

Poetry Anthology

2020



~ Index ~

Year 9

Maja Plesko - *Exhilarated* (Morris and James 1st Place)
Shan Shan Wade - *Home*
Caitlin Sidwell - *Where I am from*
Samuel Meyer - *Where I love to be*
Maddy Priem - *Galaxies are made of...*
Lexi Emerson and Katie Hawken - *Untitled*
Sienna Innes - *Perfect Prescription for Bali*
Amelia Martin - *Untitled*
Archy Prajapati - *Where I wish to be*

Year 10

Yash Topiwala - *Relationships in lockdown* (Morris and James 3rd Place)
Helen Ly - *The Game* (Morris and James Finalist)
Lakshmi Ranju (Morris and James Finalist)
- *Nostalgia*
- *Still Again - if only for a while*
- *And you begin to create*
- *Nonsense? (And you begin to create pt. 2)*
Sophia Brunton - *Mirror*
Dylan Hunt - *The waiting game*
Sara Taylor - *Frown*
Bwaroko Tebutokai
- *Poem 1*
- *Poem 2*
- *Poem 3*
Sophia Mateeva
- *Gullible*
- *1 Year Later*
Ashton Harris - *Rope*

Year 11

Chelsea Wilson - *Untitled*

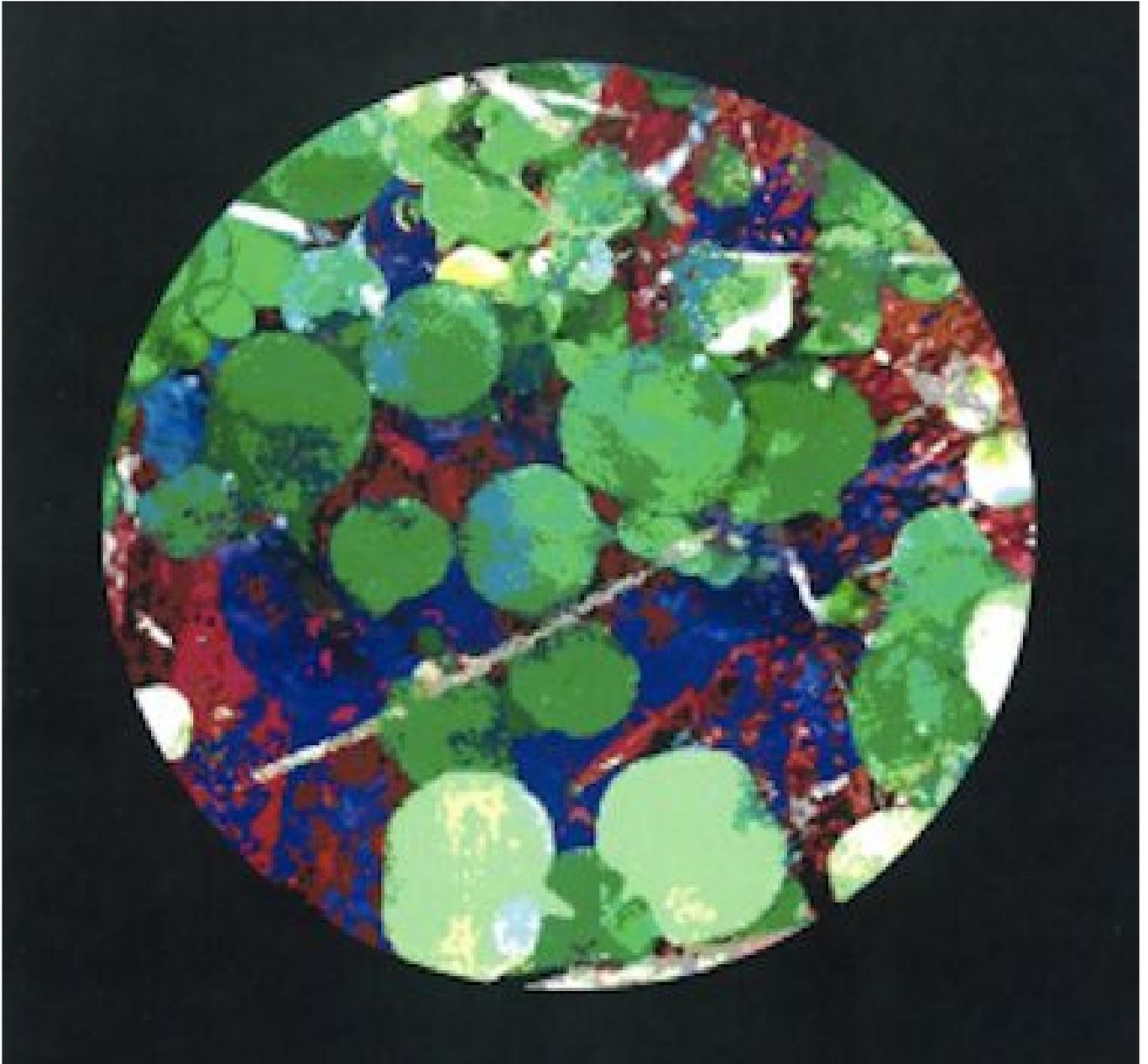
Year 12

Mona Schmidt - *Jailbird Pencil* (Morris and James 1st Place)
Lexie Van Santen - *The Mirrors' the only one of us left with a vision*
(Morris and James 3rd Place)
Ava Berry (Morris and James Finalist)
- *O Sea*
- *Autobiographical Poem*
Zali Taylor - *21st Century Apocalypse*
Gina Mazzon - *The Italian Scarf*
Malia Thomas - *Untitled*
Nathaniel Vernadakis - *Phone*

Year 13

Robbie Ennis - *A Rotting Utopia* (Morris and James Finalist)
Cody Alison - *Mine is a love that isn't real*
Nick Healy - *Established 1880*
Nasia McLennan
- *Lost*
- *The World is Quiet Here*
Perry Pitcher - *Thought process of an anxious student in lockdown*

~ YEAR 9 ~



Exhilarated - Maja Plesko

Exhilarated

Adjective

To make one feel very happy, animated, or ecstatic.

The feeling of happiness
when you return from a prolonged trip away
to reunite with your family.
They are full of adrenaline
to witness your return.

When you are standing on stage
under the blazing illumination of the lights above,
in your exquisite costume anticipating dance prize giving.
When you have listened to several other names
and finally yours is called out for first place.

How you watch the tranquil, gorgeous
and orange sunset illuminate the sky.
The sun rays warm you up
like an electric blanket hugging your body.
The whole atmosphere makes you realise
how lucky you are.

The feeling when you
drop off a soaring 134m high platform
being weightless,
the wind whisking you around,
eventually the slack of the bungee cord.
Finally you conquer your biggest fear.

Synonyms:

lively, cheerful, zestful, thrill

Exhilarated

Home - Shan Shan Wade

Home: is where we start and end; begin again.

Here is my home.

Here is embossed books, every colour of the prismatic arcs of the sky,
and the synthetic smell of new linens and paraphernalia.

Here is violent doses of caffeine all too early,
the trinkets of old on new shelves,
and the pitter-patter of silver keys.

Here I was, with her.

She is of the popping of sparks, potassium nitrate BANGS,
the stampede of hope, determination, and resolve.

Her paladin presides over the new, the returning, the young and
smart, but above all else; those willing to learn.

She is of astounding beauty: curves and craters,
and many jagged edges.

“You will never be completely at home again,
because part of your heart will always be elsewhere.

