

STREET STORIES 2 - TEXTS DISPLAYED

Selected submissions to Village Voices

LED Screen D

Open the doors to the hills, a lifestyle of busy aromas, a local home, a spell of social token, a secret to her heart, lost is found in a gentle pass, through a wide strawberry meadow - *Justin*.

The price for knowledge is knowing your mortality - *Sean*.

St Margarets 1940, war came abandoned baby, adopting parents named me joy, oh joy oh life oh joy, a soldier young buried in a foreign land, abandoned, an old lady walks in, Bourke Street, still, oh joy - *Frances*.

What if I choose me? Or we can all do it together or escape to everything - *Saba*.

Hurry up and give me paradise - *Jack*.

I look through churchyard archways, at starlit skies above, then down at churchyard pillars, rooted firmly in the ground, and stepping through I realise, as if for the first time, something I had always known, the mystery of being human - *David*.

Are you street smart? Or is street smart to smart for you? - *Chav*.

How sweet the smell of failure, how sweet the smell of a beautiful wife, how sweet the smell of a dying life, no new sunrise, to begin a falling shadow - *Joshua*.

Can you love something so much that you destroy it? I had observed Surry Hills from a distance for some time and was quickly falling in love with it. So instead of having an affair with place I decided to commit and move into this little village - *Karina*.

Wood may burn, rain may dry, history may forget, but never will I - *Remy*.

Children running up and down, joy and holidays abounds, here is a happy place, with no more thought of place to space, recollections all the while, bring a little smile - *Barbara*.

Restaurant sign says heater on inside come on in, I doubt that means homeless man opposite on park bench - *Pauline*.

Routine mixed with new things, constant consuming but left empty, lonely in the crowds, bags are filled, life is carried around, in an instant all is lost, skin and bones and a spirit soul, we are all the same - *Emily*.

Relatively simple is a life, And really small of much strife, But we ask: how do you see us? It doesn't really matter! We find our simple place today, when we say: we know we'll stay! - *Barbara*.

Serenity envelope, disturbing bumper calling, lycra management - *Michael*.

The same rock or the same spot can feel so full or empty just depending on whether or not you are with me - *Remy*.

The great challenge, to fulfil deep desire, perfect gelato - *Anne*.

Many small homes, many individuals, once outside creates a rich fabric, differences woven through with colour, well worn, many marks from celebration and sorrow, providing cover and warmth for all - *Mel*.

The dark streets lighten, see people with smiles, another bright night - *Elias*.

Walking in pairs, pets, partners or protectors, avoiding the eyes of those around, the contrast outwardly seen longings, but inside the same constant, anything clings to the emptiness, trying to be filled - *Emily*.

Moussaka Migration Municipal Masala - *Natasha*.

One is here and rests at last, after a pace of life and work, it doesn't matter what is your past? You're here and settled down, now, two four six and wait?! We're here and home - *Barbara*.

Anonymous, he weaves his way through crowded streets and alley ways, threading his way, through the people, sensing stories by intuition, feeling the pain of disconnection, thirsty for life, and hungry for love, will he receive it? Our street mystic - *David*.

Surry Hills is surprisingly hot for a suburb with more ice than Antarctica - *Mick*.

Maybe smoke-filled bars of blues, or occasionally subtle views, of a life that's free from you, or even worse, a channeled view - *Joshua*.

Do you see you for you, or the you, you portray to be to me and to the face of reality - *Rachelle*.

Avatars of loneliness surrounded by gates of depression, juxtaposed by a hurdy gurdy of narcotic parodies - *Rodney*.

\$126 boarding and meal, good food with nothing to do - *Rui*.

Uncomplicate parking and being seen having the best coffee is not a problem when you are homeless - *Bentley*.

Straight or bent, square or round, back to front and upside down, fishnet stockings in high heel shoes, social acceptability and non-discriminating rules - *Seth*.

Foveaux's farm re-imagined in glass and tin, concrete and brick - *Natasha*.

I am a black sheep lost its way, through the valleys of darkness I did stray, red or the blue pill I swallowed the bottle, slipped down the rabbit hole from grace I fell, mad hatters tea party in a great hall commonly known as skid row, Surry Hills undesirables not a pretty sight - *Seth*.

Eloquent, effusive play, a market, dance and act is here! Relevant to all our lives, is a happy and a friendly way, so just give us as a happy today - *Barbara*.

