

Bundanon Trust: Shoalhaven High School, 2013
with poet Tim Sinclair
Sensing site poems



by Jasmine M.

Buzzing flies through
the fresh air.
Sunlight shines down on
me.
I feel the rough surface of the seat
underneath me.
Branches snapping, birds
tweeting.
I am not at the beach anymore.
I want to go back to the beach.

by Rominy M.

Sitting and observing the peaceful
nature,
no loud noise to disrupt your
thoughts.
Nothing but the sound of the
wind and chirping birds.
The bright sunlight shining
above us recalls memories of
summer.
It is almost as if all that exists
is you and nature.

The amphitheatre
by Olivia V.

A sight of layers, deep and mixed
The smell of salt and stone
A crunch of leaves and twigs
The chatter of birds alone
The touch of nature's treasure
The smooth touch with
 rough hands
The long touch and
 short touch
But the most important touch
The cold touch
with a spirit of
warmth.
A spirit of life

by Hannah H.

In the clean, green amphitheatre,
no ocean in sight.
With the sounds of birds
bugs and life.
Sitting on the rough wood
benches, gazing up into
the trees,
you can hear the birds
chirping, they sound so
free.

by Georgia P.

Into the serene Amphitheatre we
waned
the natural curtail of rocks cast
shadow down below
as did the calm canopy of trees
Gentle rays of sunlight seeped through
The scent of earth and wood ever
present in the cool breeze
It was abuzz with life
The absence of motorists and all
things unnatural let the tweeting of
birds and buzzing of insects have the
stage

by Brett T.

Fear on my classmate's face,
at the news of deadly snakes!
The sun shining from up above.
The chirp of birds, flying from
branch to branch.
The lack of industrialisation, yet
so near to civilisation
we are. Only sight of such
is the tour guide's care

by Conor P.

This flare of colour and life,
seen by so many, noticed by so few.
A symphony of stimulus,
soft moss and cold, hard rock.
The sun, bright, overhead
casts a shadow over us,
yet warms us.
The world seems to sleep around us.

by Sean L.

Nature's sanctuary
disturbed by the muttered
talking, walking, making a fuss
drowning out the sounds of nature.
As they leave nature returns
the creatures return to light
only to be eaten by the monsters of the night.
Rocks the size of houses,
plants to sustain
clear skies and clean air.
Nature is simpler than
our rushed lives.

by Kerry R.

The rustling of trees
the chirping of birds
the buzzing of flies
the sounds of nature
Fresh Air
scented flowers
musty caves
the smells of nature
Tall Trees
colourful shrubs
misshapen rocks
the beauty of nature

by Marynell P.

Unchanged, we go back,
back to where the government
hasn't snatched up this
piece of land. It's true, it's
real. It's not man-made,
this place must have been
made by a God, because I
know, when I head back to
where I come from, I won't
see a place like this. No,
that part is certain.
I'm different I know, I smoke
and I drink, but here in this
place, I know there's no
divide. Right now, we're
the same, and until we get
back on the road, we will
remain the same.

by Marni K.

ancient stones locked
in epic battle
a stalemate
the air here is sweet
vines hold their embrace
as the referee looks
strong in his silence
new crowds look upon them
green as the spring day
that lights the field
they are lost
and soon consumed by the –

by Mr Harvey

Alive with colour, the panoramic
seduction overwhelms my thoughts.
A strong juxtaposition, the colours exuded
by feathers of the air.
Interruption! The boisterous banter
breaks through nature's beauty.
Silence again – nature returns again.
The consensus of touch
natural thoughts resume –
the shadow of sun
the bellow of birds
the hidden haven.

Imagined Selves poems

by Olivia V.

The wind howls at the door...
a twig scratches the window
I heard the call of birds
the sounds of hunted prey
In this house I live alone
In this house I hear the cries of pain
I see the unshed tears
The night gives a chill, straight to the bone
The dark, the howls, the call of making night
This land was very different once...
My first thought before I sleep

by Jasmine M.

The wind howls at the door...
I feel like the wind might
blow my house down
It's very old and rickety
I hope it makes it through the
night
I've been alone here for years...
I light the fire to keep me
toasty
but it doesn't fill my icy
heart with warmth
It's lonely here by myself
This land was very different once...
It had more people choosing
to live here
Now it's just me
I feel their presence with me
sometimes,
their souls gliding through my house
I like when they do that,
it makes me feel less alone

Sometimes I imagine my future wife...
she'd be the homely type.
Happy to live in the hut with
me,
we'd cook dinner and light candles
just the two of us making
a home together.
We'd be quite content.

by Brett T.

I've been alone here for years now...
Oblivious to social interaction and
knowing what companionship feels like.
I often wonder what it would be
like to have a family,
sometimes I imagine my future wife
living here with me. I wonder if
there will be room, or if I have to
relocate.

by Rominy M.

