

Retrospect

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Escape

Absurdism is Life

Life is absurd.

We wait

Wait

Wait . . .

Didi and Gogo wait for Godot,

Gus and Ben wait for their kill,

You and I wait for our death,

Or for our savior,

Or for our lives.

I wait for the 'why'

To come and enlighten.

When the 'why' begins,

The mechanical life will stop,

Or so I hope.

A bizarre exhibition we live in

A showcase of the inutile at its best.

We follow the cogworks,

Creaking clockwise,

Round and round,

Routine to the second,

Following the keys in motions.

Just another brick in the wall.

The impulse of consciousness.

The confusion of people.

The inability to live.

Is life a trial

Of pushing a rock up a mountain

Only to have it fall back down,

For eternity?

When I begin to think

I begin to be undermined

For what does the attitude matter

Once the flow has stopped?

To suicide

Is to break free,

The ultimate agreement to absurdity.

To suicide or not?

These feelings of denseness

Reveal to me the light.

Do I want to take hold

Of the only freedom of choice

Left to me?

Perhaps it is all absurd.

But once escaped from this life

I look forward to another.

Sick.

Some doctors make you sick.

With misconception, misinterpretation and measles,

Misleading information, misconduct of procedure,

Missing the picture, missing the mistakes.

It makes me sick.

Their hands hold us together,

Their eyes judge our chances,

Their mouths speak the testament.

We watch in awe.

We listen in earnest.

They smile, they sympathize,

Then walk away.

It is a sight for sore eyes.

Mercury needles and liquid life force,

Depressing plants starving for light,

A jar of sweets for the young and gullibles,

A comfy sofa, half torn magazines ,

The waiting . . .

Looking around the dirty mustard room

Black spots on the ceiling begin to move.

While the tired carpet eases
To occupy the irritated soles,
The sickness in the air
Chokes the living
And embraces the disabled
While we wait . . .
For the verdict, the precious statements
It's your life or mine.
For what is the point of meeting
With this warden of instrumental 'welfare'
When the cure is still yet to be found,
A diagnosis incomplete,
No one to console your impatience,
But loneliness.

Materialism

Materialism is a bad disease.

Conjured by human hands

And nurtured by human minds

It grows and encompasses our lives.

A crime has been committed

Yet not through environmental destruction

Or economic injustice

But through the fact that we succeed.

We have removed from us

Our emotions and basic human needs.

We no longer value the intangible

But superficially the transient trends.

We buy Coca Cola to add life

We buy a Toyota to make us jump for joy

We live to buy to bring pleasure

And to inevitably die.

Materialism equals inarticulation

It is the Be All and the End All.

So what becomes of the love we once had
Our appreciation for un-automated?

When shall we wake up to hear
That little bird on our shoulder
Whispering in our ear

“Are you ready to die?

Are you prepared?

Have you done the things
In your lives that on your last day
Will be of importance and consequence?

Have you given back
What you have taken from life?”

The whisperings in your ear
Turning into deafening echoes

“Do you stand moral and honourable
That if I should weigh your heart
To the lightness of a feather
It would be any less?

Would you answer all my questions

With a pure heart

And in a honest manner?

Do you? DO YOU?"

Done with this world,

We divide and conquer its resources

We bring extinction instead of evolution

A contradiction to Darwin's theories.

What justification could be provided

To the poor and the insignificant

Who provide us with cheap Nikes

And cheap television sets?

When you do wake up

And hear the haunting bird whisper,

Perhaps our dignity may be sacrificed

For acceptance to become less a dream.

the street

I have walked down this street
And I have heard those pattering feet.
And I have seen the insanity
Of the people walking down the street,
In a mad frenzy to escape
The madness of the crowds
And the popular delusions.

I fear those crowds
That engulf and dispenses
Over the gray and black suited tar.
They taunt and they stalk,
They whimper and they talk,
They scream and they cry,
They laugh and they die.
I prefer to keep to the left
And walk on the safe side.
Caution to the elite,
For they decide, they trial
Which hand deserves a payrise
And which neck deserves a noose.
They tighten and they expel

They grip and they loosen,

The common good

And rebellion

Out of us all.

That same rope,

That hangs their colourful, patterned ties,

Leaves a sickening taste

As if a tightening in my throat.

That same rope,

Ties my hands to my back,

My head to the ground,

My eyes to the print.

Schoolboy Suicide

A lonesome broken body
Of brittle shattered bone
And half hidden worms
Swimming in his cinnabar veins.

Bleached white fragments
Littering the unformed landscape
Of half mangled trees interlocking,
Crowning the un-matured undergrowth.

