



Post-A-Poem 2008

The following poems were among around three hundred which were submitted to help celebrate Shakespeare's Birthday. They were posted on the railings of Shakespeare's Birthplace and this selection formed the basis of a public poetry reading as part of the Stratford-upon-Avon Poetry Festival at the Shakespeare Centre on 16th July. The poems were read by actors Ali and David Troughton. The project was in collaboration between The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust and Warwickshire Libraries.

- **The Bard**

The Bard of Avon from Stratford came
And William Shakespeare was his name
With kings and lovers and shrews to tame
Through plays and sonnets he found his fame
And still had time to poach for game
But without him life would not be the same.

Daniel Edden
King Edward VI Grammar School

- **Big School**

The old door is made of wood
The beams are made of wood
The desks are made of wood
All around me wood.

The slanting desks are covered in initials
Of the children that have sat at them over time
The desks have places to put ink pots and quills
All around me wood.

The ancient, wooden beams tower over me
Like teacher towering over a pupil
Enclosing me in the old room
All around me wood.

That old wooden door
Locking me in to Big School
With its rusted, metal handle and lock
All around me wood.

Peter Simmons
King Edward VI Grammar School

- **Stratfordwocky**

'Twas chill, trust our great weather
To rain and pour on this day
All wet and damp on the Stratford Heather
And our tourists soaked today.

Beware his ghost my friend!
The mouth that moans, the hands that chill!
Beware the ghost to the end
Don't shun the ghost of Will!

So take your inky pen in hand
Long time you write your good play
But place it down upon the ground
Where Shakespeare may lay.

'Twas chilly, trust our great weather
to rain and pour on this day.
All wet and damp on the Stratford Heather
And our tourists soaked today.

Sam Young
King Edward VI Grammar School

- **Shakespeare – To Be or Not To Be**

This poem was made by Holly and me
Sweet love, what desir'st thou to eat?
Let's go to Thorntons and get us a treat!
For Antony, I have no ears for his request
Poor Shakespeare, all those plays, you need to rest!
A very sorry sight
That donkey Bottom gives me a fright!
My lord ... let not us two stay at home
Shakespeare wrote these plays alone
Off with Duncan's crown and head!
Macbeth hath murdered him and now he is dead.

An honest Puck they do me call
And so goodnight until you all!

Holly Bray and Ella Davies-Forster
The Croft Preparatory School

- **What's So Special About Shakespeare?**

William Shakespeare

Wrote poems and plays

It was said he spent all his time in the hay.

He lived with two fair ladies

Anne Hathaway and Mary Arden

But was said to have his head in the daisies.

Stratford was his home. He liked it very much

A special place he always kept in touch.

But now that he is gone we always think of ways

To every year celebrate his birth, life and plays.

Alexander Ross

St Gregory's RC Primary School

- **Stratford is Making Me Mad**

Stratford is boring
Stratford is dull
Too many people
Too many cars
Crowded streets
Nowhere to park
Too many houses
Nowhere to go
Pretty Old Town
Ugly new
Few green spaces
For nature and air
Over populated
No room spare
Get me out before I go mad
All the new buildings
Are making me sad!

George Hartley
St Gregory's RC Primary School

- **Stratford**

Shimmering swans swimming smoothly along the river
Trees rustling along the wind
River beautiful in the sun, shimmering and shining all day long
Ancient theatre standing wonderful thing in the air
Tourists standing here and there taking photos here and there
Fountain spurting water up glistening swans on its back
Orange sunset beautiful as can be
Rec lovely rides brings you on
Down the river lies an old diner, horrible on the outside and beautiful
on the inside.

Katherine Hall
St Gregory's RC Primary School

- **Stratford, Stratford**

Stratford, Stratford
Beauty and grace, laughs and jokes
And Shakespeare's face

Stratford, Stratford
Animals, swans, the Welcombe Hills
And the market place

Stratford, Stratford
Racecourse and bridge,
Lots of tourists all over the place

Stratford, Stratford
Chav and posh
If you come here you get the lot!

Tom Middleton
St Gregory's RC Primary School

- **Stratford's Warm Glow**

Stratford has a big warm glow, combining each and every one
But the thing that people don't realise is why!

