

## St Philip's College, NT, 2013 – Student Notice Poems

### NOTICE

The sound of nothing around  
you as people are engaged in  
their learning, and every now  
and again you hear that little whisper  
asking how, how does this work.

### NOTICE

Students are different,  
some are noisy,  
some are quiet,  
some are girls,  
some are boys.

### NOTICE

as we sit the  
chairs lean backwards  
and make a different  
noise

### NOTICE

the silence while everyone  
is writing

### NOTICE

Kids and Teachers from every  
race of the world all come  
to become students and learn  
new things.

### NOTICE

the half-cleaned  
whiteboard, recently been  
used to draw and have  
fun with

### NOTICE

The exit sign does not  
say 'exit'

## NOTICE

Hundreds, thousands maybe  
even millions of brush strokes  
But those loose hairs still  
seem to poke out.

## NOTICE

The carpet on the walls  
and the exit sign  
The lights are different

## NOTICE

everything is different it isn't all  
the same. Leafs, people.

## NOTICE

The cards hanging  
in the corner. It looks  
like a bird's nest.

## NOTICE

The light light up  
the room  
and objects create  
shadows

## NOTICE

There are no windows  
the lights are the only  
light sources in the room,  
giving an unnatural glow

## NOTICE

As I sit here I  
wonder what's out  
there. Far from me  
or anyone else around  
myself. Bright lights,  
loud sounds.

## NOTICE

The seats the seats  
are very comfy, I like sitting

## NOTICE

There are small  
square sheets of  
paper all over the  
room. Each piece of  
paper with a unique  
thought & idea written  
on its plain white surface.  
Each given a personality  
in just a matter  
of minutes.

## NOTICE

The walls, doors, glass, students,  
teachers, everything & everybody  
is different yet we all hear  
& see the same but through  
different eyes

## NOTICE

As I look around I notice  
the old wooden  
piano. It tells the  
story of how it  
had not been played in years,  
it lives a lonely and solitary  
life.

## NOTICE

Laughter is a key,  
Something we're all born with.  
It can both cheer us and sadden us,  
It is a part of everyone.  
What you choose to do with it  
can change your life.

## NOTICE

how the Exit lamp  
glows green,  
even in bright light

## NOTICE

The distant hum  
of the air-conditioner  
as it works so very  
hard

## NOTICE

The lights were bright,  
the room was small  
and I wonder how  
many people were in  
the room

## NOTICE

the hollow sound the wooden  
floor makes every time  
somebody takes a step

## NOTICE

every piece of timber has a  
different colour

## NOTICE

The bright lights in here  
“Lights”  
Little do they tell you  
of the time of the day!

## NOTICE

the way people react to sounds.  
The way people interpret sounds.  
Notice that we are all different  
yet we still bully.  
We still hurt each other.  
Just because of sounds.

## NOTICE

every body in this room  
is crowded  
and cold  
but when we are together we  
are warm

## NOTICE

The teachers, the students are all  
quiet here.

## NOTICE

that people are  
noticing things  
around the room

## NOTICE

That when people walk out  
the door, it is still and quiet  
although there is people still in  
the room as the person walked out.

## NOTICE

The lights, the speakers and the  
frames on the wall –  
all for one thing but all  
very different

## NOTICE

why there are  
random coloured chairs like  
they were splattered with  
paint without precision

## NOTICE

The busy traffic from cars  
to trucks to bikes to  
buses all seem very quiet

## NOTICE

How the bush speaks a  
different language, when  
it speaks with the wind.

## NOTICE

ever changing,  
always light,  
holding hoards of knowledge

## NOTICE

The cords hang there  
no movement.  
Suddenly it moves  
with the  
air-con

## NOTICE

The rows of seats filled with all  
the student clattering away.  
The bank of the angry teachers when  
we make such a whisper.

## NOTICE

The lights on the side of  
the wall and they create  
different shapes with the light.