His shattered skull looked back at him,
An incomplete grin and empty sockets
That omitted a hollow whisper
Asking if his suicide was surcease.

His life once had some purpose
Or was it just a game?
Greedy vultures still fly above
To pick at his bloody remains.

He hears a distant, distorted cry
From bittersweet memories

His youth self claims a hand

To the cold, metal trigger

He observes a new direction

To where the sun sets

As he lingers above his body

Blessing his schoolboy smile.

Childhood Memories

Shimmering like a morning's dew drops

On a blade of grass

Tears from her eyes would sparkle

When she laughed as a child.

Yet her orbs grew dull

As a light being extinguished

While others grew wild around her.

She stood out

Like the tallest sunflower

Singing her heart out to the sun.

She smiled and laughed

Like there was no tomorrow

Having the time of her life.

She stands out there alone

On the windy, high cliff

Throwing caution to danger.

Against the dim light

I wondered if her silhouette

Showed naught but sorrow.

You should have seen her then

When she played with friends,
The names, Krystle and Shirphine,
Would echo in the streets they played in.

You should have seen her now
At the old playground
Sitting on the see-saw
Silently wishing herself away.

I saw her when she was young
Full of energy and spirit,
A young pup, I always though
Still finding her way.
I see her in her solitude
Wasting away in this world,
All that is left is
A heart of ice
And a mind of steel
Begetting her with a sight of clay.

I once gave her a doll
Which she loved and cherished
It laid in her arms
While she dreamt of days
I never knew.

I now give her my hand
Which she rejects and shuns
She broods each day
As if in a mindless trance
Hoping each day,
That one day,
Her dreams may come true.

School Memories

I don't want to cry

Not in front of an audience

Who care nothing about what I feel.

I don't want to talk

Fear I say something wrong

Then all of you will laugh even more.

I don't want to go

Or I will be a nigel

Rejected, unaccepted and alone.

I don't want to succumb

And become one of you

I'll lose the only strength that I have left.

I don't want to be scared

Of not being in a group

Or of leaving the only friends I've known.

I don't want to be pitied

I can be strong and not go down

I hope, if only someone showed me how.

I don't want to be weak

I can find new friends

Who will treat me like real friends should.

I don't want to be in your group.

I don't want to be like you.

I don't want to be a burden.

I want to be free.

Free from your taunting, your vicious punishments.

Free from the isolation, from being the odd one out.

Free from your smirks, as if I wasn't good enough.

Free from hateful people, who will never see me as an equal.

Free from friends, from people like you.

Suffocation

It feels like that cold draft,
That comes from a windowless room
And brings chills
To my wretched body.
My hands grip the table
To order some stability
Into the spinal cord
Of what beliefs I once held true.

I spin round and round
In an old red office chair,
I grow bigger by each revolution.
A kaleidoscope of computers
And layers of manuals
Seem to be caving in
In this sanctuary of mine.
Like a spiral staircase
That leads to no landing,
The aching grows
As if my head were swelling
To the size of a balloon.

I find a safe refuge
In the bowels of the homes
Of outcasts and rejection,
A seclusion from untruths and illusions.
I find an uncanny truth
In a blind man's eyes,
As I find myself falling into an emptiness,
While being tenderized by society.
I stumble across a world
That crumbles at touch.
I am lost in a world
That deadens at touch.

This room holds memories
Of a hapless past.
These walls hear my contained joy
And uncontainable screams.
Among the sorrows and painted masks
That hang on the walls,
I lay down onto my chair
Worn and broken,
With just one armrest left
To hold on to.

To (William) Blake.

Like an enigma, sprouting
From a heart of ice and fire,
She consummated
In the arts of aesthetics
With grace and swiftness
As that of a swan.
And while I watched her petals unfold
To the tune of a restless youth,
Her eyes opened
To observe a garden
Made for lovers.

I, her voyeur of desire,
Watched in earnest pleasure
Her budding blooms,
Which have yet tasted life
Cling tightly onto
The sheltering, familiar branches.
As they sweat little dew drops
Trickling down her tender, white skin
To the bowels of her roots,
She gently unfolds her leaves

To the sun and open sky,
In the manner of a dainty virgin
Shedding off in front of her lover.

Tiny, soft thorns appear
As if a warning,
To keep away the curious
And unwanted attention.
I have faithfully watched her emerge
From the cold, hard depths
Of the nurturing crust,
Tending to her environment,
Reaping dangers that crossed her path.
Through summer, autumn, winter, spring
I have loved her
From the moment her rosy blush shone
At her awakening.

