Poetry Competition
Winners 2014

Our School
As the trees bend and rustle in the onslaught of the restless wind, children’s warm laughter and happiness echoes around the school.
This is our school.
Beaumont Road.
A place of happiness.

Blaine Reeves

B.R.P.S.
B.R.P.S.
Special, freedom partying, calming, dancing my week day holiday singing, swimming, helping, grassy, leafy a journey.

Pihla Muunoja

B.R.P.S.
Our school Neat and beautiful.
Writing carefully Like a busy monkey
I wish school never ended.

Annie Turchini

Our School
Small but bold Learning joyfully Like our own world If only it was every day.

Xander Caffin-Ballingall

Our School
The classrooms are having a conversation about the cola
The playground is playing with the children
The handball court, being stepped on, is not pleased
Out of bounds, are lonely, and miserable
The bulky cola, yelled patter, patter in the rain
The considerable sun is like a blanket
The cricket ball is on fire
The tents are abandoned; they are deserted at the bivouac
The doors go bang at the end of the day
The loud clocks, in the classroom, tick away
The grass is a carpet
The classroom is quiet
A writing book is a window to our imagination.

Brad Power

Beaumont Road
I am Beaumont Road,
I wonder how it feels to be 61,
I hear the children doing maths,
I see the children doing sports,
I want all the rubbish picked up!
I am Beaumont Road.

Laura Januszek

Beaumont Road
Where do I start?
A soft voice lurks in the classroom, from the brushing of pen to paper.

Paper flickers, minds tick, chairs clash, pens click.

Our School becomes a family, in which we all belong, we dance, sing, play, laugh.
Our school comes together.

Classrooms begin to captivate you, conceal you keep you hidden in a realm of maths and English, floating like feathers through your brain.

Like a soft sponge, you sink, melt into, trimmed oval

Beaumont Road, It is unique there’s no place you’d rather seek.

Sami Sharpe

Our Poem
Being a bully free school, Everyone enjoying their time at school,
All parents help out, Ultimate teachers to guide,
Mega learning every day, On the move, time to learn,
Never giving up, Truth and courage is the motto.

Running around the school, Our school is just the right size,
A day of happiness with friends, Dying to learn.

Joe Hutton

Our Poem
Small but bold Learning joyfully Like our own world If only it was every day.

Xander Caffin-Ballingall
Burning bonfire at the bivouac,
Epic is all the teacher’s middle names,
Awesome gala day fun for all,
Unknown award coming our way.
Marvelous multi day for poor orang-utans,
Occasional cool computers, oh cool Mr Coates,
Never normal pet day; fish, cats, dogs and plenty more,
Terrific talkfest, oh my favourite thing.
Really cool canteens, many yummy things to eat,
Dark dance professional moves we learn.

**Beaumont is the best.**
Really good place to learn.
Plenty of trees.
Sensational grass for running on.

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**Our School**

Bell rings; ding, ding, ding,
Erasers scrolling the page for mistakes,
Arranged stationary getting messy,
Understanding teachers caring for the students,
Mistakes being made and fixed,
Obedient pencils jumping across the page,
Noisy chairs quarrelling,
There goes the bell for the end of the day.

Rampaging students running to their parents,
Opening gates letting students out,
Asking parents questions,
Ding, ding goes the bell for another day.

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**Ode For Beaumont Road**

Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road!
You are from my heaven
What would I do without you?
Beaumont Road, oh Beaumont Road!
You smell like fallen flowers
Your grass is as green as the meadows
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road
I run on you every day
When the bell rings I have a frown on my face
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road
You feel so warm and happy
You look so clean and inviting
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont road
Your hot pies and slushies taste awesome
Computers, library, sport and science, we are so lucky
At Beaumont Road
Beaumont Road, Oh Beaumont Road
You are my beloved school.

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**Beaumont Road**

Beaumont Road is the best!
Every day we play and learn.
Awards at assembly time.
Under the COLA are the cockatoos at the bins!!
Make lots of craft and friends.
Our school is unique.
Nice to have friends.
Try to do your best.

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**Kindergarten Girls K/1G**
Beaumont Road Poem

You walk into Beaumont Road, and see the kids grinning, Jabbering on about some sport they are winning, Oh bliss, oh Bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The Classrooms are appealing, Yet the cockatoos are stealing, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The sun is scorching, the children are singing, Did I mention how much they love grinning? Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The children are playing, the trees are gently swaying, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The children do a report about their enjoyable sport Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The teachers are marking, a stray dog is barking, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

Children roast marshmallows over a fire, as people passing by stop to admire, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

The grass is green as can be, the sky is as blue as the sea, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

Beaumont Road is like a star, Shining ahead, it will always go far, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

Goodbye Beaumont, goodbye everyone, My experience here was long yet fun, Oh bliss, oh bliss, It's something I will definitely miss.

