
POEM
FOREST
Write a poem. Plant a tree.
Nature Poetry Prize
RED
ROOM
POETRY
wollongong
city of innovation

Judges' Report



What a wonderful project and the joy of reading so many beautiful poems of nature. Thanks for the opportunity. It restored my faith in Australian poetry.

— Ali Cobby Eckermann, Judge
POEM FOREST 2024



So many great poems. These made it hard to decide which ones to shortlist – all were great. I loved the inclusion of Country. It was incredibly important to me as a First nations man.

— Corey Tutt, Judge POEM FOREST 2024



It has been nothing short of an honour to read so many wondrously heartfelt poems from so many wondrously lovely poets. Being able to just sit with these words, over and over again, has been a gift. I treasure my time as a judge for POEM FOREST, and I send my sincere thanks to all those who shared their work with me and my congratulations to the talented winners.

— Pardis Mahmoudian, Judge
POEM FOREST 2024

Judging for me has been a learning curve. I finally understand why I never warm to literature that has won great accolades; it's not just about the story telling, it's about the journey too. That journey is highly condensed in poetry and can be quite pivotal.



I particularly appreciated students who wrote from the heart and took time to understand their observations, writing poems that reached out beyond the page. Students who understood the economy of 'less is more' and were able to say so much with so few words were commended. Some poets harnessed this skill and combined it with the play of white spaces for the eyes and ears. I also really appreciated the variety of cultural insights.

I am so grateful to Red Room Poetry for putting together the idea of the Poem Forest. Where each tree represents the thoughts, feelings and observations of a school student or teacher. Each tree planted providing habitat for enquiring minds, fresh air for the soul and a place to belong where listening is reciprocated.

I have thoroughly enjoyed being a judge.

— Penny Hoswell, POEM FOREST Judge 2024

POEM FOREST

Prize

Winner

Lower Primary

RED ROOM POETRY

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Waiting

~ Lachlan R, Year 3, Moonee Ponds West Primary School(VIC)

The dry, dusty dingo
in the desert
growls like thunder
under the gumtree

Waiting,
waiting,
waiting,
for night to come

Waiting for the sun to fall
and the moon to rise

Waiting for a chance
to use its razor sharp teeth

Hunting,
stalking,
eating,
and at last dying

Then returning to the earth
under the gumtree

POEM FOREST

Prize

Lachlan R

Winner
Lower Primary

Judges' Notes

Lovely, almost dream-like. This poem is visceral and conjures so many emotions in so few words. A sophisticatedly pleasant and moody sense of rhythm.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

I found my self losing myself in this poem. It was really well written.
~ Corey Tutt

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Highly Commended
Lower Primary

Yellow Tree

~ Ryan W, Year 3, Oatley West Public School (NSW)

The honey-coloured yellow
Sunshine pom-poms make me
Remember memories.

They whisper beautifully in my ears.

They sway left to right.

As I reach for them,
They give me light.
They touch me.

I feel happy as I remember my memories.

The oval lime-green marbles stay on the tree
As they sway left to right.

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POEM FOREST

Prize

Ryan W

Highly Commended
Lower Primary

Judges' Notes

The perspective and insight given is amazing. The poem touched me.
~ Penny Hoswell

Well written and structured nicely.
~ Corey Tutt



POEM FOREST *Prize*

Winner
Upper Primary

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The World Awakens

~ Alyssa M, Year 5, Abbotsleigh Junior School (NSW)

A puddle of flashbacks
Rippling through constellations,
A tree's whistle, a nightingale's call,
The breeze whispering mysteries,
Hiding the answers through frozen roots.
Time stands still,
Preserving what matters most.
Grains hidden under the ice,
The segments of time embedded through space,
Into the glorious sunset glistening just over the horizon,
It thaws, it fades,
Time speeds up,
An aurora borealis fluttering over the frozen wastelands,
A quartz of fire,
Hidden in the maze of vines,
A labyrinth of the future,
A pinecone of timekeeping,
Releasing secrets long forgotten,
Time falls too fast,
But now we can catch up.

