

It's In your DNA
Running through veins, the river flows
Leading you on until it grows,
Big and strong, bright and bold
Capturing your essence, your beauty to behold

Like the helix of a DNA, the twist and bends,
Are the things we try to comprehend
Sometimes we don't which way to go
So follow the river as it flows

Each strand cannot stand alone,
But combined together they all become a home
Each tiny drop of water insignificant as one
Until they join together a force of nature has begun

Isabella H
Yr 7

Abie Jangala (c 1919-2002)
Water Dreaming V (Ngapa) 1997
synthetic polymer paint on Linen
108.5 x 79.5 cm
Central Desert, NT



Petrified

A sea of colour swims before me.
 Vague shapes are living rocks
 Stained in warm hues
 Living on ancestral skeletons
 Their depths obscured.

Seaweed gropes for the surface
 Swaying gently in a warm current
 Disguising their exotic inhabitants whose
 Very skin is a masquerade
 They flick their snouts toward a juicy morsel.

This world is teeming with the lives of those
 That live but never breathe
 Their mail never clinking
 Their delicate fins fanning
 As they dart like an arrow
 Casting nary a ripple in their wake.

A playground for these gentle monsters
 Their happy, laughing cries penetrate the air
 Their silvery bodies catching the sun
 As they splash and frolic all day
 Caught between two spheres,
 Unable to survive without both.

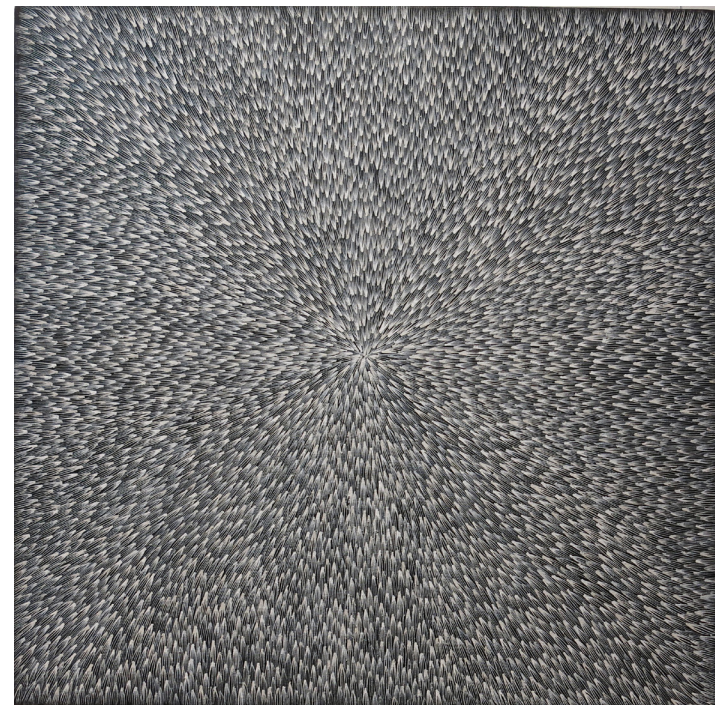
All veiled in a hazy pink dusk
 That is destined to fall into twilight
 To transform into a mystical, otherworldly place.
 Where the rocks will come to life
 Will glow with the colours of the spectrum
 Where they will fight a battle in slow motion.
 Where nightly predators will roam the watery
 grounds
 Slipping serpent-like through the water
 Their razor sharp pearly whites showing no mercy.

But never will the teeming ocean
 Come to life at night for it is
 But a snapshot of vitality
 Made with not living rocks
 Or by flashing bodies or delicate fins
 Or swaying seaweed or exotic inhabitants;
 But by hasty dribbles of paint on a white canvas
 Bound by a meandering white string;
 Petrified.

Chelsea Yr 7

BLACK ART WHITE WALLS

23 January to 16 March 2014



Abie Loy Kemarre
Bush Leaf Dreaming 2008
 synthetic polymer paint on Belgian Linen
 76 x 76 cm

Rain birds

In the dark of the dawn,
In the depth of the night
In the light of the morn
The rain birds take flight.

Through darkest of skies
Through the brightest of suns
Through the earths own disguise
The rain birds still come.

They bring rain in the paths
The bring growth in their wings
They bring water at last
They awake when they sing.

White companions fly with them side by side
Riding aloft a soft and gentle breeze
Flying together sharing the sky
Mixing with each other with ease.

If only it were so easy on the ground
Where prejudice has overcome the land
But just like the birds to freedom we are bound
For the day when we run hand in hand.

The flock come to rest on a blackened gum tree
The whole flock huddled in a black mass of feather
They join the kookaburras and cackle with glee
Those naughty birds of the wet weather.

So when the days done
And there's no sound to be heard
And they've sung their last song
Those black rain birds.

They wait till the next dawn
As they sleep in the night
For when it is morn
They once again take flight.

Grace Yr 7

David Daymirringu Malangi
(1927-1999)
Black Cockatoos 1991
lithograph P/P
59 x 44 cm



This is

This is the unknown,
 the vast unexplored
 oceans stretching to etch their eternity
 in the sky.

This is the sound, gushing through
 my ears its unearthly roar
 of fury echoing
 to the ends
 of the earth that support the unknown,
 the abyss of oceans stretching to etch
 their vastness
 In the starlit sky.

This is the grace of the tides ebbing,
 flowing to find the place of wonder.
 It is the unknown, the
 majestic, to be mastered. And yet it's
 sound dances
 through and by, gracefully
 knowing, and yet we do not.

This is my friend,
 my helper, my boat to
 reach the other place. Through the
 swirling steep rushing. Steep sides of the
 torrent etching it's message deep
 into the sky. Roaring, swishing,
 flurrying, dancing does the sound. Whispering
 and swirling, as we pass by. "Your majesty", I
 hurl into the darkness, where it is heard and
 greeted by laughing clouds. This I know, and yet,
 understand it, I do not.

This is the escape, the
 escape to seek refuge in the
 great folds of the deep.
 This is my journey,
 To keep.

Annikka Yr 7

BLACK ART WHITE WALLS 23 January to 16 March 2014



Lin Onus
Michael and I are just slipping down to the pub for a minute 2000
 archival ink on Hahnemuele rag paper
 edn no 45/4

Yawk Yawks

You can see them calling
Lurking through the shadows
Near the sleepy billabong tree

You can hear the screams of the unsuspecting men,
As the Yawk Yawks wrench there long,
mermaid like tails around them
Dragging them into the murky deep.

You can feel their beady eyes
Watching over you in your slumber
Making you feel bare under your sheets

Smelling your fear they move closer
They gently clutch your helpless leg
Swiftly pull you from your little nest
Past the alleyway, round the bend
Time has come to meet your end

Alice Yr 7



BLACK ART WHITE WALLS

23 January to 16 March 2014



Owen Yalandja
Yawk Yawks 2006
kurrajong with ochre pigment and PVC fixative
128 cm