

Mrs. Lewis' Year 9 Poetry Anthology





Poems and Poets

Amazing Amalgamation of Awesome Analogies- Lucas Y-B

Itinerary of the Wanderer- Honor McCardell

Family- Ava Rosser

Parents- Isla Ross

Go for a Ride- Owen Reid

The Monster- Zoe Taberner

The Enchanted Forest- Harry Feilding

Almost- Will Dunlop

Dads- Millie Condon

Climate Change- Tom Casey

Fading Blue- Isla Callaghan

Emotions- Thalia Brett

The View- Will Stratton

1984- Tom Taylor

The Green Tree- Chuck Fletcher

Smokey Plain- Max Laird

Time and Oblivion- Marcus Liego

Parents- Adelaide Turnbull

Climate Change- Annie Harris

Siblings- Sophie Dedman

An Amazing Amalgamation of Awesome Analogies

An orchestra is an amazing analogy for the troubles of the world

Everyone is a bit different,

Like the serene sounds of the sitar to the dazzling dynamics of a didgeridoo

Like the **bang** of the big bass drum compared to the tranquillity of a tiny triangles ting

Some people are better at being in the background,

Setting the scene like the thunderous tuba.

While others are better at **GRABBING OTHERS' ATTENTION!**

Like the fantastic and fascinating French horn

When we hear the **boom** of the bass trombone clashing with the calm clarity of the clarinet,

It is a mix of amazing sounds mashing to make a

New,

Better,

Sound.

We are reminded that a composer is a musician put in the position to make the decision

Of when a note is played.

When we listen to a piece of music,

We are reminded that a composer puts in a lot of effort for a few minutes of music.

But that piece of music may bring joy into the lives of many,

Even if for only a few minutes.

Like the difference between the clang of the gong,

As gracious as a glacier mulling about the ocean,

And the trilling of a trumpet

When we listen to an orchestra, we hear every instrument putting in a little bit, to make a **lot**

Because when a lot of people put in a little,

It can create even more for a lot of people.

When we put our differences aside, whether it be brass or strings,

We are reminded that our sounds are better when put together.

Lucas Yabsley-Bell

MOOD BOARD



Itinerary of the Wanderer

Italy

People; welcoming, warming

Feels like home

Long days on my feet, seeing both

famous landscapes and

hidden cafes

Wonderous and happiness

Both I feel,

as train rides through the country sides

feel like a slow, never-ending dream.

France

Haute couture,

In the shopfronts and in the diverse personalities

Concealed bookstores with magic inside

The smell of croissants, wafting through the air,

as well as love, floating in the wind

which drifts across my face

As I stand at the top of a tower,

looking out at the sea of history

New York

Liberty looking down on me

Singling me out in the loud crowds

Making my way through the organised chaos

Streets like a spider's web:

Interlocking, never-ending, wonderment

Staring up at the Empire State

Awe-inspiring architecture

All around



Family

I love how we grow together like the flowers in spring

We love each other through everything

I love the precious, protected and proud feeling

Together we have the power of healing

My father's voice is a guiding song

My mother's hand is soft but strong

My sister's laugh is a leading path

My brother's eyes pop like a bubble bath

Although sometimes we do fight

In the end it will be alright

I remember all the memories we've made

And I still think about them to this day!

Ava Rosser



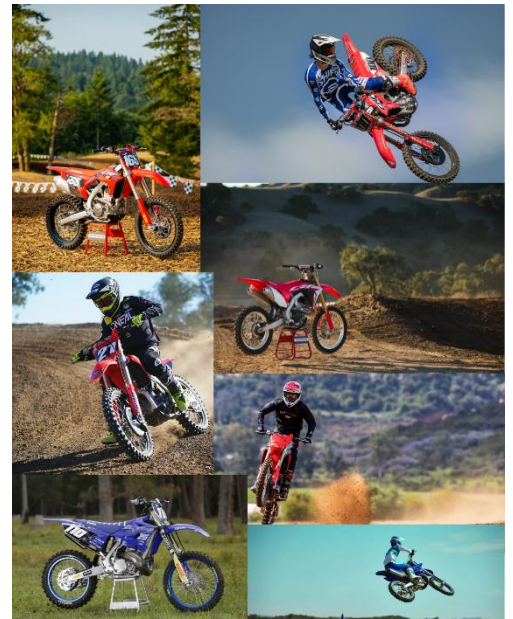
Parents

Your first friends,
Your best friends
And the ones you look up to most.
They drive you around the state,
For all of your sports
They wipe away your tears
When you are out of sorts,
The late-night drives,
To go home on weekends
Your parents,
They are forever your best friends
They teach us kindness, strength, and grace,
With patience that time can never erase

