

Bankstown Girls' High School, 2010 - Student Poems

The Brooch

“Have you ever seen such a sparkly thing as I?”

One who has been polished more than thousand times.

Oh I wish I could escape that dreadful box,

The earrings aren't that polite you know

If you take me out, I will make you proud.

I may not hold a thousand memories,

But I do belong to you...

My Talisman

The last time I held it in my hand was a memory

It was cool to the touch.

My thumb would absent-mindedly rub against the jade

Hear the rustle of the golden chain

The colour is wearing away, scratch marks ebbed

Out all over.

Buddahs face is smiling with joy,

His presence enlightens me

Holding it in my hands for once realising the value

Looking back over the years when it was kept locked up in that dreaded box.

But all that now is a distant memory...

Childhood myth

Race through the corridor

Right, left. Where is it?

Spin around. There it is

A sign held up "Forbidden".

But why should I bother?

I gotta go.

Clamber into a Cubicle

Ahh, what did I eat?

Clamber out, I look around

Walls gravitate from ceiling to sink

Red like the colour of blood

"Forbidden", it says

But what for?

Forbidden...

A true leak into my head

And I sang,

Mary, Mary, bloody, bloody, Mary

Lights flicker, doom creaks, mirror creaks

Lights went out,

A little girl screams...

Home is Where the Heart Is

Home is where the heart is
Where we sit, laugh and play.
We talk, eat and listen
Where we huddle like penguins in winter
Where we play and laugh in summer.
Home is where the heart is
Concrete and shady
Hoop in the centre.
Trees create a protective barrier
Leaves green and plentiful.
Home is where the heart is
Silver seats as grand tables
We feast every break.
We study and finish our homework
And talk about our daily lives
Just like a normal family.
Home is where the heart is;
This place
It is the haven of fun and laughter
The keeper of treasured memories
The roof we live under
This place...
Just like home
The centre of our hearts
To me it is where the heart is...

The Poet, by Yukiko

Why I have never come across a more intriguing person...?

She has the most adorable laugh,

The most lustrous hair-do.

She is bright and her attitude

Bubbly;

I wouldn't say experienced,

But there seems to be an inspirational atmosphere

That clings to her.

She is funny and small,

But I wouldn't mention fragile,

Her imagination exceeds mine any-day.

She's like a star in the sky,

Colour on blank paper.

Why have I never come across a more intriguing person...?

Big Fish

Out in the sea

Below me

Is a grinning cat fish

As big as 2 metres long

Slick as oil it was to catch

Shiny with its glittery skin

It wagged its yellow tail at me

Just before I caught it out of the blue sea.

The cold and endless

Vast blue sea

The End of Bush

Environmentalists vow to stand in front of bulldozers

In front of the tree hacking maniacs

For the brilliant cause

Of saving trees

To save the lush of forests and the homes of the animals

These people lay down their lives

In orange shirts with pure white hearts

Yellow tracksuit funny man

People in packs walk here and there

Some in trackies, flip flop and bare

Loud conversations roar from the train stations

As the hilarious man would announce the trains

He had the biggest accent

And we'd all laugh

Turning around, you'd always see

Kids playing touch footy or cricket for hours and hours

Red Baby

Red as blood

Short slick body

With 4 wheels and headlights

Is my baby

The Nissan Micra

Worth every dollar saved

To buy the new and improved Micra

Lots of power but very quiet

It drives as through its on castors

The car of the future

Is my red baby.

Australia

People from all over the place come and go

As they please

Some try to get in illegally

With our famous bridge

And our brilliant beaches

Our boxing kangaroos

It's all a part of Australia

Whether for you or for me

Australia it's truly a site to see

Grey Paper, Grey Matter

Long and thin with ads on my back

And written here and there

Millions of people read me

And millions don't

Open me up you'll find articles

And information listings

Big businesses or small

All placed on me for everyone to see

Film grey

I'm grey

I'm lifeless

Yet I hold so much

Because

I'm a newspaper

Not just a grey paper.

