

Alia College

Junior Poetry Anthology

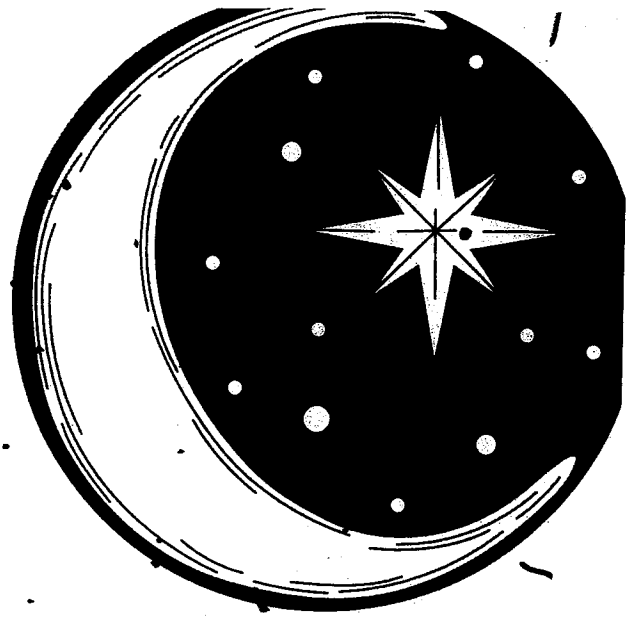


THE JUNIORS POETRY
ANTHOLOGY

PROUDLY PRESENTED BY
ALIA COLLEGE 2021



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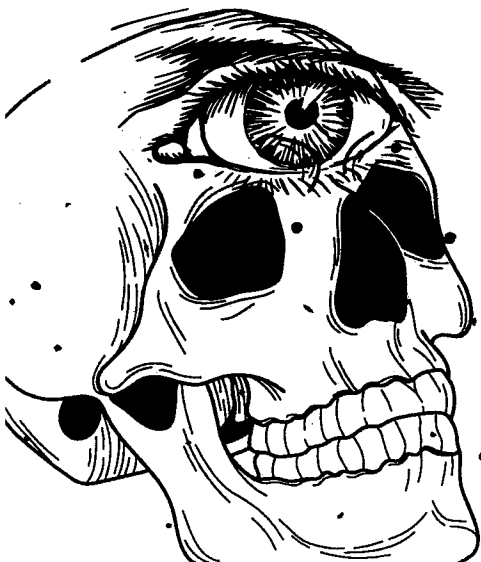


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I title this poem: My thoughts

This poem is based off of my internal dialogue

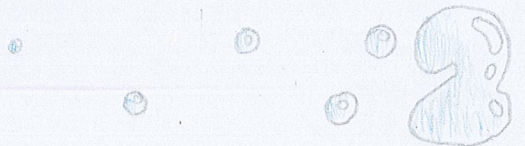
Written by Zara





Oh Hagen,
oh Hagen,
you silently sit there judging,
Eating your porridge happily,
One day I believe you will burst because you ate so much
porridge,
And when you do the world will have been showered by your
porridge,
And the people of the world will build buildings for you,
Have statues of you sitting there judging,
Eating your porridge,
But at the moment you are deep in thought,
It's Athens same look in all of your statues,
What are you thinking about?
Are you thinking about taking over the world with your porridge
and English skills?
Or are you wondering if you left your oven on?
I guess we will never know,
You will just sit there,
Cold as stone,
And we will continue worshipping you.

Written by Sam



The Ode To Blood

Ruby lake of hope,
You flow within these puppets,
Which are blindly guided
by the law.

Blood,
A crimson sign of mortal humanity,
Shed when a tainted light casts a
Cold
Shadow over weak layers of our soul.
Engulfing us in discomfort,
Forcing us to scream out
as we drown in the creeping black fatigue.

Blood,
The flowing cells that guide these weak shells.
As we waste our life away on
meaningless dreams and shining hopes,
Reaching out for a light,
Running towards the sun with a hope
That will end up withering away,
As it dies in the distance.

A metallic river,
Carrying the tangy essentials
Throughout the ecosystem.
A city of complex mazes.

Written by Nevaeh

3.



Death has a smell.

The type of smell that told you it was time to sift through your house.

Looking for rotting food or a small space between the ceiling where a animal went to die.

The type of smell that you would spend hundreds on floral perfumes just to try to mask

The smell

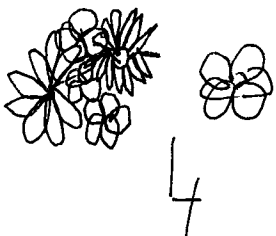
The stench

The putrid way death seemed to follow you.