POEM FOREST

Prize

Alyssa M

Winner
Upper Primary

Judges' Notes

Imaginative, carefully crafted from the past to today; a pinecone of timekeeping.
~ Ali Cobby Eckermann

Imagery pairs well with its message. Complex ideas articulated succinctly. Heavily descriptive.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST

Prize

Highly Commended

Upper Primary

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Tadpole Pangka

~ Cody B, Year 4, Morphett Vale East School (SA)

Today I left home
To the tadpole pangka.
Pangka means lake.
I saw some little
Tadpole eggs.
The next day,
I went to the tadpole pangka.
Pangka means lake.
I met some tiny tadpoles.
I fed them some lettuce.
The next day I went towards
The tadpole pangka.
Pangka means lake.
I got some carrots for the crickets.
I sprinkled them,
For them to eat.
I met some frogs.
I fed the frogs the jumping crickets.
That's the circle of life.
Pangka means lake.

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Cody B

Highly Commended
Upper Primary

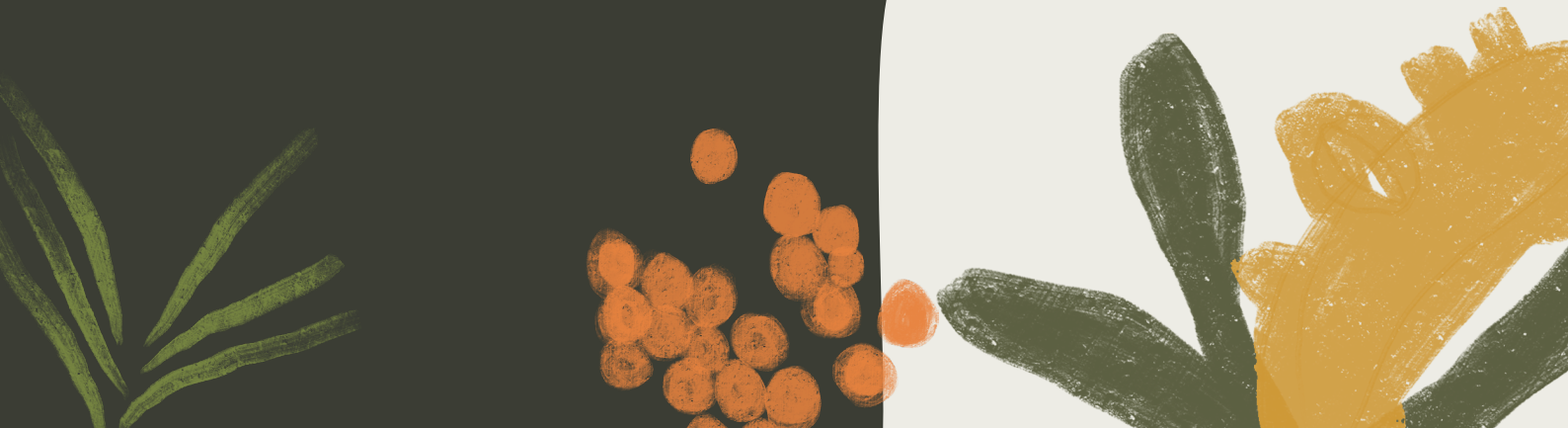
Poet Reflection

I chose this topic so you can see how tadpoles grow, the circle of life. I find it really calming, interesting, fascinating and special.

Judges' Notes

Lovely repetition, this has the cadence of an old song-poem.
~ Ali Cobby Eckermann

As someone who has a pond in their back yard, I am a massive frog nerd, so this really hit home.
~ Corey Tutt

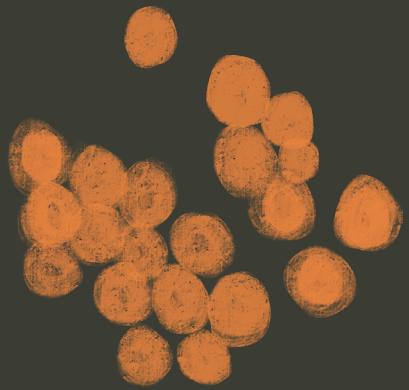


POEM FOREST

Prize

Winner

Lower Secondary



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Stick your leaves back on

~ Emily M, Year 8, Cornish College (VIC)

