

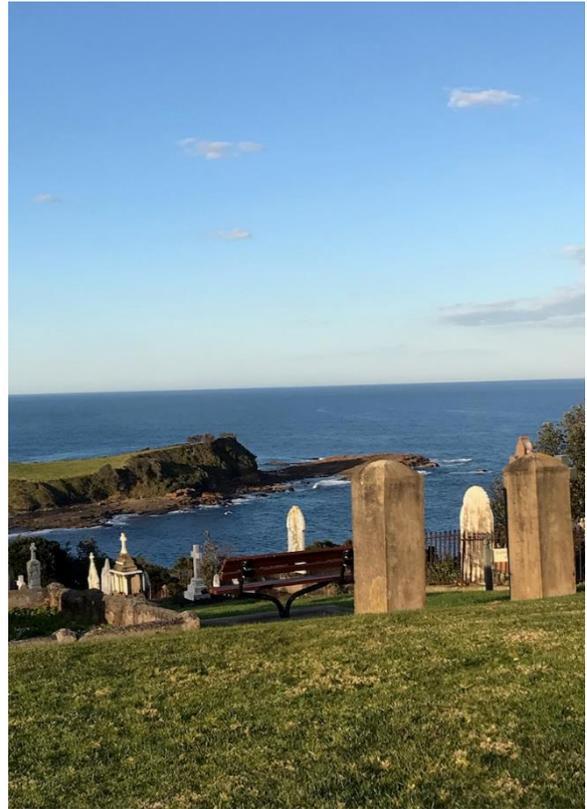
The Lockdown

Poetry from class 6-7

Issue #3

The Cemetery by Ace

Its quiet
But the afterlife was busy.
The smell of the ocean bouncing up onto the rocks
Hills rolling in the sky
Trees waving to each other in the wind
But the graves remain still.
“Its too scary” people say
“Too spooky”, they shout.
But I still visit.
The ghosts laugh as others run away
And they cheer as night falls.
I say goodbye and kiss the salty
Breeze to bed.



Where I come from by Ben

Where I come from
The dirt makes itself into jumps
Where I come from
My bike is my home

In front of me by Mika

Where I come from
The beautiful sunsets in front of me
Where I come from
My parent argues in front of me
Where I come from
My cat jumps up and down in front of me

Flannel Flowers by Kobi

Blackened banksias bend and twist like old men
Soot stains our clothes
Our shoes crunch crippled branches and burnt banksia pods.
No scraps of leaves or life adorn the branches
Scraping past our faces.
Above the sky is blue, the sun shines down
Upon the midnight forest.

But soon our feet stumble on a pink surprise!
Flannel flowers blush against the black.
Needing fire and heavy rain
They only bloom every forty years.
They are newborn babes celebrating a brief existence
In the charcoal forest.

Pizza by Eboni

I am creating my pizza.
I start with tomato topping
And load it up with prosciutto and cheese
Placing carefully into a hot, hot oven and waiting...
I am smelling the delicious
Pizza and the cheese melting.
The timer goes and I take it out.
Slicing it up and sharing it about
I am happy and my family are full,
Nothing to do but knit with my wool!

Phrog by Aleifr

Phrog,

Slimy, fast, loud, quiet

We met at the lake

You look grey

Lover of flies, water, mud

Who needs food, shelter, water

Who gives sound to help sleep, and bug control,

Who fears fish, snakes, birds, cats, dogs

Who would like to see mosquitos

Phrog

From pond

Like phrog now

Ribbit.

Seedling by Will

Deep beneath the earth you sleep

In a bed of dark dank soil

Your not quite awake, hidden in your fortress keep

But there is no time to wait or toil.

Now is the time to wake and joyful

Rise to the golden sun and warmth

To bathe in the golden light of sunny sun

Growing taller by the day busking in sweet light.

Somedays, in the warm summer months

I go out for a stroll,

Looking for some mulberries.

The branches scratch my skin

And tug at my hair

Trying to stop me from eating them.

But when it's winter,

The mighty tree

Looses all of its life,

Soul,

And so

Do

I.

-Wilf

I am my sister yelling at me like a giant trying to whisper

I am my dad drinking coffee like the worlds going to end

I am a movie we have been waiting to see

I am the wind sharing secrets

I am a song waiting for the words

I am a voice waiting to be heard

I am a tree only the wind can move

I am a memory only you can see

I am everything and everything is me.

-Merekee.

Where I come from
Is from a far away land
That is made by lovely
Buildings created by unforgettable hands
My soul is attached to it
Like a bird belongs to the sky.

-Mansour

Lincoln's Rock- Loki

Lincoln's rock,
You are wise.
Lincoln's rock,
Show us the mysteries you hold.
My life feels to me
So long
But compared to you
It is so small.

Oak- Matilda

The great oak tree
Older than great Aunty Parmeen
Her branches bent by wind
Old and wise like your Uncle Jack
Why he was only your great aunt's twin
Shrubs and bushes at the great oaks feet
Tell a wonderful story too
As the great oak's stories go
Far and wide
As so do you.

I come alive in winter
My petals crisp, with frost all around.
My stem broad, veins like opal.
Bugs crawl on my skin
Whispering compliments into my ear.
The sun strides down, fresh as fruit.
I shall not live for long
Once winter ends, I'll dry up like a billabong.
But that won't come soon,
For now is now
And for now,
I will rest with my petal crown.

-Joseph.

Raspberry- Zan

Your bright red berries
Seasons joy for me to taste
But for a short time

Frانداد- Vivienne

I call my grandfather, Frانداد, because when my older brother was four he tried to say grandad but it always came out as Frانداد so we just call him that now. He gets fairly angry at the smallest things. Like asking him to play cards or help make dinner but here are three main things that make him happy and that's biscuits, smoking and golf. It's pretty much chaos when we come over because everyone's already sick of each other from the hour car trip down to their house. His wife is Raelene Finlayson, my grandmother, I call her nanny but if there is one thing you don't call her and that's a fool because once her son (Uncle Randell) called her a fool and she went ballistic. She started raging and throwing things everywhere, he's lucky he made it out alive. If you want to know what my grandfather looks like just look at the man on the K.F.C logo, trust me, they look exactly the same. I think of my grandad whenever I smell rosemary because his house is surrounded by it. He has two dogs called Ronin and Rue, they are both really fluffy. Rue has got kinda chungu we just say, lock down really got to her. Ronin is the older one and pretty lazy, he just lies on the floor, sometimes I think he's dead. And he is terrified of the kitchen, he will not even step one foot into the kitchen. I don't know what it is, the flooring's the same, maybe there's a ghost or something. My grandad also has a bird, they named him Bugga because he's such a pain. He's so loud and annoying. The best thing about my grandparents is their mac n' cheese. They get it perfect. If you ever meet them ask them for their mac n' cheese. Just remember one thing, don't call my grandma a fool.

Flannel Flower wonders- Vivienne

Walking down the rough road

With black cockatoos overhead

With magpies up in the trees

As leaves fall gracefully to the ground

You arrive at a flower but not just any flower,

The flower of the phoenix, the flannel flower.

Rising up from the ashes of the bushfires we once knew,

The flannel flower is our protector

Our elder

Our sanctuary holder.

As it grows from the ash bringing life to the burnt,

You sit and watch the colours arise from the black.

Whenever I feel the soft petals of this beautiful flower

I feel safe, welcome, I feel home.

You carefully pick one flower from the wonderful soil,

As you return, remembering this moment,

You think of the lovely black cockatoos flying overhead,

The magpies up in the trees,

The leaves falling gracefully to the ground

You feel safe,

Welcome,

You feel home.