



SLUT

**Slut. A word that's burned into a woman's existence,
A word rarely met with much resistance,
How is this slur treated as a regular noun,
When it lets our hopes for equality slowly drown.**

**Well if they aren't a slut then they're a prude,
These are more than just insults they are more than just rude,
They are words invented to bring down women,
They lead to violence, tears and aggression.**

**I don't care if you use this word just to kid,
I don't find it laughable I find it wicked,
It opens a door to discrimination,
Allowing it to burst out into our civilisation.**

**When Malala got a bullet to the head,
And the Taliban organisation wanted her dead,
When Davidson was hit by a racing horse,
And the world simply laughed feeling little remorse.**

**Is this the society they wanted to achieve?
Where rape and trafficking victims are rarely believed,
Women who speak on issues are perceived as hysterical,
Diana, Thunberg, Oprah, Markle.**

**Pay gap and sexism is just a reality,
Sexist violence. It leads to fatality,
This is more than feminism by its definition,
It's a world full of systemic oppression.**

**We don't expect you to bow at our feet,
Simply don't treat us like a piece of meat,
Cant we have a society where a woman's worth,
Is not determined by the length of her skirt?**

**So next time don't say it's only a word,
It's a slur that millions of women have heard,
So sorry for all of this to unfurl,
But then again who cares. I'm only a girl.**

Name: Jenny McCloskey

Age: 16

Year: 4th Year

School: St. Augustine's College





HER WINDOWS

**Her blue eyes held more darkness,
Then any brown ones I'd ever seen.**

**A blank stare replaced cheap words.
Her rare smile.**

**Quiet is violent,
And loud is practically theatre.**

**The laugh that was once funnier than any joke she
cracked,
Had changed.**

**A private introvert and a public extrovert.
So loud and so quiet she forgets she's suffering.**

Name: Maria Grant

Age: 16

Year: TY

School: St. Augustine's College





SCHOOL

**She cried herself to sleep that night,
continued doing so for years.
The pain never lessened,
but multiplied her tears.
She dreaded the next day,
the days after them too,
and walls closed in before the pain was made for two.**

**They didn't know their part in this,
the part their friends had either,
because though education's good,
teenage girls are meaner.**

Name: Lily Twomey

Age: 16

Year: 4th Year

School: Ard Scoil na nDeise



SCÉIN STÁITSE

**Tá sé ag cur allais, tá a corp go hainnais
Tá sé neirbhíseach, ach féacheann sé láidir agus réidh
Chun té amach, ach féachainn sé ar an mhéad
Daoine atá ann, níl fonn ar aon rud a rá
Tá a corp reoite, tar éis cleachtadh gach uile lá
Tá eagla air, tá daoine ag gáire faoi
Níl aon am fágtha, caill sé a caoi
Agus caill sé a deis, ach tógann sé a fadhbanna leis
A bhaile chun cleachtadh níos mó
Don céad uair eile a rachfaidh sé chuigh an seó
Chaill sé an uair seo, ach ní tarlóidh sé arís
Is cuma leis cad a bhfuil ar déanamh chun saoirse
A bhaint amach, ó a shaol crua arais in a teach beag bídeach
Agus é ag scríobh amhrán nua beagnach gach
Uile lá go dtí go faigheann sé an deis sin arís**

Name: Killian O'Sullivan

Age: 16

Year: 4th Year

School: CTI, Clonmel





ONCE CAME A DEMON

In a land of dark and shadow within,
Stood a mountain top with a tower upon,
Where a bright flame burned devoid of sin,
And shone its light protecting all from damnation,

Below the tower stood a fearless knight,
Chosen to protect the fire from evils of dark,
Many a demon and devil he'd fight,
But unyielding was his blade with which he left his mark,

One day he was approached by a man,
This was no man but a devil in disguise,
The worst of all demons and he came with a plan,
To fool the knight with his trickery and lies,

He filled the knights mind with tales of woe,
Which were to happen if the light should die,
On quests to protect the light that he must go,
Pointless quests as it was time the demon wanted to buy,

With the protector gone the devil began his deed,
To corrupt the light and kill hope,
The light grew dim and, in the dark, did bleed,
Without their fire the people couldn't cope,

The knight was oblivious of the devil's evil,
Til he met a maiden who told of other lands lit by fire,
And of others full of lost people,
Whose light was corrupted by a disguised liar,

The knight returned with fire in his eyes,
His spirit rose like the chorus of a choir,

He slayed the demon and all his lies,
And still he sits there to protect his fire.

Name: Sean Dunford

Age: 16

Year: TY

School: St. Augustine's College





ALWAYS REMEMBER

Always remember to forget
The things that made you sad
But never forget to remember
The things that made you glad.

Always remember to forget
The friends that proved untrue
But never forget to remember
Those that have stuck by you.

Always remember to forget
The troubles that have passed away
But never forget to remember
The blessings that come each day.