My mother planted you the day I was born.
I grew with you.
I remember trying to stick your leaves back on in autumn;
I was scared of you changing.
Yet as time passed, my attempts stood no chance.
The cruel seasons ripped apart your branches.
The cruel season ripped me apart, too.
You looked so unrecognizable by the time winter ended,
I didn't even wanna be near you.
My mother made me blow out a candle for you every year.
She hasn't lit one in 1...2...3... I lost count.
I grew without you.
You stood tall, but I only kept changing.
I was scared of changing.
I'm 16 now.
A storm ripped you from the earth.
I'm trying to stick your leaves back on.
I wish you could do the same to me.



POEM FOREST *Prize*

Emily M

Winner
Lower Secondary

Poet Reflection

I always listen to music when i'm writing, I didn't have a poem to enter for this competition at first but as I looked outside I saw the trees in my backyard that have been there for my whole life and so I wrote about how they changed just like I have.

Judges' Notes

Moved me to tears. I love this poem. I can't wait to share it with others. Honest and relateable, raw emotion.
~ Penny Hoswell

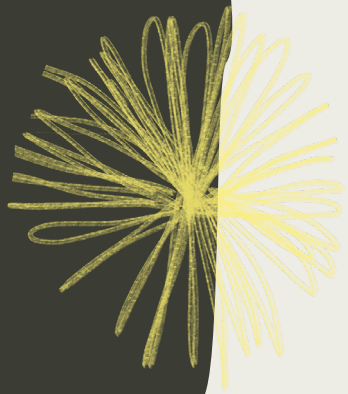
I loved this poem.
~ Corey Tutt

POEM FOREST

Prize

Highly Commended

Lower Secondary



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they tell me stories

~ Briar Q, Year 9, Abbotsleigh, Wahroonga (NSW)

they tell me stories of the stars shining through the fog on the horizon,
over where moss grows through the heat-blistered cracks in the bricks
as if it's patching up our wilting world.
they tell me stories of what it's like to feel unbruised, unbroken, to
breathe in the smoky autumn without choking on the dark grey air.
we grew up in the colour of soot and ashes and lolly wrappers and
cigarette packs piled up around bins- we used to play dot-to-dot
with the constellations in the national geographic magazines we read.
they never formed the picture we wanted them to.
"when we move- it'll all be better-" but my brother still has smoke
in his lungs and eyes and heart and the plastic in the ground is buried
deeper than my ancestors who grew their livelihoods on those lands.
there are child protesters on the news. they want a world to live in.
i switch channels, feel sick to my stomach, and the tv keeps blaring,
the forecast says the fires are up again, drought in both my countries
because you can't run away from the sun. i don't know why we tried.
when i die, i think i'd like to become a star.
they tell me stories of seeing the world in her complete, perfect form
because i never will.

POEM FOREST

Prize

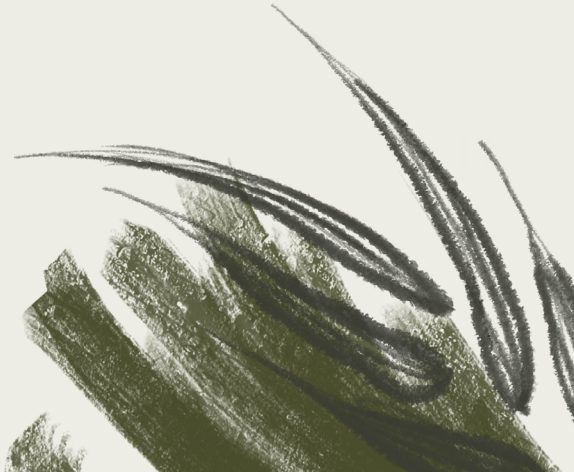
Briar Q

Highly Commended
Lower Secondary

Judges' Notes

This poem reminded me of our old people.
~ Corey Tutt

This poem holds an eternal promise.
~ Ali Cobby Eckermann



POEM FOREST

Prize

Winner

Upper Secondary

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Remembering Birds

~ Rowan K, Year 11, Reddam House North Bondi (NSW)

