

## Colyton Grammar School

### Water

The water snatches at the earth  
with greedy hands.

***It gets rid of  
everything-  
rid of-***

until only the sky remains.

Currents running  
secretively-

***everything-***

beneath  
the surface.

Daggers hidden-

***It gets rid of-***

there are sharp things in the water.

Little foam bobs along-

***It gets***

***rid***

***of***

***everything***

-the horizon.

No clouds anymore,

they've emptied themselves-

***everything-***

onto the earth below.

Nothing remains,

***It gets rid-***

it's a different place now.

It's not a place at all-

***rid of everything-***

it's nothing.

***It gets rid of everything.***

### The sea

The sea is a big animal.

She is an animal,

not a thing

like many people like to believe.

She breathes, purifying the air,  
her blue skin shifts as she moves.  
She can be loud,  
she can be quiet.

She dresses herself in  
rocks,  
and grass  
and lives.  
Her blood runs in the form of fish.

Her mood shifts underneath  
currents of green and indigo.  
Her eyes are buried beneath  
tectonic plates.

**by Romily Spaul**

## St Peter's Lymptone

### **The Storm**

The storm rolled in from the east,  
It was an absolute beast,  
It shook land and animal,  
And took the mammals,  
There they were the beavers huddled tight,  
The storm came in overnight.

It took the beavers in its hand,  
Along with a lot of the bank sand,  
And dropped them in a heap,  
They landed on a branch which started to weep,  
Suddenly it cracked and fell taking the beavers as well,  
The four beavers went with the swell.

One found the bank,  
But still the water gave a yank,  
Another clawed to stop being pulled down,  
And on the opposite bank which was brown,  
From the branch of that tree,  
The two kits got swept to sea.

*by Bertie Fordham*

### **The Otter**

The morning mist swirled over the heavy dew.  
The day seemed to hold its breath,  
The water danced over the rocks,  
The primroses in full bloom,  
The day looked promising.  
Opposite a shingle bank, a clear pool, I cast, into the fighting fury  
And there it was.  
Suddenly, silently,  
Bear like fur, small slinky body, beady eyes, whiskers twitching

He slipped into the river.  
Slicing through the current,

Here was the expert,  
Suddenly a direct gaze, taunting me  
A flash of silver and the fish was his  
I was going home hungry,  
He was going home full

*by Jamie Hurrell*

### **Havoc**

The storm arrived with a deafening crash,  
It whipped trees around like swords in its grasp,  
Garden chairs were flung like hammers,  
Wrecking havoc on anything that stood in their path.

The wind was howling and screaming like wolves,  
The trees whispered and sighed,  
The clouds gathered up high,  
And leaves sank down to the drenched soil.

Trees toppled and collapsed,  
Water gushed under doors,  
The wind hurled branches like spears,  
Into the helpless houses,  
Nobody was prepared for this onslaught.

Lightning streaked in arcs through the sky,  
Thunder rattled the defenceless windows,  
Not a beam of light could be seen through the clouds,  
Apart from the flickering flames of the fireplaces keeping the residence warm.

Trees cried and wept as their roots began to loosen,  
Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere,  
The destruction ceased,  
Objects fell from the sky like meteors ,  
And dropped to the soggy ground.

The storm was over,  
And so was the chaos.

*by Zac Banks*

## **The Landscape Poem**

The river longingly loops around the glistening river bank.  
Steering, weaving, meandering.

Small, gentle comforting ripples of water,  
Suddenly disturbed by a young white dipper  
Diving in for a succulent grey trout  
Which shall be his next meal.

The beautiful sound of robins singing their lovely, elegant songs  
As if they were the St.Peters choir  
Singing in harmonious unison.

The skitting of the stones skitting the river,  
as the beautiful glistening,  
sparkling reflection of the sun hitting against the river.

Gentle giant trees tower over me like skyscrapers  
Casting a shadow over the moist,  
Rugged landscape.

The sweet aroma of sugar canes dancing into my nose  
The air filled with the scent of elderflower  
blossoming in the spring.

The majestic golden deers leap with excitement,  
As they they chase the golden labrador  
Down to the mouth of the the river.

The emerald green grass blows gently in the breeze...  
Here we are the end,  
The sea.

*by Oscar Brooks-Feller*

## **Landscape**

The forest was an ocean of fresh evergreen trees,  
Their sweet, earthy aroma drifted slowly across the landscape.  
The trees were mossy giants.  
They stretched their jagged limbs over peaceful meadows like a shield.

