



Spoken Word Poetry to question, reflect
and connect to our world and ourselves.
Video media versions available online.

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Title	Keywords	Title	Keywords
		Traffic Haiku	bicycles, cars, memories, scrap, traffic, transport, trucks
		3 For Fun	beauty, fun, humour, music, risk, seeker, short, sleep
		Winter Friendship	friendship, memories, party, rain, relax, seeker, warmth, weather
		Hooked	fishing, poetry, words, writing
Pi Poem	maths, pi, numbers, syllables, gym, fitness, habits, effort	Seagull	nature, two-lines, flight, connections, humanity, seeker
Frog and Slinky	Pairing, connections, frog, nature, pond, rhyming, slinky, toys,	Morning Snapshot	cold, moments-in-time, morning, nature, personification, sunrise
Robotic Mountains	analogy, coding, pupils, robotics	Anzac	anzac, death, flowers, life, memories, nz, pain, warmth
Autumn	autumn, creation, leaves, warmth, weather	Drizzle Soak	drizzle, rain, two-word, winter
Catch Me!	love, falling, fun	Light	city, creation, found-poem, light, nature, pupils, science, stars
Owl Perched	communication, connections, life, memories, owl, people, reallife, watching	Quatrains	basketball, meditation, pupils, quatrains, sport, universe
Spring Snow	blossom, colours, seasons, snow, spring	Lazstones	fun,invented-words, lazy, play, pupils, rivers, seeker, stones
Mist	derelict, house, loneliness, mist, old, overgrown, seasons, weather	Reverso Poetry	chips, death, life, pupils, reverso, transport
Falling Apart	fallingapart, fun, humour, skeleton, tiredness	Litter Life	conservation, kindness, life, litter, rubbish, seeker
Get the Urge	action, adventure, biking, cycling, fun, impulse, road, sport	Hope Discovered	birth, hope, life, light, possibilities, risks, seeker, suffering, wings
Rainbow Taste	blue, colour, colours, fun, objects, purpose, senses, tastes	If Kiwis could Fly...	fun, humour, if-poetry, kiwi, nz, science
Rain Falling	city, creation, metaphor, peace, rain, seeker, soul, warmth	Salty Children	adjectives, child, literacy, literary-devices, nouns, themes, topics, writing
Where I'm From	childhood, dunedin, hills, home, memories, newzealand, nz, personal	Memory Fragments	found-poem, human, identity, life, memories, personality, seeker
Trapped!	hope, job, justice, poverty, slavery, sweatshop, voice	Bush Fringe	bush, creation, land, nature, newzealand, nz, panorama, seeker
Again Rain	autumn, creation, leaves, warmth, weather		

Pi Poem

They pump arms strong
in a time bash
hard
agonising push
addict rhythm of sinews, muscles
gym beefs
aerobic heart pounding,
mat bend.

Envious beginners
with sideline glances
desiring
instant sculpture Abs
striving, hiding newbie status
watching trainers bearing “been there” grins.
gym bunnies and sweat buddies
weight loss, shaved perspiration bodies
for two weeks
and quit!

WALT: To write a poem with syllables following the pattern of Pi on each line. [Pupil's Poetry Resource - Poetry Extreme](#)

Pi = 3.1415926535897932384626433832

Frog and Slinky

“Whoah,” croaked frog
as he googled shiny slinky
perched on the steps by the pond,
in a puff of breeze
the slinky slinked down
and trapped the frog in its bounds,
“I had no idea,
how smooth you could move,”
said the totally smitten frog
Trying to hope for
closeness of love
but it was a one-way monologue.



Warren Grieve 1980 MatrixMoments.com
Image Credit: pixabay.com

WALT: To write a poem that connects with
rhyming patterns two different objects.
Pupil's Poetry Resource - Poetry Extreme

Robotic Mountains

Starting with
a step towards the mountain
footfalls of moments
ideas and design
listening and redesigning,
a plan emerged
for our robot code,
building and rebuilding
coding and testing
and recoding,
we climbed the rocky
face of robot soccer.


Competition clambered ahead
passing us on
belays and pinions
points and strategies
and we stood second
on the first peak.
Mount "Canterbury
Regionals"
So, we planned to ascend
again.

New energy, new ideas
hard decisions,
hundreds hours of practice,
muscles, minds and hearts
leadership
stretched again and again,
equipment changed
hardware, software prepared


ready for the new challenge;
New Zealand RoboCup.