Red and Silver Dragon

Silver and red
Criss crossing in pattern
The gap at the start reminds
One of two dragons
Engulfed in a war
It's small and bumpy
Hard and cold to the touch
My dragon bracelet
Silver and red
Rests on my wrists
Reminds of exotic places like
Morocco and Egypt
My dragon bracelet
Silver and Red.



My Dragon Bracelet

Poems by Shanice C.

Place poem

Our basket ball court
The hoops are old and rusting
The wood is rotting
The cement is turning to gravel
The lines are fading
The metal pole rusting
Still, it's ours.

The Hospital

The people are so nice
Walls white and bright
All the machinery hooked into the wall
Oxygen attachments everywhere
An old man with crazy eyes gives me his orange juice
The Middle aged helping the older and sick
Needle boxes full
Plugs all over the floor
TV's loud
Nurses helping all the patients
The oxygen mask on my grandfather
Bright notices telling visiting hours
Families coming and going
Blinds, non transit.

Dear Papa

I wish you could be here with us now

I miss you so much

Everything's so shit now without you.

I think about you if I get angry or pissed off.

And when I do think of you it makes me cry.

So I hope you are in a better place now

No hurt or pain.

Just in heaven and in peace

Love your oldest moko. 1

1 Moko – grandchild in the Maori tongue

Poems by Janelle D.

Imaginary Fairy

Dear imaginary fairy,
Why did you have to go?
You used to always be there
But you never even stayed to see me grow.
Oh, how I've missed you so.
You'd talk to me when no one else would, you always
Comforted me when I cried.
You'd help me when I needed it,
You never doubted me if I tried.
You always sang me to sleep at night
A soft sweet tinkling lullaby,
You reassured me when I'd been given a fight
And told me fairytales that made me smile again
So why did you go
You never said good bye
You promised you'd never leave
Then why
Why did you lie?

Night Sky

A singular floating, swirling crystal ball

The colour of grey

Changing form night after night.

Scattered glitter sprinkled all over millions of sparkles of light

Spread all over

A never ending blanket of darkness.

Grieving

I stand alone in the storm

Thunder rumbles in the distance.

I neither notice nor care

All I can feel is

A deep hollowness in my heart.

Raindrops fall heavily

Mingling with the tears

Already sliding down my face.

Summer Morning

Sun shines brightly

Birds squawk merrily.

Dew drops on the grass

Crickets chirp continuously.

The sky is cloudless

Everything stays still.

Everything is peaceful.

Teddy

Lays neglected and alone,
Its fur matted with dirt,
Its seams split open.
An eye dangles by a thread,
A green scarf it once wore
Now worn and ripped round its neck.
Miserably it lays there,
Longing to be loved again.

Christmas Eve

A tree decorated with lights and baubles
Surrounded with numerous wrapped gifts.
Roasted turkey on the dining table
Eggnog warming on the stove.
The clinking of wire glasses and cutlery
Laughter, children all waiting for Santa
Hoping to find their stocking full the
Next day.

My bedroom

The atmosphere is quiet
The walls reek of my childhood past.
I can barely remember when it was
That I had liked pink last.
The floor is smooth and polished
The ceiling shows no signs of mistreatment
As it is missing a wheel.

ANOTHER FIND, by Anna T.

I inspect the ragged find.
Cold beneath webbed fists
A sharp shock through the cold-blooded system
Metal pressed against the palm of moist skin
Glitters in the murky, unfiltered sunlight,
Contaminated by the depths of the lake.
A linked rectangular chain of gold
I suppose some sort of adornment
Attaching to pale human skin.
An item, humans like to hang on themselves.
Discarded or carelessly dropped from above.
Into my hands. My collection of odd talismans.
The creatures above fight so much over.
For these bits of heavy pieces of metal.

Found Poem, by Anna T.

