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Hornsby Girls High School, 2014 ***Vending Machines Poetry*** **with Michelle Cahill**

Red Room Poetry Education inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry.

We enliven experiences with poetry by bringing contemporary poets into classrooms across Australia to run intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.

Red Room Poetry Education at Hornsby Girls' High School, 2014
redroomcompany.org/education/



Tegan

Slowly dusk creeps in
Slowly, silently, same as yesterday
same as tomorrow
Softly night will sink in,
Seamlessly day will return.
But I will wait, wishingly
watching the white light pass
by and by.
My sun seems so far away. It
Shimmers,
While I sit alone in a desolate field
Waiting.
Watching.
As a cold world flashes by and by.

Slowly dusk creeps in
Slowly, silently, same as yesterday
Same as tomorrow

Emily

Something on the plain

In the middle of no where lies
A red box filled
With cans and bottles
Of a delicious beverage

A lonely figure
Standing there on the plain
Empty, the next day

From far away you can see
A red machine standing there
Isolated
Once filled to the brim with a drink
and now there is nothing left, nothing to
see
inside the Coca Cola vending machine

Kimberley

Tilted, the red robot sits, alone.
There is not even a whistle of the wind

Just emptiness...

It lays strewn in the rice fields:
a result of nuclear warfare.
Armageddon, as far as it knew
no one would ever again read 'Coca Cola'
written on its side

Sophie

The Vending Machine

Happily gaining money
But some are getting money for free
To me that's not funny
But just let them be
Every evening they come to restock
the bad thing is they come in a flock
Everyday I get banged on and paid
and I don't get money every may.
at last I have broken down
oh how many months I've waited for this day
the good thin is no carpenter is found
I'll be on my way
to heaven!
oh how many years I've waited for this day
for the first time I've looked down the sky
and how I wanted to fly
but soon I'll be back
Happily gaining money

Oh how many days I've not waited for this day.

Catherine

Tomorrow

Tomorrow may bring grief and sorrow,
Tomorrow may be when the world ends,
Tomorrow may be when my hinges wear down,
And I break apart.

Tomorrow may bring the wind and push me down,
Tomorrow the sun may singe my skin,
Tomorrow the scintillating star may not shine,
And I will lose my way.

But here I stand in this desolate pain,
With nothing by empty cans surrounding me,

Yet here I stand,
Worrying not for tomorrow,
but living for today.

Sarah

The Vending Machine

Brightly coloured red vending machine.
fidgiting as I put a coin in.
Swallowing the coins as I put them in.
Refusing to let go of the last can of coke
Growls as I push enter again

Sarah

Finally letting go of the drink
noisily letting out the change angrily
Poor red vending machine standing alone
without anything to sell
not anyone to look for it
Standing alone, lonely.
Brightly coloured, red, lonely vending machine.

Vivian

The vending machine stood like a human
on two feet,
In the middle of a plain field of weeds
and worn out grass and dirt.
As I took each step, I felt as if it was
taking steps towards. Step by step.
Step by step, the vending machine came
closer. Step by step,
It was standing alone, dependent on
nothing but its mere foundation of rocks.
It looked as if it was going to come
crushing down like sleet and hail.
**Two yellow bottle caps stared in scorn at
me with beadiness.**

Anonymous

A barren land of nothing, in all directions of
a compass. A vast stretch of land no light
from electronic gadgets.
Only from the nature
Out of place a robot of red lay broken
on the ground
The result of destruction,
Great loss, great misery.
No way to fix, no way to recover

The place you knew is gone
Forever

Nancy

The lone knight
A fool, wasted
The field – wasted, yet
the lone knight
stands still, has not fallen
laughs! laughs
has gained
its independence.
The red-coat
laughs again!
The Coca-Cola-emblazoned machine
has not fallen
has gained
independence
and is not-no it is not!
Wasted

Tanisha

Sunlight slowly pouring over debris
No sound for 50 miles except the
whispering...
The whispering of the solemn breeze

Metal scraps lay dead in the wreck
Whole communities, all gone.
The rag doll in despair of being left behind

Long, long way away in safety,
The family who lost their home
The dad who lost his brother
The mum who lost her memoirs
The daughter who lost her rag doll.
All in grief.

It was defeat for humanity.
Victory for Mother Nature.

Rujuta

The hope lies in the one place it isn't.
In the middle of isolation, a pulsing red
beacon of hope stirs,
Sending out a signal to those broken
objects still fighting.
Flooding sheets of hope saturate the land,
washing away all waste, like sunlight
washes away water.
Hope reaches everyone, even those who
are
devastated, despairing,
dying.

More fighters arise, regrouping, following.
The beacon sends out a message
worldwide,
now, a message of strength and power.

They are reborn.

Senara

It stood in a field of desolation
A scarlet object
alone in isolation

The hope gone,
as it stood in the ruined field.
Yearning, yearning,
for what life used to hold.

Yet it waited,
for someone to come,
Something to happen

Anything that would
make the world right again,
just the way it used to be.

