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 THE POETRY SOCIETY

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FOYLE FOUNDATION

 ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

I WILL SEE GREAT THINGS

POEMS BY THE FOYLE YOUNG POETS
OF THE YEAR 2010

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Acknowledgements

The vision and commitment of the Foyle Foundation has driven the growing ambitions of this prize. The Poetry Society is deeply grateful for their continued funding. We would also like to thank Bloodaxe, Faber & Faber, Picador, Salt, and tall-lighthouse, for their support in providing book prizes for the Award, and this year we are delighted to welcome support from our new partner publishers, Carcanet and Seren Books.

We send our best wishes and gratitude to the 2010 judges, Jane Draycott and Luke Kennard, for their energy and enthusiasm, and welcome 2011 judges Imtiaz Dharker and Glyn Maxwell.

We would also like to thank the Southbank Centre for hosting the 2010 prize-giving ceremony and *Young Writer* magazine, Divine Chocolate, Banner, Paperblanks and Poems on the Underground for offering additional prizes for our winners. We extend our thanks to Dan Pavitt and the Arvon Foundation for hosting the Foyle Young Poets residency with ongoing commitment and expertise.

Finally, we applaud the enthusiasm and dedication of the young people and teachers who make Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award the great success it is today.

**Find us online at www.foyleyoungpoets.org
and in the Foyle Young Poets Facebook group**

PICADOR



SEREN CARCANET

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Introduction

"Judging the Foyle award this year was pretty much the most rewarding thing I've ever had the pleasure of being part of. What I've read is a tribute to the talent and vision of the young poets, and also to the teachers who've evidently instilled such confidence and passion."

Luke Kennard, Foyle Judge 2010

Welcome to the latest edition of the winners anthology of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award. 2010 was a record year, with a staggering 20,510 entries from 6,885 poets sent in from across the UK and worldwide. Judges Jane Draycott and Luke Kennard were impressed by the extraordinary "faith in the imagination" evidenced in the winning poems. "Their poems are exploratory, showing intellectual curiosity and a surreal element. Teenage poetry can be wildly adventurous. That's what any good poem needs – the ability to surprise," said Draycott.

The Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award is recognized as one of the UK's premier literary awards. Founded by the Poetry Society in 1998, the competition has been supported by the Foyle Foundation since 2001 and is now firmly established as the key competition for young poets aged between 11 and 17 years. This anthology features poems by the top fifteen Foyle Young Poets of the Year 2010, and names the 85 commended poets selected by the judges. The poems celebrate the power of the imagination and testify to the skill and confidence of these exciting new voices.

Winners of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award benefit from ongoing support and encouragement, via publication, performance, promotion and internship opportunities. This year, for example, we've showcased Foyle winners at prestigious events with the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon; Southbank Centre, London; StAnza Festival, St Andrews; Ledbury Festival and the Cheltenham Literature Festival.

The Award also incorporates a year-round programme of activity aimed at encouraging creativity and literacy in schools. Every year the scheme nurtures best practice in creative writing teaching, identifying committed Teacher Trailblazers to act as mentors and share lesson ideas. We also offer additional poet-led workshops and events to a number of Applauded schools, to reward their continuing commitment and enthusiasm for the Award.

We hope that you enjoy reading the poems in this anthology and that they offer you the inspiration to go on to enter yourself this year. Happy reading!

Catherine Olver **Ascent of Toubkal**

I
Today, we follow Mohammed. He has conjured
a crumpled cigarette-box from his pocket:
picking one from the row there is a click before it glows,
a little exhaust pipe. We pass the water, exhausted.
Despite the morning coating of sun-cream, milk-white,
I am as sun-burned as the rock I'm sitting on.
I sweat into my straw hat. The incline has been kind
so far, but ahead, in the haze of distance,
scree roughens the mountain-sides.
Madeleine is mounted on the mule –
a blonde child who has strayed into
the wrong picture-book. Her voice carries
like a mosquito, whining in the thin air.