Stratford has a great big glow because of the people and plants
below

The animals and birds that surf the sky

The things below that we pass on by, like the mud worms and
caterpillars

The printing on all of the pillars.

Stratford has a great big glow because of the buildings and history

Like Shakespeare and all his works and theatre plays

Old Tudor houses with black and white stripes

And people who ride their bikes down the Greenway by the racing
grounds.

B&B's have a great hospitality with rooms of 5 star you wouldn't want
to miss

With amazing breakfast and sweets by the door that you can take
when you arrive there

But don't take them all!!

So now you know why Stratford has a warm glow but just remember

That Stratford is special, treat it with respect, and so let your love
show.

Lauren Williams

St Gregory's RC Primary School

• The Birthday Parade

I am proud

Proud to be part of Shakespeare's birthday parade

As I line up excitedly with my school outside his Birthplace

I can see the country dancers, ribbons flowing in their hair.

I am so proud

Proud to be setting off with flowers from my garden in my trembling hands

I wait again in expectation

As flags from all over the world are opened to waltz freely in the breeze.

I am so very proud

Proud as I follow the deafening brass band

I glance behind to see ladies in brightly coloured Elizabethan costume

And a double of William Shakespeare himself too.

I am so very, very proud

Proud as I think about living in such a special place

Where Shakespeare once walked too

And wrote his fantastically famous plays.

Amy Richardson

St Gregory's RC Primary School

- **Words**

Words that make my happy inside
Daddy's coming home!
Words that make me run and hide
Spiders and ghosts
Words that make me lick my lips
Pasta and birthday cake
Words that make me jump out of bed
Christmas Eve, birthdays and Easter
Words that make me feel amazed
Granny's art and mountains in Slovakia
Words that make me wonder why
How do mermaids survive?

Lauren Smyth
Stratford Primary School (Broad Street)

- **Words**

Words that make me happy inside
Weddings and parties
Words that make me run and hide
Monsters and the dark
Words that make me lick my lips
Cherries and flapjacks
Words that make me feel amazed
Dinosaur bones
Words that make me wonder why
How do butterflies get to be so beautiful?

Talia Nazif
Stratford Primary School (Broad Street)

- **Words**

Glistening snow whirling around
In the grey misty sky
Like fairies dancing
Then being attacked
By the angry billowing clouds
Invading the air.
The lightening crashing and thundering about
Searing through the mist
Like white hot blades.
What word am I?
I am storm.

Frosty snow
Drifting down slowly and daintily out of the sky
And arranging itself carefully
Onto the muddy icy forest floor.
The houses
Covered by a thick layer of snow
Like icing sugar
Sprinkled onto a marzipan village.
The still snow on the ground
Dotted with footprints
Like a big white blanket
With misshapen patches.
What word am I?
I am winter.

Huge crashing waves
Sucking poor defenceless boats
Under its deathly monstrous surface.
Throwing itself against rocks
And shattering them into millions of tiny pieces
Just as easily as a stone
Would shatter glass.
Throwing up raging waves
Ready to attack
Then pulling them down
With a gigantic crash.

What word am I?
I am sea.

The glistening moonlit trees
Shaking silently
At any movement of the wind.
Huge owls with even bigger shadows
Looking as though they are going to grab you
And force you
Into their enormous fanged mouths
Dripping with blood the colour of ink
While the faces of trees
Stare at you.
The moonlight shines off the water
Glowing right into your face.
What word am I?
I am midnight.

Emily Burford
Stratford Primary School (Broad Street)

- **Stratford**

Stratford is a busy town
Lots of people walking around
Tooting cars and barking dogs
In the distance you can hear the church bells ring
I can smell lovely smells like fresh bread straight from the oven
And chocolate cakes ready to be bought
I like Stratford
I hope you do too!

Mollie Frost
Wilmcote Primary School

- **Sonnet : My Boyfriend**

My boyfriend's eyes are nothing like the sky
Wool is far more soft than his lips
If snow is white, his skin is dark
His aspect has nothing like the VIPs.

I've seen the sun shine
But his smile knows no shine
I've smelt a rose perfuming
But his breath is worse than vinegar wine.