Amie

The Stranger

I am the stranger
Crippled by the silent sneers
A silence that screams
I am the outsider
The nerd
Dressed by my mother
In granny clothes; red, white and uniform
With huge spectacles
A sheet of glass
Covering my soul and heart
I am the child
Young and weak
Cowering in the green
Waiting for rescue
I am the stranger
Alone, alone

Sian

Whispers

A whisper in the wind.
No words, just whispers.
There's no-one left to talk,
But things, things that whisper.
The whisper of the lost,
Of those who don't come back.
The meaningless whispers,
The whispers full of pain.

I am the Tsunami

I crept out; I fooled you!
Now, you are mine!
Mine forever, forever and ever.
I'll never let you go.
You are my plaything.
My playthings are mine.

Kelly

The desolate surroundings wrap the vending
machine in solitude
As the strips of grass turn yellow in thirst,
the aggravation of the swift breeze,
the indigo sky with its oddly shaped clouds,
the whispers of the past,
providing little comfort to the vending
machine,
all alone throughout the endless, chilling
winters,
the cries of the unloved cans inside.
It continues to yearn,
for a place full of bustling clouds,
with the joy it had left behind,
the vending machine continues to long,
for the familiar home.

Anonymous

The isolation in the dull, plain fields,
The loneliness that surrounds all.
No birds chirping, no cars zooming by,
and not a single sound of wind brushing past.
The fun, exciting experiences disappearing,
gradually rising up and flowing away
The plants surrounding slowly, sinking away,
leaving a single body to stay
in darkness and isolation.

Anonymous

In the vast space ahead.
the line of the horizon was rough and bumped
but mixed in the centre
by a fluorescent vending machine
Speechless...
Stillness...
Silence...except the fluorescent vending machine
Faint reflection in the glass.
Knocked out cans and packs
In a fluorescent vending machine.

Anonymous

No more sound,
nothing in sight—
just a red figure,
isolated in the middle
of the field. No more
coins. Nothing.

Geena

Standing alone like there is no hope
In the middle of desolation
Surrounded by nothing but,
a lonely field

No sound of wind, blowing
All still, not moving
No sun in the sky
meeting in the horizon with,
only the vending machine
to break the line.

The last part of life
the red and white figure
Alone, alone, alone

S.

I feel like very emotional
My house and my world has torn.
The happy sounds have died
Everything has been killed
I don't know just how it happened
Never knew this'd happen
This came in like a wrecking ball
I have no idea why this happened
Also I'm not even sure what this was
But all I see is, broken city
I feel cucumber
I see red
I hear nothing

Anonymous

No more sound,
nothing in sight—
just a red figure,
isolated in the middle
of the field. No more
coins. Nothing.

Anonymous

If I was made from gears,
a cold blooded creature
a crisp of metal, down
my mouth and here comes
a part of me,
out of my hand.

If I was empty, just waiting
for someone to appreciate me
And one bit left
just one gumball.

If I was left isolated,
left on the cold band alone
the wet grass beneath
I had nothing now.

If I was the machine you wanted
would you have left me?

Vinuki K.

I stood there, sad, fatigued and hungry.
Nobody gave me coins;
nobody bought anything.
The hours ticked by slowly,
I felt dizzy with hunger.
I was alone, a cold, dead shadow.
Occasionally a spider came
and talked to me, mainly asking
to make a cobweb on my body.
I wish somebody would come,
but dreams never come true—
I learned that the hard way,
ever since I washed up
on the place of nowhere.

Sonya K.

One light. One hope.
Running low on energy,
standing alone till all else
that's bright falls away
into the night.

Now one light. One hope.
No more. Around in sight.
All else is gone, destruction's
come, humming softly, giving
the only glow; everything else
we have known, gone.

Now there is only darkness,
with one faint paint of glow,
cold and crisp air swirls around
the machine, till it coughs once
and goes out.

And now no light. No hope.

Anonymous

Standing alone in the middle of the field,
desolate, lonely, sad forever
Scarlet red against the dark green,
desolate, lonely, sad forever
No one buying from me,
desolate, lonely, sad forever.

Michelle A.

Grey sky,
yellow grass,
fallen trees.

Nothing.
Except for one survivor, it's red coat
still bearing the marks of a tsunami.
It's leaning. Waiting,

Waiting for someone to look, find,
rescue. Before the day comes.

Grey sky,
yellow grass,
fallen trees.

And a lone survivor.
waiting.

Hayley

A red vending machine, in nowhere
and nothing left in perfect-shape
around a chair without the legs,
a mirror, in the grass, with a crack.

A car without the wheel and a bike,
left giving way to rust.
Nothing was left alone, not even
a single memory of the villages
watching their horror-struck faces,
waiting for a miracle to bring
their loved ones back.

Something living, finally, a cat.
Walking along the lonely streets,
waiting for the moments where
the kind old lady next door would
give her food. Waiting. Waiting.
That moment never came.

Emma B.

Hope, courage,
they leave me as I open
my eyes to the field.
Deserted, painful,
Full of dying souls.

I survived the water
But am growing stiff
As the rust spreads.

