



University of Seychelles
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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Lazar

Mon remarke ou fatigue, me ou pa oule arete; akselere!
Disan i koule me ou zis riye, divan i soufle me postir i ferm,
Vizyon i kler; lide dan sa lespri i kree,
bolpenn in vin son revolver,
En plonzer pour sa lar vizyel dan son monn mantal,
I ganny tourmante zis pour relev sa lanmal e redres son nanm,
Alors i sante.

Episod apre episod,
dezolasyon apre sak sesyon,
I tonbe kan sikse i pros; atrap en leksik pour sey akrose,
I pran lapis son lanbisyon, i santi kot son desten i sipoze ete,
Me parey son konsyans, dan en zistans i pa kapab touse ni menm karese,
Kekfwa petet fodre i aksepte,
desir sa matapolanm lepase,
Transformen vin sa nouvo koudriyez,
Akoz lonbraz dezapwentman ti'n posed li, me la rezete epi rekonmanse.

Formasyon zekler dan kreasyon lapoezi,
Loraz eksploze sorti dan fon son lagorz, en lyon!
Konfidans ogmante, laform a plenn potansyel,
Sorti lo sa nyaz sis-san swa-sant sis, alors kouraz avek perseverans,
Mwan sipliye tras mon semen e resisit mwan parey lazar.

Stephen Figareau
STA



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Fanm

Touzour an pasan, pe degaze an desandan
Oubyen pe pike an montan
Abiye dan ou zip gode ki souvan voltize dan divan
Ou seve blan konman koton, ou vizaz ranpli avek bann pli eksepsyonnel
Ki selman pouwar ek lantouzyasm en artis a kapab ilistre,
I demontre byen sanzman letan
Avek en vizaz ki reste an souriyan
Ou maske ou bann soufrans
Bann dezapwentman, mekontantman, tousala ou'n pran

Fanm! Wi ou'n fer travay ki rentan
Tou le granmaten, ou'n reveye pour akey sa nouvo lazournen
Dan bann kolin montanny leko batman kannel in rezonnen

Anba ou lebra dibwa sed in ganny takonnen
Lo ou latet bake lenz savonnen ou'n anmennen
Letoufe, boukannen, tousala ou'n anmas pour demen
Souvan ou'n mank dezennen pour donn ou zanfandinen
Zanmen zot in mank sa ki zot bezwen

Fanm! Gras a ou mon sa ki mon ete
Ou'n byen prezerv nou lidantite
Ou'n fer fas ek difikilte, ou'n tonbe releve me ou'n sirmonte
Menm si bokou pa rekonnet, akoz ou vyeyes
Ou'n aprezan ganny met akote konman en vye liv,
Ou konmans viz ou regar ver lot kote
Fanm, regard lepase, pankor ler pour ou ale
Non nou pa'n oubliye, nou ankor bezwen ou lafeksyon, reste dan nou kote
Fanm!

Selly Robert
SIAD



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Forever in our Hearts

The clock strikes one in the morning
I Am on the floor gasping for air
Physically and and mentally drained
Trying to forget the agony and melancholy that you left
Were you just an English teacher that fixed the broken phrases?
Were you just that teacher that taught me that idioms can be use in stories?
Were you just that teacher that wore golden shoes and make up?
No you were not
Your ink was red for a reason
Your smile was as illuminating as golden stars that collide at night
You made us chase rainbows by thinking, analyzing and even questioning
You turned that F into an A*
You showed us that failing wasn't the end of the world
But teaching wasn't your only gift
You gave us a plate of positive thoughts and divine attitude
You were our psychologist that teaches us how to dance in the rain
You were our preacher, counselor, photographer, Mother, First love, best friend
All wrapped in one special box for a special delivery
Our last words were filled with thankful phrases
We felt like a part of us were drowned in the blue sea when you left
But pass on the baton to me and I'll finish that race
Give me the opportunity because I have the ability
You are indeed forever in our hearts
And the clock strikes one in the morning

Shanah Jouaneau

SITE



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Poésie, écoutes-moi.

Poésie ne résout pas problème de pauvre,
Mais rimes riches exigées.
Je suis le temps,
Je suis quelque chose pour continuer d'exister.
Poétiquement je tente,
Politiciens nous mentent.

Diviser pour mieux régner comme la Corée,
Perdus, On suit des pas de danse c'est la chorée
On maquille nos malheurs nos larmes sont décorées
L'homme cherche à faire des sous comme un beaujolais

Asphyxiée par les émissions d'usines médiatiques,
La mort de notre pensée devient automatique.
Automate que je suis, les riches tiennent la détente.
Pion du système, comment s'enfuir de cette atmosphère si pesante ?

Nos larmes tachent vos pages blanches.
Nos armes cachent nos défaillances.
Des pages immortelles qui font passer nos messages
La justice est morte tel un mauvais présage.

Poète si tu m'écoutes
Si tu me croises le long de ta route
Poétiquement, éthiquement correcte,

Mon art vous salut.

Elia Savy
Ecole Française



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GIVE AND TAKE

The Ocean gives and we take.
She sighs at our constant demands,
And weeps at our brutal natures.

We take everything she holds dear to herself;
Her corals are seized;
The life forms that depend on her are killed;
Her water is polluted;
She merely watches as we grab her treasures
And call it ours.

We give and the Ocean takes.
She swallows our trash without a protest,
She closes her eyes and simply submits.
We take all her precious possessions
And replace it with our worthless junk.

She looks upon her blue kingdom,
With sorrow in her once twinkling eyes.
She tries to count the reds, the blues and the yellows
Of garbage that floats amongst her,
But realizes it would be easier to count the stars.
"Plastic," she mumbles to herself,
"I wish it would just vanish."

The Ocean gives and we take.
We give and the Ocean takes.
But it's a two-way street,
And we must all profit.
Let's give her what she really desires,
Not our plastic,
But rather,
Our promise to keep her safe.

