

ETAWA Student Conference, 2013
Sea Things poems from Aquinas College, Perth

Poem
by Kew, Rich and Rudders, Aquinas College

The luscious red locks
so curly and salty.
A surfer on the sea rocks
holding a Milo so malty.

On his wave-rider,
from coot to merge,
on the deep-blue slider
stopping at the pubs and bars

World tour, a holy dream,
one so many fail to make,
just like a bad-like-Brian meme,
maybe this was a big mistake

The Ocean
by Tim, Year 10

The ocean, the ocean,
the sparkling blue ocean,
the myriad of
fishy slivers in the ocean
The ocean, the ocean,
the hidden thorns of the ocean,
the myriad of rotting
human sailors in the ocean
The ocean, the ocean,
the two sides of the ocean
Although it appears glittering
never underestimate the ocean

A change of scene
by Jack, Year 10

When I wanted a change of theme
this wasn't exactly what i'd dreamed
All I wanted was something fresh
to get away from my desk

The sun shines through, the still fish gleam
and in my chair I start to lean.
Here I sit, still in dismay,
That my my colleagues who did betray

I told them I longed for something new,
clueless to how their treachery grew.
Yet they still threw me in the deep,
now the fish shall nibble on my feet.

by Lennox

The man sat there in the silence of the sea.
While he waited for the fish to swim in their school,
seconds burn to minutes, minutes to hours. How could this be?
Either there was something in the distance, or I was a fool.

by Brodie P.

Waiting at my desk, so tidy and clean.
Imagining all unique creatures I've seen.
Longing and hoping for something better.
Maybe a new friend or a love letter.
Life is hard, deep in the sea.
I can't get out, I don't have a lye.
The darkness surrounding is so lonely.
All is myself, and me only.

Alone
by Kelan J.

The subtle chill consumes all life.
As the darkness surrounds the light I seek,
all I hear is the still of dead life
yet emotions grasp my only sanity.

Motionless I sit as my thoughts are subdued.
Since the birth of my rest, limp sit here,
watching the deep blue for eternities on end,
alone may I stay till my non-existent breath.

Creatures from the Lands
by Gavin

The sea, quiet and meek.
Across the lands it dare not peek.
Mellowed it flows, lulling contently,
creatures from the lands, sailing freely.

A quiet rumble, wells in the skies,
failing to even divert the creatures eyes.
Fleas and ants, along the oceans floor,
blissfully unaware of whats in store.

A storm crashes fast, emerges with fight
Mercilessly crashing through the night.
The creatures are helpless, storm has its way.
The sea is fierce, long into the day.

The creatures, quiet and meek.
Across the seas, they dare not peek.
For despite its mellowed beauty and glow.
Its waters transform into a death road.

by Tim, Year 10

Ocean worker, beneath the sea,
working, working, ever tiring;
His work will never be complete,
until he finds himself believing.

Ring of people, in the sea,
deep down in ocean deep;
Ring of people, on the sand,
surveying this cold, dark land.

by Liam S., Year 10

It's ironic in a way, the above was too hateful,
down here we unite, in the below we grow faithful,
for here we are one, unlike above where we are multiple,
forever we stay, grateful, for we are below and they are above,
continuing so hateful.

by K.

Blop, blop, Rainbow Fish, have you any shells
Yes sir x2
3 bags full
1 for the whale
1 for the crab
and 1 for the little sloth who lived under the sea