In the distance the
water still rushes,
bringing friends towards
me. I call out.
No reply, only the
eject of the last can.
The coins rattle in my
stomach.
I watch and wait for the sun.

Ella C.

Lonely, desperate, separated.
The world had fallen.
Nothing left standing.
Bare fields, no crops,
no power, helpless, crying,
darkness falls.

Shining, hopeful blossom
on the ground.

Meha B.

Gleeful Devastation retreated.
Turmoil of the ruined and wrecked;
Lonely, but satisfied

Lonely, un-loved
nowhere to run
nowhere to hide
nowhere to go
Emptiness surrounds;
dying souls bid out,
overlooking emptiness.

Jolynn Z.

A tiny buzz of the vending lights,
all that has been left has been used;
nothing's left.
Slowly sinking into the damp grass,
floating away like paper boats & cans.

The musky air, the filthy water
rushing past me,
before it take me.



Lauren L.

A beacon of red,
its presence unnatural, unnerving
The wind stops howling,
foul atmosphere turning eerie;
fog hanging,
trying to mask the unwanted box
leaning, tilting
it leered at its company,
howling again the wind flew
unable to knock down

still mocking, jeering,
the upright box
defying, rebelling
against the world
not just a beacon of red—
a beacon of hope.

Claudia C.

Standing alone
in this dark place called Hell
no one is around, everyone gone;
filthy creatures crawl around,
winding up my legs, slithering
down my body

my friends are gone,
my family too. I am alone.
joints rattle and legs tumble;
I fall, fall, fall
lying on the dry, sucked up
ground.

I am alone—a machine
in this place called Hell.

Kristel R.

At a loss,
I keep falling.
Not a thought
in my head as I
spin, spin around
touch the
clouds
free-falling.

The calm of the storm
incapacitated,
a monotonous cycle
drones on as I break,
break away as I'm struck
like a chord of a double
bass; no more home
to belong to.

Krystal L.

Desolation, the lingering fingers
of the sun caress the land.

Dying, ebbing away till dusk reigns
with gentle blankets of darkness, with stars
to light the sky.

Although the day retreats, my strength is a
lantern eternal
of hope
to any mournful traveller.

How did I, an ordinary mechanism
survive the torrent of water
and become

a light to the lightless
a sound in the silence?

Sophie Y.

He fumbles for his wallet,
looking for loose change,
an expression of hunger on his face.
The machine waits.
Nothing.

He walks away disappointed;
the machine's gears whirred
to a halt—he would not stand.
Breaking all rules he pursued
through the streets right after
the man. He passed shocked
bystanders, an overly aggressive
dog, and through all the chaos
he found the man,
starving and alone.

The machine opened its great
mouth,
and out came some chips.
The machine smiled warmly
and so did the man.

Sharlat J.

Can't operate, stuck in patchy
dry tufts; a damaged wreck
on the field. How to feel
when I was alone,
cannot utter a clink
to reach an open ear.
Placed between ending as
rusted metal.

Katherine T.

The Vending Machine

Alone in a field where the world seems to end,
there is a longing for belonging and a longing
for a friend.

Alone stands a vending machine, once in a
city,
but now isolated in an area of death and pity.

It stands by itself, neglected, unwanted,
'unlike the times it sold soda and chocolate.
Red and forgotten in a lost field of green,
dull and lost without its red and white and
gleam.

But the machine is a symbol oh hope,
a symbol of life in a lost city impossible to
cope.

Amy C.

Sirens cry for loved ones who'd left the world,
the world was suffering, suffering from God's
wrath.

Once a happy, peaceful morning—now gone,
almost nothing escaped—not even buildings
and
aeroplanes. And yet there was a frail machine
standing quietly in the sea of debris. A symbol
of hope, a shield of optimistic thoughts
surrounded
it, even though its surroundings were full of
those
who gave up.

Kristen T.

Sitting here waiting,
nobody coming for me.
Surrounded by nothing,
nothing,
absorbing everything
around me; the grass,
air, and nothingness.
Silence
That's what I fear most.
But right now, he's
my best friend.
Nothing,
as far as I can see.
Sitting here, waiting
Never to reach
another soul again.

Anonymous

There it was, ahead of me
lonely waiting for some company,
unaware of its past, full of
crashing waves, debris, terror
— the atmosphere of chaos
had filled the streets;
that was then.
But now, the box stayed still,
red with flickering lights inside.
I walked towards it,
the vending machine scared
that it would hurt me, like
I thought everything before
had done. But no, it stood still,
almost gracefully, to the point.

I reached for my pocket,
empty, unable to feed
the vending machine.

Eve T.

Falling under the weight
of deteriorating junk,
I creak in my grassy desert.
Emptiness fills me lungs,
my hope long gone.

What joyful children dance
up above, floating in their
fluffy presence. Disregarding
the funeral below,

Like quick sand, the gloom
swallows me whole.
Trapped in a field of freedom.
Nobody comes to rescue me.

I am the dump. The junkyard
slowly buried by my longings.

Sneha A.

Deserted, frozen in time
—the whole world stretched
out before me.
Screams, shouts, cries
filled the air, and then they
fell, empty.No spark
in the distance,
the world had ended.

