

School of English

Seasonal Poetry Competition Anthology 2023

The Believer

You imagine me.
But who am I?
You're told I'm real.
That you must write to me with your wildest wishes.
But where does your letter go?
If I'm not real.
And what of your wishes?
Do I make the magic? Or do you?

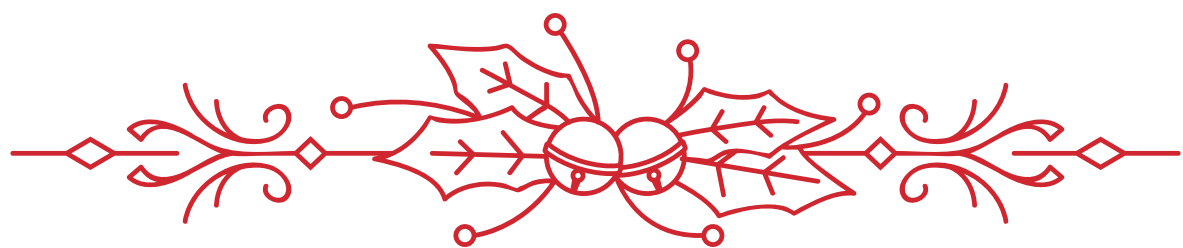
by Rebecca Dey
PGT Applied English

Skeleton of ice

an infinity of infinitesimal skeletal fingers
laced together in icy lattice
surfs briskly over the windy oceans,
spews jets of foamy chill which titillate
every nerve ending in my own — still paler — skin
each stab of shiver embalming with blanche shroud,
tracing my motionless silhouette
— cold, cold as death.

by Hannah Quenby

Y₁ BA Hons English



Our first snowfall.

I watched as the snowflake fell softly on the tip of
your nose.
You pulled me out of bed, I'm still in my nightclothes.
'It's starting to snow!' you proclaimed in glee.
I clung to your hand as you ran to our favourite apple
tree.
We stared at the falling flakes of snow
and stood in this evening's dew.
You turned to me and said, 'I love you.'
I think I love you too.

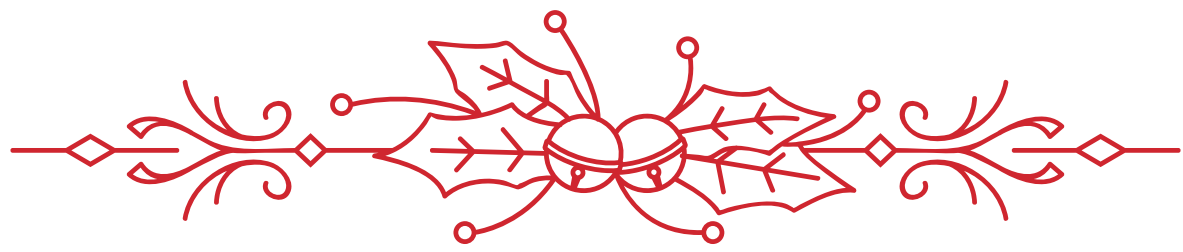
by Aneeqa Gruber

Y₂ BA Hons English

Snow in Carlisle

When the train was stuck in Carlisle,
trapped in the thick, heavy snow,
you turned and asked me a question
but you already knew the answer was 'no.'
When the snowflakes danced on the windows
and the steam struggled to melt the ice,
I realised then that I just cannot love you –
I have to do better than 'nice.'

by Oliver Greenall
PGT MA English Literature



When your snow falling down

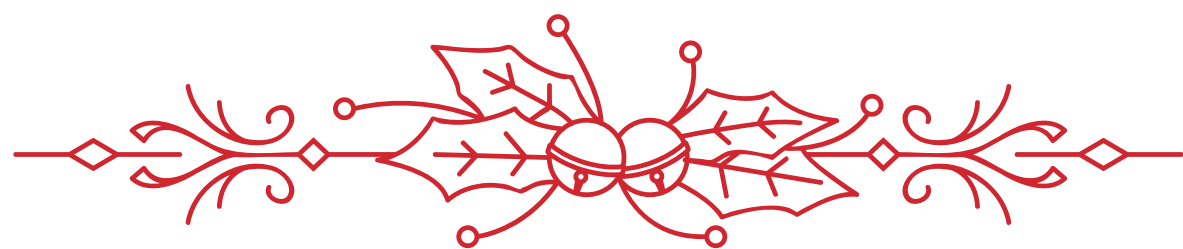
Last year, you took a video
of the first snow outside your window.
I watched them whirl, drizzle—
the flakes made of digital.
Tonight, I stand here.
Your snow finally falling on my shoulder,
through the screen and year,
on me crystalizing into a winter.

