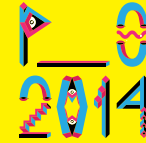


JUDGE'S REPORT

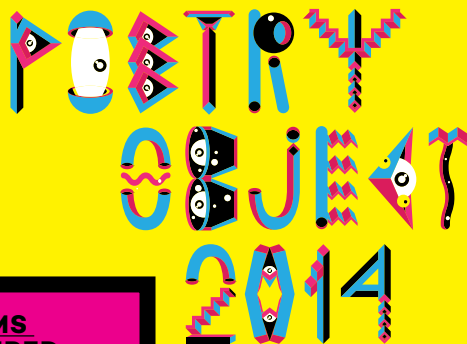
suburbia is choked up with cheers and jeers. the
lads are kicking goals. the neighbours yard is filled
with cars. somebody is battling somebody and
i don't have a clue who any of them are. inside
my computer screen are two hundred poems by
kids from across the nation. they have entered
a competition, and i am judging. they talk about
grandparents, their life as trees. the extinction
rate of minotaurs. and the world won't see the
champions of these words, scoring points with
imagery and language, for at least another two
months. but as the heroes champion on the big
screen of the TV's across from the MCG, these
little warriors of words are creating for themselves
a brave new world. and the goals they set
themselves in my mind reap more rewards, promise
more hope than any premiership cup. come on you
mighty poets, grow.



POETRY OBJECT JUDGE
SCOTT-PATRICK MITCHELL



BEST SCHOOL INSTALLATION



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

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CASULA
POWERHOUSE
ARTS CENTRE

MOUNT ST THOMAS PUBLIC SCHOOL, NSW

Poetry 'should do' many things, but most importantly it should reach impossible places: it should fill the tiniest spaces between atoms; it should dip deep into the oceans to make the murk so unknowing; & it should touch the sky, or even further.

This school has taken that notion to the extreme, creating kites to fly their poems on. Such a simple idea, but it is vastly effective. In my first year of Creative Writing at university, my monograph explored the notion of writing poems across different textures: post-it notes, sand, sequential movement puzzles and Braille. This installation reminds me of that exploration, and has inspired me to perhaps re-explore this early experiment. That is another thing poetry should do: it should inspire. So thank you for inspiring me.

MY TREE

The sun is setting in the horizon,
The evening breeze begins to blow,
I climb up my tree into its mighty branches,
As the stars in the east start to glow.

A few leaves fall, swirling in the breeze,
They silently dance in my eye,
As the wind carries them along,
As the sunlight begins to die.

The crickets begin to chirp,
The moonlit creatures start to emerge,
Some birds fly over the setting sun,
As the dark blanket of night starts to merge.

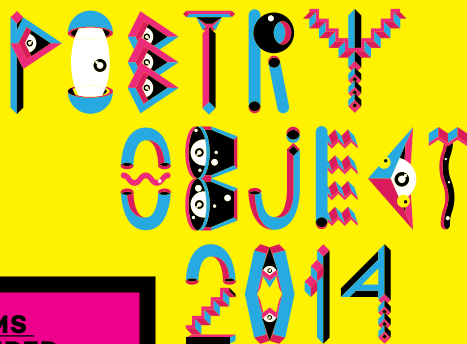
I feel different; one with nature,
Up here in the wind, all wild and free,
As if I am connected to the universe,
Me, a small leaf, hanging from my tree.



JACK VAN DER GEEST-HESTER
YEAR 6, OUR LADY OF THE
SACRED HEART, NT



BEST PRIMARY SCHOOL POEM



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

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By and large, when I choose the final poems for this competition, I looked for poems that surprised or were playful. This poem, however, transcended all my expectations. This is what I call 'a wise poem'. It speaks of an awareness and insight that most people would not expect of a primary school aged child. And yet here it is: wisdom beyond years. There is an ease and grace here that marks this poem as the voice of a potential great talent. To be so young and aware is a blessing that requires nurturing and support, hence my awarding it first place. Poetry should connect us, and here the young poet connects themself not only with the universe, but with the reader.

