

ETAWA Student Conference, 2013
Sea Things poems from Governor Stirling Senior High School

by Jemmima

She swims away with my hat
On the clear sandy flats
She's green with a yellow bucket hat
I've never seen a green sea turtle
Since now I have, I think I'll name her "Murtle".

by Emily, Year 8

Rolling in the depths of a great blue mystery,
I sit both unfazed and unmoved,
Life remains still around me, an ungentle reminder of how
desolate and alone life can be
I will sit here waiting until I go numb and die, waiting for
something better.

I am consumed with hatred for the work I do
but I remain untouched and blank.
I disguise my hatred with a smile and a laugh and
know they won't find out.
they won't find out my hatred for them, for this,
and for myself.

by Jack, Year 8

As the moon and seas create steps to heaven as
depicted by Led
I think of being lost within the deep
and I wonder how the fish live like this
Who am I to judge? I am a
city boy used to the hustle and bustle of life
unlike the creatures of the deep

by Jenara, Year 8

quickly and quietly, the little fish pass
leaving a trail as they go
the sea bed's full of creatures;
just watch as they go to and fro

by Monique

Submerged silent watchers
gazing into an endless horizon
and into dark depths. Curious
tiny creatures flitting over, under
and around. Nibbling ears, noses
and fingertips.

by Kaitlin

Silently sitting and watching
the many schools of fish swim by
his home so deep down below
you could take a boat right over the top
without even knowing about him
he waits patiently for time to pass
hoping he meets a friends sometime soon
merely hoping it's just a lonely dream

by Cailee

Under the sea I sit
Shivering a little bit
At my desk all alone
Watching as the fish swim by
Their beautiful colours being shown

The beautiful animals under the sea
Their unique eyes staring straight back at me
I watch as they make their way to
Wherever they are meant to be
Their lives so carefree and happy

Floor Of The Sea
by Jasmin, Year 8

On the floor of the sea
lives a quiet little town
forever there for fish to play,
their lives children, adults, boys and girls
all lost on the floor of the sea

On the floor of the sea,
so still, so sad, so lost.
No-one disturbs them
yet everyone knows they're somewhere;
on the floor of the sea

by Aroha

My body, holding with barracks,
where the work on my desk deteriorates.
Fishes gliding and gazing at my lifeless face,
barricading themselves anywhere they can
find in me.

Marine animals gliding by, many of which are
more dangerous than the last.
Fighting their way to the top,
only to fall to their demise.

by Rachel K.

I stand knee deep
in the blue-green water
I feel the coral brushing against me
I watch the fish swim by
each one more wonderful than the last

by Shaquita

The waves roll wildly as the wind blows,
hitting the sand like a hammer on wood
So weird how when the sun shone bright,
the animals all filled with joy and the calm water
soothed your soul

So crazy, how such a beautiful scene
can change overnight.
I feel sorry for the pain and anger the sea goes through.
But after every bad night comes a brighter day
They swim all day with no worry
It feels as though the sea gives happiness
to everyone, every day, yet endures pain at night.

by Hans

The clouds close in
where the fishes reign
Down below, the desk, the man crusted with age,
will they stand the test of time?

**Poem
by Andrew**

Washed in the ocean current
The thoughts and dedication
Of a mind, which is silent
Sitting alone peacefully.
The waves roll by over the top
Unnoticed by him
Frozen in time with thoughts on his mind
Too far to reach
May he rest with peace

by Jakob

He types without meaning, he types without thought
He types without any support
He types without paper, he types without rhyme,
he types, completely indifferent to rhyme

by Unknown

It all began at a disaster of time, the ship I was
in decided to take a dive.
I lost my family, I lost my all, they lost their lives,
they lost their soul.
They said goodbye and left wisdom behind. And at
this point I thought it was the end of time.
I was put to the test, a survival test. And the rest
of the future was left for the best.

**The Sea
by Aladair**

Here comes a sardine
a really small sardine
Here comes a salmon
an average size salmon
Here comes a tuna
an almost-bi tuna
Here comes a shark
it ate them all

**Under the Sea
by Ngoc T.**

Waves slap the rocks,
they bring things ashore.
People on the docks,
get shocked to their core.

They see something bright,
is it just a bright light?
As they look closer,
they see it's a toaster

by Adam

This ancient man,
was once dropped to this bed.
This ancient man
was once a lifeless man.
This ancient man
was once a concrete cast.
This ancient man
now lays on the ocean bed.
This ancient man
is now a beacon of life.
This ancient man
is now a mossy statue.

Alone
by Briana, Year 8

Desolate, Quiet, Blue.
These are the words I use to describe the
ocean on that quiet Sunday afternoon.
I mulled over this idea for days,
meanwhile riding Shakespeare's plays.
I know this does not matter
but when I went back to the beach,
I saw him.
He was running, he was chanting,
but not at me.
She was with him giggling.
Blonde hair going every which way,
then they lay on the sand,
and I hear them whisper
'I love you'
if only.
So I went back to that beach
and described it again.
My woods were,
Stupid, Dark, Pointless,
because that's how it felt.
I never made it back to that
beach.

by Ruth B.

He is still, so still
sitting, waiting, silent and senseless.
His chair and desk are his house.
The fish and the ocean are his world.

His heart doesn't beat.
His lungs do not breathe.
His mouth does not eat.
And his feet do not walk.

His hands do no type.
His eyes do not see.
His ears do not hear,
and his nose does not smell.

The fish are his family.
The rocks are his friends.
He will be there forever.
Until it's the end.

Shipwrecked
by Unknown

I watched quietly,
when the ship was turned away,
and I think to myself
I'll never forget this day.

Imagine people dying
right in front of your eyes.
Imagine what they are feeling,
as their body rests and lies.

by Lillith

On the hard ocean,
the waves rush over the sides.
The boat is battered and bruised
washed overboard my men and me.

Down in the depths of the sea,
it's so cold and alone.
I feel as if I'm floating
but alas I cannot see.

I feel things slip past me,
slimy yet soft.
I can tell I'm moving.
I have the need to flee.

As my lungs burn
and my arms sore
from trying to find air.
I can tell I won't breathe.