I love listening to music
But his voice is like a broken instrument
I've seen men who are always happy
But, I grant you, he always complains.

Now you'll think that I'm mad because I love this boy
And I swear he is my only joy!

Rita Imperatore
Liceo Polispecialistico Statale 'Ghandi', Italy

- **Sonnet 1**

My lover's eyes are nothing like the sun's light
His hair are not as soft as a petal
His teeth are not so white
The perfume he issues is lethal.

I have seen a lot of statues
But his body is more like that of a child
Lovers I have had two
This one has not the passion of a tide.

His way of doing is not chic
If he was sold, nothing would be cheaper
His voice is nothing like pleasant music
He treads on a flower.

And yet he is for me the best
And I don't care about the rest.

Maglione Federica
Liceo Polispecialistico Statale 'Ghandi', Italy

- **Henry V – The Battle of Agincourt**

We're marching into battle
We know we're gonna win
'cause we are the Frenchmen
Proud and stiff.

Dauphin at the back
Watching from behind
He's a big fat baby
Unlike that Henry guy.

We can now see the English
They're really, really small
They don't stand a chance
Against the proud and tall.

Unfortunately we lost
The Dauphin's really sad
But it didn't really help us
With him right at the back.

We're marching away from battle
Lots of men were lost
At first we were huge
But now we're small.

Leonie Green
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **Henry V**

Henry the Fifth was a tall, thin man
He fought the French like no-one can.
He tossed his hair while he rode his white mare
And lead the battles with a jump in the air.

Catherine was a tall, thin woman
Henry the Fifth thought she was stubborn.
They married at the end of the battle
And lived happily ever after in the end.

The Prince of France was very mean
He wanted Henry dead with his war machine.
He didn't want Cath and Henry to wed
But now they all are sadly dead.

Lauren Unitt
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **Shakespeare the Playwright**

Shakespeare was a playwright, a poet and a bard
He's actually quite a genius, but understanding him is hard.
He wrote a lot of plays, old Will, like *The Taming of the Shrew*,
A Midsummer Night's Dream, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry the Fourth Part 2*.

It was his birthday when he died
His wife and his mother cried and cried.
Mary Arden was her name
She used to live on a farm that was full of game.
He wrote all the time, did our Bill,
With a pot of ink and a feather quill.
He loved his ale, his cider, his beer
That famous playwright, Will Shakespeare.

Thomas Brown
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **Henry V**

Henry was bad in his youth
He never ever told the truth
Henry loved to drink and drink
He drank and drank right to the brink
Then one day his dear father died
He put his bad behaviour far aside.

One day when Henry was the king
He received a message that made him bring
Lots of men to fight in France
With spears, bows, arrows and a lance
They tore down Harfleur the town
Brought it down to the ground.

Scarlett Thornborough
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **Shakespeare's Skateboard**

I was at the skate park one day
And Shakespeare came whizzing my way!
With a roll of parchment in his hand
Came down a ramp but didn't land!
Went up another, did a flip trick
Finished off his play with a flick.

He did a 50-50 grind, but fell off and hit his behind
I said "Hey Shakey!"
And he said "gotta go 'cause it's my birthday y'know."

Christopher Gedge
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **William Shakespeare**

There once was a young poet called Shakespeare
He like a glass of frothing beer.
He wrote lots of poems and plays and he always says
"To be or not to be".
Typically he'd have quill and a paper pad on his knee
He loved living in his home town
This was Stratford he wasn't a clown.
He knew what he was doing
Even though his mother didn't stop cooing.
He died on his birthday
The actors of his plays didn't get a say
That was young Shakespeare living his dreams
Do you know what that means?
He was a genius at heart
We remember him with his statues in the park.

Rebecca Guice
Alveston C of E Primary School

I met Shakespeare the other day in the centre of town
He was tall and grey.

I met Henry V last week
And boy is he full of cheek!

I met Princess Katherine a fortnight ago
All she said was "oh no, no, no".

I met King Charles a month ago
And he said Henry was his greatest foe.

I met the Prince of France a year ago tomorrow
Loosing the battle brought him great sorrow.

Then I went back to the centre of town
And what I saw gave me a fright
For there was a huge, huge fight.

