

attempted defiance

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poems

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edited by toby fitch

The poems in this anthology were written by Year 10 students at Cranbrook High School as part of the Red Room Company's 'Papercuts' education program. The name of the project was the 'Toilet Doors Project', which promoted the self-publication of poems in public spaces, guerrilla-style if necessary. The poetry written by students also took on a rebellious theme as the project grew.

A Rebel

From the moment I wake to the second I sleep
I'm suffocated by rules and caged behind the law
Engulfed by the commands of others
But not today no I'm taking a strike and taking a stand
Saying no to being quiet in the library
I'll talk when I want and as loud as I want and you can't reproach me
Refuse to write out the question before the answer
And reject washing and scrubbing what menial chores!
What do I care if mould colonizes the sink
If we run out of plates and revert to our hands
Who says I don't know what's best
Who says that food is expired because of a date on a can
These imprudent rules grip you suckers
Models citizens of good hygiene upholding your cherished law
You can lecture me day and night like a wretched machine
But deep down I know you're as dirty as me

Three Haiku

...

The cycle begins,
Silence engulfs the city,
New moon in the sky.

...

Sophisticated
Machines philosophising.
Again and Again.

...

Summer rains pour down,
Winter drives rain from the south,
I cannot stand this.

...

Lions

Walls soar up by the playground
Cameras keep their watch
Their eyes stuck firm to the gate
No escape

Caged in by class
Abiding the rules, the morals
Sheltered from the public
(Or is the public sheltered from us?)

Uniform, in attire and behaviour
Separated only by the colour of our hair
We trade our ties and blazers
For blazing orange overalls

We are the lions of society, tamed
By constraints and expectation

Like the Hyena

He traverses suburbia
Claws wrapping spray-can
He slinks the fence
Glances the corner

Taxi coasts by like a shark
He dives to ground
Punches ink to Coke ad
Paint oozes, blood from a gazelle

Launches and scoots
Success running through his veins
Wild smile torn across his face
Like a hyena

My Sister

I look out the window
What do I see?
A certain young lady
Whom I quite fancy.

I think I love her
But she loves me not.
So why on earth
Is she so damn hot?

I'm starting to wonder
What my parents might say
When they found out
I think of my sister this way?

Your Poem

©

By You

?

Do others wonder what I think?

Does an ember think about the ash?

Do the waters stare at the sky, feel empty

if the stars don't show?

Where will the pebble reach the bottom of the lake?

Are green clouds jealous of rainfall?

Do shadows always follow?

What is it like to be the shiny shell in the sand?

Does time have colour?

Is there a reason to ask in the first place?

Uprising

When the final bell has finished ringing,
Leaving nought but a faint whisper,
Solitary voices echo across the pale courtyard.

It begins with doubt, hesitation,
Before unanimous movement
As a call answers the first.

The flag has been planted,
A broken chain flapping, loose in the wind.
Together the summons will be called.

With the sun rising comes the dawn,
And each ray reveals another,
Burning to join the coup.

The hope, of the night ending, enough to spur
Even the snails to abandon their shells
And fuse into baying animals.

They can smell it in the air,
There can be no turning back,
¡Viva la Revolución!

My Brother

I look in the cupboard
What do I see?
A certain young lad
Whom I quite fancy.

I think I love him
And he loves me too.
But why dear god
Does he smell like poo?

I often wonder
What my parents would say
If they found out that
With my brother I'm gay?

Secret Scenes

There's a picture of Justin Beiber
In my drawer, on my desk, above my bed.
I have all his tracks,
But I pretend I hate him when
My friends talk about him.

...

Mr. Fitch asks for my homework,
I tell him I handed it in
Even though I forgot I even had
That assignment.
I convince him that he lost it.

...

Mum glares at me, who
Took the Jack Daniels?
Sweat rolls off my forehead,
My legs turn to clouds
I also took the cookies.

...

The smell of marijuana
Pervades the air,
I hold my breath, trying not to inhale,
But I fail. Smoke infiltrates my lungs.
Wonderful.

...

Chasing Sarah down the alleyway,
Smiles break across my face,
Another girl playing
Hard to get.
I double my efforts.

...

Virtual eyes follow me,
The door invites me in, and I oblige,
Demolishing the toilets:
Bang! Bang! Bang! Walk out
As if nothing happened.

The Frozen Moment

It's when we've gone under
When we're all tucked in and cosy
When we lie in bed content and dreamless
When the static of the day has faded
Shielded from the frozen moment

It's then that he walks the streets
That he confides with the moon and stars
Fighting his unending war
Through valleys of darkness
And he wonders where the plunge began

Fly the Coop

Slightest breeze ruffles his hair
Sandstone cracks and crumbles below foot
The sun crisps his skin

His wings unfold
Green, grey, blue
The colours of Sydney envelope him

Shuffling over edge
He flies the coop

A moment of pure stillness

He is not land
Not water
But it rushes through him

The world accelerating
Gale plasters his face
Chaos reigns free

Brace for impact

...

Attempted Defiance

I eat all the last biscuits.

Steal change from the swear jar.

Swearing as I do.

I leave the toilet seat up.

Pee in the shower.

I stay up past midnight nearly every night.

Forget to do my homework.

Blame my sister.

I draw on the walls.

Rub soap on every toothbrush bar mine.

I poisoned my Brother's rat.

Blab about my best friend's secrets.

Spit in the dried glasses.

Take money from my Mum's purse.

I copied all the answers for my history exam.

Drove over a rabbit that wouldn't get out of the way.

Watch porn on my phone.

Because I have nothing better to do.

Molly

When she was young, fresh,
with me every day,
she took care of me,
comforted me through tears
like a mother. In my mind
she would never age
and never tire of giving care.

As she grew up, so did I,
together we'd play,
tumbling through trees,
rolling in the grass.
Up and down the hall,
we'd scream, laugh and bark.
Never did she seem to have aged.

She became older,
bigger, ever young at heart,
and we would still play,
though softer, no tumbling.
When I was sad, she made
soft noises at my feet
to let me know she was there.

Now, we are both older still.
We don't roll or rumble,
run or make loud noises.
We walk together or sit in silence
because we need no more than that.
No more than silence,
just each other.

Dreamscape

Animated bananas fly like kites
Make dramatic, enigmatic
Dyslexic elephants, flashing lights
Karma strikes, unexpected

Now I fly, free-falling
Above the clouds, through them
Wispy, weightless blankets
A floating fortress, shape-shifting
The parachute releases

Sudden spaghetti stuck fast
Like lollipops to the tongue.
Electrifying colours shoot by
Rich rouge and mellowing yellow

Suddenly the ground hits hard
And the colours hide in fear
Rainbows rot in the sky
Clouds roll in their sleep

As darkness prevails
Eyes flutter open

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