## NOTICE

The ropes on the wall  
tied round and round  
leading to nowhere, large  
pieces of red carpet held  
onto the wall with small  
silver screws looking as if  
they do nothing.

## NOTICE

the door, the door hidden in  
the corner out of everyone's sight.  
Notice how someone could slip into  
the room without anyone knowing,  
how you can only see it in the corner  
of your eye.

## NOTICE

The reflections of the glass  
in the front. The scratching  
of pens. The small whispers  
all around us.

## NOTICE

The coldness of the air prickling my skin  
inside, but outside the sun fills us with  
warmth and light.

## NOTICE

The silence, the colour and your surroundings  
Listen to every one and focus on them  
Respect the people and place where you stand

## NOTICE

The wind blowing outside  
the cars speeding, the dead  
worms feeling movement of  
dirtbodies in the dirt. the dead  
laying in such a lively place,  
the living in such a dead place.

## NOTICE

Desert, a lonely place full of  
habitats and wilderness with the  
chirpings of a bird and the sky  
full of clouds.

## NOTICE

Escape Sign is fluro green,  
silence, Blue eyes Brown  
eyes, hot in here.

## NOTICE

The quiet sound no one  
knows what to do. The  
click-clack of the shoe  
you hear in the back-  
ground. The click of  
the pen.

## NOTICE

Every unoccupied space  
in this room,  
somehow gives it  
warmth and comfort.

## NOTICE

How all the Notices  
flicker with the wind,  
while they're stuck on some-  
thing.

## NOTICE

carpet on walls  
This piece of paper  
The speakers  
chairs  
the walls are on a slant

## NOTICE

The chill in the air  
coming from the air-conditioner  
It freezes the air.

## NOTICE

How the people bow their  
head to write.

## NOTICE

The lights are so bright  
everyone of them blinging  
my eyes.

## NOTICE

The screen is so  
big everyone can  
see it and is so  
beautiful

## NOTICE

As the engine of a  
car goes vroom  
and as the footsteps  
go by  
nothing can make  
this room well not  
for a while.



## NOTICE

the click of the biro,  
the clatter of shoes,  
the muted muffled sounds  
of concentration

## NOTICE

the cards, on the wall  
you don't hear them work  
but you know they're always  
there.

## NOTICE

chairs, seats and stairs  
lots of space and big  
rectangle things hanging on the  
walls  
people talking about staff  
they like  
lots of things with  
my own eyes

## NOTICE

the desert disappears,  
beyond the horizon  
out of my view

## NOTICE

How everything in the  
room has a different purpose.  
how shadows always  
change shade & shape.  
how my pen slides  
across the page.  
how warm a tear is on your cheek.  
how every foot step  
sounds slightly different  
every time.

## NOTICE

The tree crunches  
swaying in the wind  
They're so green

## NOTICE

Everyone looking around  
thinking of what to  
write, then they look  
at their page and...  
start talking to the  
person next to them

## NOTICE

The shadows on the  
projector, scurrying  
around.

## NOTICE

as the room turns silent

## NOTICE

There is only one fire alarm  
The vents on the floor  
The curtain at the back

## NOTICE

There's only 3 speakers  
It's cold like a cinema,  
everyone gets really  
quiet

## NOTICE

the stain on the wall,  
the green glowing Exit  
man eternally running,  
and the black shadowed corners

## NOTICE

how right now you are  
reading this notice poem  
wondering if it was worth your  
time.

## NOTICE

the shop  
and the mop

## NOTICE

It is very quiet here  
but I can tell,  
that every child in here  
has a story to tell

## NOTICE

The paper on the walls  
is the brightest of them all  
I am very small  
but I will get tall

## NOTICE

many people watching,  
wondering in excitement  
waiting,  
as the different slides  
appear

## NOTICE

the paper on the walls  
How still it lies in stillness  
How it waves when brushed by air

## NOTICE

the fluff on the pictures  
a hanging wire  
feet on the timber  
different coloured steps

## NOTICE

The carpet on the wall  
attracts my eye,  
Next minute, gonna die.