There is nothing forced or contrived in this poem, just a pure sentiment that is breathtaking, spine-tingling and breathtaking. The move from the outer to the inner is seamless, and for it to achieve that within a rhyming scheme is even more commendable: even I struggle with writing good rhyming schemes, and I've been writing poetry for 15 years now. One can only hope the young poet takes this recognition onboard and, even though at times writing poetry can be tough, never strays from perfecting an authentic, genuine voice that captures all human experience with such grace. Great work!

SON

My Pop called me "Son"
After a week in the bush
Quad biking and hunting
But quickly corrected himself

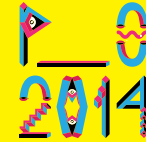
"Women drivers!" he exclaims
As he swerves and speeds through traffic

The youngest grandchild
The only male grandchild
Receives two family heirlooms:
A wallet and a pocketknife

Both owned by now dead
Loved ones

I expect the family rifle
I wonder where I will put it,
Satisfied by the thought of owning
Something with so much history

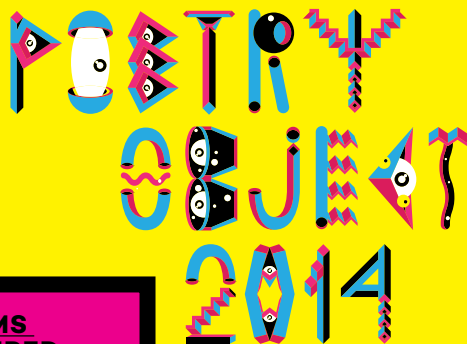
Instead I receive a necklace
I smile through disappointment



LARA HENDERSON
YEAR 9, ELONERA
MONTESSORI SCHOOL, NSW



BEST SECONDARY POEM



POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS

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ARTS CENTRE

This poem is exactly why I wanted to read these poems 'blind', or with no identifying markers toward age, gender or identity.

This poem surprises the reader from the outset. It also highlights an insight into the gender binary that, as we grow into adults, we begin to question more and more. What defines a male? What defines a female? Why do we insist on defining such identities through laboured stereotypes? These are the issues this young poet questions, and does so with a beautiful lightness of their pen.

Another 'wise poem', this piece plays deftly with language and expectation to twist the poem. The result is a deft explanation told through sparse language: such constraint is admirable, and should always be exercised when writing poetry. After all, you never want to tell the audience what to expect, but rather show them. Such insight in such a young writer marks them as yet another potential voice to watch out for in the future. Also, the use of line break, or enjambment, as punctuation, is really accomplished.



HOME MOVIE

That go-cart on the paddock:
wind drying the inside of my grin,
my grip stuck on hot plastic,
the tilt as the front right wheel
lifts off the sunburnt grass.
Caught on film, it's nothing
–a slow curve by a girl
who thought she knew.
But I'm still learning, still leaning
into the world's turn.

JO MORRIS
KARAMU HIGH SCHOOL, NZ



BEST TEACHER POEM

POETRY
OBJECT
2014

POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS

Constraint is the greatest weapon in a poet's artillery. Here, the constraint is so delicate. And rightly so. But within that constraint are brilliant images like 'wind drying the inside of my grin' and 'my grip stuck on hot plastic'. I particularly loved the lines 'But I'm still learning, still leaning / into the world's turn.'

The linguistic wordplay in this admission is what made this poem stand out as a clear winner, primarily because of the musicality on the ear. This is the kind of teacher kids should have if they want to learn how to write great poetry.

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ARTS CENTRE



FOSSIL

As the small bones
Live in their grave

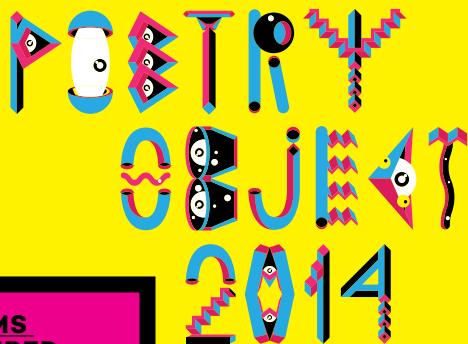
In the deep dark ground
As the white sticks
Lay there

The mighty
Small creature
Plays.