Isla Ross

Go for a ride

I should go for a ride, a long lasting one,
One to be sure to create memories of laughter and fun.
I get on my bike give it a kick or two,
Go for run with the morning dew
I pop it up onto the back wheel
Run it round the corner and hear those tyres squeal
Mum's always worried I'm burning rubber and having too much
fun,
Especially when I stay out past one!
Going through the gear, going too fast, I see
A log and try to pass,
I clip my wheel it was a bad blunder
As I hit the ground like roaring thunder,
I get up and scrape my knees
Hoping my mum doesn't take my bike...
Please!
I putt back to the house without too much harm
My mum is just happy I'm safe in her arms.



Owen Reid

The Monster

He had a hard life,
His father lived without a wife,
The mother passed away from cancer
Leaving him with no real answer,
And so he became a monster,
Without a mother,
His father harsh and full of sin,
He was born innocent,
But grew up with ideas of hatred around him
At the age of 55, he persecuted 6 million innocent souls
Starting a war, so immense no one had ever seen before,
He has impacted society greatly, hurting families the hardest
His name is known by all,
We wish it wasn't
Childhood trauma can lead to horrific consequences
Cruelty breeds cruelty
Lack of love bred a ruthless monster.
Hitler.

Zoe Taberner



The Enchanted Forest: Nature's Gift and Our Neglect

In a mystical forest deep and green,
Many of nature's wonders can be seen,
Many of the trees stand tall and proud,
Their long branches reaching like a shroud.
On the ground, powerful sorcery can be found
In the flowers and in the trees.
It comes through like a magical breeze
With the leaves shuddering on branches
Passing secrets with ease.
Fields of flowers grow in vibrant hues,
Their mystical petals glistening in the morning dew.
The sun beams down at them giving a life that's worth
The birds sing sweetly in the morning breeze.
When dusk comes it makes a sweet elixir
Bringing the sun nearer to the horizon.
The many rivers and creeks flowing with grace
Their sweeping currents carving out a peaceful space,
Rippling through the Earth's crust at a quick pace.
Nature is alive it breathes and grows
Its natural beauty evident to all who know.
Personified by a being a beautiful wonder discovered,
True and bold forever giving us life,
Serving us for eternity to come,
Our oblivion to what it has done,
For we are nefarious to nature taking it for granted
Its landscapes giving us more uncharted land to discover.

by **Harry Fielding**



Almost

Success, something we all long for,
Is hard to achieve and is always a bore.
We never think hard work is reasonable nor fair,
But the work is worth it, because you are almost there.

You see the finish line and it reads "final stretch",
Like a ball out of reach when the dog is playing fetch.
The dog wants the ball badly, so it keeps pushing for it,
And you want to finish badly, so you finish bit by bit.

"My work is almost finished, but luckily I'm almost there."
Well, I'm glad I finished and didn't need to pull out my hair.
"Hey, who's that bald guy running down the stairs?"
It's the 'almost' guy, who didn't quite get there.

Someone will comment on your incredible life and your success,
And you will think about whether that work was for the best.
Yes, it was, and you feel great to be finished,
Now you won't feel sad and diminished.

You finally made it, and you are glad,
The feeling of 'almost' was driving you mad.
The next person will have to experience this despair,
And must face the fact that they are almost there.