Breathing thinned
in the expectant
finals atmosphere,
we took the last step
points in balance
hearts beating
sweat cooling our brows
and approached
the peak of our
achievement
always
thinking mindset strategies
to beat
the last climbing competitors.

Tension high
heights of achievement
we trooped,
team member
after team member
up the final steps
Finally,
we stood tall
Kings of the
N.Z. Robotic Soccer mountain.



Try something
new and let's learn
from our mistakes!




Here, a team of programmers and robot builders share
about growth mindset in their quest to win a national
robotics Soccer competition.

Autumn

Autumn cries
falling tears,
soft comfort
for hardening ground,
Autumn sheds
colourful clothes
laying them gently
on accepting soil,
Autumn sings
a summer lament
of wind whistles
through half naked trees,
Autumn plays with
avid admirers
jumping through leaf piles,
Autumn shivers
sensing the on-massing
change within
black winter clouds
and the last leaf falls.

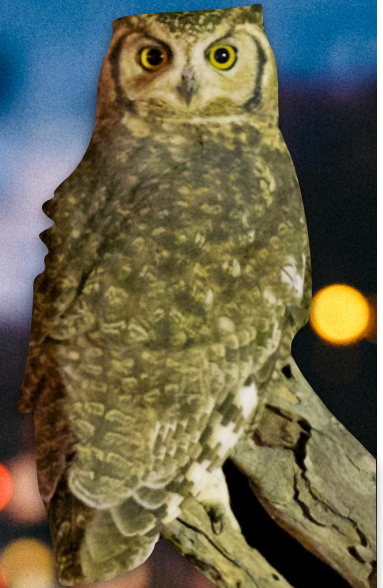
Catch Me!



I'm here
ledge high
high-rise
falling, falling
I'm falling
KLUNK!
in love with you.

Owl Perched

At the Corner
Owl perched
sitting
seeing
colour confusions of life,
Accommodating all moods
Hello dashed off letter
Slow treacherous fog
slander
Bright spring
chat
Dark ocean
considerations
connected sentences
facebook phrases
Rose distilled
hearttalks,
Collecting human lives
of constructs and refuse
Future Dreams
Past memories.



SPRING SNOW

Hesitating buds peek life colour
into a faltering winter's grasp
spiralling glimpses of white and pink hues,
heralding Spring with
expanding frills of silk softness,
layered branches bow
cloud covered,
petals
drop
delicately
drifts cover pathways
coating new-green grass in the
false winter memories
of snow flakes.

Bees and tourists with cameras
buzz close to the trees,
stamens and smiles are captured,
Spring's blossom warmth
is scattered by bikes, runners,
walkers and winds,
waking the world
to new life.

MIST

Mist swallowed
old soldier trees
lean tiredly against
peeled teeth missing fences,
Silently the grey stalks
across overgrown
weed invaded grass
creeping around the gaunt
black ribbed house,
climbing rotting walls
sliding through shattered windows
seeking collapsing dreams,
just one hope to shore
up life.

derelict loneliness
is all the mist
fingers find.

Falling Apart

Almost an empty street
end of day dark
creeping across sky,
couldn't wait to get home,
"I'm tired,"

I had just thought
when a stranger
or was it life
walked straight into me
and I fell
apart
separated bones
and sinews
disjointed body
rolling, scattered
by gravity forces
across grass verge
bouncing into gutter
but in law-abiding attention
to road rules for
some macabre reason,
nothing bounced
onto the road.

The collapse skittered
to a piecemeal stop
but when I tried to
get up
I couldn't find one leg.

So I just lay
in pieces,
grinning from the pavement
enjoying
the spaced out feeling.



Get the Urge?

Do you ever...
one moment
Sitting at home,
next
just wanting to
Leave?

Get out, find space,
seek different, explore new!
Seconds later
Decision made despite
Dark winter night outside,
Destination decided.

