

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION
ENGLISH EXTENSION COURSE 2 MAJOR WORK
IDENTIFICATION TAG

Student No.: 11066380 C197

School No.: 8188

Number of Pieces: 1/3

Category and Description: Poems

ATTACH THIS CARD SECURELY TO EACH PART
OF THE PROJECT. **DO NOT PIN.**

The

Poems

Contemplations of the Mind

Confusion has set in,

The call is out

Should I stay

Or should I go?

My mind is overwhelmed

By these thoughts,

The very thinking

Of my contemplations,

Stuns me.

The thought when uttered

from my lips,

comes out as silence.

I cry out in desperation,

No one hears my troubled thoughts,

I'm scared of the darkness

closing in on me.

The unpredictable future
lies ahead,
Reality is hard to face,
I feel all strength leave me.

All I want is freedom
from the pain,
Fate's cruel hand
dishes out.

I feel alone and my thoughts
overtake me,
Will the end bring me peace?
It's hard to tell.

And what of the after world
I leave behind,
Will it be affected by
my surprising departure from it?

Where are the answers
to the much asked questions
of life?

Will the world go on living
in my Absence?

Will I be free?

Will I regret what might have been?

Sometimes at night I cry,
Tears swell up and fall
from my eyes.

I don't know what brings them.

Emotions have me wrapped up
My thoughts scare me,
Is there some meaning to gain
from taking a deeper look?

My stomach feels nauseated,
I just want to be happy,
Am I scared to be?

The thought of failure terrifies me,

What could be worse

To live life a failure?

Or not to live life at all?

This is how I feel

Please God, give the strength I need

to face living,

Stop the uncalled for tears

from coming,

Transform them into tears

Of happiness.

Give me the will

to live life

well.

Heartbreak.

Her heart is breaking

Her head is aching

But you don't seem to care

She loves you so much

It hurts to say so

Why is life this unfair?

You beat her up

You play your games

You have her trapped

Destroying her slowly

Keeping her lonely

Believing no one else cares

I try to reach for her

Unlock and console her

But you won't let her be

You're keeping her prisoner

Through lying and trickery

She's going to break out

She's going to get free

I'm going to see to it

She's way too important

You're the subordinate

You mean nothing at all

Once she's convinced of this

You will be history

You'll be exposed

Your game will be up

Your time ran out

Nothing left to say

Look at her now

Take it all in

This is your last chance

You blew it big time

Her life's going so fine

Just so you know

You're in the past

You didn't last

Just a distant memory

You're out of her life

She's free to breathe

We're living happily

Hope that you are fine

Hope that you don't mind

That she's not with you

You ruined her life

Got her in strife

I'm here to see

You no longer do

So leave her alone

Don't even phone

Because she doesn't need you

Her life's back on track

Her world's rebuilt

So don't ever see her

You'll never be with her

So march back out the door

Never come back here

Don't come back anymore.

We don't want to see you.

The Truth Surrounding My Reflection

They tell me not to listen

They say just to ignore,

This seems to be familiar

I've experienced it all before.

I would give any thing

To be their divine figure of beauty

Just to receive a compliment or whistle.

To hear, how it's going cutie?

I stare into a truthful mirror

It's a shame it tells no lies.

I can't hide my real image

The one I truly despise.

No amount of make up

Can hide the real me,

We all just have to face it

I'll always be ugly.

My friends they try to console me

But their efforts are quite wasted,

The food for thought has been here

Its fruits have already been tasted.

The guys look at me in horror

Then try to hide their shock,

The girls are just quite bitchy
Laugh at, abuse and mock
I just want to hang my head
And be swallowed by the ground
Just left to be myself as best I can
Never ever again to be found.
I wish I could transform into a swan
But I'm trapped as the ugly duckling forever
No amount of work could help
Even if I put my head on the chopping block to sever.
Gravity serves its purposes as it ties me to the ground.
The mummy's costume is quite appealing
It would do the world a service
It would ensure I wasn't too revealing
Hide your eyes for protection
Save yourself from the fright,
Don't look at me now, quick turn away
Don't be blinded by the sight
I've resigned to the fact that there'll never be a cure
I've come to accept I live my life as a freak
There's not too much hope for the future
It's looking very bleak.
I hope people can learn to look within

As this is the only chance for me to be able to fit in

I wonder if those who trash me and put me down

Ever consider being pretty to be a sin.

