



TOWN OF
VICTORIA PARK

LOCAL HISTORY AWARDS

• 2025 •



Westminster Street

Graham Carpenter

Category

Original Poetry or Performance Work

Westminster Street



By Graham Desmond Carpenter

The warm morning winter sun
Embraced me seduced me
As I gazed at The glistening deadly blue
And I drifted into daydream
This blue asbestos would be gone
Weatherboard in its place
This house would stand proud with elegance and grace
Bull nose verandah sash windows tin walls high skirts an dado
14 foot ceilings
These features restored returned replaced

Built in 1915 when the World was at War for the first time
Before an much later this Southern Land
Was recognised as Whadjuk land
But at this time it was the Time of European arrival
And this War embodied it's the spirit of the Colony
And its fight for identity an survival

Great Grandmother would make cushions
an doylies an write heart felt poetry
To celebrate the Reign of the Monarchy
Later these items would be mailed to the Royal family
Gifts from the far flung Antipodes
Such were the ties that bound

My girlfriend's mates said my house was a dump
These stones that were thrown bore no scars
An couldn't damage the cheapest guitars
They came from the outskirts
Lived in Cream double brick an tiles that
yawned on for miles an miles
With feature sunken lounges an aluminium windows
They couldn't see what I saw
Its simply a case of each to their own

We're Staring down the barrel of of a Banana Republic!
It's the Recession that we have to have!

Interest rates will hit 17 percent!
If you cant make a go of it in Private Business
Go an work for somebody else!
These words weren't Bravado delivered.
by a Silver screen hero
A Stallone Van Dam or Robert Deniro
They came from the highest level of Government
Who had little concern for the effectuated
part of the Electorate
If you were starting out an in Debt
You were truly on your own
Mum said its easier for a Camel to pass
through the eye of a needle
Than a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven
She worked for the Church
We roamed from Town to Town
An after Rent food Tithes and offerings
There was enough money left for hand-me-downs
An the neighbours second hand shoes
We were well known as the Evangelists
who spread the word of God
An hand written I OWE YOU S
She said our riches would be laid up in Heaven all
these things would be added unto us
I saw Heaven as a Subjective thing
I saw things in a different light
It could well be under this roof I slept under every night
Thous house was my home this home that I owned
This house on Westminster st
Its hard to believe

And the warm morning Winter sun
Embraced me seduced me
As I gazed at the Deadly Blue
An I drifted into daydream....

In memory of Beryl Muriel Stella Carpenter