TYVIAN MACFARLANE
YEAR 3, NORTH SYDNEY
DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL, NSW



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

This poem is why we write poetry. The constraint exercised here is incredible. When so many of the other poems opened themselves up and reached out across the 20 lines allowed by this competition, this poet decided that the image could be contained in far, far less. And brilliantly so.

I would not pick this poem as being written by a Primary-School-aged child. This is a poem that strikes me, immediately, as the poem of a poet. It captures the mighty within the miniature with eloquence. Keep writing, young poet, because you show an immense amount of potential already.

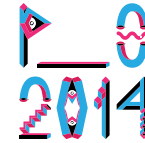
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ARTS CENTRE

MYTHOLOGY BOOK

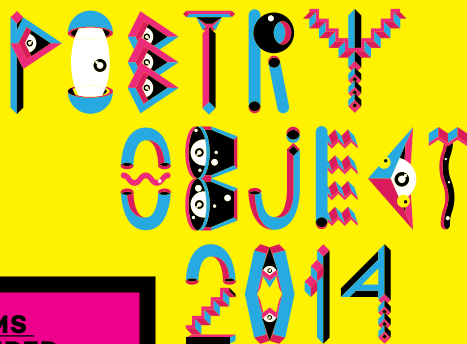
The myth continues
The gods still stay
Olympus rises again
Hermes stops Peter Pan
from doing the wrong thing
Poseidon is still alone in Atlantis
Isis still wonders
if she'll ever see Poseidon again
Mt Olympus is where my book is set
Minotaurs are becoming extinct
as usual and making labyrinths
The book tells you every God's story.
Their parents and their wives and husbands
Kronos is dead,
lucky Orion killed him.
It smells like water from below.
Thor's power can't hold it from me.
It's special,
because I'm like a nerd over Mythology.
Mythology Book.



RILEY FOSTER
YEAR 5, LUDMILLA PRIMARY
SCHOOL, NT



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

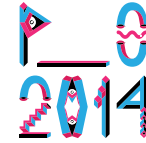
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ARTS CENTRE

Mythology is perhaps one of the greatest sources of inspiration for every poet ever known. While the stories are 'set', as writers we have the ability to adapt them to our own personal mythologies, to enrich the world we live in so that it accommodates our new perspectives because, as this young poet notes, '(t)he myth continues'. While this poem has a few technical issues in regard to punctuation, the energy and verve it shows is beguiling.

The young poet throws convention into the flames of Hades and uses the past to create a new landscape of their own telling. With such beautiful lines as 'Minotaurs are becoming extinct' and 'It smells like water from below', this young poet shows they have an accomplished grasp on the transformative power inherent in language. I laughed, out loud, reading this work. Then I whooped. And finally I clapped. All young poets should develop 'a nerd affair' with mythology: it's the greatest source of wisdom, beauty and potential our ancient ancestors ever gifted us. With this level of humour and audacity, I encourage this young poet to pursue their wildest imaginings. After all, they have a good grounding from which their imagination can take flight.



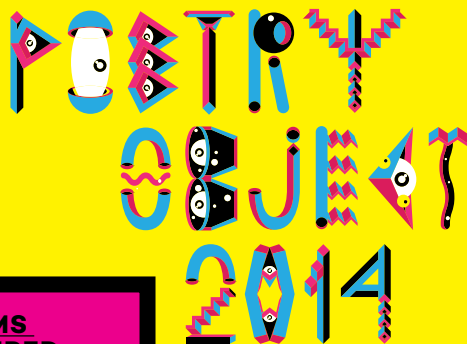
THE SNAKE PHOTO

That best thing of all
It running chasing black
All blur of a thing
It shimmer on its belly
You never kill that him
It dangerous and like Rainbow to us
You respect that snake cause
It come to earth from the sky
It bring rain and life
Cant believe I got photo of him
You all gather round
All you mob come here and cheer
This photo I got like rainbow
All over the ground

HARRIETT JOHNSTONE
YEAR 6, BORROLOOLA
SCHOOL, NT



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

To me, this poem is breathtaking. Not only for its authentic use of language – its unwavering loyalty to capturing the poet’s true inflection – but because it gives me an insight into a culture and their beliefs for which I have the utmost respect. It also shows the close relationship images – be they verbal or literal – have in shaping poetry and vice versa.

