



Oide

Tacú leis an bhFoghlaim
Ghairmiúil i measc Ceannairí
Scoile agus Múinteoirí

Supporting the Professional
Learning of School Leaders
and Teachers

divorced beheaded died
divorced beheaded survived
the final march
tales ignite this grapes for winter
injustice snakes delicate power blue eyes
blurring blurring
clouds
answered questions

Write a Poem 2024 Prize-Giving

The Killeshin Hotel, Portlaoise, Co Laois
Thursday 11th April 2024



© Oide 2024

This work is available under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution Share Alike 3.0 Licence <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/ie/>. You may use and re-use this material (not including images and logos) free of charge in any format or medium, under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution Share Alike Licence.

Please cite as: OIDE, *Write A Poem 2024 Prize-Giving*

Table of Contents

Foreword	04
<i>This - Eimear Hayes</i>	05
<i>Clouds - Precious Omoyayi</i>	06
<i>The Final March - Conan Fennell</i>	08
<i>Delicate Power - Anna Nieznanska</i>	09
<i>Blurring, Blurring - Odhran Lafferty</i>	10
<i>Grapes for Winter - Jamie Moss</i>	12
<i>Tales Ignite - Grainne Ni Chunneagain</i>	14
<i>Divorced, Beheaded, Died</i> <i>Divorced, Beheaded, Survived - Alexandria Devlin</i>	15
<i>Answered Questions - Dorinda Roberts</i>	17
<i>Injustice - Jane Kinane</i>	18
<i>Snakes - Piper McCormack</i>	19
<i>Blue Eyes - Megan McLoughlin</i>	20



Foreword

The Oide Language and Literacy team are delighted to take this opportunity to celebrate the wonderful achievements of our students and teachers in the 2023-2024 National Write a Poem Competition. The levels of creativity on display demonstrate both the resilience of our student body and teachers' continued devotion to fostering and nurturing the wonderful talents in their classrooms. We congratulate all the entries for the high standard achieved.

We received almost 800 entries from schools across the country, and it was exceptionally difficult to choose the winning poem from so many worthy entries. The variety of themes and the creative use of language and form were highly impressive. We hope that these young poets will continue to write more poetry, and we look forward to reading their work in the future.

We would like to thank the teachers involved for encouraging students to embark on their creative journey and for providing invaluable guidance throughout the writing process. We are also extremely grateful to Margaret Mary Grant from Laois Education Centre for ensuring the success of this year's competition.

Oide Language and Literacy Team

*Poetry is when an emotion has found its
thought and the thought has found its words.*

Robert Frost

Senior - 1st Place

This

When did we change,
From throwing paper planes,
And driving wooden trains
To this

And when did we grow,
From angels in the snow,
Lots of things we didn't know,
To this

Can you put the finger on the day,
When we never again did play,
Our childhood wasted away,
To this

And when did we get taller,
Our dreams get smaller,
So now the only thing that's left in life,
Is this

Student: **Eimear Hayes**

School: **Coachford College, Coachford, Co. Cork**



Senior - 2nd Place

Clouds

Violently wrenched apart.
Ruptured 'venting spleen' the wind tarnishes their image,
The Clouds stolidly shift their fractured, wisped, ribcage.
Internally disconcerted,
Outwardly amiable,
They soar unsteadily afloat.
Under a confusion of deference and indifference,
Their toil goes unnoticed, plow becomes sickle, soil to sand,
The Earth moves, the wind blows, life continues.
As they falter
A glimpse into a forgotten abyss,
An immortal victim of mortality,
A perennial austerity
They crawl forward, bending, contorting, to fit a false axiom.
After all, a safety net is built to catch not fall.

We, the Nephelae, nourishers of the Earth,
Proud protectors of cherished memories,
We, who linger between Aether and Aer,
The soul of the world and the breath of life,
Remain forgotten by those we serve,
Those touched by mortality and those who evade it.
They are allowed to collapse, to err,
We must remain refined, poised, perfect.

They have turned our bones to ash,
Cracked our sacred cloudy pitchers,
Poisoned our air, forgetting we linger between theirs,
They neglectfully revere us,
We remain floating between the heavens and the earth,
The inescapable tether between man and the cosmos,
Subservient and alienated.



The Clouds shift sporting indelible marks,
It rains, they finally relentlessly pour out their grief,
In the distance an umbrella opens selfishly seeking relief

Student: **Precious Omoyayi**

School: **Oaklands Community College, Edenderry, Co. Offaly**

Senior - 3rd Place

The Final March

Each step, damp from showers
Of both rain and tears alike
But as the rain ceased, the clouds persisted
So did the sombre noir

I, one of solemn six, back four
Clasping the shoulder across
Grabbing, clenching
Shedding my emotions into his dark coat

Each pace was slow, steady
The onlookers giving me their firm, stately nod, As I catch their eye
While we pass through the Cathedral doors,

I let off a troubled sigh
The limestone descended into a cream marble
Darkly stained by our obscure reflections
The hushed murmurs, echoing in the nave
Soon the silence became grave

Now only heard is the six pairs
Of shoes striding in symphony

Looking up, I see the half-forgotten faces of days gone by
A mother seen clutching her child, as they whimper
I attempt to find solace in the dark oak
Clenching my grasp ever tighter
As I try not to choke

Arriving to the altar
We met the idle stand
Lowering the coffin softly, surely
Our role was no longer in demand.