Lois Y.

Here I am, lonely, Waiting.
Waiting for someone to find
me. Waiting. Waiting.
For someone to come
and take me back to
where I belong. Waiting.
Waiting. For a coin to
be dropped into me.
Waiting. Waiting. For one
of my buttons to be pushed.
Waiting. Waiting. For the time
when I finally get to serve
someone again. Waiting.
Waiting. To see someone's
happy face

when they receive a can
of soft drink from me.
But those things never
happen. And here I am,
lonely. Waiting. Waiting.

Priya N.

Desolate, deserted, deteriorated
like a bright balloon in a junkyard.
Lost and lonely, a bizarre machine
of humanity, befuddled object
mourning across barren plains
in the midst of yellow, green & blue.
Nothing to look forward to.
Nothing to look back to.

Xin Yu G.

Lonely, forgotten, shattered
glass abandoned by man,
being swept into the hands
of nature. I don't fit at all,
worthless. I am just a left
-over, nothing at all;
a left over that's human-made
a left-over from the disaster.
I could feel the past, the wall
of water closing rapidly around
me, as I was swept away
into pitch darkness. screams,
shouts, blood everywhere,
I bobbed through the debris,
floating narrow streets,
everywhere around me.

Now lush grass surrounds me,
I feel a great sense of calmness,
a ray of hope for a worthless
vending machine like me.

Xinya W.

A vast expanse of nothingness,
an endless plain filled with nothing
but pain. Yet a lone figure stands
in the distance, proud and tall. Alone
yet filled with such hope.
The survivor;
the vending machine.

Yi Z.

In the middle of nowhere,
no power
no life.
I'm trapped here
done.
There is no longer the
drop
of a coin
into the slot.
I've got nothing to
dispense.

Ivy Z.

Standing all alone,
the peaks of the mountain
constrains it. The grass
withered—no life. The sky
murky like a blue watercolour.
Not a thing was moving;
no bird, no dog, no cat
captured at the perfect moment
when everything is one.

The desolation overwhelms me,
like a huge tidal wave coming
closer and closer
then all at once the world
is a blank,
But there is one thing
that is bright red.

Dora Y.

It was loud. The silence was loud.
Louder than the deafening screams
of women, crying for their young
offspring.

Gone.

Remembering of the day when
a wall became a wave, a sky too
think for a crowd became isolation.
A day when I bubbled like a cork
to and fro til I landed...
Nowhere. Amongst oblivion
and chopped grass.
To the beginning, there was
nothing.
That's also how it ends.
Nothing. Not belonging. Out
of place. For crying out loud,
if anything was to be seen,
it'd be my blood red cover. But I
can't. All that was heard
was my raspy whirring.

Bella L.

In the grassy field, he waits.
Men pass by him day by day,
yet he is patient.
His contents have long spoiled,
yet he stays.

I walk towards him, examining
him, He tilts, the elements urging
him to join the earth once again.
I take him home to his friends,
yet he shows no gratitude.

Joy K.

Quiet, sleeping, cold,
empty. Watching.
Looking for treasures
silver, gold. Tilted
rusted, old, weak.
Iron hide, gaping maw,
but it's no dragon
resting on his hoard.

Behind glassy surface
clear small packets,
food to be consumed.
But no footsteps drum
towards it, no hungry
army. Only the silent
wind, whispering
watching
and the empty field,
quiet, peaceful.

Erika R.

The open grassland was empty,
but a machine is left standing.
Waiting. Somebody. Anybody
to come. Day and night,
it cringes, horrified and filled
with sadness

It shivered and shook as it
stood down. The rain and
BOOM Thunder was roaring
like the world was ending,
deserted, desolated, I am
rejected.

Everything is dark,
with no life.

Ruby T.

Deserted in the lonely plains,
there was no one to be seen.

I lay abandoned,
an abandoned
vending machine.
No customers. No company.
No money.

I waited and waited,
I recalled the days, full
of horror. The day the waves,
tall and strong.
The dominating waves, eating
up the town. The vast and
prospering town.

I continue to wait and wait.
With tears of nostalgia.
Waiting and waiting for
the day, the day full
of triumph; when this lonely
plain continues to prosper
once again.

Jasmine L.

I was so glad
when I spotted the machine.
my surroundings changed.
The grass was lush and healthy;
the dead trees around me returned
to their beautiful state;
the flowers bloomed again.
It felt like the world was
a perfect place. It was like a dream.

The machine was my only hope
of survival, after I lost everything
to the tsunami. I was a mess.
Everything tumbled down,
but now, it is climbing up again.

Emma B.

Hope, courage—
they leave me as I open
my eyes to the field:
deserted, peaceful
full of dying souls.

I survived the water,
but am growing stiff
as the rust spreads
in the distance.
The water still rushes,
bringing my friends
towards me. I call out.
No reply, only the
eject of the last can.
The coins rattle in
my stomach. I watch
and wait for the sun .

Ella C.

Lonely, desperate,
separated.
The world had
fallen, nothing left
standing.

