

EMMA MARTIN

# Windy Port Chalmers

Wind, wind, wind, wind,  
it's very windy everywhere!  
Port Chalmers wind is the worst,  
it makes me want to burst!  
I wish it would just disappear,  
then I would have no fear.  
Wind, wind, go away,  
don't come back another day!



MARGARET HIGH

# The Rhythm of the Rustle

The wind is whipping through my hair  
as my body gets tugged along with the air.  
A magic carpet ride I'd say,  
the wind is my friend, it just wants to play.

The rhythm of the rustle gets me  
dancing on my feet,  
prancing through the branches  
of the wild magic tree.

Pushing through the current  
of the wind's delightful flow,  
this is where I ought to be,  
I know, I know, I know.

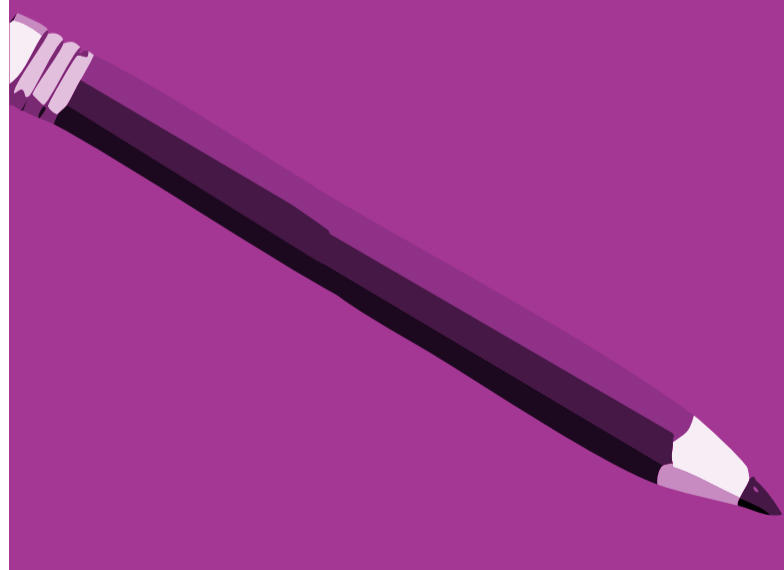


CORALIE FRENGLEY

# The Wind's Voices

In the wind things blow down,  
in the wind things blow round.  
It makes trampolines do flips,  
it makes rubbish bins want to tip.  
It whisks up high, it whisks down low,  
it whisks leaves into the sky.  
The wind growls like an angry bear,  
it gives tourists quite a scare.

The wind can be small like a breeze,  
so small it could make a bee sneeze.



NOVA LEE

# The Wind Grows

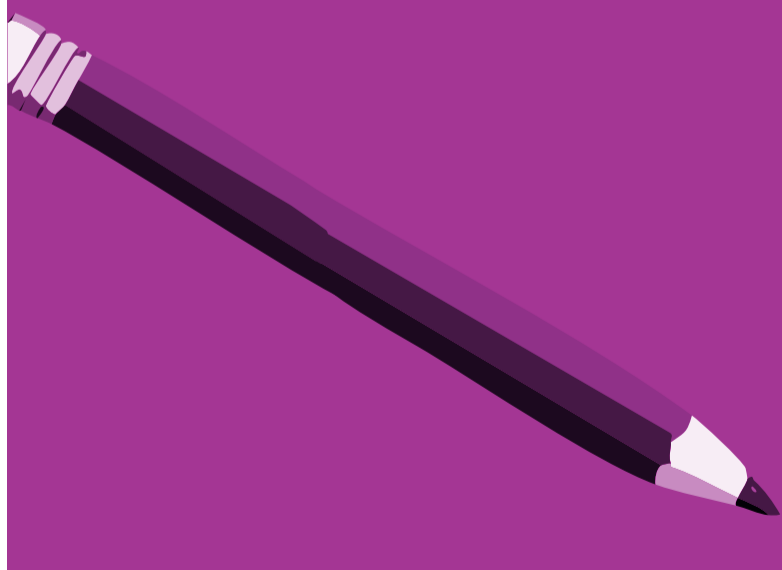
The wind grows,  
branches start to fall.  
The gusts get stronger and attack you  
from under,  
like a jaguar sneaking upon you.  
Sun fades away,  
clouds cover the sky,  
a cold rush of air runs up your spine.