The voice here is crisp and it speaks to the listener with a wisdom and sagesness that only comes from being aware of who you truly are. I particularly like the line ‘(i)t running chasing black’, since it grants the snake with a quality it can’t possibly possess, yet conveys the purity of the poet’s intent. I strongly encourage this young poet to keep writing poetry, because the spark they display here will only strengthen with time.

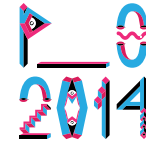
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CASULA
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ARTS CENTRE

MY TINY TRAMPOLINE

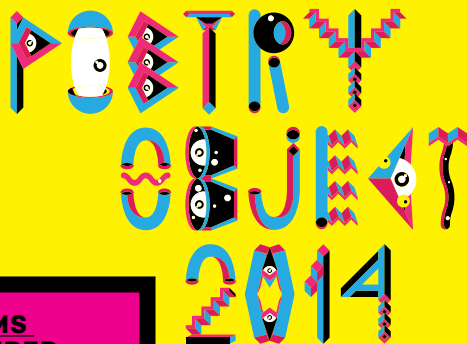
Coal black holey net
Rusted springs
Frame wrecked but solid it is
Rusted springs tearing my flesh
Broken finger
Sprained ankles
But I've seen the world on it:
Drag racing in LA
Robbing banks in Las Vegas
Blowing up stuff in Switzerland
Leading armies to battle in 300BC
Time to time
Dimension through dimension
Soon gone
But it's left its mark
It's time for one last bounce, I think
I haven't been to the Grand prix in Monte Carlo yet



WILLIAM SALTMARSH
YEAR 6, ALBUERA STREET
PRIMARY, TAS



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

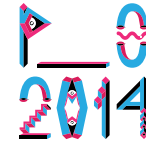
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CASULA
POWERHOUSE
ARTS CENTRE

As I mentioned in my introduction, poetry should transport the reader. Nowhere is this more evident than in this poem. Whether the poet is actually watching the scenes they describe on TV or are imagining them in their head is irrelevant. What matters is the fact that poet connects the reader with an object that enables them to be transported. A trampoline is something that, as adults, we tend to shy away from (the ability to break our bones increases remarkably once we shuck adolescences, and things that make us bounce uncontrollably tend to encourage broken bones).

But here, the young poet reminds the reader of the joy that can come from a simple object, and how that object can stimulate and expand the mind 'dimension through dimension'. I'm not about to run out and get a trampoline, mind you, but if I ever come across one in my travels, this poem will ring in my head, encouraging me to take a leap or two of faith up into own great imaginings.



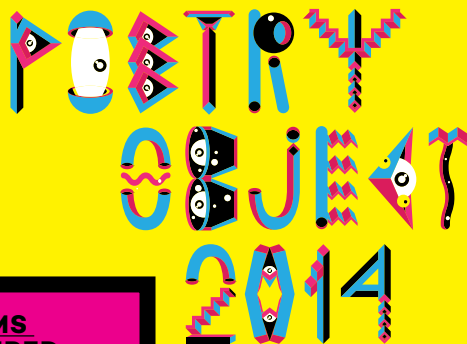
MY FROZEN FIRE

My frozen fire, lighting my path
Giving me pride
Warming me up for the game
The golden carvings are overflowing with greatness
Like a chipped bowl of porridge drizzled with maple
syrup
The shaking sound of it when it drops is like a clock
Tick, tick, tick
A face like a blue puzzle with hexagonal pieces
The glue, holding its value to me
Bumpy feelings as I run my finger down the engravings
A magnifier enlarging my pride
My frozen fire
My trophy

ALEX PELLEGRINO
YEAR 4, KENSINGTON PUBLIC,
NSW



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

A good title should make us wonder what it is the poet wants us to experience. It should engage us enough to step into the poem, ready for a revelation. This is such a poem.