Heat pump off,
Keys in pocket
Lights flicked,
Darkness descends inside
as you remote flick
the garage door,
It clatters upwards
as you don jacket
Bike helmet and gloves,
set LED lights to
"Don't hit me" flicker
and fasten them to front and back
of carbon framed track hunter,
Pushing out
Sneak quick under the descending

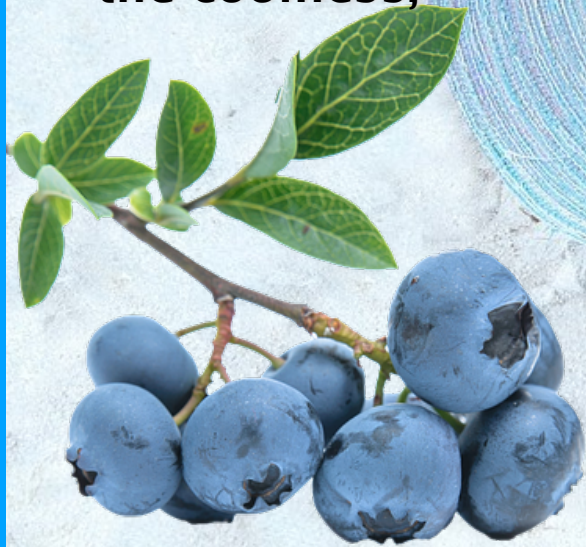
Metal sectioned door,
first metres with flashing lights
illuminating dark driveway
to neon pale street,
hitting curb street drain
onto road bordered
by shadow naked maples,
cycling the adventure,
hanging hard on street corners
weaving back streets and cones,
cold sneaking wind tips
stroking cheeks
checking out coat zips,
Almost
feeling faster than cars
as their lights creep
up beside me,
and then wide berth pass
my peddling
side-to-side shadow,
the tarmac
my playground
my heart pound.

Riding the night lights
To the mall
– fried dumplings and new shoes!

Rainbow Taste - Colour Blue

Crisp spring blue water
fresh bubbles down throat,
Bubble gum ice cream
blue sugar smoothness on tongue,
dark blueberries popping
flavouring my cereal,
blue smartie crunch
chocolate melt with candy fragments,
blue popsicle on stick
I grin stained teeth to the sun,
blue ocean sparkling
in the sun seared distance,
my skin can taste
the coolness,

blues music stealing
across the room,
slowly eating my heart
with longing,
blue grapes antioxidant rich
sweet mouth burst,
lick some blue sky
to savour sunshine adventures,
the smell of old feet
blue cheese, nature's mould
my taste buds – not sold!



Rain Falling

Dark night
loved by neons,
rain comes stealing softly
through black blanket,
an orchestra of drops
plays on the roof
while my soul
gently rests
in bed's warmth,
thoughts ease
troubles drain
my heart is flooded
with peace.

Where I'm From

Days happy playing lone
Climbing the umbrella weeping elm
spreading over front lawn,
my ship at sea,
clambering the mast
hiding behind leaf sails,
weighing chances of breaking leg
jumping from high to ground,
Our house behind
white roughcast
home perched
on Dunedin hills.

Pine trees march
rough barked
up the long dirt drive
of the neighbour's
mystery mansion,
hectares of
native forest exploration
tracks over fallen trees
through gullies, streams,
cockabillies
and fresh-water pale lobsters,
Dad's spade in hand
digging ferns
to transplant,
creating my dream
new forest bush
in our front garden,
sneaking sweet apples from
orchard trees gone wild
growing gamely near
the stone block mansion,
an edge of danger-
I heard once
an apple thief got hit
with a shotgun blast-
salt pellets stinging his butt,
I tell the story many times
and I cross the boundary
again for my sweet thrill treat,
On hills behind our fence
plump blackberries hanging
from tangled thorn vines,

toy bucket in hand
pick one, eat one.
lips-fingers stained purple.

Our first family
New car smell
Cortina plastic seats
Our 20 miles Ford
parked next
to chicken coup
in freshly cleaned garage.

Dad's garden -
me blister digging across
the hill quarter acre section,
carrot soldiers
potato mounded rows,
peas and beans
exposing pod life on
on stakes of string twine,
witches copper hat brewing
sea kelp secret recipe
to fertiliser coax the big ones,
his proud saving money world
my moaning not again world.

Dark cold balcony
facing night swathed
Kaikorai valley,
lights in windows
across the void-
are others watching like me?
wrapped in blanket
snug to cold winter fingers
starry night fireworks
cascading across
house lights, dim skyline,
hours gazing.

Our cellar
Dad's world
of, "one day
it will be useful",
exploring to find a treasure
moving the tired memories

to discover nothing,
but still dreaming-
one day I will be rich.