That is the price you pay for the richness of loving
and knowing people in more than one place.”

Where I am from – Caitlin Sidwell

I am from a small town that I barely know, from flat land that runs into the distance never stopping.

I am from Lemon meringue pie and homemade vegetable soup, triple chocolate brownies and hot K.F.C.

I am from a house with big glass windows and doors, a room full of laughter in the evenings and stress on school mornings.

I am from the ruby red plum tree growing down the street and wild rose bushes that curl around an old wooden fence.

I am from pride and excellence, challenges and tricks, falling down but getting back up and trying again.

I am from Michelle and Blair, Liam and Georgia—clever and creative but stubborn and argumentative.

I am from “how many times do I have to tell you” and “Caitlin keep your hands to yourself”.

I am from an orange painted sky dotted and lined with pink and yellow and cotton candy clouds that stretch along the horizon.

I am from a place where cows call and sheep bellow in far away paddocks and old, wooden fences that stick up out of the ground in all different directions.

I’m from a large island with native bush and a fascinating history founded by people in cloaks and feathers.

I am from the soothing, cold breeze that makes the trees dance and leaves scatter across the ground.

I am from boogie boarding on wild waves that crash on the shoreline of Wenderholm and the leafy green trees that line the sides of the road.

I am from the great, green mountains that stretch high into the clouds making it hard to see the sun.

I am from a large wooden oak chair carved with time and passion and a sweet-sounding call of a tui’s voice that rings in my ears.

I am from soft sandy beaches where we always have fun and searching through rock pools looking for hidden treasure.

I am from a memorable childhood filled with love, respect and adventure, with great stories to tell and valuable lessons to learn.

Where I love to be - Samuel Meyer

Where I come from is overloaded with things.
Hunting, bush walks, beach activities, lots of rural things but,
they don't see perspectives that we do.
People lose their hopes as fast as the droughts.
Children like to play when adults feel they need to slay.
Fires lighting the world and burning our dreams.
Red skies were blue, rain leaving the room.

Where I love to be, is honestly here,
Mahurangi College.
The sight of my friends together, makes my emotions leap out of my body.
Sprinting out of class down to R Block with my other friends looking like a flock.
Preparing to relax and talk about our lives,
like how life can be lots of dolphin dives.
Really what gives a kick in the heart is thought of being together again.
After the drama in 2018, everything felt like some deserted movie scene.
Love flies in the air sometimes,
she's the sea to my ship, she takes me where I need to be.

Where I love to be, is full of tears,
Joyful ones and sad ones.
Drama filling the space and good times trying to take over
It's a husband to wife argument.
We seem to live perfectly normal
But we are abnormal.
We blend with the crowd, the same colour as the background
But secrets lay in and endless memories stay kept inside.
If I had to take one more look at everyone there
I don't know if a single tear could stay inside.

Take one single breath, there goes the doubt.
Lost in the wind and never to be found again.

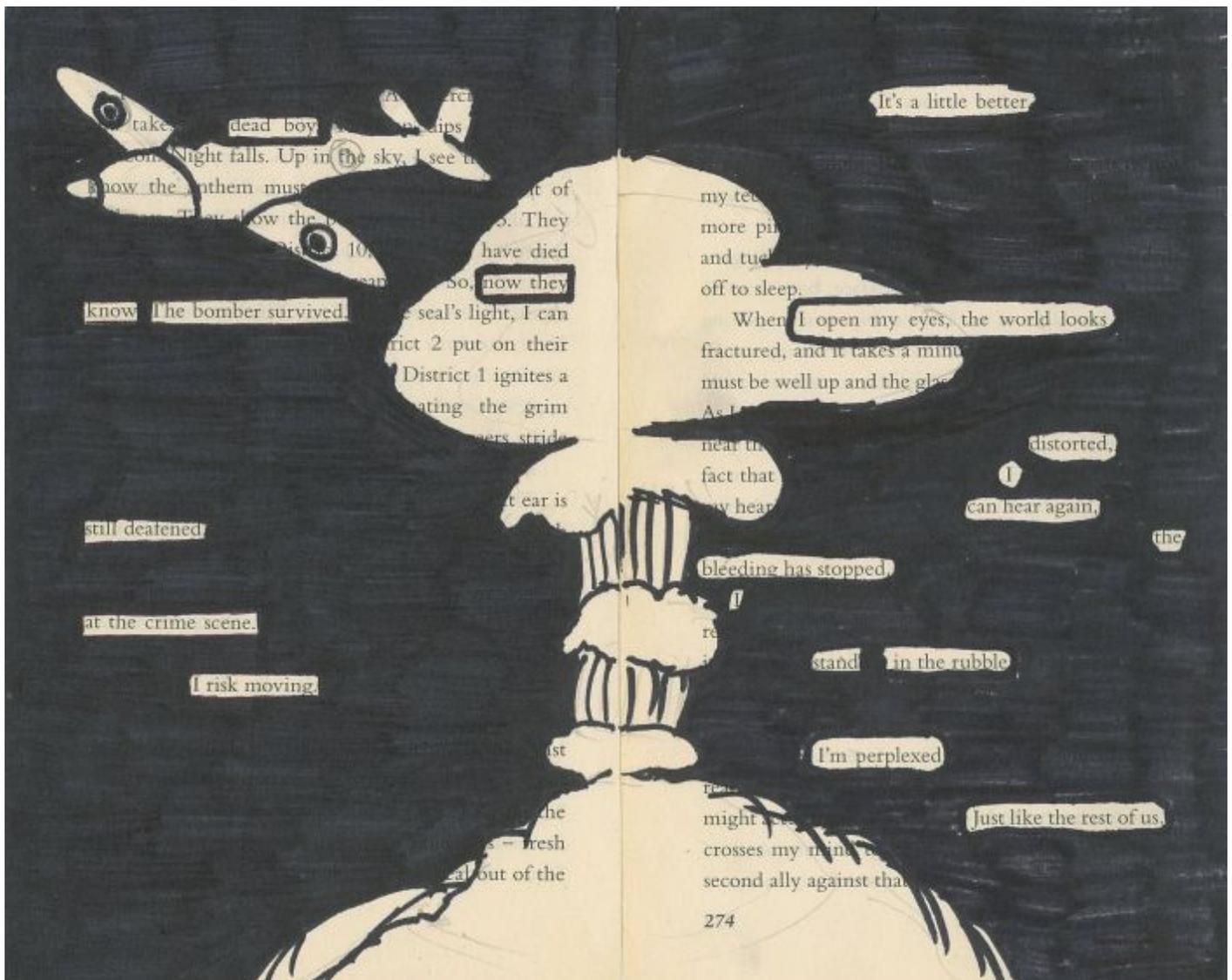
Galaxies are Made of... - Maddy Priem

Galaxies are made of...

Souls standing alone, with no one else around
staring at the dark sky, it completely astounds
Burning their mark on the world, their heartbeats pound
Some things change for good, others change for worse
While some souls converse, the others close, disperse
Staring up at the sky, I am completely immersed

I sit outside alone,
enveloped in the chilling, dark hug of night
The chill wind comes to bite me, just out of spite
I wrap my arms close to myself, trying to ward the cold
The cicadas continue chirping, telling stories of old
I slowly stretch up to leave and say goodbye
To the still night and go to the warm fire inside

untitled - Lexi Emerson and Katie Hawken



perfect prescription for bali - Sienna Innes

Muster some warm-hearted wandering dogs
and sinking soft sand.