II
A palatial tent has been unloaded from the mule.
Inside, we sit on the dust-red rugs playing cards
and drinking peppermint tea – a brown stream
poured from a great height into little glasses.
Holding it to my eye, the sprig of peppermint inside
the glass makes it look like a fish-tank.
We try to list the queen's grandchildren,
Dickens' novels, supermarkets, Bond films, the four
Shakespeare plays with apostrophes in their titles.
We have paused for the rest of the afternoon
so that we can learn to breathe again.

III
Two in the morning. With no mirror
on the mountain, I put my lenses in blind.
In turn, we perform our ablutions behind a rock
and barter in whispers, toothpaste for loo-roll –
even Madeleine is picking up Moroccan habits.
Forty miles away in Marrakech the clocks have changed
but Mohammed can't remember which way.
He worries we will miss what we have come for.
The moon has risen. It's time. In a queue
we feel our way from stone to stone in the shadows.
There is no way of knowing how far we have come.

Ameerah Arjane

Him

To the world, he smelled of white teeth and expensive coffee. Expensive coffee in a crystal cup, billowing seductive smoke over a copy of Dostoevsky. To me, he smelled of dusty mirrors. You know, that scent. He was tall, tall as a university professor with an aquiline nose, a black waistcoat dusted every morning, and dimples smirking of charming, ironic arrogance. Tall mirrors enthroned in the hallways of haunted houses. I was short, short as a skinny acne-faced teenager who wanted to be Dostoevsky and found coffee too strong to be. I wanted to stand on tiptoes and stare into him, illusioned. But. I could not touch his peppered grey hair. He had a wife who could reach down and punctuate me like a pustule with her willowy crimson nails.

Daisy Syme-Taylor

rivers

And I remembered, then, the cruel significance of the water around my ankles, my submerged feet; the water was clear but distorted. I could see the stones, each rock, each mineral formed at different times in Earth's long and dark history. It was as if I had pushed my face under and opened my eyes and let the weird silence of being below the surface force its way through.

The paperback lay open on the bank, the corners of the pages dampened, turned by damp hands.

We joked and laughed and threatened to push each other over the edge, through steady perpetuum mobile of the high screen of reeds, crashing though, still laughing, to see where the fishes swam and hid.

Dominic Hale
prayer in picture

the moon-splashed hill
is calling to me.
over the road's spool
of dolls (once china
and now puzzle) I
sing to myself in
the reels of milk
spill, unable to sleep.
my arms crook – I
am calcified in mirror
water, lie stark still
and sweat in eyes.
in the morning
the postman makes us
sign for fire. stalks
uncork red rain and
my brother is alone
grown to silt and
ceramic. he is perfect
in the light. they
put his puppet in
bed but on the
floor. I go outside
where the spirit chants
and they tell me I
will see great things.

Eleanor Coy
On The Beach

I have never seen a sky so grey
Like the skin of an elephant, pregnant with rain.
I have never been here before.
I had never imagined rocks like these, jagged, aggressive,
Jutting out starkly, like the hipbones of an anorexic girl.
A warning perhaps. Or nature's way of telling us to keep away.
The sea is furious, the waves are dragons
Rearing up angrily, jade-green, iron-grey
Crashing incessantly against the rocks, trying to break down the defences.
What do they want from me?
I know what I want with them.
The air is brackish, moist, whipped by wind
Sending piles of lacy foam skittering along the pebbles.
This is sinister.
Seagulls wheel overhead, screeching like widows,
Demoniac and grasping.
I am alone.
And I will not die today.

Ella Duffy
Night Boy

He lay naked in the feathered grass,
Tracing the constellations with his finger.

He cut a pomegranate and pricked the seeds with a needle,
Watching its heather blood stain his fingers,
He laughed.

I watched him,
Nodding carefully to the beat of the silence,
Watching him clap at the waltzing fireflies.

Running to the water,
He crouched and lapped it up,
Pure as oyster tears.

Twirling the moon's reflection in the water,
It cart wheeled across the icy surface,
And rippled at his feet.

As I held his hand,
He cried,
And saw the time crawl into the carcass of a dead crow.

