



Year 8, 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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Jordan A.

A car came to the bridge,
and the people in the car worry,
yelling as they lad on water they
come swimming to the top,
then a rock came up,
out of the water.

Patrick

I look out through the window
and there is freedom. A tree,
the sky, fresh air and green grass.
Oh, how can I feel the freedom?
What is freedom?
Is it the time after the bell?
Is it the time when we can do
anything we want?
When you can feel the freedom?
For me, my freedom is a sweet
time after the bell.

Malo U.

To get healthy,
exercise to get healthy,
eat healthy food to get healthy
and more energy; go to the gym
to get healthy and to build muscles.
Train hard to get healthy and strong
bones. Do appropriate exercises
to get healthy and built.

Hussein A.

Get out of bed, grab your wallet
and keys. Go outside the house,
get in the car drive to Maccas
and get me a Big Mac with
the England pie and a Sprite
slushie, and give it to me
and go back to bed.

Nathan D.

Stay near the edges of the building.
Open your eyes and look down—
I want you to see a peaceful earth
and feel the fresh nature of earth.

The light shines brightly against
the moon. Look up
and you see the sky filled
with stars. Now you realize
the world is very big.

I want you to compare
the galaxy with the earth.
What's smaller?
I want you to think hard
on how the earth can survive
all alone in time.

Sailes K.

We are here in this cemetery,
not to fear. This is where old
friends lie—friends of truth.
But sad, can't talk, can't
hear, can't see.

So now here you are,
in the same place
you would rather be.

William D.

Lie down. Pick up the breath
of nature around; kick the fluffy,
white seeds of a dandelion.
Smell the freshly-cut grass
with the moss of the footpath.
Hear the clunking of metal
from the industrial playground.
Here, the children play and make
friendships to last forever.

Sajid

People wearing clothes
of different colours.
Lights. Loud horns.
The bridge is painted white,
the water is dark and cold.
Clear night; no moon.

David L.

A bridge, surrounded
by barbed wire stops
citizens from escaping.
A bridge that was made
to protect people, is now
made to trap people.

No one can escape.
People die trying to escape.
Bombs everywhere explode,
causing a massacre.

A bridge that stops others
from getting in and getting
out. There is no freedom.
There is no safety.
There is no life,
and there is no
escape.

Mohammed S.

Turn on the computer
type in your password.
Log in.
Press the start button
click the icon
play games
pick your character
Finish the game.
Close the tab.
Press the start button;
shut down the computer.

Ameen R.

Wake up in your car—
you're gonna get crushed.
What do you do?
You must break out.
Kick the window; jump out
the car, they're after you.
What do you do?
You steal the car.
You run away.
You catch a plane
and never come back,
because you can't
pay debts.

David

Get up in the morning
dress
do stuff
leave to go to school
get on the train
then you walk to school
then you leave school
then you go on the train
then you go home
then you rest.

**Learn
Benjamin M.**

To learn, you must listen.
To write, you must learn.
Learning helps in everything,
from reading to cooking.
Sometimes it is fun,
sometimes it is not.
You can help others learn
or not, but one thing's
for sure—learning is everywhere.

**Do or Do Not
John A.**

Do not touch my house.
Here you see grass;
don't smell my flowers,
you might see my dog.
Be warned, he bites.
You must go to school,
but not today hahaha.

**Roll the Rollercoaster
Jonah P.**

Get on that rollercoaster,
for goodness sake,
we're at Luna Park.
If you don't, I will never
bring you here again.

Don't act so worried,
it's all just for fun.
Don't be sad. You really
should give it a chance.
You will never bring this
up again as you will
never regret this decision.

Hope you don't die—
this is a dangerous ride.
Just for fun!

Drew L.

Grab a pen, pencil or laptop.
Think about your emotions
and you vein of the world,
but don't stress. Let go.
Feel the hardness of the pen,
the roughness of the pencil
and feel the keys of the computer
write and type away. Happy or sad.
This is how you make a poem,
this is how you can express yourself.

Junior T.

Sit down, close your eyes.
Now open them. Do you like
what you see? This, I am going
to give you a present for your
next birthday. In return,
you give me what I want,
and that is... a brand new car.

Mohammad A.

Go on your bed.
It's a cold day.
Have hot chocolate; next
to you, put a fluffy blanket
on top of you. You will feel
so relaxed, comfortable
and good. You may feel
sleepy and now you maybe
want to go to sleep, and now
you are asleep and dreaming
about something.

Muadh B.

All I see is darkness
and a tiny but of light.
All I hear is the last post.
All I feel is people mourning
over their loved ones, and
regretting the decision of letting
them go. Oh why, tense.
Oh why, tense.

Farhan

Wake up in the dark—
fear is all around.
Turn on the computer,
try to be entertained.
Switch on the live stream.

