

## KEATS-SHELLEY HOUSE POETRY PRIZE 2016

### IT 5-9

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **Shock! Orrore!!!**

Una notte che rumore,  
Urla, pianti... che orrore!  
Dal mio armadio, una tempesta  
Da far doler forte la testa.  
Mi avvicino, con cautela,  
Apro, sbircio, mi affaccio appena.  
Shock, che orrore, un fantasma!  
L'ho chiamato Paurosino.  
L'ho tenuto con affetto  
Al calduccio nel mio letto.  
Con un po' di fantasia,  
Mi addormento in compagnia.

*Giulio Appella, età 7  
Istituto Maria Consolatrice, Roma*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Shock! Orrore!**

Improvvisamente  
Sento un forte rumore.  
Guardo fuori e  
Vedo persone inerti,  
Gente spaventata.  
Sento grida, urla, pianti.  
Sento le voci,  
Sento lo spavento dentro di me.  
Vedo la polvere e  
In quella polvere  
Vedo piangere lacrime.

*Serena Persia, età 9  
Scuola primaria "G. Marconi", Matera*

### ENG 5-9

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **My Pet Monster**

My pet monster is so dirty  
Don't go near him or he'll get shirty  
He eats rotten chewing gum  
And does big burps from his tum

My pet monster makes a terrible mess  
And he eats his mother's dress  
My pet monster can be very annoying  
Especially when in bed and snoring

My pet monster is so lazy  
Especially when he's crazy  
His favourite TV show is *Super Star*  
He likes to watch it in the car

My pet monster is so drowsy  
Especially when he's lousy  
He likes to stroll along the road  
With his little friend named Toad

My pet monster likes to hypnotize  
To make people memorize  
Although he's furry and not so big  
He is a lovely guinea pig!

*Teo Wilcox, age 9  
St George's British International School, Rome*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **My Pet Monster**

I have a monster called Rocky  
He is blue, green and a bit spotty  
He has a whiff of a distinctive smell  
In my house the scent is like hell  
I put him carefully in his cage  
But he went bonkers and had a big rage  
I didn't know what to do  
I threw a slipper and a shoe  
He bit my fingers, I shouted ouch!  
And desperately threw myself on the couch  
Disappointedly I went on Google  
And realised I should have got a labradoodle!  
I booked myself with a monster trainer  
Really it was just a no-brainer!  
Sit! Stay! Treats! And a lot of training...  
Even in the rain, I'm not complaining  
It all worked out in the end,  
He is a trusted family member and my best friend!

*Max Cruciani, age 9  
St George's British International School,  
Nomentana, Rome*

## KEATS-SHELLEY HOUSE POETRY PRIZE 2016

### IT 10-13

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **Vampiri contemporanei**

O ragazzo che vesti di nero,  
E che sogni di essere un guerriero,  
Con aria cupa in giro te ne vai  
Finché qualcuno spaventerai.

O ragazzo vagabondo  
Che cammini intorno al mondo,  
Ti piace camminare nella notte tenebrosa  
E non sai che vivere di giorno è un'altra cosa.

Porti dentro di te una rabbia esagerata,  
E di accompagna la voglia di sangue esasperata.  
Sei arrabbiato con il mondo intero,  
Perché dentro di te vedi solo il nero.

Girovagli per la città in cerca di guai,  
Perché solo così felice sarai.  
Vesti tutto di nero  
Sicuro di spaventare il mondo intero.

Credi di essere il più forte,  
E sei felice solo quando semini la morte.  
Non accetti il mondo colorato come un  
arcobaleno,  
Perciò spargi sangue con la velocità di un treno.

*Valerio Iannelli, età 13*  
*Istituto Comprensivo "Elsa Morante", Roma*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Paurose emozioni**

Assordante silenzio  
Nella tenebrosa notte,  
Che fa svanire ogni certezza.  
Piccante solitudine,  
Che ci fa sentire piccoli, indifesi.  
Ruvido vento,  
Che attraversa le nostre sensazioni.  
Paura,  
Che con un brivido svanisce.  
Ecco, appare il sole  
Che tutto addolcisce.

*Elena Menè, età 12*  
*Istituto Comprensivo Via Volsinio, Roma*

### ENG 10-13

#### FIRST PRIZE

##### **When I'm Alone**

When I'm alone, I'm me no more  
'Cause I become hard and rough like stone  
The others are together, this is hard to ignore  
So I'm sad when I'm alone.

There's only my cry in a night of silence  
The prickly and bitter air  
Makes you surly in this defiance  
And the depression is hard to bear.

Sadness makes your sight blurred  
For the tears that make your bad dreams come  
true,  
But hate for false friends is too big to be a word.  
Loneliness penetrates our skin like a sharp  
screw.

But you become hard like a stone  
Only when you are alone.