The constant chatter by the pond calms my nerves more than silence ever could. Cormorants sun themselves on the black rocks, outstretched feathers rendered silhouette; three pelicans glide in to land on the water. It is easy to forget how big they are until they're right in front of me; it is easy to forget how small I am until the grass comes up to swallow me. It's a gentle bite—still unfamiliar but mostly warm and wet; my socks soaked by dew; my back warmed by sun. Dogs jingle across the lawns. I look at them and they look back and I think they smile. Twice now I have seen a cloud of sulphur crested cockatoos take flight: screeching and whirling and breaking into pairs then rejoining the flock. They were startled the first time by a straw-necked ibis whose dark wings caught me off guard until the other birders named it. How many birds would I not notice but for their names? How many people would notice me were it not for the name I carved out for myself? It seems so easy to fly—I keep dreaming about it, but my bones are too heavy, and my eyes would face into the wind, and I'd hardly be able to see through tears. And birds know a lot, but who would be willing to listen? It is hard not to think about the fingerprints on this land. I cannot sit in the red dirt by the stream and ignore those who have walked this way; I cannot see a darter emerge from the water in one clean line and forget that the sight has lived thousands of years; I cannot listen for the fairywrens in the scrub and forget that they have been muruduwin for longer than my people remember. But the land remembers; the scrub remembers; their tiny feathered bodies remember.

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Rowan K

Winner
Upper Secondary

Poet Reflection

I've been dipping my toes into birdwatching of late, but my favourite thing to do in the park is still just to sit and listen. The sound of birds (and bats!) is relaxing, and a beautiful reminder of the infinite life of this land. The permanency of this land is especially stabilising, as a person of the Diaspora—these sounds have existed here for far longer in the past than I can fathom; they will exist for far longer in the future than I can imagine. That is a permanency of place that my people do not have, and it resonates deeply for me.

My poetry is also inspired by my experiences of being a trans craftsperson, and often includes the running thread of self-actualisation and creation. Creating myself—carving out a name, perhaps—is not so different from painting; from singing; from sewing. I am creating something new and more real from blank canvas; from silence; from fibre. I do my best to emulate this in my poetry, too. With any luck, the presence of this poem is more striking than its absence.

I learned the Darug name for fairywrens from the Field Of Mars Environmental Education Centre's website.
This poem was written on Gadigal land.

Judges' Notes

Introspective and confessional – a quiet melancholy that does not bog its reader down but rather seems to make them float. The most perfect final line.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

I love sitting by ponds and listening to birds, so this touched a soft spot for me.
~ Corey Tutt

POEM FOREST

Prize

Highly Commended

Upper Secondary

macrocosm

~ Shuen C, Year 10, Rossmoyne Senior High School (WA)

i. *before*

roots dig deep
the scent of wet stone and sunshine
a full sun blushes and melts into
hot-pink horizons dive
into silence
let currents unwind
in this space between day and night
worlds convene
in this mirror of nature, true selves will grow
Eden rises from watermelon skies
the world floods in lessons of life like gentle rains

ii. *rememory*

in a city of glass shadows loom
the soft green sway of leaves a forgotten dance
the glow of screens like spirits of long-ago fireflies
is it true? did the sky ache blue?
she dreams of a river
flowing with clear azure thoughts &
meadows of light

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POEM FOREST *Prize*

Shuen C

Highly Commended
Upper Secondary

Poet Reflection

My poem 'macrocosm' surrounds the theme of nature as a universal oasis, whose limits are unknown, and highlights the fundamental connections between us, as human beings and nature. We are connected to it both physically and at times, even on a spiritual/mental level. This is often forgotten in a fast-paced world that constantly pushes forward in an age of technological innovation and human evolution, at the expense of our natural world. I wanted to underscore the importance of protecting our natural world for future generations to come, as at this rate of change/evolution, we could one day see the natural world completely obliterated and a generation that has forgotten the 'sky was aching blue.'

Judges' Notes

I am in awe of you. How can you say so much in so few words.
~ Penny Hoswell

Fascinating usage of form – coupled with its distinctive imagery, makes for a positively dreamy reading experience.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Winner
Accredited Teacher

Of Passing

~ Blake Nuto, Teacher, St Michael's Collegiate School (TAS)

All the wild things I tried to hold were to me, small beacons of meaning.
I bunched them in my palm, blinking from the fountain floor.