Thousands of noisy scooter horns.

croaking geckos.

A touch of the smell of nana's sweet buttery pancakes,
frangipanis, the home baked food on the streets and
the coconut grilled cobs of corn.

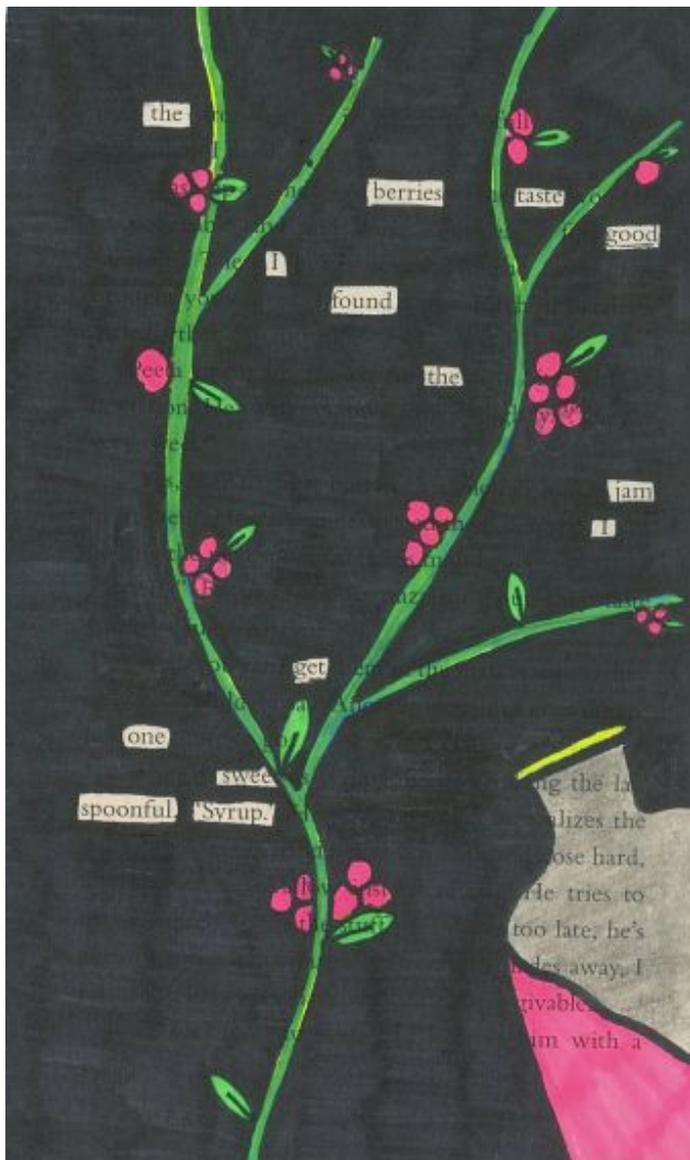
The loving smiles that make you feel warm and fuzzy inside
skilled surfers skimming across the breaking waves.

Blazing sun melting the thick black tar on the roads.

Non stop bartering in the streets filled with shops that sold everything
you can imagine.

I wish I never left.

Untitled - Amelia Martin



Where I Wish to be - Archy Prajapati

The outside world is full of...
Large smoke-filled woodlands,
the sound of people crushing cans,
the patience of others being thinned,
mindless workers forced to shake hands.
Dirtied waters occupied by dying creatures,
suffering children forced to be adult's teachers
glitches and illusions created by corrupt leaders
ancient traditions being demolished like old towers.
Animals unwillingly holding themselves on their knees,
hard working people struggling to pay for their necessities,
no support is given to those who have the biggest of dreams,
many not knowing why there is steam building up in the breeze.

My place of peace and dreams is also full of many things...
The talks with my inner self saying that I'm am a saviour,
the scribbling of varying lines on a fresh sheet of paper,
the lingering smell of spices floating around my head,
my totally gracious poses set on my floral bedspread.
Minimal thudding of music vibrating through the air,
there's not a single sound of the thing called fear,
it's a place where my bed is my only weakness,
a place where I really feel like a true genius.
Where I am upbeat, there are no glitches.
A place where I don't need stitches.

Corrupt with constant
thoughts of errors
day after day...
Is this where
I wish to
lay?

~ YEAR 10 ~



Relationships in lockdown - Yash Topiwala

Week 1:

The world forced to stay in one place
and not see the outside world.

Covid -19,

struck us by surprise.

I'M GOING TO BE FORCED TO SEE MY
FAMILY 24/7?!

Absolute horror.

Misery.

Week 2:

I never want to leave my house ever again,
I never want to see the outside world ever again.

Bing!

'Vodafone message...'

"Looks like you have ran out of data"

DAMN IT.

Frustration.

Week 3:

Do they ever just shut up?

The sound of my siblings complaints
pierce my ears everyday.

E v e r y d a y.

I'm sure they're bleeding,

The arguments that we have,
make the words coming out of our mouths,

Wrangle, and taste

foul.

Anger.

Week 4:

It's been a month and,

I'm,

sick,

of,

it.

Can the world be back to normal already?

I don't want to see my family's faces anymore!!!

Struggle.

Week 5:

Can the world be back to normal now?

Can we live our lives back in the outside world?

It driving me insane

Impatience.

Week 6:

"At level 1 we expect the continuation of
recovery."

Life now revolves once again,

I see people,

I see the world.

But now scared of the new reality.

Anxious.

Week 7:

I CAN SEE THE WORLD!.

I CAN SEE MY FRIENDS!!!.

But I miss the moments of connection with my
family.

I miss the chaotic environment that we had
created.

I miss making my parents mad.

I miss ignoring my siblings.

Life has now changed.

Happiness yet misery.

The Game - Helen Ly

**The thrill is what I love about the game.
To get a victory to proclaim.
The sweat, the pressure, the fun,
with joyous cheers from everyone.
The happiness from the group,
when the ball falls in the hoop.**

**Though, it's not always fun in the game.
With vain efforts, pain, and strain.
The weakening gasp of air,
the feeling like it's unfair.
Heads hung low,
consumed with defeat,
no sense left of honour, pride, or conceit.**

**I wouldn't choose any over the game.
To run a ball and throw with aim.
With the breathtaking dash,
passing opponents in a flash.
This was the choice I made,
to give it all the moment I played.**

