



Oxley College, New South Wales, 2015 ***The Disappearing*, with Kaveh Arya and Lorna Munro**

Over two poetry workshops in March, celebrated poets Kaveh Arya and Lorna Munro led students from Oxley College, New South Wales to discover new ways to connect with place and memory through poetry. Students from Years 7-11 traced the roots of daily experiences through writing activities inspired by themes of *The Disappearing*.

Red Room Poetry Education inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry. We enliven experiences with poetry by bringing contemporary poets into classrooms across Australia to run intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.

Red Room Poetry Education at Oxley College, New South Wales, 2015

redroomcompany.org/education/



Year 7

The End of the World By Joshua B.

Horns blaring
Cars bumper to bumper,
People getting impatient
with long lines of endless morning traffic.
Exhaust fumes fill the air,
Exacerbating the thick smog
already hanging over the polluted city
whilst stale smells fill the street
as fast food outlets cook their greasy meals
for time-poor customers.

A shrill siren wails its forlorn trip
to a city hospital,
Waking a baby being pushed in a pram,
His persistent scream adding
to the already deafening sounds.
His tired mother weaves in and out
of jostling people, who bump into each other
by the dozen saying only a petty 'sorry',
talking on their mobile phones rather than to
each other.

SILENCE!

Not a sound
Not a whisper
Not a cry penetrates the air.
In a blink of an eye the world changes forever.

Then came a roar of rushing water,
A peal of thunder,
A thousand harpists play their harps.
Angels appear with clothes glistening
as white as snow,
Together with a great multitude of people in
heaven singing.
Heaven opens and a white horse appears,
The rider has eyes of blazing fire,
On his head are many crowns.
He is dressed in a white robe dripped in blood

Every knee will bow...

Year 8 - Group Poem 1

Too many bloody assignments.
I do have a life, well not anymore
Every time the teacher has a roar.
English, Maths, Science blah blah blah
The teacher says do it
Too many bloody assignments.

They're taking the free time
from my life, that time I need to
express myself without interruption
from parents, stop stuffing around
I'm sure you've got some bloody
assignments to catch up with,
It's about time students should
be able to express themselves
Without interruptions and
have no pressure from those
teachers with too many bloody
assignments.

Too many bloody assignments.
We have just too much to do
I can't hang with my friends can't with my
crew.

Too many bloody assignments.
It killed my social life

Assignment over assignment
over assignment.
I'm cut, I'm cut by the assignment knife
Bleeding out words
This won't help me work.

Year 8 - Group Poem 2

Gossip is a train.
A long, winding track of stories and lies.
Every corner you turn, every
where you go there's a new page that
tells it all.
But no one ever stops, no one ever
cares about the people it's affecting
and what they care.
People's lives affected.
Assumptions.
Mis-interpretations.
A huge game of chinese whispers
that never stops until someone
hates it.

Gossip is a train
Moving fast, moving slow
Rushing through our lives, cancelling our voices
Get out of its way
You'll get hit
Pushed into its path
I warned you.
Gossip is a train.

Gossip is a train
Going through society
With unwanted information and untrue rumours.
The noise is overwhelming.
You'll get hit if you stand too close.
The train picks up people along the way
Destroying friendships and lives.
Fuelled by the hatred and jealousy of those
around.

Gossip is a train
Always moving, never slowing down.
People always get hit,
By the lies and rumours.
Gossip is a train
Fuelled by unwanted information.
Always picking up and delivering
The slowly killing news.

Gossip is like a train
Ever moving,
Never stopping.
Picking up more along the way.
It is fuelled by unwanted information.
Gossip is like a train,
But don't stand too close,
You might get hit or pushed inside
Just before the doors close.

Gossip is a train
Picking up stories
Picking up lies.
Be cautious you may get hit.
You may suffer the pain of secrecy
Creeping into your mind
Waiting for more to let loose
Giving reasons for sorrow
Giving reasons for betrayal
Forcing your secrets to escape
Even though they may not be true
Causing silence
Dead ends.