Laying back down,
Shivering – he curled into himself,
Foetus.

I stroked his hair,
And a blanket of stars draped him,
Maternal.

Evie Ioannidi
**Don't Go With The Flow,
Make The Flow Go With You**

We closed our books and
Returned the borrowed time.
We left no forwarding address
And hid our bridges
Under moss and fallen branches
Because we didn't want
To burn them.

We settled in clearings
Where the trees bore clay fruit
And the sky changed colour
In the middle
Where the paint had run out.
And everything was so
Obviously fake
But at the same time it wasn't
Because that was where we lived.

And at night we would
Turn on the moon
If we wanted a glass of water
Or to go to the bathroom.
And in the morning
We would wind up the birds.
We lived as if the things which
Should have been
Were already said and done.

The only things we feared
Were nosebleeds from
Falling off the
Polystyrene clouds
And waking up one morning
More mature.

Fergus Blair **In Cerrejón**

These snakes are the best
Natural sandpaper you can
Get 'round here he
Said.
And my guide,
With a name I couldn't
Pronounce then told
Me that they were also
Tasty.
Which was all for
The best because we'd been
Here a while.
One hell of a guide.
I should be home by now,
Sleeping deep and watching the
News.
Ironic because I am the news,
I think.
You can get enough to drink
From the coconuts.
The sky will take care of you.
Comforting words
For a fearless man.
Dear diary, I'm
Slowly becoming a
Colonialist. It's just me and the
Guide all the rest are dead.

And I think racist thoughts which
Undermine my liberal temp
Erament. If I'm not careful I'll
Die before I'm 43. Just 3 days to go.
Three days and a lifetime in this
Hellhole of a swamp.
I couldn't give a damn about
Natural sandpaper. I thought
As I bit the head off a snake.
Chewy, like the centre of
A muffin.
I like to pretend that
My sister writes me.
I tear up random leaves
And the lines are of pen
Telling me it'll be OK.
Why couldn't we eat the bodies?
It's against his religion. He said he'd kill
me, as he sharpened his knife
with a snake, if I tried to.

Sherrie Talgeri **nobody ever wins, nobody ever loses**

and if i could myself in night, i would
immerse
fill up a bathtub with bruise-skied insomnia
turn down the taps & drown
in starwater
in stars,
submerged
constellations
tucked in the crooks of knees or elbows &
water-
fall-
ing
down
a
collar-
bone

naked as an x-ray,
the universe is loud and swimming in my pupils
i feel like God:
so maybe i am,
omniscient & wrapped in infinity;
 yeah, i could be God

swaddled in the endless milky way
with strip-lighting for skin
& something that only smells like blood,

that only tastes like pennies, is sprinting
through my superior vena cava:

a manufactured deity,

yes, *made*

because this has been the
making of me

but wait, though –

there was an ‘if’ at the beginning
of that sentence –

i didn’t draw a bath
i didn’t become God

so:

half-full
half-empty
not-jesus
just-human

i am nothing

and then you say what you haven’t been saying
this entire time:
yeah, well,
that could be anyone

Kiera Hall **First Shear**

A sheep freezes in a field
in nothing but a thin layer of skin.
Its face is smeared with slobber
and its buttocks with its own manure.

When he snorts, icy extracts come out of his nose;
his legs shake as he wears nothing
but his socks.

He stays there for hours on end
in the sloppy, mud-covered field.

First shear, it’s his first time.
First shear of the season.

Shaking sheep in the field.
First shear of the winter.

Kim Clark
A Toast

A toast -

To all the times I've told you that the needles in your arms
Won't repel the sweating leather men who're eating out your palms
And for all the dogs on Queen Street teaching homeless men to beg
It'll only numb the winter if you stab it in your leg.

And to copper coins and cobblers and the promise of a meal,
And to friendly note-exchanges and the silence of the deal,
And my love goes out to hunger and the golds that grace your hat
And the pocket-plenty strangers throwing curses where you're sat.