Why do People Speak?

Why do people speak

Without weighing up

The consequences of such words?

Why do people make judgement

Without collecting all the facts

Essential in the action of such appropriate judging?

Why do people proclaim their words as truth

When they only repeat what they've been told

And those who told them are rarely a reliable source?

Why do such words cut so deep and do their best to bring us down

When those who matter and we, truly know the sort of people we are?

Why do their casting stares of doubt and disapproving looks make us feel ashamed

For events or situations we have no control over or are innocent parties immersed in such happenings?

Why do we even acknowledge let alone seem to care how such people see us?

And why do we find it necessary to seek such superficial approval?

Why do those who say such things against us

Never seem to do so to your face and

Upon confrontation shrink back into obscurity

Only to be at it again when you're out of listening range?

Why can't we seem to believe in our own self worth

When we know ourselves better than we know anything or anyone else?

Why do such people get enjoyment through spreading such lies when
They see what turmoil it can cause in their victim's life?
Why is it that people actually listen to it and then repeat the cycle
When they don't know any better, worse or indifferent
To the entangled web they are spinning?
Why do those who are innocent or who try to mind their own business
End up the primarily targeted victims for such resulted chaos?
Why do we undermine the harm and vast negative impact that words can make?
If derived from such a sharp tongue or delivered without such required thought?
Why is it that such destructive words once they've wreaked their havoc
Can't seem to be rectified or undone with equal words of a more sincere nature?
Why do people have the desire to not let truth get in the way of the lies
That seems to be more enticing and interesting to sinning ears that crowd to listen?
What solution can be derived to eradicate some of the driving forces upon which man is
foundered and fixated?

Betrayal and Gossip!

The Appliance of my Life

The washing machine of my life

Sits and spins as it continually cleans,

It's endless cycle represents

the cleansing of my mind, body and soul

The tumbler dryer of my life

Turns and turns as it dries,

It's endless churning represents

The processing of thoughts as they enter

My mind.

The television of my life represents

My ever- changing nature

At times it gives of the same blank stare

Reflecting the need to just shut down

The bright glow it gives once switched on

Represents the willingness to be recharged

The endless channel surfing it delivers

Represents my need for change and

Strong streak of indecisiveness

The V.C.R of my life

At times seems continually stuck on pause,

Then again the fast forward, rewind

and eject button are also popular

It rarely seems to want to play smoothly

The toaster of my life

Rarely seems to spark,

And represents the lack

Of good ideas or strokes of genius

That seem to pop up in my life

The stove of my life

Cooks up my emotions

And causes an endless unbalanced stir

As the anger boils and the worry

Eats me up inside

The stereo of my life

Continuously blares

It represents my

Eagerness to make music

To dance and sing along to

The oven of my life

Represents the future

And my desire to take up

Baking.

Hopefully a couple of buns will

Position themselves there later

The computer of my life

Represents the drive I have

To succeed

And the hardworking nature

I need to have if to have enough

Memory to complete the task.

The telephone of my life

Represents the need for outside contact

It ensures that I maintain sanity

Soothing parties are but a call away

The cd of my life

Though it jumps at times

It represents my desire to be in tune

It allows me easy listening

And enables moments to be carefree

The bed of my life

Represents the need for slumber

It's a place for rest and warmth

When I need to be comfortable or unwind

The room of my life

Represents my eagerness to retreat

It's a means of escape when times are tough

And allows me to recapture the strength I need

To continue to be able to deal

The light of my life

At times blacks out

It represents my energy source

And it tendency to sometimes burn out

Until the globe's replaced

And it shines again brightly.

Beyond You (I'm Over It)

I know we both wanted it

I'm sorry if I got in your way

You might think I ruined it for you

You might have thought I took your place

But look at the situation's ending

I didn't win either so get off my case.

You talk about me behind my back

Most of what you say is you just talking crap

You think I don't see you with your gestures

You must think I'm blind,

You trash me to all your friends

Then smile sweetly to make amends

I'm going to beat you in this game

Cause I'm playing to win

Oh what a shame.

I'm stronger than you thought I was

I'm not going to lie down now, just because

I'm over it now so no need to hide

Hold my head up, now filled with pride

I better than you I know this now

Cause you're the one who's being a cow.

