



Poetry Awards 2021

KIDS & TEENS

Shortlisted Poems



Ngā Puna Mātauranga o
Te Awa Kairangi ki Uta
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Day Dreams

The trees are blowing between the whistling air.

The flowers are blowing,

The air is blowing.

I am whistling between the trees.

The waves are splashing on the sand.

- Willow

My World

on the other side
a different world
a different time
where the grass is greener
there on the other side
where beasts talk
humans fly
yes, over there
on the other side
where the lion rules
where the lamb grazes
that's my world
a land of beauty
and peculiar plants
where flowers sing
where waters dance
this is where i live
among my little city
stunned....by colored leaves
of the great oak tree
where i live
for i am just another citizen
in this peculiar world
of the other side.

Your wildest Dreams

You dream, dreams but it is important to daydream.

You dream beyond your wildest dreams.

You use your imagination, it's easy.

Think as much as your heart's desire

It will take you for an adventure that will inspire and
places your heart will desire.

And it will only take you higher.

- Caylin

The Buttercups Hopping

You have dreams

That maybe are themes?

Sometimes you have nightmares

About scary bears

Maybe you have a dream about the cat in the hat

Maybe you have a dream about a vase

Maybe a dream with jars.

Maybe a dream about buttercups hopping

with ice cream topping.

I have a dream...

I have a dream . . .

Of stellar winds hurtling through space,

Playing with the nymphs of the stars as if in a race.

Moving like a meteor towards the galaxy we call our home,

Getting closer and closer, mystical to the bone.

The solar blasts descend on the earth,

The globe now fills with their sweet mirth.

The mystic winds sweep around the sphere,

Proudly letting us know that they're here.

The trees grandly show off their exquisite green

For the plants are much better than the many years been.

'Round the equator it's like paradise!

But the north and south poles are still covered in ice.

Jubilance reigns in this wonderful realm,

so admiration finds it easy to overwhelm.

And as the wind breeze back into space

Our spectacular planet drifts back into space.

Dreams are special, and so are we.

But best of all . . . dreams are completely free!

- Emily

Our Future

I hear of a future ...

Where the sky is grey, and the ice is melting.

That is not my future.

Where rats take over, and the birds are gone.

That is not my future.

Where children are hungry, and people are homeless.

That is not my future.

Where streets are full of fear, and people are dying.

That is not my future.

Where we have lost communities and are blind towards others.

That is not my future.

I dream of a future...

Where the earth can breathe, and the fish are thriving.

That is my future.

Where native bush returns, and birds soar above us.

That is my future.

Where children are happy, and homes are plenty.

That is my future.

Where the streets are safe, and people are healthy.

That is my future.

Where kind words mean more than money, and everyone is treated fairly.

This is our future.

- Bill

I dream about...

I dream about animals, smoke, and fresh air.
I dream about things that don't seem very clear.
I dream about fantails flitting about.
I dream about beach days with not one single pout.
I dream about monkeys with banana top hats.
I dream about sitting beside fluffy cats.
I dream about bunnies with such fluffy tails
escaping from their cage with dad on their trails.

- Alicia

Dreams

To dream is:

To lock up all your worries in a silver box
But keep the key
You might have to use it
Someday

To dream is:

To find a light in the darkness
And keep that light with you
Until you know you don't need it
Someday

To dream is:

To think big and bigger
Never stopping for someone who disagrees
Because you have to spark
Someday

To dream is:

To always believe in yourself
In the end you are the one
Who will get you there
Someday

To dream is:

To give your all into it
And when it's done
You can start again
Today

Dreamy

I walk through a corridor
Unable to move
Alert yet relaxed

A fantastical world
One with no sense
The walls close in
The ceiling nears

I wake up
And realise now
That was but a fake
Not real, will never be real
It was just a dream

- Reese

World of Dreams

In a world entirely your own
Everything comes to life
Your hopes, fears, truth and lies
Dreams are where we roam free.

- Eva

n.b. Poem was presented in a script font with a galaxy background which could not be reproduced in this booklet.

TEENS

Shortlisted Poems

Disconsolate Dreams

Vivid flashes of endless nights
A whirlwind—
a splattering of flickering lights
Monsters prey
on the weak and feeble
We are alone, us people
Indefinite crying from the Heavens
Add an aberrant few—
To the circles of Hell in their sevens

~

I wake with a start
Another asphyxiation
to rattle me apart
On this storm of a night
Strangled by the sheets
And the failure of light

- Melissa

Haiku - Dreams

In my sleep I dream
Of a world of love and peace
Let us make it real

- Alicia

n.b. Poem was originally presented against a starry night sky background with a dark tree line which could not be reproduced in this booklet.

Dreams

Like waking, yet untrue,
A scene spun up by the mind,
of threads of glimpses of moments,
knotted together into fantasy.

Once flying, now falling,
Terror crafted from freedom
Dreading the ground yet never colliding,
Fading into black.

Yet all the while, a feeling of safety,
Faint, yet present all throughout
A scene painted against quiet calm
A token from true reality.

And as vision fades into truthful landscape
Realization gradually pouring in
“It was all a dream, it wasn’t true.”
Yet it all felt so real.

And going about the busy day,
it all fades away.
Until no memory remains,
but the fact you dreamt that day.

The Entity of a Dream

Dream: A series of my wishes, my imagination and my lingering thoughts occurring in your plane of slumber

Your soul lays before me,
You borrow my pools of possibility,
And steal my sweet essence

You use my love to wash away your broken spirit,
I let you be briefly gorgeous to an unsatisfied end,
It's the language of the untold,
Yet you don't need to explain the unsaid,
a dream is your own, or it is merely me?

Whatever can you do with all of you stuck in yesterday,
I worry that your aching emotions will turn it all into a cliché of empty words
But you would never notice my beauty until I'm gone, nevertheless you yearn
for more.

I don't suppose you would know what to call this, when you can do whatever
you like, is it freedom or loneliness? But I guess you wouldn't have to know,
it is not your freedom but in fact my destiny to be forever beyond recall.

When you are born in a burning house you think the whole world is on fire.
But it's not. I know you think that, and that is why I am here.

Because it was never just nice.
It was never meant to be just nice.
It was meant to make you feel something.
I felt it a hundred times.
You let it fade.
Just like another dream

- Emily

My Good Dream...

I dreamed I was running a marathon.

I had practised lifting some heavy weights.

I did lots of exercise before the race.

I dreamed that I reached the finish.

In my dream the crowd lifted me up and cheered.

I felt happy.

It was a good dream!

- Toby

What are dreams made of

What are dreams made of?

Is it hope or love?

Or just the adventure and craziness of life?

Can you switch your dreams or will they stay the same forever?

Can dreams change?

There are different types of dreams.

Dreams can be things you want to achieve and things that you want to happen.

While the other type of dreams is the stories you keep in your mind while you sleep at night.

My dreams are crazy,

And sometimes very nice.

But whatever happens I know that it's not right.

That even when my dreams don't seem good,

They usually aren't true and that's just life.

What are dreams made of?

Is it hope or love?

Or just the adventure and craziness of life?

- Jess

To Dream

To dream is to be human,
dreams are the fabric of our reality.
Our minds seek to dream,
as fish seek to swim.

Our freedom to live is controlled,
albeit dreams are unbound free of moderation.
Our dreams are our playground,
full of joy and fun.

