

Bundanon Trust: Shoalhaven High School, 2013
with poet Tim Sinclair
Disappearing poems



The Goodbye Girl
by Jasmine M.

I am disappearing
slowly withering away into the
background.
No one notices I'm here, no one
acknowledges me.
I've become this icy cold frame of
nothingness,
people will walk into me, step
on my feet.
Paying no attention to the girl
with no face.
Sadness drips off me when I
realise my family doesn't know I'm
not at the dinner table.
They continue with their meals as
I vanish into the unknown.
I am the ghost that didn't
make it to the other side.
No one misses me, my presence
never startling anyone.
Day by day there is less of
me,
I drift off into the land of
the dead.
I start to feel a sharp pain
in my heart as I come across
the thought that soon enough,
I will be gone,
I will have disappeared
and no one will have noticed.

Innocence Lost
by Sean L.

As I have grown older
I have matured and learned there are consequences
Every choice is more important
every decision is more vital
I still love
I still laugh
Every decision requires more thought
and cannot be made on a whim
What I have lost is innocence
to make a stupid decision, and find it funny
and as good as it is to temper ignorance with experience
making decisions without repercussions is still better and
making choices without risks is greater still

Untitled
by Rominy M.

We left that day and never came back,
not bothering or caring to leave a trace.
It was like a whole other world here,
completely different to what we knew
but I think that was the exciting part.
Stepping into a new world, out
of our depth, but yet so vibrant and
full of colour it didn't seem real.
Was it selfish to disappear without
the opinions of your friends
or family? The pain and angst we
knew they would feel when we
were no longer to return. It
will be almost like we are dead.
Lying here, soaking up the sun,
with the wind in our hair,
we were carefree and didn't
second-guess our disappearance.
We knew it was meant to be. Our
freedom and opportunity to live
a fulfilled life is essential
and no one can take that from us.

Untitled
by Marni K.

Since we were 12 we have been here
When we go will you disappear?
7, 8, 9, 10
when will I see you again?
And if I do see you once more
will you be as you where before?
Will the years change your face?
Or any other saving grace?
Will you keep me in your heart
though time may hold us apart?
When again we can be near
will you even know I'm here?
How am I to recognise you
if you have forgotten me too?
But perhaps I am misled
as we will stay in each other's head.
Please keep me close my sweet friend
as we trek to our life's end.
May we be close forever more
and see together what's in store.
So hand in hand we will not fear
that each of us will disappear.

Breeze
by Conor P.

The breeze picked up in the east
taking a leaf with it.
An itty-bitty little leaf.
Why should anyone care?
Only the trees mourn their loss.
The breeze blew into the city
picking up a piece of garbage.
Leaf and litter, side by side
riding the wind together.
The people frown upon litterers
but the trees don't care.
It's a man-made thing
but their fates are forever intertwined
never again to be seen, or missed again.

Father
by Marynell P.

The most heinous of acts
the most selfish of deeds
was done by you.
Years of wonder as
the memory of you slowly but surely disappears.
I often think of the questions I'd ask you, like
why? And how could you?
But no one misses you as much as her, Mum,
poor sweet mother whose beatings
brought me to call out your
name every night. But you
never came. It's not that you
left Dad, no, that's okay.
It's the fact we weren't enough
to stay
and no matter how hard I try
you're never coming back.
No but you're forced to watch as
I waste my life away.
So that will be your
punishment, that will be your
torment, forced to stay and
watch but never say a
word, because when you
tied that rope around
your neck, you removed
your right to be my
Dad, you disappeared and
for that, part of me will
be forever grateful.

Yours truly, M

Maybe
by Hannah H.

Maybe it all means something
maybe the friends that we've lost
the family members that have gone.
Maybe there's a reason.
Maybe God has a reason
for wars and suffering.
For the disappearing of races,
cultures and cities.
And maybe, just maybe, He has
a way to fix it.

Fukushima Press
by Unknown

The words evaporate; the places
never stay the same
in an instant, in a year, in a day.
Will fascinations be remembered?
Some memories are imprinted.
Are the important ones?
So much information, yet memories, meaning
in an instant, slides away.
We left that day, and never
came back...
Some memories stain that instant,
no choice, no desire, just pain.
Isolated in a world where
disappearance seemed impossible.
Like a memory all of its own
in a century's time, will we be known?

Within one night
by Hannah H.

The peaceful quietness of the bush.
The sun bakes the stones
not another person in sight.
The quietness then shot through
with the sound of a chopper.
Humanity overtaking the wilderness
of the outback.
The natural beauty disappearing
from sight.
All but destroyed within
one night
The mob of roos, the swarm
of butterflies
Gone, within one night.

Untitled
by Kerry R.

Times go by
the world keeps movin'
I still try
I've done my servin'
Sometimes I just wish we could go
back to that time
when life was simpler
I never stop thinking
I never stop dreaming
of what we could have been
oh baby I miss you
I never meant for it to end this way

Lost
by Georgia P.

Lost was the girl who once was so sure
no longer could she find herself
It hadn't always been hard, being
sure of herself, knowing what she wanted
She lost a part of herself one day
Was it to be found again?
There was no telling what would unfold
Was there anything that would be done?
What she had lost was even uncertain
In an instant all confidence vanished into the
midst of nothingness.
Uncertainty and an echo of her peers' attitudes
were to take its place.

In the blink of an eye
by Brett T.

That day started like any other.
Busy, frantic, just like it always had.
Then one action changed it all.
GONE. FOREVER. Never seen again.
In the blink of an eye.
Departed, lost, not home, whatever, does
it matter? Lost in life but always in
spirit. A bond connected but
never severed.
The day to unite will come one
day, it's not in life, we will meet
in death. Still both alive, just
departed. A land barrier, longer
than it seems by rail or road
united soon enough.
I know we will once again meet,
gone, never truly gone, never ever forgotten.

Losing the fight
by Hannah H.

The kangaroos stand watching
like ghosts amongst the trees
waiting for the sun to set
so they can roam as they please.
The men come through
with their guns and their traps
The roos run,
but they are losing
They are losing the fight

To Be
by Marynell P.

to be me,
I understand the difference
between me and them
see part of me is good and tries
to do good, be good
but there's a part of me and
I don't know how strong that part
might be, that is bad
and in that, I know I
will find my demise
because switching off my emotions
making them disappear
is what I do best, so just like
empty train tracks I'm forced
to be alone.

The land is never the same
by Olivia V.

It is all just a memory now
and even that is leaving me
This was once fresh, so new
Once you could taste the sun
Once you could feel the peace
In my head it plays again
like a broken recorder
I played here as a child
small and curious
Then it came, then I heard
the rumble in the distance
the cries of my childhood friends
The birds fled the ground that shook
The light started to fade
Then a brighter than normal light
replaced
everything went still
I looked into the eyes of a predator
one forged from steel by man
With a body like a rock it pushed me

aside

Then its sweeps began

You could see the smoke

You could taste the fear

Yet no one heard our screams

I came back years later, trying

to see a friend

That is when I figured

that was when I knew

that day was our goodbye

I stood still

shocked and cold

no warmth, no life, no beauty

Nothing there was natural

Nothing there was right

What once was happy

What once was peace

now stood a horror

now stood a monster

No longer could I hear the

rushing of the river

Now I heard the screams

The natural world had died

and that was just the start

Many lost homes, where once gained

many lost friends.

I found a new place,

one of peace and clarity

no one will take it

BUT EVERYONE WILL TRY

I can't fence it

but I can remember

but I can fight

This land will not die

as his brothers did.