by Dai Lingfan - Raven
2+2 BA Hons English Language and Literature

It freezes

It freezes. The white fleece of a snow-covered forest
layers with feathery forms in a gathering hoar-frost,
an intricate lace of dendritic crystals
fast branching in the luminous light.
I am encircled. The long wintry chill tingles, stings,
then bites my aching bones like a starved wolf.
Yet still I live, my determined stride pacing forwards,
since if I linger, will I become one with the ice?

by Kathryn Bullen
PGR Student



What Snow is like

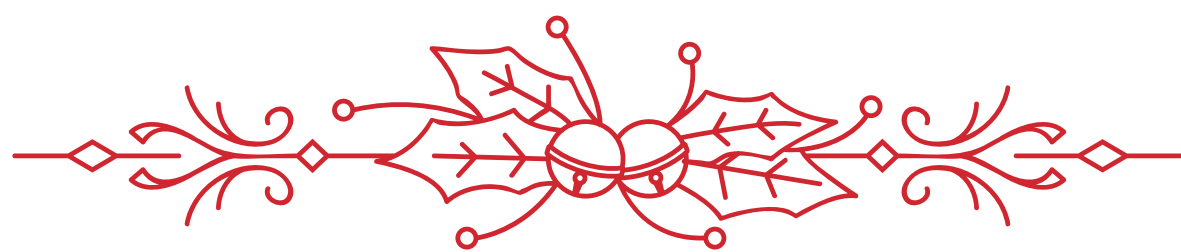
The first time you saw snow fall
I wanted you to understand
The suspended dance
Of freezing flakes in the yellow street-light
To see how time slows
Like an inhale
And know one thing that still excites me –
What snow is like

by Faye Griffiths
PGT Applied English

Dusted Figurines

On the edge of my fingernail
landed. A universe
caught from a blizzard of falling stars
A flake, framing deep, crystalline woodlands
Born of an undiscovered ocean depth
Encased, a frosted globe
Worlds repeating inside other worlds
Then dissolving, to be reimagined

by Katherine Wadsworth
PGR Student



A Cynical Christmas

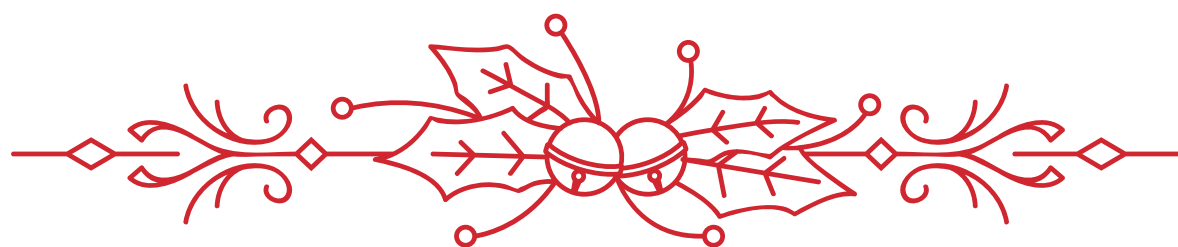
The old vellum scroll unrolled once again,
Neither ink nor lead traced lunellum scraped skin,
The child wants nothing, shown here on their list,
Is that contentment writ large over Rubenesque face?
A tulpa of Santa emanates, recalling Diogenes,
Gloved hands holding parchment in the sepia room,
The chimney intact, but the fourth wall is broken,
Turns to us to say; "my list too, is as blank as the
snow."

by Matt Hall
PGR Student

Wonderment

Complex beauty thawed in a search
for naming through metaphor or simile.
Like frozen trees, a building site? Each, with
its own detailed and deliberate awe. We compare,
to the limits of our own imagining. There are
people,
who have never seen a snowflake, and even I
cannot look
at one as close as this. How could I? Irreducible.
Uniqueness. This crystal of snow.

by Catherine Symes
PGT- MA Creative Writing



To Sleep

Shards of ice sting your fingers numb,
Dumbly pressing down on earth.
The concrete of your face freezing
As you listen to the groaning of trees,
As white stars harden above you.
Being slowly shot cold
In winter's lonely air

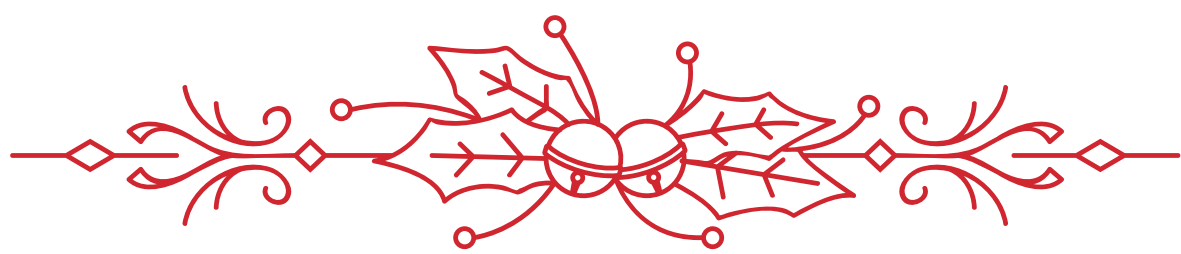
by Hannah Cox
BA English Y2

Crystals

Imagine a single bright crystal. A baby.
All pointy perfect little arms and legs.
Unique to its mother, father, family;
but from a distance all those crystals appear
abstract patterns, relentless drifts.