ISABELLA GOLDSMITH

# The Little Things

I feel the breeze rushing through me.  
The strong wind currents have returned.  
As I walk, my eyes land on others in the street,  
being assaulted by the wind ... over and over,  
hard enough to make them wheeze.  
The toddlers next door are playing outside,  
asking the wind to please go away!  
But it's no use, the wind is here,  
and it's here to stay.



LYONESSE CYN MALCOLM

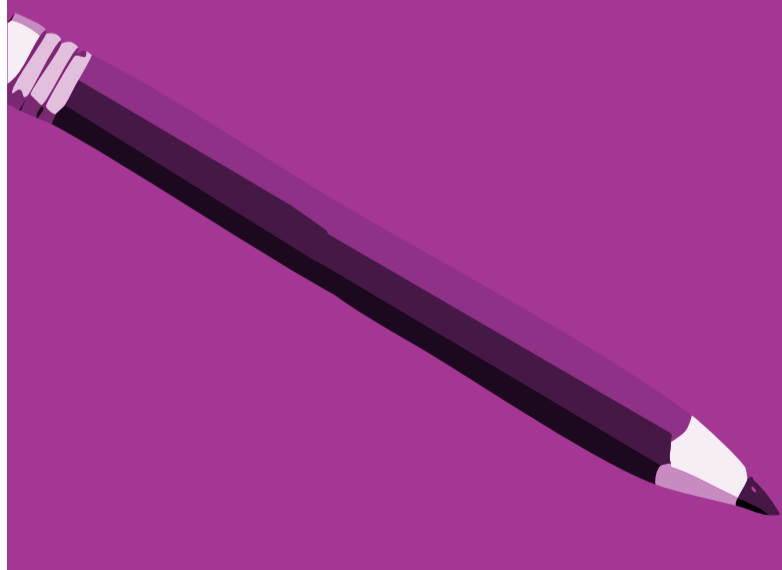
# Port Chalmers Wind

Wind blows left, wind blows right,  
not fully visible to plain sight.

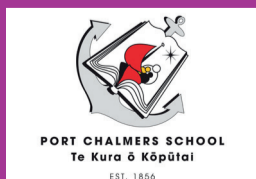
Rustled leaves begin to blow,  
alright then, off I go.

I walk into my class and over to the board,  
next thing I know the door bursts open  
and a gust of wind throws me forward.

I've fallen over and hurt my knee,  
now I'm sure Port Chalmers wind is not for me!



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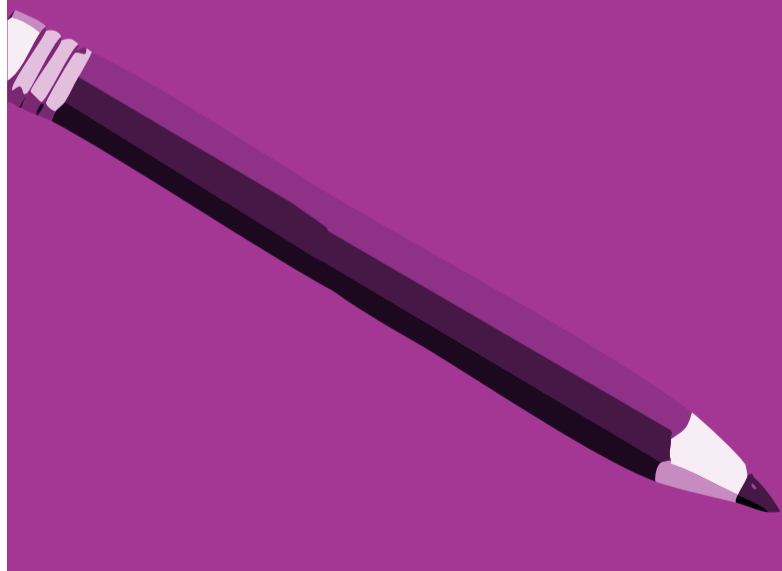
This poem was written during a workshop  
at Port Chalmers School in 2025, guided  
by City of Literature South D Poet Lorikeet,  
Jenny Powell



BRENDAN FORBES

# Blowing Wind

The wind was roaring  
and its pressure soaring.  
I almost got knocked off my feet,  
there was some rain – actually sleet.  
I thought I'd get blown away,  
so I prayed to be home that day.