**Abinaya Pillay
SALS**



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Enslaved by drugs

He walks around
Destroying everything he sees
He travels like a tornado and walks like a tsunami
Drowning people with his carnal thoughts

He says his a friend
But yet stabs people behind their backs
With a smirk on his face
Laughing his way to hell

He looks for youths
Hoping to make them feel better
Making them eat at the palm of his hand
Like hungry pigeons they take what they are given

He roams the streets
Like an angry taxpayer
Looking for victims
To pay off their debts

His difficult to get rid off but easy to find
Once he puts his claws on his prey
He never let's go
Sticking like a leach
Who just wants attention

Jayden Damien Noel
SALS



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Ancien des jours

Ô Ancien des jours, quelle beauté!
Ô mon bien-aimé, quelle grandeur!
Ô étoile du jour, quel bonheur!

Chaque jour je me sens accompagnée
Ta gentillesse empaquette mon cœur
Ton amour est grandeur!
Tu es l'air que je respire
Tu es le berger de mon âme.
Tu es celui que mon cœur désire.

Ne me laisse pas égarer.
Tes préceptes sont mes conseillers.
Je suis ton serviteur.

Ô Ancien des jours, quelle beauté!
Ô mon bien-aimé, quelle grandeur!
Ô étoile du jour, quel bonheur!

Graciana Marie
UniSey



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Ni... ni... !

C'est un homme qui observe
Ce 10 Janvier sur les écrans des télés
Des images apocalyptiques d'une île
Qui vit un moment exceptionnel de son histoire.
Des maisons solides se désagrègent
Successivement comme des flocons de céréales
Qui absorbent dans la cuvette de l'enfant
L'eau ou le lait verse pour les ramollir.
L'émotion est immense, débordante.
Les rue s'ouvrent incapables de supporter
Aucune charge, tant soit peu
Elle ira derechef vers le ventre de la terre.
Engloutie, elle ne remontera plus à la surface.
Malgré la force et l'ampleur du phénomène
Des éléments se voient discriminés.
Des bébés, des enfants, des adultes, des vieillards
Echappent avec de remarquables cicatrices.
Sur une partie du corps ou de l'âme.
Les cris stridents de l'appel au secours
Alertent des survivants à mener des fouilles
Quand le monstre a arrêté de mugir et de rougir
Un enfant est retrouvé dans les décombres
Sans aucune filiation, silencieux et désespéré.
Il cria à haute et triste voix les deux syllabes
Ma...man ! Oh Ma...man ! Où est-tu ?
Aucune voix, aucun corrélat, c'est le silence.
Peut-on laisser cet enfant continuer ainsi ?
Il ne faut pas que le séisme, terrible qu'il soit
Engouffre notre humanité et notre solidarité
Ouvrons nos bras et prenons la place
De ceux qui sont allés par la force.
Donnons tout à cet orphelin
Comblons ce vide terrible de l'existence.

Mohamed Kanté
SALS



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Notre Climat

Je ne suis pas la pollution
Je ne suis pas la destruction
Je ne suis même pas la gênée
Je veux faire partie de la solution
Hier c'était la dispute
Aujourd'hui, donnons-nous la main à l'action
Notre planète est pleine de tristesse
Car la guerre à déjà détruit sa beauté
Donnons-nous notre temps pour la reconstruire
Chaque jour, il devient de plus en plus chaud

La fumée de carbone recouvre le ciel
Je peux sentir la fragilité de l'océan
La disparation de la vie sous l'eau
C'est la résultat de l'action brutale des hommes
Notre environnement est vraiment en danger
Comment répondre à notre mère nature?
Elle nous a tout donné gratuitement
Parce qu'elle nous a fait confiance
Faire preuve du respect pour la nature

Les chants joyeux des oiseaux
Les forêts soufflant l'air frais
Les cris des animaux sauvages dans les champs
Comme l'écoulement de la rivière
La joie de vivre pour toi et moi
Si beau et si riche à bien des égards
Car tous ceux qui vivent dans l'air,
dans l'eau et sur terre
Nous devons les protéger pour l'autre génération
Montrer de l'amour à l'environnement
Parce que je m'en soucie

Henadelle Suzette
SBSA



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Influence the decision

It was introduced to you
You accepted it as a fool
Without asking a question
You gave all your confidence
To none other than your new friend

Who would've imagine
You would've taken such risk
If you don't kick
You take pleasure in stealing
Even blind over everything
Your courage ends in begging
Just to get that good deal

Your family keeps praying
While the society's suffering
You don't have that friend
It's just a bad influence

Now you're in a challenge
To choose real friends or drugs
The choice is yours
It's not a secret anymore
Knock the right door
God will open with love

Henadelle Suzette
SBSA



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Lakours mon ledikasyon

Parey en lagrenn dan later
Mon bourzonnen pti a pti
Botan, movetan, mon ladan
Ek lespwar pour vin pli gran
Mon salye mon letap
Depi pti ziska la
Mon annan en determinasyon
Pour akonpli mon misyon
Menm pour nourir mon konnesans
Avek tou zouti ki an egzistans

En lakours ki pa si fasil
Mon koleg pa bes lebra li osi
Devan mwan lakours i long
Sa ki pa konn mwan, demann kestyon
Mon annan en laswaf pour konn plis
Tanpi si ou dir mon gouli
San mon ledikasyon mon fouti

I kout ser pour ganny tou
Tou mon bann ansenyan i en bizou
Zot ekler mon fitir pour touzour
Ki sa lakours i ava kontinyen pli devan
I annan en konmansman
Me non pa en finisyon
Pa zis met bolpenn lo papye
Respe, ekoute, atrape
Se sa, lakours mon ledikasyon

**Henadelle Suzette
SBSA**



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Pyrophilia

At first light, a burst of goosebumps from your wink,
I treasure like a trinket in my thoughts,
The bed sheets scent still smells of your lavender perfume,
Your sleep lines marked with rose petals from last night.

I cannot fathom being quenched of you,
The eruptions caused from your caresses,
The moment your skin touches mine and cataclysmic ideas runs through my mind.

Visions of brightly lit mushroom clouds arise when you whisper your incantations of love into my ears,
From your luscious lips, all those ageless words turn to gold,
You have that Midas touch.

