

Bundanon Trust – Nowra YWCA, 2013
with poet Tim Sinclair
Sensing Site poems



by Azza

I wish the wind
would pick up so the flies
would blow away.
The blazing heat of the
sun makes me want to
jump in the water.

by Quinton

you can feel the cooling
breeze in the warmth of the sun and see the
wind in its greatest form far
from sight but not invisible
you can hear the water
flowing with the breeze
the taste of salty air
cannot be missed
as well as the smell
of the wattles and
water

by Kryton

flies and ants
crawl from the
sticks to the leaves
with the smell of
water and the
sound of the
wind still with
the taste of
nicotine on my
lips seeping into
my saliva and
a thought that
this is heaven

by Andrew

I see sticks, trees, leaves, rocks,
sand, rivers ad hills.
As I smell the fresh air
and the rivers,
all I can hear is the wind
and the river trees.

by Bryn

The smell of LYNX masks
the musk of the nicotine

by Jacob

I walk into the pub
and this is what I see
a brown river with
teeth.
Now it's not working for
me, sand, wind and flies,
look like tree folk.
I got him, I got him
My shoes smell like
brown river.
This fly must now die.

by Matt

I see the Brown River
with the green trees and
reeds in the background
as I feel the sand on
my skin, same with
the flies. I can feel my
leg going numb. I hear
the wind in the trees as
Jacob complains
about making poetry.

Disappearing poems

by Azza

Birds chirping from the treetops
wind makes the trees come
alive, don't know if I'll ever
hear the same noise again.
Never ever will I know.
The sound of cows talking
birds chirping, water gushing
and trees whispering, never again
will I hear this. Never again
will I be out here with
the peaceful noise of nature
blocking out the city roar.

by Andrew

You used to be much younger
until I started to realise
that I was the one who
wasn't growing and you
were there all the
time until one day
I never saw you again
and then I knew that I would
never see you again.
Then I started to cry and
every night I wondered, would
I ever see you again?

by Bryn

Friends Childhood
Family My innocence

by Matt

When we left that day we
never thought that we'd
never see it again, never
see the trees, the grass
or the rock, never hear
the wind, never hear the
silence of it again.
We never thought of
the smells, sights, sounds and
the tastes that we'd never
ever, ever see again.

by Quinton

with the burning flames of a
house under heat the disappearing
of warmth of wood and brick
disappeared into ash and rubble
it's gone, disappeared from life
all that's left is burnt remains.

**Poem
by Kryton**

Wedding cake
3 layer cake, yummy
It disappears into
my mouth, yum
I'm fat, yay

Where are my...
by Jacob

Ballina

live my life for 2 years

Awesome Awesome Awesome.

10 minutes from the beach where
the bananas grow.

Broken dirt bikes

and school.

Family illness around.