

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



Waiting
by Millie

Searching the train tracks,
my eyes straining, I'm waiting,
neck craning in anticipation,
feet hoping to feel the tracks vibrate.
I'm waiting.

Do you remember me? Are you proud?
It has been too many years,
I still remember the khaki uniform,
the slouch hat and pride; I'm waiting.

My hands clutch the letters
written from far away countries.
The pictures from Egypt,
the card from France; I'm waiting, Dad.

I've tried so hard to make you proud,
it's been a long three years.
My muscles have strengthened,
my height increased.

Leading my school marching on ANZAC Day,
listening through nights of crying,
watching the news reels.
I'm waiting for you Dad.

My heart is thumping
Mum said you will be different,
the places you've been and things you've seen
no one forgets easily.

The Aussie spirit, pride and Empire,
none of that matters.
I just want you home.
I'm waiting, soldier.

The train arrives, crowds flock,
yet you are nowhere to be seen.
A tall soldier walks up,
points and sadly nods.

A long wooden box
draped in flag and flowers,
here at last, yet,
I'm still waiting.

Thought that box now is buried
at the farm, a final resting place,
I still stare down the empty tracks.
I'm waiting, Dad.

Disabled evolution
by Sarah

Once, the shimmering water,
cellophane in the sunlight,
licked the soft sand clean
Branches curled over the
water's edge, replenishing
its thirsty leaves
Proudly, the native birds
floated above, revelling in
their abode

Then, man's monstrous machines
molested our Mother
stripped her uncultivated
cattle; mauled the unknown
tiger and propelled existence
into extinction.

Now, browned
leaves, fallen twigs
and the songbird
lay broken under
the burden of Adam.

by Claire

The sun in the sky seems
like a constant in the lives
of many. Waking each
day to gaze upon its
tiny planet offspring,
then sleeping each night.
Safe in the knowledge
that they will be there
once more the next morning.

Constants are a myth,
a mere trick of the light.
What seems steady and
dependable is never so straight forward.

Not for you, or even I,
will the sun ever not be.
But in the vast and mysterious
idea that is the future,
there will eventually be no sun.
Fortunately for the Earth
the sun shan't abandon us.
One day the sun's warm hug of
destruction shall engulf
the Earth
and leave us and the
sun forever together.

by Laurin

calluses trace memories of ghosts
on empty sheets and tired eyes.
you had the breaths caught in my throat,
the nerves in my spine.
days and nights become one,
vultures sing my song,
sights and sounds numb.
slow conversations with the gun
cut me deeper
than I've shown anyone.
constellations fall
and flowers weep
there's nothing more to wait for.
I'll soon forget mine
like ships passing in the night,
so do you,
through mist and through fog.

**Youth
by Emma**

It comes to everyone
and then it leaves, but only
after many years, it sits
with us while we play, it
gives us joy and imagination
to make the world a wonder.
It stays with us while we grow
and change. It's there
when we take our
first steps, when we
fall on our backs and get back
up again.
It's there when you imagine
yourself a prince or princess
and your house is your castle.
It's there when you learn to
ride a bike and when you fall
off it, or when you swing
so high you can touch the moon.
It's even there when you
make mistakes.
It's still with us when we
want to fit in.
And still, when we want
to stand out.
It stays with us for so
long, with so many good
and bad memories.
But one day it's gone,
gone forever.

What has happened here?
by Toni

Red seeping from the
ocean as the waves roll
in.

The gentle breeze spreads the
blood as it drifts slowly
in every direction.

What has happened here?
He kicks his way along the
shore and slips silently into
the distance.

Limbs float as logs,
the weapon
lies on the soft sand,
dripping with the blood of
the victims, the ones
who disappeared.

The past hour flashes
before me,
the trees hold the silence
before they arrive.
I hear them scream, like
cicadas on a summer's day,
the dark sky rolls over
as it knows what's to
come.

The slap of bodies on
the water, the same
sound of a swimming
pool
Innocent life taken and not
to be returned

So peaceful they've become,
seaweed spins and grasps
the bodies like a gentle hug,
soft breeze still swirling
blood like cake mix,
the final recipe complete.
Finally at one with nature.
What has happened here?

**Memories fade by new ones can be made, to keep hope alive
by Keira**

There was a time, a time when
his voice was clear as day. That's
all gone now, taken away with the
wind. Each day passes, lives go
on. No one seems to remember but me,
I remember him. His image that
brought serenity now brings sorrow.
Although his passing
was like a murderous sharp dagger
I know his spirit stays with the wind,
whispers his name, sometimes even
shouts,. The trees will always guard him.
Frozen memories may melt and turn
into a river, while places, special
places remain with him.
Death may take a body but not the
soul. Hearts may be left with gaping
holes but all in all, people are
never gone, just waiting to be remembered.

