

Hornsby Girls' High School, 2013
with poet Eileen Chong
Dramatic Monologues from 7X



Artemis
by Masako

The goddess of the hunt
in the white shadow of the moon
speared her prey with silver arrows.

The virgin stood beneath the cypress
watching the deer with warm deep eyes
basking in the moon before
her twin would rise to dawn.

Daily, she hunted
though she was the protector of animals
easing pains of women.

Strong and silent
the huntress of the moon stands
watching in the dark, watching
the animals, women and wilderness
watching the moon go down as Apollo rose.

I breathe in the heady scent of the hunt
a goddess with a mission.
One second shooting down with silver arrows,
next second protecting all the wild.

The wild daughter of Zeus and Leo
Opposite of my twin
the sun Apollo.

I protect the women, wild
and wilderness.
I will stay virgin -
have through millennia.

I sit below the cypress
cast in the white shadow of the moon.
The deer walks up and sits
beside my silver arrows.

by Sally

I am Aphrodite.
The goddess of love, beauty,
desire and pleasure.

Ellen Degeneres
by Varsha

The stage is set.
The fans are ready.
Just like every week.
As the lights flicker
onto my lightly bronzed face.

Stretching a smile
towards Portia, my wife.
I step onto stage
ready to entertain.

Artemis
by Vanessa

A great deity she was,
born to be a goddess,
of hunt, wild animal, wilderness, childbirth, virginity
and protector of young girls.
With a brother as great as Apollo,
she would watch the sun go up,
hand in hand with him.
How I loath to be like her,
with a silver bow and arrow
ready to leave my hand.

Queen Elizabeth I
by Brianna

Yesterday I was young,
a mere child lost
with a sister and a father,
continually moving
from palace to house to dungeon.

Today I am free
with a country of freedom.
I rule for my people, the treasure of my kingdom.

Tomorrow I will be a woman
that looks to the future.
A woman among thousands
but I will always be me
no matter the future.

Artemis
by Jade

I stand in the moonlight,
Astride my young deer.
My bow ready, the arrow strong,
I would never like a fight.
My eyes sweep the land,
for any sign of danger.
My girls come closer,
along with the animals.
Apollo comes out,
ready to raise the sun.
Nothing has changed
in our ways.
The sun, the moon,
united in two gods.
I look on
as my brother
raises the sun.

Athena
by Piarin

I watch as my friend
slowly slips away from
life, slowly fading away.
The colour in her cheeks
going away faster every second.

I did this. I made this mess.
I have done wrong, and
as I sit here, witnessing my
fault. I know what I have to do.
My name is Palace Athena.

by Jasmine

I look up to her with keen eyes
as I sit behind the desk
just under two metres of her.

Her voice echoing through the class
while us, spectators, absorbing
all of the words

that come out of her red lips.
She teaches things
of poetry.

Queen Elizabeth I
by Emily

No mother, harsh father, spiteful sister,
Had I,
nothing left at all,
but the throne,
the kingdom,
the land.
Betrayal envelops me,
that traitor of a sister,
ready for revenge,
was she?

Athena
by Nikki

A blur raced towards me, I was released.
The sound of blade slicing through flesh rebounded and
in a heartbeat, I leap
from Zeus' forehead
in full armour, fierce but preserved.
I was free of this encasement
metal armour glistening in the sunlight
immortal I am
and undefeatable I will be.

Queen Elizabeth
by Kelly

Ahhh, Mary, my sister.
Finally asking for my help.
Is it a mister?
Oh no, murdering? Surely not.
Well come inside, my dear sister.

Ellen Degeneres
by Asha

She stands up to gay rights,
she stands up to animal rights,
she is Ellen Degeneres.

Her heart is pure.
Herself, she is compassionate.
Her fame, she does not boast about

She voices her opinion.
She takes in others ideas.
She is Ellen Degeneres.

She is the poet
in residence
Eileen Chong.

Ellen Degeneres
by Poppy

A smile, a laugh,
so far I have come,
flick the switch on your remote,
There I appear.
All these years spent working,
working for my spot
working for my respect
I am who I am,
I have never changed
for societies image.
The applause sign lights up
I take to the stage.

by Kiri

Now that I am facing death
I suppose I can allow myself to think
about the good parts of me.
Surely the arrogance will be excused by God,
since these are the last few seconds of my life.

I was mischievous and clever and I could have
more fun than other child,
because I knew how to.
I was not good at spelling or grammar
or numbers of things like that
but I knew flowers would sort out the teacher.

And now I must say
what a waste of my life
so much more I could have done
if I was given that time.

by Lauren

Her hair flowing down in black curls,
her eyes as bright as the stars in the night sky.
She is the goddess of strength and passion.