The key to the paranormal phenomenon
Lies across the nightingale floor,
Dirty beasts appear in pictures of the night,
Lives in crisis until Jenny Angel
Armed with HSC Support Material,
Acts as an activist's survival guide,
Equipped with the stinky cheese and butterflies,
Looking much like so portrayed in media oil paint.
With manipulative language techniques,
It suggests trust no one,
As also advised by the cyber rules.
Yes, a series of unfortunate events just there,
Distinctively bubbly but like the DVD missing from the library,
There are mysteries in the cyber rules,
Which scream out darkness be my friend.

MIST, by Anna T.

Mist to the naked eye,
Appears sinister and unloving
A mirror of a cold, dark, brooding person
Swirling, obscuring your sight
With the trail of a single touch
Of its hazy fingertips.

Portrayed as a dull, faceless, man
Or something perhaps of haunting beauty
To the practical, simply as a weather phenomenon.

But some people prefer to give it a face,
Like a magical fairy or mermaid
Of forgotten myths.
Who surrounds and guards exotic places
Beyond, unknown to humans,
But a home to itself.

MUSIC, by Anna T

It strikes an unknown chord from deep within.

It sets the stubborn boulder weight free.

It releases the urgency I panic about so often.

It unwinds the tight coil of my body.

It helps me cope with reality.

It allows me to see through different perspectives.

It can set off an avalanche of feeling.

It is a therapeutic solution for the disheartened.

It describes the situation in detail in two forms.

The lyrics and the melody can sing together,

Can clash and make utter nonsense but

In the end, it's that spark in my life I can't live without.

Poem, by Serena R.

P.E Class

Running a 100m lap

Under the hot blazing sun.

We all sweat

And pant

As our chests heave

And feet burn

Our cheeks turn red

And our shirts turn wet.

Poems by Amara K.

My Ipod

Every day I get picked up
They stretch my arms searching for a track
Each song a different voice
I can be anything they want me to be
I sit there in solemn silence
Watching as they adjust my volume
Slowly my energy decreases
Enough is enough I say
And just like that I close my eyes
Leaving the screen as dark as the night
And when they put me on charge
I know in my head
That tomorrow's just another day

Grandpa

My eyes can no longer see your smile
Yet my heart still feels its warmth
My ears can no longer hear your voice
Yet your words of wisdom are etched into me every day
I can no longer hold your hand
Yet it still guides my every step
What we see, hear, touch is only temporary
What we feel and learn and love is eternal...
You are always with me
The eagle

He claps the prey with crooked hands

Close to the sun in lonely lands

Ringed with the blue world he stands

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls

He watches from his mountain walls

And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Whoosh, Whoosh, the wind whipped his face

He looked down pity with utter grace

The eagle, with eyes searching a place

Near and dear to him his only nest

Where he sits and watches thinking of the best

And like graceful animal, he lies down to the rest.



Flag Of The Country

Look at the flag as it floats on high
Streaming aloft in the clear blue sky
Rippling, leaping, tugging away
Happy as the sunshine, bright as the sky
Throbbing with life where the world may see
Flag of our country, the flags of the free
We see in the flags a nations might
The pledge of a safeguard day and night
Of a watchful eye and powerful arm
The guards the nations home from harm
Of a strong defence on land and sea
Flag of our country, flag of the free.

Friendship

Take my hand and follow me
To that place I long to be
Take my hand and trust my way,
In the that place forever stay
Follow me toward the sand;
We'll run and play, hand in hand
Forever I'll stay close to you
Seize my words and listen well,
Then forever I will tell
Release your heart and feelings too,
Just as I will do for you
Trust your heart and follow me,
To the place we long to be.

Poems by Amalia S.

The Rain

The rain pounded with his fist,
Onto slanted roofs and walls,
And slid his slick, slippery, sodden fingers,
Under crevices, windows, doors.
A bellowing din was heard all round,
Crashing, slamming, roaring amid falls.