Like a Nascar racer learning patience on your speed bumps, your curves,
You are well worth the brakes,
Let us enjoy this timeless moment as we slowly light our matches of hunger for each other,
As I plan to yet again set a wildfire aflame within you.

From dusk until dawn,
Like cell mates locked and handcuffed together,
The bedroom door sign says "Do Not Disturb"
Your heavy breath is fuel for my furnace and by the end of this day,
Let my name be engraved again onto your wall,
As the one whom set your heart ablaze.

Stephen Figareau
STA



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Beauty by the grave

Once upon a gloomy afternoon, whilst I wondered in thoughts,
Seemingly taking a stroll through an umbrageous street by a cemetery,
with my strenuous thoughts struggling to exorcize
and put at rest these words and whispers with ink onto paper.

While I lowered my head in mind exhaustion, a poor stride and a sigh,
Suddenly, a soft murmuring came to ears and I would not fail to acquiesce to such an exotic call, and onto the cemetery I went.

A golden hour, fitting for death to beckon all,
And onto a grave I walked upon yet undone, tis halfway dug,
Across that abyss where all are thrown into, a prepossessing hourglass figure stood –
A smile ever so deadly, her lips stretched and wrinkled towards her ears,
Yet I stood still in awe whilst a blood moon came aloft.

Is she a ghoul? A siren come to devour me whole?
My perverse appetite come to haunt me?
I shiver to think that such phantom of beauty exists,
but here my eyes do not deceive –
from her high heels muddied, a pair of stunning pale thighs, her discolored skirt around her hand taunting wide derriere,
a curvy and exposed midriff that deviant figures would die to slither tightly upon.

Has the grim reaper employed Aphrodite?
She floated across the grave as I froze still,
A wink of her seductive Smokey eyes and I gulped,
She lowered her head towards my right cheek and the night grew opaque,
She whispered "you have the words, now wake up, write, write and write"
And I suddenly awoke, pen and pad by my bed and by myself, midnight stroke
On my Windsor quartz pendulum clock with Westminster chimes -
What a beautiful night terror.

Stephen Figareau
STA



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Zanmi perdi

Ou ankor mazin sa promes ki nou ti fer?
Nou ledwar ti'n kwaze, e nou ti koupe volonter
Nou ti fyer, pour apel kanmard zanmi senser
Ti'n menmpanse ki napa ankor en lot parey dan sa liniver

Sa ki mon ti annan ti touzour kas an de
Dan lekol ansanm mon ek ou ti marse
Parler antrap lanmen e bliye si lezot i egziste
Pour annan ou koman mon zanmi mon ti sa enn ki pli sanse

Be i paret ki lo lot kote ou pa ti pe pans parey
Kan mon pe koz lo lalin ou prefere tann soley
Akont ou lo mon rev ou dir ki ou konmans sonmey
Kit mwan dan dout parey Alis dan en pei mervey

Dan ou prezans mon ti monk ou, deryen ou ledon mon ti defann ou
Mon pa ti mank en sware pour mesaz ou bann zoli bizou
Nek nou ti fann nouvel lezot partou
Mon zanmi prefere, mon plis ki mank ou

Ou portre i ankor prezan dan mon mobil
Mon leker pe tenir lo sa deryen pti bout difil
Mon pa ankor aksepte ki nou'n detase dan en fason ridikil
Eseye pour obliy tou, me i zis pa fasil

Toudmenm, manmi ti touzour dir mon byen for
Ki pa tou sa ki mon war briye ki lor

E sa ki pa pou touy mwan ki pou fer mwan pli for
Reste solid, swet boner lezot, e mon pou resevwar plizyer benediksyon pour mon lekor

Remy Julie
SBSA



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Lamizer nwanr

Ankor en lazournen san okenn moule
Son lestoma i brouye e menm koze
Ou kapab tann mikrob kot pe kominike
I fer lapenn aköz i pa ankor ganny nanryen pour manze

Son kouler talon lipye in vin nwanr
I fer plis ki kat zour i pankor broş son rebor
Bezwen al larivyer pour ranpli kivet delo ankor
Anplis ki sa, kot lakour son boper pe fer li ditor

I pa ni menm okouran ki pe pase dan son pei
Ni mazine ki dernyen fwa in regard SBC
kouran in koupe, i pe aktyelman servi labouzi
Son manze labitid i pwason fri avek diri

Kot lekol sa ki pli gran i fer li matir
Me avek manrmay i ganny ofer bann zoli sourir
Deswit avek zot menm, i pare pour met lagir
I pa ezite, son bann aksyon i sitan pir

I konmans enplike dan biznes ilegal
I'n menm form en group baze vilaz paskal
I pa pou mazin de kou pour anvoy ou panse lopital
I nepli mazin sa ki byen, me plito sa ki mal

I pa ti zanmen son plan pour li viv son lavi koumsa
Me dan sa lamizer, i ti napa bokou swa
Pe fer fars ek en lavi dan labsans son papa
I vremen drol ki lotorite pa'n kapab dil ek son ka

An gran disan i ti rankontre en sover
I ti ganny lasistans finansyer avek paran son zanmi leker
Ozordi i ansarz bann loperasyon kot lakonpanyen Sesel dan ler
Pour li nanryen pa ti enposib menm si i'n grandi dan lamizer



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Silans

Soley i leve, lazournen i pase, en lot lannwit i aprise
I ankor tousel dan en kwen tou efreye
Kan divan i soufle, fey bannann i flote, son leker i anvole
Zekler i klate, i antann marse e konmans tranble

Silans!

Parler i per pour regard dan laglas
Lespri i al lo en voyaz kan i pe asize dan laklas
Konfize avek realite, e menm bliy son latas
I pe pran fon kannal ek son figir par lao sirfas

Silans!

Son bann zanmi i remarke ki i nepli parey
Zot dekouraz son motiv kan i fer en lese
In menm ganny dir ki i pe viv dan dey
Kan i vizit son fanmir pros, i nepli ganny sa menm lakey

Silans!