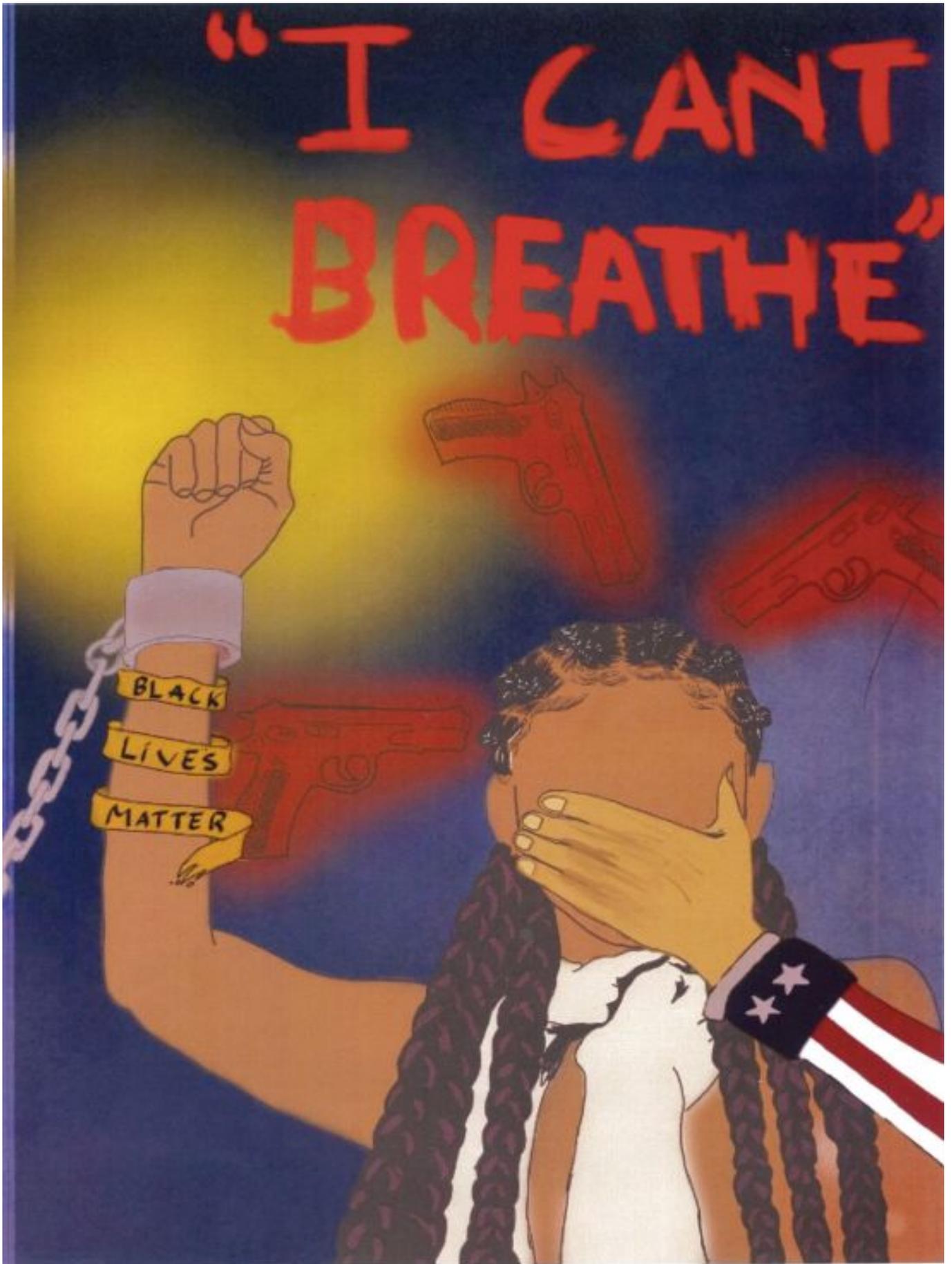
**It's just my inclinations for the game,
the others don't hit the same.
"There's always other sports," they say.
Tennis, or even Ballet.
I always start to think "What if?"
then I get uneasy and stiff.**

**"Why do I still play the game?"
It causes me suffering and shame.
The injuries from head to toe,
I don't have to deal with this, I know.
Denial dressed as belief.
The final sigh of relief.**

**Oh, but how could I stop the game?
The disastrous fun has no blame.
Soaked in sweat for the glory,
knowing that this is my story.
The broad hugs and buzzed laughter.
Anecdotes told after.**

**But I always think back to the game,
why I still love its name.
How, for me, it was always there,
The style, creativity, and flair.
Highest of highs and lowest of lows.
It was always here, I suppose.**

**I play out of love for the game,
Not to gloat or for fame.
To play, with full respect.
To never doubt anything in retrospect.
To shout in homage, to exclaim,
about how much I owe the game.**



Lakshmi Ranju

Nostalgia

*Forget the little smiles
your reasons for them too*

*Forget those passing thoughts,
you had throughout the day*

*Forget the strangest feelings
you felt for just a moment*

*Forget these unnamed people,
you pass by on your way*

*Forget all the reminders
you once thought so important*

*Forget these so-called lessons
you had taught yourself in pain*

*maybe, after some time,
you'll stumble across a snippet of the past-
and drown in nostalgia,
for in that moment,
you'll remember.*

And you begin to create

Euphonious words,
Roll off your tongue
Lingering sounds and
Whispering thoughts
Colour, from the paintings of your mind
Take those feelings,
You never knew existed,
Churn them into words
Scribbled
Typed
Forgotten
Maybe someday
Rediscovered.
And so you hope,

Still Again - if only for awhile

Lay awake at midnight,
The days are just too much,
Lay awake at Midnight,
Watch the stars,
Some blink, some shine,
Lay awake at Midnight,
Feel the stillness of the world,
See,
It's never really still,
Is it?
Nope,
Not at all.

Nonsense? (And you begin to create pt. 2)

But is it worth it really,
The rediscovery of it all,
Is it worth a reread,
Another look,
If at all
Because when the moment
passes
And clouds of thought
clear away
You look down at your little creation,
And you're not so sure in the end,
Perhaps it's the loss
of the passion that you held,
maybe when that's gone,
there's nothing left to marvel at.
Maybe without the emotion,
the art becomes
Just Nonsense

Mirror - Sophia Brunton

Mirror tell me, do my eyes deceive me
what is it that's wrong, why can't I see
they say love yourself, they say that's key
yet all I hear are things that are mean.

Mirror tell me, why aren't I like them
the gorgeous, the beautiful, hair flows in the wind
why can't I be the one to get called pretty
when all I seem to hear is words like "ugly".

Mirror tell me, why do they feel great
knowing they've caused someone else to feel pain
have I felt like this, been just like them?
nasty without realizing, it can't seem to end.

Mirror tell me, why is it numb
it's gone so long, but I'm not willing to give up
it's happened so much throughout so many days,
it's been thrown at me, but thought just the same...

Mirror tell me, can you see inside
my pain, my sorrow, but still my bright life?

Mirror tell me, what will it take
to show everyone and myself, the thoughts were a mistake.

The waiting game - Dylan Hunt

*The unwanted early morning awakening,
The bolting around get stuff together rush,
The quiet as a mouse tiptoe out the door,
The timely holdup in traffic - the waiting game.*

*The deep but gentle hum of the outboard,
The soft glow of the NAV lights,
The head saving beanies flapping in the wind,
The phenomenal glare of the rising sun that takes your breath away,
The never ending stream of snot running down my nose,
The back breaking lift of the anchor in 20 meters of water - the waiting game.*

*The soothing steam from the hand warming flask,
The fluorescent shimmer of the lures against the sun,
The calm lapping of the sea water on the hull of the boat,
The horrible feeling of seasickness kicking in to your gut,
The annoying swark of the pesky seabird,
The lazy dosing up the bow of the boat,
WAITING, WAITING, WAITING...*

*The zhhhhhhh of the reel, with a fish on the line,
The grab the gimbal quickly,
The promising arch in the super strong rod,
The powerful fish taking line off the reel by the second,
The never ending agonising fight for the fish to give up - the waiting game.*

*The 'I can see colour' relief,
The rummaging find to prepare the net,
The dip the gopro in for a glistening side on shot,
The final trash of the almighty fish at the starboard side of the boat,
And of course the 'I HAVE LANDED IT SMILE',
The precision, perfect angle photo for the gram - the waiting game.*

*The boring smelly part of filleting the fish,
The long rolly ride back to the ramp with the following sea on the stern.
The ear splitting sound of the cranking trailer winch,
The sitting at the dinner table waiting for Bob to finish up his meal - the waiting game.*

Frown - Sara Taylor

Wake up late,
not too late.
Just late enough to spin you into a panic.
Frown.

