

Free Gingerbread

In the oven, warm and cosy,
Sleeps a man; ginger was he,
A woman tall and fair takes him out,
Places him on the counter while the kids ran about.

Dresses him in a suit and bow tie,
Adds a mouth and two green eye,
As she left to decorate the hall,
The gingerbread awoke and stood up tall.

“Where am I? I want to go!”
Yelled the gingerbread man heading for the snow,
Alas the gingerbread man running so fast,
For the sky so overcast.

He yelled “I’m free!”
Sadly it was not meant to be,
A child grabbed the gingerbread man who was yelling to be free,
“Nooooooooo!” he screamed as she bit the gingerbread and snapped off a knee.

Off came an arm, then a leg, then the torso and the head!
The brave gingerbread was no more, he was now ginger dead.

Jake Parsons 9N

Crack open that bottle, have some mulled wine,
Seeing those presents under the tree: I think that one's mine.
I look out the window, a blanket of snow lays outside,
People are rejoicing, set those bad vibes aside!

I got rhymes pouring out like they christmas carols,
But we got the baileys at the table, I'm talking barrels and barrels.
Mince pies on the counter, pigs in blankets on my plate,
My uncle's had too much eggnog, he's in a right state.

My auntie's eaten all the food, it really stinks,
But ya know under the tree she's got me a can of lynx.
My family's on the sofa watching home alone on repeat,
While my nans in the kitchen cooking up all that meat.

Crack another log on the fire get some heat in the house,
Praying I can see my family this christmas, I had my doubts.
No need to panic I'm seeing them on christmas day,
This year there's no lockdown getting in my way!

Harley Treloar 11E

Dusk

The sun sets on another year,
One full of hate and fear,
I look at my circle of love,
Peace like a dove,
The future is near.

Gregor Norster 11E

A Christmas Feast

The evening hues of nighttime sky,
Were perfect for the lights found high.
Blinking and flashing over a feast,
Which mainly consisted of beasts.
All ravenous, angry and snarly,
As some fought over some parsley.

This feast is filled with joy and frustration,
As the pot roast takes some determination.
The beasts will squabble and shout,
For politics is what they're talking about.
As the snow piles up in lumps outside,
The thought of the beasts staying is the only downside.

The feast goes on well into the night,
As they start to eat cakes with frosting so white.
The beasts who were once filled with rage,
Calm down as someone reads from a page.
The feast has stopped,
Now that the beasts have flopped.

The beasts now calmed exit the home,
As those who stay sigh and moan.
They dread them coming again next year,
Even now the thought draws a tear.
They'll bare through it like they have before,
For the beasts always choose their door.

The feast has now ceased,
So they throw on a fleece.
As the nighttime hues fade,
The bed is where they are laid.
As Christmas ends with final sigh,
This is where I say goodbye!

Jack Cox 9W