



## **Centralian Senior College, 2014** ***The Disappearing* with poet Kelly-Lee Hickey**

As part of a special pilot program supported by the Tim Fairfax Family Foundation, award-winning poet Kelly-Lee Hickey presented six intensive poetry workshops at the Centralian Senior College.

Working with *The Disappearing* learning resource, Kelly-Lee guided students through a range of writing activities to spark imaginations and help students publish their own poems on *The Disappearing* app.

[Red Room Poetry Education](#) 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 intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.

[Red Room Company at Centralian Senior College, 2014](#)  
[redroomcompany.org/education/](http://redroomcompany.org/education/)



**Competition  
by Jackson**

I'm peeking down the grassy field  
The sun is blazing down like a volcano  
I shove my hand into my quiver  
Hoping to pull out a winning arrow

I align my sight  
And focus on my target like a puma  
stalks its prey  
My hand is shaking  
I take a deep breath  
And shoot through the breathing wind

The arrow soars through the air  
Slicing it on its way, the target  
The arrow pierces through the center ring  
Hitting the backboard viciously with the  
force of a thousand punches.  
I am speechless  
My final thoughts rest in my mind  
I am a VICTOR.

**BBQ  
by Keiha**

Squishy, flaccid bag  
The luminosity caught my eye  
Laying on the kitchen bench

Ripped open when hunger strikes  
The BBQ smell makes my nose tingle  
Like a field of sunflowers

Thin, crunchy, sweet and mouthwatering  
Flavor sticking to my fingers  
Reminding me of a Sunday feast

Deafening crunches  
Unhealthy yet delicious  
Hunger drifting away

**Scared for Life  
by Keiha**

Strange hands grab me  
Sling me in a sheet  
Everything familiar gone

My stuffed moose lies  
left on the floor  
No goodbyes or I love yous

I grew up being abused  
Wire burns, jumper lead scars  
Hammered and wrenched  
like a toy with no worth  
These people weren't my loved ones  
This pain wasn't deserved  
The tears no one saw

15 years later  
Tears still falling,  
Pain still felt  
Death was waiting for me.

**Crashing Spaceship  
by Kayle E.**

I looked at the sky  
I saw a spaceship  
Heading to the airport  
It's not gonna make it

The pilots panicked  
Wings are burning  
The wind against them  
The nose is turning

The power went out  
They're flying blind  
They're pretty close  
Just two miles out

They made it to the airport  
They crash landed  
The spaceship hit the ground  
They finally landed

**The Disappearing Sun  
by Cohen Richards**

As the sun slowly descends  
Into the cold, hard earth  
The skies above become dark  
as if it were hiding from something

with the sun out of sight  
the world ices over  
wind biting into my skin  
raising goose bumps on my arms

out of nowhere  
slowly ascending to the place  
where the sun once hung  
the moon, creamy and bright  
shines across the land



### **Poet Bio**

Kelly-lee Hickey is an award winning writer, performer and community cultural development artist living and working in the Northern Territory. She has worked extensively using collective narrative and story telling to connect communities in urban and remote areas in both Australia and Indonesia, with projects including A Stitch In Time and Vessels for Stories.

### **About Us**

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful poetry projects that transform expectations of, and experiences with, poetry. We aspire to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.