Overhanging willow trees gracefully dipped their pointed fingers into the rushing river, creating delicate ripples on the glassy surface.

Like a rippling, blue snake, the river twisted and turned into the vast sea.  
A stampede of water rushed furiously along the banks,  
crushing whatever obstacles were in its way.  
Below the water surface there lived a world unseen,  
The water weeds fell against the current,  
Their green arms dancing in the rushing water.

The inhabitants of the river went about their day to day business, creating a vibrant community.  
The water surface broke to reveal a glimpse of smooth fur, a playful baby otter dived down to retrieve its lunch.  
And the gentle hum of a vibrating lawnmower played in the background.

*by Lila Burnett Hitchcock*

### **The River Bank**

The sun was a spotlight,  
Twinkling down on the river.  
Golden reeds waving up at the birds,  
which were glistening in the sunlight.  
The old naked trees danced longingly in the soft breeze,  
as if they were ballet dancers in a performance.

Little white tails of the deer bobbed in the golden glistening reeds,  
like buoys swaying in the beautiful lonely sea.  
The emerald green grass swayed softly in the smooth breeze,  
while the dark grey shadows of the trees hovered over the grass.

The gentle ripple on the river spread when the kingfisher dived down,  
green, blue, gold all flashed by instantly as the rapid bird sped past.  
Gently the trees swayed in time with the birds tweeting,  
as if they were singing to each other.  
Swaying in the wind the trees were all dancing in a line,  
which made them look as if they were all holding hands.

*by Adam Norsworthy*

## **Exeter School**

### **An Ode to the Unbelievers**

To those who deny climate change:  
Can you wear summer clothes  
In the winter days?  
Do your eyes spy the rising tide  
From the stove-like heat?  
Unless your ways come to cease,  
The creatures and features of our world  
Will be submerged, in a blue deep.

From our beaches drenched in seaweed,  
To the castle sitting on the estuary.  
May the low-lying mist not bleed  
Into the fate of global warming.  
Why must we receive bad luck?  
For corporations to get a quick buck?  
Let's watch them ruin our world.  
Let's be sitting ducks.

The prehistoric coasts of our county,  
Lie in danger like a man to a bounty.  
So as our sleepy towns are swept into the sea,  
Don't be surprised,  
For this poem is the prophecy.

***By James Broderick***

### **The Earth's Eulogy**

Black is the hue of passing,  
To funerals it is worn,  
On the day we've gone too far,  
To find earth destroyed by dawn.

We only have ourselves to blame,  
In dismay we hang our head,  
Whilst we fed nature's bane,  
The earth's core slowly bled.

Potency slowly left her,  
She grew feeble by the beating.  
Creatures grieved in distress,  
We played a game; we were cheating.

Her scars unseal and caps break,  
Her limbs relinquish themselves to man,  
Some endeavour to stop the blood,  
But only the whole human race can.

*By Lorna Gebbie*

### **Seasons on the moor**

Mounds of granite split the scorched earth,  
Overseeing all from their rocky outcrop.  
Ruthless winds tear leaves off innocent trees;  
Somber skies weep upon the burnt land.

Swollen rivers meander aimlessly  
Through drowned valleys of old.  
Hillsides once a fuse of grass, moss and mud,  
Now masked white by the storms' flurries of snow.

Bluebells carpet and smother the forest floor;  
A labyrinth of footpaths snakes through  
The checkerboard of fields that rest beneath  
The vast, archaic pastures of the moorland beyond.

The moor muscles its solitary independence,  
Frowning upon the meager low lands,  
Bragging to the imposing skies  
Its ancient splendor.

*By Luke Donegan*



## **The Flood**

The rich embankment of water spills over,  
It immerses into the earthy floor of the forest.

The river is at an endless flow,  
Never wavering, always transforming.

The obscure creek twists and shifts around the soaring trees,  
Each featherlike leaf journeys down the riverside.

\*                    \*                    \*

The mangled pebbles collide continuously,  
The once inadequate river pours into the mouth of the ocean.  
The tide draws a breath and hums deeply,  
While floods of rain untangle onto the open shoreline.

The weeping sky lets out flashes of hail,  
As an uproar of water spreads across the rocky outcrops.

