

Senior Poetry

1st Prize

Bright

By Rebecca Grinter

Beauty draped gently as a shawl over slender shoulders
 Blessing the sight of its beholder
 The singing of birds drifts on the summer breeze
With reverence of life one can only dream to seize
 Happiness is in thy silver tear
 There is no want nor need for fear
 No room for peril, no place for strife
 Only peace and happiness in long cherished life
 Leafy limbs reach high toward their golden sphere
 Towering tall, achieving height with each year
Their leaves glow with Autumnal colours of heavenly splendour
 Showered with rays, given in surrender
It is the fresh light of morning that pours through the trees
 Like syrup, it spreads emotions, to soothe and appease
Crimson and scarlet, golden and ginger Colours come alive, in preparation for winter
 Icy water flow down from the pine dressed mountains
 On its way, tripping over stone-like fountains
 It sings in a melodic tune, only it can understand
The music calls to all the inhabitants in this wonderland
 The Currawong calls from the nearby oak
 It lives to assure all else has awoke
But the serenity and stillness of autumn cannot last forever
 It takes but a day for the weather to sever
 The wind blusters and swirls
 Leaves whirl and unfurl
The willow's sweet arms become tyrants of length
Reaching out fiercely to portray their great strength
 The birds have all hid en in warm, tranquil crofts
 Listening, thoughtfully, to the rainfall so soft
 The cold, dismal clouds are bland and dull
They hide the earth from all light, acting as its hull
 The river, no longer a sweet, harmless brook
 Is a torrent of rage that vigorously shook
 Winter is like night, it steals daytime's glory
Blundering in the shadows, from where it tells its story
 But now it's upon us, so snow you may fall
 And throw your majestic white veil over all
The town glows, like a lantern in a dark cavern
 Depicting and creating a wondrous pattern

The mountains bring fame with their smooth sporting slopes
Crowds flood to embellish their talents and seasonal hopes
But the snow will soon thaw and the skies cease to cry
As spring firmly closes the wintry door, and opens hers to a bright blue sky
Now suns eager rays burst through the clouds
And by its splendour is all darkness cowed
The bare, naked trees grow their new clothes
The saplings of birches thrive in new groves
There's wonder in change, beauty in seasons
And Bright is a haven for all of these reasons

2nd Prize

Untitled

By Gillian Godfrey

From God's love they have been cast
For an unknown past
And we fill our children with fright
Of these broken victims of the night

With absent dull gazes
These martyrs do stand
Filled with fiery blazes
From a different land

Hubris humans with no ruth
Scorning blindly at the truth
That they were not made for earth's fight
These silent soldiers of the night
What life dare they claim?
What love can they sustain?
When these mortals exult
At seeing heaven's faults

The needle ends their crusade,
Their wings begin to fade
And we know not their plight
These celestial converts to spite

When pearly gates have crumbled
With dead eyes they stumble
Shards of grace, flow down their face
Caught between an alley
And a different place

An opiate sigh
Is now their lullaby
Their words silently weeping
As all heaven lies sleeping