

John Clare Poetry Prize 2012

Winning

Katie Randall

Highly Commended: Intermediate Category

We took a trip to Wales and it rained, so we went to the amusements.
Slot machines spat out rusty coppers, children's eyes wide as the 2p's they gobbled.
Sewn on smiles stared from smeared glass cases, whilst Las Vegas lights flashed
miserably on Barmouth beachfront. Families, xyz, dived for cover and grinning, the
arcade manager rubbed his hands. We went to Wales and on the beach we found a shark.
The life had left him, with mournful eyes we stood. His eyes the same filled with that sad
look, he wondered what he'd done to die. As flies buzzed around his head, I thought, I bet
he wished he'd rest in peace and wondered if our shark, in life feared death. When
swimming in the icy waters, the ruler of the seas – Triton, perhaps he'd rather be
Poseidon with nought to challenge him; no doubt he quelled thoughts of terror for his
family, imagining his wife and child crying beneath the sea. Our friend the shark had his
mouth open when we met him and we could see his pointy teeth. What he thought of
lying on the sand his youth, his wishes and regrets. Then simply of the fish that he had
relished yesterday, for tea.

The John Clare Trust