Student: **Conan Fennell**

School: **St. Flannan's College, Ennis, Co. Clare**



Senior - Highly Commended

Delicate Power

Oh, don't tell me the ocean is a saviour, a God, divine.
Doesn't it know how many kings it swallowed?
How many ships it wrecked?
How many of my secrets it's been told?
Oh, don't tell me that now.
It's the birthplace of sirens, after all.
Cold, the waves lap at my feet,
Soft on the mossy rockface,
Warm under the faux spell.
Contradictory to what it seems,
I'm anything but delicate,
And calamity heals me; just like our Mother.
(The ocean will drink her world
When we ruin it.)
Oh, how we changed with time;
We are all such faulty experiments,
Mimicking tsunamis,
Given rash, bold power-
Look at me, head on fire,
Standing in the salty sea, bathing in light.
Such is the ocean, son of disaster
And wildness; a hungry thing,
Never to be tamed.
And such clever enchantments it casts,
Promises of beauty, bounty, wealth;
It wields such infinite delicate power,
And leaves a flood-filled catastrophe in its wake.

Student: **Anna Nieznanska**

School: **Oaklands Community College, Edenderry, Co. Offaly**



Senior - Highly Commended

Blurring, Blurring

This is how it starts,
Every stab to people's hearts,
Every quiet one, unheard of,
Every one a bout of hurt,

But this one is different,
Like one in every while,
When hurt people hurt people
And blame is passed like bile.

They blame and blame
And say it's wrong,
To let those who walk,
Walk along the city walls,

Long fallen...
And now built over by roads and paths,
Built around great copper statues
That watch with a burning heart,

That watch the city's burning cars,
Blurring and chasing
Turning buses, trams and darts,
Gathering in the street to start,

To stab. To die. To sleep,
Perchance to dream,
That I might one day wake,
In a city scorch mark clean,

In a city of peace,
Where no treaty will ever end,



No person is different from the next,
No person is that desperate for revenge.

In that city there's a child,
Who'll live to see a world of hurt.
That world will wilt and waver until
It's not the place for a child so still.

What is justice, but revenge?
When people only burn and ravage
One crime piling onto the next,
And this city is lost in a hellish mess,

Of blurring, burning cars
And smoking skeletons,
Shedding off fumes and sparks,
Letting chaos win.

Student: **Odhran Lafferty**

School: **Moville Community College, Moville, Co. Donegal**

Senior Cycle - Highly Commended

I wonder where even regret might lie, if

Even at all found in them

Do they see pride?

Do they see despair?

Do feel the extra weight

Of a 12 pounder's cannon ball as they load,

And as they stand

Or as we stand before them,

With our hands out begging for lead and ice

As the Marshal spoke,

Two words heavy.

To ready

To fire

And then the loudest silence came, because

They'd never *dare* shoot their fellow countryfolk,

Those who we share the beer hall tables, and uneven stools with

Then the Captain lit the cannon

And fired into the crowd.

And then the Marshal spoke,

To ready,

To fire,

And not an ounce of silence came

Student: Jamie Moss

School: Coláiste Éamman Rís, Turners Cross, Cork City



Junior - 1st Place

Tales Ignite

In works of ink and paper, tales unfold,
In enchanted lands, a sight to behold.
In the realm of worlds where dreams ignite
Fireflies dance with gentle light.

In fields of green, flowers bloom,
Under the sun, nature's costume,
Bees sing melodies sweet and clear,
Nature's symphony for all to hear.

Blossoms emerge, vibrant and bright,
Filling the air with fragrances of delight,
Roses in crimson, lilies in white,
Tulips in rainbow, a mesmerizing sight.

In azure depths, where silence reigns,
Under the water, a realm of dreams,
Seahorses dance with gentle grace,
Their vibrant colours, a breathtaking embrace.

Jellyfish float ethereal and bright,
A tranquil escape from the darkness of night,

In the vast blue expanse, where dreams take flight,
Dolphins emerge, a breathtaking sight,
With bodies sleek and spirits so free,
They dance through the waves, imperfect harmony,
They teach us to live, to love and to be,
In harmony with nature, just like the sea.

Student: Grainne Ni Chunneagain

School: Coláiste Ailigh, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal



Junior - 2nd Place

Divorced, Beheaded, Died Divorced, Beheaded, Survived

Divorced

Aristocrats from Spain sent forth their daughter,
Remarried her grooms brother who's known for slaughter.
Annulment was what Henry pleaded for,
Girls that she produced were just decor,
Objecting saying that their marriage was unlawful,
Now Henry had put an end to the Spanish betrothal.

Beheaded

Best known for her painful and unfortunate fate,
Only few know how she got that execution date.
Living was what she gave up to reassure one thing,
Elizabeth was going to be the next ruler after the king.
Yes, for now and forever this axe will never be clean,
Not after it took the head of Britains most renowned queen.