Bare fields; no
crops, no power.
Darkness falls.
Crying,
Shining, a hopeful
blossom on the
ground.

Sarah

A splotch of red stands in the middle
Lighting the world from dullness
Yet lonely and isolated from the whole world
The green fields stretch as far as the eyes can see
But all that's into focus is the red vending machine
That never moves neither talks
has been given freedom although it's still there
It feels so small and hidden
It feels so deserted and uncared for
But there is still hope
That a guardian will look for
The Red vending machine

Emily

Single figure standing in midst of isolation
Surrounded by dry fields and plains of desolation
A pure blossom, ready to open
Yet loneliness and disparity all over
A Tree that was soon to be exposed
To the outside world.
Such a simple thing, in all its beauty and strength
A ray of light,
A beacon of hope,
In this bleak world where everything is
Unexpected and unpredictable
But one day,
It will all be gone

Radhika

Waiting and watching.
Not a single sound nor movement.
The only colour in the grounds.
The breeze slightly tilting
No protection, no company.
It stands there still, in silence

The daily visits have stopped
No people, no roads. No nothing.
It should have embraced the last moments
Calmly watching as the hour, then
day, then months go by.

Kathy

A figure in red,
The poppy on the battlefield,
Nothing will be received,
nothing will be given in return.
It stands alone,
Isolated,
The tree on a vast plain,
Slowly, painfully wilting,
Forgotten.

Hannah

An ugly duckling, perched, tilted
Aleatoric and sitting in stark contrast
It offers a bud of hope
Blooming, the centre masterpiece
Of a post-disaster.

But asking loneliness,
Shadow is found on the
Flip-side.

Jade

It lingers...

The lone vending machine,,,
Sitting there...nothing else
A blossom of hope
Scarce among the paddy fields
Waiting for action
in the devastation
like a lamp post in utter darkness
hope lingers...

Malika

A beacon of hope
A shining light burning its way through
horror, melancholy, shock
A dream of life
Still, dead, alone
No sounds
No movement
Just a machine
Rising tall through the devastation
Through the destruction
Through the contamination
Perhaps a new start
Bringing new life
In the radioactive sun
Burning like fire

Rachel

Desolate on the quiet patch of Earth, not a
soul around to help the wilting.

The waves had crashed, silent our world.
Isolated not one in a haystack to
wound the suffering.
It lay tilted, slightly, collapsing
inside.

Troubled, shocked
not one heart, no life all alone

Rebecca

Where sky met grass
When sky met grass
A bright red vending machine
Inside you could buy,
an identity or two.

Choking, pain. To keep it all in

No man's land.

Jing

There it lay, its red Coca-Cola logo facing towards the
sunset.
Alone in the swamp it lay, abandoned.
Where was the saviour its red logo looked up to?
Once an everyday sight, it lay, lame, ignored and
despised

Alone in the swamp it lay, abandoned.
Where was the saviour its once inviting red logo had
searched for?
Lame, abandoned and ignored, it had lost all meaning.
The cold metal cans it had hoarded were gone,
replaced by litres of dirtied swamp
water.
Small and dull fish swam inside. The edges littered
with.

Pooja

Beacon of Hope

It's quiet, I'm alone
and the cold chills me to the bone.

Then I see it, a beacon of hope.
Now there's no reason to cry,
no reason to mope.

There's nothing around me,
not a footprint to be seen,
but then for the last two days,
that's how it's always been.

It stands quietly,
of this land the queen,
it is, it is
THE VENDING MACHINE!

Claire

The endless sea of rice fields
rolled on without a stop.
They were a piece of artwork
Yellow spattered on green.
But what catches the eye
is the tiny red spot in the middle
a spot of hope.
Hope of getting out.

Kitty

On and on

The plains of Japan stretched on and on
E N D L E S S
Its green fields of isolation covered the lands.
The past was gone, and now what mattered
was the future.
Solitary.
Standing still.
Its land only consisted of a speck of colour,
Bright, brilliant, only lighting up small part
Unique, unusual, it stood
calmly.
As if watching everything silently
It was no more than a vending machine,
the left remains the tsunami had caused
But it was hope;
like a bud SPRINGING into a flower

Jennifer

The lonely vending machine

No sound of mirth nor breath of life.
Isolated like an island
the machine stands lone
in the eternal field of death.

It drowns in its eerie silence.

The gears of the machine rot & rot,
half buried in the earth
it signifies it is ready to surrender life...

The machine stands lone,
broken on the eternal field of death
No sound of mirth nor breath of life.

Vanessa

Out in the middle of nowhere
No people, no shops, nothing
But a peculiar red machine
that had unusual buttons and S

L
O
T
S

I pressed one and it vibrated and flashed
The machine lit up like fairy lights in a dark
room
I pressed another and a bottle with brown
liquid appeared
I opened it and drank
I tasted the sweetness of it as it filled up
inside me.

Chloe

Something stood in the distance,
it was red, it was big.
All around me was nothing but death and
destruction.
Every living organism's breath snuffed out.
So what was that doing there?

