

Dapto High School, 2013
with poet Candy Royalle
Perspective and Personification poems



by Hunter

I stand in a paddock
burnt by the sun, grazed on
by the cows. Played with then done.
In summer my leaves
grow. In winter I'm white as
snow. My branches turn bare
and still here I stand,
domesticated, alone.

Gravel
by Tannah K.

Gray, hard, round
not making a sound, not making a movement
I'm the thing that everyone known
but does not think about
I am useless

Grass
by Tayla

I fly like the eagle
soar with the wind
like a dizzy hurricane.
a rolling stone
almost flesh and bone.
a head-on collision, definitely.

Tree
by Ella C.

I see the people walking by
laughing, talking, shouting loud
carving names upon me, deep
to last one hundred years

by Luke P.

I was born up high in a place of
magnificence. I was not noticed as an
individual but as a whole and it was good.
Though one day we all have to leave and
join the earth so one day a new
group of us is healthy and loves
longer in the place up high.

Cloud
by Kelsey

I float through the air, high enough
that nothing can touch me.
I watch those under me, see their
smiles as they point up at me.
See those smiles turn to frowns
as I darken, giving them warning
to find shelter.
I hear their squeals as I release my
burden and the water falls to earth.

Air
by Rhianna

I'm happy
I help people, they're alive
thanks to me.
I dance around people's
skin and although I'm not
appreciated I'm glad to help.

by Chloe

I stand tall
watching others below
Giving them shade in the summer
Giving them shelter in the rain
Fallen leaves tell the tales of my past
I always listen
but am never heard

by Marija

I see a tree. He's probably been
standing there for a couple of years. His leaves
fall down every day. Ants and other insects
crawl up him any way. Birds fly onto him,
and probably had babies on him. Children
climb up him, but not knowing that he
might feel the pain.

by Athena W.

I sit here lonely sometimes.
And then they come.
They torture me as they run.
As they walk.
I crunch as loud as I can.
They never listen.
It hurts so much.

Tree
by Samantha A.

Standing here alone my leaves fall
like the tears I want to shed,
my branches become bare like my
heart. It's becoming cold. The loneliness
is overwhelming with the sadness – just
me, here, all alone. The only company
I possess is the rustle of the wind
blowing through my leaves.

Tree
by Bridget

I am shelter. I am life. I'm a
tree. So much life I can see.
I long for someone to notice
me as they used to. But never
will they again in this time and age.
I'm no longer an element of beauty.
More valuable as a blank page.

Ground
by Emma K. M.

I see feet all around, I am
trampled on everyday I
do not like the way people
treat me.

by Tiegan

I have been hibernating for a season
but now I am awake.
I notice recent dents on my body, so
I try to stand taller; prouder; wiser.
I try to stretch to be rid of my
markings. It is now that I notice
the children...