



**BUNDANON TRUST**

# Bundanon Workshop

with Bomaderry High School

## Red Room Poetry

Red Room Poetry 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 dynamic writing workshops that awaken imaginations and support creative opportunities.

## Bundanon Trust Workshop

From August 14-16 2017 Ali Cobby Eckermann led intensive poetic learning workshops at Bundanon Trust with 66 students in years 9 and 10 from YWCA Nowra, Bomaderry High School and Dapto High School. The workshops focused on reconnecting to the earth and exploring our emotions.

With Ali's guidance, students wrote independently amid eucalypts and crafted a collaborative poem by purposefully selecting one word from their independent writing. Students then sculpted that word from wire and experimented with artistic recordings of these poems using a range of mediums.



## Ali Cobby Eckermann

Ali Cobby Eckermann's first collection *little bit long time* was written in the desert and launched her literary career in 2009. Her works have been published in various languages, and she has travelled widely to showcase Aboriginal poetry overseas. In 2013 Ali toured Ireland as the Australian Poetry Ambassador and won the Kenneth Slessor Prize for Poetry and Book Of The Year (NSW) for *Ruby Moonlight*, a massacre verse novel. In 2014 Ali was the inaugural recipient of the Tungkunungka Pintyanthi Fellowship at Adelaide Writers' Week, and the first Aboriginal Australian writer to attend the International Writing Program at University of Iowa. Her memoir *Too Afraid To Cry* was launched in New Delhi in 2015, on her way to Jaipur Literature Festival. In 2016 Ali presented a Keynote at the Active Aesthetics conference in Berkeley California. In 2017 Ali received the Windham-Campbell Award from Yale University, and the Red Room Poetry Fellowship.



# Poems

## from Bomaderry High

### Untitled

*By Bella*

As I look around, I see and hear human sounds...  
Invading the trees, creatures and air.

As the wattle blooms...  
Footsteps on the rocks, eroding memories

Machines in the water, once so pure, now slightly touched.  
But is this a reflection of beauty or our forever changing environment

Quickly destructing?

### The Colours

*By Juliette*

The dark shades of green  
Filling the dull grey sky

The crunch of each step  
Disturbing the multi-coloured peace

Words spoken, softly  
By bright Christmas bodies

Innocent pink faces  
Watch the birds soar freely

A rainbow of silence  
Ruined by crunching and breaking.

### It is, yet it isn't

*By Jade Dedomenico*

So much land and so much bush yet everything  
Is so crowded.

So much life and authenticity and movement yet I  
Feel so calm.

I'm intimidated yet I feel at home.

The ground is uneven, the trees are curved, the  
Sticks are broken and worn yet it is perfection.

I am in an interlocking city of plants, animals and  
Humans all working in peace;  
Layer upon layer each with a purpose.

How can the complexity of this Earth allow  
life to be so simple?

### Moss

*By Oliver Woods*

Paint, splashed on  
Thrown by infants

Intricately detailed  
Infinitely complex

Strangling the rocks  
Under their cool embrace

### Beauty

*By Cameron*

Birds humming  
Breeze blowing...

Silence falls over the green and grey  
landscape...



### Environment

*By Harrison Graham*

The raindrops on the trees  
Have a calming effect

Not just on us

But birds, even rocks  
And other things around us.

### Untitled

*By Maddy*

The naked trees shiver  
In the winter air.

### Realisation

*By Annika H.*

To live is the rarest thing in the world.  
Most people just exist.  
That is all.  
I know that now.

### Splashes of Colour

*By Emma A.*

Birds chirp against the still wind,  
Clouds of smoke hover over the trees,  
Scraping along the horizon.

The sun peeks through the clouds,  
Glistening against the brown bark.

Auburn leaves crunch against my foot,  
Spaced out between the mossy stones.

Gum leaves bustle against the cool air,  
Releasing a green splash of colours  
contrasting against the grey skies.

Spots of vibrant yellows and oranges  
Stand out in the far distance.

Silhouettes of birds  
Glide through  
the dull surroundings of the tall trees.

### Change

*By Cassie O. C*

Song, thick, textured  
A symphony of syrup

The air fresh and alive,  
Each breath she drew she took a life  
But each exhale she brought them back strong.

A tranquil place  
Once tranquil it was,  
Some old sounds still remain  
But many are gone,  
They once melted together in song

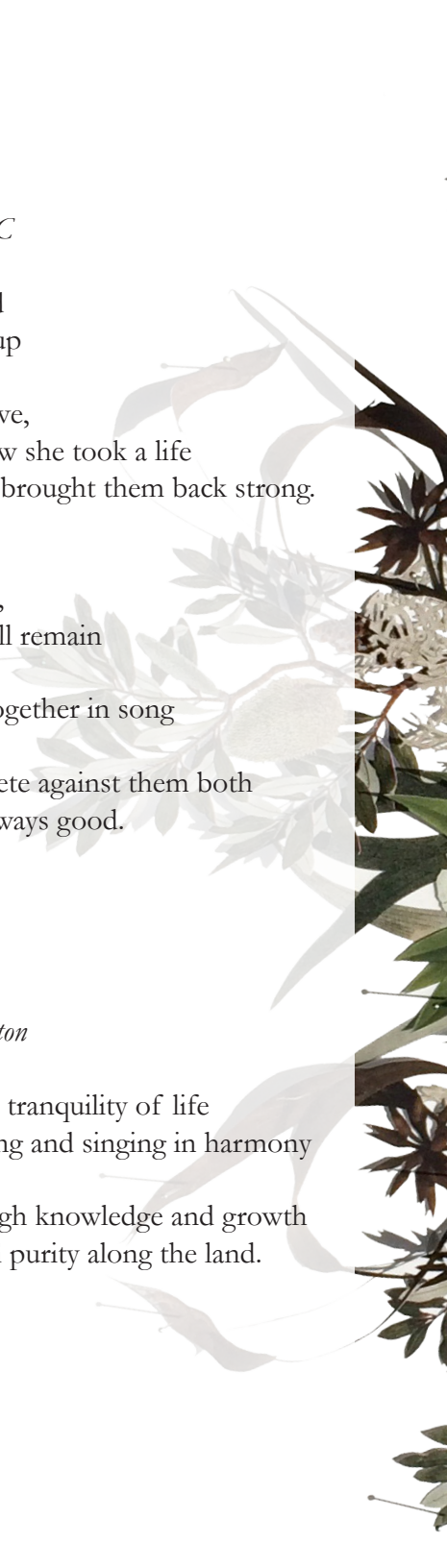
Now the new compete against them both  
For change is not always good.