But what I particularly loved about this poem was the fact that we move, with the poet, across a surprising array of metaphors. The poem is eventually revealed to be discussing a trophy, but the process is one of wonder, like a puzzle to decode.

Once decoded, I found myself re-reading it, relishing in the associations this young mind conjured in an attempt to articulate something that is almost sacred to themselves. Brilliantly accomplished.

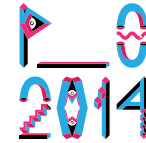
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CASULA
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ARTS CENTRE

NATURAL STARFISH

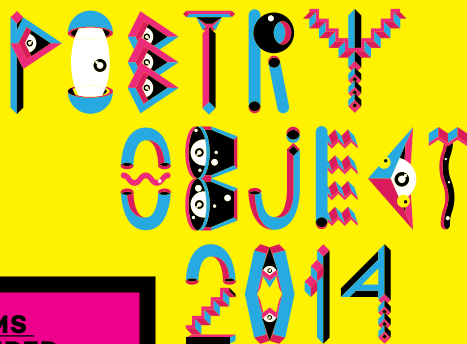
Eight points filled with intricacy
Angles and edges border the neutral
Washed up from a sea of wavy ripples
Picked up from ancestors
Passed through heritage
This starfish gives me a vein of surprise
Images of my great grandparents
Flood my mind like the gushes of a waterfall
Sorrow drudges me back
Unlocks a temple for my mind and soul
Beige Blotches
White Dashes
Salty wind on the tip of my tongue
With mysterious secrets throughout
Waves of passion will rest
Until sun rays of young run pass
This the time I will deliver
Tiny starfish speaks 100 words
On squeaky sand grains
Of the broad shoulders of Stockton beach.



JORDAN ANDERSON
YEAR 5, MONA VALE PUBLIC
SCHOOL, NSW



HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIMARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

Objects hold power, but objects of nature hold the most mysterious power possible. This poem illustrates this. Here we get to time travel through the emotions of the poet, connect with nature and travel through space. The breadth and breath of this poem are all contained with a delicate rhythm. Truly a special little poem.

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CASULA
POWERHOUSE
ARTS CENTRE

THE STONE

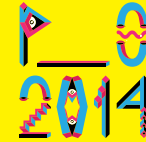
A rocky beach.
My father's hand,
a map of callouses,
holds a sea-polished stone.

Twisting beneath
its unyielding surface,
violet threads
dance with the summer light.

Tranquil bare stone,
refined till rough is a word, not a memory.
Brooding silently,
dreams lost between one swirl and the next.

Pitted bare skin,
Veins and lines expressing labour, effort.
Steady work,
love hiding the burden of hope.

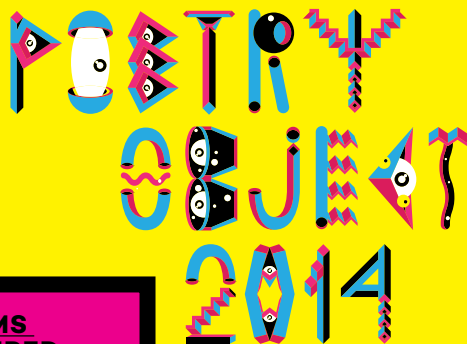
Auroras of emotions locked inside,
like lions staring,
alone in luminescent prisons.
Captive.



CAMERON YOUNG
YEAR 9, KAMARU HIGH
SCHOOL, NZ



HIGHLY COMMENDED SECONDARY



POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS

This is the kinda poem I wish I had written. There is such an eloquent constraint here that it makes the heart ache and its beauty. This poem itself has '(a)uroras of emotions locked inside' itself, and as it mentions in its closing, it holds us '(c)aptive'. Such an enigmatic, haunting voice.