Through the milky cream depths
Of her heart,
I see her contentment in coming out,
And discover I must leave.
Unwillingly, yet necessary
For I have seen all she has

To delight and bring happiness.

I glance at her lustrous skin once more,

It turns paler as the afternoon sun

Bids us adieu.

I shut my eyes

And silently walk away,

For the night draws near

To end our private interlude.

Motherland's Sun

I remember the hot musty days,
When sweat and dirt
Became a second layer,
To my dark, parched skin.
My mother would fan us both
Under the shade of the verandah
But it did little to cool us down to satisfaction.

I would watch hens in the cages
Crowing about,
Large as life,
As if the heat meant nothing to them.
They pecked about at the scarce seeds,
As if knowingly storing up
For the unkind times
When we could not afford any better.

There was little that could be done
Under the unbearable sun.
I longed to be out,
Playing in the grassy fields
With friends of yellow and brown.

But instead, I was content
To lie on my mother's lap
And wish that my family
Was wealthier.
Then we could buy
Air conditioning.
What a luxury that would have been!

From my mother's lap,
I would look up to the ceiling
And begin counting the hairline cracks
Which formed from in the corners
Of all four walls.
Each line was a path
That led on to another
And another
And another.
A decision chosen,
A road not travelled.
My eyes would be drawn,
To the one which contained
The most cracks,
The most opportunities.

But the everlasting heat continues
And I bear it as well as I can.
I would fear the few days,
When the rain would set upon us.
Sneaking up
Like an unwelcome stranger,
Dripping through the night
And the early morning.
A misplaced fear,
Or a recognized foe,
The rain dissipated
Every inch of sunlight,
Greedy and indulgent.
My familiar companion gone,
With only the pouring rain
To haunt me,
I would long for the days
When the sun would shine again
And bring light back to my life.

Even when I am displaced
A million miles away,
I treasure my motherland's sun
As if it were my own.

red

Once I fear'd the dark
An opposing, assimilating synergy,
A collaboration of some devious design
To overcome the illumination
Within my soul.

During the lonesome nights,
Darker shades of black would come
Where all cries of suffering and neglect
Were interpreted and drowned by
The cries of chaos.

I long'd for a shade of red
For a lasting passion or desire,
To ignite the blackest moonset nights
And drown my escaping sorrows
That cannot be contained.

To witness a dusky, crimson sky
To engorge myself in its ruby lustre,
To awaken a second skin to versicolour,
To a genesis of ambient pleasures

And a hopeful future.

I watch the dispensing clouds

From this elevated seat of mine.

I feel as if my hands were bloodstained

But that they may be washed away

By my tears of frustration.

leather case

Embalmed in a suitcase,
Encased in a leather coffin -
She is packed into a scanty prison
And locked away
With the key swallowed by the keeper.

Poetry is her companions,
Meaningless is her life.
She is trapped between six walls
Each covering testament
Of her denial.

She writes with no pen
And one cannot read her writings.
She is bounded by leather straps
And numerical locks
Which only truth can undo.

Tender is her hand from being restrained,
Tense is her heart from missing a soul,
She is closed by external forces

And is trapped within
A hell of her own making.

IRC

christened in the
#fairvale chatroom,
i found a flirtatious alias
to strike from behind.
our endless tete-a-tetes
which would last
from dusk till dawn,
became my only source
of nutrition.

in the daily inputs
of global unity,
hidden by the guise
of dot pixels
and purple sans serif,
we moved
to different dimensions,
exploring the planes
of sanity
and reality.
hoping to engage
superficial attention

through optic fibres
and satellite,
we would hope
that perhaps
we may cross the line
one day,
and find the truth
behind the masks
of acquired personalities.

that perhaps,
in the a/s/l
of <LiL^CuTiE^PiE>,
i may find a sister
or brother,
who might actually be
17/female/sydney.

maybe it is just human
to hide and lie
and communicate
through indirect means.

i for one
decline the physical interaction

and rejoice
in the enigma
of just being
a =) of the screen.

Christmas

I use to think that Christmas was special

A time of happiness, a time to let go.

Joy, Love, Peace, etc.

I would wish for Christmas morning to come

So I could open my presents left under the tree.

A ball from my mother, a hug from my father.

Remainders of cookie crumbs

From an empty plate,

And a half drunken glass of milk,

Left me a window,

For me to fall

Into a childish fairytale fantasy.

A guarantee label for Christmas

Would have been nice,

For I'd like to have my money back.

If not, at least a warning label

Mentioning all the detriments

Of a Christmas morning.