Died

She was the perfect wife in Henry's eyes,
Even though she was known as the one who dies.
You see, she finally delivered a son but at what cost?
Mourners came to see the mother who was as cold as frost.
Often viewed as sweet, kind and gentle,
Underground now was someone who was sentimental,
Rarely would you see a wives death that was accidental.

Divorced

Cut off before she had a chance to speak,
Looks are what made Henry's interest peak.
Even though Hans Holbein decided to paint her beauty,
Visualised now as repulsive and treated with cruelty. Embarrassed on a universal scale.
Suffered because of added detail.



Beheaded

Henry's youngest wife was accused of an affair
Only seconds later the axe cut off more than her hair
What is depressing to know about the fifth wife?
Aragons marriage lasted longer than her life
Ridiculed because she loved Thomas Culpepper
Death was caused by people who were repulsed by her

Survived

Painted as the one who survived
Although literature was where she thrived
Royals who ran out of time
Remembered by one simple rhyme

Divorced, Beheaded, Died

Divorced, Beheaded, Survived

Student: **Alexandria Devlin**

School: **Mount Sackville Secondary School, Chapelizod, Dublin 20**



Junior - 3rd Place

Answered Questions

“You said you loved the rain
but you open an umbrella,
you say you love the sun but
find a shady spot,
You say you love the wind
but close the window
when the wind BLOWS.
That’s WHY I’m afraid when you say
I love you.”
You say you wonder why.
WHY our ways are so DIFFERENT.
WHY I can’t believe YOU.
WHY I can’t trust YOU.
I’LL TELL YOU WHY.
MY why is different to YOUR why.
My why is as straight forward as the lines in the
letter Y,
My why is as straight forward as my face when I cry
and someone says “man up little guy.”
But your why is barely a why.
Your why is so messed up that you
Wonder why your why is a why.
Your why is so messed up it follows the
Path of a fly when it flies...
Your why is answered.

Student: **Dorinda Roberts**

School: **Saint Aloysius’ College, Carrigtwohill, Co. Cork**



Junior - Highly Commended

Injustice

'In a world where teenage hearts so weep,
Mental health's the secret they often keep.
In Israel and Palestine, lands torn apart,
Young hearts carry the weight, the conflict's cruel art.

Racism's dark cloud, casting shadows so deep,
She dreams of a world where all hearts can meet.
Sexism's cruel weight, a burden to bear,
She dreams of a world where all genders are fair.

In Syria and Ukraine, conflict's cold storm,
She dreams of a place where children can be warm.
Genocide's dark cloud, a stain on our past,
She prays that such horrors will never again last.

Poverty's cruel grip, a heavy weight to bear,
She yearns for equity, a world that's fair and square.
Islamophobia's venom, a poison so vile,
She hopes for a world where all faiths can smile.

Amidst climate change's wrath, she seeks a reprieve,
A planet where nature and people can breathe.
Terrorism's darkness, it looms in the night,
She aspires to a world where fear takes its flight.

Violence's echo, a haunting refrain,
She hopes for a world free from suffering and pain.
Human rights denied in places far and wide,
She dreams of justice, with tears she won't hide.

In this turbulent world, this girl takes a stand,
With love in her heart, she'll heal this vast land.

Student: Jane Kinane

School: St. Dominic's College, Ashtown, Co. Dublin



Junior - Highly Commended

Snakes

Oh, to be a snake.

To entertain the idea of being a creature perceived as something vile and cruel.

Wicked and unnatural.

A nature's regret.

To be the sin, that entices you in the garden.

Or the disturbed dread behind the glass.

Your story to be full of gore as they decide your delicacy of a skin is your only use. Something they can make their own.

To believe, that, maybe it was never yours to begin with.

Kiss a boy behind the school to be thrown onto the ground by his brothers.

You will kick and scream, beg and plead

and they will not falter for they only hear the predatory hiss of a queer creature.

The dried and black blood of their brother peeling on their knuckles as they hit.

To search for forgiveness, a miracle of peace, for perhaps your whole life.

You may find it, kind eyes.

But they only ever stare from behind a shield,

and you will one day realise it was more intrigue than ever love.

Oh, to be queer.

To be forever unforgiven.

To be viewed as a danger from your defence, your defiance.

To be hunted, be abandoned.

A delicacy now ruined, disgustingly alive.

A nature's regret.

Student: Piper McCormack

School: Enfield Community College, Enfield, Co. Meath

Junior - Highly Commended

Blue Eyes

Beguiling blue eyes,
I've seen like no others, cerulean summer skies,
The most breath-taking colours.

Deep like the ocean,
I drown in their gaze,
Bringing peace to my commotion,
They lighten my days.

Like sapphires in the sunlight,
Like Neptune in the shade,
I knew, then and there at first sight,
My love for them would never fade.

Student: **Megan McLoughlin**

School: **Mercy College, Chapel Hill, Co. Sligo**





Oide

Tacú leis an bhFoghlaim
Ghairmiúil i measc Ceannairí
Scoile agus Múinteoirí

Supporting the Professional
Learning of School Leaders
and Teachers