

ANNOUNCEMENT!!!

WE HAVE COME TO THE END OF THE 2ND ROUND OF

'THE BENDOC BATTLE OF THE BARDS'

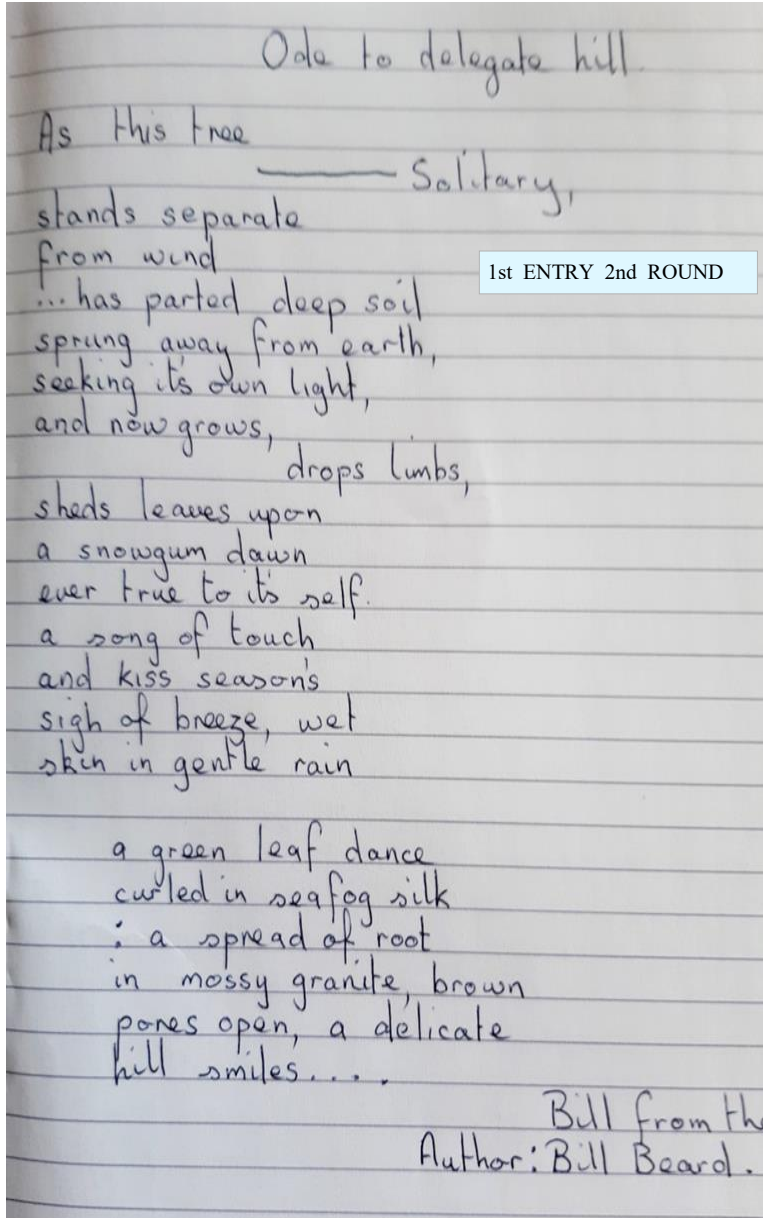


YOU CAN NOW VOTE FOR YOUR FAVOURITE PIECE FROM THE LAST 10 POETRY/PROSE ENTRIES

VOTE VIA BENDOCPA@BIGPOND.COM - 0264581531 - 18 DOWLING ST BENDOC - PO BOX 50 - OR IN THE BOX ON THE BNH VERANDAH

VOTING IS ANONYMOUS

Next month 3rd round begins



3rd ENTRY 2nd ROUND

Blue skies

Blood soaks into the ground
A throat cut to ease the pain
Trapped in mud when there was no rain
Sky so blue it's coloured me through

Back at home, what could I say
About what I did today,
The only thing to say,
'The same as yesterday'

The sharpest knife eases the pain
The thought I have
As I hone with the stone again
The sky so blue,
Its coloured me through

I see the neighbour across the fence
Pull up to chat see what he has to say
Buggar of a day he says, his eyes turn away
The sky so blue, it's coloured me through

The wife she works in town
Talks and natters - she has a cheery head
Blue skies ahead she says, yeh I say,
Skies so blue, they'll colour me through

The news is full of what the government will do
Change the planet and the climate too
Blue skies ahead, nothing will trouble you
I close my eyes and face the sky

Blue skies ahead, colour me through
Blue skies ahead, colour me through

Anon

Tides ebb and flow, trees die and grow,
Days come and go as the rivers flow.
It doesn't just rain but does it again
And the Sun, and the wind and the snow,

By No-one

2nd ENTRY 2nd ROUND

De-woke

4th ENTRY 2nd ROUND

They were given the world, but gave nothing back.

Their grandparents told them stories; songs sang of answers blowing in the wind, but they heard nothing.

Yet, every first kiss, every son that didn't come home, every moment in the space between two blinks and a single breath was forgotten with the nihilist narratives of privilege and power.

Confronted with the richness of personality, they saw the poverty of identity;
Dismissed desire as fetish;
Replaced toil with entitlement;

Every Jew and Gentile told of some god's foot at the treadle of the loom, the fire in his eyes, and the endless fabric of time spun into the reoccurrence of life.