Son larm i evapore, sagrinasyon i miltipliye, e son lafwa i pas dan plizyer tes
Pour li lavi pe bouz lo en lot vites
I'n menm reve, ki lafen dimounn i sitan pres
Lazwa dan son leker pe eksperyans en moman laseres

Silans!

Malgre tou i ranpli avek bokou pasyans
Kan i pe drive e pros pour perdi balans, en lalimyer i klate dan zistans
I annan lespwar, menm si i tre pe lo finans
E san okenn doutans i apresye e viv son legzistans

Silans!

Remy Julie
SBSA



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Lafen

Dezas souden pe detri landrwa
Maladi san gerizon pe netway limanite
Lager mondyal pe konmans deroule,
Imen nepli konnen ki savedir linite
Mon demann mon lekor eski gran met in pare?
Akoz ki pe ariv tousala?
Me si sa i lafen lemonn,
Eski mon ti a voudre i termin koumsa?
Sa senp kestyon i fer mwan dout mon lavi antye
Eski sa ki mon pe fer i fer plezir gran met?
Zenn pe perdi zot lavi
Sitan boner zot pe ganny apele,
Pa zanmen pran ou lavi konman en zwe
Parski demen i kapab ou ki pou ale
Senyer in donn nou lavi,
I pa'n dir nou mannyer pour servi li
Me si demen i zour ki ou rann kont ek Bondye,
Ou pa pou kapab vire pour get ou zanmi
Asize, mazine, analize
Kwa ki ou pou fer pour fer ou lavi pli mye
Glorifye le Senyer,
Swiv son semen ki semen lanmour, larmoni ek linite
Fer sa ki byen menm si person pa pe gete
Pa fer li zis dan sans ki ou kapab ganny rekonpanse
Alafen de zour,
Si sa i vremen le ka
Demann avek ou lekor
Eski mon ti a voudre i termin koumsa?

Steffi Lewis
SBSA



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Beauty under the chaos

You held me close without hesitation
My dreadful worries suddenly drifted away
And what made me love you more
Was that despite my extremely chaotic mind
You cherished every inch of my imperfections
I have never felt a touch as enchanting as yours,
One that is so powerful
It was almost as if you were supernatural
How could an average being
Fix a soul as broken as mine?
Only your restless heart could answer that question
For years I thought my life had no meaning
Until you came along,
And portrayed colors I only dreamed of seeing
Alone, fearful and gloomy,
This was all that I was
But I only needed a glimpse of your smile
To light up my dark and cruel world
You, your face, your smile, your voice
I would not dare to get enough of it
But one day I woke,
And you were gone
Turning my nightmare into a reality
I hated myself because I was not mad at you,
Not even the slightest bit
For I will be forever grateful to you
For unveiling the hidden and undeniable beauty
Under my chaos.

Steffi Lewis
SBSA



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Roses and everything romantic...

A cliché where chaos turns into a beautiful mess...

Passion would intertwine thorns and beauty,
Then Life places a rose in the middle for the romantics
And Love, pairs fantasy with the simplicity of a daisy.

In between, where lingering 'maybes' paints a line,
Time will turn them into 'memories', and blur a space for today's 'You and I',
Time somehow changes her mind into a canvas,
So that he can paint away the bitter shades of gray...
Behind, it'll leave traces of amber...a muted glow,
And together...they'll dance their loneliness away.

Echoes tease of how people exist differently in stories,
Some permanent like the stars
Others temporary...like the pretty city night lights.
Though what they saw was so much more than that.

They were staring at fireworks...
Because even through the bluish hues
Of when distance became their temporary,
To the moon they'd pretend that everything was OK
But what they really ever wanted to say,
Was that "our constant will always be,"
"me meeting you..."
"...and you meeting me."

**Hamiela Marie
SALS**



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CONVERSATIONS

Most conversations seem dry.
I think I am to be blamed.
I seek too much meaning behind words,
I want to muse upon each one.

I want to talk about,
The sciences,
The arts,
Faraway worlds,
And deepest fears.

With most people,
I am merely unfulfilled.

Forgive me,
For I dream too much .
You cannot keep up with me,
Your words are too bland,
Your smile is too fake.

I was made for much more,
Than small talk and empty words.
What else can a lonely girl hope for,
When her dreams are too big,
And her soul too reckless?

Abinaya Pillay
SALS



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Unbearable Memories

She never wanted memories
She wanted you
She wanted your love
The love that comforts her
That keeps her going
She wishes to see you
To feel your gentle hands wrapped around her
She wonders if tomorrow ever comes
Will she see you?
Will she remember your face?
Are you going to remember her?
Is she ever going to be okay?
You left her defenceless
You broke her
She saw the world within you
Only bits and pieces of her left
They keep saying it's going to be okay
Is it?

Move on, they say, can she?
Who will satisfy her need to be loved?
Who will pick her up when she stumbles?
Who will...?
Who will call her daughter?
Who will remember her?
This war seems so endless
The torture just gets more real
She cried 'Mother, Mother
Please come back...'

Anonymous
UniSey



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Terrified of Love

She is too afraid to love
Too scared to open herself
Please forgive her
For keeping you hanging
For pushing you away
She did not mean to scare you
Truth is she is scared of herself
Scared of saying the wrong things
Afraid that once you truly see her demons
You will run away...
She craves love, yet terrified of love
Love is her worst enemy
She always seems to be...
The villain in the fairytale
Maybe this is all she can ever be
She thought...
Because love broke her
Love pierced her soul

Love betrayed her
Leaving her naked and all sores

**Anonymous
UniSey**



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Betrayal

Reckless, she describes herself
Filled with the desire to blend in
To feel loved
To nurture the child inside her
You saw through her vulnerability
You welcomed her with open arms
Only to stab her when she least expected it
Feeding her soul with all the insults
She loved you
Thinking she was all flawed
You knew she was too weak to stand for herself
She kept fighting for your love
Justifying your every action
You manipulated her
She walked right into your traps
She was too blind to see
Or maybe she saw but too afraid to let go...
She thought you loved her
That she finally found a place to call home
But again she was led by
Her desire to feel loved
She is just filled with rage
That once again she was too naive
She was warned but her weakness
Was that she cared too much?
She sees the good in the bad
You betrayed her...
Her world is no longer the same for
She trusts no more...