\*                    \*                    \*

A flood of water spills across the open valley,  
Creating scenes of gushing waves collapsing in on each.  
The rain had stopped, but the clouds kept the night dark,  
As the valley gorged itself on the floods.

The settled stream ran through the forest along the river,  
While ripples of water disturb the calm riverside.  
From the valley, to the riverside, to the ocean,  
The flood ends its journey of destruction.

***by Alex Byron***

## **A Warning Since Forgotten**

Aeons ago, in time long past,  
Some peculiar issue raised a sickly head.  
A team of scientists, since unsurpassed,  
Soon found out why and so caused dread,  
Among those who understood their warning.  
Gossip found visions of an ever looming doom,  
The unknown perils of global warming.

Panic ran riot through papers.  
Everyone knew what to do.  
Each family did their little bit,  
In the war effort of a scientific making.

But the science went unseen.  
And why should we give up,  
The stuff we want, we think we need,  
For a test-tube crisis?

For a faraway dallying foe without the common curtesy,  
To bring along explosions, deaths and little bit of urgency

What would they say to us who failed?  
Those whose hopeful plans we derailed.

“I gave you time, a warning, and still,  
You forgot, gave up, did nothing.  
I should not say and yet I will,  
My gentle accusation,  
Sweet as rotting fruit,  
Four simple hated words.  
I told you so.”

***by Holly Cromwell***

## **Wistman's Wood**

Tendrils of fog skirt  
The gnarled oaks and mossy mounds  
That stand so solemnly  
In Wistman's Wood

The woods are silent, save for the  
Moaning of the melancholy trees,  
Twisted in agony with  
Branches like broken fingers.

Pinpricks of orangey brown  
Are scattered on the floor,  
Dead leaves drift down like  
Snowflakes in the icy breeze.

Autumn has lost  
Its battle against winter.  
Icy shards envelop  
The decaying leaves on the ground

A flash of burning amber  
Crosses the dead landscape;  
A solitary fox, a piercing stare,  
With eyes like tunnels.

The day wanes,  
The temperature plummets  
As the night closes in  
At Wistman's Wood

*by Celia Nowill*

**The Devon environment**

The spring sun breaks over the rolling hills.  
Dew drops glisten like jewels in the grass,  
New flowers grow from nothing in the ground.  
Naïve animals scuttle amongst the petals.  
I hear birds singing from beyond the sea.

The sweet taste of fruit bursts in my mouth,  
And I see the pollen floating in the wind.  
The summer breeze tickles my hair,  
As I look out to the waves lapping the shore.  
The warmth of the Devon sun kisses my face.

Everything has changed, all is now orange.  
A canvas is projected in front of me,  
The gentle rain taps on my shoulders,  
The first chill of winter.

The sea now slapping the sands,  
Ferocious winds biting at my back.  
Cool dripping turned to brutal rains,  
Savage storms feel everlasting,  
But now the sun is slumping,  
Behind the rolling hills.

*by Katie Pitts*

**Climate Change Poem**

I fly, spread my wings and soar,

Across England, ever green,  
Yet all I see is water.  
It comes as sea and  
It comes as rain,  
And occasionally it comes as pain.

My home is melting,  
No ice to be seen and yet  
What are you doing?  
I used to eat but now the food feels as far as the stars  
It leaves me starved.  
With only skin and bones  
I can't survive!  
Soon I'll be gone like the ice.

I've been here for hundreds of years,  
Seen men live and die.  
Their lives snuffed out by war,  
And the water ever rising.  
My soil is saturated with their blood,  
The river once ran red, yet  
I still survived but now I realise  
We need them to fix what they did or  
None will live much longer.

Finally, a tree!  
The mightiest of oaks,  
I can live here for years, finally safe!  
Or at least so we think..  
We won't have so long if nothing is done

The water is ever rising.  
As sure as the setting of the sun,  
The water, the water! Will breach the banks.  
As sure as the seasons,  
The rise of dawn,  
The oak will fall along with all  
To the waters they lived next to so long,  
My home will die and yours will drown  
By then it will already be too late.

***By Morgan Westcott***

### **Badger poem**

My home is my brothers in fur.  
Our set is always on the move,  
Terrorizing all other wildlife.  
We are the banditos of the West  
We are the un-killable killers!

We prey on mammals and do not favour  
So be warned!  
As we are feared by all,  
Under us on the tree.  
And yet we are at the bottom too  
As this is our place of tranquillity  
The roots our aisle and a roof of soil.