### Unison


*By Maya Britton*

All connected in the tranquility of life  
A community dancing and singing in harmony

Strengthening through knowledge and growth  
Spreading peace and purity along the land.







**The Land is Peaceful**

*By Kayli Stone*

The land is peaceful,  
Not a bird without song  
Leaves crunching at our feet,  
Greens, greys and browns are all that surround  
Birds soaring through the sky,

The land is peaceful.

Everything is still,  
Moss growing on rocks sitting there for years,  
Dirt crumbled on the ground  
Wildlife surrounds,

The land is peaceful.

Wattle blooming on the trees,  
All beautiful shades of green  
Sticks laying from where they fell  
Dirt mounds sitting still,  
Grass peeking through the dirt,

The land is peaceful.

**Untitled**

*By Unknown*

Fog streaming down the mountain  
Stillness empowering the land

Cattle grazing on the flowing pale terrain  
Scattering of rocks blooming with pale green life  
Ricochets down the mountain side


Distant but close to the eye  
Kangaroos skipping,  
Resting, living, simply being alive.

Up above soaring the sky birds play and sing  
In the trees where they hide.  
Their sound creating relaxation for all the land to hear

The stillness surrounds creating peace to breathe.

Clearing the thoughts as the eye wanders  
out in the distance  
free

It leads to the settled fog,  
streaming and floating  
In the mountain covered in the life  
Of trees, revealing the inner peace  
Which is among we.





**Quilt of Colour**

*By Miette*

The land is a patchwork  
A cold grey envelopes the sky

Rainbows of greys and greens build the bush  
Reds appear in spots on the ground

Fields of yellow peek through the corners  
Embroidered throughout are flowers of flame

Blue distant hills border the blanket  
The whole thing embellished in birdsong

I feel so safe in this blanket.

**Bundanon on Tuesday**

*By Oliver Woods*

The green and greyscale undertones  
Of plant life and mossy rocks

The far-off sound of machinery  
Broken by bird calls and crunched foliage

Kept in tranquil balance under an overcast sky

**Disconnection**

*By Indiana*

I feel like I shouldn't be writing or thinking  
It's just too mechanical  
But I am anyway  
And so is everyone else

We are connected by our disconnection  
And regard for the complexity of  
the nature around us  
And how empty we feel

When we simply  
Can't comprehend it

**Shapes**

*By Lachlan H.*

Sharp edges and points  
Soft curves and songs.

**Raggedy Man**

*By Elle Geaghan*

The raggedy man sits  
with so many smooth, dimpled, sharp, broken rocks,  
Covered in lichen and moss.

And the raggedy branches grow on raggedy trees,  
gums standing tall  
To keep guard over the wildlife.

Dirt on his hands and he doesn't know why,  
Beautiful horizon so full of life.

Always Raggedy, always content.



## **A Mystery is History**

*By Osha*

Trees, shrubs and leaves  
Tell their own story.

## **The Trees**

*By Jayden Smith*

The trees stand together  
Like a nation  
Built on trust and love

United with each other  
Growing stronger and stronger  
In their own little community.

## **Moving Landscapes**

*By Hayley Eaton*

The green of the trees  
and the moss that lays  
so still,  
like a picture does

Everything stays  
So safe is this moment,  
Though the wind will come  
And scatter the leaves  
That now lay under my thumb

But nothing here is ever  
Tattered or worn  
It may just end up  
Elsewhere after the storm.

## **Untitled**

*By Lana*

Rocks that are spotted  
With a lifetime of tales.

## **The Tree**

*By Luke Coombes*

The tall blossoming tree  
Fell gently from the sky

All of mankind  
Will never know why

It all started  
from the sap

dripping

From its eye

## **Untitled**

*By Amelie*

The trees look lonely but secretly they're friends  
Communicating through a system of roots

Some have grown closer  
So they edge closer together

Some are isolated  
Either self-inflicted or cast aside

Who knows if this was their choice  
The only ones that do know can't say



### **Little Bird**

*By Gabrielle*

A choir forever  
singing in the sky?  
Twisting and spindly.

Climbing above the sky  
Or towards the earth  
waiting until Springtime.

Hands, knobby and old,  
Reaching down to reclaim  
What was once theirs.

### **Emptiness**

*By Brendan Low*

The bush is empty without bird noises

The mountain is boring without old rocks

The forest is simple without different trees

The history is vague if we look at the first layer of the dirt

The land is dense without the tracks of animals.

### **Rosemary's Rocks**

*By Nicole Smede*

I see smoke suspended  
Between Ridges  
And note the cold air  
on the tip of my nose.

Yellow bursts  
from a green and grey landscape.  
It's early this year.

As I walk across the rocky path  
damp moss softens underfoot  
Does it, like the trees, recall  
My last visit here?

I rest on a rock.  
Senses awaken  
Listen...  
The birds coo in song  
Through the crisp air.

