

MIRROR POEMS

Collage/Mirror Poem

In this activity you will create a Mirror Poem built from the work created by T3 students. A mirror poem is a poem composed of 9 lines, the word count for each line is mirrored in the matching line in the second half of the poem.

eg.

Word Word Word Word Word

Word Word Word Word

Word Word Word

Word Word

Word

Word Word

Word Word Word

Word Word Word Word

Word Word Word Word Word

EXAMPLE

Instructions

- * Select lines or a combination of lines from the video text
- * Arrange words on the page
- * Yes, you can create additional words by collaging together letters from the existing words!
- * Share
- * Decorate with additional collage elements as needed

TUMBLE GLIDE OVER ROCKS

RIVER

BATS FLYING, THE WIND

IN MY HEART

THE BEAUTIFUL

GHOSTS

TO FLOW OUT AND OUT AND BE REIMAGINED AS RAIN.
TRIBES TOGETHER ON THE SAND AT THE ANCIENT BIRTHING

PLACE.

TUMBLE GLIDE OVER ROCKS. A RIVER
CAN LEAVE IT ALL AND STILL MUST FLOW. I SAY TO THE BATS
REMEMBER THE LIVES YOU USED TO PROTECT. THERE IS A BEND

ALONG THE RIVER

WHERE THE FISH SLOW IN SHALLOW WATER.
DOWN BY THE RIVER, BY THE ANCIENT TREE. I HEAR NOTHING,
EVERYONE IS DEAD, BUT THEN I HEAR THE DUCKS DOWN BY THE

RIVER.

I SAY TO THE PLANTS YOUR BEAUTY FOREVER CHANGES.

RATS FLYING, THE WIND BLOWING. BETHEL MEANS THE HOUSE OF

GOD, A PLACE OF SECURE REFUGE

THIS IS NOT THE FEELING I FEEL IN BETHEL.

**I SAID TO THE GRASS, REMEMBER ALL THE PAST LIVES BURIED IN
YOU.**

I ASK THE SPIRITS TO GUIDE ME

WE'LL REMEMBER THOSE WHO FOUND THIS PLACE. FUNNY, THE

SPIRIT WALKING

PAST ME IS MORE LIKE WALKING THROUGH A RIVER.

I SAY TO THE BATS,

**THANK YOU FOR SHOWING US THAT YOU DON'T ALWAYS HAVE
TO BE IN THE LIGHT TO BE SEEN. I SAY TO THE FALLEN TREES,
YOU HAVE STOOD IN THE GROUND FOR AS LONG AS YOU COULD**

AND WE THANK YOU.

WHAT BECAME OF THE RIVER WHO ROSE UP, TUMBLE GLIDE
OVER ROCKS, A RIVER
CAN SEE IT ALL AND MUST FLOW ON AND ON. DOWN THE RIVER BY
THE ANCIENT TREE.

I FEEL SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE. I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO
LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW,
I CAN IMAGINE THE PAIN THE GIRLS WERE GOING THROUGH.
I STAND WITH MY PEOPLE AND WITH MY PEOPLE I FEEL STRONG.

FISH SWIM UNDER MY SKIN. THERE ARE MANY GHOSTS,
I HEAR THEIR VOICES, SCREAMING AT ME, WARNING ME,
SHOWING ME THEIR HISTORY, THEIR LOVE, THEIR HATRED.
LOVE, WHEN SPIRIT SPEAKS NO HUMAN VOICE, THEY SEND
SIGNALS, SIGNS.

**I FEEL THEM, SEE THEM. THEY ARE WITH ME, IN MY HEART,
EVERYWHERE.**

**MY BASKET IS HEAVY WITH HISTORY. WEIGHING ME DOWN,
FILLING ME UP.**

'THEY TELL ME EVERYTHING AND LEAVE ME WITH A FULL HEART.

