

**Bundanon Trust – Bomaderry High School, 2013
with poet Tim Sinclair**



Sensing Site poems

by Bella M.

In isolation, I understand.
A lingering perfume of rain, fallen
moves through me, washing away as
does the water.
It taps its rhythmically layered percussion
and the birds join, call and respond
a soothing song.
A realisation – the absence of foul, unnatural
tastes on my tongue.
Cool rain runs leisurely down through the
crevices of my face mimicking tears.
Waterfalls touch my feet and the off-green litter
fallen below.
A breeze calls now, fraternising with the birds
and delicate branches abundant with
leaves shiver as it passes.
The cool is calming.
In isolation everything moves but me.
Regardless, I am free.

by Blake F.

The dew falls, wondering
whether its purpose is
fulfilled.
It hits the dirt and
grass like a
parachuter, elegantly rolling
down the short strands
of green grass.
The tone changes, the
rain begins to hit like
a rockslide. It crashes
against the already soaked
canopy. It hits the
dried leaves returning the stolen
moisture to their homes.
But not for long...
Summer's coming
and the new rain shall
all dry and be gone
soon.

by Madeleine J.

The shards of bark,
rough and worn
fall off piece by piece
with the fresh rainforest
floor capturing each flake
in its grasp
soon to be taken away
by the wind and forever
lost in its arms

by Scott K.

The breeze gently caresses
the kangaroos turn up
in the moist green
paddock as the birds
make me angry

The distressed sounds of
a kangaroo shatter the
calm serenity settled
by the steady rain

by Madison H.

The splat of rain drops mask
the chirp of birds
The grass gleams a shade of
shiny white

by Ruby H.

The flowers' drooped their
heads sadly and cried
rain droplets.
A sheet of rain
fell quietly upon the trees
mimicking the soft crackle
of electricity.
The light scent of flowers
dampened by rain reached
my nostrils
and streaks of cold like
a tiger's stripe raced across
my hand and the paper
mirrored it.
Burning bile rose to my mouth
as the repulsive smell of oil
paints and Turps got to
my head.



Image drawn by student Scott K.

by Annie K.

Out in the garden
leaves glisten
hanging from trees
covered in rough powdery moss
I hear the miniature drumming
of rain on paper
The freshness of the rain settles
on my tongue
mixed with the mustiness of damp
kangaroos in the nearby paddock.
This is the sensation of nature.

by Kiana F.

the smell of wood and paint
leaves my nostrils
as I leave the cabin
raindrops and leaves gently
brush my flesh as I walk along the path
gravel crunches beneath my feet
I realise that there's so much more
than this
more than the Earth
the water, the leaves, the kangaroos
the rain, everything
It all means nothing
because we're alone in the
Universe.

by James L.

Putrid indigo envelopes the sweet chirruping of the earth.
The unrestrained crackle of the soft blue splatters the willowed green.
The vivid citrus nestles in the fragrant surrounds.

by Jacob C.

It's early morning
The rain is trickling like
fairies dancing.
The small family of cows
crying out to be eaten.
The rain continues. It
flattens down the twisted
wisteria roof.

by Annabel D.

Spring glooms as
summer blooms

by Alicia V.B.

thread through trails of gravel
travel amongst tufts of green
tread on floor of soil laced
with lines of leaves

scent of the bent, broken
foliage of the ground
leaving traces of scent before
they turn to brown

calls cut into silence
echoing through still air
resounding amongst the quiet

slickened rain coats branches
with its steady touch
bending in together
folding into mulch

by Brianna R.

What do I see
peering out into the abundance of textures
colours, nature
endless surrounds of shaded green vegetation
consuming the landscape with profound dominance
I hear
light steps of minute raindrops
delicately imprinting soft pillow of dirt
My finger brushes upon
tiny molecules of fur, subtly licking exposed flesh
a leaf
an unexpected furry sensation
Sweet air, moisture engulfing my throat
with each tiny relaxed breath

by Liz P.

On the soft silky grass
watching raindrops of 1000 colours
gently sprinkle on the pond
A trickle down my face
brings my senses alive
A light breeze delicately
pulls at my hair
I close my eyes and
see what's around me
The chirp of birds
high up in the trees.
Thump, thump, thump
and the kangaroos bound away

Imagining selves poems

by Idris M.

this land was very different once.
it was filled with laughter
and life. days were filled
with activities, adventures
and conversations. the cows
changed everything.

