

## St Mary's Anglican Girls' School, 2013 – Transcribed Student Poems

### Phytoplankton, by Catherine

you talk about trees  
like they're the sole reason  
for our green-marbled Earth's  
existence,  
like their veined leaves  
carry your very own life blood.  
chain yourself  
to trunks,  
living on branches, feeling the rough  
bark against your skin – a protest.  
all whilst pouring  
human filth  
human chemicals  
human poisons  
into our oceans  
like they're yesterday's washing water.

It's suffocating, genocide  
a slow massacre  
of trees' aqueous cousins.  
But here's the truth:  
when we vanish, you vanish  
too.

### Books, by Charlotte

Hey, who's that guy?  
*Which guy?*  
That guy.  
*Oh, that guy. I don't know.*  
Do you think he's come to buy?  
*Who, you? Or me?*  
Either of us. Do you think he  
can see?  
*See what?*  
See us.  
*I don't think anyone sees us anymore.*  
Well, maybe you, but not me. You're a bore.  
*I'm about an ancient queen. That's interesting enough.*  
Well I'm about this guy Macbeth and this other bloke Macduff.  
*Your pages are all yellow and your binding's come undone.*  
Well at least I'm not fraying from too much time in the sun.  
*Well you – oh, damn, that guy has gone.*  
See? Didn't I say? It's because you're a bore.  
*No... I think it's just because no-one needs us anymore.*

## **Dust is, by Alyssa**

Dust is  
Eloquent  
The marker or journeys  
A sign of retreat  
Slowly  
Gathering

Dust is  
Silent  
Left alone to creep  
Over tape decks  
With  
Delicacy

Dust is  
Air  
Hollows me out  
Reminds with a sneeze of  
Its  
Presence

Dust is  
Swept  
Brushed away quickly  
Without a glance  
Or  
Care

Dust is  
Always  
A remembering that this  
And everything  
Is  
Alive

## **I can't, by Jolie**

Asleep. Permanently. People and places changing around me, while my life fades away. Decisions ever affecting me, mine to make, Yet I don't. I can't.  
Everything around me changing, yet I don't because I can't.  
Is this fair? Memories of me trickle away every day.  
Day by day the visitors fade away to nothing. And I don't do anything about it, because for once in my life, I can't.

## Unwashed, by Emily

Bubbles, soap, warm water, fresh fragrances. What do you think of when asked to wash? Brainwash! They were on the inside, looking out, Trapped within their own body. Misunderstood, judged. Because we have been brainwashed. Our thoughts, original and open, have been dampened and left to spiral down the drain. But, alas, not by warm water and soap, but by something else. Media. Advertisements. Misinformation. Prejudice. Trapped. A body like a cage. Our ears closed to the noises coming from within, they stole what was not it's right to take and replaced it with things that were old and tattered and wrong. Their age. Their colour, Their face. Their hair. Nose eyes clothes lips ears family legs feet beliefs arms hands. There is more...they were not what you thought. Inside. Explosions. Fireworks. True colours. Blocked because of soap, bubbles, warm water. Respect your elders? What about those younger than you? What about those who you think are dumb or ugly or smell bad or have weird thoughts or maybe are not even human? Broken voices. Brainwashed. Forget the soap and bubbles and water for a while. See what it's like to skip a bath or shower. Leave the 'impurities' in your brain. What's it like if you let the thoughts mingle for a while? I have a plea, a wish, but it's up to you whether or not you choose to listen and grant me this wish. Please...go back outside and don't be afraid to get dirty and stay dirty! Let your brain stay unwashed.

## Trees, by Eve

Tiny glowing screens,  
Flickering, blinking.  
Supposedly reflecting the epitome of life,  
Yet not.

Occasionally people look up,  
Notice the destruction,  
Chaos,  
Terror,  
Pain they're causing to their world.  
They try to help;  
"I planted a tree on  
The weekend, my new  
iPhone is justified!"

Protests,  
Petitions,  
"Save the trees!" they yell.

But what if the trees don't need saving?  
Look at the ocean.  
Not at the rising sea levels, shark attacks,  
Blue whales,  
But REALLY look.  
Because when you look hard enough, you see us.  
It's not the trees that produce your oxygen,  
It's us.  
Trees are like that person in your group assignment  
Who gets all the credit for doing your work.  
Everyone hates that person.