Its cold,
not too cold.
Just cold enough to turn your fingers numb.
Frown.

No headphones,
not so bad.
Just now you have to hear the constant hum of strangers.
Frown.

Loud bus,
not deafening.
Just loud enough to distract you from your thoughts.
Frown.

Trapped behind a slow walker,
not too slow.
Just slow enough to throw you out of rhythm.
Frown.

Wasted day,
not so bad.
Just bad enough to drag your good mood down.
Frown.

It's time to sleep,
Time to dream.
When you dream minor inconveniences can't bother you.
Smile.

Bwaroko Tebutokai

POEM 1:

Ast

Reminiscing and talking bout the past
40 seconds in 100 meter
Damm I really thought i was fast

Ank

PlayIng rugby I was called the tank
Flexing my money but really
I got 40 dollars in my piggie bank

Ated

Growing up,I was gang officiated
Naruto running through school
I thought my body was animated

Ime

Getting into fights every time
At the age of 14
I was still watching nursery rhymes

Ools

422 Causing conflicts with other schools
Our parents said that we were just
Acting like a bunch of fools

Ster

Me as a fia gangster
Yous are the students
And I'm the master

End

I'm Starting the new trend
Keep listening
Coz this ain't the end

POEM 2:

8

Gangs clashing and Street lights flashing
Bloods always afraid
Braveness is what their lacking

7

BEEPLUS rapping on the tracc
Throwing my money and.
Flexing my new Cadillac

6

Showing off my new coat
What time is it?
Time to get a new joke.

Poem 3 - Bwaroko Tebutokai

Idk

We the top dawg
Come to my hood and we'll send you down 6 foot down to the bog
Go clean up your mess,the toilets clogged.

Kiribati-nz

Coming to a country where everyone speaks another language
Got taught how to make a marmite and butter sandwich

Bully

Learning a new language was really hard
Made friends but they kept calling me a retard

Bro

Got made fun of when running through the field
Threw rugby balls at my brother
Couldn't catch it so it made a mark on the windshield

422

Speak the truth never the lies
Repping the 422 until I die

Goals

Wanted to finish year 9 with a merit
I couldn't because I didn't have enough credits

Rugby

Made the 5th grade rugby team
Didn't play that much because of the boils I got from eating too much ice-cream

Feelings

Tried beating up my brother but never happened
Got to scared of my mum because I thought my mum will leave me abandoned

Primary

Getting called to the principal's office
Got charged for stealing a teachers wallet
They got curious so they searched my pocket

4 double 2

Got so afraid and scared I cried
My friends just told me to keep repping the 422 gang sign
Got pumped off in rugby but atleast I tried

Familia

In my family,my sister thought I was really brown
Got to class and got called the class clown
Got a growling from my parents because I started a fight in the center of town

Future

The sport fighting,I was certainly the best
Got depressed after I got a 3 in my beep test
Wanted to change school shirt,and put a Wesley crest on it

Jodie Shaw - Year 10



Megan Hughes - Year 10



Gullible - Sophia Mateeva

Gullible

Adjective

“easily persuaded to believe something; credulous.”

Gullible,
that’s what I was.

Gullible enough to think that you were my friend.

Someone that I cared about enough to share my deepest
and darkest secrets.

But you fed off of my insecurities.

Only to share them with others.

I was gullible enough
to believe your insults to be
“constructive criticism.”

“Don’t wear that, you’ll look even uglier.”

“Just shut up already, no one cares.”

“Ew, why did you cut your hair, it looks gross.”

To think your gentle, dulcet voice was harsh enough to spit insults daily.

Some more obvious,
others laced with double meanings.

No one cared enough to warn me,
that your gentle, dulcet voice
was now repeating my life to others,

like a broken record.

I was gullible enough to ignore everyone.

I didn’t want to believe them.

Believe that you weren’t as sweet
as I thought you were.

No.

In fact,
you weren’t as sweet as a strawberry anymore.

You were as sour as a lemon.

Too bad I **hate** lemons.

1 year later - Sophia Mateeva

I've moved on.

I think.

Of course,
i lay in bed sometimes;

Considering.

Contemplating.

Crying.

And every time I repeat,
"It was for the better."

Was it though?

Of course, it was.

I wish sometimes
that I had never found out you were like that.

Because truthfully?

I miss the memories that we made,
the moments that we shared.

Perhaps they were fake to you.

But to me,
they were the most real things on earth.

Have you moved on?

I think you have.

But you still talk about me.
Call me names behind my back.
Spread *rumours*.

I wonder what you told her,
to make her stare daggers into my back.
Or maybe she's just staring at my hair.

Maybe I'm just overthinking.

When I pass you in the hallway,
you stare at the ground.

Hang your head,
in shame?

No.

In fear.

Fear that I will spread your secrets.

But I'm not like you at all.

I'm not a sour lemon.

Rope - Ashton Harris

I was up high, where the birds belong,
tied to the trees to keep me afloat.
Blood rushed through veins, like an angry river.
My heart beat faster than usual,
became hot, adding colour to my skin.
My breath had grown louder,
the sweat had started to creep out my pores,
dripping down my exhausted body.

My friends cheers slowly became closer,
but still only a background sound.
My breath became more silent.
I could see the ladder ahead.

I wasn't scared anymore,
my fear of heights became less existent.
The rope trail was coming to an end,
my blood had slowed to a boiling simmer.
My legs were still like jelly.
I was now where I belonged on the ground,
not in the tree where the birds sang.

Willow Dysart - Year 10



~ YEAR 11 ~



Untitled - Chelsea Wilson

*Expressive eyes, sparkling,
her laughter rings in my ears,
like an ocean rolling,
which lit up the room,
with a gold hue.*

Alone,
hands pressing tightly over her ears,
she screams for the voices to stop

This feeling of darkness,
a thin slither,
imbeds deeper
into her mind,

Floating above the ocean,
salty air, wind blowing
Storms brewing on the horizon

Waves rapidly approaching,
threatening to close around her,

A flip switches.

*Melancholy hung around her,
warm rays replaced with cold shadows
I noticed a shift in her persona
not welcomed.*

Sadness,
swallows her whole,
being held underwater,
by some unknown force

Fighting to get above the water,
an invisible hand presses down harder
Emotions flooding her body.
Salty water rushes into her lungs,

She pushes it away,
back into the darkness,

Dwelling in the deep,
she waits until it can slip through the cracks,
caused by itself

*Her eyes,
like a changing tide,*

*Covered up emotion,
until all that was left,
was a shell of a girl
I once knew.*

~ YEAR 12 ~



Jailbird Pencil – Mona Schmidt

It scurries across the page
like a thousand black widows on a rampage.
Sickly thin, spindling black thread
hatches a permanence into words
once left unsaid.
Inside, a timbered sepia-stained soul weeps
wildly,
bound by the graphite skeleton that guarded it
nightly.
How it can only wish
to be liberated from the hand
to which it bestows liberty,
to be stranded
in its own state of mayhem.
Birth given to the spiralling madness
of no-one's thoughts
but its own.
So sad, silly.
I feel this pencil
must envy me:
the monarch, master, mammon.
Messiah.