LED Screen E

It began simply as a silly attempt to make a very sad man laugh, the Kookabrotherhood was born in Surry Hills with a simple philosophy, share your laughter not your frown - *The Kookabrotherhood*.

Devonshire Street morning dew has not dissipated to the noon day heat - *Natasha*.

I want to sit in a trendy coffee shop because I can, because I know that I won't be patronised, looked up and down demeaningly, as I once was, still I baulk at paying \$16 for a bowl of roasted veg with a bit of grated parmesan - *Pauline*.

Sleeping dog parking spots on Cleveland Street - *Natasha*.

When I moved into Surry Hills I was afraid of making eye contact with people. When I finally look up and make eye contact with someone, I can see something sacred there, something divine and something human mixed together - *Karina*.

Mardi Gras night, crowds from suburbs, feathers and sparkle - *Anne*.

Kickin back in Surry Hills, given up on my involvement with drug deals, should blame it on my mental health and take the stupid pills, just can't find the balance in mind body spirit like what's its wealth - *Jason*.

Gum on pavements, cabs passing cafes, walking is better - *Elias*.

Sweet young girl, as fresh as morning dew, luxury surrounded you, caressed you and comforted you, then like a careless lover, luxury abandoned you, how suddenly you fell, not a single key to open a door - *Tula*.

Called you up today on the telephone, I felt so sad, I had to say, I've never been so alone - *Joshua*.

Strawberry Hill creek to Albion Brewery taste sweet - *Natasha*.

All together or all alone, this is the place we all call home, children off to ballet classes, or watching telly all alone, recollections and no more to roam, this is the place that is our home - *Barbara*.

I slept with Lance in a Surry Hills squat, so did Veronica, Lance rarely changed his socks, his feet smelt surprisingly clean, we warmed our feet in the stove while we still had electricity - *Pauline*.

All that we do here, breakfast, tea, lunch, tea, dinner, oh and supper too - *Rui*.

Commute, peak hour walk, wind tunnel, shaded greenery, bustling, trailing thought - *Michael*.

Wise words often repeated, there goes the neighbourhood - *Natasha*.

Always learning, searching...who said knowledge is the king without experience it's nothing, together these two win over everything - *Remy*.

My train stops, doors open for me, it is empty, shooting forward, cutting through darkness, locked on the straight and narrow, wheels spinning, my soul emptying, to fill the surrounds with love - *David*.

The warm salty air, fun voices everywhere, night time always alive - *Elias*.

Sirens, engines, dings, dangs and dongs, the loudness almost brings deafness, lines cross paths those, with lots and those with few all living up to grab their morning brew, working, walking, sitting, talking, you get all sorts out here, will you stay in there? - *Emily*.

Quickly people walk, fast, alone, silently, rich and poor - *Anne*.

Broken dreams in NSW, tears of joy when it rains, humanity sucks, as homeless again being in Woolloomooloo never a dull moment - *Dues*.

A million thoughts, running through my head, and then they stop, and we are lost, wondering where, all those years went, achievements made, or have they? - *Tula*.

I have discovered something once you move into Surry Hills, that you become very protective of the place. I worry that everyone loves Surry Hills so much that it might crumble under the weight of our affections - *Karina*.

Devonshire Street granite necropolis reborn leafy metropolis - *Natasha*.

I am a wanderer. I accidentally become one during the holidays when I decided to get a job. It is incredible the amount of fascinating things in the world one notices, if only one loses deliberation - *Klara*.

We wax lyrical about good causes on facebook, philanthropy is fashionable, but look down, look around, are you smiling at those you pass? The old lady with whom you are the only contact she has made that day, the invisible ones? - *Elise*.

Humans don't like change, but it's strange, they forget what happened in the past so fast - *Remy*.

Diversity same, young, old, slow, fast, joined separate - *Anne*.

Line up for food, staring contest of one another, then see you at tea - *Rui*.

What are you trying to say? We cry when a safe roof above our head becomes illusive time after time. We arrive at Northcott, and there it is! A roof of one's own, suddenly we feel safe, and we begin to heal - *Tula*.

Gentrified hipsters are obsolescence in waiting - *Natasha*.

Lonely again tonight, sad and lonely and hurting tonight, no different to any other night, just lonely again tonight - *Joshua*.

No conversation ends, they are just the beginning of new ones - *Chris*.