Imagine a baby, shining in Palestine.
Is it a single bright crystal? Loved, worshipped
even?
Or part of a drift of snow, to be swept away?

by Nicola Grace
PGR Student



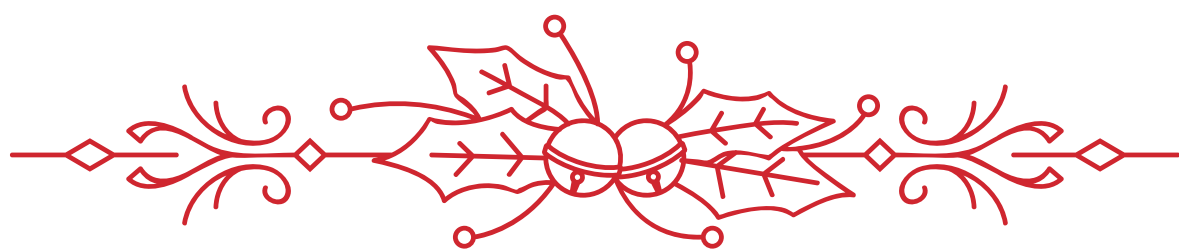
Our winter wonder

From dust I'll make you a crystal of ice;
some icy-cold air is all that I ask.
The real task is splitting every slice:
precise twins that glitter in diamond masks
while they bask in the gentle winter light.
What a sight! you say, with your face aglow
and I know that there is no better sight
than your delight at my wintery show.

by Nicole Whitton
PGT Applied English

A frozen heart

sparkling ornaments from the wild sky
frosty bark, under the dim moonlight – sturdy
how I miss the warmth of your arms – the kiss
of the snow as it blankets the road geniality
dressed in stark white with little trees cheering
it's the time when every place lights – a song of
happiness
for once I shall too – sing, believe, hope
dancing merrily, to see your frozen smile warm our
home



by Shrishti Gupta
PGT MA Creative Writing

When a snowflake cries

I dive graciously from my heavenly home in the
clouds
I fall so visibly with no weight, I am silently aloud.
I descend witnessing the ascension of the greatest
star
From the heavens to the earth, I travel afar
But each child's smile is worth my collapse
Angels covered in fur, on heaven's dust create maps
I am imbued in earth's beauty but time does elapse.
But will nature last? I am focused on perhaps
Will there be more smiles? Will creation's joyful runs
relapse? When it widens- Atmosphere's gaps...

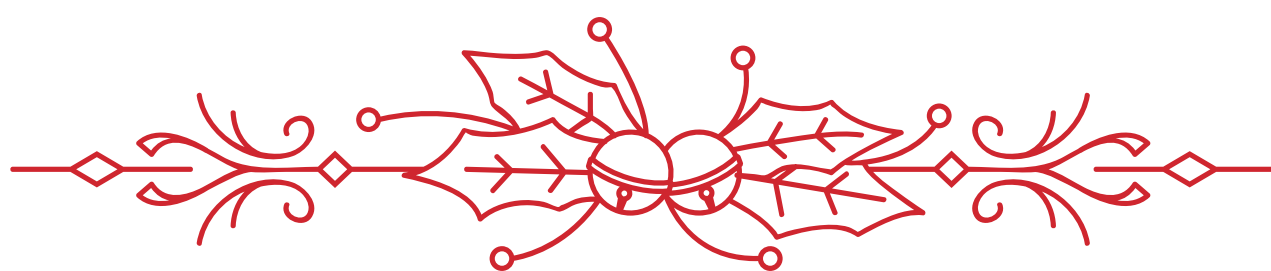
by Sanaa Dal
Y1 BA Hons English

Christmas day flies by

Leaping and bounding and chasing
Underneath the rising sun
Strong tails brushing through crunchy snow
All focused on having fun
These mighty beasts once designed to hunt
Delight in watching the sky
Wolves dancing amongst the snowflakes
As Christmas day flies by

by Elizabeth Darcy

Y₂ BA Hons Mod Lang with Business



Ghost of Christmas Past

Counting the sleeps since November
Cookie-cutter Christmas in a gingerbread house
Still as magical as I remember
Sneaking out of bed like a stirring mouse
Your frozen heart is no match for the snow
So it's not a snowball, but a welcome I throw
Because the fire is roaring and I need you to know
As long as I'm here, you have somewhere to go

by Holly Patrickson

Y₁ BA Hons with creative writing