

# 2023 House Poetry Competition

	FREEMAN	HOLLOWS	MABO	WALTON	TOTALS
YEAR 7	0	0	1	0	1
YEAR 8	29	21	25	29	104
YEAR 9	3	0	4	29	36
YEAR 10	2	2	4	5	13
YEAR 11	6	6	14	10	36
YEAR 12	1	0	0	0	1
STAFF	1	0	5	10	16
<b>TOTALS</b>	42 <b>3RD</b>	29 <b>4TH</b>	53 <b>2ND</b>	83 <b>1ST</b>	207

**N.B. Points were awarded for each poem plus an extra point if hand-illustrated!**

## Award Winners

<p><b>WALTON</b> Tahlia Lefleur (Yr 8) – ‘Decayed’ Kelvin Pham (Yr 10) – ‘Ode of Optimism’ Ana Markis (Yr 9) – ‘Haiku’ Kathy Turton (Staff) – ‘Childhood’</p>	<p><b>MABO</b> Adelin Macaveiu (Yr 11) – ‘Imagine a World’ Raymond Tavui (Yr 9) – ‘Under the Rainbow’ Marriam Rafae (Yr 8) – ‘STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE’ Jihad Musaghazi (Staff) – ‘Complaints’</p>
<p><b>FREEMAN</b> Sanchika Jeyanthan (Yr 12) – ‘Them’ Blessing Frazer (Yr 8) – ‘The Three Little Pigs’ Insha Sadaat (Yr 11) – ‘Rap’ Bonnie Han (Staff) – ‘Hometown’</p>	<p><b>HOLLOWS</b> Eric Cheng (Yr 8) – ‘I Live in a Society’ Llexington Lokeni (Yr 11) – ‘Verse Poem’ Akasha Vitale (Yr 9) – ‘Blue’</p>

# The Winning Poetry

## Walton

### Decayed'

I'm too nice to people,

Why do I forget that they don't give a crap?!,

Why do I walk on needles and nails and still be the one to pay for that?

Why am I so obsessed with others' well-being?

Well, I'm just being a decent human being.

I'm just going to start closing doors.

Because my inner child can't take this anymore.

They drain me of my worth and still ask for more.

It's always the words that make me cry endlessly on the floor.

"You're this and that!"

Words do hurt.

Do not forget words can cut deeper than any knife or dagger.

But you still choose to say it like I don't matter.

They push and hurt me as if they are doing good deeds.

But, in the end, all they are doing is making a little girl bleed.

But I won't let you do that to her.

I will not let you say you have won this battle.

That'll show you.

Because I am not the ground you can step on.

I am not a wall for you to vandalize on.

And I am not wood so put the lighter down,

Don't set me on fire just because you can't have your crown.

I am a human, not an animal, so don't disrespect me like I'm one

I wasn't always so vicious and vague, but you made me permanently stay.

The person you all loved has permanently faded.

This little girl wasn't ready to decay.  
At least she didn't have tears rolling down her face.

**By Tay Lefleur (Yr. 8, WALTON)**

### **'Ode of Optimism'**

Jovial jests jump from every corner,  
Enveloped everyone's day in radiance,  
Strenuous struggles plague a teacher's life,  
Sanguine sun still shines atop its zenith,  
Overtly optimistic under ordeal of wrathful storm,  
Pastel plains persistent in its distinguished way.

**By Kelvin Pham (Yr. 10, WALTON)**

### **'Haiku'**

Sand scatters the beach  
Waves crash on the shady shore  
Blue sky glimmers

**By Ana Markis (Yr. 9, WALTON)**

### **'Childhood'**

It's amazing how smells, can take you back,  
From ages ago, along the track.  
Fresh-cut grass, the thoughts of home,  
Playing in the backyard, I loved to roam.

Smells of Autumn leaves, burning in a pile,  
Lazy Sundays, make me smile.  
Hand soap in tubs, in old school cases,  
Watermelon in Summer, covering our faces.

Musk sticks in lolly bags, so much fun,  
The smell of freshly washed laundry, drying in the sun.  
Lavender growing wild, in the garden path,  
A crackling fire, burning in the hearth.

Coconut sunblock, rubbed on my face,  
Fresh Summer dresses, edged in lace.  
Opening new books, breathing it in,  
Old school classrooms, many memories within.

A mixture of Boronia soil, the scent of fresh rain,  
Home baked bread, full of healthy grain.  
Play Doh moulded, by little hands,  
Cold baked beans, out of a can.