It was a vending machine.
Millions of people had not survived,
but this vending machine had.
It was a sign of hope and peace.
A red rose among thorns.
It was a symbol, a reminder to everyone, to
never give up.

Andrea

The Vending Machine

Dumped by a passing truck
A picture of the wastefulness in life
It had ruined more than just itself
Like the littered plastic bags around
It had cursed the land and hopes of
the plant's growing there.

It could've been saved, though no one had
cared
Just left it to waste as others had done.
Though every item could've been used.
Nobody had wanted to spend the little time it
would have taken,
to save the machine.

The field had once been green.
All that was left now, was a picture of the
wastefulness of life.

Jane

In the middle of an underground station,
a curious little girl roams around the busy
cities of New York. In a distance she spots a
bright red, rectangular box with bottles inside.

She strolls closer towards what looks like
a vending machine. She wanders around
the machine hoping to find a hole. Nothing.
She finds nothing but the bottles placed
in 6 parallel lines across the vending machine
behind a glass window. Then in a ray of a light
she spots a small
pocket for money. She puts a coin in,
then a bottle comes out of what
looks like a dog flap.

Olivia

Middle of nowhere but vastness
Nothing grows as if it's contaminated
But stands a lonely vending machine

As if it is protecting the field
Where nothing could be detected
Where it is the only residence

Or as if it is desperately waiting
for someone to put the coin in
or a visitor passing by
However nothing appears in sight.
Hope fades away as isolation grows
No one will ever come
To the field spread by illness

But vending machine waits and awaits
in a courage that hopefully it'll be found

Jessie L

protecting the only residence in the field
close inside your own body
your legs scratched with a sock of mud
dreary noises come from your stomach
water steers you away into isolation
no rescue team is coming
they left you behind
with all the goods to shield

no one ever comes
you occupy your job forever
until the day that it will all pass
contaminated with nuclear gasoline
you = vending machine

Jessie C

The deserted land,
Where inhabitants once roamed,
where wheat, freely grew,
with peace that has now been
broken, after Fukushima

No coin in there, left to spare
dented cans that were delivered by vans,
no human to be seen.

left out, in the middle of no where,
no home, no shelter, just alone.
With its red paint still fairly new,
glimmering slightly against the sun,
just like a brand new phone.

Hazel

Alone, tired and isolated
Stands a vending machine
It is one in seven billion
on a vast, swamp – speckled field

No noises were heard
but the whirring sadness
the machine was making
No coins were slotted,
no drinks dispensed

Everyday this happened
And everyday stood the machine
lost and alone

Peoly

Alone

I stood there. Alone.
Amongst the festering landscapes.
The blazing cobalt blue roofing me in
from the
safe, sanctity of space.
One man for himself.
The burning gassy star beating down
on me.
Slowly peeling away my soul.
Not even a sound to accompany me.
Who was I waiting for?
The clink of a coin and the whirr of my
insides?
Not even hope was left inside of me.
I was drained out.
How much longer I didn't know.
Amongst the festering landscapes.
I stood there.
Alone.

Shenani

No one

No one. I was all alone
I just wanted to go home.
Around me, a desolate rice field
Which had once faithfully produced
All its valuable grain to them
Now it lay, pinned to the ground
Helpless
I was clogged with water
inside out
There was no one to save me
No one to take me home
NO ONE

Naomi

The Crawling Years

Peeling letters off the side
Rusty door and coin slot
It used to be something different
A busy thing
But through the years it has faded
Lights gone out. Un-refilled. Unloved
Left alone in the wild.
All those years.

But just like everything else
It has its moment
Then it is gone.

Swana

Stored Memories

As dusk approached in the deserted moor
A lone figure emerged in faded light
Scavenging for the mid-winter's store,
We trudged along with towering mountains
in sight
A red flash with a hint of white blinded
these suffering eyes in the distance
For lying there in the deserted moor
Were days of past reminded

Kristen

Through field after field of lifeless weeds
No glint of hope or act of movement
Stillness at its greatest, silence at its extreme
Never-ending whispers of soft, un-trespassed
wind,
But then a flower sprouts, a flower like none other,
It's ruby reds and pristine whites,
Branded with broken words, never spoken,
the vending machine stands alone but its courage
never falters.
The courage of a new-born flower,
strong, undefeated a path of light for
the once lifeless field.
As the old grow weary, a new flower is born, the
before empty land, now filled with hope and life.

Angela

Desolation hangs in the air as far
As eye can see, rubble everywhere
Despair surrounds the field, no hope,
for the loss that has occurred.
It stands tall, as a symbol of hope.
Of the weak yet unextinguished fire.
Vending machine, a symbol of pride,
the last man standing
His flickering light welcomes others
To join the effort of rebuilding.
Though surroundings are barren, dead.
Roots of life are retrieved
a burning spark is present.
Brilliant in the night.
Darkness envelopes.

Tina

Alone in the savannas,
just a red speck in the distance.
Over the fields of silence
are lost beings.
No people to see.
No visitors.
All hope of rescue
wavers away in the shifting winds.
No slot, no fingers.
The coin stays still,
inactive movement.
No food, no drinks to reload with,
just desolation in amidst the land.
Weeds shiver in the wind.
Isolation.

