



A BRIDGE HOUSING BIG
IDEAS PROJECT
POETRY MAPPING
A SET OF POEMS

SEPTEMBER 10, 2016
11-2.00 PM

ALEXANDRIA ACTIVITY CENTRE
CNR OF SUTTOR AND RENWICK STREET
ALEXANDRIA

POETRY MAPPING *A set of poems*

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ERNIE'S WIFE



Ernie finds a life in conversation carnivorous to a word

Still at his majesty ready to splice a night for everybody in the
World of dance

Blind he said with a peripheral vision and a world of insight
Didn't miss a rhythm

The guiding dance floor gave him footsteps although he needed
A hand to get him home in the dark

And it was always a female hand and he sought that woman again and
again for

His carousel, and him a gallivant

Touching inside and out to search beyond death and dying for

A continuing space that continues to give to its opening,

A hymn its grace

A carapace and where he says I can see you through the corners of my
eyes

I can see you all, and words do touch my heart

He finds the stars of the horizon and finds us again and again

For the care he is steering.

PATRICK'S PLACE



Patrick told me he has a long history

Up and down he has been signed to words

Twisted, found, made one way or the other

Clever man, began a boyhood for his safety,

Found to his own elegant surprise.

Not a child, but in a community of spirit

Progress and started to make his life anew.

CARMEL'S BEGINNING



Close to the Hume Weir is the pitch of Albury

Where you always had to cross a border's life

Strangely it was only the story of a beginning

The tent in which they pitched was an ascent

In which they were dwelling as stress is always

There from sane valleys space voids a horizon

She caught that train to Sydney as metropolis

Was a hopeful beginning after a school's pitch?

Across streams and sister and Scottish castles

Still to escape with fervour the potato famine

She became her own weigh in with a solace to

Place and friends what she welcomes in fishing

Is the Murray cod which has come to life again?

MALEK'S JOURNEY



Malek was the princess of her owl, left his home

Of India for the straits that bound Africa to a soul

Brazen, and burst not lost just stormed in its seas

As a child of one and blessed like me for journey

In dangerous expedition to be born again, and

Find the friends she needs. The sea still a stranger

In tempest that might take you away but a dhow

Did get her safely to a mainland and to an empire

British pastries and cakes remain as standard fare

The picnics of parties and a face which can never

Replaced from those colonial days and as her life

Of exploring good taste. Food meant so much in

The new life of Africa where all trains are stations

Were the stations of the graciousness of an empire?

Said to her dying father my name why and why is

It Malek, he said girl it means queen. She a rose.

KIKI'S SEARCH



Am I a lovely boy, to a man

Charming to a smile and he laughed

Born to an island java's city of Djakarta

Did he hop-a-long came a boat from afar

To claim an unknown and now his children are

Grown up

Came to his family and the smiling continued finding its words

And he floated through hardships

Factories, little work, little English

And the factories are taken away / lost

Jobs are slight and his words are lilting

Through our strange tongue,

But says expressively. I need friends to talk to

And he becomes in sunder

To construe himself, and think deeply from the heart

And says as spring is turning sunshine is here now

I tried once as the rain, and it is gone.

I find my own smile again beyond futility — no

Just a charming man expressing himself in the language

He knows.

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