Year 8 - Group Poem 3

It's annoying when you are surrounded
by nothing but silence.

It's annoying when you can't find
anything to keep.

It's annoying when you get up at night, but
the world is still sound asleep.

It's annoying when you're surrounded by
empty space and all you can do is breathe.

It's annoying when you get lost in the forest
because you were trying to find the path.

It's annoying when your future looks darker
than your past.

An echoing sound of silence brings
sadness in a whirlwind of depression.

Year 9 - Group Poem 1

I'm bothered and I blame...
All the people in this game.
And all of this pain...
It's sinking in my veins...
People aren't eating while we're sitting and feasting
They're sleeping on the floor, not knowing if they'll wake up in the morning
Because they don't eat food, but what are we going to do.

I'm bothered and I blame all the people in the game
That take an innocent and shame
Them just for being who they are.
If you're straight or if you're gay, or if you bend another way
It shouldn't matter, you all have human rights.
You must respect a person's pronouns,
'cause there are people socially bound,
even after death to what they didn't want to be.
Everybody's on the spectrum, so we really have to start
Unravelling the web of inequality.

I'm bothered and I blame all the people in the game
There is too many people living in pain,
They don't gain for anyone feeling sorry
For them, they just need help.

I'm bothered and I blame
all the people in the game
I'm lying here in the dirt
Weak and hungry, afraid I'll get hurt
By the dangers, the strangers
But really, I want to read a book with pages.

I'm bothered and I blame all the people in the game
With people in life
Without food to feed their wife
And a thing called bed
Were most people rest their head.

I'm bothered and I blame
all the people in the game
there are people with no money
who really don't find it funny.
While we are having a blast
Others are wondering if they will last
And if they will be able to feed their family
While we are here enjoying our jam and tea.

I'm bothered and I blame all the people in the game
Why can't everyone be treated the same
Why do people with different coloured skin,
End up in the bottom of a bin,
We are all the same
and racism is lame.

Year 9 - Group Poem 2

I hate bad refs, they might as well be deaf,
As if they couldn't hear the difference,
Between treble and bass cleff.
And when I played soccer, I was playing
proper.
But the ref said 'nah' and sent me offer.
Just like a copper, from the team I was
dropper
But it doesn't matter now
We came out table toppers.

I'm bothered by horrible refs
As blind as a bat
They would have more success
As a sewer rat.

They seem to be everywhere
You can see it, in their eyes
Looking in all different directions
And definitely not the lines

Oh bad refs
What can we do
Don't know what game you're watching
But it's definitely not this one!

I hate bad refs
Might as well be deaf
They call weird travels,
That got me baffled.
Dave Daddy appreciates the game,
But all I can say is 'you ain't fame!'

I hate bad refs
They are big pests
I always get a peck
When I say what the heck
When he shoots from the sideline
I bet they were drinking too much wine
I say to myself, that's not fine.

We hate bad refs, ruining the game
We hate bad refs, the bias is a punch
We hate bad refs, they make bad calls and ruin
the sport
They lost us the match
The one that mattered the most slipped from
our grasp
We almost made history, took out the
championship,
But we got a bad ref and we hate them.

I hate bad refs
In the mossy court
They make bad calls
And wreck the sport.
A wrongly called foul
Score twenty : twenty-one
The wizards really
Aren't having fun.

I hate bad refs, don't they understand
Reaching in is theft
One kid called Jeff
He called a travel on me when I took one step

But it gets better in rep
Mr Shurbourne once got a tech in the game
I even thought I might get a T,
But I stopped myself before the words could flee
And lucky for that because if I hadn't
Romains Angels wouldn't be in the lead.

Year 9 - Group Poem 3

Buzz, what is that sound?
The buzzing is soul – piercing
The buzzing shuts down my brain
The buzzing is a huge pain
The buzzing is death, long and agonizing
Always ringing in my ears, never away
These insolent insects carrying deadly discourses.

The buzzing is a nuisance.
Constant white noise surrounding and engulfing us.
Avoiding contact...just watching and stalking the shadows
Pulling us under and robbing us of our blood
For their lust
Leaving us with the itch and loss
As it reaps the rewards of a stolen us.