Name: Kieran Dower

Age: 16

Year: TY

School: St. Augustine's College



THE CORONAVIRUS

The Coronavirus is here,
And everyone is scared with fear.
They are trying hard to protect themselves
By washing hands and self-insolating.
Avoid touching your face, eyes and mouth,
Attend the doctor if you have a fever or a cough.
Disinfect surfaces after use
And blow your nose with a tissue.
It is normal to feel stress or sadness
But we all have to show great kindness.
The world has got quieter
And the stars have gotten brighter.
There is no pollution at this time,
But the people are still getting sunshine.
So stay at home and be safe,
And think before you stray.

Name: Julia Murphy

Age: 17

Year: TY

School: Ardscoil na nDeise



AUTHOR OF THE PAST

And your eyes lie too,
smiling at me,
victim of your fine web.

So through the archive
of versions
you created
I go,
choosing the story I want to hear.

Blinded by your fire- like hair,
blurring my vision-
my instinct.

Between every letter you speak
lies uncertainty,
composing my questions,
my doubts

about you

Author of the Past.

Name: Eabha Ni Cheallanain

Age: 16

Year: TY

School: Gaelscoil Phortlairge





MY HERO

**My Hero wears a cape,
One of love and smiles,
And everywhere he goes,
It spreads for miles and miles.**

**His Davy Brown is his pride and joy,
Along with all his gardening toys,
Family to him means everything,
And for them he would do anything.**

**This Hero is my best friend,
And my best friend is my Grandad,
So, Grandad YOU are my Hero.**

Name: Sarah Aylward

Age: 17

Year: 5th Year

School: Scoil Aireagail





CORONA

On her head she wears a corona
Capturing all of our attention
Twirling about
strumming coffins
Wearing souls loosely around her neck
Empathy isn't her forte
Nor would she care for it to be..
Her words, not mine

She's just been crowned Miss Universe
She claims to be a native from Wuhan, other sources think otherwise...

She's as swift as the wind
She need not say much to make her presence known
There's a look about her..
It's something in her eyes that spell out -LIFE
yet seem so dim

She waits-
Expectantly almost-
Ready to embrace us with open arms

She sits proudly. Boldly. Unapologetically;
Upon her throne of cushelle,
andrex, soft and nicky
Downing her miseries in purell and citec
And we're all slaves to fear- her currency of control;
While nations lock innocent citizens into their cells
She is free to roam the streets and dance upon the clouds

So as I write this poem in mine own
I'll sum her up in these concluding lines:

She's as gripping as the sand...

And as timeless as the wind...

Name: Benedite Mambu

Age: 17

Year: 6th Year

School: The Abbey Community College





4th YEAR to 6th YEAR POETRY



IRELAND'S ACHILLES

The ping comes through my phone,
Yet more work to face alone.
Something seems different though
And lights my screen with a golden glow.

I read it. A competition?
Well it does appeal to my ambition
And boredom leads me to write this rendition
To have as my submission.
I will make this my mission
And use my intuition
To use words as ammunition.

The containment could've been easy
Instead they left people in the dark.
Leaving ports open for people to arrive
But telling everyone else they have to stay inside?
How can you claim we're in a lockdown,
It's more like a house arrest lockup.

Us citizens though we've been stoic
Even Hercules would call us heroic,
But it's clear to see where our Achilles is
We're being tortured like Prometheus
After opening Pandora's box,
Somebody call Aeneas we need to restart.

Previous leaders of the people in Ireland,
Those who proclaimed it as Our Land,
Boru's clashing of steel to expel the Vikings
Pearse declaring Ireland free from occupation
Collins making that a reality
If they could see the brittle backbone of this
Loan leeching 'government' they'd be
Ashamed of how far backwards we've gone.

Name: Conor Butler

Age: 18

Year: 6th Year

School: The Abbey Community College





4th YEAR to 6th YEAR POETRY



THE GREAT CITADEL

In days of despair and disillusion
And of sickness and of sore
God gave to us a happy solution
That comes every year to knock on our door
Easter is the happiest time of spring

As Jesus Christ our Saviour Lord
Rose up to give us hope
Let us think in this time
Of greatest memories
Accompanying us now through our life's miseries

Be they cruel or kind
Or vague or clear
Let us enjoy the nonetheless
Be they with families or with our friends
They are, as we know, a good alleviator of stress

And so we wait until it's over
This our great hour of despair
What will not kill us will make us stronger
Our race, a powerful Citadel
Ever besieged but always the victor

Name: Kacper Pilarek

Age: 18

Year: 6th Year

School: Waterpark College





4th YEAR to 6th YEAR POETRY



IF I HAD A WISH

Have you ever sat and wondered what
would happen if you had a wish.
Would you wish to become a millionaire?
or bring back the family pet?

Or maybe to have a time machine which
would bring you back to the past or the future?

Or maybe to stay healthy until the day
You die?
Or live forever and never die?

Or maybe to live in a mansion with the
most luxurious items inside?

You might wish for no more bills to pay
If I had a wish....
I would wish to stop world hunger
forever more.

Name: Sean Furlong

Age: 17

Year: 6th Year

School: Ramsgrange Community College

