

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



**Sensing Site poems**

**by Milly**

A yellow flower lies on the floor,  
tramples and forgotten by all,  
the beauty missed by the  
unseeing crowd.  
Inside the clearing is quiet  
here lives an aura of peace,  
a smell of life, but also decay,  
innocent birds and greenery.  
Yet this place has its evil  
here can be seen a fight for survival  
orchids clutch desperately to hard rock,  
a waterfall of vines topple over  
and the harsh wind threatens  
this all

**by Sarah**

Moss crawls over  
the rock face  
like floating algae  
Moss delicate and  
innocence shapes  
scatter amongst  
the entrancing  
escarpment and  
interrupt the reverence

**by Kaitlyn**

The dark beauty,  
mysterious and wild.  
Draping her spiny claws over rough rocks  
before disappearing into her hidden depths  
sweet silence fills the moist air  
abrupt rhythmic buzzing of the bush pests  
defy the peaceful silence.  
Violent wind rushes through her mystic  
The taste of adventure fills her lungs  
Freedom is near  
She pulls away from her resting  
but is rapidly snapped back.  
She is trapped in this wild prison  
where no one hears her calls.

**by Toni**

Sun seeping through the  
treetops.  
Leaves hurtling towards  
the ground, escaping the soft  
sunlight.  
Flies circling, spinning,  
not wanting to come  
down from their simple  
paradise.  
Encased in peace,  
snow globe beauty.

**by Laurin**

she sits up high, surrounded by the sun,  
the breeze in her hair, pushing her  
forward, encouraging her.  
Sweeping by the camouflaged  
rocks like cats hidden in wild plains  
birds singing the harmony of her  
destiny  
(her desire devours her)  
whispered conversations with a  
gun  
scattered secrets lie dead  
green and brown dance hand in hand  
before she paints in the red

**by Claire**

Alone in the world without  
home or friend. Forever  
searching for the whiff of  
kindness or the touch of  
love. His work takes  
him on journeys not  
even the wildest imaginations  
could conjure, though  
leaves him with barely a  
chance to stop, to rest.  
Despite his best  
efforts to befriend someone,  
anyone, to shed  
his label as the lonely guy,  
nothing he does  
can ever elicit more  
than a "Shoo fly".

**The amphitheatre**  
**by Keira**

That smooth movement in  
the trees, we call that the whirling  
wind.  
The smell of pollutant free air,  
we call that nurturing nature.  
Substances that scratch your  
skin ever so lightly, we call  
that the murdered moss.  
Subtle swirls of the nature around  
your mouth, the taste of life.  
And the cropped boulders surrounded  
by a curtain of green, the friendly  
giants that protect  
us from the luminous burning in  
the sky, they call this home.

**by Elyse**

Walls of rock loom  
watching over the fronds like protective parents  
Branches claw at trespassers  
warning them of an untold danger  
Birds chirp and bugs buzz,  
leaves crackling underfoot  
The wind tickles and teases  
Ants so organised but bumbling like fools  
Foliage hugs the stone  
fusing from grey to green

**by Cameron**

Birds sing their songs  
off in the distance they call  
Flies go about their business  
buzzing in your ears  
and resting on your back  
The silent trees are the  
skyline in this city  
A city of calm and  
tranquillity  
A city of nature

**by Rohan**

Clambering through, past vines,  
erupting forth from boulders long fallen,  
below lies the canopy of waist-high green,  
covering the landscape like a rash on a  
child.

**by Emma**

so much hope, so much possibility,  
so much life.

a single fern protrudes out of  
the ground  
into a world of chaos, of  
life.

day by day, it unravels its  
furred fronds, to stand amongst  
others of its kind.

but for now it sits, intricate and  
delicate, as the world continues.

the rocks, solid, firm, not  
willing to budge, not even  
alive, but moist moss inhabits  
its dry, rough surface, perched  
above to watch the ants  
travel and the birds chirp.

above the sound of the flies  
buzzing to break the peacefulness.

but still the fern sits, waiting  
for its chance to open up into  
the world.

**by Marissa**

Tall trees,  
towering above us  
The wind, brushing through  
the branches

The birds,  
tweeting in the sky  
snaked hiding from the  
people visiting their home

The moss,  
creating patterns on the rocks.  
The sharp and spiky sticks  
surrounding us

The air,  
pure, fresh and innocent,  
away from the pollution  
of the city

Nature,  
calm and beautiful

## **Imagining Selves Poems**

**by Milly**

This land was very different, once.  
The river was flowing, the grass  
green and the cattle thriving.  
Much like myself at the time,  
the land was happy and  
growing. Many years has time  
passed and the land  
lies barren and brown. The  
cattle can be heard bleating  
mournfully across the plain, echoing  
thoughts.

**by Sarah**

This land was very different, once  
before white men cultivated,  
organised and littered its  
wild purity  
branches flying freely  
stood furious in defiance  
against man's machines  
mauling our mother  
stripping her uncultivated,  
untouched, unknown  
spirit

**by Kaitlyn**

The wind howls at the door  
The windows rattle against their restraints  
My blue cattle dog howls back  
A sudden push yanks the door open  
My feet pound against the squeaky wooden floor  
as the rusted metal stays determined to keep  
the roof above my head  
My small rural shack is not much  
but it is home

**by Toni**

This land was very different, once  
before they came around.  
This land was very different once,  
before I heard their sound.  
The clattering, the chattering,  
too much relentless noise.  
Just me in the open,  
before the suburbs arose.

**by Laurin**

Sometimes I imagine my future wife  
holding me, caressing my neck with her lips,  
smiling ever so silently as her eyes linger.  
She waits for me to find her.  
Days and nights without her become one  
and I soon forget anything but the colour  
of her eyes, the smell of her hair,  
her heart in my hands.

**by Elyse**

The wind howls at the door  
Footsteps creak upon the floor  
The door squeals under my palm  
The air all around feels eerily calm  
I look through the ageing glass  
I admire the view as time does pass  
The rain pounds against the tin  
The fire roars; I am safe within

**by Emma**

I've been alone here now for years  
living off the land  
me and my thoughts.  
But this is home, within the hut  
among the trees, where the wind  
blows, the dry grass sways to  
the rhythm, like an ocean on a  
windy day, whirling past me.

**by Marissa**

This land was very different, once  
but in some ways still the same.  
When I came here years ago it was  
calmer, not as chaotic.  
The cows are loud now,  
even in the middle of the night.

**by Rohan**

I've been alone here now for years  
I forget how long exactly  
the days were short and harsh  
the nights long and harsher still.  
All I know is they are still out there,  
knocking, scraping, howling...  
dead hands pulling at dead wood,  
only a matter of time  
before they break thr-

**by Keira**

I've been alone here now for years--  
slowly dying. The walls of my prison I can  
never escape. The portal to life is open  
and the wind whispers in my ear about  
the wonders of the outside. It says my  
tears have formed a moving river which  
carries my memories away. At least I know  
now that those whispers will keep  
me alive and my spirit will dance with the wind.