The buzzing is a nuisance because
It rings in your ears until it stings.
The buzzing is a nuisance because
It gives you the itches that leave you in stitches.
The buzzing is a nuisance because
It reminds you of the voices in your head
That prevent you from going to bed.
When the buzzing stops,
You hope that the buzz is dead.
Buzz, the buzzing is a nuisance.
Buzz.
Buzz.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
It reminds me of a little kid whining
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
When you're minding your own business
It always finds you.
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Around in your face, being annoying
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Causing an itch, biting, stinging.
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Ringing in your ears.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
It feels like a little needle sticking into you
The frustrating urge to itch where it's bitten you
The little vampires taking blood
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Hitting the dead mosquito
With the palm of your hand
Feels like gritty sand
It is like they're out to get you
The ringing in my ears is a never-ending high-pitched alarm
Mosquitos are not good and they're not calm.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
The sound echoes in my ears like a voice in a valley,
It reminds me of teachers giving homework
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
No pain felt but the sound hurts
Scratching the arm dead and the head

Clap, buzz, soft silence, the mosquito falls to the bed.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
The sound echoes in my ears like a voice in a valley
On and on and on and then it fades out.
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
As it drinks your blood,
No pain just sound.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Rings in your ears until it stings
It gives you itches
Leaves you in snitches.
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
The needle like nose strikes a pose
In the bright colourful skin
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
The slap of the hand on the cold hard skin
Where last the fight is left
No blood.
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
Flies away, no more buzzing
The mosquito has gone
For today.

Year 9 - Group Poem 4

Drowning in a sea of lies
Burying the truth underneath
a mountain of stereotypes.
Not who they say they are,
A hidden identity never to be unveiled.

Drowning in a sea of lies
I wonder when the truth will finally
catch up to them.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Once they spread they never die.
They don't realise how fake they look
We don't judge the cover we judge the book
Fake status fake name the lies they tell
They're playing a game they will never win
They think we are blind, we see right through
Oh trust me we don't know the real you
Rumours spread like leaves on a windy day
Though you can never get them back, you
will always pay.
They will haunt you for the rest of your life
That one fake picture that one fake rumour
Drowning in a sea of lies
Once they spread they never die
Online profiles and fake friends
Don't think about consequences
When they hit send.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Once they spread they never die
They don't realise how fake they look
We don't judge the cover, we judge the book.

Fake profile fake friends,
when you read their story
It doesn't seem so gory.
All they do is pretend and pretend
Once they click send
The nightmares never end.
Fame name
No game
Drowning in a sea of lies
Once they spread they never die.

Drowning in a sea of lies
The sighs and the piercing cries
Destroyed by my own story
Just so that I could take the glory.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Every moment another one cries,
Covered deep beneath the lies,
Is a person I despise.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Clinging to the hope that I can survive,
Drifting away in to complete darkness,
Covered and hidden by my own story.

Drowning in a sea of lies,
Current of lies, waves of lies,
All it is, is lies, lies, lies.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Is the person I despise,
Buried deep beneath the lonely skies

Another person cries.

Drowning in a sea of lies
Clinging to the hope that I can survive,
Drifting away in to complete darkness,
Covered and hidden by my own story
I only seek to find glory.

Drowning in a sea of lies
A waterfall of hopeless cries
Confused, wondering, lost in your own story,
Told so many to proclaim your glory.

Drowning in a sea of lies,
You're unsure if you can survive,
In the strong current that you made,
Not in the honest cot you once laid.

Year 10 - Group Poem 1

I became a man
When I took my own step,
My mind thinking for itself,
My body in contempt.

I became a man
When my father stopped asking
And my own questions came,
When chores turned to life, and my mind
turned sane.

I became a man
From the kicks on my feet
To the guns in my arms
I'm changing.

His innocence of being child
has disappeared.

I became a man
But it is the hatred I consume
Or just what the people expect
It's how we shape each other through
ourselves.

