

MARY KENYON POETRY PRIZE 2025 - WINNERS YEARS 7-9

us and the universe

By : Grace, Year 8

heartstrings pulled, the fibres of the universe vibrating and the
shock in your bones, that pang of a feeling exploding in your chest when
time collapses in on itself, and you somehow know that
we've been here before.
when we all return to the stars, for we are the stars
when they couldn't hold their shape-
burst apart, into a dazzling cascade of light and colour.
that tangible, yet indescribable pull – the shimmering stitches of our souls, we're woven
into
the eternal tapestry, into the fabric of time, and a thousand years ago we lay staring at
the stars,
and a thousand years later we lie gazing up at them now,
our hearts beating in time under the endless sky.
can you see them – those thin connecting threads?
or hear that rumbling silence – it's strong – strong enough to shake the world.
you can't name it, you can't quite wrap your head around it,
but it shocks your bones – that pull of a feeling when
time
collapses
in on
itself
and you know that we are always here, here with everyone now, and here with everyone
before.



**MARY KENYON
POETRY PRIZE 2025 -
WINNERS
YEARS 10-11**

los subibajas rosa
the pink seesaws
(a poem about the seesaws at the US/Mexican border)
By : Sarah, Year 10

They said the ones past The Wall were evil.
They said they'd steal, or worse - they were different.
That no one laughs, or cries, or dreams out there.
That even light avoids their twisted sky.

I used to peek through slits too thin to see,
imagining their teeth, their hungry eyes.
But now I sit, atop the metal seat,
and feel the jolt- my body lifted high.

She's small like me. She wears a yellow shirt.
Her shoes are pink. She smiles when I come down.
We do not speak, yet still she waits for me,
and when I push, she rises like the sun.

They lied. Her laugh is loud. Her hands are warm.
She could be me, and born there I'd be her.



MARY KENYON POETRY PRIZE 2025 - WINNERS

YEARS 10-11

Home, after June.

By : Darryl, Year 10

I do not know who you are,
but I am certain we have something in common.
Scrubbing eyeshadow off your face,
wishing you took your car —
a visible societal strawman;
we are both leaving the same place.
I do not know who you are,
but there is something deeply intimate
about holding a flag together.
You cover your outfit — it's not dissimilar
from the large coat I wear to seem legitimate.
We are both sat on different seats of pleather.
I do not know who you are,
but in this moment, I do not need to;
you're wearing a sticker that says 'ask my pronouns'.
I smile at you, it's a little bizarre,
that earlier we were waiting in the same queue,
yet we are both from different towns.
I do not know who you are,
But I am certain we have the same scars.