Then to all the times he promised that he'd find for you a roof
And to every time you nodded even though you knew the truth
Then for all the smiles of pity and the forks of fat-fried food
And the hate you have for living, for the rich and for the rude.

And to sleeping bags and street lamps and the sound of being sick
And to magazine-made nonchalance and coats four inches thick
And condolences to morphine and the numbness in your toes
And the beauty of a punter while you're bustin' up his nose.

Then to all the times they've told you you're a nuisance to their trade
And uprooted you from rubbish and the roostings you have made,
Then for all the fat policemen, bellies full on Sunday roast
Who appropriately reason with the odour that you boast.

And to broken hearts and heroin and skin stretched over bones
And to hospitals and alleyways and knives and mobile phones,
And to hope and love and hatred and to off-licence receipts
And to all the sturdy soldiers kicking ass upon the streets.

Phoebe Stuckes

Images from my previous dreams

'The only sensible way to live in this world is without rules'
Honeyed sun trap.

Fibres of white mould growing out of the mouth like candyfloss. Vapid eyes and skewed limbs stuck at inhuman angles. A bracelet is a manacle, flame setting silver and eyes aglow.

Name: lambda, Greek letter, Dream name.

A beauty spot can look like a bullet hole from here.

My dream images are never shackled to reality or reason, I get madder if the days grow longer.

There is a hole in this photograph, watch it burn.

Sara Henry
Work Night

We're alone in the speechless house and
I'm sitting at my wooden desk and
My dad is sitting at his wooden desk and
I can hear his pen scribbling downstairs and
He can hear my pen scribbling upstairs
A harmony of scratches and chair creaks

He takes a call

With a business associate and

I take a call

With the talking moon

His mouth speaks softly about the rising investment proposal and
My hand writes softly about the pale moan lifting my bones

I become entranced in my work and

He becomes entranced in his work and

We're one beating force rushing

Tirelessly into the night

Sarah Lucas

Dr Livingston writes to Stanley

I've been walking for hours in this wood where
the warp and the weft of the branches matches
the weave of my tweed jacket: close knit
as we were. My watch has rotted off.
I thought of steering by the sun but
I'm sure it spins anticlockwise here.
Or was that Africa?
Getting lost has become a recurring habit –
along with the malaria. Here
it reminds me of an Escher or an endless
Renaissance fretwork stepped out by deer
unafraid of fading light through wax pine needles.
Cold creeps around the telescoping sky,
my hands are knots, freeze clotted in the knuckles.
I want to go home and hear
the sharp crack of branches in a burning grate,
to potter and do old man things.
I don't know where I am; before the daylight goes completely send
directions scrolled out in smoke signals,
a sat-nav, Ordnance Survey map so
faint orange lines replace giddy bluffs.
Send your voice tight-rope the telephone wires
while I wait and remember it the very first time we met.
"Dr Livingstone, I presume?"

My Dearest, please write it
on a parked, articulated lorry
in the biggest letters you can find.

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Fielding Ronshaugen House Sitting for Mr Brown

Underneath an overturned flower pot,
are Mr Brown's keys.
The windows are high, with floor length curtains
that smell like they dried hanging in the garden.
Fading prints hang on the walls in the hallway.
She stands too close to a painting in a frame,
so primary daubs of blue and red and green
(like a television screen)
become blueredgreen
become a girl.
In the sitting room, she touches every book on the shelves.
The slim volumes are paper.
The fat ones feel like her grandmother's hands.
The words inside are India or Paris, or just ink.
Under the loose floor boards in the kitchen
she finds a box of fairy lights, labeled (neatly)
For When in Need of Cheer.
In her imagination, it is raining.
Mr Brown looks at the greysky and
makes his ceiling full of stars.
She falls in love (with the house).

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She is in love with the wiring.
The electricity is charmingly faulty in the bedrooms.
She imagines Mr Brown reading at night.
He curses congenially when the lights flicker.
His drawer is full of half-used candles.

She is in love with the wallpaper. Most of all
when she imagines Mr Brown with the paste,
smoothing each sheet over the house-bones,
like men who build canvases for painters.