I became a man
The process of changing is changing me
The ribbon of life
As moments in your life form knots
I'm alive
You realise that the ribbon grows shorter.

I became a man
Left my childhood behind
Hugged the young man goodbye
Heading to find myself now.

I became a man.
My childhood mist fading in the distance
My innocence crushed and destroyed
I got a job and now I'm employed.

I became a man
Struggling to find what I was looking for
Who am I? Where did I come from?
Am I lost? Or have I found?
Maybe growing older is actually a trap.

I became a man
What was there, the innocence
Is no more, the child, the kid, the boy
That had main presence is gone,
Disappeared into a world of brutality, violence
and age
Where popularity and looks
Determine the life of you and your peers.
Now it's all screams and shouts
That I hear.
Now it's all pain, weary and rage
That I feel.
The constant hits and screams of blood
I can't deal.

What happened the life of a boy
where nothing mattered
except from toys.

Where all there was
Was hide and seek
And digging in the sand.
But now I'm a man
Am I the freak for thinking this
Or are they the freaks for not.
From innocence and fun
To violence and struggle and fight
To be the essence of life.
But it's fine because
I'm known as a man.

Year 10 - Group Poem 2

Words can hurt
I feel my soul ache
Like the heart that you will break.
My sadness, fit-to-burst
What's the point?

Words can hurt
I can feel your stare
Piercing my soul, my sanity
You've betrayed me.
So what's the point?

Words can hurt
A letter a few shifted and shaped
That threw a punch...when you meant to
throw a lifeline
Too. Easy, to become the villain.
If you can't be forgiven...
What's the point?

Words can hurt
Pull you down till you can't get back up
What's the point of denying anymore?
Trying to be someone you aren't to suit the
masses
Tire – tired of trying, of fighting, tired of
denying.
What's the point?

Words can hurt
From your best friends or worst enemies.
Like a stab in the back – intentional or not.
Betrayal it happens a lot, to stop trust,
In it's track – you will never get it back.
What's the point?

Year 10 - Group Poem 3

This obsession with things.
This craving for more.
Things that don't matter,
Things you buy from a store.

Our ability to talk
And relate to each other
Being plucked from our lives
In front of our eyes
As we spend too much time,
Caring about 'stuff' – it's a crime.

This obsession with things
Is erasing our feelings
It's erasing our emotions.

This obsession with things,
I'm beginning to question,
What's the point in it all,
To make an impression?

This obsession with things,
Things that don't necessarily matter,
Too many things based on materialistic
obsessions.

This obsession with things
Things that aren't important,
Things that don't determine who you truly are.

This obsession with things,
Things that you can live without,
Too many materialistic things making
narcissistic people.

Year 10 - Group Poem 4

Hatred stops with our generation,
Sick of this shit, heart is achin'
When did the world give up on one another
Did we not listen to the words spoken by our
mothers.
It's like we're all stuck in an endless trance
Bullying continues, we continue to glance.

Hatred stops with our generation,
Let's all first stop and ponder;
Where passionate, perilous animation
Of hate and despise makes us wonder
Let's all just lay down the knife and glares
Or terrible, tyrannous nightmares.

Hatred stops with our generation,
It needs to stop, enough procrastination.
We think if it doesn't affect us
It doesn't matter.
But for happiness, we must reform
The nation.
Ration the hate
Humans are animals, undomesticated.

Hatred stops with our generation,
Racism is the thing that must stop now
For those affected it has to be painful
The effects we just don't understand
It just keeps on going.

Year 10 - Group Poem 5

Freedom means, happiness
It means – expression and originality
It feels safe and inviting
It makes people have loyalty and integrity
Freedom means, unhappiness
It means chaos and war
It makes you feel terrified and small
It makes you vicious and scared
Freedom means a lot – the door
Swings both ways.

Freedom means playing all day long.
No school or work in the middle of things
Freedom means just tagging along
And waiting and watching for what the world
brings
Freedom means the power to speak
No running or hiding.

