to Hope, He has a name.  
Hold on to Love, and you'll never be the same.  
Hold on to Peace, that your mind cannot grasp.  
Hold on to faith, don't let it slip from your clasp.

Breathe again.