The wind howls at the door...
or was it someone knocking I heard?
But how could that be, it is only me
living here,
although I do long for the company of
another person. I haven't had contact with
anyone in 2 weeks. I am not sure how
much longer I will last.
I've been here now for years...
I forget what it's like to smile. It feels
impossible to even lift the corners of
my mouth, to mimic a smirk. Just
had to keep telling myself, one day it
will be different.
This land was very different once...
before I constructed my hut.
The land was barren, the ground covered
in dirt. No sight of life or even grass.
I knew it was unbearable to live like this.
So I constructed a garden
I needed some life around me.
Sometimes, I imagine my future wife...
we would meet at the lagoon behind
my home, her long brunette hair waving
in the breeze. We would look into
each other's eyes and at that moment,
I would know my longing for human
companion was over.

by Georgia P.

The wind howls at the door...
it reluctantly opens for the single man
as he shook
I have been alone here now for years...
not that I mind really, it's always been that way
well, since she left anyway. It suits me just fine, the
stillness and the peace and quiet. Sometimes a bit
too quiet. I'm not lonely, just alone. Really alone.
This place is my home though, it's everything I have
and need. That's not to say I don't sometimes
want some company, it would be nice you know, to
interact with other people. But why break out of
my routine now? This is the way it has been for years and
the way it should stay.

by Hannah H.

He walked in the door
after a long day's work
weary to his bones
In the wood and sandstone shack
he had made his home
There was love in the window
and love in the walls
but no love for the man
inside those walls
This land was very different, once...
It was the land of my people,
then white man came
and broke my people
They stole our hopes
they stole our dreams
and they stole our future
A crow stands upon the chimney
the silent watcher
I watch and wait
as he watches and waits
The sparrow flies past
the crow is gone
He is gone

by Kerry R.

The wind howls at the door...
It's been 6 days since I
last left the property. I've done
as much as I can to
hide my tracks, I've locked the
gates and burnt his little
shack to the ground. I hope nobody
comes looking. I doubt I'll ever
leave here again.
I've been alone here now for years...
since the accident I haven't
left the property. I lost track
of time, it seems as though
nobody else in the world
exists.

by Conor P.

The wind howls at the door...
just as the clock strikes four
living alone forevermore
walking through the hallowed halls
the people never hear my calls
watching on as charred timber falls,
watching on as the fire always burns
watching on as the wheel turns

by Marni K.

The wind howls at the door...
howling with loneliness
howling with pain and dread
it's the only door
and I'm the only person
an island, without a tree
just me in the ocean
cold sandstone caresses my back
like an old dead friend
I've been alone here now for years...
the house was my company
kangaroos come and go
like the flies
the house and I are together,
the house is my lady
love spelt on the windows is faded
as she leaves me
The land was very different, once...
my lady house
she had a sister, a twin
in ashes of the other
but I couldn't let her go
Sometimes I imagine a wife...
we would have lived together here
I would make a kitchen,
catch kangaroos,
but that would be cheating wouldn't it?
pick a house or a love
that's all gone
and I am here forever

by Sean L.

The wind howls at the door...
and the rain pours on the roof
I hope I find love soon
I can't stand it in here much
Tomorrow I'm going to write love on the
glass so I will remember that it is
what I am looking for

by Marynell P.

The wind howls at the door...
he almost mistakes it for a knock
but he knows better than to let
the wind beat his intelligence
again. Alone all alone, sometimes
he doesn't mind the sound of that
almost knock, because for a moment
there
he doesn't feel so alone
It is been alone here now for years...
He often thinks of those he
left behind. But he
he doesn't regret leaving
because he knew if he stayed
part of him if not all
would regret staying, watching
everyone be happy around him.
This land was very different, once...
is what he wishes he could say,
but it remains the same
it never changes, he thinks
it's punishing him for
leaving, leaving the ones
who love him just to
be alone, but after all this time
he realises each moment he gave to hate
is a moment he loses for love
Sometimes he imagines his future wife
as someone he's already met
someone who he has already
lowered his eyes upon. And
one day they'll just know,
know that love is what
they both deserve

by Mr Harvey

The wind howls at the door...
it's the nights I dread
Boy! Rattle! Never have I felt so
isolated
There nights are impossible to narrate
the barging wind
Shouting, Yelling... taunting!
That continued taunting!
the river calls from a distance
so near, yet so far far away
I've been alone here now for years...
The familiar view, the Eastern vision
Every bird, every tree... everything!
The still shadow of distant life
feelings of cartidition
so comforting, yet so alone
This land was very different, once...
In my mind, so idyllic
so apart
An image of archetypical life
so real yet so mythical
And as I wander the cafes
I picture the property's keeper
returning to the fire once more
Sometimes I imagine my future wife
in a quiet, surreal future life
The worlds and squirrels
In the river we dived
until the day eases, that horror so rife.