

All the best lines



Les Beaucamps High School pupils get to grips with different examples of poetry for National Poetry Day. Left to right, Sophie Creber-Dovey, 12, Jessica De La Haye, 13, Nikita Le Cheminant, 13, Lukas Hagrich, 11, Benjamin Le Marchant, 11, and Adele Devlin, 11. (Picture by Adrian Miller, 16287231)

To celebrate National Poetry Day, local creative writing website Friday's Footsteps encouraged students from four schools to pen poems on the theme of messages. Here are some of the students' submissions

LOCAL pupils have been delivering the poetry message for this year's National Poetry Day. The theme of messages has inspired the students at the island's secondary schools to pen their own responses and share them. 'It's a great choice of theme because it's so potentially diverse,' said Magnus Buchanan, coordinator of Friday's Footprint, the local creative writing website that has collected this year's submissions.

'Many pupils wrote really lyrical journeys of messages in bottles, while others mused on the influence of technology and the way it's changed our communications – one young poet even composed his poem entirely of tweets found on social media,' he said. Adam Sparkes, the author of *Birdsong*, explained that he had wanted to examine the heated exchanges that often erupt on social media and poke a little fun at them. 'I felt that these comments, lifted out of their contexts,

suddenly seemed quite amusing – and perhaps even linked together showed us something quite revealing about the way our moods work on us,' he said. Some of the best submitted poems from the various schools involved can be read here.

◆ Visit fridaysfootprint.com for further information and to read the poems, or tune in to BBC Guernsey today at around 12.30pm to hear the pupils being interviewed.

The Little Red Postbox

by James Bowsher

There he was, the little postbox, sat on Baker's lane,
He watched the cars drive out the road,
then drive back in again.

He was a cheerful postbox happy as can be,
Though, 'sitting here all day', he thought, that's not the life for me.

He had lofty dreams of big adventures,
landscapes large and grand,
More than just to be open and shut, by the postie's hand.

The postbox looked towards the sky and down along the ground,
'There must be more out there,' he thought, 'than just sitting around'.

Then one day he got his chance! He would have jumped with glee,
If little feet, or little toes, or even legs had he.

Mrs Green, one fine day, had come strolling down the drive,
She grabbed him hard, yanked him up and took him back inside.

He knew this day, he'd dreamt of it, he was off on holiday!
To Spanish shores, or the Azores, he was off, up, and away!

With all the world at his feet, his head began to spin,
But then of course, it quickly stopped. She'd put him in the bin

Bird Song

by Adam Sparkes

Here we go again. Pathetic.
Just bloody rude, just grow up,
I can't be dealing with this or you.
You're actually embarrassing,
Whyyy did I trust you?
Loyalty is everything. Zero loyalty.
Get in the bin and just shut up!

You are such a hypocrite.
You actually make me sick
and I can't believe you
have the audacity to complain
That's just sad. That actually
makes me sick.

Oh God.
I miss you.

Why do I feel like this?
You don't understand how much you mean.
I take things way too personally,
and over think things way too much.
Don't know how to feel about that.

But after everything how could you?
This isn't going to work. Tragic.
Knew this would happen.
I don't understand people.
Shocker.



Left to right: James Bowsher, Peter Brock and Adam Sparkes, all 16. (16285437)