



# Junior Secondary School Poetry Category

## Judge's Report – Wendy Joseph

It was a great pleasure and honour to be asked to judge the Glen Eira Council *My Brother Jack Poetry Competition* this year.

There were a large number of entries in the Junior Secondary School Category, and as in previous years the work encompassed a great range of styles and subject matter. There were acrostic poems, rhyming couplets, free verse and some entries that were perhaps closer to prose. Subject matter ranged from the personal and intimate; poems about the loss of beloved pets, the passing of relatives, first love, the beauty of nature, to the darker and global; climate change, war, bullying and suicide were all tackled in ten lines or less.

### **Commended**

*Two Lives* by Polly Vakrinos

*Caitlyn and her Dream* by Eve Nankervis

### **First Prize**

*Someone* by Sasha Kovacs

for its simplicity, clarity and strong metaphor.

## Junior Secondary School Poetry – *First Prize*

### Someone

by Sasha Kovacs

somebody I ~~know~~ knew,  
my rock, the one who kept me going  
stands before me, heart in hand  
tells me,  
he's not coping,  
he crumbles,  
the beginning of an avalanche.

## Junior Secondary School Poetry – *Commended*

### Two Lives

by Polly Vakrinis

That melt in your mouth sensation of every spoonful of chocolate mousse

*The taste of food is a fantasy some days*

Learning all day for six hours and five days a week, what a bore

*A pencil and paper to write with would be a dream*

My family can be annoying, they don't listen

*Someone to talk to, people to acknowledge me*

Only \$20 a week, really

*To have rain hit the roof instead of on me*

## **Junior Secondary School Poetry – *Commended***

### **Caitlyn And Her Dream**

by Eve Nankervis

Caitlyn once told me she wished she could fly.

She told me how nice it would be to dance in the sky,

To sleep on a cloud and soar with the birds.

A place with no sickness, no limits, no slurs.

She told me her dream, “a pilot” she said,

“So ironic,” she laughed, “as I’m stuck in bed.”

When she finally slept, never to awaken,

I knew where her last breath was taken.

It floated, it sailed up to the sky,

Caitlyn’s pure soul could finally fly.