There was screaming, punching, kicking, scratching and name calling
And dotted around in armour full
Were Shakespeare, Henry, Katherine, Charles and the Prince
But I didn't see how the fight had ended
I'd had too much excitement for one day.

Jessica Capper
Alveston C of E Primary School

- **Shakespeare's Plays**

Magical tragedies brought to life
Emotional tales using gory knives
The rays of light shining blindly in your eyes
Entertainment with screaming cries
The curtains rising from the floor
Your nerves building up even more
All this happening in one night
But wait now there's a roaring fight
William's talent displayed on stage
His hard work on page after page
You rustling in your sturdy seat
Gently tapping your feet
Halfway through with actors on the floor
You're waiting patiently for more and more.

Chloe Fallows
Surbiton High School

- **Dig Deep Down**

Blur of words
Blur of pictures
Painted onto a scene
Complex place
Things to discover
Shakespeare's get away dream
Mixed up emotions
Laugh or cry
Heartfelt or tragic
All together
Runs like clockwork
Plain text becomes magic
Things flow out
Like a rushing river
Flooding the entire page
Secret place
Deep in the mind
Doesn't go with age
Roots of stories
Base of sonnets
Imagination is the key
Not just for childhood
And playing around
But use it creatively
Shakespeare used this
With a lot of ease
It was a natural thing to him
Dig deep down
And use it too
Like his, your work will sing.

Bethan Baxter
Surbiton High School

- **Past Time**

Walking through the unknown forest
A sharp breeze goes down my neck
Fumbling through the overgrown grass
Sensation, magical
Winding up the tree the ivy clung to it
Like a baby to her mother.

The wind sweeps the leaves up
In the air.
As you follow the green, orange and brown
The horizon comes into contact with your eyes
It shimmers like a new shilling
Then looks at you like a lost child
Hoping not to leave you for the evening.

A gust of wind hits you
You feel nature surrounding you
Breathing in and out of you
And slowly it becomes clear
That you ...

Will time for lunch!

Danielle Williams
Surbiton High School

- **The Liger, Dedicated to William Shakespeare**

You are as clever as a liger,
Your cloak just as soft,
It reflects your beating heart,
Brave and determined as a liger itself.
Your status acts like a liger in its pride,
Your writing, the liger's mind.
We respect you just as well,
The quality of your plays and poems never fell.
Your eyes look around making up your mind
Thinking King Lear's loveness is blind.

Anika Patel
Surbiton High School

- **My Poor Jack**

Shut in a box

Painted on smile

He waits.

Floppy hands and silly hat

While the handle turns.

Suddenly, pushed up

Forced to entertain

Just like Shakespeare.

Unappreciative children grin.

Remembering

The times when children found you scary

Mind's eye still sees them.

But what can he do?

For my poor Jack is nothing but a Jack-in-the-Box.

Susanna Carr

Surbiton High School

- **The Dish of Love**

'If music be the food of love play on'
Let the notes be swallowed
And the bells be places upon my plate
For 'this is the very ecstasy of Love'
The very middle of my sweet meal
Cook dishes of wonderful tunes
And burn none
For 'the course of true love never did run smooth'.

Grace Martin
Surbiton High School

- **The Lake**

A swan on a lake delicately rising and falling with the ripples
The fishes darting around stopping every once in a while
As if to take a breath
The weeds, long and slender swaying
To the beat of the wind.
The air whistling a sharp, slow tune
Vibrating through everything in its path
The insects zooming, fast filling your ears with a low rumble
Yet despite all these distractions the lake is still calm and quiet
A soothing place to be.

Nancy Picton
Surbiton High School

- **Shakespeare's Passage to Nowhere**

A deep sensation
Powerful language
Everywhere you turn
Words jump at you
Like wind through your hair
Magical, beautiful poems
Touching romantic plays
Troubles fade into darkness
Imagine what could happen
Anything could happen
But everything could happen.

Antonia Adams
Surbiton High School

- **Colours**

Colours

Red post-box

Black bird cawing

Middle of nowhere

Green fields miles around

Clear blue sky

Image of colours

In my mind

Abstract painting

In Shakespeare's mind.

