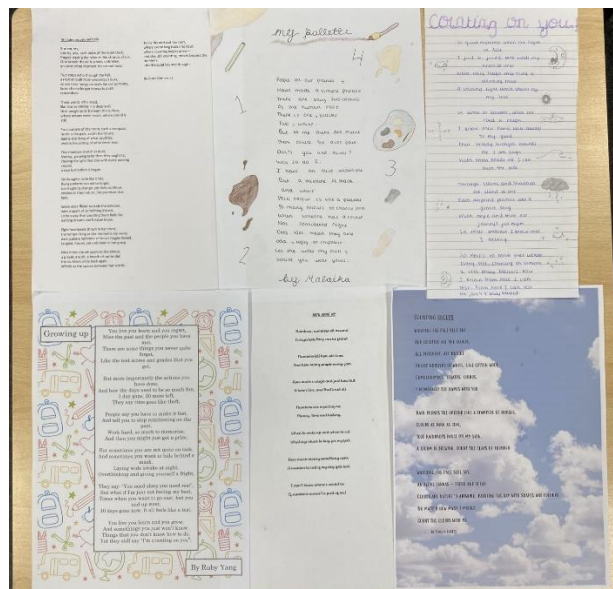


National Poetry Day 2024 winners!



Later this month, Gateways will hold an assembly to celebrate all things poetry and listen to the 6 winning entries from this year's National Poetry Day competition. This event was started in 2022 with the hope to instil a school wide appreciation and share my own passion for poetry.

Our 6 winners have been selected, with one picked out as the Overall Star entry, and their poems will be displayed proudly in the English Department. The winners were:

Malaika, Upper 4

Emilia F, Upper 4

Grace W, Upper 4

Imogen Z, Upper 4

Ruby Y, Upper 5

Esme, Upper 6

Esme's poem was selected as the Overall Star poem. Please enjoy her winning poem printed below.

Mrs Nina Logue, Teacher of English

High School & Sixth Form

Ten tales woven with silk

She counts,
one by one, each pulse of the quiet clock,
fingers tracing the minutes like strands of silk.
One breath the air is whole, unbroken,
an untouched moment she cannot hold.

Two steps echo through the hall,
a rhythm built from yesterday's dust,
where time hangs on walls like old portraits,
faces she no longer knows but still remembers.

Three words left unsaid,
like stones sinking in a deep well,
their weight pulls beneath the surface,
where echoes never reach, where sound is still.

Four corners of the room, each a compass,
north is the past, south the future,
east is the rising of what could be,
west is the setting of what never was.

Five shadows stretch at dusk,
leaning, growing taller than they ought to,
chasing the light that dies with every passing second,
a race lost before it began.

Six thoughts circle like birds,

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flying patterns too old to forget,
too fragile to change, yet they continue,
endless in their return, like promises that fade.

Seven stars flicker outside the window,
each a spark of something distant,
so far away that counting them feels like
naming dreams she'll never know.

Eight heartbeats thrum in her chest,
the tempo rising as the moments slip away,
each pulse a reminder of time's fragile thread,
tangled, frayed, yet unbroken in her grasp.

Nine times she whispers to the silence,
a prayer, a wish, a breath of surrender,
the numbers circle back again,
infinite as the spaces between her words.

Ten is the end and the start,
where everything folds into itself,
where counting begins anew—
and she, still counting, moves beyond the numbers,
into the quiet beyond thought.

By Esmé