

Bundanon Trust – Bomaderry High School, 2013
with poet Tim Sinclair
Disappearing poems



She Knew
by Bella M.

The wind howled at the door
and rapped at the window as if calling.
impatiently for her to join in the restless play.
She sat, her body meeting the rough but familiar armchair,
let her fingers run along the rest and catch
on worn threads.
Her eyes dragged along the floor to the empty fireplace,
lingering
and settling on the artworks.
She knew each and every stroke, the hands
who crafted the beauty.
She knew the story behind every sculpture,
taking in the scent of parchment and oil paints,
home and family. But it was dormant now.
She had read every book, left her fingerprint
on every aging page. That was left?
The wind howled at the door and
wrapped at the window, tantalizing.
The wind would disappear,
as did the people and the pages and her
and everything she knew.

The disappearing act
by Madison H.

It used to be different.
I used to wake up to the
sound of plates clanking
and the smell of crisp bacon

I used to spend my day
listening to her sweet voice
echo through the house.

I used to spend my night
beside the fire, cosy and
clutching her special hot tea

(but then it all changed.)

Now I wake up to
a quiet room
I spend my day remembering her songs
and I spend my night
counting the days left until
I'm back home
waiting for the day that
I'm out of this place

by Idris M.

dark divots scar the river
bed from kangaroos' damp paws.
sweet smell of the moist air
inhabits my nostrils,
raindrops colliding with leaves
and shrubs distract me from
my surroundings.
the decomposing twigs give
way and mould around
my pale finger tips. sour sap
of a cracked leaf drowns
my tastebuds and turns my head.

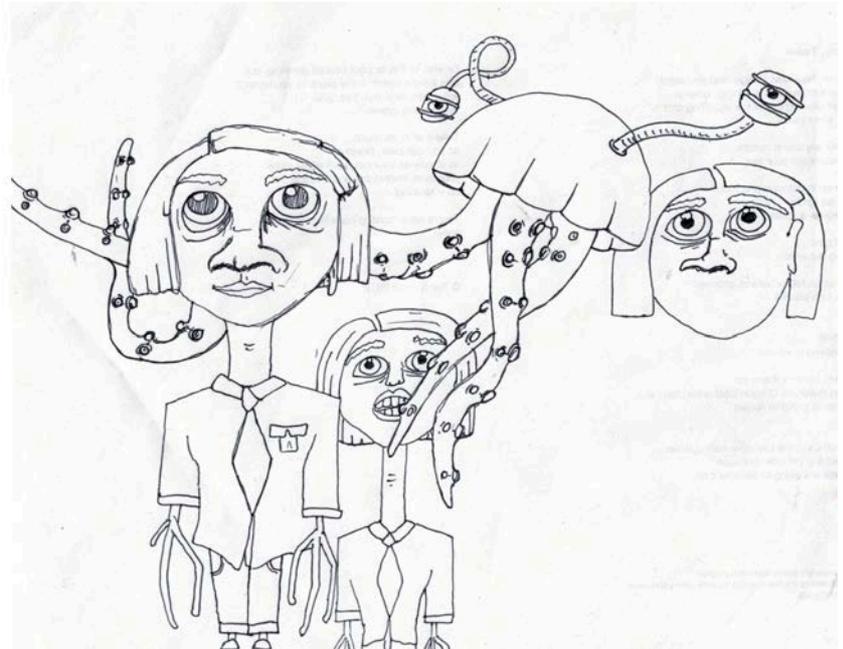


Image drawn by student Idris M.

Disappeared? I wish
by Ruby H.

The flowers dropped their heads
sadly.
Raindrops fell as tears from their
eyes.
Plant life flourished and nothing was
missing.
Except what disappeared
but it had disappeared and
the plants missed nothing.
The trees are taller, the flowers
high in the sky.
But nothing was missing.
Except what disappeared.

by Madeleine J.