## NOTICE

All the other notice poems on  
the walls look like a sea of  
white holding many words  
and sentences.

## NOTICE

THE LIGHT.  
Tiny little dusts  
floating, dancing  
round & round

## NOTICE

coughs, sniffs and  
whispers. The warmth  
of people around  
me.

## NOTICE

the green running man  
fast from danger  
Follow me!

## NOTICE

the signs are bright  
that they tell  
information

## NOTICE

how the seats just  
melt away as each and every  
person is intently listening to  
the looming voice  
of the instructors.

## NOTICE

The fluttering notices around  
the room.. Soft chairs, full of  
Gluteus Maximus.

## NOTICE

although there is two whole  
classes here –  
the room looks empty

## NOTICE

A big room  
means more room for fun

## NOTICE

Everything went silent  
when people started to  
write

## NOTICE

There is two windows  
at the end of the  
room, although their  
curtains are drawn

## NOTICE

Everyone in this place is thinking or  
doing something and each person's thoughts  
or actions are a reflection of  
personality.

## NOTICE

Sitting in silence,  
Listening to the sounds of  
concentration.  
Heavy breathing, rustles  
and whispers.  
Scratching and tapping while focused  
and silent.  
Sitting in a silence that is anything but  
quiet.

## NOTICE

How many people are  
in the room,  
but so many seats  
are empty

## NOTICE

that the things  
outside are always  
changing.

## NOTICE

The quietness of  
the room while  
everyone's mind  
is racing.

## NOTICE

The room falls silent  
They realise that they  
have no need to express  
feelings and words, it is so very  
quiet even though the air-  
con rattles. Teachers walk with  
heavy feet.

## NOTICE

The curtains, black,  
cold and rippled,  
shielding us from  
the outside world, hiding  
us.

## NOTICE

The windows and how  
no light  
can come out.

## NOTICE

The floorboards creak  
each step like a moan and  
a groan with the weight  
of the piano whose songs  
have somehow disappeared  
to someplace else

## NOTICE

All the people in the room have  
different memories which  
anyone else can ever  
witness.

The lights shine on each  
and every item as it  
shines brightly before  
your sight.

## NOTICE

The brightness of the light,  
shining on the room,  
white and yellow.

## NOTICE

The flowers are  
covered in  
horse poo  
yet smell sweet.  
The room is very light  
but the roof  
is very dark.

## NOTICE

That everyone is talking  
over each other  
drowning out their partner  
But no one has  
anything to say.

## NOTICE

The lights shine bright  
so that everyone  
can see.

## NOTICE

the shadows  
creeping across the floor  
unnoticed by most  
the silence  
listen to the brains ticking  
in concentration

## NOTICE

every plank of wood on  
the floor is a different  
shade of brown, and has its  
own pattern to show.

## NOTICE

The loud noise of  
the shoes hitting  
the ground and the  
hollowness of the floor.

## **NOTICE**

the brown wood on the ground  
has different types of darkness

## **NOTICE**

every stair going  
up the side of the  
seats are differently  
coloured

## **NOTICE**

There are lots of lights but  
it's not too bright

## **NOTICE**

the sounds beneath your feet  
the clipping and clopping  
of a great mare's  
hooves

## **NOTICE**

hair styles, so many  
each person with  
a different style

## **NOTICE**

I had four WeetBix and they were yummy  
all of them are in my tummy

## **NOTICE**

the orange boards around  
their colour  
their texture  
their look

## **NOTICE**

The doors, only open  
when their needed to  
be open



## NOTICE

The shance of colour  
in the wooden floorboards  
from yellow to brown

## NOTICE

How the ropes stand

S

T

I

L

L

hanging from the roof

## NOTICE

Every leaf is different  
in autumn  
Orange, red, green

## NOTICE

all the Notice  
cards around you

## NOTICE

How the fabric displayed  
on the wall ripples as if  
it was a steady pond slightly  
disturbed by the entrance of  
something new.