Caitlin Jones

Surbiton High School

- **To Be What I Want To Be**

Whenever the stars set pace in the sky
I think of times gone by.
Of writers and poets, kings and queens
Of England to me unseen.

What did they think?
What did they do?
How were they different
From me and you?

Did Shakespeare imagine
His plays would be read
By schoolgirls like me
Revising in bed?

Did Dickens have Great Expectations of me
To be what I want to be?

Lizzie Chamberlain
Surbiton High School

- **This is the Very Ecstasy of Love**

Every moment with them is precious
Clammy hands are a symptom you're approaching them
Shivers run down your spine as they kiss you on the cheek
Tickles in your toes as you walk around hand in hand
All your thought and focus is listening to their words
Smiles are uncontrollable as you can't help grinning
Your heartbeat pounds heavily in your chest.

'This is the very ecstasy of love'.

Zoe Hill
Surbiton High School

- **Eternity was in Our Lips and Eyes**

Looking at each other's eyes
Gazing into them;
Lips softly touch
As they kiss,
Holding hands,
Walks in the park,
Laughing at each other's jokes
Even though they're not funny,
Picnics on the beach.
Staring up at the moon.

Jade Pyne
Surbiton High School

- **Stage Fright**

I strode purposefully onto that magnificent stage
About to recite every verse and page.

My heart leapt as I faced the crowd
But I stood strong and proud.

I opened my mouth but my stomach surged
To my horror no sound emerged.

My heart pumped with anxiety and fear
Luckily the prompter was near.

He corrected me, I was back on track
I was terrified I'd get the sack.

My play must commence I remember
My head throbbed like a burning ember.

My lips parted and to my delight
A flood of poetry blurted into the night.

The crowd roared and clapped together
Shakespeare smiled for what seemed like forever.

Lucy Theobald
Surbiton High School

- **A Poem Dedicated to William Shakespeare**

Flowers And Nature

As elegant as a doe
As strong as a bull
As cunning as a fox
As busy as a bee
As wise as an owl
As proud as a lion.

As bright as the sun
As dark as the moon
As handsome as an old oak tree
As beautiful as a rose.

All the world's a stage
All the world's one big performance
Respect the world
Everyone has their entrances and exits.

Alexa Lynwood
Surbiton High School

- **Inside Shakespeare's Mind**

What lies in the mind of our great playwright?
I'd give anything to know
A warren of ideas, longing to be put on paper
Confusing tunnels leading to magical places
Chambers of tragedy, chambers of joy
Spaces for memories, corners of dreams
Alcoves of hatred, cupboards of love
Buckets of imagination, caves of creativity
Bottled up on the mind of one amazing man
Some of it shared on paper
But most of it locked away for ever.
What lies in the mind of our great playwright?
Would *you* give anything to know?

Rosie Morris
Surbiton High School

- **For Shakespeare**

He was a spark of life that was made to write
A fiery dragon filled with words of fire
He had many plays and poems
Wrote with the quill he used to own
Made of magic and solid gold.
As a child
He was a beast who was not quite free
Who could not quite let the words out,
Tied on a chain, pulling
Like a bull terrier having a fight
So much so that a hurricane came;
He was the wind pulling as fast as a bird
Nothing could stop him from pulling away,
He pulled like a horse
He pulled and pulled until the chain broke free
He ran and ran to reach his dream
A writer to be remembered in history
Dreaming on and on.
He improved in his writing and was nearly there
When he reached his goal
What a lucky man!

Becky Ridpath
Surbiton High School

- **Shakespeare's Poem to Anne**

How long I have pined for you
How long I have whined for you
To not be able to see that smile
To not see those eyes all the while.

The heart is a delicate thing
When it sees love it's lifted by wings
But to feel unfulfilled love is a painful deal
Because there is only one whose kiss you must steal.

Love is the very sound of heaven itself
The angels' songs that would make a soldier cry to himself
To you I pledge my heart, my life and my soul
So please accept me and make me whole.

Hannah Higham
Surbiton High School

- **Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day**

In the first hours of a summer's day, the dew glistens on the grass
It glistens like the tears in your beautiful green eyes
Which gently flow down your soft peaceful face.
Your smile reflects the sun, like the happiness in my heart
When you are present
And the soft morning buzz of the busy bees.

