



**WRITE
AROUND
THE 2024
MURRAY**

Barry Young River of Stories

2024

Primary Poetry Winners



Years 3 - 4 Winner

Name: Eloise Rogers

School: Scots School

Poem: Potions

A cloud of colours swirls inside a cauldron.
Pink, purple, blue and yellow like a misty rainbow,
Start to overflow the silver pot creating a fog.
Making it hard to see the rest of this mysterious room,
A room that I was hiding in watching the wizard perform.
The mist suddenly becomes clear, the fog has lifted.
Replaced by a smell that's sweet and spicy like cinnamon and
vanilla.
The wizard starts to move his hands quickly, looking deeply into
the pot.
He sees something, he is smiling and showing his crooked teeth.
Perhaps it is a memory that brings him joy, like a being with his
family.

His left brow and hands start to shake, like he is cold and
struggling for warmth.
He suddenly appears unsettled, he is worried, something is not
right.
A new cloud of colours starts to appear,
Grey, green and black, a different fog starts to swirl.
It is as thick and heavy as an old tree lying in a forest.
The sweet smell replaced with a feeling of sadness,
As the fog becomes thicker the wizard's hands start to slow.
It is hard to see what he is trying to do.

I hold my breath- I am feeling regretful for sneaking into this room.
I was always intrigued by the big house at the end of my street.
It's where the wizard has always lived.
A house as old as time, painted dark purple,
With a rusted iron front fence,
And a garden that appears to be drowning in vines and weeds.
Windows looking tired and forgotten.
Cobwebs in every corner, creating a sense of neglect.
The backdoor is slightly ajar, as a reminder that life still exists.
That's where I entered, as quiet as a mouse.
POP! A sound like a firework explodes above his head.
New colours of mist appear from the pot, red and orange.
The wizard's face starts to change.
The sadness has lifted like a new season has begun.
He looks peaceful and relaxed as his shoulders drop.
Suddenly, at the door a visitor appears.
The person looks surprised.
The mist starts to fade like the smell of fresh flowers.
The wizard embraces the visitor like a long-lost friend.
They both smile with tears in their eyes.
It appears the magic has worked,
The wizard has got what he wanted.
His loneliness now gone.
Replaced by happiness and laughter.
Beep Beep Beep the sound of my alarm clock startles me.
I feel confused like a lion in a zoo, that is no longer in the wild.
Was it all a dream? It felt so real.
I go to my window for a reality check.
It is early morning the sun is up, and the sky is clear.
I see two people walking on the street below
They look like old friends in deep conversation.
It looks like the wizard and his visitor.
The magic WAS real.
The potions DID work
The loneliness cured.

Years 3 - 4 Runners up

Name: Imogen Emmett

School: Trinity Anglican College

Poem: Magic Sunsets

Once upon a time there was a sunset so fine
Over the sandy beaches where the waves would shine
With colours of gold, pink, yellow and red
It painted the sky, with a magic like spread
The sand was warm, and the air was light
As the sun dipped down, into the evenings delight
The birds flew by, singing with cheer
As the magic of the sunset, makes me grin from ear to ear

The stars begin to twinkle, like diamonds so bright
As the world is drowned in the magic of the night
The beach is quiet, with only the sound
Of the large, cold, waves crashing, on the super sandy ground
The magic of the sunset stretches all over the sky
The world is filled with a sense of wonder, as the night begins to
fly

Years 3 - 4 Runners up

Name: Nova E. Mooney

School: Myrtleford P-12 College

Poem: Element

In a land of fire where shadows fall,
Hot lava flows down, through rocky halls.
With a glowing heart and a bright red gleam,
It runs like a river in a fiery dream.
Now earth's magic glow is gone, it feels so alone,
In a world of stone, it waits on its own.
Hoping for the night when they'll meet again,
Lava waits in silence, missing its best friend.

Air moves around, so light and free,
It shifts and sways, around you and me.
With whispers soft and breezes light,
It dances day and night.
A secret magic Ocean blue,
Reflecting back a sky so true.
With waves that sparkle in the sun,
Together they are always one.