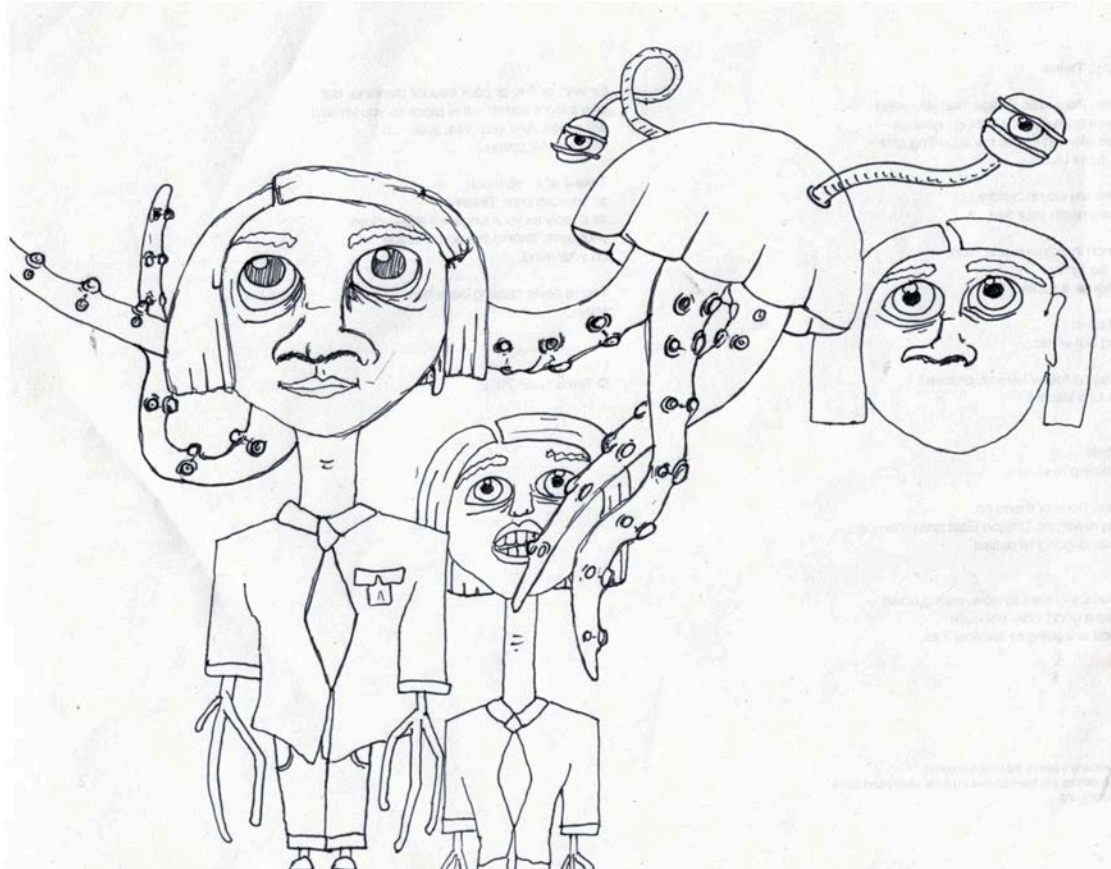


Image drawn by student Idris M.

by Madeleine J.

I've been alone here now for years
enraptured in my own thoughts
my own delirium.
The world passes by without
a second look. The life I always
wanted to live, I see it now
slipping out of my grasp. Alone.
Always alone.

by Madison H.

Sometimes I imagine my future wife
sitting with me in the lounge room,
getting cosy by the fire with
hot tea burning our fingers. We
would talk about our day
and plan our imaginary get-
aways

by Ruby H.

Sometimes I imagine my future wife
asking for salad dressing.
She produces a salad from
her pocket – and looks at
me pleadingly.

by Blake F.

The wind howls at the door.
The rustling of leave outside my window
echoes both in my mind and reality.
I begin to question my sanity as my
loneliness and anxiety intensifies.
The moon light eloquently shivers
through the windows, its glow
more ambiguous than Tony Abbot's
policies. But then it ends. I realise
my anxiety has actually been caused by
my nervousness for the HSC results.

by Annie K.

I've been alone here now for years
wondering through the desolate
corridors, questioning my sanity,
questioning what I hear and see every
day. I stop and absently stare out
the glass doors whispering to the
trees getting no return answer as
usual. So full of voices yet so empty.

by Kiana F.

Sometimes I imagine my future wife
laying eggs. Well not laying, per say...
more sitting on eggs, mimicking some form
of fowl bird.
It's always been my dirty little secret.
A spider attracted to chickens.
Tears stream down from many eyes
as I realise my fantasy will never become
a reality.

by Scott K.

I've been alone here now for years
walking these empty halls,
surrounded by
hollow walls, the cracked
floor boards creak as I
wander from empty room
to empty room,
although they are filled with things

by James L.

I've been alone here now for years.
The silence is the prison that carves me.
It impounds me.
The trees turn to bars.
Floors turn to cold hard cement.
Sweat turns to blood.
Blood turns to tears.
Tears turn to life.
Life drips away.

by Brianna R.

the wind howls at the door
and a sinister body engulfs the atmosphere
a soft glow. eerie memories seep into
the empty spaces of my mind
a haunted space
a tiny world of black
Her soft face politely commands
to be heard once more
A delicate whisper that softly brushes
the warmth of my heart

by Annabel D.

The wind howls at the door
The man froze in concern. Thoughts of horror
entered his delicate mind, violating his innocence,
enhancing paranoia. The sound of screaming souls
surround the hut
intimidating the old wooden door
which banged and crashed in resentment.



Image drawn by student Scott K.