Helping my mum, make a cake,  
And licking the wooden spoon, before we bake.  
These are beautiful memories, that I recall,  
And the homely smell, of my baby shawl.

**By Kathryn Turton (Staff, WALTON)**

## **MABO**

### **'Imagine a World'**

Imagine a world so familiar,  
yet so strange.  
A world that entices you with,  
similar derange.

A cave so vast,

that you cannot describe.

A wise little salamander,  
with a hefty, little bribe.

A forest so great,  
made with leaves of thick and thin.

A tiny little mouse,  
looking like it's on a whim.

On exploration of this,  
unfamiliar land,  
You find a new friend,  
who gives quite some demand.

A famine too large,  
its inflicted devastation.  
To the lack of growth,  
in the local vegetation.

Some help over here,  
some more over there.  
You come to realise that,  
your help is more than fair.

Waking in the morning,  
right before its early.  
You give the friend a handshake,  
and start your new journey,

Up near a mountain,  
A mountain so tall.  
You begin to get afraid,  
That someone will fall.

Up above the summit,  
you find an old city.  
It used to be alive,  
But now is looking a little gritty.

Inside a building,  
Far-far away.  
A feeling in yourself,  
Begging you to stay.

There's a control panel,  
with many red buttons.  
When you press one down,  
you remember the forgotten.

Imagine a world so familiar,  
yet so strange.  
A world that entices you with,  
similar derange.

**By Adelin Macaveiu (Yr. 11, MABO)**

### **'Under The Rainbow'**

Under the rainbow, I guard my gold,  
The sun is not hot.  
Nor is the rain cold.  
Under the rainbow, I lie in the sun,

Down by this pot,  
Wishing I had someone.  
Under the rainbow, I sit up and sigh  
"Will I stay here and rot?"  
"Alone 'til I die?"  
Under the rainbow, I do my job,  
I hear the clock tock,  
While I curl up and sob.  
Under the rainbow, I play with my fingers,  
Alone with my thoughts,  
Wishing for some more gingers.  
Under this rainbow, I dig a hole deep.  
Lie down while my stomach knots  
And I cry and I weep.  
**By Raymond Tavui (Yr. 9, MABO)**

### **'STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE'**

Hazaras were once a happy community  
Their smiles have faded away  
Due to all the dismay  
The place we once called home  
Now is a land where suffering people roam  
**#STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE**

Today 12 people have been decapitated, how does that make you feel?  
Tomorrow thousands will suffer  
Our hearts will never heal  
This message needs to be spread  
Because people in Afghanistan are hanging on by a thread  
**#STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE**

Let's all stand up and shout  
For freedom in Afghanistan without any doubt  
Hold up your signs for the people who have been turned into slaves  
So, they can all be saved  
Shout until the last breath  
For our country will never rest  
**#STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE**

History is repeating itself as we speak  
Females can't go to school; doesn't that make us look weak?  
Instead of moving forward, we are going backward  
Time passes by and no sympathy is shown toward our homeland  
Is this what people are talking about when they say fair?  
**#STOP HAZARA GENOCIDE**

**By Marriam Rafae (Yr. 8, MABO)**

### **'Complaints'**

I hear complaints from people of all ages complaining about things of all sorts,  
Sometimes they complain about their fines, while others complain about being taken to the courts.

Some people complain about not feeling well, being sick or their health,  
While others complain about not having enough money to spend or their monetary wealth.

Sometimes I also get caught up in complaining to myself or to others,  
I sometimes complain about not having enough time to sleep or enough money to buy myself a Jeep.

Then I realised that I need to start appreciating things that I have,  
I need to be grateful for all the blessings and live a life of contentment before I am placed in my grave.

Let me put things in perspective, Life is like a test,  
Our thoughts and actions will finally decide between us and the rest,  
Let's start being positive and try to achieve our best,  
We need to continue as long as there is life and air to breathe in our chests.

**By Jihad Musaghazi (Staff, MABO)**

## **FREEMAN**

### **'Them'**

She looks out into the world with hope

He sees what it's really made of

She wishes for a better future

He knows that it won't arrive.

She smiles with a brightness so blinding

He hides himself in the darkness

She dresses herself with the colours of the rainbow

He lives within the black and white spectrum.

She believes that she can change the world

He is the byproduct of its cruelty

The two are the same, at the same time they are not.



She was his past, and he is her future.

