

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

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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 _____ Noun - Plural, sleeping under
the starts of the Commonwealth and nylon gauze.

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

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

between its _____
Noun - Plural, 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 _____
Verb - Present ends in S

a window square. Chrome fittings
hold back the tadpole life that swarms in dams.

But there are days
after _____
Noun - Plural at the Marina when dull headaches

like harbour fog roll in, black _____
Noun - Plural 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 _____
Noun - Plural. Barefoot we _____
Verb - Base Form
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 _____ Noun - Plural _____ tucked to the chin we stare

at an empty shoe like _____ Proper Noun _____.

Sunlight arranges itself beyond our hands.