



## **Tennant Creek Writers' Camp, 2014**

### ***The Disappearing* with poet Lionel Fogarty**

As part of a special pilot program supported by the Tim Fairfax Family Foundation, award-winning poet Kelly-Lee Hickey presented six intensive poetry workshops at the Centralian Senior College.

Working with *The Disappearing* learning resource, Lionel Fogarty guided students through a range of writing activities to spark imaginations and help students publish their own poems on *The Disappearing* app.

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.

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[redroomcompany.org/education/](http://redroomcompany.org/education/)



**Untitled**  
**by Luke B.**

I was running towards my fate  
I could see my fate looking back at me  
Everything was dark.  
I could hear a sharp scream  
and I said to myself, "Is this the end?"

I saw a killer and stopped running  
as the dark became light  
and the killer turned into a light  
as it disappeared.  
I said to myself, "Is this the end?"

**Untitled**  
**by Jamaun H.**

I was running towards my home  
I could see who I am supposed to be

Everything was...  
not what I thought it would be

I could hear my heart  
beating like a drum

And I said to myself,  
"Only me can choose who am I."

**First Thing I Remember of my Culture**  
**by Troyston**

I sit around outside.  
I hear boomerang clapping  
on the ceremonies.  
I hear clap sticks clapping.  
I always hear birds  
singing up the trees.  
I remember when I went fishing  
I remember when I went hunting  
One day, we killed an emu

**Untitled**  
**by Tessila**

I am the animal in the sea  
I am from the rain that falls.  
This is my song from my heart:  
We are strong like the hills  
Friendship, love, laughter, kindness  
Her skin is smooth like the sands  
on the beach  
I am from the rain that falls.

**Devil's Marbles  
by Rosita K.**

Big and round  
Hard and cool at night  
Hard and hot at day  
Red brown, yellow, orange  
Lots and lots of marbles

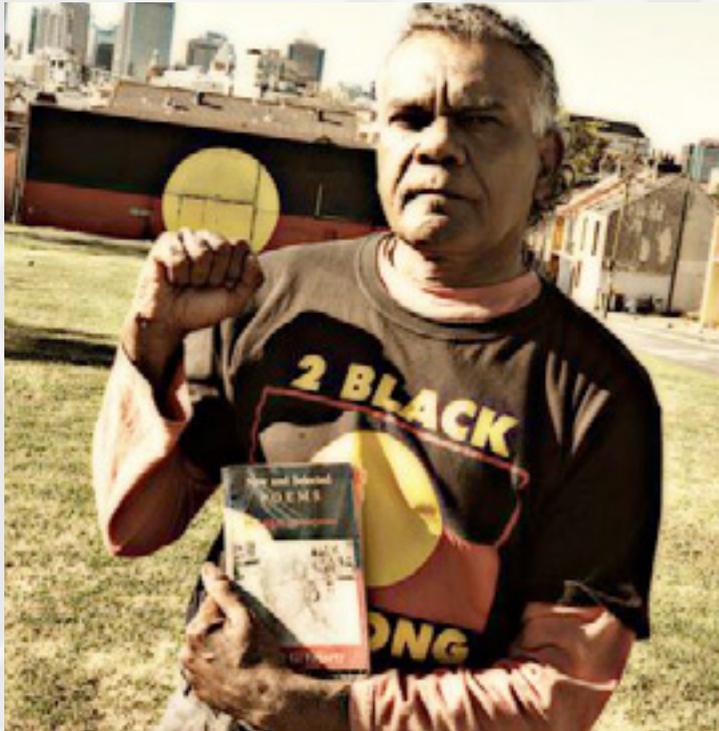
Dingoes hiding, playing, eating  
Tourists eating, drinking tea, wandering,  
climbing, taking photos

Sunrise, sunset—beautiful.  
Small, still waterholes found  
in the marbles  
Birds drinking, wetting their beaks.

**Untitled  
by Elijah B.**

I'm standing at the center  
of the Great Wall of China.  
Where the wall stands,  
where I see no one  
there is a field of dead people.  
Nothing is more I've seen before!

It is pitch charcoal black;  
no one around. Scared  
is a thing we can't help.  
Fear is a meal we have to eat.  
I am worried.  
Why are they scared?  
I was thinking hard  
They say it's over slowly,  
it will end with only one.  
His name is Jack Reption.  
Fear is a meal we have to eat.



### **Poet Bio**

A Murri man, Lionel is a leading spokesman for Indigenous rights in Australia, particularly deaths in custody following the death of his brother, Daniel Yock, at the hands of police in 1993. His poetry expresses the need for innovation and urgency. In doing so, it is sometimes surreal, sometimes confronting and includes large amounts of Bandjalang dialect and vernacular.

### **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.

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