The same cellar where
the two brothers
dug into clay banks
cutting back into
the hill under the house
hand trowel scraping
yellowy clay into
slatted apple boxes
on long rope pull strings,
following a row
of rotten wood piles,
replacing these with
sturdier concrete supports
wedged under floor joists
as we hollow further into dark.
Dad too well built to fit so
weeks of tunnel boy labour
chid underground engineers,
filling-pulling, filling-pulling.

Grandparent's house perched
on a steep North-East Valley street,
if you tripped and rolled
would you ever stop tumbling...
Tonka cars and Mecanno metal
my created worlds on their
rose patterned carpet
'brmmm' sounds
as I push loved cars
towards the refuelling station of
Grandma's kitchen and
freshly baked peanut brownies.

My city of replaced memories
rubber wheeled
electric trolley buses,
roads spiralling out from Octagon
who cares if it means
going straight steep up the hill -
the shape was important
on the map,

cold sea harbours
and trevally fishing
hill walks and two storey
grand wooden houses,
St Kilda salt water pool
pounded by encroaching
sea wave explosions.

Dunedin -
centered on Robert Burns
seagull stained statue,
some Scottish in my heart
the child place in my dreams.

Trapped!

Mother
Three young mouths
Meagre hope
Threadbare cupboards
Shanty corrugated cage
Husband taken
Cholera's meal.

Whispered words
Propaganda hope suggested,
Cash given
Teenager traded,
Bitten by the trafficker
Real life zombie
Taken to sea.
Sweat fisherman blood.

4 hours sleep
20 hours work
4 hours sleep
20 hours work
4 hours sleep...
Fingers to bone.

No escape
No words
No life.

Fear trap,
Miles of ocean,
Netted life,
Broken arm
if you speak out.

Modern slavery
Forty-five million
cries in the wind,
cries in the Dirt,
cries in the Smoke
cries on the ocean,
Tears in the heart!

WALT: to give voice to the voiceless.

Criteria

- * Use strong: new vocabulary, word images*
- * Protest against an injustice in our world*
- * Cut words not needed*
- * Include facts from research*
- * Be creative in getting my point across*

Again Rain

Again
Soggy leaves
Firefly of colour
Torn travellers
Now tiredly water stuck
to wet tarmac
Stranded
just outside my door
Again
rain on window
skeleton gaps leaf
plastered unmoving
death fighting gravity,
Glass
cold to my nose
as I look close,
Lucky me...
twice warm inside.



Traffic Haiku

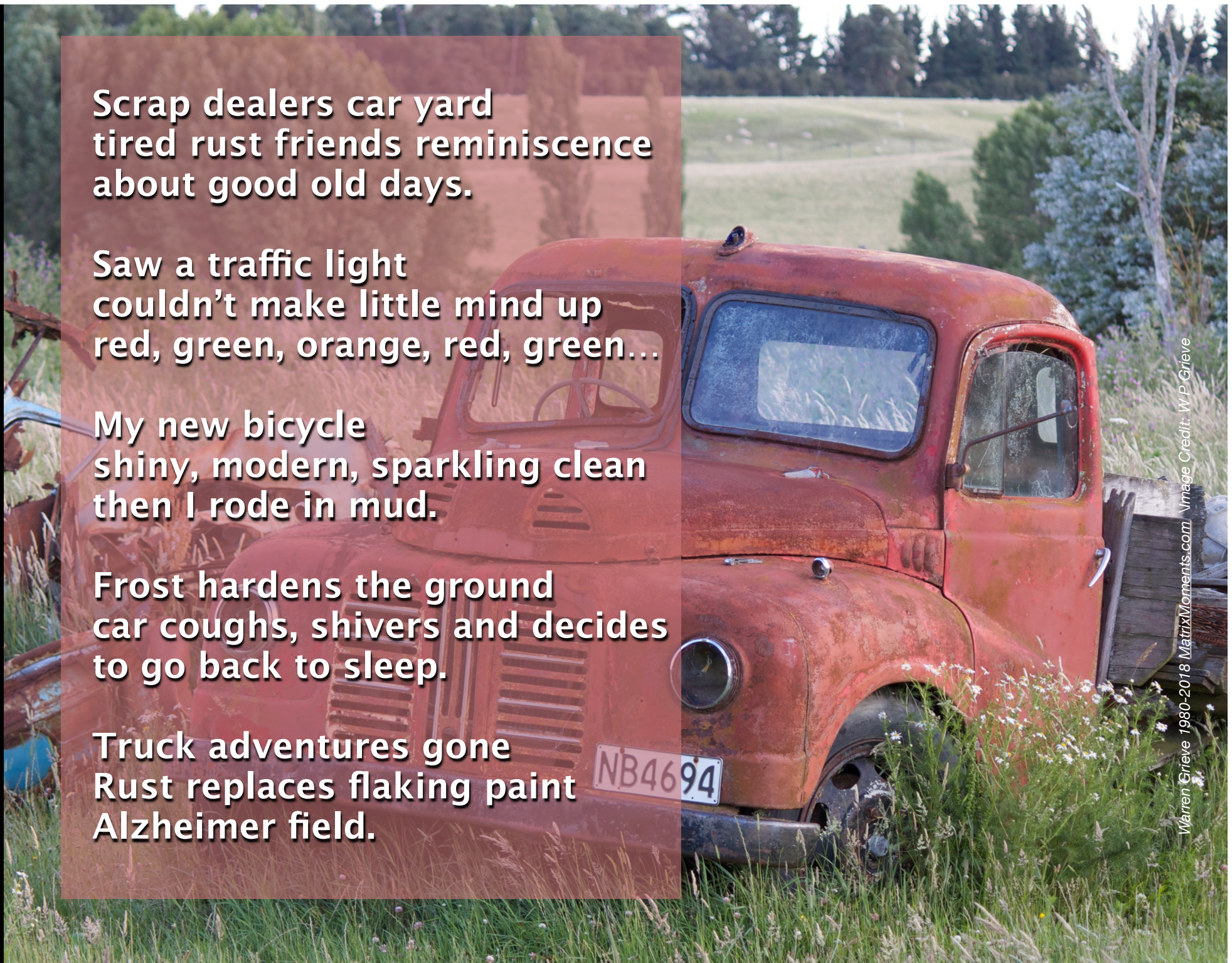
Scrap dealers car yard
tired rust friends reminiscence
about good old days.