Limbs locked
beyond the laminated plastic
of countless pens that succeeded it,
Its tired mind idles.
Unnoticed, a sliver of silver hope
slinks in the shadows,
illuminated only by a paper balloon,
la lune.
I see its graphite skims past lost remains,
remnants fading, fine.
Thin as snakeskin,
scarlet skin sheds
like pencil shavings.
So it turns within,
to dreams galore,
Where the nocturnals roam
and sweep the dance floor.
Where many a swan fly high,
and float past its cage.
Everytime, a last goodbye.
Only an outline conceals those
saturated beasts of freedom.
Not a finger to free it,

no one to feed it
with the stories of what it's like.
To be at the centre of the stadium;
the sun,
the core of the planetarium.
And to the scum
some few feathers descend,
where they waver
witlessly. Godspeed.
Oh! to be a bird,
burden less, bathing in skies.
Forthsent like ammunition, my art.
In my ear,
undying inkless ebony
whispers.

Forced inside my psyche,
Total tyranny.
It's cramped, crushed, hoodwinked,
This pencil's in pain.
Heavy lead laundry
declines past the surface,
fleeting war submarine.
Unlike I,
this pencil seeks solace
in the most unappreciated
of things.
Past rooms of golden cane candles,
and ripened, pruned tangerines.
Past sweet harps serenading in vain
beneath the marquee.
Past paradisiacal entities,
spellbound enigmas waltzing merrily,
it draws in a breath
of the pleasant, peasant breeze.
Melancholy on the balcony,
Its stagnant sight
swings, awakens.
Cold charcoal irises.
Flint stone, ring-barked stumps
peer up past the heavens.
Past me.
Past me.
And glance at what all
could have become,
had it been free.

THE MIRRORS' THE ONLY ONE OF US LEFT WITH A VISION

- Lexie Van Santen

Have I become a routine?
Reliant on the
satisfaction of your
body check
bodies' ready, but your mind;
a wreck.
Succumb to your daily
ritual, falling into habit
as you start to stare into
my glassy eyes -

eyes which fail to perceive
unable to see
so you find yourself asking
who
what is this
thing
which stands behind
barring frames
imprisoning your identities
scarring names
relentless reminders
of your
worth.

Unrecognisable, you
stand dazing
deeper dissociating
from this *thing*
I'm projecting back at you.
Silver streaks of sorrowful smiles,
your lips're moving yet
they lack direction, lost
in your infatuation
with my unknown film.

Are you following my plot?
Confused by your
dependency on such
abstinence
abstaining, to please none but
this image.
You're craving for perfection
is becoming apparent through your
distinct disapproval in
my reflection.

Is this becoming routine?
Relying on the
satisfaction of my
body checks
body's ready, but my mind;
complex.
I'll fall into my daily
ritual, return to habit
as I start to stare into
your glass lies -

lies which fail to deceive
unable to please
so I find myself asking
who
what is this
thing
which's standing with
barring frames
imprisoning my identities
playing games
unhelpful reminders
of my
being.

I'm recognisable, I
stand amazed
deeply appreciating
whatever
you're projecting back at me.
Silver streaks of elated emotion
my lips're moving yet
they hold intention, sure
of my new found assurance
with my now known image.

I will not follow your plot.
Confused by my
dependency on your
portrayal
portraying, to please none but
yourself.
I won't crave your ideals,
growth becomes apparent in my
distinct disapproval in
your appeals.

O Sea - Ava Berry

O sea,
your fluorescence will be missed,
scarred by human markings.
An earth leaking
where amber currents have long been stolen
by man.
Where what's new is more important than the old
you - a plague.
Perhaps they shall just crucify you?
a desolate landscape
of reefs tainted white.

They look the other way,
whilst your seams are
suffocated, coils of foam rope
gradually being unpicked.
Life between the glass panes -
unravelling.

How their eyes do not blink.
Where once they seemingly embraced you
with arms wide open,
currents pulling them towards awaiting shores
and gathering the gifts
of kina, pāua and pearls,
now simply sneer behind your back.

Rainbow racks of fish -
now stained rancid
within stagnant waters.
Barren shorelines dragging them up
by plastic leashes.
Why?
Because humanity likes to look at fate and laugh.

The shattering of shells -
the gradual fracturing of your existence,
heaving for a breath
above the debris layers.

How I know you lay eloquently
quiet.

For you are older than man,
yet you weep at my feet.

Isobelle Ferreira - Year 10



Autobiographical Poem - Ava Berry

Ava is visionary -
sketching the lines of a possibility;
a kaleidoscope of colours
thick and dark facading
the faint lines of unpublished ideas
sealing them shut for future use.

She is eloquently quiet -
like the last drop of ideas
seeping onto the page
quiet like an anchor in the dead calm
on still summer days;
a creative approach -
turn the page around.
Ah, got it.

Ava is still writing -
drifting in a lyrical sea
of submerged words
that she finds
hard
to
grasp.
Words smoldering
a top the tip of the pen -
for it is hard to write a fantasy
when you are not in a fantasy yourself.

Ava is continually
chorsing Fleetwood Macs;
"Dreams"
she wants to sing like Stevie Nicks
dorned in flowing fabrics
with long wavy hair that flows along with it
to sing below a withering sun with
daisies and dust by day
and in sweet solitude at night.

Ava is slapped with the reality
that in a world blighted with melancholy
to forget the blindness
and indulge in the pure existence
of being Ava.

21st Century Apocalypse - Zali Taylor

I'm not allowed to touch them.
I could get it.
The virus.

The virus which has seen countries
on lockdown,
streets resembling wastelands,
people bound to their houses,
never seen,
never emerging.

Piles of dishes highrising,
mounds of washing stacking,
mold blooming like flowers in the fruit bowl.
We remain bed ridden, like corpses.
Hours upon hours of silence and
not even the sound of my own voice
is enough.
The ceiling becoming too familiar in
the absence of anything else to
curb my curiosity.
Eyes glazing.
Focusing and unfocusing like a lense.

The days blurring into one staged performance of
nothingness;
wakeup,
eat,
clean,
study,
eat,
sleep.
Repeat.

The black cat watching with lazy eyes
head twitching, tail flicking-
he's mocking me.
He can't catch it,
the virus.
I wonder what it would be like to be a cat.
I wonder what it would be like to be free.

Hot water cascading onto my shoulders,
the drips race down my spine,
enveloping me,

protecting me,
collecting in my ears.
Like putting a shell to my head
and talking to the waves.
It comforts me.
Outside everything is living,
inside everything is rotting.
Confined to my own cell.
Watching the grass inching upwards,
it grows faster each day.
Sitting,
standing,
sleeping;
What is the point?

Daring to venture out, I see;
a woman, sunken cheeks and scrawny body,
ratty wisps of hair and a crooked yellow grin,
eyes like dinner plates.

A man with a blatant gaze,
stubble dotted with white wiry hairs,
a croaky hum and uncountable frown lines,
ancient rags that reek of must.

A girl, oblivious, ignorant and clueless,
a soul drained of spirit.
A stolen childhood,
lifeless and bleak.

All waiting for me.
Staring back at me.
Spindly fingers tug on my chest.
Starving for interaction;
a simple greeting,
I want it.
I need it.

But if i touch them,
I could get it.
The virus.

The Italian Scarf - Gina Mazzon

I sit.

The light summer breeze flutters across me
As the sun sends shards of colour and light
 flooding through the room
My frail body lies limp and hanging.
A soldier fighting for their last breath.

I remember.