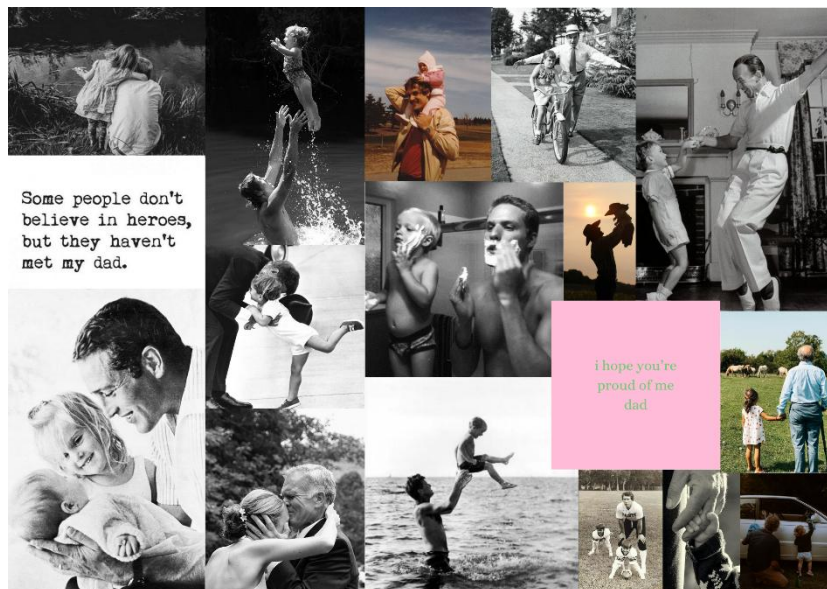
By **Will Dunlop**



Dads

They're the second ones you see when you enter the world,
And they're the second ones you call when mum doesn't pick up,
Yet, they are the ones who carried you on their shoulders,
And they're the ones who walk you down the aisle on your special day.
They blew raspberries on your tummy when you were a baby,
They'll make your sandwiches in the morning before school.
They are Dad!
They are the lighthouse to guide you home.
They are there to catch you when the training wheels are taken from your bike
They are Dad!
They are the ones we love so much!

Milly Condon



Climate change

Our climate is changing,
Animals are escaping,
We say we are creating,
But we are hallucinating,
Because while we take and take
All we do is break and break,
Until there's nothing left.
Soon deserts will be common,
Forests will be foreign,
Areas forgotten,
Regions of the arctic are melting from the sun belting,
The oceans rise in front of our eyes,
And while polar bears are drowning, all we are doing is frowning.
We have the assets.
Why not rid the world of greenhouse gases?
Switch to renewable energy,
Because now the whole world is in jeopardy
For the future to be bright
The climate must be right,
And if everyone works together
It just might.

Tom Casey



Fading Blue

Once a beautiful blue and green sphere,
Shrouded by a heavenly white mist,
She seems beautiful.
But looks can be deceiving.
What once was beautiful and blue
It's now dried up. We can't make do.
Where once was lush grass; fields of green,
A desert now is all we see.

We are mining, digging deep for oil
But for plants, we need more soil.
All people care about is money,
Climate change is never funny.
The Earth is dying
Plants aren't thriving
And Mother Earth herself, is crying

Upon a hill once full of trees
Now one sways to a sad breeze
We are fading and so is Earth
Start trying
Stop buying!

Isla Callaghan



Emotions

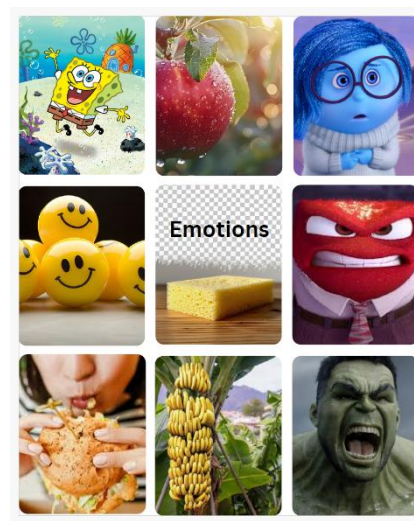
Everyone should get to feel ebullience
Like little colourful bubbles of joy,
Like glass, a rainbow of happiness.
Like a little kid watching Spongebob.

Anger is destructive yet we cannot always escape it
The thunder roared with outrage,
My Dad was as angry as the hulk,
Anger is like an anchor at the bottom of the sea
You can't get free
It burns like fire.

With no place full of happiness
I was in a bungalow full of loneliness,
In an overflowing pool of tears,
The cruel words rubbed on my back like sandpaper.

The lithe looking piece of string cheese
The ice cream is a dream,
I felt the caress of the burger in my mouth,
In the direction of south my taste buds were dribbling,
Red and ripe, a pink lady apple,
Bananas gleam in morning light,
Peel them back, the fruit inside.

By Thalia Brett



The View

I sit on my bike at the top of the hill,
Watching the paddocks and sheep so still.
Beneath the clear sky of endless blue,
I simply don't know what I would rather do.

This is my favourite time of the day,
Watching the daylight fade away,
The sun slowly sinks behind the range,
Taking the blue light, and starting the change.

Slowly the sunset takes hold,
Magical colours of pink, orange and gold,
The cockatoos make their final call,
Trees and hills start to fade away,

The best way to end the day.

Will Stratton



1984

They watch every move; they judge everything you do

The cameras are everywhere

In my house

In the shops

In the walls

They watch you every second and they listen,

Like an eagle waiting for the perfect moment to strike,

Like a vulture circling its prey.

