

Creative Writing: Poetry

SECOND PLACE:

Out my way

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Friday, end of the day, all I want to do
is do my physics and go home but you're all
Oh miss I'm too hot,
Oh miss I'm too cold,
Oh My God.

Not saying I'm perfect but
you just have to stop.
Stop moaning
Stop complaining
Stop feeling sorry for yourself because
the only way you're gonna get good grades is
if you prepared to work for them
like everyone else.

You just go on and on and on
like seriously
you cause
more drama than a series of Eastenders.

So I'm telling you right now
Get out my way
cos this is where I'm going

Suburban five bed family home, no pool, just
a big back garden
just so I can play family games and stuff
Monopoly
Football
Have parties for my kids, all three, they're 12, 13 and 3.
The little one's called Max,
The oldest boy, the twelve year old, Joseph
And the girl, Nicole. She's got brown hair, longish,
my brown eyes and her own small nose. She's like 5'9 and
she always wears a hairband,
red, a present from her mum when she was ten.
Judith, we met in England when she came for college, then we met again.
She likes camping, like me, and she works in the music
industry, songwriter and a bit of a singer.

We're watching a movie, the kids are playing somewhere, I'm making a stir fry.
Chicken and herbs and I'm happy.

That's where I'm going so
Get out my way.