Though a legend and immortal,
she comes in different colours.
Whether wolf or bear of slave or queen,
she's everywhere and faithful.

She may be the homeless girl,
you see across the road.
Or the man on the bicycle
who fell over on the pavement.

She is Athena.
Goddess of the future, goddess of the past,
goddess of faith and world.

Anastasia
by Emma

I am her, I swore.
Who else could she be, but I?
Same hair, same eyes, same skin,
same scares, same birthmarks, same height,
same handwriting, same knowledge.
I know about when I offered flowers
to my English tutor.
I know about when I started smoking,
in the first World War.
What more do you need
to prove I am she?

by Hannah

'I'll be back next week,' Ellen, my sweetheart calls
as she walks into the airport halls.
I am Portia de Rossi, her dedicated wife
that waits sorrowfully for Ellen, day and night.
'I love you,' her sweet voice rings,
her smile that makes me feel I have wings,
but when she goes, my heart is not right
I wish my dear Ellen was always in sight.
'I'm home', Ellen says as she closes the door
but when she leaves I'm wanting more
of her smiles and loving gaze
being infatuated with the famous doesn't pay.

by Vrinda

A single shaft of silver light
guiding the tip, hilt, the black blade
a swift arm ricochets towards me.

Blank metal is skewered, dancing
arrow heads, secured in a bow.
She snakes over the cool marble

to where I lie,
the armour reflecting
cherry blood that seeps throughout

her tears drop down onto
me, searing the pain
I whisper a word, her name

that is forever changed to
mine as I sink into the marble.

by Elizabeth

I stand in the line
bouncing with anticipation.
Shuffling, slowly, we move
towards the big man.

Guiding the entrance of the studio
with a flash of a ticket, I'm in.
And she's there, smiling at me
as though she was expecting to see me.

Sitting in the front row, it hits me.
She's there, ten metres away.
She, with her caring smile and contagious laugh,
she, my idol, Ellen.

**Anastasia
by Emma**

A black bundle lay by the snow,
camouflaging itself, deeper,
deeper into the night,
'Who am I?' she muttered.
'What am I?' she asked.
I kneeled down, closer,
closer, til I saw the red rope marks,
a highlight on her pale, colourless skin.
I gasped,
'Who are you?'
'I'm no one'. The bundle went still.

by Kelly

Poetry. Something I have wanted to do
for ages. Passionate, puzzling, beautiful
poems that keep me up all night.
Finally won an award. Everyone
looks up to me. I feel proud
and overwhelmed with happiness.
Words spring up to me as I begin
on my poem. But what shall I
start one? I look on the internet for
inspiration. There it is! Yang Guifa
is the start of my poem.

**Artemis
by Victoria**

Sitting on the moon,
I aim for the deer.
With my silver arrows and bow,
I hunt through the forest.

Aphrodite
by Tia

Fire your arrow, hit her on the head.
That's what Aphrodite said.
I watched, as the young man said, 'will you be mine?'
Aphrodite said that the girl would decline,
unless I hit her, exactly on time.

It was an accident, I swear that it is!
I didn't mean to hit the young man on that shoulder of his.
The girl stood there and stayed
as the man went away,
singing out love songs to a casket of wine.

by Winnie

Striding into the throne room
her eyes blazing with ferocity,
she silenced the world.
Two gods and goddesses alike,
sat with their mouths dropped.
Her silver armour, glittered like a disco ball,
stunning with her beautiful, flowing hair.
She was indeed the most
powerful of all gods
and goddesses,
with her striking figure.
Athena, she is,
wise and strong,
goddess of the world.

by Avan

I look up at her,
my last moments, I her arms.
My closest friend, a sister to me
I shut out the feeling of horror and pain.
Instead I embrace her gift to me.
It's ironic that I'm dying through war
with a true sense of knowledge.
Both of these, her gifts.
She will make a wise ruler one day
and many would be honoured to have known her.
Yet as I look up into her eyes
I struggle to fight the feelings of jealous
'Equal, that is us'
If only Zeus' daughter knew my bitter truth
from now forth.

Athena
by Linda

My daughter – motherless, childless
from the skull of my head in full armour.
The wisest of all my children, in which I trust
my most prized weapon – the lightning bolt,
the invention of hers, the olive tree
won her Athens.

Athena loved the owl because of
its wise looks. Worshipped it, highly regarded it.
She is as beautiful as the sun on the shore
her golden hair behind her glorious armour,
no love has ever passed her.
I regret one thing.
Taking away her mother.

by Cherie

I listen to the oracle
which tells me that Metis's second child
will overthrow me
Zeus.

I am the highest god.
I command the sky, rain and clouds.
Revenge.