

St Philip's College, NT, 2013
Year 7's poems

Camp, by Matt

Out in the bush doing lots of things
and having fun so far away.
Riding around and walking
around is so much fun.
Boys and girls going crazy in dust.

by Fiona

boring, I'm yawning all that long, long
way
but just as all are about to fall asleep
a call, a sign of camp,
a sign on not walking for
long.

by Kaimani

I thought I could fly
through a white silky cloud
although I can't grow wings
my spirit, I had found
through sandy hills I'd fly
Through mulgas I would go
I was lost within the natural plants
Oh what a rush, I know

by Jasper

In our walk through the sand, I saw a dusty
sky. Not knowing how big the plains may stay,
I might just fall apart. My flask is now dry,
it's long since my last drink. By luck our group
sat down around a group of living plants. A find
of amazing luck, an oasis in this land. How
long away did it stay away from sight?

by Gabrielle

Air is thick and salty as rock pool
odours flow around. I sniff, salty chips pop
up in my mind. In rock pools I find starfish,
baby octopus, and if I'm lucky, crabs.
The rock pool's liquid starts to crash as
wind picks up. Fish try to
dig into sand to run away. Fish don't want an
injury.

by Milla

Can't go back, it's not...not anything
I would though, if I could
Flying things, good things, happy days
Vanishing things.
Wonky stars, hiding things.
crumbling old road, crunching rocks
twirling, dancing stars
If only I, if only I could rush,
Rush away, rush back, rush forward
Rush into the night
And look back, grin as you look
forward to see a wobbling sun
smash your night apart

by Devony

A room with bumpy walls,
holds many cuddly toys.
Watching and waiting
for a girl to walk in.
A window shows an old backyard,
with many shady palms.
A dog runs around it
all day long.
Toys still wait
and look around,
books form mounds,
holding bookmarks and folds.
Still waiting, watching,
as our girl walks in,
still happy to play.

Tasmania, by Grace

Tasmania, Chapter One

Clouds, Dark, Winds
surround this day and for days upon us
Rush, Loud, Dust
is how it is, until the sun is to glow
Rain, Gush, Dirt,
only our world knows this day of dark vanishing,
and for light to light up our days.

Chapter Two

Life, Light, Sky,
for our Sun is out and Cloud is to go away.
Hot, Joy, Fun,
we are to run around with our Sun
until this day is to transform again.

by Ryan

In the morning I would go
out into the damp morning fog.
On the south of this land, down
by a big wooden city ,the animals
play in morning light.
Usually it will rain all day
down by a south coast.
Up a hill with my family, I
would thrive in this small
town.