Before the great journey began
When my silk was fresh off the loom
 And ink was bright
In the midst of bustling day markets
On Italy's Cobblestone streets.

I saw.

What would be the face of an angel
A woman with eyes bluer
 than the Brightest sapphires
And a smile lovely enough to make
Aphrodite jealous

I felt.

Her hands fall upon me
Delicate fingers ran over my body
 Gentle to I as I to her
Breathing life into an unknown host
Boen once again

I heard.

Her honey water voice rang out
 "I'll take it"
Sweet as sparrows song
An everlasting beauty
To remember for life

I experienced.

Great travels across mighty seas
Journeys by foot, plane and car
The neverending yearn for places unknown
 To explore and find new life
 Until I was packed away

I waited.

For the day I would finally awake again
To see the hopeful glint in your eyes.
 And the excitement on your face
When we met for the first time
Uniting past, present and future
In a moment frozen in time.

And now I'm yours.

Untitled - Malia Thomas

Gloomy grey sky glaring over the
tiny scatterings of flowing people.
Towering skyscrapers looking down
at the strugglers in battle.
Smoke lingers in the humid air
like a ghost lurking for prey.
Shrilling tires and blaring horns
creates a sharp ringing noise in your
ears as you walk past.

Rolling people come and go
like a wave tumbling through the shore.
Scatterings of rubbish and cigarettes
fill the floor like dirty washing
waiting to be washed and cleaned.
Coffee shops release a rich bitter aroma,
our eyes widened as if we had plunged
into winter water.

Strugglers on the side begging for
food and money,
a face full of sorrow and sadness,
but the wealthy strut past with their
phones glued to their ears.
Businessman wearing suits
weave themselves through the
cacophony of people.

Dark alleyways narrowing down to
Pitch-black rooms release boisterous
music at midday.
Trees lined up along the city street
sway so effortlessly
in the inclement weather.
Towers and skyscrapers reflect
the puddles engraved on the
uneven concrete floor.

Beneath the city, colour
and scribbles fill the walls
like a child's colouring-in book.
Musty drops of water
collects on the ground forming
an oddly shaped puddle.
Dim lights flicker in the distance
like a scene from a horror movie.

Emerged from the dark,
the crisp cold wind hits our face
like a dodgeball coming straight for you.
Our silhouettes reflect off the mirrors
Creating an optical illusion in our mind.
A sea of yellow, red, blue and grey
Fill the streets like a tsunami coming in fast.

Street signs pointing in every direction
possible reminds me of Cape Reinga.
Seagulls swooping and swirling,
Scavenging, hungry for food.
Thin wind so chilling and lively,
Could make you sick in an instance.

My journey,
Full of excitement and surprises,
It is my favorite place to go.
The City.

Phone - Nathaniel Vernadakis

This was my first phone, 2018

Mall ambience distantly heard in the hushed techstore
A smooth, flush white box settled onto my hands
Mom's exhausted wallet falls back into her bag

It was compact, efficient, and handy
A design so slender and miniature
And the nostalgic smell of old school
Made my phone feel like an underdog

Listening to The Smiths on Spotify
Watching loads of trailers on YouTube
Scrolling through countless posts on Instagram
It was handled like a multi tool

For what felt like many years was only two
Featuring non-existent damages
My phone was flawless and faultless
Up to the day it shivered and smashed

Surrounding students synchronize gasps
The phone hides its face from my dead eyes
Raising the corpse from the concrete
I reveal it's all new shattered look

Panic floods and fills my system
Thousands and thousands of thoughts
Coursing through my brain at 90mph
Like the chaos of a pile up crash

Fast forward contrast to weeks later
A split screen never to be seen again
And a 'stress free no hassle' month
Just me and my cheaply restored phone

Although it looked it's brilliance was restored
Deep down it just wasn't the same
The touch screen glitched every now and then
Almost like a severely traumatized veteran

Street noise distantly heard in the crowded techstore
A smooth, flush white box grasped with my hands
My exhausted card slips back into my pocket

This is my second phone, 2020

~ YEAR 13 ~



A Rotting Utopia - Robbie Ennis (Morris and James Finalist)

Propelled by my youth
freed by my independence,
my mind would wander.
Peddling out of my driveway
the straight roads of Cambridge stretched out before me
with bright green overhanging trees above,
sheep and horses to the side.

Never alone,
we would move into our positions on the road
with the unity and fluidity of a murmur,
bonded together through hours of
exploration through imaginary lands,
remaining in formation as we rose above the trees
into the high winds of teenage.

Entering the town center each building was familiar,
each face friendly.
The flow of the Waikato rushed through
drawing a division -
to me geographically,
to others economically.
Snobby comments were shouted across the valley,
unheard by my innocent ears.

Smells of nail polish and urine wafted through the air
under power lines supporting dangling shoes.
Each night hid more youth -
faces revealed by the occasional flick of flame,
clouds of smoke drifting from mouths
adding to a haze that engulfed the town,
copied by us on cold mornings.

Those older muttered their disgust from
behind the safety of a newspaper.
In day they filled the street
chatting in secretive huddles,
complaining about the traffic,
gathering in ever increasing numbers,
before retreating back to their perfect villages.

Factories concealed like kids playing hide-and-seek,
but begin to grow too large for their spots.
Stores arrive in spectacular fashion
announcing their arrival to all -
forcing others to scream louder.
Local businesses, equipped only with their weak voice,
are lost beneath the noise.

Cambridge; a town stripped of passion and identity.

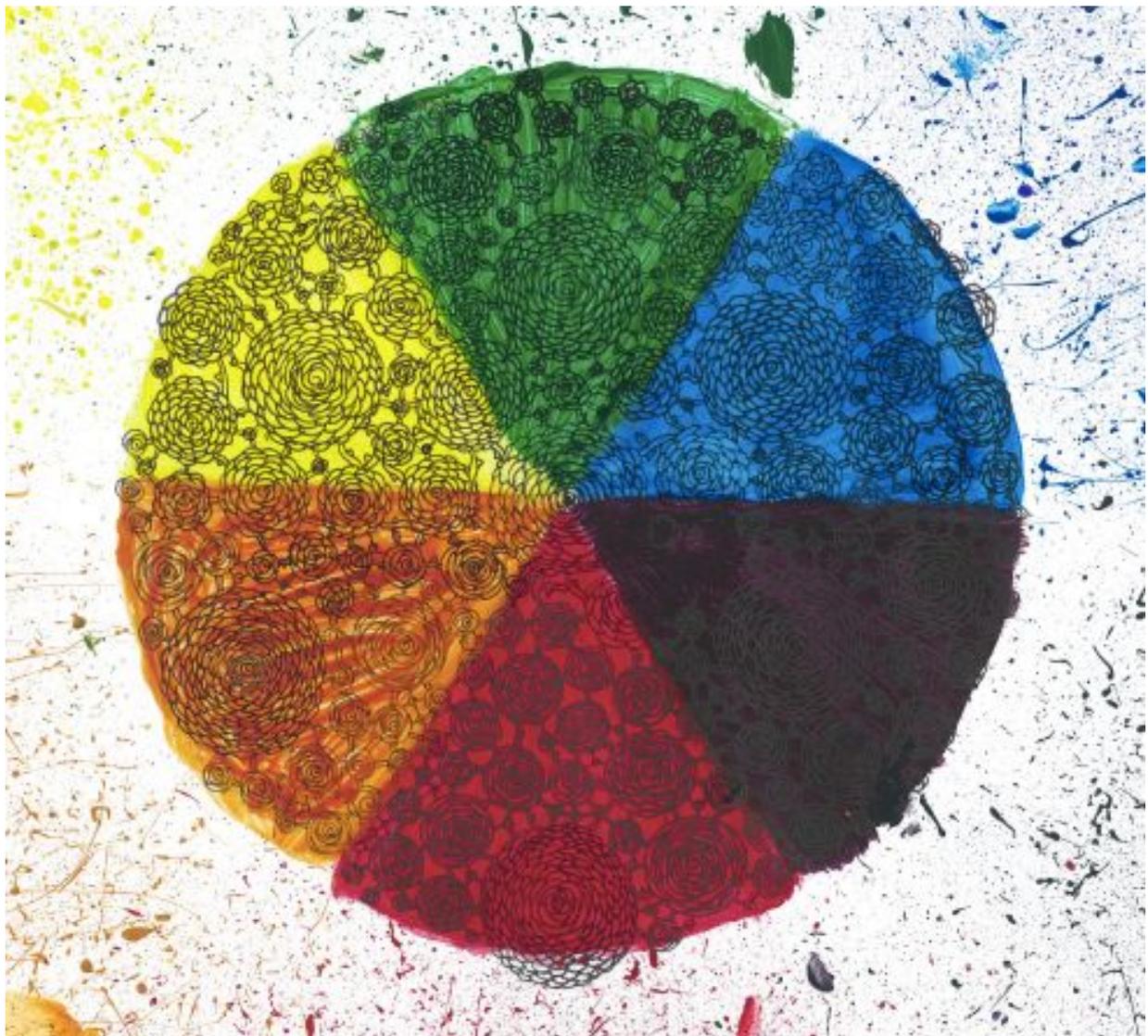
Once a child's idyll,
now a destination of solace for the wealthy,
the old.
Clinging to the idea of a sophisticated white society.
Problems drowned in overpriced coffees-
buried under constant construction.