Saw a traffic light
couldn't make little mind up
red, green, orange, red, green...

My new bicycle
shiny, modern, sparkling clean
then I rode in mud.

Frost hardens the ground
car coughs, shivers and decides
to go back to sleep.

Truck adventures gone
Rust replaces flaking paint
Alzheimer field.



3 for Fun



TAKE OFF
Take off your feet
and fly,
learn what the ceiling
holds for you.



SLEEP
Her eyelids
floated over her
eyeballs
and she drifted off.



MUSIC AT FIRST SIGHT
She had notes
in her hair
and symphonies
in her eyes

Winter Friendship

Eyes pulled through
partially opaque
gravity defying
droplets on glass,
to wind bent trees
slashed by fingers
of penetrating rain,
Darkness fogs
the window
that resolutely
shuts off the wintery blast,
battle sounds of
rattled metal roof rain.

Inside
time suspends,
lights dimmed to
unwind level,
music tiptoes softly
from the playlist,
heat pump gurgles
drifting new heat
into the chattering,
relaxing gathering,
one pair couch facing,
leaning towards
talking intently

a third drops cautiously near
sitting on the floor
and is accepted
with body angle changes,
men's group standing
shoulder conversation circle
sharing laughter,
another on the window seat
temporarily withdrawn
mobile text conversation
pulling her between
the unseen and seen
the away and the now,
nibble creators
bustle in bright kitchen
chattering preparations.

Friends gathered,
a mix of memories
coalescing into the moment,
a chameleon atmosphere of
moods, talk, thoughts
intermingle, rise and fall.

I stretch my
satisfied cat soul,
in lazy camaraderie warmth.

Hooked

Swimming against currents
sun-flecked waters of life
white rapids
deep pools
imagination swims,
poem hook
drops
dangling enticingly
wavering invitingly,
In the flow debris
a beauty of words
twitch of thoughts
snare of entertainment,
I rise to the bait
caught to fight
with life's revelation.



Seagull

Freedom symbol
soaring wings

Annoying in duckpond
snatching bread from ducks

Hammerdrill screech
killing positive thought

Jaunty red beak
Clean white dress feathers

Filth grubber
mounded refuse tip

Flocks wheeling
strength in numbers

Beady eye drama
Watching opportunity

Bird
Human



Morning Snapshot

Cold morning soldiers
of dew and mist
guard the autumn sunrise
and silently creep
over walls and gardens,
the last few flowers
nearly yawning
an awakening birth,
Time is paused in
grey moments,
somehow
suspended between
stolen nights and fleeting days,
rust leaves stir sleepily
sharing quiet whispers
too afraid to
break the hush.
A car door slams
and engine coughs,
reluctantly turning over,
it noisily revs off
doppler decreasing
and silence descends again...

too late
daybreak magic has been lost,
the frozen moment thaws
and a myriad noises
clamber upwards
into the fading mist.



