



JUGIONG  
WRITERS' FESTIVAL

**Jugiong Writers' Festival**

**Sunday,**

**Autumn Sunday**

**POETRY  
WINNERS**

*24th March 2019*

## POETRY WINNERS 2019

<b>Primary School</b> <i>Winner</i>	<b>Kindergarten to Year 2</b> <b>I might be a Fairy soon by Lucy Hogarth</b> <i>Inglewood, Western Australia</i>
<b>Primary School</b> <i>Winner</i>	<b>Years 3 to 6</b> <b>Dare to Dream—Down the Track by Sarah Scott</b> <i>Gundagai</i>
<b>Secondary School</b> <i>Winner</i>	<b>Years 7 to 9</b> <b>Down the Track into the Woods by Chelcea Robertson</b> <i>Jugiong</i>
<b>ADULT - Local</b> <i>Winner</i>	<b>Eros by Jim Main</b> <i>Cootamundra</i>
<b>ADULT - Open</b> <i>Winner</i>	<b>Walking Backwards by Rosemary Cann</b> <i>Hobart</i>

## CHAMPION POEM *(chosen from the above 5 categories)*

**Eros by Jim Main**

## Winner Kindergarten to Year 2

### **I MIGHT BE A FAIRY SOON**

*by Lucy Hogarth*

Dreams go down the track with me  
Me, me and me with me  
I am floating around.  
With me  
It's my friends. My friends are fairies.  
Who glow up with light.  
The fairies are shining all day and all night.  
I might be a fairy soon. I might be a fairy soon.

## Winner Years 3 to 6

### **DARE TO DREAM - DOWN THE TRACK**

*by Sarah Scott*

The future of my music as I dare to dream,  
in my heart and in my soul as it may seem.

As I hear the music steaming into one,  
the song has nearly just begun.

Being in a band is like a music land.  
That is the future for me and that what I can see.

As I hear the cheer of the crowd near.  
Echoing then fading slowly.  
I hear the beat of my heart  
thup ... thup... thup... thup.  
1,2,3,4.. 1,2,3,4. 'La la da de do'  
the song begins. The magic starts...

As it ends stares  
of wide-eyed people clapping in astoundment  
'Beautiful, encore!'

Would that be me?  
Down the track as I dare to dream that may seem.  
In the spotlight shining brightly like a star.  
Running through my veins and in my blood.  
Music I love sincerely and very dearly.

Learning the flute, notes are memorised  
and pushed into my brain.  
All the notes I learn are mixed together to make one...

Music in the air.

## WINNER YEARS 7 TO 9

### **Down the Track into the Woods**

*by Chelcea Robertson*

It was a late winters night in November  
It was cold and dark, it was a night I would always remember.  
It was misty and my target was right ahead.  
Don't go out late into the dark  
You'll find things that break your heart.  
But I didn't listen to her warn  
And I left my home, nice and warm.  
So, I headed down the track.

The trees were wicked and cruel  
Then I heard a growl and drool  
My pace quickened and so did my heart  
'Now' I thought 'the beast and I were miles apart.'

With a beast a food, there was no-where to run  
So, I was stuck in the forest till morning sun  
So, I sat by a tree and thought for a second  
And remembered my grandma beckoned  
Don't go out late into the dark  
You'll find things that break your heart  
Why oh why did I leave my house, nice and warm  
Why didn't I listen to her warn?

I was lost in the forest at midnight  
And I wished I had my knight with me  
But he was off in Brighton serving the queen  
Then my whole body tightened as I felt a drip on my head.  
Then I turned to see its face  
But there's not much to say  
Its face was wicked and cruel like the trees  
Its complexion like a winter breeze.

To be continued....

## WINNER ADULT OPEN

### **Walking Backwards**

*by Rosemary Cann*

Down the track is a place with two faces,  
a beguiler, a terror, she leaves my heart racing,  
ambition and inhibition, two sides on the flip,  
an ache in my gut, a fire in my lip.

I am hungry.

I am starved... but already full, brimming with anxiety until my guts spill.  
I'll stay in bed all day, devoid of imagination,  
or else uncontrollably daydreaming, a wild fascination,

an unending itch.

So why this stitch in my side, metres wide and all the time consuming.

I wake up running, I go to bed still;  
the water of my courage weak as the flow of my will.

I write lists of things to worry about, and spend all day watching,  
as time marches on and I,  
slowly rotting.

One day I'll be dust, all this paper recycled,  
the streets that I've walked on boiled down into treacle  
and who will laugh?

Not I, nor my lover, to think of how much time  
I suffocated under the covers,  
so I'm planting more seeds, I'm tilling the earth,  
I'm moderating my speed and my breathing and my worth,  
and I'm learning, slowly, that each step, although small,  
is in the right direction; work forward, walk tall.

Annie has a tattoo on her toe of an arrow,  
to remind her which way she's going.  
I'll follow the same rule and congratulate myself,  
just as long as I'm learning, accepting and growing.

I'll be seeing you soon, down the track...  
(and I won't be walking backwards.)

**WINNER ADULT LOCAL**

and

**CHAMPION POEM**

**EROS**

*by Jim Main*

From October until April, Sun ravaged Soil  
In his arrogant selfish way,  
Leaving her at summer's end  
Exhausted and spent;  
Her clothing in tatters and dust,  
Her dependents in hunger and thirst.

Then Rain crept in one night in April and stayed  
For two days and two nights,  
Slowly impregnating Soil  
With two inches of his love;  
Then went away, leaving her lying quietly  
And feeling new life stirring inside her.

**A professional writer**  
is an amateur who  
**DIDN'T** quit.

- Richard Bach