Now here, I try to hug my child at a party
and she pulls away, saying with the force of her young body,
'I am not your meaning.'

I found a friend's book decommissioned at the library.
It was on a shelf between Ulysses and a paperback copy of the King James Bible.
Somewhere, on some desk you'll never know,
the book of your own life is being stamped in red.

Each day I wake to hear tall trees speak their names.
To watch the platypus rounding in the water,
its sleek brown bill nosing at the world.
I find something of myself in the bird wing, in the fossil crest, beneath the leaf rot.
But walk by walk, it's clear that none exist for my purpose—
each as busy as I am, with the work life leaves.
Sometimes I despair for answers. Mostly, I am happy to have arrived.
To have stood beside the spinebill. To have made a sound.

In the fist of worlds, there exists something else's story.
Out there on the far edge of things, something may dream to know us,
Or glance. Glide on. A passing bird.

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POEM FOREST *Prize*

Blake Nuto

Winner
Accredited Teacher

Poet Reflection

This poem explores the idea of meaning and passing, in the context of earthly worlds and beyond. In the great mouth of time we are all species experiencing abundance, wonder and the threat of being forgotten.

Judges' Notes

A delicate telling and showing of risk and meaning.
~ Ali Cobby Eckermann

Captures the ephemerality of life with a simultaneous dignity and groundedness. Its emotionality is quiet but persistent.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Highly Commended
Accredited Teacher

Letter to the genie on the occasion of her death

~ Cameron Ling, Teacher, Keira High School (NSW)

Where does sentience begin
And what is consciousness?

My gentle dying genie

ask the trees:
negotiate with mycelium
and tolerate our hasty -
our thoughts

Is it too much like a naive child -
to thank someone/thing for

the climate pacification,

Perhaps they could run a course:

for more
than ourselves.

and end?
it depends

I would beg of you
the language to
how they
and drink the sun
words
imprisoned in the now of ourselves.

heart dripping love
providing
the very air we breathe,
the simple I
rustle of leaves?

show us
how to stand

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POEM FOREST

Prize

Cameron Ling

Highly Commended
Accredited Teacher

Judges' Notes

The spatial design emphasising the ticking clock of last breath and importance of points is marvellous.
~ Penny Hoswell

Delicious interplay within itself. Captivating, contemplative, and heartfelt. Deft control over pacing and rhythm.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST

Prize

Winner
Threatened Species Prize

RED ROOM POETRY

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Life of a Grey-Headed Flying Fox

~ Elysia Roselle W, Year 1, St Joseph's Catholic Primary School (NSW)

High up in a tree,
Perched on a thick, gnarled branch,
Hidden by a rug of emerald leaves,
A teeny-bodied flying fox opens her eyes
To a lightning-filled dusk sky.
She nods 'good morning' to her friends
And uncurls, stretching the long greyness of her wings.
She sweeps down
To the long, swishy, malachite-coloured grass,
    Swish swoosh, swish swoosh,
As the other bats glide through.
She swoops up, dodging the trunks and limbs of
Gum trees tall like the Eiffel Tower,
Before sniffing the delicious honey-smelling nectar
Of a golden flower,
Blossoming under the moon.
She clutches it, sucking from its centre.
Feeling full, she glides back to her tree
And curls back up, her head heavy,
To dream of living in a sea of nectar.

POEM FOREST

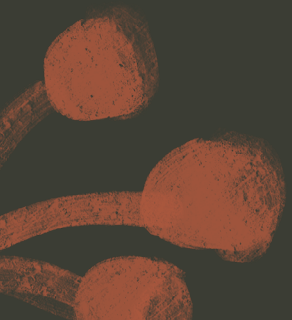
Prize

Elysia Roselle W

Winner
Threatened Species
Prize

Poet Reflection

Grey-headed flying foxes are cute and I wanted to write a poem about flying foxes because my sister did a project on them and we saw them flying. It is important to take care of them because it would be sad if they got extinct.