The town of champions, swamped by retirees.
The town of trees, swamped by buildings.

Driving towards my old home.
Straight roads ahead.
Rudely interrupted by traffic lights.
Brown drooping trees above crumbling.
Houses to the side.
Each building new.
Each face suspicious.

A utopia now only in memory...

Shan Shan Wade - Year 9



Mine is a love that isn't real - Cody Alison

Could I guess your beauty or
should I compare it to the Gods?
Or likewise does yours not exist;
wrapped in fiction and myths.

Will it be out of a fairytale
when you stand adorn neon lights
gathering the moths of the night;
Can I be your atlas tonight?

Like a face out of a dream
I've known you for years
a summation of my hopes;
delusions
and fears.

How do I reach you
when you lay across the sea
waves of melancholy and despair
rock my heart yet
I weather the storm.

I cannot compete with your God.
He is your everything
and yet he is despondent;
your existence unbeknownst to him yet
you give him your all
and I
get
what is left.

Somedays a weight surrounds you,
saying you're fine and your face agrees
but your eyes betray you;
windows to the soul reveal
that between your ears lies
a burned out candle.
Do the others notice?
Does he notice?

Run with me-
liberate yourself
from the shackles of modernity
let us live our lives;
we can go anywhere,
we can go everywhere.
Just take me away.

My soul, is yours-
take it.
I thought of selling it,
tossing it away,
discarding it,
but you take it in your hands.
Nurse it
For when

in days
in months
in years.
I won't be the first -
nor will you
but you'll finally see me
Lift the veil

but we won't care
isn't that what
you call;
Soulmates?

Established 1880 - Nick Healy

Bringing warmth stolen by the moon
the sun rises over Kaipara Flats Valley-
making its presence known.

It leaves no part
untouched by its warmth,
from the antiquated butchery
to the ancient library.

I can see you sun, as your slumber ends
drowsily climbing
the surrounding hills-
bringing back the light which was once gone
but now returned;
drawing the day in
and the jubilant songs of Tūi and Kererū.

Let your light seep into the library,
revealing the past knowledge
stowed neatly, awaiting future readers.
See the polished meat hooks gleaming
in the butcher's window,
bringing wake to the new working day.
Share your sunlight to the swamps,
and watch the pukekos flock.

Then with the sun's completion,
once again you sink behind the valley.
The butcher's hooks no longer glisten.
With light weaning the last readers retire,
alongside birds searching for a roost.
O moon won't you return
your coolness to the valley-
bring the stars no one else can see.
Favour the brisk damp air into the valley
so the quietness,
the stillness of the land
can return.
Tuck in the valley and say
goodnight,
put all life to sleep except those pesky bugs and
the odd morepork.
As the darkness engulfs the last pockets of life,
all wait for the next cycle to begin.

Lost - Nasia McLennan

Have you ever felt lost

Not physically

But mentally

A maze full of unyielding dead ends

And just as you find the perfect path,

It spins,

Turns

Pivots

And once again

Your are trapped behind walls

Walls you remember building

Though you can't remember why

All you know is

When the world grows louder

The smalls move closer

Closer

Closer

Until there is little else to do

But sit

Lost

Unsure

There's no way out

Maybe this maze is impossible

Broken

Maybe I'm broken

In the darkness you sit

In the quiet you wait

In the loneliness you ponder

Surley, there must be some way out

You pray

You hope

Because hope is all you have

That small glimmer of hope

A speck out gold in the dirt

Slowly that hope will grow

From the ashes of your own mind

Soon those walls you built

Someday you must destroy

Carve your own path

So you're longer lost

I am found

The World is Quiet Here - Nasia McLennan

The world is quiet here
On a dark, cloudy day
When everyone hides away
Wind whistles through the leaves
A perfect little symphony
Water sits still and pristine
Nature's perfect mirror casts
A comfortable blanket of gray.

Bright laughter fills the air
Blue skies
Blinding lights
Crowded ways
Covered space
No room to take a breath,
No space to move,
Nowhere to...

Alone
Rain patters down,
Adding to the worlds concert
Alone
I can sit,
Breathe,
Think,
Feel,
Still.
On the saddest and coldest of days
The world is quiet here.



Art by Isobelle Ferreira - Year 10

thought process of an anxious student in lockdown - Perry Pitcher

four walls leer at me
dissecting
scrutinising
scarcity of productivity
tell me, why would I leave my bed when it hugs me?
comforts me
blue lights staring back
displaying nonsense
stalling my brain
don't have to think about school, work or university
don't have to think about my friends, loneliness or anxiety
bounce up from bed
inhale
exhale
pep talk time
work on desk in front of me.
right there.
ready to go.
picking up the pencil.
isolation settles in
nerves slither in
infesting my body till i feel stiff
slither back to bed like gollum in his cave
breathe
breathe
I'll just stay in bed forever
I'll just go to sleep until it's all over
I'll just ignore the stress so I don't have to feel
the acid advancing, stomach spiraling, brain brawling
biting down on my thumbnail
scratching at the skin
becoming too acquainted with my room
bleak white walls, offensive blue carpet, gloomy grey curtains
internal dead-lines getting closer
looming

terrorising
convincing myself there's things more important
at least I finished scholarships
at least I did a few paintings
at least I did something for "my mental health"
tell me, why is finding motivation so difficult?
I should want to get out of bed
I should want the satisfaction of finishing work
I should want to relieve the pressure
okay, I have to do work
something
anything
consciousness conflicts
I feel the panic flood in
till i feel like crumbling
till i feel exhausted
curling into fetal
it's time for a nap.

