

Winning Fantasy Poems 2026

Are You A Dragon?

I want one for my zoo.
Breathe fire?
Can you roar?
Do you have claws?
Eat meat?
Flying high in the sky
Ginormous body
Humongous wings
Inexplicably strong
Jaws of steel
King of beasts
Living for centuries
Mysterious ancient giants

Never get too close
Or you will be a meal
Please spare me!
Quick as a flash
Run for your life
Slashing talons
Too much power
Up in the air
Vanishing behind clouds
Will you conquer the world?
X on your chest, scars from past battles
You must be a dragon
Zoos aren't for dragons

Oscar Chappell, aged 7



In A World Of My Own

Inside the flower, petals will rise, while flower fairies sing their lullabies.

High in the sky, fire will roar as dragons fly and zoom and soar.

Down in the bay, brushing her hair, is a beautiful mermaid singing with care.

These are things that live in my mind and these are the things that keep fantasy alive!

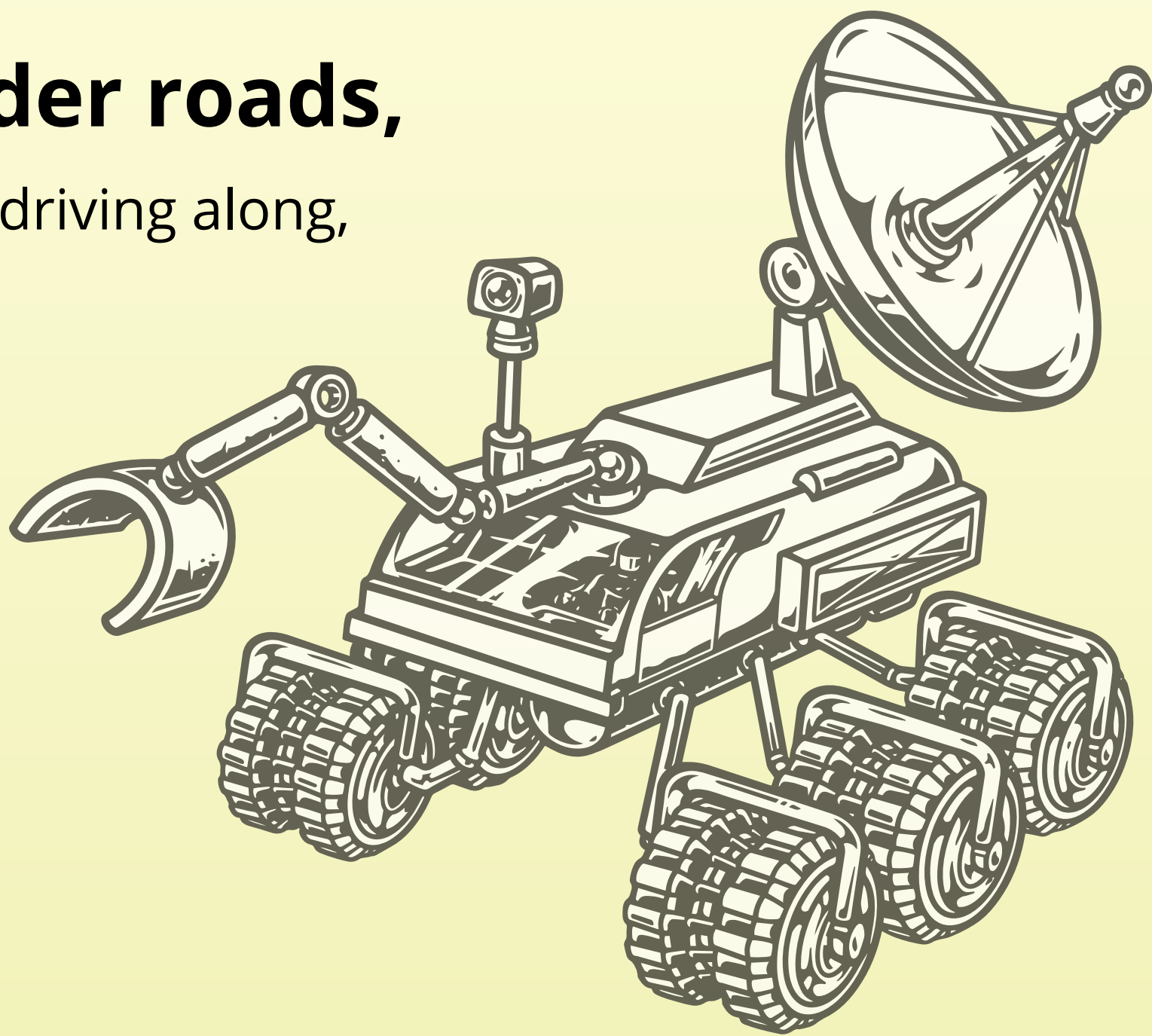
Fern Kuhl, aged 9



Over Mountains, Under roads,

This Land Rover is closed in with driving along,
It's on a mission,
To climb up Mount Everest,
To be strong and fight through,
The day and the night,
Please be close,
I hope we make it,
Yes finally we're done.

Dartanian age 7



Dryad

A wanderer, not of this world, a girl
with green-brown eyes and ashen hair
passes by this night,
though storm clouds are unfurled.
I know this glorious, green-clad child a sprite,
one far roamed, in dire need
and greatly in despair.

No sounds or move I make; that barrier
no human voice, nor touch, can breach.
Her urgent gait,
the very sight of her,
speaks more than words could ever of fate
and tragedy. Her loss of ward lies beyond
what empathy can reach.

This unearthly child, not born to wander,
life-bound to leaf and sap and wood,
now walks alone
through thorns and thunder
in quest of groves of sturdy oak grown
far from cruel, unyielding winds
no withered tree withstood.

Peter Kelly