I'm not going to follow the path you're taking

Cause I was taught better than that

You're not going to catch me bitching about you

I'm not going to spread no lies

Because I don't believe in trashing reputations

Even if you're the one to truly despise

Chorus

I understand your need for anger

I understand why your tears fall

At times it's like looking in the mirror

Because I've seen this fate all before

We could be friends if you'd let it be

Because you've been done wrong just like me.

He led you on he made you cry

Made you hurt so bad you wanted to die

It should be him you're hating on not me

Where do you get this warped philosophy?

I just want you to know I'm not going to take your crap

Because I deserve so much better that

I'm not going to except you treading on me

You must over come this ridiculous jealousy

We both ended up in the same boat

Both had to fight the rough seas

Both ended up with a broken heart

Both engrossed by endless misery

I used to be upset by what you said

Hang my head in shame with all regret

But then I realized you're the one with the problem

As there's no use dwelling on the past

Filling your head with the 'what might have beens'

As this ensures the pain will last

So just know now I'm the stronger one

I'm going to live my life, keep moving on

You may be stuck on the same emotions

But it's now your job to deal with that

You're now only hurting yourself through your lies

Because I now have what it takes to survive

So as I move on I'll forget about you

You'll keep stuck on me

No doubt about you

So I wish you well in your quest

Lots of luck and happiness

I hope you get him as your lover

Because you both deserve each other.

My Intentions

I know that you want me to stay

But I need room to breathe,

I need to live my life

I desire to be free,

Both my friends' lives and mine are moving forward

I don't want to be left behind,

I know you are expecting me to still be here

But don't be surprised if I'm not.

I can't live my life through you and to your best intentions

It's just too hard.

It's my life damn it and I live it as I please,

I need my independence.

I long for direction,

But someone once told me you don't need direction until you get there.

The thought of the unpredictable future appeals to me,

Throwing yourself into fate's open claw,

What could be more thrilling?

The world is my oyster

And I'm willing to work for the giant pearl,

I know it's not going to be easy

But the journey will be half the adventure.

I'm allowed to change my mind,

Yeah at first, I was thinking of sticking around

But now the thought's to suffocating to comprehend.

I need space,

I need to fall and use self-reliance to pick myself back up,

I've come to the realization that I've lead a pretty sheltered life

It's now time for exposure.

Not to say that I hate my life,

It's been great and you done the best you could

I love you and appreciate all you done for me.

But it's now time for me to step into the big wide world,

I wont forget where I came from

It's been a big part of who I am.

I know that there's plenty mounted against me

But the freedom will be worth the struggle,

The more I hint about my intentions,

The more you refuse to see.

You in your own round about way, twist my words to want you want to hear

If I want to go

I'll go,

There's no way you can stop me.

I just hope that when I do

I have your blessing.

Tim's staying doesn't set precedent for me to do the same

I hope you understand my reasons and are happy for me

Don't blame yourself,

It's not about you

It's always been my life and I've decided,

I'm taking responsibility for myself just as you taught me to

You might think this very teaching has come back to haunt you

But it's what I want

And therefore is what shall be

My happiness depends on my ability to decide my own destiny

I must be therefore allowed to grow

As hard as it is for you to let me go and for me to break away

I need for it to happen.

I hope you understand my decision

It's not intended to hurt you

I'm no longer your little girl,

You must accept this

And see what I've now become.

I'm capable of choosing my life's path

And therefore this is what I shall now do.

The Old Man at the Coffee Shop

An old man sits at a corner booth of the local coffee shop.

He has been there many a time before, but it's only now that I notice him.

He sits, shoulders slumped, head down, staring into his cup of tea upon which he is toying with fidgetly with his fingers.

He lifts the cup to his mouth and takes slow slurps from the mug.

He seems chilled to bone and this offers some apparent comfort.

He wears an old brown cardigan, moth – ridden!

His face much like the rest of him is strained and wrinkled.

His blue eyes look pained and sad.

I long to find out what has brought someone to become this image before me.

Where does he live?

Where is his family?

Why does he look so sad and what is the story behind the pain and sadness in his eyes?

There's One of Two Possibilities.

There's one of two possibilities.

Either you tell that special some one how you feel or you don't,

If you don't that's okay

Though you might be haunted by the thought of what might have been.

