



Year 7, Canterbury Boys' High School *Toilet Doors Poetry*, with Tim Sinclair

Red Room Poetry Education inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry.

We enliven experiences with poetry 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 Canterbury Boys' High School, 2014
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Peter

Barbed wire Anzac
bridge drawing attention
lights a bridge in Australia
from the bottom view.

Miguel H.

Look upon the bridge out to the sea
as it gets dark the moon rises up
we see the dolphins swimming
on the surface of the sea.

William S.

It's dark, it's abandoned
the lights still on the sea
close crashing on the shore
the smell of fresh sea salt.

Adam

I see a picture of a bridge.
It looks pretty tall. I imagine
a train on the bridge that could
fall.

Khalil A.

Dark, windy, people moving
place to place, nothing
hopping, jumping over building
walking, fighting, parkour.

Reece D.

The building is very dark.
The light is dim. And people
say at the bottom there lives
a shark.

Hamid H.

People hang out
under the bridge
with their friends
and it's night time.

Patrick

Jumping off the bridge
swimming like a dolphin inside
the sea then I'll eat.

Mohammad

Swimming in the water
jumping from the top
in the water with the
sharks and fish.

Prezley S.

It's a bridge to remember.
It's big and memorable.
It stands where it is.

James

How to survive a penguin invasion

Clear your mind the end is here
try your best there's no escape
build structure and fight to the death
it there's hope use it wisely
all the resources you find use them now
until the invasion is over
barbeque the penguins.
THE END.

James P.

You go outside feel the sun hit
your face and it is burning you
but you don't feel it. One minute
you go inside and you realise
you have actually turned into a tomatoes.

Samiul I.

Journey to the new world
and I was happy because I became
a famous parkour and I sent to this
my family.
I like soccer because I want to.

Peter S.

Wake up in the morning and
get ready for school. Pack your bag
and wear your school clothes.
Eat breakfast and go outside.
Hide outside your house.
Wait for your parents to go to work.
Go back inside your house when your
parents are out of the house.
Do whatever you want and relax
not going to school.

Wilver A.

You watch the giant panda
eating bamboo leaves at the zoo
with its family and playing something
fun as you imagine you playing with
the giant panda.

Alex

Look out the window
watch the breeze
oh look a flying sheep
run after the flying sheep
while sticking your tongue
out make sure you have a
poking stick so you can
push the sheep forever.

Prem V.**Sleeping Poem**

Eat a cupcake,
lie on your bed then
sleep. Wake up then
go back to sleep and
never wake up again.

Anas

You are in the desert
You are imagining
You are in space
and a comet is coming
your way. What do you do,
do you run or do you close your eyes?

Halley W.

Looking through the barbed
wire where no-one's allowed to
step, you risk conviction
for trespassing in this place.

Asim A.

Dark and lonely, I spot
the light. I get closer to my
death but at least I saw light
and for some reason it
went pitch black.

Ausam

This bridge looks old. I
see rats. At least I think
those shadows are rats.
Like I said before,
this bridge looks old.

Aus

It should be God.
Point to you if you can.
Just go. This is the haven door.
Through I pass it. Through it
you can be a God.

Jimmy

I think of
world war three in action
this is the Russians
making a catapult.

Christopher

I see a bridge, it is tall and
heavy, I can't lift it, it's too strong
I'm too weak, oh my god, somebody
help me, good e.

Harry

There once was a bridge in
the dark and the cold and under
the bridge lay a sharp barbed wire
fence, beyond the bridge the world
was unknown.

Ehsan

Up in the sky a thing
lies beneath our eyes.
What is it I ask?
Doesn't matter it is not
part of my task.

Selman

The past, put into the present.
No-one was read for the bridge
was not steady. They drift off
into the blue never to be seen
again, like the flow of water but
dropping like rocks. the bridge brakes
into three little blocks.

Ismail

I have a feeling that this bridge
is about to brake down, after
that they fix it back up.

Ali

They caught me and threatened me
I'm stuck for now I may die. No-one
to help me for I have no friends. Later
I'm ordered to jump off the bridge.

Alex

Dark and cold, sad and isolated
in the pitch black night and under
the bridge lay a sharp barbed wire fence.
Beyond the bridge the world is unknown.

Tumaru

This bridge got no fridge
if I parkour on it you guys
will back off it unless
you have a fridge.

Tua

A dark night a spooky
bridge there lived ghosts
it's been haunted for years
no-one has been on the spooky bridge.

Tamapeni

If hugs were seconds
I'll send you hours

If laughs were water
I'll send you the sea.

And if love was a person
I'll send you me.

Fawaz

I don't like poems.
I dislike it very much.
Makes me frustrated.
takes too much thought.
Don't understand it.
Words floating in my head.
Extremely confusing.
Torment for my brain.
Not useful in life, entertaining
but stupid. Nothing gets to me.
In the end out your ears.

Azhar

We use our legs to run.
We use our legs to walk.
We use our legs to kick.
We use our legs jump.
We use our legs tie shoe laces.
We use our legs throw.
We use our legs do handshakes.
Legs and feet help your body to do stuff.

Riyan

Grab the ball!
Pass it along, have some water
get back in the game
kick it as far as you can.

Ali B.

Dreamy Bridge

This bridge has no fridge,
and I'm hungry as a guy
lost in the desert
I haven't eaten in hours
I'm so thirsty like dying flowers.
Another hour has past
and maybe the next hour is my last.
If somebody is going to
rescue me it better be fast because
when I wake up from this nightmare
I'll run right to the fridge because
this dreamy bridge sucks.



Poet Bio

Tim Sinclair is an Australian writer who grew up in the Adelaide Hills and currently lives in Sydney. He is primarily a poet. Starting in on poetry publication in journals and magazines in the late 90s, his first major release was a spoken word/music album in 2003. He has since published a paperback poetry collection, an ebook themed around the oddness of the dictionary, and two young adult verse novels *Run* (Penguin 2013) and *Nine Hours North* (Penguin 2006).
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Check out Tim reading his poem *The Same Bay Twice* commissioned by Red Room for The Disappearing app.
redroomcompany.org/projects/disappearing/