



## **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.

**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). [timsinclair.org](http://timsinclair.org)

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