I realized I was inside the computer;
everyone's in a war. I got stunned
by the smoke all around, all my
teammates have died.

M.K.

I want to show you something,
but you have to get ready
because you're going to see
when teachers blow your dreams
away, because teachers will not
let kids have P.E. time and what
they're going to do, get ready
to see your miserable life without
P.E. so go run to your house.

Neemia

Close your eyes,
for you shall travel through
this dangerous journey.
Now picture you are in a dark
place where there is no light,
but know there is danger that
lies before you.

Steven T.

Smell the pie. It is cooling down.
Peel the damp grass off the back
of my house. Peel my mouth off
and take my eyeball out.

Rojan

I see a bridge—
not any bridge, a special bridge.
Not any special bridge, an incredible
bridge. Oh why, fence, why?

Adam V.

Write.
Write this poem.
Feel the curves in your wrist;
feel the strong grip in your
fingers. Now you are writing.
Writing about what you feel,
what you know.

Sense the words coming
out of your pen.
Feel the struggle to think
in your mind. Now
you are writing.

The Chase**Judah T.**

As I walked out of a play,
I'm tired so I take a short cut
home. It's darker than usual
and you hear many sounds.

A dark shadow comes,
saying the usual mugger talk:
"Give me your money or
I shoot!"

I give to them, just in case
and as they run, I chase
after them. Jumping over
bins and bags then they go
up a fire escape. Running
fast but not too fast.

Taking big steps, but
not too big. One mistake,
and I fall. Now on the rooftop,
jumping, they're fast—
but I'm fast. I tackle them,
then I realize I'm in my house.

I hear them yell "Happy birthday!"
and realize it was a party
planned for my birthday and the
mugger was my gym instructor.

Zeel P.

Place the dove on the table;
smooth out the dove
roll it around
put the greasy sauce on it
spread the small, wrinkly cheese
put the crispy, spicy pepperoni

Place the large, delicious pizza
in the oven. Take it out and eat
that crispy, cheesy, loving pizza.

Suddenly you sneeze, and your hand
flips the pizza over your head.
The pizza drops on the floor,
all ruined.

Jaequan R.

Right here, sit on the sand.
Hear the waves break
hear them crash on the rocks,
smell the salty water
feel the light breeze
feel the soft yellow sand

Relax your mind
with the sound of waves.
You need this—don't deny it.

**Shadow
Harun**

Her shadow engulfing herself,
the darkness dragging her
to oblivion. Her face filled
with horror and regret,

she pleads for help and
screams in agony. She tries
to escape the void that
encircles her, but all she gets
is nothing.

Her face slowly collapses,
and is eaten by the darkness
with her.

The shining light blinds me;
its pure, divine shine burns
my skin. It hurts me, like how
it did when oblivion forcefully
possessed me.

**Can you feel it?
Jordan T.**

See the colourful lights
brighten up the night

Feel the cold, hard stone
on your skin

Look at the structure—
it is complicated.

Peter P.

Plug all the cables into the computer
switch the power on and let it load
up; get your headphones on
and get ready to go. While
it's loading, click on the game
you want to play; turn the volume
full and shut the blinds. Shut
the door and get ready to play.
Enjoy the game and play
for hours on end.

**How to Play DotAz
Lam B.**

Plug in the power cord.
Turn on the computer;
wait for it to load
and start DotAz. Put your
hand on the keyboard and
move. Think of ways
to conquer your enemy.
Work with your team
and dominate the enemy.

**Video Games
William C.**

A video game is something
that is entertaining and fun
when you are bored.
Games like Call of Duty.

**Door
Bezda F.**

Run like a cheeter;
no one can stop it.
Crackling sounds as loud
as a lion. He's coming
at me, with his terrifying
hands made of knives.

My skin starts to tingle,
my life would end here.
People disappearing,
one by one like vapourising
to thin air, between die
or survived.

Pouring rains;
it feels like the rain is blood
dripping bit by bit. The ground
still shaking like an earthquake.

**Feel the Wind
Pulu**

Walking on the beach,
with wind gushing at you,
it feels so soft and smells
like nothing. The sounds
of the waves hitting
the rocks; I can almost
taste it's salt evaporating. **Sit**

Basim M.

Sit on the floor.
Lie on the carpet
feel its rough edges
take in all the smells
take in all the sounds.

You're having a good time
with everyone you know,
then you realize everyone
thinks you're crazy.

**Games
Jordan H.**

Games influence me, like shooter games
and they make me wanna get some guns
and have fun so I get an AK everyday
I say hello to my little friends, 'cause it's
the end of your life. I'll tell your wife
you said bye, but I won't lie that you died
on the 21st of February. Catch a ferry
to another place so watch out for the
cops.
They'll catch you doing a poo, so they
got
a clue and they will sue you.