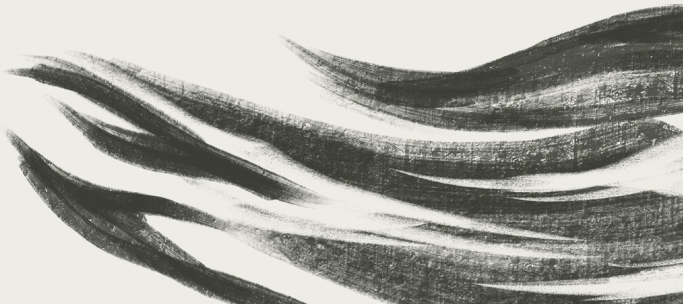


Judges' Notes

Beautiful descriptions made vivid with vocabulary.
~ Penny Hoswell

This poem implements some really vivid and creative language. Bursting with energy.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

These animals are as smart as primates with less than half the respect.
~ Corey Tutt



POEM FOREST

Prize

Highly Commended
Threatened Species Prize

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I Shed a Tear

~ Olivia K, Year 9, Meriden School

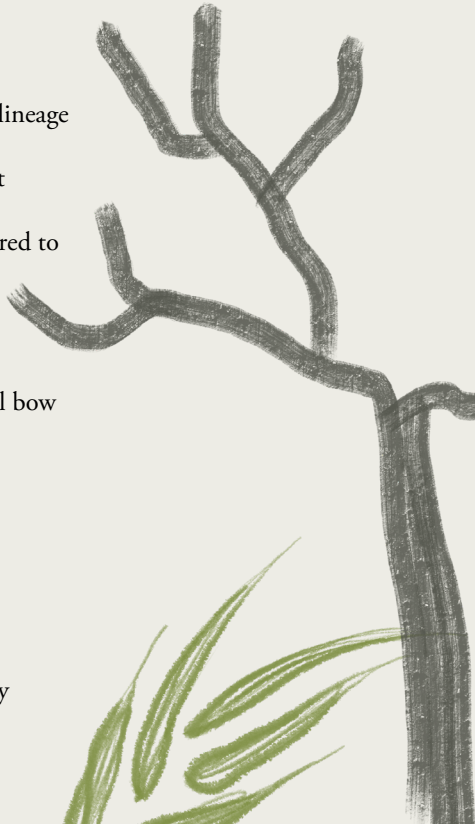
I've heard you cry,
wail to night's deaf stars pierce
its callous breast demand
stolen blood to spill onto cleared land and
wash away trampled eggs breeding broken lineage

You cried with a soul-clenching sorrow that
dives deep swerving plummeting colliding
for the left-behind for the un-belonging dared to
kill a species fading into
absence at night's neglect

I heard your silent fall
as your gingerly-painted neck made its final bow

Elegant, willowy creature – nature
will mourn your loss, will we?
Cascading feathers align on your back
will you fear death as we stab you there?

You may wonder, bush-stone curlew
who will cry for you
If, when your dying kin make their final cry
anyone will shed a tear



POEM FOREST *Prize*

Olivia K

Highly Commended
Threatened Species Prize

Poet Reflection

The times I've felt most connected to nature were when I woke up to the sound of birds chirping. My extended family lived in rural NSW for nearly a decade, so despite being a city-sider where nature is less accessible, I've been able to experience waking up to beautiful bird songs and going to sleep under a canopy of stars, which has informed my understanding nature's alteration at home. Nature has been a driving force in my passion for social justice, and appreciation for beauty throughout my life. Inspired by hearing crying birdsong recently at Balcolyn, NSW, I investigated birds that cry, instead of sing. I discovered that the bush stone curlew, which is an endangered bird due to being hunted by foxes (an introduced, hence "un-belonging" species), cleared land, and its eggs being trampled by stock. I imagined the feeling of knowing that your species, were at risk of extinction. This coincided with my personal fears about loss of tradition and culture, so I used those experiences to inform my ethos-centred poem. The title, "I Shed a Tear" is a beacon of hope that people like myself care and actively pursue the protection of endangered species. The poem personifies night as people, who have detrimentally altered nature, with the purpose of delivering the message of accountability for our environmental impacts and an interest in its restoration.

