

Dapto High School, 2013
with poet Candy Royalle
Group Poem



the ground beneath my feet shifts
whenever I stare with longing through the window

Standing out in a sea of colour
Why won't he go?
Why does he stay?

could jump and leave it all

The wind is cool as he stares at the
new message on his building
A boring life
given personality

They want to rebel so they come here
Teenagers are tagging
on history. Turn the page

People
trying so hard to be heard

I feel what they
feel, see what they didn't want
to see

What do these walls mean to you?
Distorting what once was
or could be

Is it a dump
or a home for people or is
it his imagination?

it is gone, as am I

His heart's been scrunched up

Lonely and empty,
but this is still home

Individual Contributions

by Kelsey

The wind is cool as I stare at the
new message on my building.
Our respective tags cover every surface
except here.
A new tagger placed his mark over
ours.

by Tannah K.

I'm up high and I can see,
see the damage that has happened to
what once stood; beauty and happiness.
When I was young it was in its prime;
so many good memories I had here.
Now it is gone as am I, where did
the beauty and happiness go?

by Tayla

A man in pain stands alone, lost, questioned
and broken. Even his greatest artwork
doesn't comfort him at this time.
The thoughts from old times have
reappeared, he feels there's no way out.
He could jump and leave it all.

by Ella C.

Worn out places
Covered in colours, words, pictures
Distort what once was
or could be

by Luke P.

What are you thinking and where have you
come from? Does it remind you of home?
Did someone show you or bring you to this
place or did you come of your own accord?
What do these walls mean to you?

by Tiegan

The ground beneath my feet shifts
whenever I stare with longing through the window

by Rhianna

lonely and empty
but this is still home
art and belief
what I see makes me strong

by Chloe

A dull wall
painted colourful
A boring life
given personality

by Hunter

Where has the life gone, everyone
gone away? Teenagers are tagging
on history. Turn the page. The love,
the people have no respect
for buildings from head to toe.
Is all that work on life really
for a signature soon to go?

by Marija

Why has the world changed so much?
Everybody does drugs, alcohol, they tear relationships apart.
They want to rebel so they come here and express
their anger in different ways.

by Athena W.

He stood there blankly
standing out in a sea of colour
Why won't he go?
Why does he stay?

by Samantha A.

The art sprawled across the walls in
attempt to express themselves, but this
all becomes ignored as the people don't
see the beauty, the creativity, people
trying so hard to be heard, to be
seen and acknowledged, just trying to
stand out.

by Bridget

It's his place. Brick walls, graffiti,
the only place that he can be
himself. He sits there alone. Thinks
of how simple life used to be.
But yet no tears came to his
eyes, he's past the point of crying.
His Heart's been scrunched up and he's
slowly dying.

by Emma K. M.

All along I wondered what it
would be like here, is it a dump
or a home for people or is
it my imagination?
I feel the pain of people who have
suffered. What has happened, I
wonder?

by Taleisha

I hear the
cries and sorrows of the people
who once existed. I feel what they
feel, see what they didn't want
to see.
I hear the children laughing,
trains running along the train tracks.
Happiness and laughter.