

Thanks to all of the bards in town & out who shared with us their fondness for literary blurbs & sent in their exquisite words for the first round of the **'BENDOC BATTLE OF THE BARDS'**

Its been wonderful to see such variety in entries & to be reminded of the scope of reasons people write, and thoughts that can be touched on through different platforms.  
Please be assured anonymous entries remain anonymous & revealing your identity is your choice

Readers have voted for their chosen piece & the winning piece IS ... No. 4



## ◆ POAM ◆

& The Bard responsible IS ... Ian Cole  
**Congratulations Congratulations**

### POAM

I read it in the Wheel, that they're lookin' for a bard  
And I'm go'nna have a crack at it, it shouldn't be that hard!  
But when I read the "bard" word, I didn't really know it,  
So I googalised that sucker: a bard's in fact, a poet!

Now, ya poets, they write poetry, as taught in better schools,  
And they use "poetic licence" and a range of special tools.  
Things like "stanzas", "meter", "rhyming", "repetition", "repetition"  
"Simile" and "rhythm" and some "juxta" type position.

Poets use "dramatic pause" to help create a mood  
And something's "euphamistic" so it doesn't sound so crude.  
There's "imagery" and "irony" and stuff they call "allusion"  
(Ask me, it seems quite difficult and fills me with confusion.)

I don't think I can do it, in fact I'm bloody sure  
I haven't even got a clue 'bout what's a "meta" for.  
My skills, they're just not up to it, I never was precocious  
I'm not erudite or very smart, my spelling's quite atrocious.

So I give up! It's not for me! I haven't got a hope.  
Instead of Bendoc's brightest bloke, I'll stay the Bendoc dope.  
That's it, that's all, it dissapoints: a sorry situation.  
I'll ne're be Bendoc's Bestest Bard! (Wait! That's alliteration!)

Ian Cole

Bard Coley will  
RECEIVE

A choice of a  
Green Shed  
\*Treasure\*

special mention  
in the (planned to  
be published)  
**Bendoc Book of  
Bards**

& an extra special  
certificate  
featuring artwork  
designed for  
**"THE BATTLE OF  
THE BARDS"**

*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 2nd 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*

WELL HERE WE ARE IN THE 2ND ROUND OF

## The Battle of the Bards

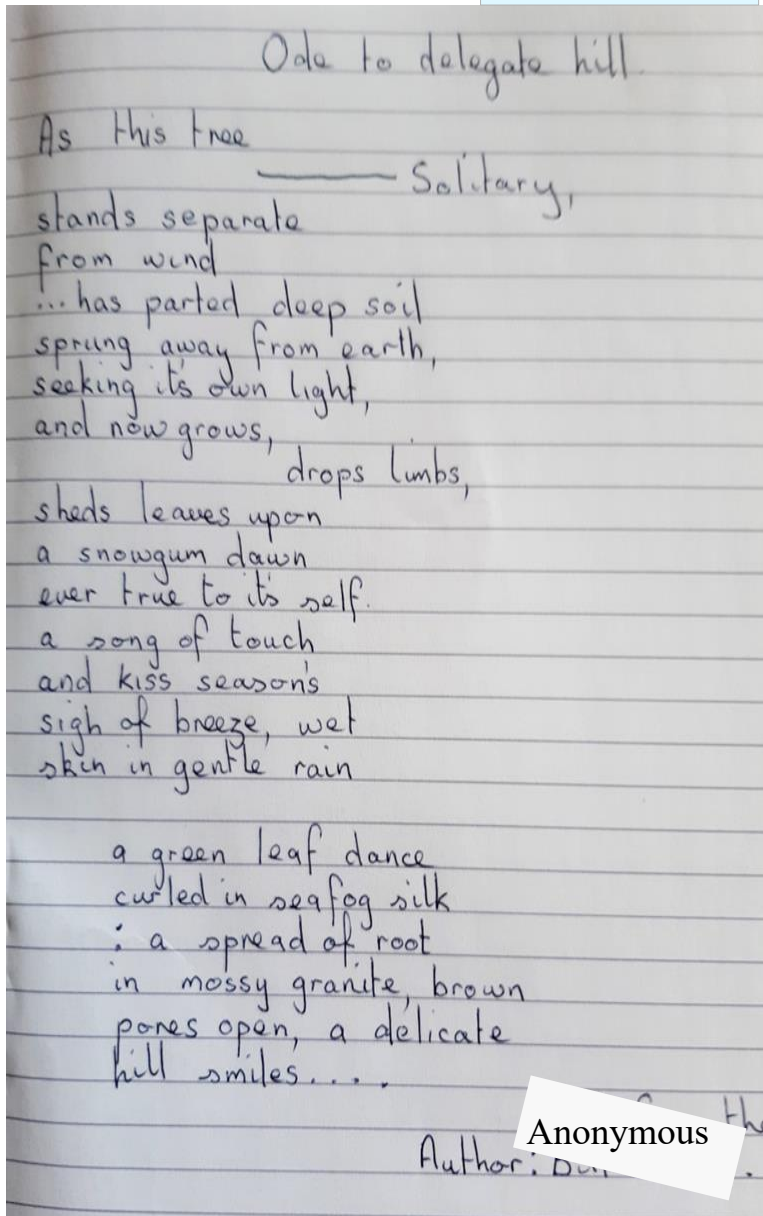
2nd ENTRY 2nd ROUND

Readers may recognise our first entry from last month's wheel. It was suggested within the community that it be apt for this poem to be entered in the Bard Comp. With the Bard's sister's blessing, here we have a posthumous entry (despite this poem not being anonymous to all. Bard competitions are notorious for breaking rules— we thinks!).

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*

1st ENTRY 2nd ROUND



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

De-woke

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-chocked by woke folk,  
Like a calm quintessence that collapses like sunlight upon the greenness of the earth.

Anon

## 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



Send your entries to [bendocpa@bigpond.com](mailto:bendocpa@bigpond.com)  
Post to PO box 50 Bendoc  
Place in the box on the verandah or  
Drop it in at 18 Dowling St Bendoc