The flowers bloom in the light of the sun
Their colours light up the surroundings just like you.

The warmth of the day is like the warmth of your skin,
Your touch, your breath.
Your face glows as radiant as the sun
That shines down from the clear blue sky.

It felt like the first day of summer when I first saw your face.

Annabel Harris
Surbiton High School

- **Love Looks Not with the Eyes but with the Mind**

It started with an occasional glance
A brush of her hand against his
Or an electric shock when her name reaches his ears
And he's mesmerized.
Her laugh could dissolve his frown in an instant
But her ridicule could wound him forever.
One look sends sparks, one touch lasts eternity.
He just needs to look at her and the world stops turning
She is in control. She owns the passion
She owns his heart.
It's her picture in his wallet
Her voice ringing in his ears
And her smouldering touch on his skin.
It's her in his heart, controlling the beat by which he lives
And in the end,
It will be her in his arms, right where she belongs.

Atifa Jiwa
Surbiton High School

- **Last Gentle Kiss**

Forget everything that happened
Between me and you
Walking along the soft, warm
Beach which covered our
Whole body and tickled our heart, softly
The love whisper we had and gentle,
Fresh kiss we shared with each other,
But you will forget everything.

I lay my last kiss to gentle cheek;
“Sweet love I shall leave you
But don't follow me”. From northern star
I will follow you anytime, anywhere.
I will protect you from harm.

This is the only thing I can do for you
I shall not say “Forgive me”.
But truly I loved you more than anything.
I'm full of pain, full of sorrow, that I
Cannot see your sea blue eyes,
Your cherry lip and your smile
Which made me happy, and warmed, softened
My cold, hard heart.

Now I will leave you where you can't
Touch me, to northern star
Where I will cry for your and my souls.
Goodbye my sweet lady
Goodbye forever

Cecilia Seo
Surbiton High School

- **‘Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer’s Day? Thou art More Lovely’**

You are more lovely than a summer’s day
The warm, whistling breeze,
The radiant sunshine,
The blue, blue sky.

You are more lovely than a winter’s morn
The silver grass
The rising, red sun,
The snow topped branches.

You are more lovely than an autumn eve
The crisp, golden leaves,
The wild, chilly wind,
The smoking chimneys.

You are more lovely than a spring afternoon.
The birds in the trees,
The few fluffy clouds,
The picnics in the park.

You are more lovely than every season combined.

Victoria James
Surbiton High School

• Who Stole My Words

Red, blue, orange, yellow
Dresses, skirts, shirts, socks
Clouds, sky, stars, moon
Lists of words light up the room.

Shakespeare, Dickens, Carroll, Blake
Plays, stories, scripts, poems
More words appear, they line the walls
I read them quickly I want to be done before mother calls.

I take them down, they shake in my hand
Adjectives, verbs, nouns and all
I packed them in my case, a writer's toolkit.

Mother calls "hurry up, you'll be late for school"
They're all there I'm sure of it
So I put the case in my bag and off I went
I'd kidnapped the words, and no-one will know
I've taken them and hid them but will they still glow?

I came home to find my words all gone
Just stolen from my room, the room was dark
I looked everywhere but couldn't find them
Maybe I'd left them in the den.

I ran down to the den to have a look
Quill, ink, parchment and seal
But there were no words, nothing here to glow
I think that I'll call my mother, maybe she'll know.

I ran to my mother, "oh Will", she said
"You probably put them somewhere, maybe under the bed"
"No", I said, "I've checked there already.
Do you think that I should report it, a detective should find clues that fit?"

"Give it a rest Will, we'll find your words
Don't report it, they'll think you mad.

Oh cheer up son, don't look so glum
We'll find them soon, come, come".

I returned to the place where I'd found the words
There was a man there crying, mourning for something
"Whatever's the matter sir, I might be able to help you
Please sir, stop crying, you might turn blue".

This man approached me, he seemed nice enough
I told him about my words, he said he knew where they were
He took them out of a case and out they came
So now I'm reunited with my words, which are suspended from the
ceiling
I lie here watching and thinking:
I'll never let you go again.

Elizabeth Burrell
Surbiton High School