

2008 AMOS Art Competition Winners Announced

The AMOS Education Committee ran an Art Competition in 2008 asking primary school students and others to be inspired by the beauty of the atmosphere or the ocean and to produce a piece of art that conveys their thoughts, feelings and ideas. 10 entries were received in the Primary Competition and 7 entries were received in the Open Competition. Entries were in the form of paintings, drawings, poems, posters and short stories. The artwork showed great creativity and highlighted the diverse range of ways that we are affected by the atmosphere and the ocean.

The winning entries were displayed at the AMOS conference in February 2009. At the poster session on Thursday February 12th 2009, Isabella Somerville, the winner of the Primary School category for her painting of the sky on fire, was presented with a certificate, a \$50 cheque and a book about weather for her school's library. The presentation was followed by a tour of the Victorian Regional Forecasting Centre for Isabella and her family, where they got to see the forecasters at work first hand.

The winner of the Open Competition, Sonya Wellby, was also invited to attend the conference. Her winning poem, Three Gulls, is shown below. To see some of the other entries to the competition in 2008, go to the AMOS website, look under Education then AMOS Art Competition.

The AMOS Education Committee wishes to thank those who passed on information about the Art Competition to various schools and individuals. If we run another Art Competition in 2009 and you would like to be involved, please contact Rob Willis for further details. The more people we have involved the easier it is to spread the word.

Three Gulls

by Sonya Wellby

When liquid horizon laps at ocean's rim,
And its pulsing ripple is all that shivers across this vast emptiness,
Its reflection is cast upwards. Above, a pale plain of
Translucent eternity shimmers blue. Azure resounds
Silently across this arched space. Its only vibration
Is a slight breeze.
Swept to the cusp of evaporating sea and condensing sky
Are white wisps of cloud. They scud across water,
Wind impersonations, until small gusts detach themselves and arc
Across cerulean, mournful caws echoing the blue.
Puffed feathers of under-wing:
Soft, lost cloud edges.

When dusky clouds congeal into forceful furrows of fury,
And whorls of silence rebound wrathfully between ocean and sky,
Impressiveness is imposed downwards. Static composure stiffens stagnant salt-air.
Then, lightening electrically lashes this space. With sudden rage, revengeful
Wind whips at ocean's steely surface, swirling and surging and churning.
Swollen water rises heavily and falls tremendously upon itself,
Slapping and twisting in anguish. Waves are fangs
And the ocean froths, beast-like. Spume thrashes until angered foam alights and
Billows upwards, callous cries scraping murky atmosphere.
Arched angled span of wing:
Raging wave white-caps.

When beaded moonlight mists shrouds of darkness
And slumbering ocean softly inhales and exhales,
Night-time begins to dream. The moon trawls a sea-bed of light,
Shivering ocean surface at once dappled liquid sand.
Silver fish dart soundlessly across shimmering waves, before dissolving into shadows.
The night is a fathomless ocean and starlight spikes its meniscused surface.
These light piercings are fragile, and each penetrating beam trembles
As the massive weight of water wobbles and shifts above.
Through this depth plummets gleaming silver.
Wings span and stretch until the sole drifter alofts onto moonlight. Shining beak slices
The blackness but sound is swallowed by darkness. The lamenting wail of wind echoes
Its lost cry.
Wheeling, weightless moonbeam wings:
Sinking star.