Anonymous
UniSey



University of Seychelles
Knowledge hub of the Indian Ocean

UniSey's Poetry Competition

Where are you Seychellois?

In the narrow corners or by the shops,
They are ever present.
Those who sniff, smoke or inject,
Some are on Methadone,
Others didn't make it.
Where are you Seychellois?

If you'd enter the shops,
Even your wallets or purses would gasp,
Prices have reached for the sky.
Where are you Seychellois?

Not all who wear badges can be trusted,
Some turn against you even in intense light,
Corruption has swarmed in.
Where are you Seychellois?

Seychellois against Seychellois,
Your own kind are being rejected,
Many foreigners are given more privileges,
Where are you Seychellois?

Sea levels are rising,
Coral bleaching is ongoing,
Where are you Seychellois?

Children are teaching children,
Parents blame influence at school,
The youths are not empowered enough,
Where are you Seychellois?

When asked for solutions,
Your answer remains the same,
"We wait on Government",
"We wait on Leaders",
But where are you Seychellois?

Emma Soopramanien
SIAD



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Seychelles, your Star is rising

Endless people voyage from the North to West,
To experience your scenic views and understand your old days,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

The serenity blowing in the wind,
Calms and comforts your people,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Food and drinks, you have in abundance,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Because of your Maker,
You are free from economic drought,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Love between your people flourishes like the Hibiscus,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Fights at school have reduced,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Theory and practical classes has helped nationally,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Students who people marvel at are multiplying,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Gifts are no longer being stored up,
They are now being used constantly,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Businesses have increased in number,
The quality that they bring too,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Divine ideas fill the minds of your people,
Seychelles, your Star is rising.

Reduction of crimes brings joy to many,
Seychelles, your Star is rising,
Your Star must rise.

Emma Soopramanien
SIAD



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Our home

Blessed with the earth's beauty.
Destroyed by our ego.
Given everything.
Takes all for granted.
Oh Sweet Mother Nature.
How we don't deserve your kindness.

Gives us everything.
And in return ask for nothing but
solely to preserve your life.
Look at how we abuse your love.

Glaciers melting.
Forest burning.
Slowly our world is ending.
Virus spreading.
Unbreathable air.
Down we go.

Our once clean ocean is now littered.
Our ecosystem is slowly dying.
Slowly but surely Species are on the
verge of extinction.
How did we reach such state?

We have been warned of this day to come.
Still we ignore it as fools we are.
There will come a day when
Mother Nature will reclaim.
And this will be the end of us all.

Can we make a change?
Building towards a sustainable way of life
Is the way forward.
Go green.
Reduce our carbon font print.
And allow generations to come to live
on this marvelous planet that we call our home.

Elaine Louise
SBSA



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

LOVE...

What is love?
Love is an emotion
that you can share
by showing affection
to someone or something.

Love is the most powerful
and strongest
feeling that exist
in the whole universe.

Love is a chemistry
Without an explanation
Or control.

Love is pure like a white dove's
heart that's been hit
by cupid dart.

What will you do without it?
What would your life be without it?

When you have
love in your heart
you are respectful, patient
and caring.

When you are loved
You feel happy
and protected

So, starting right now
remove envy from your
heart and replace it
with love.

Jade Moustache
SBSA



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

YOU

Lightning strikes the peaceful earth,
The strong winds dance swiftly over the north.
The burning fire deep inside my heart
Grows stronger than ever
Whenever I think of you.

I have fought the most dangerous
Battle of all.
But the power of my love for you
Leads me to winning them all.

I have swam across the seven seas.
Met so many attractive fishes.
But you are my nemo after all.

When I am with you,
The butterfly in my stomach
Dances happily.
Just hearing your voice
Makes my hair go tipsy topsy.

When I close my eyes,
All I can see is you
And the flash back of our memories.
I realize I lost you through.

I can feel my heart crying
In pain,
That I cannot have you
Back in my arms.

I am trying to forget you
But if I grade myself
I think an F would be it.

What if we rewrite the stars?
And make it glow a little brighter this time.

Jade Moustache
SBSA



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Paradise beach

I sit down by Beau-Vallon beach
Gazing into the fire like sky
Watching the sun getting lost
Through the vast ocean.

Night time is soon approaching
I said out loud,
As I view silhouette island
Disappearing through the dark.

I decided to take a stroll
In the whitest sand,
Feeling the cold ocean breeze.

Ole lae ole lae
I heard within distance,
It is probably the folks
Singing and dancing moutya
I wondered.

I stand up and stare
Into the beauty of the night for sometimes.
I could see the moon laughing amongst the shiniest
Stars of them all.

I could feel
the wave crashing on my feet
Like little kids running around
It feels calm.

So that is what living in paradise meant.
I said

Jade Moustache
SBSA



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

The Pleading Mind

It's a fever I'm telling you!
The continuous headaches,
The increasing vulnerability of one's mind
And the eternal want to just drown in a sea of emptiness.
There is no permanent cure;
Just temporary whispers of good will
Leading down the path of denial.
Believe it or not,
The world is but a misery.
Where masses of individuals
Had become slaves to Ares.
Inevitably incoherent and disruptive,
That not even the ballads of Apollo
Could wash away their silent nothings
That had sailed against the wind.
Wisped away under the willowing leaves,
Like the on going breeze,
Their screams had melted into whispers.
Down the rabbit hole they had gone:
Trapped by the master of that realm.
Their caged sanity quickly faded,
Becoming nothing more than fugitives.
Ones whose heart disintegrated in a
Universe scrapped of any hope.

Jasmine Noël
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

The Immoral Symphony

With smiling faces they watched on,
Ears perked at the familiar melodies.
Oh won't their mistress carry on,
As she played out her pleas.

“Carry on, oh sorrow!”
Her heart sang to them.
Fools cursed of their eternal boredom,
Wait on till 'morrow.

Like vultures they strung her high,
Wishing nothing more than to clip her of her innocence.
Carry on with their nonsense,
She knew it was nothing more than a lie.