Amitoj

A figure all alone in the vast area,
weary from endless standing,
sweaty from blasting sun
and a little rusty from torrential showers
It is patient, surprisingly so
waiting for someone – anyone to come
but no one does
so it continues to wait

days pass on and on they go
until hail arrives, hitting hard, unforgiving
The last beacon of hope is falling
and falling, til it has no more to fall

One day, a figure arrived and gave me money
It left with a gift, bringing impossible elation to the
community of 1.

Amanda

BANG!
I got shot out into the air
higher, higher
then I could do no more
gravity pulling me back

With a thud, I landed on grass
dust in the air
on unknown land
peaceful and quiet
no hustling city

no one in sight
alone, rusting listening, waiting

Renee

Desolate, surrounded by
endless fields of green,
The air with its dangerous chemicals
surround
me poisoning, choking, slowly killing.

I stand upright, copper inside me clinking,
I was once red and shiny,
now muddy and battered

Isolation
envelope me with great grief

Waiting, and
Waiting, and
Waiting

Rachel

It is a barren land
A desolate place.
And the sun is setting on the vast landscape and I.
How did I get here?
Why did I have to leave my environment where the
trains rumbled and the people hurried to catch them.
Unfortunate. That is what I am. How can it be that all
I have of the past is a faded memory?
My thoughts are slowing down as the power line is
cut off. Gradually, my electricity dies out.
The sky turns into a faint bloody colour.
It's what's left of the people. I think I will go join them
now.

Shirley

I opened my eyes, everything was gone
No home. No life, everything was gone
I waited on and on
until what seemed forever still
then it came, a rustle on the bare plain
rustle, rustle, rustle, closer it came and louder it got
then it stopped at my feet.

A cat? it was?
It pressed a paw on my dusty screen
hungrily eyeing, the cream inside
I dispensed it out for free!
Something I never did, but then again,
we were alone,
with nothing, on a barren plain
everything was gone.

Lizzie

broken vending machine,
stopped working.
no more light,
or power or purpose.

broken vending machine,
shaken and kicked.
ran out of life,
and shine and colour.

broken vending machine,
in the dump.
drained of hope,
waiting for the end.

Lily

Ancient and fading,
An odd blood red,
Spitting out candy,
To the young,
Who gift him with,
many different metals,
Moulded into coins.

Minute after minute,
Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Week after week,
Month after month,
Year after year,
He continues.

Forever is a long time.

Anna

Fukushima

In the empty field
A vending machine stands
Solitary, bright, hopeful
Yet around it lie the remains of Fukushima
Contaminated land, absent people.
The result of the wrath of the world
An inevitable defeat for the humans
Mourn, loss, death
The wind guffaws
At the weak people, boasting of
victory, power and strength
But still the vending machine stands
Determined to recreate the world
It stands alone shaken but alive
Confident, brave, courageous

Susie

Broken, crushed, lopsided
just like the world.
Meaningless and dead,
sinking, lower and lower.
My innards floating inside me,
But I believe I'm their only hope,
so I must stand up tall.
Just like the world.

Smirthi

The Washing Machine

Round and round like a spinning top.
gushing water everywhere.
the people were the clothes I was the washing,
I didn't care what the people screamed at,
I didn't even have control over myself
The wheat flooded, the farmers wept.
Mud houses turned into ordinary dirt.
I mercilessly vapourised hard work into nothing.

Finally, when nature hit the stop button,
I realised how much destruction I caused
How many lives I have taken away.
I gushed away, embarrassed,

When I reached home,
My mates were as happy as ever to see me again.

They wriggled and floated away like clothes.
But further away, I could see more droplets
of water hitting the ground.
I could take no more.
I hid my face under the grainy sand.

Jenny

Friendless without hope
No flicker of candlelight,
The Coca-Cola stands alone
Whispers of gusting monsters
Peeling away the fiery shell
Abandoning crushed dreams
No comforts or cuddles
Chilling metal crust slowly rusts
Voiceless hisses surround the mind
Unlocking the inner demons
No pause or stop button
Our treasured memories fade away
Machines have no heart
machines have no thoughts
No life or spirit.

Laura

Hinges rusted with age swing loosely
in the dry wind. Faded logo sign
peel at the rim of the door.
Desolate, lonely.

My coin slot and the food
shelves are empty. I am
befriended by the unwelcome
sight of barren land and
parched ground.

I'm nothing.

Caitlin

Enveloped by rice, stands a red machine
through day and night it waits
patiently
hoping that someone, who is isolated
will come.
the wind howls and the trees sway
the clouds cry as the pond water rises
and the vending machine continues
to provide for those who are stuck
in the middle of a rice farm
The clouds crash together
and create a strike of lightning
that descends
and punctures the red machine
leaving those deserted and desolate
in need
of a vending machine.

Charlotte

I stand alone.
Abandoned and tired.
I am still ready to use;
My coin slot clean,
My buttons shining.
My drinks chilled.

I will wait for more users.
I will stay ready.
My coin slot clean
My buttons shining
My drinks chilled.