I snarl if you get too close,  
I am small but resilient,  
I have no fear but am feared.

And this is how I am a badger.

And that's why I'm feared.

*by Charles Finely*

### **The Fluxing Tide**

Stuck,

Trapped,

In a world of mud,

The life of water has seeped away.

Birds wander the open flats searching,

Searching the vast expanse for anything the tide has left,

A breeze sends the ropes clanging against the mast.

The tide begins to flood back

The deck creaks and groans in the mud,

Silt swallowed by the sea

The water as slick as blood.

The yacht lurches as it is wrenched from the mud

The boat is lifted like a leaf taken by the wind

We have been freed by the flood.

*by Magnus Threadingham*

### **Forest**

Raindrops drip onto the drooping glazed leaves,

Where the resonance from the weeping trees

Reverberates through the dense layer below,

And the vegetation begins to grow.

...

Birds in lofty branches settle in their nests  
As their mothers come home, ready for rest.  
Yet the rain still falls from the sterile sky  
And now the forest is no longer dry.

*by P. Mayle*

### **Polar Bears**

Once the ruler of the North Pole,  
Now reduced to skin and bone.  
Polar bears no longer can stroll,  
They're forced to stand alone.

Stranded on islands of ice,  
Clutching on for dear life,  
Because of humans they pay the price,  
Because of us they face the knife.

Pacing on their floats of ice,  
In search of something to eat.  
If they survive it's a roll of a dice,  
As there is no meat.

Water ever on the rise,  
Water taking over.  
The polar bear gives its last sigh,  
Now on the way to its forever enclosure.

*by H. Richards*



## **Change**

People "need change."

Some agree with change, others reject it

When it comes to our planet

We need to protect it.

Change is in need of changing.

Our factories continue to pollute

Yet we all stay on mute.

Day by day, our time is compressed

Yet none of us seems too depressed.

Our beasts of the North struggle,

Yet we smuggle

We smuggle all our worldly needs.

We smuggle without thinking of our greed.

The world slowly heats up

And whenever this is mentioned,

We are told to shut up.

Change is happening all around us.

The world does need change

But only for the greater good

Soon this change will be unstoppable

And we will be incapable.

Change is coming, it will be un-catchable.

***by Oscar Stewart***

## **Rising**

The seas slowly rose; strangling.

Topiary turned to briar,

Fish migrating, nests floating.

Trash filling the azure flesh

Guiltily innocent

\*

Far from the devastation:

Fumes flooded dim skies; choking.

Grasslands turned to industry,

Nature leaving, impurity ascending.

Wealth possessing the withering city

Innocently guilty

\*

Little do these places know,

Their destiny will soon collide, sinking.

Life turned to extinction,

Forests burning, coral dying.

Our greed will erase the earth

We're only guilty

*by Lily Ridehalgh*

## **Devonshire Summer**

The stapled sun clipped to the pale sky  
Its face pierced the eyes of anyone  
Anyone who stared  
The formal complexity of fields  
Covered the land in a blanketed shield  
A shield that was seen by anyone who looked.

The mistaken eye was the eye that  
Did not look.  
A droplet of emptiness  
Which missed the seasons  
Of changing time,  
And it was only seen  
By anyone who looked.

The frost encaged the brush  
Fragile crystals, reflecting white, fresh light  
To anyone who looked.  
The stone cold complexity of fields  
Was now dreaming  
A dream that was seen by anyone who looked.

*by Louis Vissiere*

## **The Moor**

It was calm on the moor,  
So quiet you could hear the chicks chirp,  
So quiet you could hear the wind hoot,  
You could hear the fast flow of the streams.

The wind picked up,  
The birds flew up,  
They twisted and turned like jets at shows,  
They dove and rose without a care in the world.  
They treated it as the last time they would fly,  
The wind calmed down,  
The birds flew down.

You could hear the chicks chirp,  
You could hear the wind hoot,  
Once again,  
It was calm on the moor.

*by Kiran Lake*

### **The Sea Poem**

The water breaks to a thousand shards,  
As it reaches out to grab my feet.  
The wave reaches a speed and halts,  
It trips over itself as it shatters.  
When the water comes in, the shards break

The sand of the beach melts around my feet,  
My toes on the sand feel the freezing rush  
Frozen water climbs over my feet  
As I amble towards the glass topped sea,  
The sun reflects across the abundant sea.