Yet they invented new nihilisms to crush the loom, and the fire's glint was snuffed as rainbows were unweaved, so man could walk like smoke that has unravelled itself or a cloud that has wondered for too long.

They replaced pride with shame.

They saw life as a frozen lake, but that wasn't life. Life is an eternal kiss whose warmth can melt us all awake, whose breath is waiting to be breathed.

This is what it means to rage, rage, into the dying of the light:

It's to choose life no matter what.

It's to trust the truth, even if it's whispered within the thunder and madness of crowds.

It's to fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Like a tree tethered to the earth yet tending to the sun.

And it's to leave life like leaves, flickering emerald green to silver, then glisten to the ground.

It's to be un-choked by woke folk,

Like a calm quintessence that collapses like sunlight upon the greenness of the earth.

Anon

ENTRY 6
ROUND 2

A Wave

The only order in chaotic prime,

Is the direction of time.

Direction and forces and horses for courses,

By dent of the way E behaves,

Forces make waves.

Who to consider and when to confess

What to discard or conserve to progress

Values ordered from zero to one,

The sadness and sorrow, the love or the fun

The wave begun.

Slide for a while, ride a style as we dance

Exploring the forces of class and romance.

The inevitable occasional dump on the bars,

No shame or pride as we ride with the scars,

Just the feeling of living with love and of loving.

Interaction, attraction, repulsion, never knowing,

Understanding that with some traction

And more understanding and just interaction

The will to define our relative entropy

As peace, harmony, and hopefully prosperity.

Learned just a little and little to teach.

All the best as we ride to the beach;

A wave to each.

ENTRY 7
ROUND 2

FEMALES

Born as a gift

Beautiful and sweet

Work through life

Mans great treat

Strength of the family

Laughter and love

Special dates remembered

Men are above

Find time to listen

Always there

Friendships worth having

Males don't care

Stand up; be counted

Time to break free

Bound by our values

Learning must be

Stand on your own

Rely unto you

Believe in the future

Yourself must be true

Put on this earth

No-one knows why

Live life to the fullest

We're all going to die....

5th ENTRY 2nd ROUND

A. ymous

NfA

Bendoc

To the Editor

Anonymous poem for the Bendoc Wheel?

Is this a conspiracy or a hoax,

Or just a spot to slot some lurid jokes,

A prop for political propaganda,

A smokescreen for salacious slander

Of almost innocent local folks?

The ladies and blokes.

Come clean now Wheel. What's the deal?

Yours sincerely, A. Ymous

SOUR GRAPES

ENTRY 8
ROUND 2

Sir/Madam of the Bendoc Wheel,
I must relay how I feel, regarding your competition, recent run.
If all being said and done, the losers lost and the winner won, the former of which "I"
was one.

Of literature I know all, great works of poets at my recall. In poetic verse I do profess,
a laureate no less. My disappointment I must express, and further shall digress.

The winning lines, I shall define, with words misspelt to fit with simple rhyme, and lack
of wit, the title "bard" unfit.

Not like Mine!

With perfect stanza, verse and rhyme, subject, structure, well defined, mastery of learned
lines, with all knowledge that is mine. A magnum opus I did compose, with all great works
at my dispose. No want for line, pause, or prose.

Like: 'Orange groves,
Arranged in lines
Abandoned, where,
Borage blossoms fall, and ivy creeps,
on misted graves, where lovers weep'.

My strains invoke emotions deep.

Ignorance, I do not begrudge, perhaps I'm, misunderstood, unfairly judged.
Or your results, perhaps been, fudged, your reputation hereafter smudged.
Regards.

Where could it be ?

ENTRY 9
ROUND 2

A pebble thrown in a stream
starts a ripple.
Growing bigger & bigger.
Who see this?
Does a bird up high?
A fish down deep? A frog on a rock?

Does the boy who threw the pebble stop to watch?
If so what does he see? What did the bird see? What did the fish
see? What did the frog see?

If you asked all three what did they see
And all three say a pebble thrown in the stream,
so why did the boy throw the pebble?
If all three saw the pebble in the stream, where did it go in the
water?

So go ask the bird to tell to fish to look,,
so he can tell the frog, and then tell the boy where his pebble is, or
where it might be.

By I. Wonder

Drink
Love a cold Tinnie
Its nice 'n' hot
Beer will do
Comes in a pot
Top-shelf steps up
Cash flows good
Mates are around
Girlfriend mistook
Everyone's drunk
One fool will drive
Hope there's no accident
Who will survive
When will it end
You have a choice
Isn't up to me
I'm only a voice....

ENTRY 10
ROUND 2



Anonymous

Are you a wordsmith, literary luminary, or just like to throw words together? If so, the

BENDOC BARD' COMPETITION' IS CALLING YOUR NAME FOR THE 3rd ROUND

Get creative & send in your poem, composition or ditty.

ENTRIES ARE ANONYMOUS & WILL BE PRINTED IN THE WHEEL. YOU CAN ENTER MORE THAN ONCE

EMAIL, POST OR PLACE ENTRIES IN THE BOX ON THE NEIGHBOURHOOD HOUSE VERANDAH.

*When we receive ten entries, readers will vote for their favourite piece. The winning poem/prose will be
announced. You can remain anonymous as a winner if you wish*

So, no matter your age, your style or literary skills,

Dust off your typewriter & grab your quills.

Open to all