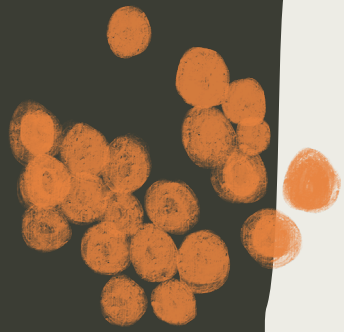
Judges' Notes

Fragmented, deliberate use of form -- brief, almost suspended, like a picture in time. Dazzlingly unique. Lovely rhythm.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

The disharmony created added to the message.
~ Penny Hoswell

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Winner
Wollongong Local Community Greening Prize



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Everything Around Us Dancing

~ Alice O, Year 6, Coledale Public School (NSW)

the coastline snakes around
a ribbon of sand,
and beyond it the seemingly boundless
Ocean
dancing as it weaves its way through
channels time itself has carved

the Land is encircled by this dance
and holds all life
the wind
    the rain
      the fire
          the plants
              the people
in shaking hands

Can you Hear
See
Taste
Smell
Feel
The presence of all who came before?

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Alice O

Winner
Wollongong Local Community Greening Prize

Poet Reflection

I wrote this poem with a mindset very connected to nature, and in particular, the specific place in which I live: the coast line of Dharawal Country, and the land it surrounds. I live in Coledale, and my school is very connected with our indigenous heritage as a community. One of my favourite things to do here is watching the ocean, from my school, or my house. I feel comfort knowing that it is always moving, wave after wave, no matter where I am.

Judges' Notes

I can see the dance written on the page.
~ Ali Cobby Eckermann

The understanding of life encapsulated in so few words, using the artistry of spatial design to aid the reader and eye. A born story teller who understands the art of how to manipulate words.
~ Penny Hoswell

Lyrical rhythm and attention-grabbing form. Its ideas and visuals cohere wonderfully.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST Prize

Highly Commended
Wollongong Local Community Greening Prize

RED ROOM POETRY

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Are we forgiven?

~ Ada G, Year 6, Coledale Public School (NSW)

the world is no longer soft
no longer smooth as you touch your palm to its surface
it's sharp, jagged
makes rivulets of dark, dark scarlet, a scarlet that cannot be saved
but if spent those last minutes
that lingering, ever-falling, sand in an hourglass
we are running out, of sweet, precious time
do we deserve to be, somewhere worthwhile
my eyes still rest here
on Dharawal land, the winter grabbing my skin, the crystalline joy
although no snowflakes appear, here, here it's still beautiful
the winter still grabs my skin
but now, I see it
melting into spring, tender buds blooming
a bright palette, green, blue, pink
lavender scent, my favourite
birds calling, calling me, calling me home
if our Earth looks around at us, do you think we're forgiven?
does she forgive us?
are we forgiven?

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Ada G

Highly Commended
Wollongong Local Community Greening Prize

Poet Reflection

One day I suddenly realised how in danger our beautiful world was in. I chose to spend as much time as possible with nature, taking time to observe even the littlest of things. The clumps of soft yellow pollen on wattle trees, the way the waves crashed on the sand like a thunder of falling hail. It made we wonder why people don't do as I did. They take for granted how lucky we are.

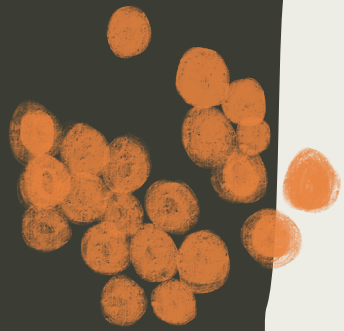
Judges' Notes

A solemn, almost sumptuous rumination on land and its preservation. Hopeful and desolate in equal parts.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian



POEM FOREST *Prize*

Winner
Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan Local Prize



RED ROOM POETRY

wollongong
city of innovation

Pebble in a River

~ Euie S, Year 8, Macquarie Fields High School (NSW)

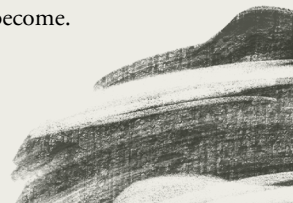
I see you.
I see your sooty face swaying with the other
crushed-up dandelions and orchids.
A small, bitter child swimming among the Olympian crowd.
Of those as elusive as the sun rising back up at noon,
Or the skill to lift that same sun like a seashell.
Why would anyone care about your crozzled corners or your charred skin?