South Africa World Cup

Blinding white, dizzying waves of heat,
Hot, dry gusts of air, whispering through the land,
Sweat, parched tongues, cracked skin,
Bare feet, toes digging into sand.
The feel of earth, brittle and dry,
A cacophony of noise and sound,
“It’s the two thousand and ten world cup!” They cry!
Vuvuzela’s blaring, agitating,
Like a swarm of belligerent, buzzing, bees,
Celebrating and rejoicing,
A united nation, all gathered together.



Native Floral Emblem – Brazil – Cattleya Orchid

A lazy breeze sifts through the sultry air,
Leaving a trail as it weaves.
A syncopated ripple of movement,
A tidal wave of leaves.

The tiny white specks,
With milky white petals,
Dancing under the sun,
Rich, honey coloured yellows,

Different shades of green
Soft leaves falling languidly,
Tiny droplets crystallising,
The orange sun gazing quietly.



The Soccer Match

A dry, dusty, breeze sweeps through the arena,
An echo of the beat of whirring wings,
A chorus of cheers and howls erupts sporadically,
Thousands of sweaty faces looking on at the game below,
Heroes running round the field, a great spark of hope in their hearts,
The thrill of uncertain victory or defeat,
A spectacle like no other.



The Orange, Brick Wall

Six friends, all relaxing against the orange, brick wall.
The old, broad tree shading us from the summer inferno.
Thick, humid air permeates the school yard, threatening to suffocate.
Its hot, sticky touch, stroking at our skin, seeping into our clothes,
Our voices tainted with weariness as we bicker and chat,
English assignments due, and geography homework that needs to be completed,
Ranting and raving about Torchwood and Doctor Who,
Listening with close intent at the distant, upbeat pulse, coming from the iPod,
Jumping up, energised from the music,
Head banging and dancing to one of our favourite bands,
Faces gleaming with sweat and glowing with happiness,
despite the clammy weather.
Our bodies in time with the bass line,
the drum beat coursing through our veins,
uniting us as we sway.
Losing ourselves with the music, melting away with the summer heat.
Six friends, all dancing around the orange, brick wall.



Gallifrey

The planet of the Timelords,
Burning up the sky with its amber glow,
The Citadel enclosed within the mighty, glass dome,
an impenetrable barrier called the quantum force field,
protecting from physical attack.
Vast mountain ranges, that go on forever, capped with shining white snow.
Fields and slopes of deep, red grass,
scattered with brown, purple and gold coloured rocks.
The silver-leafed trees looking like a forest on fire,
shining under the twin suns.



The Pebble

Small and smooth it lies,
Tucked in amongst other rocks, at the bottom of a river bed,
The vast moving currents threaten to dislodge it from its place, yet it does not yield,
and remains sturdy and strong,
A single, short, sharp, slash dents its right side,
It's mud-brown colour, standing out amongst the other pale grey rocks,
A single brown speck amid a sea of grey.



Pebble from
Macedonia

Home

I just arrived back in my country,
I felt so happy, excited and comfortable.

Where should I go to relax?

I know my home my sweet home.

But would I be comfortable here and able to sleep?

Thinking of all the people here who are suffering and all those trying to take over
the country and the war that is always happening.

I am happy in my adopted country, where there are
beautiful views, green colours everywhere and my lovely family.

Everyone reading my poem

Should know I am writing

About PALESTINE and the trouble there,

I would always thank God

I can go back to AUSTRALIA

Jordanian Sands

I stare at the bottle of coloured sand from Jordan.

The sands are arranged
to form a rainbow landscape
of plains and hills in the desert.

Camels like slaves
glide along one after the other.

The camels stare out there
following each other step by step by step.

It would be hard to make
these patterns

In this bottle, in this souvenir bottle.

It has my name is written in the sands also

How was it made
with the vast

Sands of Jordan?

How was it made?