We stumble, we fall
grasping at the last strands of light
The flood of brightness tickles our eyes
only to recede back
driven out by darkness
The shadows creep through
Our soul fleetingly tries to
hold on
The sanity our soul once held is lost
drifting endlessly like a
ship lost at sea
The spark in which our eyes
once held, disappeared
The flame extinguishes
nothing but memories and
lost dreams
The mind games dismantled
Every inch of humanity left
We stumbled and we fell.

Drop
by Annie K.

It starts with a drop
A single drop
runs into a trickle
different pathways connecting to the
motherstream
Thicker, faster, stronger
down the slope
making the ice slick and perilous

Drip. Drip. Drip.
Sound of water hitting water
echoes of canyons
vibrating, never reaching human ears

Ice cries, letting its tears fill up around it
slowly drowning in its own self
Animals scamper up its sides, escaping
as the ice perishes
unable to escape from itself

Disappearing from Earth's surface
leaving its friends to suffer the same fate
Disappearing with only hope for return
for hope of recreation

The Cows
by Jacob C.

The wind howls at the door
or maybe it's the cows.
They have been mooing all day,
getting closer and closer.
Their ear-piercing moo haunts me.
I used to think they cried out
to be eaten.
But now it's gone.
No more cows
no more mooing.
The cannibalistic cry of the cows
has faded into the howling of
the wind.

Lost Memories
by Bree R.

As I stare aimlessly into the depths
of life
Ancient thoughts caress my empty mind
A mind once engulfed with memories
of treasure
of hope

**The Flowers
by Scott K.**

Where there was once something,
there are now only remains,
The red rust creeps across the
once strong steel track

What was once taken from
the flowers,
all is now gently returned
to them,
the mighty iron horse
that once ran across
the land is now no more

The metal cable over
head swings carelessly in
the wind as it waits its
turn to be returned to the
flowers



Image by student Scott K.

**Untitled
by James L.**

Silence is the prison
impounding the soul.

Tastes of colour resonate
yet crumble into tears.

The years walk by
footprints of permanence.

Calls of freedom
cries of doubt.

But the one thing that is true
is the last thing you want.

**Continuing
by Liz P.**

The wind howls at the door
begging, screaming, threatening
to break it down.

It carries evidence of the past
travelling across
the care country side.

Soon the storm will pass
the wind will stop, only here
continuing its assault elsewhere

Anxiety
by Alicia V. B.

You wish the shaking gone
It trembles through your arms
and into words
Your mind blurs
You feel alone in a busy room
Memories attaches to every move
wrapping around your actions
dictating every mood
It twirls among your stomach
water dropping and shoulders
slumping
You wish the shaking gone
when you stand but feel like sinking
Your breathe catches
choking on air
Piercing glares
It hurts
Eventually shaking stops

Sweet Girl
by Kiana F.

I once knew a girl whose smile
could light a room
Her confidence astonished all she knew
she was beautiful
Her laugh could make the saddest man
smile
She'd dress in pink
A smile never left her lips,
she never lost her spirit

Now I know a girl
whose smile is convincing
but her eyes scream another story
She cries as she stares into her
mirror, her confidence is gone
Her long sleeves cover the words on her
arms,
the only way she can express herself
Her scars tell a story
of a man who stole her innocence.
Her eyes scream 'help',
her laugh is dry
The pink turned to grey

She cries herself to sleep each night
wishing the girl that I once knew
could somehow return

Let us mourn
by Blake F.

The honourable leaders of the
past linger beyond our world.

Corruption and deceit is all
that remains.
Peace is gone.
Let us mourn,

The equality of our century
only to those of recognition.

We talk of peace and respect
yet only give such term to
those that we think deserve it.
Respect is gone.
Let us mourn.

Those who deserve
the freedoms and rights
that this era can provide
is turned down upon by our
leaders we ourselves have
selected and eternally the
pleasure of these living in
injustice goes unheard.

Democracy is gone.
Let us mourn.

Our vacuous leaders no
longer told the communities
morals and ideals at heart.
They act of their
volition, not of the
group.

The cries of the masses
continue on and on
still unheard
and yet we ignore the
injustices before our eyes, perched
above. merely watching
like a bird watches its
prey.

The world is gone.
We can no longer mourn.