She waters the tomatoes in the garden
on Saturday, as the sheaf of notes instructs.
They are handwritten in long swooping letters.
Mr Brown has bad spelling and good grammar.

She presses herself into the bed sheets.
They are downy, swirling around her like the sea,
white, foaming cream, she dreams.

She wakes – is it the bird on the windowsill?
It is a lingering question.
Is she in love with the brick house
or is she in love with
(an imagined) Mr Brown?

Foyle Young Poets of the Year 2010 Congratulations to the Commended Poets:

Safrina Ahmed, Hannah Arnaud, Tessa Bamkin, Martin Battey,
Samuel Boesville, Helen Bowell, Alice Bridgwood, Fraser Brown,
James Carnell, Daisy Chandley, Elizabeth Crowdy, Jade Cuttle, Amir
Dada, Hannah Davies, Flora de Falbe, Evangeline Delgado, Edward
Dillon-Robinson, Cara Dorris, Chloe Duce, Alishba Emanuel, Anna
Farley, Abbie Gardiner, Richard Garner, Laura Grantham, Alexandra
Guy, Kate Haines, Samantha Hansen, Charlotte Higgins, Catherine
Hodgson, Kevin Hong, Teddy Horton-Turner, Amanda Huelin, Ong Hui
Yao, Paris Jagers, Samantha Jeffery, Beth Jellicoe, Elizabeth
Johnson, Folake Kazeem, Harry Kent, Lillian Kerfoot, Esme Kirk,
Namita Krishnamurthy, Morgan Laws, Anthony Lazarus, Liam
Matsumoto Lee, Megan Lord, Domhnall Iain MacDonald, Violet
Macdonald, Ruth Maclean, Chloe Maughan, Charlotte Maxwell,
Ciaran McCormick, Joseph McManners, Rebecca McManus, Aithne
Moran, Elizabeth Morland, Gregory Ng, Harry Nickless, Phoebe
Power, Chester Pylkkanen, Charlotte Reed, Philip Robinson,
Gabrielle Roxby, Eleanor Sanders, Ankita Saxena, Mina Seckin,
Jihane Semmami, Alexander Shaw, Kirsty Shinton, Cynthia So, Ruth
Tang, Yee Ning, Deva Taylor, Douglas Taylor, Kwek Mu Yi Theophilus,
Sadie Tillotson, Claudia Turkington, Gregory Walker, Ruolin Wang,
Emma Warren, Daniel Webb, Scott Wilson, Isabel Wood, Jennifer
Workman, Andrew Wynn Owen, Liu Zhihao.

**For a wealth of ideas on where to go next with your poetry,
visit www.poetrysociety.org.uk**

"The Foyle Young Poets Awards are important beckoning points for younger writers. They recognise a poet's first adventures into a public space for their poetry."

Professor David Morley
National Teaching Fellow, Warwick University

You too can see great things Enter the Foyle Young Poets Award 2011

JUDGES: IMTIAZ DHARKER & GLYN MAXWELL

Any writer between the ages of 11 and 17 (inclusive) on the closing date of 31 July 2011 can enter the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award 2011. The competition is free to enter and poems can be of any length. Individuals may enter more than one poem. We strongly advise that you concentrate on drafting and redrafting your poems. *Remember, quality is more important than quantity.* Competition entries cannot be returned under any circumstances so please make sure you send copies only.

You can enter online at www.foyleyoungpoets.org, or photocopy the entry form on the inside back cover and send it, with your poems, to Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award 2011, The Poetry Society, 22 Betterton Street, London WC2H 9BX.

Prizes include a week-long residential writing course at one of the prestigious Arvon Centres, poet visits to schools, Youth Membership of the Poetry Society and an invitation to the exciting prize-giving ceremony in London. There are also special book prizes for schools generating the greatest number of entries to the competition, presented by our partner publishers, Seren Books, Carcanet, Faber and Faber, Bloodaxe Books, Salt Publishing, tall-ighthouse and Picador. The top fifteen poems will be printed in an anthology, just like the one you're holding right now, and sent to over 20,000 schools, libraries and poets across the UK and beyond.

