



Poetry Competition 2019 'Joy'.

JUNIOR Category Troisième / Seconde

1st Prize	<i>Joy (I open the door)</i>	Ms Emma Gu, Cité Scolaire Internationale, Lyon.
2nd Prize	<i>From the obscurity of the tunnel</i>	Ms Alice Oughourlian, Lycée Français Charles de Gaulle, London.
3rd Prize.	<i>Travelling by Night</i>	Ms Salomé Manach, Lycée International Montebello, Lille
4th Prize.	<i>The life behind the mask</i>	Ms Vy-Lan Parkin, EIB (Ecole Internationale Bilingue) Etoile, Paris
Finalist.	<i>Passed Joy</i>	Ms Mélisande Campbell, Lycée Franco-Allemand de Buc
Finalist.	<i>Bubbles</i>	Ms Juliette Mounier, Lycée Franco-Allemand de Buc
Finalist	<i>Capture</i>	Ms Iris Franques, Lycée International de Saint Germain en Laye
Finalist.	<i>This Christmas</i>	Ms Rayan Joumblat, Lycée Charles de Gaulle, London.

SENIOR category Première / Terminale

1st Prize	<i>The Orchestra</i>	Mr Hermès Chandès, Lycée Auguste Renoir, Limoges
2nd Prize	<i>Hide and Seek</i>	Ms Erika Mikhailova, Lycée Victor et Hélène Basch, Rennes
3rd Prize	<i>Joy (a snow globe)</i>	Ms Lucie Gaidier, Lycée Victor et Hélène Basch, Rennes
4th Prize	<i>Inked Inside</i>	Ms Solène Richard, Lycée International Europole, Grenoble
Finalist.	<i>Joy or - Euphrosine and Eiron</i>	Ms Maria Achihaiti, Lycée International de Strasbourg.
Finalist.	<i>A Theory of Joy</i>	Mr. Gabriel Bosqui, Lycee Georges Duby, Aix
Finalist	<i>Line 143 to Liberty</i>	Ms Marie-Lou Vincent-Soucaret, Lycee Georges Duby, Aix

1st Prize Junior Joy (*I open the door to a small cry of glee*)
Ms Emma Gu, Troisième, Cité Scolaire Internationale, Lyon.

i open the door to a small cry of glee,
hurried steps on the floor by small clumsy feet,
a tiny embrace just above my blue knees,
he's my salvation, the hero I need.

through the coldness of ice,
and the sharpness of knives;
the crackle of bones,
and the sizzle of spice.

through thick and through thin,
through the bruising of skin;
i look in his eyes,
and I know how to win.

when he grips my forefinger with his sweaty palm,
his slim tender lips would start singing a song
of a world with no language, no right and no wrong,
he reminds me of peace, of quiet, of calm.

when I think of the wonder, the beauties of life,
i think about him, only he's in my sight;
yes, my little brother, to whom I do owe
the whole of my love and a part of my soul.

because no one can see, no, not even he,
times of which I do not like to speak;
where the only thought that pushed me to breathe,
was the thought of all things he'd face without me.

he is the pink to my canvas of black,
he is the needle that sews up my back;
he is the glue that holds me together,
to me he is home, to me he is shelter.

i hold him so close, so dear to my chest,
afraid to break him like I did the rest;
he's the last petal on my magic rose,
yet he's the most special; he does still grow.

he does still cry,
he does still bleed,
he does still live, laugh and breathe.

he is my boy, my baby boy.

and yes:
he is all of my joy.

2nd Prize Junior *From the obscurity of the tunnel*

Ms Alice Oughourlian, Troisième, Lycée Français Charles de Gaulle, London.

From the obscurity of the tunnel,
A bold blue train,
Blazing with boastful assurance,
Emerges into my trivial village

The roaring crescendo
Of the elegant steam engine
Incites my growing exhilaration
As I grasp my mother's rugged hand

Deserting our rusty tools,
We dash excitedly to the rails,
Awaiting, barefoot, with elation
The train's fleeting passage through our farm

I gaze with delight
As the intricate mechanism draws near,
Provoking a sudden burst of desire
Like an opening flower craves the light

This glimpse of adventure
Triggers a joyful surge of happiness,
Overwhelming my entire being
As a grin blooms across my face.

3rd Prize. Junior *Travelling by Night*

Ms Salomé Manach, Seconde, Lycée International Montebello, Lille

Travelling by night

Round and proud shines
The moon over the car
We're moving fast
Toward something
Forgotten in the night.

