

## Robert Burns Poetry Competition Winners – Youth Category

### First Place Winner

#### *The Bard Of Ayrshire*

By Jolyon Bishop, Karori, Wellington

The most famous poet Scotland shall see,  
The Bard Of Ayrshire they do call me.  
My life is set, alas I am in heaven,  
All to end at the age of 37.

Crowned a Freemason by the queen herself,  
All of my work on everyone's shelf.  
A hero to everybody from here to Devon,  
All to end at the age of 37.

The toil and pain of life on the farm,  
Shaped my youth and ambitious arm.  
I knew what I would become since wee seven,  
All to end at the age of 37.

After drinking too much and losing my might,  
the doctors could see my end in sight.  
Isn't it funny as I ascend into heaven,  
My son is born as I die age 37.

## Second Place Winner

Robert Burns' poetry often addressed things that were 'normal' in life, for example: 'Address to a Haggis', 'Address to a Beelzebub' and 'To a Mouse'. These works inspire this poem.

### **To the Moon**

By E Wen Wong, Avonhead, Christchurch

Daylight's last inkling settles into darkness,  
You peek out from your home in the shadows,  
Contrasting the monochrome dark sky,  
Your face: the colour of pure snow.

To the moon of many shapes,  
Distinct patterns, an artist's shade;  
To the moon who sails the universe,  
Projecting rings of light, which gradually fade.

To the moon lighting the way to the wolves' midnight calls,  
Attracting them like moths to light;  
To the moon the single eye against the freckles (the stars),  
A story imprinted into the night.

To the moon, I ask, must you be nocturnal?  
Why is it that, you cannot stay?  
Why, when the sun, shows its face,

Do you sink somewhere far away?

Daylight's last inkling settles into darkness,

You peek out from your home in the shadows.

Contrasting the monochrome dark sky,

Your face: the colour of pure snow.

Third Place Winner

Sin

by Chloe Robertson, Mornington, Dunedin

Sin is a thing that corrupts a life, yet every mortal performs it.  
At least once in their short lives, it is not a secret.

Robert Burns consumed a powerful desire towards a finely  
crafted ale, and the lumps of meat we all know as ‘females’

The young poet is fondly admired, we need not worry about **his**  
sins.

As his nephew was a founding father during the Scottish  
settlements.

We need not worry that the man that sits at the heart of the  
city, was a beau, a drunk yet dawning upon others with pity.

Sin gives inspiration towards a writer in a trance.  
Robert shows that in his work giving us a chance.

A chance to discover that sin is not all that bad.  
It gives off creative auras that leaves us all glad.

Without his sins would we have poems like “Tam ‘o’ Shanter”?  
I will leave it up to you to decide whether it does or doesn’t  
matter.

Robert Burns-The Great Scottish Bard that taught us all a  
lesson.

Create, discover, do whatever, from artwork from your sin.