If you do, then -

There's one of two possibilities.

Either they feel the same way or they don't.

If they do that's okay but if they don't then -

There's one of two possibilities.

Either you get over the rejection and stay friends

Or you decide to move on.

Despite the outcome -

There are many possibilities.

With moving on comes possible loneliness

Or the feel that something's missing.

However it can also bring newfound positivity

at the line up of new prospects.

If you get together or stay friends,
There's one of two possibilities
Either it works out or it doesn't
If it does that's okay,
Then there's one of two possibilities
Either you're happy or you're not
If you are that's okay but if you're not
There's one of two possibilities
Things change or they don't
If they don't then this cycle may begin again for you
with someone else.
Despite what happens
It's the initial risks involved
And the possibilities that follow
That shape how our lives unfold.

Feelings

I can't handle the pressure.

The world's falling down on me,

You say you love me and want to protect me

But it's actually power and control you really want over me

Heed your authority, bow down to me, this all that your words are about,

A stranger who has walked into my life cares more about me than you do

My heart is breaking, my confidence is shot and I just want to die.

You don't give a damn about me so why should I respect you,

I know I am a constant disappointment to you

But I don't remember ever claiming I mirrored perfection.

Why can't you just love me and be proud of me?

All your actions and words continue to spread your negativity

Why can't you just encourage me with a bit of positivity and affection?

All I want is your approval and acceptance; a show of love is that too much to ask?

I refuse to keep throwing myself on a limb

with an outstretched arm searching for yours,

I can't allow myself to succumb to vulnerability,

it weakens me so I can't deal elsewhere.

They say that time heals all wounds

But I can no longer believe that's the truth,

Reality slips further and further away

In my quest for freedom and happiness

And relief from the pressures life unravels.

Interfering nuisances pry, offering undesired advice
Causing the demise of the perfect situation
Before it had a chance to breathe.

My bitterness surrounds me so much so that it's suffocating,
My emotions bubble and simmer within as
I struggle to control their overtaking nature,
So that this innate rage doesn't break free and wreak it's havoc,
I resemble a time bomb ticking, tick, tick, tick.
The eruption is slowly drawing near!

I'm being pushed to unmask, in a hope to subdue the rage,
The pressures mounting as both sides continually pull
I've almost reached breaking point as I start to cave,
Life takes a sudden downfall as things continually sour,
I can't cope and seek help but there's nowhere to turn.
My patience is wearing thin as with it is my ability to cope,
As time ticks slowly by.

All I want is the freedom to be myself happily,
I crave acceptance and just want to be loved
But can't seem to end the endless rut that's forming,
Many try to break through the barrier and reach me
Though I fear it's too late and that my time has run out.

The Dancer.

I round the street corner

Before me sits a hunched over creature

A mere shadow of humanity,

She feels dirty and ashamed,

Knows what she's doing is wrong

But can't seem to break herself away from this endless rut that 's forming

She cries and hugs herself for not only warmth but comfort

The wind blows her ragged hair

Her tears smudge the caked on mascara

She can't seem to remember how she got to such a state

Doesn't know where to turn to get help

Seems she burnt her bridges long ago

About the same time she lost her innocence.

She'd give anything to retract such words

or actions that got her to this point.

But knows the cruel reality; the world

Just doesn't work that way.

She can't remember the last time she's eaten

Part of the effects of what it takes to just forget and escape,

She pulls her self up to her knees, a place at which she is all too familiar

And crawls to once again take the lonely stand.

Once there she grips the pole and wills herself up in hope of regaining a sense of balance.

Then repeats the process of luring her prey;

Though most of the time she becomes the hunted.

She thinks back to childhood dreams of what she thought the future held

A model, A fairy, A princess, A dancer,

Anywhere but where she is now.

She knows though that she'll soon dance again

Floating freely amongst the clouds

In a place where she can briefly forget her harsh reality

And recapture such innocence.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION
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Student No.: 11066380 C197

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Number of Pieces: 3/3

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The
Reflection
Statement.

Statement of Reflection.