To enter online and for some hints and tips on writing a winning poem, go to: www.foyleyoungpoets.org

Foyle Foundation

“The Foyle Foundation and the Poetry Society have been on an amazing journey over the last eight years in developing The Foyle Young Poets. During this time the scheme has grown to become a major programme and literary award attracting thousands more applicants as we have pioneered new ways of targeting and reaching young people and schools.”

David Hall, Chief Executive, The Foyle Foundation

The Foyle Foundation is an independent grant making trust supporting UK charities which since its formation in 2001 has become a major funder of the Arts and Learning. The Foyle Foundation has invested in the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award since 2001, one of its longest partnerships, during this time it has trebled its support and enabled the competition to develop and grow to become one of the premier literary awards in the country. The Foyle Foundation has extended its support for the Award until 2013.

www.foylefoundation.org.uk

The Poetry Society

The Poetry Society is Britain's leading voice for poets and poetry. Founded in 1909 to promote “a more general recognition and appreciation of poetry”, the Society is now one of the country's most dynamic arts organisations, with over 4,000 members around the world; and is the publisher of the leading poetry magazine, *Poetry Review*. With innovative education and commissioning programmes, and a packed calendar of performances, readings and competitions, the Poetry Society champions poetry for all ages.

Poetry Society Youth Membership is open to anyone aged 11-18, costs £15 per year and offers the opportunity for young poets to submit to *YM: Poetry*, our online magazine (www.ympoetry.org), which is edited by former Foyle winners. Members receive *Poetry News* each quarter, books, posters and an information pack for young writers. All 100 winners of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award receive a year's free membership as part of their prize.

SLAMBassadors UK is the Poetry Society's slam championship and has showcased some of the best up and coming performance poets the UK has to offer. SLAMBassadors is open to 12-18 year olds and has featured high-profile judges and mentors such as Linton Kwesi Johnson, Adisa and Scroobius Pip. Prizes include a masterclass weekend at the Poetry Society with Slam Champion Joelle Taylor and a live performance at a prestigious London venue. Individual filmed entries can be submitted online. Workshops are available to schools and youth groups.

ENTRY FORM 2011

Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award 2011

INDIVIDUALS: use this form or enter online at www.foyleyoungpoets.org

TEACHERS: use the Class Set Entry Form to enter whole classes. Available on our website or email: fyp@poetrysociety.org.uk

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ **Country** _____

Your school _____

Your tel _____

Your email _____

Number of poems submitted _____

Date of birth _____ **Gender** Male Female

Ethnic background Optional _____

The Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award 2011, judged by Imtiaz Dharker and Glyn Maxwell, is open to writers between the ages of 11 and 17 (inclusive) before the closing date of 31 July 2011.

Poets can enter more than one poem, of any length and on any theme. Competition entries cannot be returned under any circumstances so please make sure you send copies only.

Please photocopy, complete and return this entry form and send it, with your poems, to: **Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award 2011, The Poetry Society, 22 Betterton Street, London WC2H 9BX.** OR enter online at www.foyleyoungpoets.org



Poets in schools: individual schools can take out 'Solo' membership of the Poetry Society, receiving books, magazines and resources throughout the year. Plus, our new Schools Network Education Package allows groups of schools to enjoy additional benefits including specially tailored lesson plans, poet residencies, Poetryclass Inset sessions and poet-led showcase events. Poet visits can be booked through our consultancy service.

For details about all of our projects, visit www.poetrysociety.org.uk/content/education Or email education@poetrysociety.org.uk

YOUNG POETS NETWORK

For all the latest information on poetry opportunities for young people, join the Poetry Society's 'Young Poets Network' page on Facebook.

Find out how to • start your own magazine • keep a notebook • perform your poems on stage • discover great new things to read • get writing tips from top name poets such as Jo Shapcott and Benjamin Zephaniah, and previous winners of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award •

From April 2011 explore new online resources via www.poetrysociety.org.uk