

# WYNNUM MANLY EISTEDDFOD 2026

## SET PIECES

### SET POEM

SD1 6 Yrs & Under	"Me" by David Campbell
SD3 7 Yrs	"Bananas" by Annette Kosseris
SD5 8 Yrs	"Grandad and I Wear Glasses" <u>by Dulcie Meddows</u>
SD7 9 Yrs	"After the Rain" by Lydia Pender
SD9 10 Yrs	"Grandma's on the Internet" by Dulcie Meddows
SD11 11 Yrs	"Camping Nights" by Carmel Randle
SD13 12 Yrs	"The Rock Pool" by Peter Skrzynecki
SD15 13 Yrs	"The Gardener" by Annette Kosseris
SD17 14 & 15 Yrs	"Lorikeets" by Peter Skrzynecki
SD19 16 & 18 Yrs	"A Platform for Legends" by Jean Kent

# Me

I like my nose,  
I like its place...  
in the middle  
of my face.  
I like my mouth,  
my ears and eyes...  
each of them  
the perfect size.  
I like my arms,  
my legs and feet...  
all in all  
I'm quite complete!

*David Campbell*

# Bananas

There's bananas in pyjamas,  
and bananas in a bunch.  
I eat bananas every day  
for my 'little lunch'.

When bananas get too mushy  
their skins develop speckles.  
I really love bananas –  
but not when they get freckles!

*Annette Kosseris*

# GRANDDAD AND I WEAR GLASSES

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My granddad had poor eyesight, *too*,  
when he was just a kid.

He, *too*, had horn-rimmed spectacles  
behind whose rims he hid.

Some kids called him *four eyes*  
and other nasty names.

He couldn't join a football team,  
or play at certain games.

But, he didn't sook, he didn't cry.

He got a library card.

A whole new world opened up for him -  
which he studied long and hard.

My granddad still wears glasses  
and he really doesn't care.

You see.

My clever four-eyed granddad  
is today *a millionaire*.

# After The Rain

I wonder, when the rain is past,  
And I'm allowed outside at last,  
Why all the garden seems to look  
Like pictures in a picture-book.

The colours all look flat and light,  
Like paintbox colours, shiny-bright;  
With every flower-face washed quite clean,  
And every leaf a greener green;

While all the boughs are black as ink,  
In fact it looks, I really think,  
As if God took his paintbox out,  
To paint the colours all about;

For all the blues are bluer yet,  
And see! His paint is still quite wet!  
Oh yes indeed, I'm sure it looks  
Like children's coloured picture-books.

Lydia Pender

## GRANDMA'S ON THE INTERNET

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Mum! Grandma's on the internet.  
She won't give me a go.  
I think she's net-addicted, mum  
it's possible, you know.  
I was only reading yesterday  
how older women are affected -  
they get on line in the chat room  
and it's like they're disconnected!  
First it's for an hour, and next  
they can't drag themselves away.  
Mum! Gran's been on the internet  
over fifteen hours today!  
Aren't you worried about her mental health  
and that she hasn't had a bath?  
She's skipping meals. She doesn't sleep.  
Muum! I'm serious, don't laugh.

I'm sorry now, I showed her how  
to surf the internet.  
Oh well... I'll ride her skateboard.  
That'll serve her right, I'll bet!



## CAMPING NIGHTS

Carmel Randle

On nights when we go camping  
And the others are in bed,  
I like to lie and watch the stars  
That twinkle overhead.

'Cause when you go out camping  
You can see so many more!  
And I can spot some satellites  
I've never seen before!

Dad says it is the darkness  
Away from city lights,  
And certainly the nights at home  
Are not like camping nights!

But sometimes when the moon is high  
She puts the stars to shame!  
Although those nights are beautiful,  
They're somehow not the same!

For camping nights, when pinpoints dance  
Like brilliant fire-flies  
Are magic times to contemplate  
The mystery of the skies.

## The Rock Pool

Peter Skrzynecki

The rock pool  
is a magic circle  
full of colours the sea  
washes in ---  
blues, greens, browns, reds:  
yellow that leaps  
in reflection  
and does a somersault  
over your head!

Seagrass weaves  
in slow, soft dances --  
reaches up to your face  
and hands:  
growing out of tiny pebbles  
and the patterns  
of drifting sand.

Here's a crab  
that scuttles sideways,  
hiding under a shelf of stone.  
Look -- here's a fish  
with purple stripes!  
And -- there --  
a piece of cuttlebone.

The rock pool  
is a magic circle  
full of treasures  
from a sea king's cave --  
thrown up for the delight  
of children  
by swirling tide  
and crashing waves!

## The Gardener

He stands there,  
hardly moving,  
like a statue made of stone;  
he is looking at his garden.  
I see him looking  
though his eyes are blank,  
lifeless;  
a smile plays on his lips.  
A smile, on a face with lifeless eyes.  
Before him lies his life's work.  
Yes. He took it  
barren, forlorn,  
and nurtured it,  
and seeded it  
and weeded it  
with loving care.  
Look at those gnarled hands;  
look at that wrinkled brow.  
You think you see a wizened old man.  
You are wrong,  
you are wrong;  
you see a creator.  
He does not need *seeing* eyes  
like you and I.  
He sees,  
he sees.  
He sees what we will never see;  
his life is in his garden,  
the future  
and the past.

We search, and search  
for tranquility;  
he has it all  
at last.  
He stands there,  
hardly moving,  
like a statue made of stone.  
He is looking at his garden,  
and a smile plays on his lips.

*Annette Kosseris*

## LORIKEETS

North from the rainforests  
They invaded our trees  
In their screeching flocks –

Each morning, bringing summer  
On green-and-gold wings, crimson breasts,  
Purple rainbows of outspread tails:

These nomads they lay waste  
To orchards and crops – camphor laurels,  
Silky oaks, black bean trees

Arching with blossoms and honey.  
Leaving the ground darkened  
With torn leaves, branches, empty buds,

By midday they were gone  
Like a storm cloud – south or north  
We could never tell

As they wheeled in circles  
Above the valley forests  
Or skimmed the river like driven snow:

Back and forth over a green mirror  
That would not show the colour  
Of their eyes – leaving a forecast

Of hail or mountain fires  
Written in a strange, piercing tongue  
On every tree and morning dream they had ravaged.

*Peter Skrzynecki*

## *A Platform for Legends*

On the verandah of my grandparents' house,  
the day falls asleep around me.  
This is the roof of my childhood.  
And this, the floor. Tin and wood:  
silver-grey, sibling corrugations.  
Like platforms for family legends  
they wait, rehearsing allegories  
as if it is always the end  
of a sun-limp day, the lucerne cut,  
wheat bagged and a needle in the hessian  
beckoning its tail of string.

In the fragrant dusk, soil settles.  
Crickets, ants and unseen lives  
team over cracks in black earth's surface—  
years are strung like tales of Min-Min lights  
along this world of roof-creaks,  
board-sighs, a home paddock barracking  
for the far-off calls of dinner plates,  
falling tablecloths, cutlery and relatives.

Time melts here. Ghosts with glasses of Scotch  
catching the last day's light in their hands,  
bend their knees, ease back  
into squatters' chairs. I wake.  
A cool breeze is balancing  
beside the verandah rail, roping it  
and ruffling off, up into wisteria leaves:  
sitting tenants now, under the roof.  
Time melts. On the ends of long wooden arms,  
ice, moonlit, hugs the air.