Music on a slow tune
And dark shapes: the trees
The only visible thing
Are the red numbers telling us time.

Tomorrow we'll be somewhere
Near the sea, or the mountains
But at the moment it's only the trees
The moon, the music, the hour
And the bubble of expectation
Sweetly expanding in the car and inside us.

Right now, we are nowhere
We are moving fast
Toward something
Forgotten in the night.

4th Prize Junior. *The Life behind the Mask*

Ms Vy-Lan Parkin, Seconde, EIB (Ecole Internationale Bilingue) Etoile, Paris

The life behind the mask

They say, she's the happiest person alive,
a sunflower in a gleaming meadow.

She danced to the rhythm of the winds, at the melody of the sea.

I *am* the most miserable person alive,
a corpse lying in her own shadow.
Caged in a bitter reality

Her laughs are loving and luminous
They shine away all your worry.

Whilst at night,
My tears fall endlessly
unleashing my inner-fury.

Her joyful personality illuminated the way.

It swayed to the left, then skipped back towards the right and finally strutted back
towards contentment.

A beacon of hope that guided us through the tragedy.

It was ironic
how I was their compass.
Since it seemed mine leads to insanity

When I do smile as dictated, as I drown in despair, they throw daggers saying "Smile
widely, be joyful, illuminate *my* path."
So I put the torturing mask back on once again.

SENIOR category Première / Terminale

1st Prize *The Orchestra*

Mr Hermès Chandès, Terminale, Lycée Auguste Renoir, Limoges

The orchestra

The foam of the waves stranded on the sand is sound. It comes
and leaves in harmony
beating the rhythm,
the heart,
filling the soul, with whales, waves
in a decrescendo
with the tide,
the Moon as a director, Debussy's inspiration.

Water and wilderness, flows in your head
goose bumps on your skin, a tsunami.

Shells in an orchestra
tears,
that violent violin tries to give you two
or a sea,
Joy ?

2nd Prize Senior. Hide and Seek

Ms Erika Mikhailova, Première, Lycée Victor et Hélène Basch, Rennes

Hide and Seek

One, even the air feels blessed, kissed by her,
Two, I'd rather not leave the air, this sweetest
Treat. Three.
and hide

But I must run away

Before her glory's verified,

Before she starts to look for me, before...Four.

I wait for her, it's dark, the heat
Goes from my burning cheeks onto the sheet

I want this great ordeal to end
Oh where are you my dear friend?

I'd hate to see her thrive with pride and yet I crave for her to arrive. Five. I hear her steps

God, she is near!

She smiles at me,

I lose all fear

My role – to hide; and hers – to seek

Here lust and patience play together, so to speak

Our kiss is deep, her knees get weak

The game reaches its peak

Her turn to hide and mine to seek

Oh what a heaven! What a cheerful game!

I'll seek her heart, my heart is here to blame

3rd Prize Joy ('*There it is on your shelf, a snow globe*')

Ms Lucie Gaidier, Terminale, Lycée Victor et Hélène Basch, Rennes

There it is,
on your shelf, a snow globe –
or maybe – it is a moment frozen in time
and space or something else. Fragile and safe,
you are watching the mysterious sphere that is made of
glass, or rather, the landscape trapped inside it. Glitter and
snow and white particles falling. The thing is observed
by your curious eyes – a witness – but in a moment the sight
departs. Cursed rain! The vision melts away in your shattered
brain! She smiled at you and from your heart escaped –
a memory – or maybe – a snow flake. There it is, the sacred
winter, under the transparent dome. It is easy to catch
sight of it. Once again, from her warm
breath escapes – a cloud, something
blissful – something like
a Miracle

4th Prize *Inked Inside*

Ms Solène Richard, Terminale, Lycée International Europole, Grenoble

Inked Inside

Tattooed on her wrist the three-letter-word
Made from a silvery hope, inked under the skin

Fiery, deep within - as silent as a bird
As raw as a ripe raspberry, red with

Pain.

Day by day she felt the poison inked in
A plain agony, absolute torment
Of a conceptual word, which would prevent

Her to reach it, to grab it, to feel JOY,
Ecstasy.

This would be her plight, never reaching it:
This moment of glee, a dizzy delight,
Absent from this earth, present in no light
Only visible, in the rare moonlight,
The one only angel perceive...

In a black messy handwriting, it
Stands before her, as tender as ever
Her dream, her only. flopped endeavor,
Severe isn't it? For she will not
Endure joy.