Eventually everything vanishes.
Those twisting rivers, protective
grand trees – turned into dark
misleading paths,
metal giants. Imprisoning the monsters
that dropped them there
like aliens from the sky.
Memories fade but new ones can
be made to keep
hope alive. Hold your head up
high when dreams seem to
die, there is always another
day. People are kidnapped by
death yet others surrender. In the
end it's the life they lived that
really matter. Cherish your friends,
live life to the full because
if you do then death might not
fool you. Even once you are
gone, someone, something will
remember you. Whenever it's
a person or a place, know that
you shall never truly be forgotten.

**Primbee
by Rohan**

He woke up groggy,
the joy of the night before clinging to him
like a hangover clings to a drunk
Sweat-soaked clothes piled in the corner
on those hard, worn floorboards.
Sunlight streamed through the
cracked, ancient glass
of that house in Primbee.

He rose out of the crisp, clean bed,
so out of place in the dying, broken house,
to the sound of the enigmatic girl
forcing a splutter of water from the resisting shower.
The kitchen was silent, deserted,
save for the lone, floral dish
resting on the stove, 50 years out of place.

After he boiled some water
in that misplaced old dish,
the girl appeared, wet-haired and clean,
just as out of place as that dish,
that dish and he.

“Good morning”, “Good morning”
they quickly exchanged
before sitting down in silence
for breakfast
and two separate cups of tea.

They sat in the quiet,
not saying a word
in mutual admiration
of that strange, foreign world,
that moment
and Primbee.

Her hair shone wet
messy and brown,
like the tangle of thoughts
she kept inside,
as she picked at her yoghurt and fruit
in silence
and beauty.

Turned off electricity,
turned off hot water,
locked the broken door.
All were gone
like that moment will be,
like that day will be,
like they will be,
and like that house will be,
that house in Primbee.

Wave
by Marissa

The ocean was wide
it was blue, calm
as I sat on the beach
under the palm.

The day was happy,
fun and bright.
Never did I imagine
I would receive such a fright.

It was after that, more than two years
when the heartbreak began,
my eyes filled with tears.

The water I loved
had taken my friends
as well as my family,
they had all come to their ends.

The wave hit the beach
where I had sat that day,
all through the city
all I could do was pray.

Hoping the tsunami
hadn't taken away
everyone I cared about,
oh, I hated that day.

If I hadn't left
tried to be free
when that wave had hit,
it would have hit me.

Even with everyone gone,
they've all disappeared
in my dreams they
have appeared.

They come each night
but what I see
is that they are happy
they are happy for me.

by Elyse

A memory ingrained in the heart
tainted by reality's cruel clutch
A giant of the past
now lies stunted and shrivelled
A world filled with splendour
reveals its true colours – none
A smile etched upon a face
sinks like an anchor to sea
A pure uninhabited soul
corrupted by its surroundings
A life in fear of lies
learns to hate the truth
A being grows closer to the heavens
A fool unfamiliar with their feet
develops until they are aware of themselves
A life filled with ignorance
now a well of knowledge

by Cameron

The soft sounds of the ocean's
water filled the silence
as I strolled along the
sun-kissed sand. I lent down
and allowed the pure
grains to run through my
fingers. I had nowhere to
be, nothing to do but
marvel at nature's beauty.
"I'd come back here" I told
myself. And I did, but not
to that I expected. Not
to what I came to see.
This time things were different.
Instead of the tranquil place
my memory promised, it
was a polluted, bustling
city. It had destroyed
the once untouched
serenity of the most
pristine place I had
ever known. The city had taken
that sun kissed sand.

Disappearing Act by Kaitlyn

I can still remember her soft and calming sound
barely in a whisper and going round and round
I can still remember her skin that glowed with pride
gleaming in the sunlight and moving with the tide
I can still remember the energy she had
always gently flowing, rapid if she felt bad
I can still remember the importance of her here
to our little community, who, without her,
was left in fear

I remember the day she left,
that hot and sunny day
when a small child told the town
“She’s left and gone away”
We knew that it was coming
the earth had been left dry for a year
Each day, she was receding
but we never shed a tear

Til that one day when we found her body
dry and cracked and bare
Then that day was remembered for the fact
that she had pulled a disappearing act
We knew it wasn’t fair

“No water!” the farmers cried,
“How will we grow our crops?”
And she was the only one
who could help the lot
We struggled but found other ways
to get by after our neglect
of our river, that we need,
and who deserved respect
We hope she will come back one day
but it may take years
For now this evil, blaring sun
should help us dry our tears