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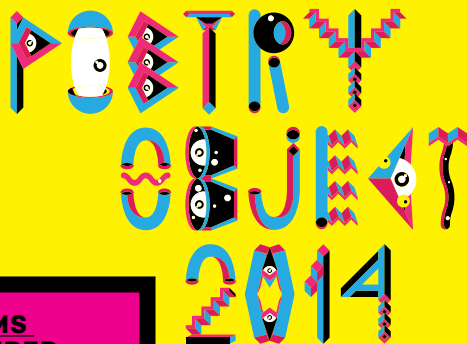
THE BOOKSHELF

The bookshelf is the golden arched gateway to another dimension,
The beloved story keepers are the key,
From a lonely and decrepit book holder,
Cluttered with beguiling book titles,
Divergent realms can be reached,
A plethora of characters and settings unearthed,
Encompassed and enraptured in rhapsody and enigma,
And so many denouements,
Sentimental and saddening,
Convivial and captivating,
The ineffable feeling of a book.

PHOEBE LITTLE
YEAR 9, ST MONICA'S
COLLEGE, QLD



HIGHLY COMMENDED SECONDARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

This poet has a real grasp on what poetry and language are capable of: the fact that so often we find ourselves trapped in a dichotomy of what we want to express and what we are capable of expressing. Here, poetry becomes the thing bound to the walls of our lives, the portal through which we can transcend. To transcend, however, is a double edged sword: we can move into the light or dark with the greatest of ease, it all depends on the intent. This young poet has an awareness that is a little spooky, but only because it's wise beyond it's years.

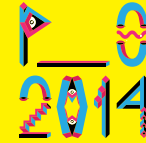
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THE NIGHT OF SEA AND STOKE

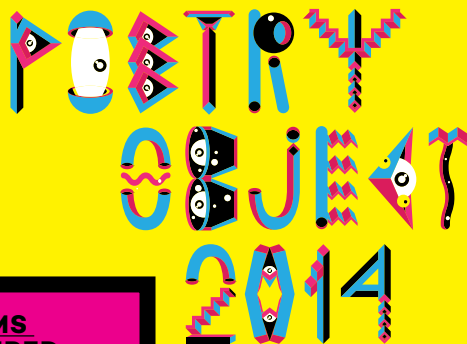
They roll onto the beach,
A concoction of sand, sea and pure stoke.
The moon beats down upon the heaving mass of liquid
Its silvery rays pierce through to the deepest of depths.
Groomed winds whip over the surface
Ruffling the lone surfer's straggly, sun-bleached hair.
He looks on over the horizon
Deep blue hues swirl between his toes.
A lump rises, growing,
Up and up.
A colossal being climbing over the ocean.
He knew this was the one.
His wave...
Its icy grip lures him into a gaping mouth.
Foamy teeth gnash the surface of the sea.
The surfer rode alone in its belly,
Its silence loud enough to shatter sorrow.
He peered from inside the surging sea, urging it not to sew shut.
The world lay asleep as he emerged victorious,
The tamer of the beast.



MATTHEW GAUDENS-MCMULLIN
YEAR 10, NERANG STATE
HIGH SCHOOL, QLD



HIGHLY COMMENDED SECONDARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

Whoa, this is one magnificent ride. The Hawaiians believed that the gods gave humankind two gifts: surfing... and poetry. They are equal gifts because both of them allow us to ride the magnificence of nature in celestine ways.

This poem marries those two gifts and in return offers itself as a present, a present about presence. The attention to detail places the reader right there in the mouth of the approaching wave, where 'groomed winds' bring the advance of '(a) colossal being climbing over the ocean'. Magnificently executed with a brilliant title to boot. Keep surfing those poems, young poet!

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CASULA
POWERHOUSE
ARTS CENTRE

TWO DOLLAR POETRY

The comics spread before me
in dull wooden shelves, the wind calling
softly as I continued to browse.
The lingering smell in the pages as thin
as dying sheets. My mother called me closer.
My brother called me away,
But the only call I attended was for passing days.

A pile of intriguing words
names long forgotten
badges spilling everywhere
and objects losing purpose.

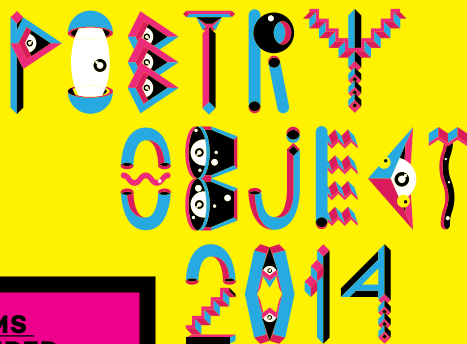
Sympathy for unknown was a common occurrence,
my mind often wandering.
The ideas spelt on ageing paper
wrapped neatly in a thin book,
the faded blue a cold touch.
The refreshed mind was presented with a shining coin.
A grandmother gave me what is now mine.
The bold letters and sweet thoughts
collected in a simple rhyme.



