

Riverside High School – Group Poems

Year 7 Group Poem

Every night I hear the sounds of gunshots, never hitting the ground.
Next day I see only one,
The claws of the tiger unbeatable.

Cold, calloused feet hit the cobblestoned ground
The Tas tigers wouldn't last long
Forced to extinction
He runs to the end of the night.
Just one of many that failed their chance at life.

Tasmanian tigers with stripes scarred on their backs,
remind him of the steel bars separating him from the world.

*My life is squared
and my keeper hasn't come
in the freezing night, I realise that I am the last one left
out in the freezing cold
I am weak.*

The air is too still, too quiet.
Left in the cold at night
Why did they put her in the bin?
Careless they were
An amazing creature, now, an amazing
legend.

Year 8 Group Poem

Strike fear, attack, razor sharp claws,
lunging forward with its muscle.
Eat up its flesh
until there's only bones left.

The stripes, patterns and colours
helped camouflage the nose that can smell
prey from a mile. They patiently wait for
their next victim.

The shotgun is reloaded and the hunter
marches towards the body.

Then I was sure that my death was certain

The beauty of life disappears like ashes
in the wind.

Beneath the tangle of intertwined twigs
lies a Tasmanian tiger...dead.

“Bye bye tiger,
that'll teach you to feed on my
chooks.”

Like dogs on show, for everyone
to see. When the last one died they threw
it in the bin; she is forgotten.

Vanished from our lives, left to fade from
the conscious mind, except the iconic
stripes.

They may be dead but they live
in our minds.

Year 9 Group Poem excerpts

*With every step, feeling the earth
between my paws.*

Those paws have travelled many
miles, but their journey is now over.

The heavy tail once streaming out to balance the
thrill of the chase lies dormant, a limb of a mighty
tree hanging limply in a sour breeze...

I am the last and I am passing on.

I see this yellow figure lying on the
ground, a ghost of the past
that haunts the present.

Erased from our memory, taken from the
world, disappeared from the land.

Mistake of man, regrets of the past.
Time does not forgive.

Only pictures remain to prove reality,
a mark in history almost erased;
forgotten.