

Australian Suburban Poetry

1. Noun - Plural
2. Proper Noun
3. Noun - Plural
4. Noun - Plural
5. Noun - Plural
6. Verb - Present Ends In S
7. Noun - Plural
8. Noun - Plural
9. Noun - Plural
10. Verb - Base Form
11. Noun - Plural
12. Noun - Plural
13. Proper Noun

Australian Suburban Poetry

Week 6 - Australian Suburban Poetry

This week in Media and Nation, we will all experience what it is like to be an Australian poet. Try and think of characteristics of Australian Suburbia, as discussed in lecture, and write your own poem! Get ready to share with your class!

Suburban

By David Maloof

Excerpted from Revolving Days, 2008

Safe behind shady _____, sleeping under
the starts of the Commonwealth and nylon gauze.

_____ is far off, its sheer white _____, its millions
of hands. Shy bush-creatures in our headlamps

prop and swerve; small grass under the _____
dreams itself ten feet tall as bull ants lumber

between its _____, but leans

towards Sunday morning and the motor blades.

Safe behind lawns and blondwood doors, in houses

of glass. No one throws stones. The moon _____

a window square. Chrome fittings

hold back the tadpole life that swarms in dams.

But there are days

after _____ at the Marina when dull headaches

like harbour fog roll in, black _____ give off

blackness, children writhe out of our grip,

and only the cottonwool in medicine bottles stands between us

and the capsules whole cool metallic colours

lift us to the _____. Barefoot we _____

in

sleep to the edge of town; pale moondust flares between our _____, Noun - Plural

ghosts on a rotary hoist fly in the wind.

Under cold white _____ tucked to the chin we stare Noun - Plural

at an empty shoe like _____ Proper Noun.

Sunlight arranges itself beyond our hands.