Who's my next user?

Bernadette

Give us your coins in exchange for some food
Give us your hate in exchange for a fine
Give us more food for silent gratitude
After all we have no voice,
No life,
No love
All we can give you is silence, whirring and food
Nobody knows us by our names
You think of us as all the same
All of us machines,
No life,
No love.

Vaishali

I'm standing here
As isolation dominates
With nothing around,
And no where to go,
With a rough past
Trailing behind
Absolutely empty.
Having nothing but space.
But maybe this emptiness
has some meaning
and the reason it surrounds me
But until I find an answer
I'll stand here
With nothing around me

Anonymous

I stared out, over the empty space
Abandoned forever
My light had given out for years,
my skin rusting and falling off.

Josephine

Clatter of metal
trickling down a slot
a light erupts
luring the press of fingers
your making a monotonous beep,
mechanical purr, then
thud
food

Ruiyi

Music lit the dark neighbourhood.
Children raced down for a surprise,
Trying to get down before others
They fought playfully and laughed.

Then they stopped and stared,
And no laughter was heard,
Fascinated by the new machine
before their very own eyes.

The first boy placed his coin in
The machine buzzed
Seconds later, sweets were returned
to him.

Nryumi

My body stripped bare
the light once incandescent
now darkness
the screams of my victims under my spell
still live to this day
The hearts that were broken
the joys that were shared
The money rolling in
the que stretched to the ends of the earth
the deafening sound of the piper's flute
lured the crowd
the hands emptying my stomach
leaning me to starve in hunger

Grace

Surrounded by fatal ocean,
Coca-cola ship puts the anchor down
Buzzing gently, it looks around,
Searching for the next customer,

Little as he know about the lost boy
Little as he know about the drowned house
Little as he know that he is the only
survivor.

His last customers, woman and a child,
he was in the supermarket.
They put the silver coin and pressed the
button,
But they've forgotten about their drink

Then, everything went blank.

Vivienne

Glowing red, out of place, in a field of rice
motionless, idle, alone
the prey of many eyes
that lay hidden, crouched low
watching and waiting

Was there no life left
in the lone metal box?

Jenny

Isolated by a wide expanse of green,
A solitary red vending machine sits,
tilted,
a startling colour contrast.

The quiet brings with it,
an eerie chill,
emphasising the vending machine's unwanted
presence.

The cloudless sky looms over the scene,
oppressive and suffocating.

Eileen

The wind was blowing.
Blowing, blowing, blowing.
The rice stalks were swaying.
Swaying, swaying, swaying.

I was struggling for survival,
in the watery field, surrounded,
ambushed by painful little stalks.
But everyday, everyday, there is a glint of
hope

There are no buttons, no coin slot
no dispenser, destroyed, like a
wreckage of a ship. The sun roasted
me like I was nothing, the land rejected me
like a stranger, a lover.
And yet, I was still
standing. standing
standing
standing
standing

Sarah

The world empty and cold.
Silent, still and soulless.
No light, no worth, the sun
was gone
Time seemed to stand still.
I slowly rusted and faded,
from the constant wind and rain
Day by day it stayed the
same, keep up its harsh punishment.
Until one day it changed.
The clouds parted bit by bit.
letting a single beam of
light shine through.
Illuminating my rusted,
faded metal. Could there be hope?

Lucy

I stand all day stuck in my glass face
Waiting for people to come by and gaze
they'll take a coin out

Lucy W

Isolated. Some even took a picture with her
But I am by myself, detested by all others
I am a machine
the world likes other machines
Why don't they like me?

Sarine

The truck's engine comes to a halt.
The radio is turned off.
Windows are pushed open.
Lights are turned on.
Signs are put out.
Crickets chirp. No one is around.
Tumbleweed strolls along the dry grass.
The scared trees stand bare around the area.
Heat waves grumble through the humid air.
The area is quiet, still. Lifeless
there is and always will be no hope.
Is something wrong?
A light shines brighter. Someone walks by.
The person kicks hard. Dents, rusts, bruises.
What's going on?

Minh

The vending machine goes unnoticed
People walk passed not giving it a second glance
It sits, still and full
Untouched.
It watches for any lingering shoppers.
But none come.
The weeks go by
Slowly slowly
People walk past
Everyday.
Yet the vending machine goes unnoticed

Anusha

Blooming Life

The wave washed over
destroying all in its path,
all but a single object.
Lying in a destroyed place,
a bloom of life.
Its bright colours standing out,
its odd shape revealing it,
A vending machine requesting money in exchange
for the means of survival:
food and drink
In a wasteland
the single object lies
the only sign of life
the only means of survival
the last object
Waiting,
Right before the next wave comes.

Hannah

All by myself,
waiting for the day
that the city would return,
that the loud honks,
the busy streets,
and the noisy crowds would come
back.

Yet I know it would never return
as I stand there
with a sorrowful and desolate light.
The sun sets,
the colour of the blood of the dead
filling the sky.

The wailing and the cries of the dying
Still haunts my dreams as I'm all by
myself,
waiting for the day
that the city would return.