Locked away in the prison of her mind,
Her jagged heart could only bleed.
She found her soul entwined,
At their lustful immoral deed.

She cried out to the ones above,
As they began to take their leave.
Unlike the pure white dove,
No purity was left to retrieve.

Her words were repeated in a chorus;
No other would leave her lips.

Jasmine Noël
SALS



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Voices of mine

To all the voices,
Exquisite,
With simple temptations,
You roll in your endless vibrations,
Deadly with damnation,
Bring all your phantoms of tribulations,
Around my thoughts full of youth,
You go ahead,
To burn a symphony of continuous unhealable scars,
Flood and destroy memories of unsinkable joys,
Bury all my happiness in short lived graves,
And light my anger like fires on a winter mornings day,
I can't run from you,
I can't hide from you,
But I won't adore you,
As a muse,
As a monument,
As a virtue,
Neither as a sin or anything in between,
For only death and its rose of endless thorns,
Will have me forever in its sake.

Louissa Payet
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Dreams of sacrifice

There I've stood,
And there I've waited
I'll take my time,
To finish that line,
To start a new marathon,
That'll last a lifetime,
Whether it'll kill me or spare my soul,
I must keep going,
For I've prayed,
I've given,
I've saved,
And I've forgiven,
All I must do now is run,
And die along the way if I must,
Whether or not I let go,
Some of the best and worst experiences of my life,
But if in doing so,
It grants me my dreams,
Or starts my life afresh in a simple garden,
Then let the curtains unfold,
The palms sweat,
And the dead hearts beat once more.

Louissa Payet
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

The language of art and pain

Art was never born civilized,
For it came from a place,
Deep within unrecognized,
That seemed to be in constant war,
Over something so small,
That tried to diminish every bit of the pain brought to life,
That we each experienced,
On personal levels,
No matter how great,
Or how short-lived it was,
But Pain,
On the other hand,
Was born out of the calm chaos as a child,
In search of victims,
It would call "friends",
That would eventually leave it,
And each "friend" would go on to go against it,
By creating art,
A boundary,
Were it could never cross over.

Louissa Payet
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Starlight

Picture a world filled with
Love, Compassion and appreciation
A world based on patience
A world driven by unity and not prosperity
A world where people stop and reflect and not gaze and reject
A world created through cooperation and understanding
not Classes and Corporate Branding
This world where people connect not by
social media and internet but through
words, emotions and their intellect
A world where climate change is not at large
because the people have paid the charge
This world of which I speak is
one that is within our reach
A world that is still on track where
everyone has each other's back
A world that has not gone haywire
Thus not ravaged by Eternal Hellfire
A world whose situation is no longer dire
Preach to the Choir these people were smart
they got back to the path of right
Thus creating a world glistened by dazzling white light

Daryl Adolphe
NIHSS



University of Seychelles
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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Hellfire

Picture a world filled with
Hate, Sadness and Destruction
A world rule by Corruption
A world where liars are saviors
A world where hypocrites rule over Politics
A world where deceivers are healers
A world based on War and Armageddon
This world where hope is abandoned
A world where all loving hearts
are left stranded
A world were death and chaos is maintained
A world were peace is out of range
This world where no-one's on the same page
This world that I hope never to see
But if only that were up to me
Our world is drawing closer to that reality
A world not guided by morality
But by man's desire for inequality
A world where everything has gone haywire
A ravage by Hellfire

Daryl Adolphe
NIHSS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Un cœur brisé

Ça fait déjà un an depuis que tu m'as quitté
Un an depuis que tu as tout effacé
J'ai beaucoup essayé
Mais, je n'arrive pas à t'oublier

Je me souviens du jour où nous nous sommes rencontrés
C'était le 1^{er} janvier
Tu étais si beau à craquer
Je me comportais comme un bébé
Un petit chien à tes pieds
Mais toi, avec ta fierté et ta masculinité
Tu m'as complètement ignoré
Heureusement ça n'a pas duré

Le temps est passé
Je ne sais pas comment s'est arrivé
Nous nous sommes finalement unifiés

Deux ans après
Seulement deux ans après qu'on s'est marié
Tout est devenu compliqué
Tu as commencé à me frapper et à me négliger

Je ne sais pas comment tu l'as fait
À chaque fois je t'ai pardonné
Les gens disaient que j'étais ta poupée
Mais si seulement ils savaient
Combien je t'aimais

Aujourd'hui, je ne fais que pleurer
La joie de vivre m'a échappé
Pourquoi as-tu arrêté de m'aimer
Pourquoi as-tu profité de ma fragilité
Pourquoi m'as-tu laissé...
avec un cœur brisé

Joanne Rath
SITE



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

L'amour, ça se vit

De mars jusqu'au janvier
Je les ai attentivement observés
Ce couple d'oiseaux n'ont fait que se bagarrer
Ils se sont traités comme deux étrangers
Pourtant, ils étaient mariés

Ils vivaient sous le même toit
Simplement parce qu'ils n'avaient pas d'autres choix
C'était évident qu'ils ne partageaient plus la même joie
Du moins, pas comme celle de la première fois

Mais en février, tout comme de la sorcellerie
Un tour de magie
La fleur morte tout au long de l'année, remontre de signe de vie
On recommence à les entendre dire « Chérie »

Pourquoi parmi tous les jours de l'année, on choisit qu'un seul
Pourquoi on base nos sentiments sur des choses artificielles
Pourquoi perde-t-on le regard sur les aspects essentiels

L'amour, ça ne se trouve pas dans une chocolaterie
Ça ne se trouve même pas dans une parfumerie
L'amour, n'a pas de prix
L'amour, ça se vit !

Joanne Rath
SITE



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Kote tou in ale?

Asize dan son vye fotey, manman i rakonte...

Zanfan en liniver inik e varye

Melanze ansanm dan en marmit kolore

Nou diversite, ti nou lidantite

Kree par bann afriken imigre

Sel fason pour defoule

Rasanble otour en laflanm dife

Pandan ki nou pti tanmtanm kouver par lapo kabri ou lare ti pe gany sofe

Granmanman ti'n pik son zip dan kote

Pare pour al danse, menm dan lobskirite

Granpapa osi avek son lapat konnson roule

Ti'n fini pare pour al bar bare

Soley i kouse, me personn pa realize

Letan moutya in deklare, nou pa war letan pase!