## NOTICE

I have a chicken  
called Meatball I  
bought him off chickens.  
com

## NOTICE

the light from above  
causes soft grey shadows on the floor  
the cool air form the air-con  
nips at my arms  
as it shifts out the door

## NOTICE

The wire's dropping down  
from the ceiling.  
Almost asleep, waiting  
for something

## NOTICE

The silent yet clear  
sound of the whispers  
in the room, the giggles  
and the breathing  
of everyone

## NOTICE

Friends, students, teachers  
Not up in here.  
Can't wait till lunch.

## NOTICE

The way the lights  
shine through the  
window leaving  
different shadows.

## NOTICE

The walls around us  
are covered in pages  
yet they seem so blank

## NOTICE

People trying to think of  
words,  
looking around for inspiration,  
are starting to sweat from  
desperation

## NOTICE

everyone has a  
different voice  
they are never  
the same

## NOTICE

The wire taped to the ground  
how they disappear into the floor  
leaving a trail for you to follow

## NOTICE

The walls are on  
a slant, the zipping  
of pencil cases and  
sounds of rustling.  
People fiddling.

## NOTICE

the walls,  
floors and chairs  
The little white  
pieces of paper  
stuck on the  
objects

## NOTICE

Green man running  
shining above a door  
You help is when there's a fire  
Your shinings never bore

## NOTICE

at home, when everything's quiet,  
but how do we hear,  
when we don't hear anything?

## NOTICE

the airconditioner buzzing  
with life like cicadas chattering  
chronically to their friends.

## NOTICE

the ropes that you can  
swing off. How big the  
lights are, hanging off the roof.  
The massive speakers on the side.

## NOTICE

how the quieter  
it gets,  
The things you  
can't hear get  
louder and louder  
by the minute

## NOTICE

The sticky notes projected  
into the screen have shadows  
There is a small vent at  
the bottom of the door.  
There are three small trap door  
things in the middle of the floor.  
Three small trapdoors.  
Two unnoticed shadows.  
One small vent.

## NOTICE

kids laughing  
smiling talking thinking  
writing wondering  
what their gonna do  
next.

## NOTICE

we enter the room it gets  
loud every one talks to the  
person by them or across the  
room the teacher enters  
silence fills the room and work  
begins

## NOTICE

the light shining down  
on Harry makes him look  
so beautiful.

## NOTICE

the speakers vibrate  
as sounds comes out of them

## NOTICE

How everyone is talking  
You can hear the  
air conditioner, people  
are whispering

## NOTICE

Even the smallest of noises  
ring or yell out to you in  
the silence of the room.

## NOTICE

The reflections  
the light makes  
on every smooth  
surface

## NOTICE

Every voice is a whisper  
Sometimes loud sometimes  
soft  
but always holding  
information

## NOTICE

The people in the room chat  
and laugh about  
the slightest of  
things, smiling, thinking  
and breathing

## NOTICE

An unusual name for  
a company, The Red  
Room Company

## NOTICE

The chairs, lots of them, the shade  
of brown with the occasional  
green chair that pops out  
amongst the crowd.

## NOTICE

The people waving their  
pens on their paper,  
as they write down their  
poems very loudly.

## NOTICE

The walls are grey  
The seat are brown and  
green.

## NOTICE

The ochre fabric  
concealing a board,  
holding the essence  
of mystery.

## NOTICE

It's really quiet but there is no  
smell, papers bending, children  
whispering, clicking pens, pencil cases  
zipping & unzipping.

## NOTICE

Each step has  
a different sound

## NOTICE

If you listen carefully, all  
you can hear is the sounds  
of rattling paper.