My aim with Extension 2 English was to mature my writing and to experiment with different styles of poetry and I feel I have achieved this. I may not have experimented so much with the use of different form as I first intended to, and have mainly stuck to free verse but the quality of my writing has improved because of this. Writing this poetry has helped me to deal with issues faced and allowed me to express myself as I ride this roller coaster ride of emotions that is the H.S.C. and Growing up. I also feel that I have adhered to my intentions of writing to reflect what I know and how I feel and writing about things I feel strongly about. These are shown retrospectively in *Contemplations of the Mind* and *Old Man in the Coffee Shop* I have also shied away primarily from rhyme and have progressed in to other techniques. Many people comment on the way that my poetry is positioned when it is on the page and it's something I feel is important and at times can be at the essence of the poem. I think it says something about the poem in the way you position it. For example in *Contemplations of the mind* it's in the middle of the page as if it demands to be read so that people will realize the importance of the poems underlying theme. It's shape is also almost sword like which can be linked to the poems underlying theme. Many of my poems seem to take on a shape and though I do consider it important to think about how it is to set out the results at times surprise me. Also in *Why do people Speak?* It just seemed appropriate to have short sharp lines rather than long drawn out ones as it seems to be more to the point and more direct when it comes to revealing the message to the reader.

My poetry is aimed at a teen audience and due to this I feel it's important to get it out there and get feed back. With this in mind I began to publish some of my poems on a teen poetry site called Bushscene, as did some of my classmates. It is quite a

rewarding experience for a poet to have someone say something positive about their work but it's an added bonus when they actually relate to it and it helps them to deal with the same or a similar experience. This was the case with my poem "There's one of Two Possibilities" and this is a poem that most people tend to like. My teacher said it's popular, as it's almost like a universal truth that mostly everyone experiences and can relate to on some level at some point in their life. It's the same again with such issues based poems like Truth in my reflection and Heartbreak. My fellow classmates already shared our work with each other but it's good to get it out to strangers as those you know can have a tendency for bias.

I've also researched to help for ideas for poems. This research included anything from reading other poetry, magazines and listening to music. The idea for the poem Truth in My Reflection came about through reading another in a dolly magazine. Reading through one of my teacher's poetry books was where I got the style for my poem There's one of Two possibilities. A similar style was depicted in the book entitled *'Doing Bombers Off The Jetty (Models for Writing Poetry)* by Peter McFarlane and Rory Harris. Listening to music and even just looking at the lyrics has also played a part in inspiring me, as in Beyond you (I'm Over it) and Heartbreak those semi based on personal experiences listening to and reading the lyrics of other songs helped me to develop their format and create the tunes that go with them.

I've tended at times to use imagery, repetition and rhyme and they have been commonly used techniques in my work.

I had a discussion with a guest speaker and all though she liked my poetry she said I tended to be a poet that tells rather than shows. By this she meant I tended to too often tell the reader the situation and how I felt and they should feel rather than leaving it to

them to allow them to make their own realizations. I am going to take this advice under wing and possible tamper with my poems and experiment in future poems.

In the Dancer, I was very much determined to make it a poem that shows rather than tells and I managed to successfully do that. With the use of imagery I portrayed an image in the midst of the misery prostitution brings and enable people to emphasise with her situation. I was also able to connect it all back in together and make a final statement regarding the truth and desperateness surrounding prostitution. I was able to maintain a level of obscurity and mystery through using the title the Dancer, as people aren't at first sure as to what the connection is until they reach the end of the poem.

The Appliance of my life was very much a different style of poetry especially in relation to what I normally write. The idea came about through staring at appliances and seeing what human characteristics they could portray almost personification in a sense. Though it was intentionally meant to be written as my first showing poem it became my first poem to sustain the use of metaphors throughout the entire poem.

I tried to choose a variety of different poems to avoid being type cast as a particular poet. I included poems that reflected universal themes like Heartbreak, the truth in my reflection, The old Man at the coffee Shop and The Dancer. I also tried to include poems that reflected personal issues and that effected me hence Contemplations of the mind, Feelings, There's one of two possibilities and Beyond you (I'M OVER IT). I feel I reached an even spread. Some could fall into both categories and Appliance of my life seemed to be a stand-alone poem quite unique in style compared to my other poems.

The system of feedback was quite important to me hence why I tried to get my poetry out there. My target audience responded well to it and it's good to get both positive and negative feedback as it helps you know what areas you must improve on. The establishment of Our poetry site has really helped me as it's influenced my work through interacting with other poets and reading their works as it's opened me up to knew ideas, styles of writing and topics to write about.

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