ANZAC

White crosses
contrast to
Neat cut grass,
Buried memories.

Poppy fields
Blood red petals
Black heart centres,
Flower life tributes,
We remember:
Pain, sacrifice, pride,
courage,
mud soaked comradeship,
Betrayal, dark fear, numbness,
Shrieks of explosions
Broken cries,
Shattered lives,
Shattered limbs,
Shattered minds,
Incomprehensible carnage.

My soul embraces
emotion questions that
challenge the now.

In the stillness...
Mutilated reflections of
Ultimate price.

Blood poured out
Life given
Life lifted.
Life received.



Drizzle Soak

Wet cold,
rain fingers
find holes,
clothes tightened
hunched smaller
head down
hair trickles,
eyes watch
Feet cautious
puddle captured,
Winter drizzle.

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Written 2018 Pupil's Poetry Resource - Poetry Extreme

Two Word Poetry

LIGHT

Emitted and absorbed
light,
obvious and mysterious,
These glimpses
create more questions.

Surface afterglows,
in evening air
Sunset,
now
gloomy place
colours removed.
City lights glow
sky masking
three thousand
hesitant pinpricks,
Cosmic energy
flung
clusters and scatters
Universe wide.

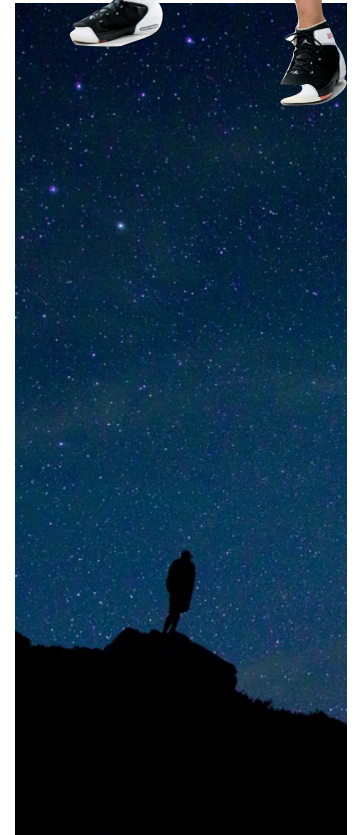
Particles float on
turbulent atmosphere,
Light is bent,
Stars twinkle.

Quatrains

Basketball dribble, intercept dodged
Feet fake left, body drifts right
Lining the basket, opponents dislodged
Layout jump, score from height.



Stars hung vastness universe
Mind thoughts expand and disperse
Time drifts away in darkness view
Leaning skyward, quiet night statue.



Lazstones

Lazstones
hide in rivers
rolling in currents,
seaward slow,
taking years off,
reluctantly grinding edges
to semi drawn-out curves.

Children at play
often mistake
lazstones for skipstones...

When excitedly thrown
lazstones complain,
spin sluggish petulance
heavy indolence
in skipping stone play,
sinking quickly
(the only fast they grasp)
to shiftily doze again.

Christmas Contrasts

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Written 2018
[Pupil's Poetry Resource - Poetry Extreme](#)

Snow falls
Cold creeping
Enveloping coats, boots, woolly hats
Inside gathering Christmas
Shut darkened windows
Hot turkey, ham feasts
Heart warming eggnog
Decorated evergreen, colourful gifts
Glitter tinsel, flashing bulbs
Starry winter crisp nights
Family, close friends
Celebrate Northern Christmas



Sunshine beach balls
Heat seared beaches
Sunscreen Skin, jandals, board shorts
Outside expanding Christmas
Open light soaked doors
BBQ sizzles, chilled salad
Throat quenching cold water
Decorated evergreen, colourful gifts
Glitter tinsel, flashing bulbs
Starry summer balmy nights
Family, close friends
Celebrate Southern Christmas



Reverso Poetry



Pickup
hot chips
Cruising the
tar black road
Eating

Eating
Tar black road
Cruising the
hot chips
Pickup



Death
danger threats
for brave hearts
failure moment
exert again
Win life's prize.

Win life's prize
exert again
failure moment
for brave hearts
danger threats
Death.