## NOTICE

People sit, as they explore  
poetry, and listen  
to the sound of silence

## NOTICE

the bin,  
looking so innocent.  
Yet it probably contains  
hundreds or millions

of germs.

### **NOTICE**

Sitting quietly, stealthily  
and green  
the bin does not change  
nor scream nor move,  
Once something goes in  
it never comes back  
and disappears into the  
past forgotten, unremembered

### **NOTICE**

The vase sits on the desk  
waiting for someone to touch it  
as people's eyes settle upon it  
and notices it's beauty of shape  
it will but none  
be loved and cherished

### **NOTICE**

the rubbish bin  
near the exit with lots of  
rubbish inside of it.

### **NOTICE**

the little trapdoor that holds the  
secrets of the  
room within.

### **NOTICE**

how the lights look yellow  
but they're white  
and how people are  
whispering just like a  
mouse.

### **NOTICE**

the curtains are  
blocking the light  
from entering the  
room.

## NOTICE

the light disappearing into  
the hoels in the roof,  
flying off to somewhere  
unseen by us.

## NOTICE

the wind through the vents,  
they are whistling.

## NOTICE

the way the shadows  
on the screen could easily  
vanish. They could easily disappear  
when their environment is changed.

## NOTICE

The white board stares  
blankly at its audience  
The exit sign's  
green and beckoning  
The warm silence in the  
room compelling me  
to write more as  
the thoughts are  
written from mind to  
paper.

## NOTICE

how, no matter how hot it is,  
there is always water outside  
and how most things are made  
of wood.

## NOTICE

how the whiteboard is covered  
with forgotten times  
and notice that they  
are not yet gone

## NOTICE

the light of the giant  
screen, each moment flashing



a different picture

## NOTICE

as the light shines onto  
the wall and words  
appear, the image  
changes

## NOTICE

the glass, how it seems  
invisible, it's as  
if there's nothing there.

## NOTICE

the faithful hum  
of the projector  
like a  
reassurance  
of  
peace  
to  
come

## NOTICE

how loud teachers are  
telling you to be quiet

## NOTICE

life is warped  
like a plane of glass  
creates and destroys

## NOTICE

the lights buzzing, the sound  
of stillness, the air conditioning  
needs to be turned on! People  
don't like silence, they are afraid  
to be with themselves.

## NOTICE

your surroundings  
and feel new and get a fresh  
start by keeping it quiet without  
letting anybody notice.

## NOTICE

hundreds of poems all over the  
theatre.

## NOTICE

the light shining throughout the room  
leaving no student in darkness

## NOTICE

the sound of pencils on  
paper and the whisper around  
you

## NOTICE

the thoughts that we  
can't see or smell of  
hear but nevertheless  
are around us.

## NOTICE

the scribbling of pens, writing  
wonders. The silence of  
thinking of wonders to come.

## NOTICE

the aura of yourself  
slowly darkening  
as your time drags on  
in this cruel world

## NOTICE

Carbon  
latticed, molecular, inexplicably  
prevalent  
The very fabric of perceived existence

## NOTICE

how every single bulb  
in this room provides  
the same amount of  
light

## NOTICE

how loyal you are  
riders of Rohan  
You may have been banished  
but it can't banish the loyalty in your  
heart

## NOTICE

How quiet everybody  
went when they  
were listening and  
Paying Attention

## NOTICE

every bird out there is singing a  
melody

## NOTICE

how a room so small  
can be filled with  
so much detail...

## NOTICE

the shadows around you  
the lights are on but it still  
seems dark

## NOTICE

the warmth in the  
room  
the sweat dripping  
take time to look around...

## NOTICE

how the warmth seeps  
into your body  
how very warm it is in here

## NOTICE

the colours of the wooden floor,  
colours red, brown, gold, black,  
Ranging hues, changing tones,

But all colours.

## **NOTICE**

the rusted stairs  
all different in their  
multicoloured  
shades, transporting you  
up and down and  
anywhere you please.