**By Sanchika Jeyanthan (Yr. 12, FREEMAN)**

**'The Three Little Pigs'**

I'm a big bad wolf

*I'm a little pig*

You're very small

*You're very big*

But now I've got you in my pot

*The waters getting very, very hot*

I'll cook you up and make a stew

*Why that's an awful thing to do!*

**By Blessing Frazer (Yr. 8, FREEMAN)**

**Rap**

'Burial Rites' by Hannah Kent, a tale so deep

In Iceland's land, where secrets creep

Agnes, convicted and faced by judgement's wrath

But through her journey, she found her path.

Darkness, troubles, and sorrow's flight

Burial rites, a sacred rite

Kent's words paint a haunting past

Resilience and strength, they will last.

**By Insha Sadaat (Yr. 11, FREEMAN)**

**'Hometown'**

Hometown is a cup of tea  
It eventually got separated by time  
Just like our destiny unfortunately.

It smells fresh and fragrant  
It tastes bitter but sweet later.

You won't remember the original flavour  
Unless you have tasted one when younger  
You won't recognise how precious it is  
Unless you have just lost a tiny piece.

Hometown is where your dreams take you  
when uncertain.  
Hometown is what truly shapes you  
when in pain.

It's like a granted glove  
That offers you unconditional love  
It's like an unstoppable storm  
That makes you unbeatably strong.

It's a calm clear lake  
Which brings you to absolute peace  
It's a faded keyed map  
That guides you to every place.

Oh, my dear hometown  
I missed you every now and then.  
Especially when I'm trapped  
For all of a sudden.

Hope dreams can take me to your unique lap  
every night  
To recover my wound without light.  
Hope I'm cuddled like a baby  
With those great green mountains  
Perfectly eight.

**By Bonnie Han (Staff, FREEMAN)**

## **HOLLOWS**

**'I Live In A Society'**

I live in a society where people are abusing the internet anonymously  
I live in a society where they make you believe in the majority  
I live in a society where people who are too soft  
  
I live in a society where people hide their depression and anxiety  
I live in a society where people make you feel guilty for saying no  
I live in a society where people are being financially stupid  
I live in a society where we have impossible ambitions for equality  
  
I live in a society where people get mad for suicide attempts  
I live in a society where the media is out of control  
  
I live in a society where people stopped looking at each other as human beings  
I live in a society where crimes are common  
I live in a society where richer people have better medical access  
I live in a society where people are overly concerned about the opinions of others  
I live in a society where people clout chase for fame and money  
I live in a society where people have little to no trust in others  
I live in a society where people care more about process than results  
I live in a society where the average life expectancy is decreasing  
I live in a society where people record those in danger than help  
I live in a society where people have a desire for achievement without valuing the actual meaning  
I live in a society where aggressively mocking different belief systems & lifestyles is common  
I live in a society where doing idiotic things is called “pranking”

**By Eric Cheng (Yr. 8, HOLLOWES)**

### **Verse Poem**

A freezing cold Icelandic night,  
The clock hits the witching hour,  
But the sun still glistens with light.  
They fly over and stay over a home  
And foreshadow a sign,  
For death will come with future time.

The ravens take off and set for flight,  
In due time will tell when it is right.  
Things become clear I've passed the line,  
Only God knows if this fall is my decline.  
It's clear as day, it's black and white,  
My heart sinks deep and stomach grows tight.  
I know what I did, I know it's a crime,  
I hope in the end I will be fine.

**By Llexington Lokeni (Yr. 11, HOLLOW)**

### **'Blue'**

I love blue, blue to me was alive.  
Blue was the sky and the hues in his eyes.  
Blue was comforting and blue was the breeze.  
Blue was sapphires, the frosty coat on leaves.  
  
But one day blue had swapped, and it wasn't the same.  
Blue became a storm, his blue became a flame.  
I don't know what changed or how it happened.  
But now blue hurt and his blue had dampened.  
  
It became a midnight shade, but I still love blue right.  
Blue was my favourite, and I didn't want a fight.  
His blue became suffocating, I could no longer breathe.  
It was a raging hurricane with a cold war beneath.  
  
If I still love blue, why did I feel this way?  
Maybe because of the weather or maybe it's just today.  
But deep down I think I knew.

How I felt and what to do.  
I shed blue tears streaming down my face,  
Knowing now that I could never replace  
The blue I know I truly loved.  
The blue that would always be my beloved.

**By Akasha Vitale (Yr. 9, HOLLOWES)**

**WALTON**

Tahlia Lefleur (Yr 8)

Kelvin Pham (Yr 10)

Ana Markis (Yr 9)

Kathryn Turton (Staff)

**MABO**

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Raymond Tavui (Yr 9)

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