Anfen soley i releve

Tou dimoun in transpire

Sa ki pe bwet bwete

Sa ki menm pe sey rod son kote soulye

Ar, zot ti'n byen anmize

Me la, mon bezwen retourn ver realite

Manman i pran son tas dite e ale

I kit mwan ater tou ebete

Mon menm anvi plere

Oli li sa trezor lepase

Kote tou in ale?

Joanne Rath

SITE



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

She

She goes to bed at night wishing that it will be the last
Wishing that the next day will not come at all
Not because she does not want to see anyone
But what difference does it make whether she is there or not
They say that they care
That no matter what they will be there
But where were they when she cut herself at night
When she put a blade to her thighs
She does not even know why she hides her scars
They can be out in the open and still go unnoticed
That loud laugh and sweet smile
That is the most pretending she has done all her life
And she does not even know why
Why one small word can cut her up inside
She is done living this lie
It does not matter what will be left behind
She will not be there to watch
She knows that she will cause them pain
Hopefully with time it will go away
It is her decision and she does not want to stay
She is tired of faking it everyday
Acting like it is all okay
She is not going to play the blame game
She stands by the decision she has made
And as her bones slowly crumble into dusts
She wishes that they find the peace that she was searching for
And for any of those who follow behind
She awaits the day they will reunite
That is if there is an afterlife.

Gretel Banane
SBSA



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Sida nou pa ou Viktim

Sa vye zimaz i fer mwan mazin sirkonstans realite
In penn en tablo efreyan ,sokan ek destriksyon
Mon lank i penetre lo en vye bout papye e mon komans fer en leokri persan
Pourtan yer tou ti an roz anba tapi
Pourtan yer nou ti'n byen manz nou pinar e al defoule dan bal bobes
Me ou ti en roz ki fleri avek bann pikan anpwazonnen
Ou souvenir ti napa ni ladres ni en portre me zis destriksyon
Pourtan in vin andiwa, andiwa san en konpany e mon ankor dan perdisyon
Ou ti'n byen pas lalang dan dimyel pour kasyet bann leskelet dan larmwar
Me sa lavalas ki ou ti fer ti detrir mon lavi e fer mwan deklar fol ,fol e fol
Me aköz sida ?
Akoz mwan ? Aköz nou ?
Larepons pour mon bann kesyon i anfermen o pli profon leker
Zistans mon'n kite
Zistans mon'n garde
Lezot i ava sifoke e vwar mwan koman en gro nwaz nwanr
Me en zour mon zistwar pou rezonnen partou lot kote losean
I pou anmenn bann sourir aparant lo bann figir fernwanr
I pou fer en sanzman ek en ladiferans
Sida les mwan koz avek ou e dir ki ou kontriksyon i ou destriksyon !

Shanah Jouaneau

SITE



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Viris "korona"

Mon antann leko leokri lot kote kontinan
Sa fenomenn i kree en latmosfer efreyan, soka e san kontrol
Nou sourir deryer bann mask i sel keksoz ki fer nou realiz nou legzistans
Nou esey ferm laport me i vin ankor e fer en tranblemandter
I pa'n vin koman en viziter me koman en rezidan
Kote ou sorti ? ki ras ou ete ?
Sove, sov sa lepidemi brit ki fer roule sa bann gro ros vivan
Priye, priy pour bann ki'n vin lesklav sa pwazon toksik
Reste konsyan ki i annan bann ki'n pran en bout papye karikatir e pe kont zour
Bann ki'n fini kit nou e pran zot pasaz e pa pe retourn ankor
Osi bann ki zot larm in vin zot zarm
I annan osi bann ki batman zot leker i sel melodi ki zot annan
Tabou?
Non, tou nasyon in fini kas baro pour al deter sa trezor oubliye
Tou nasyon in fer en miray
Nou tou nou'n pare pour lalit kont sa fenomenn
Annou reste ansanm lanmen dan lanmen ,lafors dan lafors e annou lager
Annou krase kras sa bann lespri negativite
Annou annan lespwar kot i annan dezespwar
Ki nou ava regard bizou lanatir san lafreyer, san larm e san doutans
Pa les nou vin en viktim sa lepidemi
E ansanm nou ava ariv kot nou desten

Shanah Jouaneau

SITE



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La femme de caractère

Avec des manteaux vieux et des parfum forts

C'est la femme de caractère

Elle prend son temps à livrer ses normes

Souvent personne ne l'écoute

La femme de caractère

Par moments avec des gestes insolites

Son gâteau de mariage se transforme

Il vire en gâteau d'amant

Sans hésiter son mari en prend un morceau

Avec une autre qui a oublié le goût de son gâteau

La femme de caractère

Elle garde ses objets précieux

Comme une lionne qui protège ses petits

Un regard vif et surprenant toujours

Au point que maintes personnes

S'interrogent, Comment s'est- Elle faite défigurer

La femme de caractère

Eh oui mes chers amis

Comme sans doute vous le constatez

Elle est une blessée qui souffre

Rappelez-vous bien encore

Elle demeure désormais et pour toujours

Une femme de caractère

Jayden Damien Noel

SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Un homme qui veut tout

Un homme qui veut tout
Ne partage rien
Ne parle pas et ne touche à rien
Il prend son temps à choisir ce qu'il veut

Un homme qui veut tout
N'est jamais satisfait
Il change ses idées comme une personne qui change ses vêtements
Il ne dort pas
Comme une chauve-souris il cherche ce qu'il veut

Un homme qui veut tout
Ne sort jamais
Il reste dans son coin

Un homme qui veut tout
Ne change pas
Il reste épuisé et vieux

Un homme qui veut tout
Ne gagne rien car il se fatigue d'autres choses

Eh comme vous voyez
Un homme qui veut tout
N'accomplit rien et il est toujours occupé
Alors, je vous demande si vous avez un succès, qu'est-ce qu'il vous manque ?

