

## KEATS-SHELLEY POETRY PRIZE 2015

### IT 5-9

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **I colori della natura**

Il sole è splendente.  
Il mare è azzurro e celeste lucente.  
La vita è allegra come delle  
margherite.  
L'erba è di  
un verde accecante.  
La terra è marrone sfavillante  
mentre il calore del sole  
al tramonto è marrone  
cadente.  
Rosso è il colore  
del mio amore per il  
tuo cuore.

*Francesco Maria Nocita, age 8  
Istituto Maria Consolatrice, Rome*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Colori**

L'autunno sembra un tappeto di foglie  
rosse, gialle e marroni...  
D'inverno la neve bianca cade soffice sui  
pratoni...  
In primavera i colori dei fiori danzano  
qua e là come una farfalla lilla...  
In estate l'azzurro del mare unisce le  
persone care.

*Lucrezia Lepri, age 9  
Britannia International School, Rome*

### ENG 5-9

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **My Colourful Day**

I can see a nice blue sky  
And a tasty yellow pie,  
A white smiling moon  
And a sparkling silver spoon

I see colours every day

When I run, swim and play  
I see colours even at night  
But my best colours are inside

When I play with my friends  
I feel green 'till games end  
But I'm brown when I'm cross  
If my sister wants to be boss

My dreams are always very dark  
Sometimes even white and black  
In the morning when I wake up  
My colourful thoughts start to swirl up

When I read a comic book  
Stippled red is my mood  
And intense blue is my humour  
When I draw or when I colour

I become grayish-black  
If my bike tyre turns flat  
But playing my piano alone  
Fair and colourful turn my thoughts

Green and brown or white and black  
Intense blue and stippled red  
All these colours make my day  
And this is all I can say!

*Ettore Celestini, age 8  
Castelli International School, Castelli Romani  
(RM)*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **In...Or Out?**

"We must escape!" my cellmate said. "I know  
this place inside and out!" he said.  
He filed the bars and stuck them with grime  
found under the bed.

Now he told me, "Run like the wind!"  
Sprint, jump, hurtle! "Now stop!" he exclaimed  
as he grimly grinned.

"They will have seen us by now, we must hurry!  
Climb through that hole!" I saw a mouse  
scurry...

He and I climbed through the gutter.  
Mice and rats ran past as we found ourselves  
mutter.

I said, "We could have just stayed,

## KEATS-SHELLEY POETRY PRIZE 2015

Ugh, the rats...we may be found, I am afraid!"

Then, could it be daylight?  
I strayed back, suspicious of his plight...  
For he ran forward!  
So fast he is blurred!  
Away he goes, into the prison garden!  
Staring down the light, of course...of the search  
warden.

*Henry Drucker, age 9*  
*St George's British International School, Rome*

### IT 10-13

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **La città abbandonata**

Sono una città senza più un nome,  
senza treni, macchine e biciclette.  
Le mie case sono senza tetti,  
senza pareti e pavimenti.  
Sono bruciata dal gelo e dal vento.  
Il silenzio è il mio unico amico.  
Nel sonno profondo mi ricordo di quando  
I bambini correvano allegri sopra le mie piazze,  
La gente chiacchierava nei mercati profumati e  
colorati,  
I tifosi, riuniti nello stadio, incoraggiavano la mia  
squadra.  
All'improvviso sento un sussulto,  
prima leggero e poi violento,  
come il botto di un terremoto.  
Le mie fondamenta tremano.  
Radici forti  
come guerrieri armati,  
rompono e scavano le mie mura.  
Apro gli occhi e mi guardo intorno:  
le margherite, le rose, le viole  
dipingono l'erba come un tappeto colorato.  
Le rondini, i merli e le gazze  
volano nel cielo azzurro.  
Nuovi abitanti escono dalle mie tane...

*Pietro Di Penta, age 10*  
*St. George's British International School, Rome*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Città Abbandonate**

I miei passi riecheggiano nell'aria,  
Ricordi che affollano le strade rovinate,  
Una polvere fitta di sfiducia mi soffoca,  
Le grida spaventate intrappolate nelle case,  
I panni abbandonati scoloriti dal tempo,  
Cammino sui sampietrini invasi dall'erbacce,  
Confusa osservo quella città: vuota, solitaria,  
rovinata,  
Come me.

*Camille Wefers Bettink, age 13*  
*Ambricit International School, Rome*

### ENG 10-13

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **The Last Heartbeat**

Through the distance came spinning machines,  
Awaking people from their peaceful dreams,  
The whirring, the whizzing, the total panic,  
The alarm screaming; the situation manic.

Our quiet town, being disturbed by rumbling  
vans,  
Loaded with soldiers concocting plans.

As the crowd gathers, creating a shield,  
I run and hide in the plentiful field,  
All I can see, through the dirt and dust,  
Jet black boots, crops being thrust.

As people move towards the town hall,  
It's too late, wailing, they start to fall,  
Exploding and tearing our town apart,  
Inside me, there's an eruption in my heart.

I see my house being set alight,  
The horror, the flames are obscuring my sight.

I fall to the ground with a heavy thud,  
My cheekbones are pressing against the mud,  
In panic, people scurry like ants,  
Stampeding on me like elephants.

My senses are paralyzed, I black out in dismay,  
Leaving my town to smoulder away.

I'm dragged into dreaming,  
Where my town is beaming,

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Children play with joy and laughter,  
We could have lived a happily ever after.