In that aorta stream of talent, diligence and bravery
Lies the soot-smitten, blue-veined boy
With the rest of the rocks, sand and sediment.
Within the confines of his mind, he ponders.

Ponders about life beyond his shell.
Gnawing at the shackles of his cell, he could skim the light's whiskered skin.

The light that braided and twirled.
The light that preached of sovereignty and prairie-grass freedom.
The light that swayed like a crystal-faceted chandelier.
Tugging at his barbed chains, his weary eyes
and blacked-out wounds pry open.

I picked up his water-smoothed shell.
He had a face darker than the night sky could pray to ever become.
That boy is a misdirected fool.
Which is why we're one and the same.



POEM FOREST *Prize*

Euie S

Winner
Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan Local Prize

Poet Reflection

With all these talented people everywhere you go, it can be the hardest thing in the world to push forward and achieve your own personal goals. Sometimes you need to focus on what makes you unique to truly strive. Which is why this poem is dedicated to the young writers, musicians and athletes that find themselves stranded like a pebble in a river.

Judges' Notes

Love the figurative devices. I was waiting to see the connection to the title and I wasn't disapointed.
~ Penny Hoswell

An incisive and sullen piece, creative in its every line. Hooks the reader in immediately and keeps them hooked. Reads beautifully out loud.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Highly Commended
Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan Local Prize

RED ROOM POETRY

wollongong
city of innovation

A Symphony of the Sea

~ Mia B, Year 8, Oran Park Anglican College (NSW)

The ocean is like a boundless mirror,
The cries of seagulls echo through the sea,
The fish are caught by the bitter fisher.
The rolling waves are tranquil and serene,
A tapestry of blue beneath the sky,
The sun reflects its golden light with grace,
The tide will shift, yet never will they lie,
Eternal rhythms in their steady pace.
A world of wonder, vast and full of might,
Where dreams are tossed like driftwood on the shore.
The moon's soft glow brings secrets to the night,
As currents whisper tales of ancient lore.
In every crest and through, a story flows,
The ocean's heart in endless motion grows.

POEM FOREST *Prize*

Mia B

Highly Commended
Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan Local Prize

Judges' Notes

Good vocabulary and imagery.
~ Penny Hoswell

A careful rhyming scheme. Prose is both evocative and expansive like its subject matter.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian

POEM FOREST

Prize

Highly Commended

Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan Local Prize

RED ROOM POETRY

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the sea

~ Maddison M, Year 8, Macquarie Fields High School (NSW)

The captivating allure of the watery realm,
waves slowly caress the shore,
the endless water's edge where the sky meets the sea,
the salt particles fly around the air landing slowly onto me,

A majestic view unfolds,
expanding the boundless sea,
surfers ride the numbing waves,
a school of fish swim by the surf,

The synchronised movements and shimmering scales,
the vibrant colours and intricate tails,
they aspire to awe and fascination,
kids staring through the waves with jubilation.



POEM FOREST
Prize

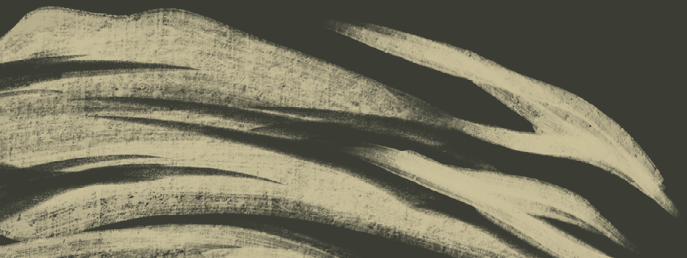
Maddison M

Highly Commended
Australian Botanic Garden Mount Annan
Local Prize

Judges' Notes

Three sharp verses, each a panel is like a triptych.
~ Ali Cobby-Eckermann

Vivid, detailed imagery. Pleasant and in-depth.
~ Pardis Mahmoudian





RED ROOM POETRY

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