Some insurance, at least,

For the unprepared and innocent,

Lest they find the disappointment

Traumatic.

Like many children,

On that fateful morning

Who ran down the stairs,

Almost tripping themselves indefinitely,

To find invisibly wrapped presents

And a missing set of parents,

One might almost say,

'Oh you poor little thing,

I'm sorry to tell you

The Easter Bunny doesn't exist either.'

My fair share of Christmas

Has been filled with

Bitter disappointments

And many sad tidings.

A stern lecture from my mother,

A disapproving stare from my father.

With all things tying me up,

Leaving me no hands to unwrap

The presents

That laid in the depths of my heart.

The ending of sorrows

And beginning of fresh pain,

I almost wished,
That I had never experience
What it was like on a Christmas morning.
But these days, I just make do
And I'm accustomed just to sleep
Through another Christmas morning.

Desert Planes.

Her mind is a

Harsh and arid plane.

Yet,

I can still see her thoughts

By looking into her eyes.

A faint glimmer,

Reminds me of mercury

Slowing rising,

Like the thoughts in her mind,

Slowly running amuck.

She thinks with her heart

Or as if she had

A gun barrel to her head,

Telling her

Not to let her mind

Be in control.

The value of intelligence

Is denied,

Lest the truth

Be revealed,

Which only her mind

Can tell her.

The absence of pain

Is welcomed,

While the presence of mind

Is feared.

I can tell

By her frigid movements

And the short, sharp breaths

That she takes as

She looks me in the eye.

But I see her thoughts

From within.

Like little Christmas presents,

Capturing the essence

Of the excitement,

That are impatient

To be opened,

But then,

Disappointment

When the surprise is

Gone.

Media Power

Truth or propaganda?

Is it a right to know or an invasion of privacy?

Masterminds are cunning

But the media are even more so.

Dictating the latest and trendiest,

Controlling the image

Of many who are easy pickings

For defamation.

We live, we read, we breathe

The mushy pea baby food

The corporate powers hand feed us.

Whether the line between

Censorship and freedom of speech

Is blurred,

You can be sure the media

Steps over it thrice daily.

Trivial and sleazy describe

How the system works.

Raping children of their innocence

By feeding them false needs

Through corrupting advertisements.

The companies, Nike, Adidas,

Household names in our nation

And other nations, that too,

Have been seduced by the lure

Of speed, power, status and perfection.

Do we dare to question

Whether the words and images we see

Are just harmless publicity

Or hard sell?

The pressure that subdues us

Into accepting black as white

And white as black,

Allows them to distort our attitudes

And assumptions.

Or perhaps they are presenting

The distortion and prejudice

That are already present in today's society.

How do we tell?

When the questioner

Is not questioned,

The media gains an extra point.

Their job is done in controlling the audience.

Though they may breach a few rules,

And be ruthless in finding the facts,

They are doing us all a favour.

As they tell us.

Controversy arises with the image

Of media power.

They supply demand

As well as encourage greed,

So how can we say what is right or wrong

When we ourselves

Are always needing reassurance?

Yet is it not our fault that we allow

These demons to manipulate us

And feed us into the print machine?

But maybe it is all good.

Freedom of speech, a right to know.

So when do we know the difference

Between truth and lies?

Friendship

At time I wonder

What the world would be like

Without you.

To imagine world

Not spinning,

Stopped midway

On its axle,

For one human being

Is preposterous

And nonsensical.

Though if a country

Should wage war,

Then at what price

Would they pay,

To end it?

Would the matter count

If one life was sacrificed

For the sake of all?

Does your existence

Influence the many

And give life to those who lack
And are without?

Your presence
Cannot be explained
By the revolution of the Earth,
Or as an individual
In a nation.

Yet there is something
About you
That I cannot explain.
There is a part of you
That I warm to,
But I cannot name it,
Even if my life depended on it.

But you could have been
Nothing to me:
A stranger on the street,
Or the lunch lady from school,
Or the policeman at the corner shop.
You could have been
Perhaps,
A writer of whom I'd like

To strangle their words.
Or a neighbour of whom I'd like
To nominate onto
Some obnoxious
American day time talk show.
Perhaps I should just forget
Of how you fit in
And what you are.
You are none
Of the things I have mentioned,
But you could be nothing less
Then something I call,
A friend.