Freedom means
The power to be something more,
Something bright.
The power to show the world the light.
Freedom is an expression of life.
Freedom means
Maintaining the power of imagination you had
When you dreamt of being an astronaut.
Freedom means the ability to want and
Discover more.
Freedom is disappearing like the thoughts
In your mind.
Freedom needs to be felt, experienced
Like the touch of the ocean.

Freedom means
Expression of opinion
Doing what one thinks is right
Freedom of speech, freedom o all,
Freedom is power.

Freedom means
Expressing yourself, your ideas and your
passions
A world without lies, constraint or rules
Not having to follow the latest
trends or fashions.
Freedom means: doing whatever
you want to do.

Freedom means a life without expectation.
No copyright on things
that have already been taken.
Time to be alone, self-rehabilitation
Appeal to a world that has previously been
shaken.

Year 10 - Group Poem 6

What is normal?
I am grouped, dumped into a marked
Category with no say.
Stereotypes
Something that needs to go away
A cattle auction
Separate me, brand me with hot irons
Cast me out, I have no option.
Stare through me,
Into these bloodshot eyes
Is this all I have to be?

What is normal?
You fear everything that's different
Yes, my values aren't the same as yours
But as a human I am indifferent.

What is normal?
When did school hallways become battlegrounds?
I shed rainbow blood
I thought that only happened in fairy-tales
I still have hope for tomorrow

What is normal?
Silence is not always a great thing,
I understood it is self-preservation
I cling to allies who do not want to
Watch humans have their identity labelled
Against their will.

Year 10 - Group Poem 7

I'm losing imagination
My childhood is fading,
I'm losing my way,
My childhood is gone.

I'm losing imagination
It's all fading away.
My life is now so boring
Why couldn't it stay this way.

The world is losing imagination
Now it's all gone away
Nothing is ever creative
No children ever play.

I'm losing imagination
Minds around me are lessening
Imagine a world of freedom and colour
A world free of judgment – I can't
I'm losing imagination
Now it's a world of black and white
Pages with set words and set spaces
Our lives a textbook we have to follow.
I'm losing imagination.

I'm losing imagination
We are losing imagination
The world around me is losing its imagination
Facts and figures are all around me
Surrounding my thoughts.

I'm losing imagination
The people around me lacking creativity,
Blank pages, black and white.
No signs of freedom, just captivity.

Year 11 - Group Poem 1

We misjudge you
We make assumption
Jump to conclusion
A snap decision amid the confusion
We need someone else to blame.

We misjudge you
Because the scarf you wear hides your face
The society you live in brings you down,
Because the single act of destruction
overwhelms.
The many acts of rebellion,
Because we were frightened of change.

We misjudge you when
We made an assumption and were wrong.
It gets on my nerves
when the accusations flied
And the blame under never died.

We can't seem to drop these grudges,
This misjudgement came from the judges;
We misjudged you.

We misjudged you
Because you were different
Because it was easier than accepting you
Because we were scared of being judged
ourselves.
Believing

Because what the people on the telly,
The radio, the newspapers say
It's easier than finding things out for ourselves
Because from the moment we were born
We were taught to see the world through
tainted glasses.
And in our eagerness to put you in a box
and package you away,
we lost the person you are.

Year 11 - Group Poem 2

If you answer a question outside the box
The automatic response is a cross.
In this box we are supposed to be complete,
In this box a scene of darkness is all around.
What is real is only a metaphor
In this box; we call society.

When I am unplugged
In this box I feel claustrophobic, crushed
There isn't space for all of me,
Just what outsiders see.
The box is full
I am empty
Unplugged.

Year 11 - Group Poem 3

I thought we were equal but...
Hunger engulfs the majority
Women are oppressed
Men dominate the workforce

I thought we were equal but...
You get paid more for the job that I do.
You're at school while I'm in a slum
You're subtracting pie while I'm starving.
You're dancing in the rain while I'm trekking
for water.

I thought we were equal but...
A woman makes 15c to every dollar
A man makes.

I thought we were equal but as we
Throw away our unwanted food
Thousands of people are begging for some

I thought we were equal but...
People are still degraded because
Of the colour of their skin.
I thought we were equal so why
Aren't we treated that way.

