
The two stone monster man

By Eric
Inspired by: Jamie North

Once there was a temple in the middle of a Village. The opening door was two tall poles. The tall poles were men and brothers. They talked to each other until they have left nothing to say. But one night a tornado happened and it destroyed the temple. The two brothers just got hurt. They woke up and saw that they were half live half stone monster men and if they didn't move they would turn into green slimy moss. They went to a class room and the class was full. They slammed their heads on a small door and it made a bigger door. They got supplies and went back to the broken temple and started building. A man came past and said "don't build that temple that is what's been making the problems." It wasn't it was him his name is climate change. He made tornados so the temple was finished and climate change disappeared. "We can't tell anyone how he was destroyed because it wasn't the temple".

Untitled

By Jack
Inspired by: Neha Choksi

It's a friend it's a heart it's
anything you want it to be It is kind. The first time I saw it
it reminded me of who I am
It's an inspiration to everyone
It can play basketball it can
be a teacher and if you
look at it close you will
get hit right in your heart
It's a very good painting It can talk
and walk It's a flame that can
light up the world

Abandoned

By Greg
Inspired by: Yao Jui-chung + Lost Society Document

For years and years, nothing has happened,
No people have walked by, it's abandoned.

Nearly finished, it makes me cry, as I
walk by, it's not divine.

Silently waiting, for them to come back
but it doesn't know, it not existent anymore.

I look at it, no detail at all, rust
occurring, very bland!

No noises around, nothing at all, only the
birds, sighing as if to ignore.

It's as dark as a shadow, as rusty
as a backyard shack, standing on its
toes, waiting for them.

Will they come back? I'm not sure, but
the old abandoned place, is gone for good

For years and years, nothing has happened,
No people have walked by, it's abandoned.

Guernica in sand by Lee Mingwei
By Ethan Antanius

The Picasso art made me feel sad for all those people who
are experiencing war in their city, town or village.

And it makes me feel sorry for those who didn't do anything
wrong but yet they were either shot or stabbed.

Some people might be so devastated
and depressed that they have to
leave their home and travel
to a new country or city.
They might not even speak the

language of the new country. If it was me, I wouldn't
know how I would survive.

In my heart I feel really
lucky that I'm in a good
country that doesn't have such terrible war.

Untitled

By Jade

I can see plants dying because of the metal
and concrete its dying because it's got no
space the colour of the plants are fading away
the leafs are falling and the rocks are
falling to the colours of the rocks are

Untitled

By Gordon
Inspired by: Jamie North

Vines are as strong as hulk
they like to grow on everything
you can't escape
Stone aren't as strong as vines!
Vines crush anything
like cars, stones and houses. You
can't escape; it will trip you over and suffocate you.
They have good things too like flowers and fruit.

With thanks to the staff and students at **Alexandria
Park Community Junior School**

Zohab Zee Khan

Zohab Khan is an educator, spoken word poet, motivational speaker, didgeridoo player, harmonica beat-boxer and hip-hop artist. Since 2006, Zohab has been building a formidable career in spoken word poetry, culminating in taking out the title of the Australian Poetry Slam Champion in 2014. 2016 sees the launch of Zohab's passion project, The Pakistan Poetry Slam. In 2015, he made appearances at the Sydney, Auckland, Byron Bay, Bellingen, Ubud (Indonesia), Bookworm Literary (China) and National Young Writers Festivals.

The Red Room Company

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful ways into poetry to enrich our lives. Their projects and learning programs collaborate with diverse communities, schools and correctional centres to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities. If you would like more information about The Red Room Company or *The Disappearing*, please visit: <http://redroomcompany.org>

The Biennale of Sydney

The Biennale of Sydney is a non-profit organisation that presents Australia's largest and most exciting contemporary visual arts festival. Held every two years, the Biennale is a three-month exhibition, with an accompanying program of artist talks, performances, forums, guided tours, family days and other special events. The 20th Biennale of Sydney is curated by Artistic Director Stephanie Rosenthal and runs from 18 March to 5 June 2016 at venues across Sydney.

20th BIENNALE OF SYDNEY

18 MARCH —
05 JUNE 2016

THE
RED
ROOM
COMPANY

POETRY IN UNUSUAL
AND USEFUL WAYS

CARRIAGEWORKS

20th BIENNALE

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Poetry Readings

— *The Disappearing*

**With Zohab Zee Kahn and Alexandria
Park Community Junior School
Saturday, 2 April, 12-1 pm
Carriageworks**

Experience the Embassy of Disappearance at Carriageworks, interpreted by young poets as they recite poetry in response to the exhibition.

Presented as part of the 20th Biennale of Sydney in partnership with The Red Room Company, this special event unveils the results of poetry workshops led by renowned poet Zohab Zee Kahn with local primary school students, who have used language to engage, distill and represent the disappearing (and reappearing) worlds around them. These poems will form part of The Red Room Company's digital project, *The Disappearing* – an anthology of poetry linked to disappearing places.

*I dream about the past.
It was a full classroom
4 brothers standing next to each other.
Stronger than a lion and as tall as 7 feet,
so gigantic
the plants are so long, it may be covered
with glass and contains in sand.
It is lost like the rest of us in this world.*

Collective poem, Alexandria Park Community Junior School
(inspired by artist Jamie North's work *Succession*, 2016)

Poems

The Weather Inside Me

By Cullum
Inspired by: Neha Choksi

When I look at this artwork it made me feel happy but when I heard someone say the sun never came back that made me feel sad. I like the night and all but the sun is important to us and for the nature. It is also very important to the trees because if trees die we will die too. Trees give us life and the sun gives life to trees. I like the sun because the sun makes me and everyone in the world warm. The sun would smell like burnt marshmallows like you are at a campfire. The sun would not taste nice because it would burn you, just like when you are drinking a hot chocolate and it burns your tongue. It would sound like meat cooking on the B.B.Q.

The sun looks like a huge molten rock coming to fall on us and blowing up the whole world. The sun feels like 100 flamethrowers burning my hand off.

Untitled

By Antony
Inspired by: Neha Choksi

The light shines bright
threw out my height.
I stare at it and it's
always there.
I close my eyes
and it isn't there.
I keep trying but it still
isn't there. I open my
eyes it's just a painting.

Untitled

By Alex R

The sun was moving. It looked very bright and breezy.
The moon was moving at night
And the clouds were moving during the day

The train was moving on rails
The boat was moving on water
The boat and the train was dropping off cargo

The boat had cargo that had toys in it
The toys were to go to the toy shop

The train was going to the airport
Alexander was a passenger on the train
He took the train to the airport to catch the plane
To go to Ayers Rock

Mum and Dad came to Ayers Rock with me
They helped me get on the plane
They helped me get on the plane.

We went to Paris. We saw the Eiffel Tower
It was very big and tall.

Untitled

By Racquel
Inspired by: Jamie North

I see a brick with vines around it. The vines are trying to suffocate the bricks. By the time the vines finish suffocating the bricks, the vines will kill it. It keeps breaking even more then one day there will be No More.

Guernica in Sand

By Eve
Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

The thing I like about this artwork is that it really gives the effect that we want the disappearing affect how they're sweeping it away like it's disappearing.

I think it's a beautiful piece of artwork just for that reason. I feel like it's a really popular piece and I think to wonder what kind of sand the person used.

This artwork even when in the process of still destroying it still bring tears of joy to my eyes.

It soft and smooth like the Ocean, like waves...like Peanut butter even though I hate peanut butter