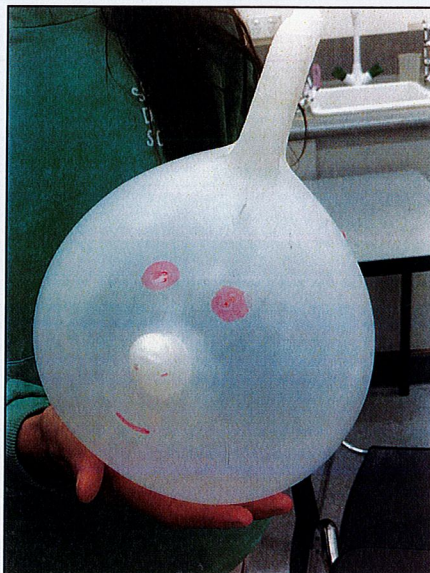
Watching from afar but always making its presence known.

The signature rotting smell and the floral one following it like

A past loved one and the flowers you placed.



Ode To Jeff



Oh Jeff,
Your death brang sadness to the land.
Like the falling of a world wonder.
You brang laughter to a million children.
The booping of your nose was like,
The patting of your head.
It felt like the rubberyness of
Your uncy.
Your death sounded like
POP!
The moral of the world started to drop.
You were a vessel for the gods.
Your squishy and smooth like jelly.
You were a glory to Chip's nostrils.

R.I.P Jeff.

Written by Chip, Ziggy and Nevaeh.

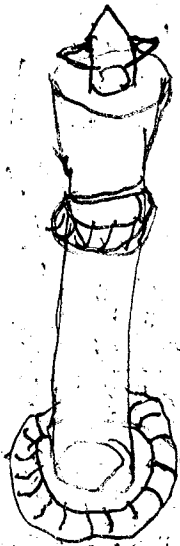


Poem of chess

The war between races an endless battle
light and dark weapons crash and rattle
planning strategically the final battle

fighting till the king does fall and crash
endless war til the final lash

Written by Ziggy



2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submissions

In alphabetical order

1. Declan, Year 12
2. Dusty, Year 10
3. Em, Year 11
4. Joe, Year 11
5. Maze, Year 10
6. Rachel, Year 11

The end

I've lost my way
I've lost the old stone path
And now once more
I walk alone in the dark
The emptiness surrounds me
Leaving only dread
Fear now grips me
As the ground underneath cracks
a soft wind flows in the air
A cold embrace it brings
An icy grave for me
for my life is only atom
in sands of time
A race so short even a snail can win
And all things must come to an end
For the sands of time will fade
With it the memories
The hardships, the pain along with it
For life will always fade

Written by Declan, Year 12

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission

a poem that I probably wrote for a reason

If art is made from the pain we feel,
how much of my skin do I need to peel?
For my body to finally rest and lie
in a sacred place of emotionless cries.

How much longer do I need to fake
my smiles, my tears just for your sake.
I offer my apologies for my oppressive existence
I just wish for ignorance of the pain I elicit.

} Is this how humans make art?
a pencil bleeding words from a bandaged heart.
I guess I could write of the joy I indulge in
but histories not fixed by applying a grin.

Written by Dusty, Year 10

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission
— Third Place

God with a capital “g”

Sometimes I wonder why God is spelled with a capital g,
Why I should worship a god that doesn't seem to be looking out for me

A holy trinity that has yet to include the mother,
And a church that treats me as an other

Where all I am worth,
Is reduced to who can touch me where under my skirt

With curves that were already all grown before I was,
I learned people will think it's your fault

In a women's world it is not so hard to understand,
I am not afraid of God with a capital g, but afraid of man

Written by Em, Year 11

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission
— First Place

Old murky man in his cave
He demanded students to behave
What a student you'll see
If you did sheet 2b
If not then I'll make you my slave

Written by Joe, Year 11

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,
Bent or frail as this one seems to be,
Petals fade and stem strains,
But a flower could never be eternal,
The facade could never be maintained,
I guess we could say the same,
That we must be insane,
To believe we know exactly what to say,
Or who, or what, we are,
The more I explore the cage I'm in,
The more I notice the scent of a rose at its centre,
If wandering and wondering are all we can do,
Then come find me in my maze,
Where I am eternally lost and found,
Broken and whole,
Free and trapped,
And find me there,
Smelling the air,
Of my rose.

Written by Maze, Year 10

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission

When I step into that glade; suddenly I am lost
My body no longer mine, my soul no longer tethered
Bare feet clothed in a carpet of moss
The ancient tree bows creak, their instruments long weathered

Fairies dance on the horizon, born from the flame
The inferno draws me in, I am caressed by its many tongues
The ashes whirl and pirouette, dancing with no shame
The embers whisper words to me, dreams and stories yet unsung

The sky opens and swallows me, her throat is filled with stars
They are sharp and piercing and as she bleeds they overflow
The cosmos has no face, and it unfastens its facade
In that glade, I understood, why hearts beat, why trees grow

Written by Rachel, Year 11

2021 Alia College Poetry Competition Submission
— Second Place

Bonecrushing

Like the hugs you used to envelope me in warm
inviting

Unlike your grip on my neck

It mirrors the hugs you used to give me

Mirroring

the squeals of delight I used to let out when embraced by your
warm arms

Mirroring

The squeals of pain I let out now

They fall on death ears

I fall dead on the floor



An Ode to The Moon.