**WHEN I ENTER THE JAIL
CELL I BEGIN TO HEAR NOISES TAPPING, SCREAMING AND
SUFFERING.**

**MY BODY BEGAN TO FREEZE, RIPPING MY LUNGS.
MY NECK FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN CHOKED BY AN EMPTY TREE.**

**I SAY TO THE GIRLS WE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE FUTURE
BETTER THAN THE PAST.**

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TUMBLE GLIDE OVER ROCKS

RIVER

BATS FLYING, THE WIND

IN MY HEART

THE BEAUTIFUL

GHOSTS

BETWEEN RED BANKS OVERGROWN AND WEEDS.
WHAT BECAME OF THE RIVER WHO FOLLOWED THE BEAUTIFUL
FLOWING RIVER,
THE WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE RIPPLES OVER MY MEMORY NOW.

THE BEST DAY

I ACHIEVED SOMETHING THAT MADE ME HAPPY, BUT THEIR
INVASION OF THE WATERS CHOKED THE RIVER.
I SMELL THE FRESH AIR SURROUNDING ME, SO FRESH THAT I
COULD STAY OUTSIDE FOREVER.

I HEAR BATS SQUIRMING AS THEY RESTLESSLY TRY TO FALL
ASLEEP.

I CAN HEAR THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH ONE EAR AS WELL
AS I CAN HEAR AN AEROPLANE FLYING OVER ME.

I FEEL SAFE LIKE I'M HOME WHEN I THINK OF IT.

THE GIGGLES AND CHATTER OF YOUNG CHILDREN. A MEMORIAL

WHERE STORIES

STAND STILL, ROUGH SCRATCHES ENGRAVED TO TELL STORIES

THAT

**HOLD MEMORIES AND EXPRESS DEEP EMOTION. A SAFE WAY TO
COMMUNICATE WITH ONE ANOTHER.**

I SAY TO THE BATS, KEEP FLYING. THE RIVER RUNS AS IF IT'S

TRYING TO TELL US THE STORY

THAT SHE HAS MIRRORED. WE TRY TO FOCUS ON THE MESSAGE

BEING TOLD. I SAY TO THE FALLEN TREES

DON'T FORGET HOW IT FELT STANDING UP TALL.

**THEY ARE MUFFLED
SO NO ONE CAN HEAR THEM. I CAN HEAR A BELL AND A WHIP.
I HEAR THE GIRLS SCARED BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT**

THEY ARE DOING WRONG.

**ALL OF THIS IS CARVED INTO THE SAND. I SAY TO THE LAND,
THANK YOU FOR MY CULTURE. I SAY TO MY CULTURE
THANK YOU FOR THE CONNECTION TO SPIRIT, WHICH I CAN**

**HEAR. I SAY TO THE SPIRITS
THANK YOU FOR YOUR STORIES. WHILE SMELLING THE NATURE
OF A FRESH START, ALTHOUGH
WE COULD NEVER FORGET THE PAST.**

**WE COULD ILWD, I LOVE
WORSHIP, ADORE. SITTING UNDERNEATH THE TREE WHERE I**

FEEL MOST SAFE.

IT'S WHERE MY HEART DOESN'T RACE. THE NOISE OF LEAVES

GIVES ME PEACE, AS IF IT'S WHERE I'M MEANT TO BE.

I SAY TO THE FEELS KEEP GOING. DON'T STOP. I SAY TO THE

GRAVEL THANKS TO THE PATHS YOU HAVE MADE FOR US.

**I SAY TO THE GIRLS, NEVER FORGET THE HISTORY OF OUR
PEOPLE AND YOUR FAMILY.**

**I SAY TO THE OCEAN, YOUR WAVES MAY SCARE SOME PEOPLE
ME. THE WATER UNDER MY BOAT RIPPLES OVER MY MEMORY**

NOW,

**IT FLOWS UNDER AND MAKES THE SOUND OF A RIVER. A RIVER
CAN LEARN IT ALL AND STILL MUST FLOW**

**ON AND ON. I SAY TO THE FRIENDS WHO ARE MY HEROES, YOU
ARE MY SAVIOURS.**

**I SAY IN PARTICULAR,
YOU REVIVED THE LIGHT IN ME.**

OUT AND OUT AND BE REIMAGINED AS

I SAY TO THE GIRLS, NEVER FORGET THE HISTORY OF

THE WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE RIPPLES OVER MY MEMORY NO

BY TELL ME EVERYTHING AND LEAVE ME W