Reflection Statement

Retrospect is the name of my collection of poems. I have written about the thoughts and reflections as a Year 12 student, in their final year of highschool. My initial concept was very different what I have now. Originally, I wanted to write in a collection of poem in the form of lyrics. I believed that lyrics were a form of poetry that has been modified with sound and genre to suit today's modern audience. I wanted to write poems using the style of each genre of music (rap, r'n'b, etc.) and try to create the tone and mood from these genres into poetry. But I was advised it was a hard concept and easily misunderstood, so I changed my concept to one based on love. I wanted to write about the love (or the lack of) between family, friends, and even boy/girlfriends. But again I was advised that I should write about something I know about and have experience in. So I finally decided to do a retrospect of the thoughts and feelings I had during the last year of highschool. I wrote about beliefs and ideals that I had formed in the year and I reflected on the ones I held before. I also wrote about the memories and experiences of past and present. This concept didn't limit me to a narrow field, which was something I found hard to work within, so I had to find one that gave me freedom to write. Retrospect was formed so that I could have more liberty in writing, as well as write about something I know best.

The purpose of Retrospect was to be able to write down the major impressions I have had in the year 2001. Some have influenced me, while others have made me think and question. I wrote about a mixture of themes and issues, from absurdism to childhood memories to isolation. It was important for me to write about this because this is a time for me to reminisce and look at things from different perspectives. Time has gone by so fast, that memories begin to fade, and yesterday seems to be 5 years ago. I want to have physical evidence of my endeavours in Year

12 as well some nostalgic poems of my younger years. I believe I have accomplished what I have set out to do. Though sometimes I think that no one can will be able to understand my poems but myself. All of them are personal, so I'm really leaving it up to the audience to decide how they feel about it. There isn't really a particular reaction I am aiming for, but I would like to think that in some poems, people will be able to relate to what is being said.

During this project, I've had many bad turns. I had a slow start writing and I didn't do much research in the beginning. I had the preconceived notion that poetry would be easy, but after a few goes, I realized it was much, much harder. I had many difficulties starting a poem, and at many times, I just couldn't write. I didn't know what to write about or begin, but usually once I start a poem, I usually finish it. Sometimes I write a poem half way through, then I'd stop and continue it days, weeks later. Eventually, I began to write, write, write. Most of the times it didn't make sense and it didn't really feel right. When I write, it comes from within and it doesn't stop, like a train of thoughts. I have to get everything down from as soon as I start or else the train ends. Then I begin to edit them. Most of the editing takes place on computer, for as soon as I write a poem, I type it onto my computer. So there isn't much editing going on in my logbook. I feel it is easier and quicker if I edit on computer, and it also saves time.

As my project progressed, I began to read more poetry. Initially, I didn't read any at all but I eventually read more poetry. A lot I didn't understand, and it took me many readings to comprehend the themes and meanings. I particularly liked the works of Ted Hughes and Robert Frost. Their work was full of imagery and it wasn't hard to understand what was being said. A particular favourite is Frost's The Road Not Taken. I like the message of the poem, about choices and life. That is kind of what I wanted to do with my poems. I wanted to write about

life's experiences and what they can do to a person. Another influence in my work is from modern Australian poets. I have read poems from books and the internet (reliable ones) and I find the contemporary style quite useful. I write freelance, like they do, though I would like to be able to write in rhyme like William Blake and Robert Louis Stevenson. I tried once but I could make it work because when I tried to make a poem rhyme, it lost its 'feel'.

I have learnt a lot from this experience and have accomplished a lot, the most rewarding: being able to write poetry. I've developed from when I first started and I am proud to be able to do what I can now. Before, all I use to do was those rhyming poems about love and friendship, childish compared to what I write now. I added one of my old poems in my logbook to see the comparison between then and now. It was very shocking, because the quality has increased so much. I guess I am better at writing poetry but I still maintain the belief I still have a long way to go. My style, my grammar all still need improvement. But I do like how far I've come since the beginning of the course, when I didn't have a clue about poetry. As a 'composer', I've learnt to give the audience and meaning more consideration. I didn't really pay much attention before about audience and meaning but towards the end, I tried to change it so that it is more understandable and enjoyable.

I've had a fun time learning and writing poetry. I found it to be inspiring, because now I have an outlet to let my thoughts and feelings be conveyed. I never really thought much about poetry but now, I have learnt a new and enjoyable way to express myself. I am satisfied with the finished product but I wish I had more time to work on it. Actually, a challenge to this project was keeping the deadlines. I had to organize everything and keep to a schedule, which is something I wasn't good at. I wasn't too fond of it either. But persistence paid off and I managed

to write enough to submit in. Also, I managed to enjoy this experience, which is one of the important things I will be remembering. It was educational, and I learnt new writing techniques which I will employ in the future.