

St Philip's College, NT, 2013
Year 8's poems

by Zac

Giant plains that hold together history that so many can't grasp. History that sails worlds in confusion. But not all is what it is. So many rush and fail. Look back at the Giant Plains, it's holding out future.

by Alec

It sat watching mist billow around in distant shadow, blood paint upon its face as it moans and howls upon cold rocky cliffs, it's fur damp from rain. Wind howls around as dusk unfolds its gloom.

by Matthew

Long colourful limbs, living in a wing of wild. Pink glows from a bright light not far away, as it sings a song through it's lips of wisdom. It calls out to a crow and asks for it to land on its long brown branch. The crow says no, and will fly away. It might jump off to a woodland not far off and bring its birds with him. you cannot fly away, says its gut. But it will bring joy to a land, it says, as it jumps away.

by Zoe

I kick up dust
colour of blood and rust
and watch as it floats back down
It's my land of dust
my own grains of sand
I watch and allow it to roll out of my hand
Into the sun'
s tortuous warmth
I call my land Australia

by William

To think, to touch, to always run, to sprint, to jump,
to be the song, to throw, to swing, to win the bling,
to win, to lose, you cannot pick
for you will know when I'm the champion

by Ethan

Middle of Australia, maroon dust flies at will
through the hot dry roads.
Sun lights the way for cautious
animals that travel from town to town, immune
to molten maroon sand that could swallow
you if a wrong foot is thumped.

by Ryan

A location unknown, far from Man,
Why? No one knows,
You will not find it.
It is not living,
It is not moving,
But always strays.

To find it is not hard.
Think of anything.
Anything at all.
Think of it with wings, with a tail,
pink, black, maroon.
Anything?
You found it!
Imagination!

by Kyle

birds fly, birds fly high but you and I
can't why can't you and I fly? Birds fly, fly high
and I'll watch on
a grassful ground so fly birds, but soon I'll fly
with you in the amazing sky.

by Dean

As the water floats upon my
knees
I could feel the poison
The creatures that are in it
It makes me feel hatred in my heart
It's true that it's called a ghost town
But that's no reason to judge this place.
It once contained gold
which was done by the time they were
done.
No one lives in this place
because they are just too scarred.
It makes me feel too sad
All the joy they could be having
just taken away for one reason.

by Jacob

Brown dirt flows along, sand
is moving. This was a dust
storm going straight to
town, with groups of kids
playing "hurry to the room" says
Will, dust storm passes town.
Dust storm flows through towns,
showing its victims its
immortality.

by Marita

In Africa a body of trickling liquid flows. Moist air is
around us and amazing birds fill a sky of astounding
dawn colours. Aqua animals bring joy as I look.
dumbstruck at this sight. My world is showing lots
of amazing things, I did not know until now. It is
a magical land far from hardships and pain. I love it!

by Yonathon

my grandad's land is a part of history
with gold in it's soil. Many trains shot past and wind flew
across his land, with a slow calm rhythm. Soon his
land had no gold and a the gold company vanished without
a word.

by Aidan

Disappearing
zones and
the highway

take a number
from your life
because nothing
lasts forever

a few very noisy people
have stripes

puzzled doors
are dreaming
disrespectful
questions

lines rearranging sharing
waves on
a transformer

Test us with a skewer not quite
ready