ALYSSA HARRIS
YEAR 9, ST CLAIR HIGH
SCHOOL, NSW



HIGHLY COMMENDED SECONDARY



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

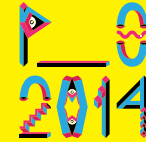
A brilliant poem should have a brilliant title, and this title made me laugh, out loud. However, there's a real technicality to this poem, a beautiful play with language.

The lines 'My mother called me closer. / My brother called me away, / But the only call I attended was for passing days' have an intense musicality that makes the tongue dance and the mind smile. There is playfulness here, playfulness tempered with a good dose of nostalgia. Not an easy feat to accomplish, but this young poet has done so masterfully.

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CASULA
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ARTS CENTRE



WISE WAHOO

Whispering winds weave the water as we
wait for the warlike Wahoo to WHACK the
wriggling, wandering wobbler. Wise words
wasted as we wait. WHAM! Without warning
war begins. Winding, winding with willpower
we wrestle. Whooshing through the water,
writhing, wriggling, waltzing, wrecking.
Wearily winching, wilting and woozy we wage.

...With wisdom he wins

MR JON FAULKNER
CHRISTMAS ISLAND DHS



HIGHLY COMMENDED TEACHER

POETRY
OBJECT
2014

POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS

Yes! I was hoping for a poem like this among the Primary or Secondary categories, and was overjoyed to find it in the Teachers' section. These are the kind of poems that make my brain smile a big broad grin. Why? Because of the sound they generate mainly, the intense alliteration, but also because of the technicality. It's not easy to write poems like this, but when you do they are little pieces of gold.

I've awarded this poem a Highly Commended place largely though because I believe it's a good poem for children to read, and shows that poetry can be really really fun at times. Well done, and thank you for the smile.

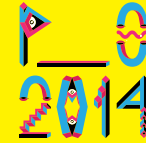
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ARTS CENTRE

JUDGE'S REPORT

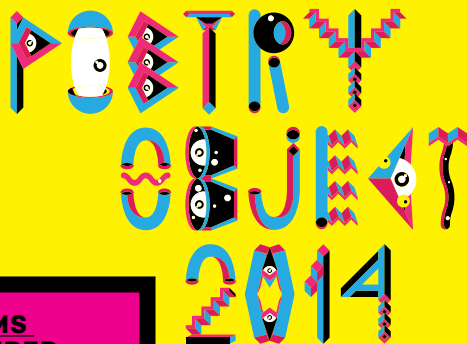
suburbia is choked up with cheers and jeers. the
lads are kicking goals. the neighbours yard is filled
with cars. somebody is battling somebody and
i don't have a clue who any of them are. inside
my computer screen are two hundred poems by
kids from across the nation. they have entered
a competition, and i am judging. they talk about
grandparents, their life as trees. the extinction
rate of minotaurs. and the world won't see the
champions of these words, scoring points with
imagery and language, for at least another two
months. but as the heroes champion on the big
screen of the TV's across from the MCG, these
little warriors of words are creating for themselves
a brave new world. and the goals they set
themselves in my mind reap more rewards, promise
more hope than any premiership cup. come on you
mighty poets, grow.



POETRY OBJECT JUDGE
SCOTT-PATRICK MITCHELL



HIGHLY COMMENDED SCHOOL INSTALLATION



**POEMS
INSPIRED
BY SPECIAL
OBJECTS**

ALBUERA STREET PRIMARY SCHOOL, TAS

The process behind creating this installation sounded like a real joy. It's good to marry poetry to other forms of expression, and here the process has relied on an intuitive representation of the poem as art. Since poetry is largely intuitive as it is, the installation is a beautiful compliment of form, expression and content. Well done!

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