Sophina Read

Our School

“Our school has a bivouac,” Molly said to Joe
He said, “What is a bivouac? I’d really like to know.
Is it a scary animal with antlers, tusks or horns?
Does it have large hairy feet, or very nasty thorns?

Joe looked rather worried as he thought of beastly things, Dinosaurs or dragons with enormous flapping wings.
“Can it fly, or swim, or jump, or slither around?
Have you told the teachers? should it be in your school ground?”

“It isn’t a scary animal,” Molly said to Joe,
“Oh, Phew,” He said, “Then tell me please, I’d really like to know.
Is it a plant with slimy leaves and spiky bits and bumps?
And shoots and roots that travel far, and give the playground lumps?

I’m thinking very hard as to what a bivouac might be
It sounds more like a flashy car than something like a tree
Is it from a foreign land or from a local market stall?
Can you eat it? Is it nice? Should it be there at all?”

“Our school has a bivouac,” Molly said to Joe
“It is rather hard to explain, but I will have a go,
It’s kind of like Christmas Day, as it’s only once a year, If Christmas is a sleepover, with all your camping gear.

There are big tents and little tents, and sleeping bags and lights
And when it’s dark, you don’t go home, you stay there all the night.
A bonfire warms your face as you toast marshmallows on a stick, I ate too many marshmallows and I was rather sick.

But best of all, at sleep time, there was mum and dad and me, all squashed together cosy in a tent under a tree.
“Our school has a bivouac,” Molly said to Joe.
“Wow! A bivouac,” he said. “I wish I could go.”

Louise Bennett

Our School

At BRPS there is always lots to do,
Reading, writing, science and computers to name just a few.
Everyday all the boys love playing soccer and building with toys.
The girls think dancing in the hall is best and that our school is better than the rest.
Finally, we just have to say, we love coming to school each and everyday.

Class KK
As twilight touched the trees
and the shadows slowly dimmed
as the stars, quite bright
and the moon’s earthly light
did fall upon a figure
of its own silvery glow.
He crept along the grass,
well tended to, it seems.
There was not a patch that wasn’t
a bright, light, healthy green.

And so it was that
on that dark night,
the moon’s reflected figure
The humanoid, silvery, transparent figure,
who seemed to glide across the oval
a wraith in the night.

As the moon
still aglow
cast its own
dim newborn shadows
on the well-to-do buildings
winding around the school
like a stream.

For it was a school
this night
that the moon and stars
watched so intently
waiting for the occurrences
about to begin.

As that full moon
for full it was
shed its silver waves of light
Upon the land.
The figure, the ghost,
sat perched upon
the school’s lamppost,
now alight,
and glared down
upon the barely-lit earth
Searching, searching
for his homework
without which he would never be free.

The ghost’s eyes,
a milky white,
pierced the night’s gathering gloom
and fell upon the school hall.

Memories flooded his mind
and he recalled
playing in the school band there
and sitting listening for hours
to those well-rehearsed speeches
of clear length and mind.

But he mustn’t be distracted
Oh no!
For it was a full moon
and the ghost knew
that odd things happen on the nights
ruled by the moon
in its Zenith.
So No!
No time to waste.
His eyes then fell
to the grassy plain beneath
where many a spots game
had been played
and many a race lost and won.
And where many a smile had shone
and where the fun had been had.

But he must not
be distracted
This ghost must not be distracted.
Then his eyes fell upon the front office.
A place known to everyone
the true heart of a wonderful school.

And then he saw
something new.
Where once was flat,
un-shaded space,
extcept for the shade
the trees bore down
as they danced in the wind above,
had once been
there was a tent shape covering it instead.
A change!

SWISH, SWISH, SWISH!
The night wind told him that daybreak
was chasing away the stars
Not Yet! thought the ghost
and he turned as he did
to face a
Netball court where there
had not formerly been one.
And it was flagged
by two goalposts
that stood sentinel.
In the growing anticipation
of the spark like dawn.

And also more buildings
next to the hall
that flowed forward
Oh! Had he missed them?
The school had grown from the time
he had left
so long ago.

This school, once his home,
was now a better place
with buildings sturdy
and sheltering
caring adults
to all those wishing to learn
and learning is an eternal treasure
a treasure beyond measure.
And homework was better
(And there was obviously
lighter punishments on
lost homework)
But his homework was not here
Nor anywhere.

And as the moon began to sink
into its lightening
sea of sky,
and the sun began to rise and
claim the sky for its own.
Knowing not of the events
that had occurred that night.
Only knowing about the school’s happiness
and not the once again failed
task of the ghost to find his homework
not given in on time
and still not
at school ready to be marked.
For the sun only saw
a silverly silver pearl
a tear
fall to the ground
from the Ghost of Beaumont Past.

Bennett Roebuck Krautz