I wake up, and reality pulls me back down,  
I stare in disbelief at my abandoned town.

All that stands amongst the rubble of Hanoi,  
Is a forgotten, traumatized, lonely Bui Doi,  
Burning ashes fall like rain,  
Flowing down, come tears of pain.  
Nothing remains from this bloody war,  
Nothing will be the same as before,  
The silence is broken by a cry of defeat,  
The deserted town gives its last heartbeat.

*Valentina Dalla Rosa, age 12*  
*Scuola Media M. Malpighi, Bologna*

### SECOND PRIZE

#### **The Burned City**

I walk along the silence of the blind town,  
The grey ashes join to form a deep cloud,  
That hides the many secrets that were left to burn  
down.

I hear the dead screams of the many melting  
souls,  
Searching for hope through despair and sorrow,  
Echo through the ruins of what I once called  
home.

I breathe in the dry black wind,  
That stirs the dead leaves and washes away,  
What is left of San Francisco: only memories.

Memories of their joyful voices,  
Memories of their delicate thin hair slipping  
through my fingers,  
Memories of their tiny hearts beating faster and  
faster each time.

But memories vanish too quickly,  
Replaced by the regret of not having saved them,  
And not having them here next to me.

Everything is lost,  
All is forgotten,  
The only hope lies  
In our past memories.

*Giulia Mombello, age 13*  
*St. George's British International School, Rome*

### **IT 14-18**

#### FIRST PRIZE

#### **Distopia**

Le nostre vite racchiuse in un flusso  
così fluide e sottili da spazzar via  
tutto ciò di cui abbiamo discusso  
Compresi nell'arte della poesia

Madre Natura ci ha chiamato  
alla passione e all'amore  
scosso dopo avermi guardato  
e fatto del mio mondo un colore

Senti questo vento che ci distanzia?  
E' triste sapere che in fondo è la realtà  
fissarci e tornare alla nostra infanzia  
uniti da un legame che non si scioglierà

I pensieri sono corrotti dall'utopia  
dalla speranza e dalla religione  
quando siamo oppressi dalla distopia  
e dalla differenza di carnagione

Una rosa si distende nel giardino eterno  
l'animo umano si scioglie come fosse di cera  
diventata d'incanto dopo un gelido inverno  
superba come la luna e come essa veritiera

L'amore è stato condannato a essere peccato  
Così mi misi a leggere le leggi dell'uomo al  
tavolo  
Un sorriso sgorgò sul mio volto dal tempo rigato  
E me me andai felice alla ballata del diavolo

*Emanuele Taiani, age 17*  
*Istituto Leopoldo Pirelli, Rome*

#### SECOND PRIZE

#### **Giovane ossessione**

Nel silenzio di un'alta radura  
io sento improvvisa la paura;  
e nelle nubi che coprono la luce  
un incubo mi insegue orrendo e truce:

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la natura stravolta, un amore che muore,  
un sogno finito, una vita incolore.  
Spaesato mi nascondo dietro un muro,  
ma mi accorgo di non essere al sicuro

perché l'orrore mi circonda armato...  
Così ricordo del fanciullo abbandonato  
e con esso di ogni amore e sogno morto.

D'un tratto sento il mostro in me ch'è sorto  
Consumando lentamente l'anima mia;  
e s'accende nel mio viso una scintilla di pazzia

*Leonardo Campi, age 16*  
*Liceo Classico Augusto, Rome*

### ENG 14-18

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **The last Nimrud breath**

We have been forged by mild chisel  
in the name of art and of an ancient purity,  
now we're destroyed by rough pick  
in the name of something that lies in obscurity.

Men, stone statues have a voice too,  
it's the voice of love you put inside us  
when your minds were free from hatred.  
What have we done to be hit thus?

Your minds defeated the hard rock  
to create what made you big since ever.  
We're gods, animals and men too,  
we thought you would have loved us forever.

Petra, Karnak, Caryatides! Think of you...  
Think of us, defenceless unrecognizable dust...  
Men, who disown a trimillennial love,  
think of you, think who's wrong...

*Oliver F. Riccetti, age 18*  
*Polo Liceale Saffo, Roseto degli Abruzzi (TE)*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Damned Children**

Under the sky the streets are burning,

In front of my eyes the stars are falling  
And I hear the screams that shook my head  
And I see the fear running like blood  
In the dying veins and the broken bones  
Of those who shake down the endless road  
With their tears in their eyes and a gun put to  
their heads.

Who hear their helpless calling?  
Who see the pain that devour their faces?  
They scream to be saved from the nothing that  
tears apart their falling skin  
But no one takes their hands that fade away like  
ghosts.

They're the damned children,  
They're the dust in the morning light,  
They're the disease in your head,  
They're the death in your eyes.  
They're the smoke that runs through your fingers  
And leave upon your lips  
The bittersweet flavor of a black kiss.

I cut their tongues just to forgive their sins  
And I let them drink the poison that burns their  
body  
Like a fire shining in the night,  
And tonight we turn into ashes  
And we disappear into the city burning  
And the trees fall apart  
And the rivers run dry  
And when the sun will rise again  
There will be nothing left to save in this dying  
world.

Close our eyes,  
The damned children are at your back  
And their hands scratch your shoulders  
As you take your last breath.

*Veronica Di Leo, age 17*  
*Liceo Classico O. Fascitelli, Isernia*