I thought we were equal but
His paycheck had more zeros than mine.
I had no idea that extra \$
Meant subtract respect.

I thought we were equal but
My voice is different and
My eyes have seen more scars than they.
Why do these demons get in my way?

Year 11 - Group Poem 4

There is a crisis
Shattered hearts scream from inside
Fiery wrath that burns within, eating inside and
out
Feelings flowing from gouged out gaps.
How? Can one smash another's dreams
against a wall of hate?
Buried beneath unobtainable goals.

There is a crisis.
Shadowy fragments in a dark room
Decide who they target.
They target everyone.

His presence filled the room
A man dressed in a cloak of gloom
Was at my throat.
Doom overcame me.

There is a crisis.
Leaders follow their head with money on their
mind
Conflict, wars, corruption, greed, everything
else is
Drowned out in this flooding world.
They tell us our difference makes us, but in the
end
They want us all to be the same.

Year 11 - Group Poem 5

The ignorance of man,
What lies beneath our smiling face
Dark hearts and twisted minds.
We destroy our world, our people
We create our own demise.

The ignorance of man
Is embedded in our roots.
We grow bigger, then stronger
Then we cut us down.

The ignorance of man
Is to ignore man
To ignore nature
But claims to be human.

The ignorance of man.
Our leaders deceive us, and send us to war
The fighting is pointless we achieve nothing at all
There is nothing left but pain
And in the end there it's always the same.

The ignorance of man
Take to yester-year yourself
With lack of realisation
History repeats itself.

Year 11 - Group Poem 6

We're so fortunate but
we don't understand
How lucky we are.
People seem to think
our lives are blank
but really we want equality and some
democracy.

We're so fortunate but
No one realises it
Everyone takes it for granted
Environmental effects,
Abuse resources,
It bothers me people still complain,
We don't help the less fortunate.

We're so fortunate but
Everyone takes it for granted.
We abuse resources,
Everyone's complaining.
We're so fortunate but
We are all looking for something better.
Everyone is unhappy about the life they live
We don't help those in need,
We are so fortunate but no one appreciates
it.

We're so fortunate but
No one seems to realise.
Mindsets altered, behaviour changed and all
we seem to do is continue our current age.
It bothers me that people still complain
about things that all seem to be the same.

We kill this world with a metaphorical knife
In order to have a 'better' life.
People need to stop complaining
about what they've got,
We have it so good
We're just misunderstood.

Untitled By Patrick N

There is a crisis.
Powerful creatures endorsing half-hearted revolutions
against terror
Secretly caught in the spiral
of greed and inequality,
Forcing smoke screens; the illusion of humanity
sheltering the matrix from the real world.
Apparently, the problem is ok if it isn't ours.



Lorna Munro is a proud, young Wiradjuri/ Gamilaroi woman. Recently she has performed in plays at the Eora College in Redfern, including *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and has quickly crossed over to screen featuring in *Australia on trial*, a docu-drama for the ABC. Lorna is an emerging artist and has displayed work in Boomali's 2010 exhibition, *Celebrating 25 years of strength*. In 2012 Lorna graduated from the University of Technology, Sydney with a Bachelor of Arts in Adult Education and Community Management. She has joined Koori Radio 93.7FM 2LND, broadcasting with her mother, Jenny Munro on the *Poetry, Politics and Petitions* program, every Sunday 12-2pm. In addition to her current work with The Red Room Company, Lorna has had work published in the Southerly Literary Journal and is currently writing her own script that is yet to be entitled.



Kaveh Arya is a refugee from Iran who migrated with his family to Australia in 1995. A poet and activist known as The Unlikely Poet, Kaveh channels his personal experiences through his performance poetry. A professional kick-boxer, he owns a fitness academy in Rockdale, where he runs youth programs promoting healthy masculinity. He also facilitates anti-discrimination workshops at high schools and university.

About Us

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful poetry projects that transform expectations of, and experiences with, poetry. We aspire to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.