This is reality for millions around the world,

A life of constant surveillance,

A life full of fear,

A life that seems absorbed for some people.

But this is reality even though the news covers it up with sunshine and rainbows,

It is happening.

It may not be the focus,

But it should be!

1984 the time of peace and inclusiveness,

But across the sea they have weapons aimed in every direction,

Waiting for the click of a button,

A blast into oblivion.

The politicians and the news outlets

Spreading propaganda and consequences of breaking the rules

Nothing happy on the news.

It's all death, death and death

And how it was caused?

People disobeyed the government

Tried to spread the truth of this society

Tried to escape this living hell

Only to be mocked on the news

Used as example to keep others under control.

I want to ask you a question

When was the last time you saw something happy on the news?

Most of you would say very rarely or never

It's all of death and politics

It's all propaganda

It's all a way that the government keeps people under control

1984 wasn't just a book or movie

It was a warning

A warning that our society is heralding towards.

War is used to scare people as well

It scares everyone but the people who are least affected –
usually the people who started it,

In their bunkers kilometres underground.

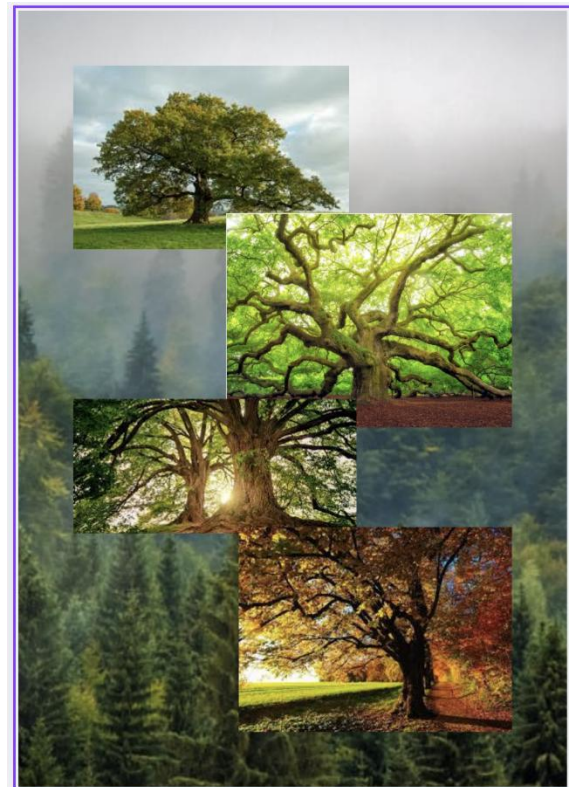
Safe from the weapons that could destroy the world.

Tom Taylor



The Green Tree

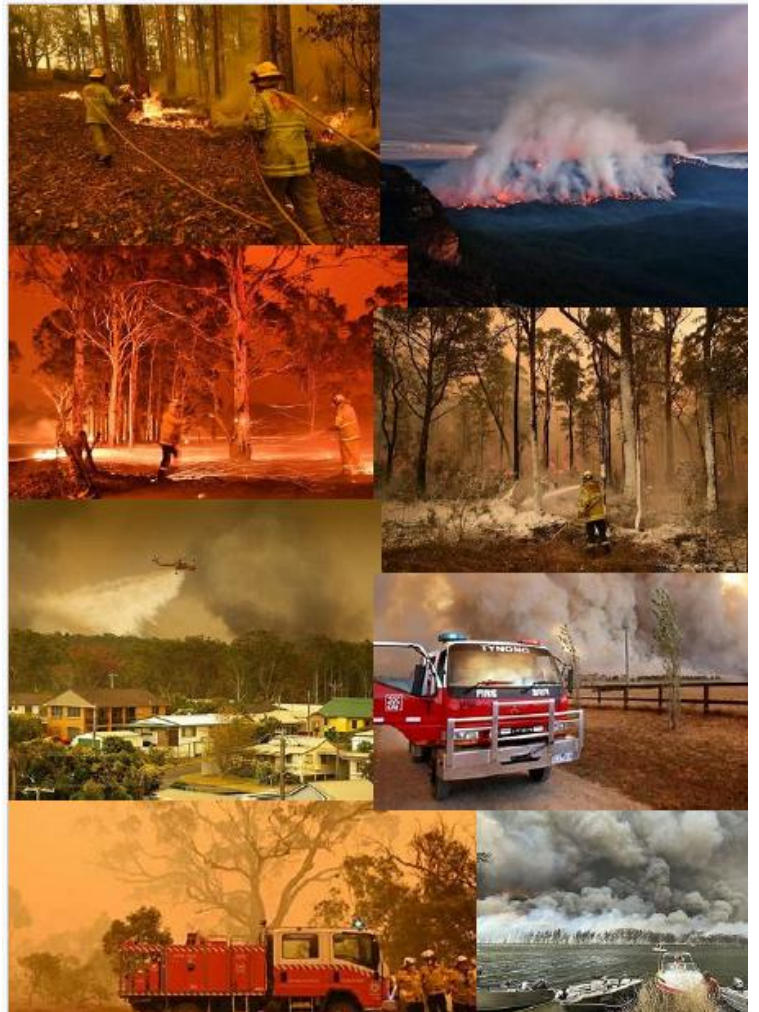
Embrace the warmth of the green trees' growth,
Constantly branching and creating new bursts of what matters most.
Looking up,
Ever so tall the family tree is what matters most of all.
Every day a new branch falls,
Only for the green tree to grow back more,
But as those fallen branches bask in the sun depositing into the earth
The two become one.
And the branch recalls its time with the tree, in the sun,
The tree took care of it, as it grew up,
Ever since it was just a little sprout pup.
But now the branch has grown old,
Remembering his past that can be told.
He remembered the good, the bad, and the lost,
The trunk is strong, this branch, a cost.
The green tree will remember this branch,
For its memories together will last forever.