O' Luna,
so brilliant,
so welcoming,
so bewitching...

How forlorn and sequestered you sit in the empty sky,
Obligingly, you shine light amongst the deep night.

Nestled in a bed of black satin and in pillows of starlight.
You motionlessly stare at earth for eternity.

For reasons unknown,
you,
a rock of metal and lunar soil,
provide me inexpressible comfort and salvation.

It's bittersweet...
how an inanimate planet like you gives me all this,
and I am stuck on this orbiting earth,
Forever unable to reach you.

Written by April



Unfinished business

My entire life felt like unfinished business
Like when a book ends on a cliffhanger
And the writer of said book has died
Like you would always be in the now stuck and never able to
move forward
Was this hell
Was I a ghost cursed to forever live waiting
Waiting for the book to end always stuck wondering about the
future and never feeling present
Never feeling
And always feeling everything
Was I cursed to live
Was this my unfinished business
Or am I just trying to make sense to the fact
That I am forever stuck
In life
In this world
In my feelings
Waiting for it to end
But always waiting
People who chose to never wake up aren't selfish
They are smarter then you will ever be
No matter who you love who loves you what you do in life
You will die it won't matter
You won't matter
I am forever stuck waiting for my unfinished business to end
Waiting to feel better
Waiting for a day that will never come
Because I am stuck in the present dreaming of the day I live in
tomorrow

Because tomorrow will never come
I will always wait for a resolve that will never come
Because forever I am cursed to live in this world cursed to feel
and think and hear and to be put through so much pain where
my only hope is that there is a resolve a ending anything
I just want to close this chapter in my book
I just want to close this chapter in my life



Ode to the moon

*As the moon appears in shimmering light
darkness may fall but you will stay bright
As the sun rises with its shimmering rays
Like an endless battle between night and day*

Written by Ziggy



The holiday

Sharni (Yr 7)

The ocean isn't really blue, it's clear. It looks green when there's seaweed in it. The water in port douglas is so clear- look at it!- At our hotel there is a pool outside the place. The ocean is so pretty, I love it. I've always had a fear of going into the ocean. What if I get eaten by a shark? My dad and I went on a whale ride. It wasn't that good. We only got to see the tails of the whales but we did get to see a few dolphins. I did feel kinda sick just because the boat was really rocking. But it was still really good though.

Thinking Of Her; An Angel

A girl with corn-nut hair and skin so fair.
Crystal eyes and a heavenly demeanour.
Like an angel she floats,

Dressed in white flowing robes,
Her cloudy silken throne.
She drifts across a lonesome creek,
She drones through shimmering waters,
She casts a crystal aura from her heart,
She brings love and she brings life.

Finding her destination, she settles herself.
Floating at the bottom of a waterfall,
just above the surface of flowing cyan.

Meditating, she whispers words of summoning.

Ripples of water appear as delicate glass butterflies emerge from
the water.
They scatter around her and then diverge into the forest.

Where are they going?
There is no need to know.
They are sacred, like the girl herself.

She waits for her butterflies to return,
Sitting for all eternity,
Longing for all eternity.

Written by April

How badly do I want it?

TW eating disorder

I sit here endlessly wondering when it will be enough. Enough for who?

Am I just telling myself that one day I'll reach perfection?

Really I know It'll never be enough, but I just keep going.

Will I even leave with a perfect body? or will I have left with ended friendships, no happy memories, and no achievements?

because all I had time to do was sit. Sit and watch time go by as I tried to stay focused, tried to stay on top of school, but an empty stomach leaves no room to think, only room for the thought of food.

After too much time is wasted, I try so hard to be better, I try to fix everything.

But It's everywhere.

Telling me to go back. telling me I'll be better if I just give in. I try so hard not to, But everywhere I seem to look it's there, haunting me, and teaching others the same habits that ruined me, and so many others.

Written by Abigail, Year 8

The Butterfly Foundation provides support for eating disorders and body image issues.

Visit their website at butterfly.org.au or call 1800 33 4673

Too young to understand

Did she really want too much?

She wanted to be loved.

Not in a way she knew was right,

But the way she wanted.

She wanted the wrong sort of love.

The kind people make controversial movies about; the kind of movies she loved.

The kind of love that's better kept secret.

She couldn't explain why she wanted it, but it all seemed so lovely.

She knew deep down that she would regret it, but for now, it was all so exciting!

She wouldn't leave it behind, not yet...

Written by Abigail, Year 8

Ode to Tupperware

O among the fruits and vegetables
The Tupperware sits and cries,
“When will I be used again for lunch
or dinner or tea? I might even
Hold some chai tea.”

The Tupperware is golden like
New Zealand oranges on a hot summer day.

That’s all I got for Tupperware,
it will continue to sit and cry all day
in hope to be golden again.

Written by Witch Johnson



Junior Poetry Anthology and Competition 2021
Written and Published by Junior English