Earth has kids that roam it free,
each one's different, just like me.
Mountains high and valleys low,
Forests where the flowers grow.
Oceans wide and deserts hot,
Animals hiding in every spot.
River's twist and skies so blue,
everywhere you look, something new.
But they're all the same in their own way,
Part of Earth, where they play.
Connected by the magic land they share,
in a world, beyond compare.

Years 5 - 6 Winner

Name: Scarlett Cheng

School: Trinity Anglican College

Poem: Magic Madness

In the deepest woods where shadows creep,
Where whispers dance and spirits sleep,
There lies a secret, ancient and wise,
In the magic of the starlit skies.

Beneath the moon's enchanting light,
Where dreams take flight in the silent night,
The trees they sigh with ancient lore,
As secrets whisper, forevermore.

Oh, magic blooms in every glade,
Where faeries weave in twilight's shade,
Their laughter tinkles like silver bells,
In hidden realms where magic dwells.

But beware, dear traveler bold,
For magic's touch is strong and old,
It binds your heart with mystic ties,
In the realm where starlight lies.

So heed the call of the wild unknown,
Where magic's seeds are gently sown,
And let your spirit wander free,
In realms of possibility.

Years 5 - 6 Runners up

Name: Alice Ferguson

School: Barnawartha Primary School

Poem: The Magic Shines within everyone

Azure lights soared overhead; diamonds of dew adorned the spider's webs.

Celeste lay in a zone of tranquillity among the deceitful moths. Greens and reds emerged from the stars as a soft breeze brushed her skin.

Her long, flowing hair rose with the magic aura flowing in rhythm with the beams of colour.

Dull moths became the light they saw, illuminating the trees with a soft glow. Celeste felt the tingle of magic within. She stood up and came to her senses as she fell into the hands of power with a flame in her heart. Orbs of strength rose from her palms, blooming the vast field with a rainbow of blossoms. Magic shone within.

Calls of the night sang a tune of life as Celeste pondered this event. Contemplation was on her mind; no soul was told about the power of the lightshow. Everyone rest in harmony, to them, everything was no different. A moment in history passed by before their resting eyes. But under the blanket of the universe, Magic shone within.

Celeste stroked a falcon as it perched in a loyal embrace. The life of night was like no other, life was not the same. Humans slept within their simple quarters and the wildlife emerged from the forest. Bats shrieked in the light of the moon as the rest of life was silent. Celeste felt like one-of-a-kind in this wonderful world. Diamonds upon her hand reflected the magic amongst the world with pride. Inside the towering oak, bees resided peacefully.

A silk flowing dress danced with the frigid air and wove to the smiling moon. Delicate heels gently kissed the ground and roses bloomed with life. Such strength in a perfect balance with a delicate life. Celeste had a new life. Leaves dappled with orange and red went where the wind desired.

Gracefully riding amongst the streetlights, a barrier of life between the smog. Celeste felt at home within a tree, where life began itself. From the aroura the world was grey and lifeless. But amongst the Milky Way, magic shone within. Canes and asphalt, bowlers and apartments, the life of the civilisation below. Celeste had a place of her own, her location completely unknown.

Two feet on the ground, her head in the clouds, owls soared by her heart. In the presence of the aroura, magic shone within. Love fluttered in the form of a delicate fowl; cats called the alleyways home. The life of the city was exactly the same, busy as ants below. Murmurs of sorrow and frail souls kept the boredom alive.

Celeste was different, yet she hid it away, she didn't want a crowd in awe of her power. As the sun delicately rose, Celeste lay within the field. Flowers moped and the magic hid away from the sun's haze. Nobody suspected a thing and life was dull, yet Celeste felt something new.

When the light revealed its rainbow, Magic shone within.

Years 5 - 6 Runners up

Name: Henry Talbot

School: Home Educated

Poem: The Magic of the High Country

The sunrise sifting through the trees lands upon the creek,
A herd of brumbies stands below covered by the mist.
The big black stallion paws the ground making the river rocks
fly.
His mares are drinking from the creek with a few foals standing
by.
The sound of the hills filters through the air,
The occasional bird flies high.
The sound of a stag's roar fills the valley causing the foals to
jump in fright.
At last the stallion rounds up his band turning to cross the
creek.
His mares follow and splash through with their foals at their
side.
Up the fern covered rise they go soon disappearing out of sight.