The tranquil sound of the water breaking  
Calms me from all my worries, nothing can

Stop me from thinking about anything else

*by Edward Keate*

## **The King's School. Ottery St Mary**

### **Battle of the Beavers**

Since ages old, since ages of the past,  
Since blazing hate, since blood poured fast,  
Sad rivalries over territory, since one error could mean battle,  
We had to fight for land, but were driven out like cattle.  
We fought and bled and clawed and tore,  
Were driven back and fought on the shore,  
Water lapping at our heels,  
The air thick with caterwauls and squeals.

'Attack!'

'Retreat!'

'Attack!'

'Retreat!'

Inexorably we were driven back,  
Past a rotting bridge and a decaying shack.  
They spat and snarled; an impenetrable wall of fury.  
The Death and the Pain; do we deserve this butchery?

In mangled tones they hiss and rake at our hides,  
No hero can turn their insurmountable tides.  
They've beaten us.  
Behind our backs come shouts of glee.  
A long, hard slog ahead,  
We keep on going until we're all dead.  
We turned our backs on the only place we had known.  
We left our only home.

These years were the worst.

And the smallest died; the first  
Death toll was voracious.  
None of our sickening deaths were gracious.  
We've been exiled from our home,  
Around us bloody piles of bone.  
Oh the bloodlust, the pain;  
Has all this fighting been in vain?  
But we came back, we installed ourselves again,  
We struggled but survived in that glen.  
We made ourselves strong, made ourselves great,  
And in our hearts is peace – not hate.

*by Connor Ghazghazi*

### **Secret War**

About five hundred years ago,  
The beavers were driven out of England  
In a secret war  
Between humans and beavers.  
They were driven underground  
But a few remained,  
Prisoners of war,  
Kept in places the government call zoos.  
But now they are back.  
The humans may have forgotten the war  
But the beavers have not.  
The beavers never forget.  
They are clawing back, one family at a time.  
They lie in wait,  
Mustering the strength to attack the zoos  
And recover their lost siblings.

The first family to return was the Adams family,  
They returned to the River Otter.  
When it gets hotter  
They shall strike.  
They'll charge, slice and bite  
Their way into the zoo,  
Overwhelming the guards with their prowess,  
Taking advantage  
Of the shock.  
They'll manage to free their siblings no matter the cost.  
Nothing will stop them  
Returning home.

*by Luis Albas*

### **Leaving Home**

The branches fell off the tree and flashed  
In the water  
Creating a vibration.  
The vibration  
Awoke a colony of beavers  
Who were enjoying their morning nap.  
Their massive mouths opened  
And they started sniffing around  
To see if anything unnatural was happening.  
People were cutting down trees.  
Their precious trees.  
They used their small, fragile paws  
To clamber across the rural greenery  
Leading to the woodcutter's van.  
Unaware of its owner,



They climbed into the van and found  
A red and blue checkered picnic blanket  
In which they made themselves a home.  
After continuous hours  
Collecting wood and leaves,  
Paul and his family settled down for the night once again.  
An hour later:  
The woodcutter arrived to drive home.  
Half an hour later:  
a crash woke the beavers:  
Two cars strewn across the road.  
Shocked and distraught  
They peered out of the window:  
Miles of fallen trees and broken landscape.

***by Joseph Robinson***

Five hundred years have passed  
Since the River Otter beavers went by.  
Why did they go in the first place?  
No time to sigh  
Because the beavers are back,  
The trees are so high,  
And a good place to hide.  
The River Otter beavers are back,  
The trees sway from side to side  
As the storm moves through  
Lightning casts a bolt  
Across the water.  
As the storm moves along  
The clouds precipitate.

The river is full of fresh, cold water.  
The beavers are in danger,  
The lightning strikes  
As the river bursts its banks  
And the beavers float away in its wake.

### **The Stream Lapped...**

The stream lapped at the dry stones  
Each with their own story untold  
The whispers of ancient oak trees  
Amplified by silence tenfold  
Silence, thicker than the darkest fog  
Silence, thicker than the deepest bog  
Silence , broken only by a distant ripple  
Serenity paused, a portal opened.

Beavers!

Exiled, the bloodlust from humanity  
A mockery of their own mortality  
Now back they are, strong as ever  
One family, two, three, four  
Once suppressed by an untold war

***By Felix Randall and Daisy Copping***