Mrs. Kinczel
English
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Remembering Them

Woken up from the firing bullets in the far, along with the waves crashing on the crispy sand

6am when the light from the sun starts to slowly creep thru the clouds

Morning in the am never being too early for these soldiers, night in the pm never too late the war was ever lasting

Head up army jets rumbling through the vast never-ending skies, head down looking through the man-made hidden pathways in the earth below

Dedication to our great nation, the legends in our lifetime, the brave, the committed and the dedicated the ones who returned their worthy stories of the memories that are now the past but forever cherished by every Australian.

Laying down lives for this country we call Australia, saying goodbye to our loved ones who may or may not return we are forever grateful for their courage and sacrifice in saving our country, protecting our land and great nation we call AUSTRALIA
Commentary

This free verse poem is a poem about the Anzacs in world war one, the men who became soldiers and fought in the war representing our country. The poem relates to these soldiers who sacrificed their lives for our country and those who had returned bought back their stories and experience.

It's sending a message towards all Australians and other people around the world to explain the brave men we had and have in our country to put their lives at risk and every Australian is grateful and proud to call themselves Australian.
The Reef

The iconic attraction
The largest living structure on the planet
The unique and colourful marine
The Great Barrier Reef.

Pacific beauty, the vibrant colours and
Shimmering pastels, deep in my ocean heart
The Great Barrier Reef where I am submerged
And surrounded by the natural Sea.

For I am gliding through the calm crystal
water happily blessed by the breathtaking
beauty of the marine life.

Snorkelling through the underwater life
with rich and diverse coral reefs as I am
forever grateful for the memorable
experience.
Commentary

This poem is an ode on the Great Barrier Reef; The Great Barrier Reef is one of the most popular and greatest attractions in Australia. The poem mostly explains how amazing the iconic structure is and its beautiful living things included. For anyone who decides to go or has been will be 100% satisfied with the Great Australian beauty. The poem may give the readers an intention of how lucky we are as Australians to have such an amazing attraction in our country.
Stricken

My country I love
my beautiful home
the love we have for
our country, the country
we call home.

For the first time we are
fearful, untied in fear for our lives
thinking about the people
we are praying to stay alive.

It was just like any other day
having a coffee at the Lint cafe
this moment happened so fast
not a moment to blink, waiting
for reality to sink.

I thought our country was safe
but not what we thought
Martin Place being the target
the staff and customers departed
Tears running down my face
at a pace I can’t control
thinking about the kids at home
longing to be freed

My life now flashing before
my own eyes, the moment right
now I am fearful for my life

Going to get worse before it
gets better, the siege was
uncalled for they had their point
to prove.

Our country came together
as our hostages were killed nothing
but sadness our hearts had filled

The national tragedy in a place
we call home we came together with
3 of our Australians names on tombstones
as there not alone we stand by
#illridewithyou
Commentary

This poem is a ballad on a tragic event that happened not too long ago in Sydney, Australia.

The poem shows emotion and sadness of the event as 3 of our Australians had died from a terrorist attack as several staff members and customers were held hostage by a gunman in the Lint cafe in Martin place and unfortunately not all hostages had escaped.

From this poem the emotion is sadness and devastating as no person who lives in Australia would ever think something like this would happen.

From this event our country came together to support the innocent people who were held hostage by this gunman who in the end shot the last 3 people who didn’t escape, the courage and support this event got was amazing and the media was a massive role with a hash tag to show support #illridewithyou
Vincent Buckley- Golden Builders

In the old apartment they lived, with and walls peeling back like an onion skin. Pieter entered the room devastated and crying with the sharp weapon like object in his hand “Have i killed you brother? O Christ brother have i killed you?”

Where Pieter stood in the room with the dark look in his eyes and face as blank as printing paper lost his humanity and nothing left of Pieter.

Being in an apartment the thin walls send around the seven ‘O ‘clock news, he couldn’t save his friend, his friend he called brother the posttraumatic stress from the Vietnam war seemed to play a big role as he was suffering from the sadness and depressed suicidal thoughts.

Through the dark warm rooms in the apartment this girl burnt herself to death, feeling like she deserved the excruciating pain. Her close friend dead as she has drunk wine to soft halloo-ing Irish music arguing Vietnam.
Commentary

This poem is a transposition that I adapted into a narrative, the poem was written by a man named Vincent Buckley telling a story of a man who suffered from posttraumatic stress and lost his humanity from the Vietnam War, this man was depressed and suicidal and had killed his close friend that he regretted.

They lived in an old apartment where walls were so thin the neighbours could hear the TV and news every morning, a girl living around the corner had burnt herself to death and she suffered from one of her close friends dying. The emotions from this poem/narrative is confused and straight forward with people killing themselves but shows people do suffer from this kind of stuff and do things that they will regret.