



Year 8 Slam Poetry Competition 2024

Our Year 8s were tasked with writing their own Slam poem on a topic of their choice and then performing it to the class. This form of poetry aims to entertain, challenge and spark a variety of emotions in the audience. Here are 4 poems for you to enjoy!

Poverty

By Olivia

Tell me, what price does one need to pay, for a world with equality?
 A world where fairness reigns and dreams fly free.
 A world that gives everyone the same chances.
 Echoes of laughter, silenced by need, empty pockets, hearts that bleed.

A man's determination to buy a piece of bread, money talks, but it can't sing, can't dance and it can't walk, a thousand miles to happiness, or one step closer to fixing a deeper hunger and Angriiness.

Empty pockets with a few dangling pence, in a rich man's world it's a joke, a suspense, change, how far are they willing to go, sell your soul there'll be new ones on show.

Drive closer to find out the true price of hunger, the cost of happiness and what it fails to provide, forever empty, a bottomless pit, for the wealthy, true joy does not exist.

"Help me," the passersby repeat, tears in their eyes, they look defeated.
 They walk on, hearts made of stone, leaving their hearts to always long for more.

You can't put a price on a life but may only realize this too late, echoes of poverty, ringing clear.
 Poverty's real hunger, the dream, the hope, the call to always fill up with more.

A panhandler begging for food as people pass by, hopefulness fades in the darkness of the soul like magic.
 Twenty meters above, a man stood watching the scenery, he rushes down, faster than lightning to help the person in need as he once was a panhandler too.

Salad

By Arsenii

Tomato Tamato
 The juice of the salad
 The tender red skin
 With an oval like shape
 So juicy yet mushy
 The smell of it's harvest resounded into our memories
 The cherry, the Roma, The campari tomato
 Perfectly combined in one plate of salad

Lettuce oh lettuce
 The leaves of the salad
 With a luscious green surface
 And a crunchy background
 The perfect texture for the perfect taste
 Perfectly combined in one plate of salad

Broccoli
 The mess of the salad
 The leathery skin upon the feeble hair buds
 The vegetable we hate and exclude from our plate
 Broccoli or cauliflower, same bitter sweet taste
 The mess it can make, a tough pill to swallow.
 Yet
 Perfectly combined in one plate of salad

Carrots
 The crunch of the salad
 The most vibrant in the salad
 Its bold appearance stands out in the in salad
 The minimalist figure pleases all eaters
 Shredded or not still
 Perfectly combined in one plate of salad

The perfect salad
 The vast amount of vegetables
 Good on their own
 But better together
 Perhaps like ourselves
 If we lived out of our shells.



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Basketball

By Justin

Basketball a sport
A reason to get out of the house
Why would you want to stay inside all day?
A game that brings joy, happiness and exercise

Bounce
you hear the ball hit the floor
Bounce
you hear the ball hit the rim
Bounce
you hear the silence until something happens

Don't you remember the feeling of winning a game?
The joy and celebrating with your friends
Or
The feeling of losing?
A bit sad and wondering what we could have done better
to win the game
Am I good enough?
But you always play again hoping for that feeling to
come once more

Using your legs
getting exercise
The excitement before the game
Sometimes some anxiety comes over you
Worried you will play badly
Is the other team better?
Are we gonna lose?

All of these feelings make you a better person but
You always play again
Bounce

The Power of Music

By Phoebe

Music, a universal language,
Takes you on a roller coaster carriage.
It can lift your spirit within a minute,
or make you weep without a limit.

Melodies spread about the rooms,
The rhythm of heartbeats as it drums.
In depth of darkness, a string of hope,
Like a symphony it unites us, helping us cope.

Music tampers with your mind,
Leaving your thoughts no longer confined.
Drawing memories from the long past,
Showing you all life's great contrasts.

Imagination, worthy of a billion sonatas.
Life can be as difficult as a cadenza.
But as the harmony goes,
We continue on as smooth as the violin bows.

Each moment of life, different music occurs,
Each new fresh strand of life brings overtures.
They whisper to the soul like a minor scale,
Yet as moving as a sonata's finale.

Living, as free as rubato,
With more keys to choose from than a piano.
It feels as smooth as an endless river,
And has more emotions that will make you quiver.

Music is the key to understanding.
A language that is not so demanding.
So delicate, so meaningful yet so strong.
Like a volcano erupting, played by a quartet's song.

We have different beliefs,
We speak different languages,
We come from different races,
Yet, music binds us beyond all spaces.