*Andrea Ingrassia, age 13*  
*Istituto Suore Della Divina Provvidenza*

#### SECOND PRIZE

##### **Politicians: The Vampires Of Our Society**

Every single one of their breaths is a cold air  
freezing all hearts  
They say lies and they will keep saying lies until  
the waterfall has dried  
They are the only ones that can suck the life out  
of the bravest countries  
Many have tried to fight against them but they  
just can't  
For now they are stronger  
But not for long.

*Nefeli Raftogianni, age 11*  
*Ambrit International School, Rome*

## IT 14-18

### FIRST PRIZE

#### **Prigioniero...**

Oh paura...! Terrore...!  
Tu che laceri  
... i cuori  
... le sorti del pover'uomo  
Costretto in guerra ad essere  
PRIGIONIERO di sé stesso...  
Sai che inizierà  
Ma che non finirà.  
Oh paura...!  
Si sente  
Il suono del silenzio  
Scosso dal frastuono delle armi:  
FERMATEVI... ASCOLTATE  
Come le schegge d'acciaio  
Naufragano intorno ovunque...  
Una nave sventurata in balia delle onde  
Uccisioni... decapitazioni...  
In una guerra sotto tutti i cieli...  
Lingue di fuoco  
Voi, oh terrore!  
Divorate tutto intorno  
E tu, PRIGIONIERO, ora che sei libero  
Tutto ti resta ma nulla ti appartiene  
Solo le anime travolte da  
Giorni bui  
Capiscono  
Che occorre essere eroi per alleviare  
I pianti... i lamenti  
Dei bambini, delle donne che non trovano pace!  
Pietà! Pietà!  
Oh terrore!

*Anita Ajazi, età 19  
Istituto "Tommaso Stigliani", Matera*

### SECOND PRIZE

#### **Vicino la Senna**

Sussurri e parole, dolci carezze,  
Baci fugaci e mille promesse,  
In quella strada vicino la Senna.

Scherzi e risate, limpide voci,  
Giovani donne senza pensieri,  
In quella strada vicino la Senna.

Occhi curiosi, domande infantili,  
Due genitori felici e pazienti,  
In quella strada vicino la Senna.

Uomini in nero, rombo di tuono,  
Cadono corpi come la neve,  
In quella strada vicino la Senna.

Niente più baci, niente risate,  
Nessuna risposta, solo silenzio,  
In quella strada vicino la Senna.

Resta il ricordo di ciò ch'è perduto  
Ed il terrore di chi è rimasto  
Sfuggendo alla morte vicino la Senna.

*Federico Di Salvo, età 16  
Liceo Classico "O. Fascitelli", Isernia*

## ENG 14-18

### FIRST PRIZE

#### **Terrors In The Modern World**

We claim to be brave, to be strong,  
To be fearless, to be adventurous,  
To be living our lives to the fullest.

We claim to have hundreds of friends,  
Proving this by posting floods of pictures  
On every social media site we can reach.

We claim to be happy,  
An emotion which is shown  
Through the abundance of smiling 'selfies'  
Plastered in our profile pictures.

But the truth is  
We are not brave,  
Or strong  
Or fearless,  
Or adventurous,  
Or even truly living at all.

We are scared.

We hide behind our screens,  
And chat with our friends online

## KEATS-SHELLEY HOUSE POETRY PRIZE 2016

Instead of face to face.

We hide behind our screens,  
For fear that we will not be accepted,  
For fear that we will be  
Alone.

We hide behind our screens,  
Where we can don a mask  
Instead of our real face.

*Sofia Gates, age 17*  
*American Overseas School of Rome*

### SECOND PRIZE

#### **Hope You're Well Now, Man On The Street**

He lay on the ground,  
His bare feet rested rigidly  
They were barely yet bluntly  
Blended to the chaos of the road, rubbing in sore  
    pain  
Approaching the cold  
Parched, street pavement.  
But was he dead?  
His eyes were closed  
Yet the same images throbbed in his head  
Coming to torment him  
They repeated over and over  
Leaving him, cut in the soul  
Sobbing in the heart.  
His nails endorsed deep pain  
His lucent smiles,  
His cheerful positivism and hope had passed  
    away  
Abhorred by endless days of rain.

She lay in the car  
Hands on her knees  
Unmoved and still  
But was she ill?  
Her head was detached  
And the man's thoughts  
And hers, overlapped  
Was it an accident or an attack?

But he was on the ground  
Everyone looked at him  
Yet he made no sound  
His position was stoic

Yet the quivering of his hands  
Was out of terror; not cold  
There was nothing to hide, it was all too bold  
The tremor of his emotions  
Let out all his notions  
His ideas met no conclusion  
There was contempt in his smiling  
It wasn't just an illusion.  
But he wouldn't move,  
He would not raise his arms for aid  
He'd stay on the street  
Perishing, afraid.

*Angelica La Rosa, age 14*  
*St. Stephen's School, Rome*