We, phytoplankton, keep you alive.  
And every time you accidentally  
Leave your lights on,  
Or throw your plastic bag away,  
Or chuck that half-eaten Macca's burger you  
Suddenly regret eating behind a bush,  
You're killing us.  
Everything finds its way to the ocean.  
Without us, you'll die. You'd have a few weeks  
At the most.  
Treat your ocean  
As well as you treat your phone.  
(You love that thing.  
Don't deny it.)  
And next time,  
Just remember,  
Screw trees.

## **Rats, by Emma**

Blame.  
My life, nothing but blame.  
Unearthly screeches of  
'Pest! Disease!  
Horrible!'  
Born from darkness,  
live in darkness.  
Blames for darkness.

Biting, lurching, not meaning to.  
So hungry.

Tangle of grey  
black and pink  
Swept through  
attics, gutters, sewers;  
Home.

Tunnel through light  
to make it to dark.  
Killed off by a blur of beige.  
Ended, because of blame.

## **Make time, by Tarin**

I was the centre of your attention  
could do no wrong.  
but now you scold  
when I call for you.  
to silence me, you throw me food.

I thought you were my family,  
Perhaps you are busy?  
Or maybe you don't care for me,  
entranced by new technology.

Imprisoned by some fantasy  
of when you will make time for me.

### **Weeds, by Danika**

Rise up  
plucked down  
tall poppy syndrome  
in a literal sense  
compete for life  
into the light  
only then, torn out  
tossed aside  
discarded  
ended at the first chapter  
fir the mold  
make your face pretty  
or else hide yourself  
or be thrown aside.

### **Running out of fight, by Elana**

Three years, three years of hatred.  
Three years of Hell. How can a child have that  
much hate? What went wrong?  
She hasn't seen the world for three years,  
been forgotten by friends, teachers;  
they tried to forget.  
I didn't get that option. I would never change  
my daughter, but every day I pray that whatever  
is inside her,  
whatever has taken over her, could just leave.

We've done this before,  
had this fight. I've taken away her door, her phone, her  
friends. She's taken away her life.  
She can only go without food for so long. But I keep hope that  
whatever possesses her at every meal  
will someday leave, and the re-threading of  
tubes yanked out will someday be unnecessary.  
But now it's me that's running out of fight.  
She's been forgotten, but so have I.

## A Day, by Jasmine

6:00am  
*BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP*  
sigh

6:30am  
hair tied back, neat and tidy  
uniform on, neat and tidy  
must obey the rules, no freedom  
just like high school

6:55am  
arrive at the shopping centre  
5 minutes early  
still get glared at by the boss  
an economic resource, that's all I am  
no longer a person

7:00am  
the clock stops  
time will not start again until 5:30pm  
when I turn back into a person

clearing off tables, scraping plates  
soggy napkins, greasy food  
a woman eating a salad stares at me  
I smile at her  
she turns away  
everyone turns away

## If only, by Amber

I see you,  
The way you look at me  
Like I don't have eyes.  
I hear you  
Talking about me  
Like you know I can't reply.  
And I feel your words,  
But my words  
are trapped inside my mind  
Just as my actions are prisoner to my body  
If only, if only you knew.

## So you forgot, by Kate

So you forgot to walk us.

Discarded toys  
Forgotten souls  
Weary, old

You chose us  
We had no say  
But we still gave you love  
When you left us empty steel bowls

And so now we lie  
Our muzzles puzzled  
At what we did wrong

But we are the innocent victims of the guilty  
Pats, Snorts, Princesses, Mistys, Sunnys, Honeys, Pollys, Mollys  
And Busters.

But we shall remain under your rooves  
Like the lost tennis balls at the back of the garden,  
Fur on your leather couches,  
Pixels on your time capturers,  
Tins at the back of your pantry.

And our tails shall forever wag.



## Was, by Holly

I was, I'm not 'is'  
I was *going to be*  
But no I'm gone  
I will never  
No first word, step or school day  
I will not *be*

I am now neither  
*was to be or is*  
For now neither  
my memory  
nor my presence  
lingers

I am banished  
from mind  
from memory

I was there  
I was, once  
I am no longer

I was desired  
What I have become  
is not

I never will  
I am not

But I was.

## Art, by Serena

*Psshhhh*

The sound of paint hitting the wall  
I'm creating. I know I am.  
Yet I'm still told it's destruction.  
Who says it isn't art?  
You, who thinks drawing 3 straight lines  
is considered art,  
and should be hung up in a museum. You who thinks painting the same can of soup,  
in four different colours,  
should become a new form of art.  
Art shouldn't matter where it is displayed.  
A Canvas or a wall,  
Trying to be noticed, to be acknowledged,  
doesn't make me any different to them.  
Art is in the eye of the beholder.

*Psshhhh*