**Girls and Boys
Tori**

When we are young, we both
play together and have fun.
But when we grow up,
we get nervous around
each other and don't play
as much. We also have feelings
for each other.

**The Bridge
Denzel**

The bridge is bright.
So light that it keeps out
the mysterious creatures at
night,

Sundreams.
Flashes on match heads
splashes of ashes
embers arising
smoke fills the sky in
freefalls in Paris

Sundreams in flashes
sink into mattress
fall into atlas

**After School
Josh P.**

After school, I ran home
as fast as a bullet. I turned
and laughed like a kookaburra.
When I got bored, I turned
the PS4 on and put FIFA 14,
played career mode Arsenal.

After I finish, I had dinner.
That was so nice, like something
from Master Chef.

Winston

Time is everywhere
ticking, ticking, ticking
Everything fading away
from my very eyes.

**Fish & Chips
Paul**

There, Enter the store.
Smell the fish and order
a super large dis

Sabiul

Run, wild one. Run.
Destiny still awaits.
Watch the obstacles
passing by. Fly free
like an eagle soaring
through the skies
above the mountains.

There is no need
to worry. Forget
about yesterday;
never forget this
day. Tomorrow
is a chance—
you can still make it.
Fight against the past.

Today is your turn
your life, your rules.
Now is your gift.

Run Tony B.

Sprint. Feel the cold breeze
open your eyes.
Feel the emptiness inside you;
don't look back.

Look up and see the tall buildings.
Feel adrenaline pumping
through you, can't allow any thoughts
to go into your mind.
Breathe in and out.

Dawdy T.

Sit down. Grab a hold
of the mouse and place
your fingers on the keyboard.
Open and log in to Minecraft
select your world and load
your terrain

You are now in the world
of blocks and pixels.
Discover new things,
invent new machines;
construct your own building.
Survive and thrive.
It is your world.
It is your choice.

Ricky

You lay your hand on top
of your keyboard, with
your other hand gripping
the mouse. You gently move
it across the mouse pad.

When you click twice on
that shortcut, you see
a new world appearing
in front of your eyes.

You think of ways to conquer a war
or think of ways to defeat a dragon.
When your mum walks in and shouts
"Go to sleep!" you choose a world
that you were condemned in.

The Underground Tunnels F.L.

You were just having a party
at a bar with your friends.
You were just feeling sick and
wanted to go home. As soon
as you leave the bar, you start
to feel dizzy. Just started walking,
trying as hard as you can to stand.

You walk into a place that is watery
and smells like a sewer as you
walked for hours around some place
with walls on both sides.

You follow the path, thinking
it will lead to your home.
But as soon as you regain
your vision, you notice that
you are in a tunnel and you
see a sign saying
Les catacombs de Paris
and you know this place is
dangerous. You search
for an exit but how?
You'll never find one
without light.
You'll never leave...

**Stop
Luca A.**

Here you are,
driving through the city,
the seatbelt cuts your neck
and you feel imprisoned by
the seatbelt and car doors.
You park the car and attempt
to think. Thoughts fill your mind,
horrible thoughts about the world
you are surrounded by.

Stop.

Push your seat back,
undo your seatbelt.
Open your window
listen to the wind
feel the wind gently caress you

You feel calm now.
You drive off,
a nobody in this world.

**Anzac Bridge
Mysur**

As I see the beautiful monument,
I always remember the soldiers
of the past who have died in the war
and fought for freedom. This bridge
was built so that people would see
soldiers who have fought for our
country and who have made us
victorious.

George P.

Here, take the pen. Write
about anything that your brain
tells you to write. Let your imagination
kick in. Feel all those little ideas, materials
and information.

Once you've thought about it,
write it down, knowing you've succeeded.

**Anzac Bridge
Lamin**

As I look at the Anzac Bridge,
I think of the brutal war.
I remember the pain
and the suffering; families
were very poor.

I hope this great bridge
will never fall. Darkness hits
the bridge like the sun. I wonder
how the war begun.

Houses destroyed, homes lost,
all because of one cost. War.

Craig M.

Right here and now,
I can feel the cold breeze
going through my hair and
looking in the sky, at the birds
and planes flying over me.

Findixon S.

He is outside
at the beach,
just walking.

Basil A.

Okay, sit. Play and talk.
But think, how did you get here?
Turn around—
what's behind you?
What's on your right
and on your left?

Now think, would that have
been there without our love?
Look around and around
but nothing will be found.

Not in the city or any other town.
So I lay down, in every blink.
Just think.

Themis P.

The lights light the bridge;
the bats fly over. The night
turns into morning.



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). timsinclair.org

Check out Tim reading his poem *The Same Bay Twice* commissioned by Red Room for *The Disappearing* app. redroomcompany.org/projects/disappearing