

SENIOR category (Première / Terminale) 1st Prize

Freshly cut grass, Kim Hardonnière, Lycée Camille Sée, Paris

The jade jungle of New Zealand.
Kiwi trekking, Kea soaring, Taniwha in the bay
Their scales emerald, shimmering.

Purest, direct, omnipresent light.
Through the damp, dripping leaves, the light
Moving, vibrating at λ 545.

Sunlight, warmth, the wind, for once, absent,
Taniwha swimming, through the seaweed, to the surface,

Spinning...
Stopping.
Pulled back, tugged by fluorescent nets
To the bottom.
A ghoulish graveyard.
Jellyfish-like bags
Ascend. Higher.

More. Growth. Growth. Growth. More. New. New. New. More.

Iridescent leaves gone, replaced by greed scented money. Crushing.
Spreading.
Corrupting.
Infecting.
Jealous, envious, green eyes wide, perpetually famished.
Exponentially expanding.
It must. Money doesn't grow on trees.

A macbook open, hand fiercely typing.
A pistachio cup of tea, peppermint steam frozen on the window.
Green eyes brimming with hope,
Sending a message, a lonely bottle,
To save
Kiwi, Kea, Taniwha,
The jade jungle,
Slick seaweed.
She writes because
Trees don't grow on money.

SENIOR category (Première / Terminale) 2nd Prize

Always Greener, Chloé Turcan, Lycée Français Jean-Monnet, Brussels

Always Greener

Green as grass, certainly,
As a prince, a witch, an egg;
Green as limes, lizards, lettuce.

Green as rights and wrongs
Trawling across oceans of blue ink,
Fishing out seaweed and old boots.

Green as a crumpled shamrock
With an extra leaf pinned to its side,
Dubious bearer of good fortune.

Green as the tinted memory
Of sea glass, of eager eyes
Sifting the sand for stars.

Green as the potted plant
Across from me, blurry
From the bathroom floor.

Green as splintered lightning
Painting the misty treeline
Mint against my eyelids.

Green as her eyes in the sunlight;
Allegedly, that is – I've never dared to look.

SENIOR category (Première / Terminale) Joint 3rd Prize

Walking, Leni Meyer, Lycée International Montebello, Lille

Walking

I'm walking

Through the pitch black street

Everything is dark except the corner of grass under the street light

A train is passing by

I'm running late

One-two one-two

It is already 6:48

The traffic lights turn green and the shadows start moving

Everybody is rushing

Looking like running corpses

They have pale dead skin and emotionless faces but their motions are at faster paces

Faster. Faster. I-get-in.

Out blinded by the lime light

It is flickering

You are flickering

I follow the fern arrows on the floor

Quick

Past the exit sign

Stop

Breathe

I see the green of your eyes in my dark mind

It's everywhere

Mesmerising

Suffocating

SENIOR category (Première / Terminale) Joint 3rd Prize

Our Green Dream, Yona Benyamin, Lycée Georges Duby, Aix

Our Green Dream

The tinkling of a cow,

The sizzling of a hummingbird,

The mouthwatering smell of your grandma's pie on the window

The perfect blue sky clean of carbon dioxide

The vast garden smelling of flowers and vegetables,

The rooster singing in the distance ready to start the day

Until the sun rising

When the tinkling turns into car horns

Where sizzling comes from the air conditioning trying to cool the sweat Bathed

in the smell of the homeless man's far too many beers on the sidewalk Looking

up to a the sea of billboards and bricks

Opening the shutters to a maze of concrete

Hearing in the distance the voice

Of what could have been our green dream walking away from us.

JUNIOR Category (Troisième / Seconde) 1st Prize

Far Away, Pierre Gaudy, Lycée Georges Duby, Aix

Far away from the busy cities and the darkened skies,
Out of reach of the oppressive society and a certain demise,
Lies a promising land of natural splendours,
Separated and secluded from restless endeavours.

Through a complex web of highways
That unwinds to a toll free of charge on Sundays,
And opens up on a one-way rural road,
Unveiling a tranquil path seldom followed.

Down the green valleys, across the green lake,
You'll see the Green village in its traditional state,
Across the green chapel with its moss-covered steeple,
Stands the village square and all of its people.

There is a special place, where kisses can last,
A green-eyed couple lie on a carpet of grass,
Swapping saliva and kisses by the green oak tree,
A sad teen, watches with green eyes, enviously.

On the cliff tops overlooking the green sea,
Sits the ivy green tombstone of Old Mary,
Beautiful and wise she was, held in high esteem,
I believe she herself was fond of the colour green.

JUNIOR Category (Troisième / Seconde) 2nd Prize

Green, Phillip Kerr, Lycée Français Jean-Monnet, Brussels

Green

Sprawl on the green.
The air fills your lungs,
Not a weed in sight.

The grass is warm:
It stands upright and perfect,
And reflects the summer sun.

No spiders or bugs scare you,
They've left enough scars.
Your rosy cheeks turn red
As you roll around in glee.

You could spend days in the garden.
Running around barefoot on the hot grass,
Never hurting yourself,
A bubble of ignorance and bliss.

A laugh bursts from your mouth
As you spot a plane soaring over the fields
And you are watered with growth.

Close your burning eyes and
Empty your lungs as you
Sprawl on the green.

JUNIOR Category (Troisième / Seconde) Joint 3rd Prize.

She Will Prevail, Mia Bourgeois, Lycée International Charles de Gaulle,
Dijon

She will prevail
When the last tree has fallen
And the rivers are poisoned
Once the oceans are empty
Once we have proven ourselves unworthy
Once we have disrespected her
One last time
Mother Nature will take back
What is hers
Like a fierce Amazon
She will flood, burn and storm
The winds will rage and the seas will, too
Unrelentingly
Until not a single one of us is left.
Then, and only then,
Will the waters recede.
And she will take a deep breath
Just like a tree springing back to life
After a long harsh winter.
She will heal and bloom,
Thrive and flourish,
Fern over concrete and moss over steel
Whether we want it or not
She will prevail.

JUNIOR Category (Troisième / Seconde) 3rd Prize.

Six Shades of Green, Gloria Galinon, Collège Jeanne d'Arc, Clermont-Ferrand

Stagnant puddles and steaming cigars,
On a greyish cobblestone
Under a blurred sky

Putrid green.

Where the hunchbacked hills are
Drowsy giants, and under the sun
Mauve fades from the tuft of heather nearby

Castleton green.

In the twilight hours,
Sky reverberates and street lights
Brighten the dimmest silhouettes

Midnight green.

Under the corollas of indolent flowers
Gleaming stems wave and sigh
And dazzling clouds illuminate

Grass green

Death flies thick and fast
Above the ravaged corpses
And ashes

Army green

The snake slipped and sneaked and slithered
And sidled and skulked
Its scales speckled with sepia and

Reptile green