Jayden Damien Noel

SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

"Counting Snowflakes"

Sempiternal series fell on pavements,
Conceiving the lights that
buried the entire streets,
Adding conceit.

They fall, still.
Continuously.
To the roughness of earth.

Making them cold and
Profusely.

A carrier of untreated pityroid for the numerating times –life.
Taking away every spec of value they possessed as
They are stared, uncladded and
Burgled by power and barren chauvinist.

Always the heir of Eve as Adam pokes about, surreptitious beauty damnating lines of times ahead.

The snowflakes still fall.
They fall.
Still.
Redemption and change,
Preyful hope,
As they are violently counted.

Gushes of sinful white,
Unbleached by the depths of penetration.
Phobo smiles, caressing the hairs to be risen.
A natural offspring of Aphrodite and Ares for the times ahead.

Continue and watch, as
Snowflakes descends.
Soon they melt
And neglectedly counted.
They fall, again to the
Roughness of earth.

Jonaella Williams
SALS



University of Seychelles
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UniSey's Poetry Competition

“Robustness of Men”

Kindly heaven must be smiling above.
The earth filled with sanity and love.
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O she smiles on high.

Let mine kiss thee with the propulsion of my heart
For thy love must be better than wine.
My beloved is unto you,
As a cluster of Camphires is
In the vineyards of Mount Olympus.

Behold thou art fair my love,
Behold thou has doves' eyes,
Angelic lips and bosom blessed by Eros' hands.
Behold thou art fair virgin,
Beloved yea are pleasantries in mind.
O! our bed will sooner be redder than wine.

Thy lips must be drops of honeycombs.
Honey and milk must be under thy tongue
And the smell of garments
Is like the smell of Lebanon.
A garden I must pillage.

How her teeth are like flocks of sheep
As they all bear twins and none is barren.
They temples are like a piece of pomegranate.
Perfectly plump red admirals.

They neck is like the tower of David
Build for an armory held strongly,
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers all shielded of mighty men.
Jewels should reside the beauty.
Yet envious are those that
Desire to climb thee by neck, breasts and waist.

They, that plummets your aches to obtain goods, gold and power.
Yet I shall defeat them that decimates and not frolic.
As come the times ahead, it will be mine
that eradicates your fields and conquers seeds
for our bed.

Jonaella Williams
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

Rain Drops

Drip drop
The rain drops that fell against my bedroom window
So cold
As the wind blows
Shivering in the cold air
That sends a chill down my body
Drip drop
So calm
As the rain keeps pouring down
Wetting everything it touches
Creating pools of water just lying there
Drip drop
So relaxing
It lets your mind wonder in a state of serenity
Where time has stopped moving
Drip drop
So peaceful
Just gazing outside
Watching
As it falls in perfect harmony
Drip drop
I hear the thunder in the distance
Roaring like a great lion
Drip drop
So emotional
Some think negatively
Some think positively
Me, I'm hopeful for a better tomorrow
This is my Rain Drops Poem

Ebrahim Scholastique
SIAD



University of Seychelles
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UniSey's Poetry Competition

The Unfortunate Child

You owe me patience
You owe me peace
You know me least

I am a monster
I am a freak
I am the heart of the beast

You are a glutton
You are full of greed
You owe me a feast

I am the thunder
I am the beat
I am the heart of the street

You took my sweet ignorance
You replaced it with hate
You twisted my fate

I used to have innocence
I gave it away
I now have nothing but faith

You gave me darkness
You stole my light
You robbed me of sight

I've done my miles
I've put in the sweat
I watched as trouble piled

We are the unfortunate child
Born in debt
Disguised by a smile

Aaron Dogley
SALS



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UniSey's Poetry Competition

PUSH ON

There are a million roadblocks ahead
The friends that you had are gone
Do you feel discouraged?

Then Push on

The monotony is disturbing
You have been in this war for too long
Are you bored?

Then push on

The landing always hurts
You've been kicked off the throne you sit upon
You feel weak?

Then push on

"Hard work always pays"
They sing you that same old song
Are you getting tired?

Then push on

You have been right a few times
But you're usually wrong
Do you feel stupid?

Then push on

You have been both a yes and a no
But what you really are is strong
So don't doubt your power

JUST PUSH ON

Aaron Dogley
SALS



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My love, I hate you.

My biggest enemy is my sweetest lover.

Although we fight every day,
I know he will never leave me.
Although he makes me spend sleepless nights,
I can't detach myself from his touches.
Our eyes lock from dusk until dawn.
Our dark souls drive each other crazy.
Our hearts beat one for another.

My sweetest lover is my biggest enemy.

He has the right words to calm my thoughts,
His presence is enough to quench my thirst,
The memories of him can't escape my mind.

When our lips collide,
All his bad becomes good.

When our skins skim,
My body becomes his.

Insomnia I could fight you all day, you'd still love me all night.
Promise me you'll never leave my sight, promise me you'll stay.
For you have robbed me of myself, I forgot what I was without you.
Insomnia my love, I hate you.

Elia Savy
Ecole Française



University of Seychelles
Knowledge hub of the Indian Ocean

UniSey's Poetry Competition

Persona

Dear persona,
How I wish I was you, and how I wish I could be myself.
You're funny and your laugh is contagious.
I'm awkward and often sad.
You're friendly and energetic.
I have trust issues and like calm.
You're never afraid to speak your truth.
I am scared to offend people with my harsh words.
Persona, you're loved, I am hated.
Persona, you're so anchored in me 'Me' forgot who 'I' was.
You're a great dancer, while I'd rather sit during a party.
You know how to have fun, and I'd rather stay home.

Persona, I don't know what to tell you, except don't leave me.
At least don't leave me yet.
But please, leave me soon enough for me to remember who I am.
To remember who I am without the cameras and sparkles.
Without the fake confidence and the fake laughs.
Persona, leave me alone, teach me how to be lonely.
When your jokes aren't here to make me laugh
When your joy is nowhere to be found.
When it's just me.

Dear persona, please teach me how to be me.

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