

## **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  $\lambda$  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

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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

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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