Smokey Plain


Across the high sky there is a lot of smoke
The horror could cause some people to suffer a stroke
There is a giant fire on the hill
That is not under control still
The smell of the burning wood
Is awful. So far from air that once was good.
The bright red colour of the flame,
Puts people to work. They try and put it out
That's the game!
The helicopter is spraying water across the field
While everyone is on the ground fighting the fires,
The only thing covering their face is their shield
While the fire truck is running burning their tires
The boats are lined up on the lake
But the fire keeps burning. It's no piece of cake.

Max Laird



Time and oblivion

Time moves on like a river,
Each interaction nothing more than whisper.
Footsteps washed away by its water
We are oblivious like lambs to the slaughter.
We act like there is nothing more than us,
Even though in the end we are nothing more than dust.
Time will not stop nor pause.
And to this oblivion we are the cause,
Because in the heart of it,
We are only a pile of meat and bones,
In a suit we call skin
Surviving on a rock
Revolving around a star
Oh how insignificant we are!



Parents

“Eat your veggies,

“They’ll make you big and strong,” they say

But you're just sitting there,

Wondering when the broccoli's gonna start working its magic.

But sometimes we forget,

They're human too,

We backchat, we argue,

thinking we know best,

But in the end,

They just want the best for us

They are your biggest supporters

For you when things get hard

Over the phone or in person

By Adelaide Turnbull



Climate Change:

Floods

The rain didn't stop until it hit the crop

It covered the fields until nothing was revealed

It was a terrible day when the animals were washed away

The water pulled the fence out as easily as I pulled the rope out of the mud

Nothing was as stronger than this flood

Canowindra was an endless ocean that made me feel emotion.

Drought

When the drought came it tamed the dams

The farm dried up and the animals gave up

The grass lawn was as dry as hay straw

I don't think we can take anymore

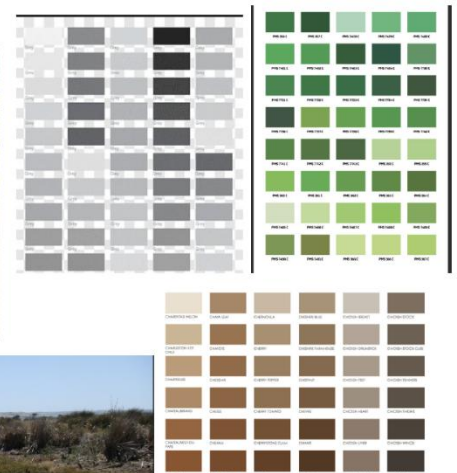
Mum and Dad were worried because the rain wouldn't hurry

These are the effects of Climate Change

This is why the world must change.

Climate Change

Annie Harris



Siblings

Siblings have an unbreakable bond,
A bond into which we are born,
To each other, we know we will always respond,
Despite fights, our bond's never torn
From childhood days
Of laughter and play,
To each other's hearts we are sworn.

The memories stay with me
Of hiding away cramped and coiled
Poison ball on the trampoline,
Afternoons at nanna's getting spoiled
All these games and all these times
All of these moments I'll cherish for a lifetime
I love you to the moon and back

Fighting over music
Summer days in the pool
Rope swing at the dam

Sophie Dedman