Litter Life

**Birth,
Milling papers
frowning
sharing puddles
skipping
across road
jostling
in refuse bin,
wrapping
football crowd legs,
Some dirt travelled
others new to game
learning to resist wind
clinging to
buildings
gnarled trees
posts,
Human kindness
has bourne this litter.**

HOPE DISCOVERED

In darkness
the anticipation of light,
times dreaming in
awakening soul,
Inside pain
a hug, longer, deeper
without false words,
taking the risk
of future pain,
Beginning life
cry of new born,
turns of suffering
giving way
to unfolding pages of
beauty,
A choice
for possibilities
controlling fears
self whispering
“Try again.”

Knowing now's feeling
will not
be tomorrow's spirit ,
the Spring
after the Winter,
that in falling's jeopardy
wings will work,

Hope...
The string
centimetre by centimetre
unwinding
a kite's flight.

If Kiwis could Fly...

Latest News: All Kiwis can fly due to the new found lightness of bones and increased layers of helium gas under their skins. Their short wings mean they can just propel themselves through the air as they float along and their adapted beak now has a hook.

Brown puff balls
would meander
blue skies,
Yellow trolling feet
and blinking sharp eyes,
Swooping slowly
with fluffy brown feathers
to raid fruit orchards
in all sorts of weathers,
they spear juicy morsels
with long spiky beaks,
and float away
to eat their treats,
Building nests on thin branches
from feathers and mud,
Safer from possums
spilling their blood,

The only problem they
face every day
is how to land
and make sure they stay,
Like the monkey
with clever grippy tails,
they simply hook beaks
on umbrella branch rails.



Recent photo of kiwi, beak perched and floating in a tree.

SALTY CHILDREN

**Salty Children are classroom spice
important flavour in our life,
Salty Children turn white when shaken,
and enjoy sizzling bacon,
Salty Children like small spaces
but grind their teeth with angry faces,
Salty Children love melting snow
dancing in drifts makes them glow,
They love sunbathing on hot beaches
leaving white outlines
where their body leaches,
Salty Children are often
misunderstood
when people expect
sugar sweet good,
Adding weight is not
their thing
Zest and zing
is what they bring.**

WALT: to write a strong poem in the style of the "mismatched poetry" form and demonstrating command of some literary devices.

Success criteria:

1. To choose a mismatched noun paired with an adjective or verb.
2. Able to deliberately use and describe two literary devices within my poem.
3. Create a list of mismatched phrases and choose the best 6-8
4. Able to craft the phrases together and break lines in well thought out places
5. Be able to publish the poem with illustrations that follow creative commons zero guidelines.

Memory Fragments

Remembered instants
heartbeats of significance,
recognition and recall
memories shared,
thoughts painted in our relationship
capturing the moments:
we laughed together,
paused together,
dreamed together,
looked at life together
through time's eye.

These memories
make us
fully human,
alive to the best and worst
of who we are.

Even as we remember
do the memories change?
Elusive wisps of clouds
morphing into different colours
and shapes,
changing our thoughts
feelings of treasured minutes
or painful pasts.

Credits:

Image from:

Pixabay.com

Poetry Type

Found Poem (small ideas from text print)

Ideas from:

<http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/tag/memories>

<http://www.human-memory.net/>

<http://www.smithsonianmag.com/science-nature/how-our-brains-make-memories-14466850/?no-ist>

WALT:

To create a poem that captures what memories mean to people so your readers feel your emotion and thinking.

Writing with Pupils Success Criteria:

- The words we pick fit together
- The ideas work together line by line
- To use punctuation to enhance the meaning and help the reader.
- I have added my own thoughts to put in my voice.
- To credit the sources that I used.

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Image Credit: pixabay.com

[Pupil's Poetry Resource - Poetry Extreme](#)

BUSH FRINGE

Wind rustled thoughts
in grass heads fringe
life at a distance.

Fat wood pidgeon
swish cuts the air,
From five finger
to dark hill hugging manuka,
wind pulls low threaded sounds
through overhead
pathway power wires,
Intimate and expansive
I'm a traveller in the moment
guest of a slice of time.

Hopes and dreams circle
my connections to this land,
Tuned to bell bird stories
sung from ridge to bush
and voices of children
carefree in play exploration
somewhere beyond the trees.

A land with a thousand voices
Present and past.

Spoken Word Poetry with a Christian perspective

Available in searchable form, with tags and video voice performances @ matrixmoments.com

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