

**Hornsby Girls' High School, 2013**  
**with poet Eileen Chong**  
**Response Poems from Class 7K**



*in response to Johannes Vermeer's 'Girl with a Pearl Earring'*

**by Deeksha**

She walks unsteadily,  
sauntering across the lonely station,  
frequently, she stops to gaze at  
her surroundings and then  
back at the vehicle that will  
kidnap her for forever, and she  
whispers short phrases from her language, tears race down  
her cheek and the beads of moisture splash on the ground.  
Hesitantly, her head turns to see my dismal expression; I quickly  
change my emotions to encourage her, hiding my true colours, her  
pale face shines in the dark, her eyes glinting to match the  
tone of the pearl. She bids me a hesitant farewell and leaves me  
forever.

**by Sammie**

Rushing to do her master's bidding  
in a frenzy.  
Not even noticing the man  
watching her, in the shadows  
of the alleyway.

**by Zara**

She cast one last glance  
over her shoulder  
into the dark  
the pearl flickers, then dies

**by Christy**

her eyes big and gloomy  
lips were pink and lovely  
The pearl earring she wore  
on her hidden left ear

**by Rebecca**

Her eyes fixed, not allowing  
you to shift your gaze.  
The pearl reminding you of  
her past.

**by Amanda**

A dome of cobalt  
wraps tightly around her head  
Auburn tails run down her neck  
and strokes the brown jacket  
that she wears on her shoulders  
but the opalescent pearl  
shimmers like a star in a myriad of dull  
who knows the history  
of this girl's past

**by Madhura**

She looks straight at me,  
her eyes screaming with regret.  
The pearl earring shining  
through the darkness of our future.

She turns to leave me now,  
the light leaves her face.  
She walks away slowly,  
With the pearl earring shining through the darkness of our future.

**by Treveena**

The pearl earring glinted  
in the darkness of her life  
The memory of her family  
plunged through her like a knife

**by Sabrina**

the pastel-splashed girl,  
with the luminous white  
stone, a gift,  
travels into an unknown  
land ahead  
wearing only a lost  
expression  
as she advances to her future

**by Sarah**

Looking at me with your beady eyes  
The sound of the brush meeting the canvas,  
It's as if we had just met,  
But here I am painting your portrait.  
The pearl, you kept it and treasured it  
even though it has been decades.

**by Kiki**

There once was a girl  
who wished she could just be free  
nothing was her own  
apart from the earring  
the pearl earring

**by Dorothy**

Her eyes full of sadness,  
And shining like the pearl  
Hanging from her ear.  
The blue headband covers her hair  
As well as the yellow fabric  
Hanging down

**by Stephanie**

The pearl earring, as white as snow  
in the dark room, it glows  
The girls, her face fills with sadness

**by Stacey**

There she stood in a dark room,  
with nothing but fear in  
her eyes.  
A girl with dark clothing  
but a gleam of light  
shining through the dark.

**by Janine**

She looked back to me,  
sadness filled her eyes  
As she mouthed goodbye  
that one word  
could mean so many things  
as she turned  
I waved and called  
but she could not hear me  
she was lost in a silent world

**by Louise**

Her eyes responded to her father with fear,  
she could feel her one and  
only dearest possession on her  
ear, it was like an angel's tear shining  
in the light.

**by Jodie**

The pearl earring glistening  
The light shining on her face

**by Katrina**

Eyes filled with fear,  
The girl with a pearl earring  
Runs away from Asia,  
Away from the agony of being a servant,  
Fleeing from slavery and into  
being a peasant.  
Fear of her owner finding her,  
Overpowering her with his anger.  
The gleaming pearl earring is all she has.  
Her tied mop swings as she runs.  
This is a real journey for her

**by Lorrh**

he saw her  
she saw him  
her expression vacant,  
surprised?  
He gave her an earring  
a shard from a fallen star  
he painted her  
a band of the evening sky on her forehead  
ribbons of gold down her back

**by Judy**

Her eyes, showing hope and grief,  
Her clothes of poor and low class,  
The vampy background of cold,  
dark and deadness.  
The pearl illuminating from the  
dark, the small white bead of importance from the  
still and deadly black.

**by Emma**

The girl slowly turned her head,  
papery scarf swishing in the air.  
The stolen pearl glinting in the light  
that had long ago escaped her eyes.  
The wolves were near behind  
and the runaway princess stood still,  
and she thought of her father  
and her brother  
that she had left behind.

**by Millicent**

In France she thought of  
coming back,  
But had no means to  
do so.  
She wore the pearl  
every day,  
to remind her of her childhood friend.  
Her parents one day gave her freedom  
and took her back to her  
homeland.  
There, she saw her childhood friend,  
who painted her expression.

**by Yong Yong**

Her cherry lips part for a sobfull moan  
Her eyes widen, like two black stones  
Her face dawns into pitiful white  
Her fists clench in fearful might  
Her chest heaves with tenacious love  
As she sees the fallen, little glove

**by Tricia**

Her lips are poised slightly  
apart  
Her expression blank  
and vacant.  
Yet her eyes hold  
worlds of knowledge  
Her earring her only valued possession.