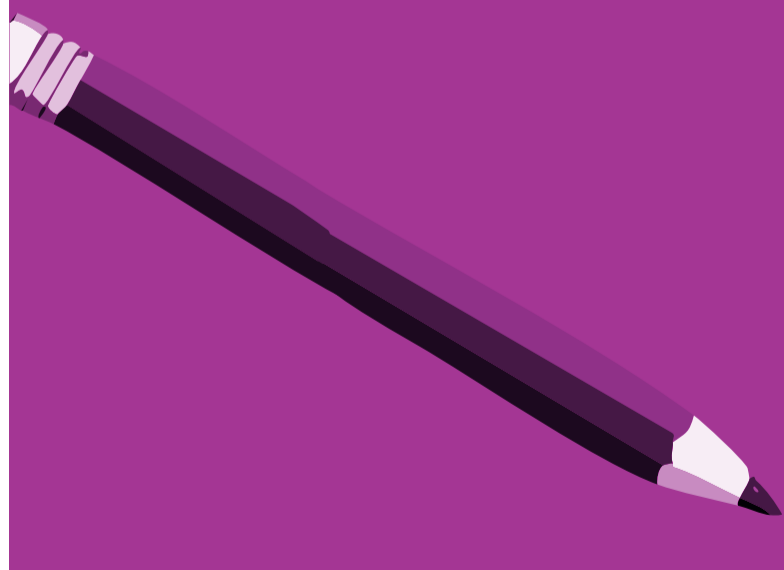
CHARLIE CULLY

# Trees

Trees sway like wobbly bowling pins  
The ocean roars like a lion  
Branches creak like an old staircase.

People get knocked off their feet  
like they're on ice,

Streetlights flicker  
like old lampshades.



ACENI MALCOLM

# In the Weekend

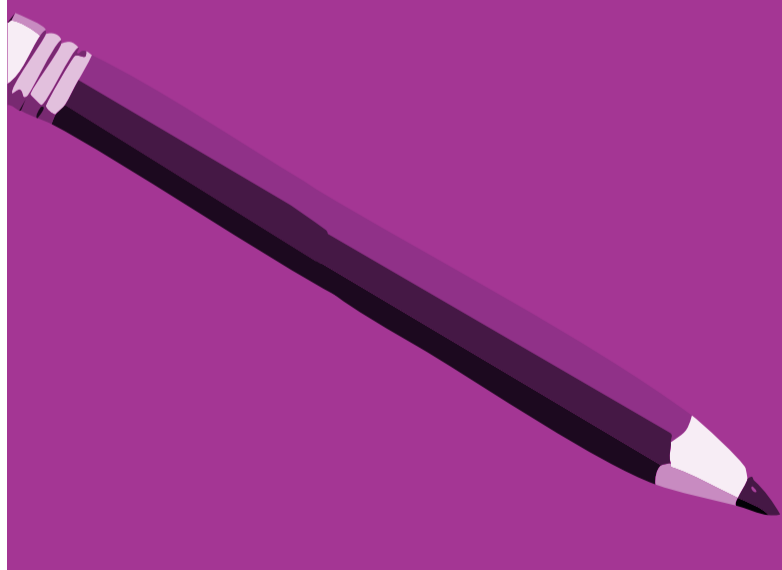
Out in the wind I try try try  
to spot a seagull flying high.  
I see trees getting blown around  
like leaves on the ground.  
Twigs and sticks float  
to the clouds and down.  
I run back home and slam the door,  
I sit on the couch where it's snugly and warm.  
I peek out the window and see a little tui  
flapping desperately.



LUCY HOLLIDAY

# Wind Roars

Wind roars from the west,  
blowing me back, hitting my chest.  
Trees sway side to side,  
the wind carries on in its powerful stride.  
The wind flows forward with nothing to hide.  
The wind carries on in its powerful stride  
but now it's dark I'm back inside,  
while outside, flying birds fight for their lives.



JENNY POWELL

# Wind at Port

bites at boats tied on to buoys  
snaps at stacks of export logs  
strips off bark chips, spits them out

whistles loud between containers  
shakes the load on cargo cranes  
sways the freight trucks in their queue

high tide picked up by the wind  
smashes into seawall rocks  
crashes over tracks and trains

washes

splashes

