

Camden High School, Crookwell High School & Moss Vale High School, 2014

The Disappearing with Anna Westbrook

On Friday 7th November, writer and poet Dr. Anna Westbrook joined The Red Room Company to run an intensive poetry writing workshop with students from Camden, Crookwell and Moss Vale High School. Using activities inspired by *The Disappearing* learning resource, Anna helped students explore different poetic possibilities, such as prose poems, group poems, kuli stones and collage poems.

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.



Collage Poems

In Our Memory by Abbey C.

Waves of roads and highways
swept towards oblivion.
The boy faces a perilous horizon,
clear and simple.

Across the cities they come,
like migrant bodies
into maps of fractured communities.
Before dawn, each soul is asleep
and shouldn't be disturbed.

The stars are not alone.
The boy dreams of foreign docks
and transit cities,
memories forced to leave.

Untitled by Sienna

There are lights in our hearts
and lights in our hands.
Distance of past pain
and history written in lines.

Untitled by Tiarne W.

The boy lights his sisters.
He is all alone.
He disappears into the horizon,
their names were not known.
The moon guides each soul,
forcing them in waters.

The boy meant to leave the waves
with passing memories.

Untitled by Georgia M.

The children falling through the sky
shout in infinity, He is not alone!

He carved the cities into maps,
yearning for the gun to disappear.
The boy can still feel
the hot blood between his teeth,
missing the times of sugar and dreams.

Moments of Pause by Sienna

Cramped with grand hope
but faced with a threatening death,
bulldozers clear the tunnels
staring figures in hard hats.

Untitled
by Samantha C.

There are lights in our hearts,
clear and simple.
Squeeze out the light
and walk the forest of absence
the trees of distance and pain.
I walk among roses,
and life is returning
to the light again
see?

Interpret
by Charlotte F.

A candle will never burn out
a horizon. In our hearts,
millions of connecting stars
the moon will disappear and re-appear
the perfume of memories,
history in letters written.
Dreams are fragile
He lights a candle

Untitled
by Ellie T.

A fire-trail of hot blood falling across
the boy's face; fractured communities
are forced to leave at all costs
gun to temples.

Untitled
by Matt F.

The bodies burn
hearts later dust
pain and torture.
torture and death
they call it: Peace Villa
Their tears fell,
torn apart
by evil hands
and
it
still
continues
today

Untitled
by Jessica W.

Dreams are fragile and wild like the soul
between breath like falling dawn.
A lone candle lights a fire-trail
blasting behind the faces of memories
infinity before they pass
the glinting moon,
caught words like want to shout
hot blood gun teeth and the forest
you don't stir.

Untitled
by Anonymous

They hover on the hour
memory returns, washing over
the absence.
Still alive with the faint haunting of the
words forget and remember.

Untitled
by Gabrielle H.

In our hearts,
history is written
clear and simple.

Again see the light
among the trees
of distance and pain.

Over and over
disappearing
freeze them in their tracks
as if they have never left,
There I fell into tears

Untitled
by Brock S.

Time travelling we watch the motorways
change, cramped and somehow bare
and more exposed the illusion
of the hidden from tranquility flying high
past the distant empire vivid secrets
betrayed in the sensory detail that
threatens to swallow it whole.
Inside the walls scream
stories of countless faces

Time Somehow Travelling
by Anthony W.

Time somehow travelling blasting
hard hats in the garden
cockatoos watch the motorways,
flying high, vivid
white and yellow elements
of urban dream.
The landscape of steel and concrete
a row of golden arches
as we change our destination,
back to the peering doorstep.

Life and Death
by Sam D.

Somehow time observes death
travelling past vivid faces
flying exposed and bare
as ghosts give way to golden change

A new dream intertwined
in reflections hidden distant
in a cramped open space
yearning for a destination

The Disappearing Suite
by Kim C.

They hover on the edges,
between forgetting and remembering.
With their ghost-scent,
their breath of silence,
so quietly that it feels
somehow bare,
completely gone.

Time
by Alicia L.

Time is falling
you feel rounded edges
somewhere in an infinity.
Whipbirds graze the cow's soft belly
They still hover in the distant hilly scrub
vanishing, their bodies with a thud.
Over the fresh absence they hover freely.

Dreams and Poetry
by Bri

I walk among missing spaces
on the horizon.
I take one of millions of the stars
and oblivion
The moon sown from afar,
I squeeze out light
I plant dreams in memory.

Dying
by Kate R.

They disappeared so quietly
forgotten and lost
leaving only a trail,
straight into the afterlife

Untitled
by Anonymous

Strange dreams touch the boy.
He will not wake.
Languages flourishing the orphans,
black memory
disappearing echoes tremble
still alive yet dreaming the dead.

Untitled
by Kooper S.

Stand out somewhere in infinity,
feel their voices washing over you
the echo of your absence haunts
the yearning earth.
at the end of the poem you're gone,
and I want to shout at you.

Untitled
by Gemma

The countryside is a space of silence
where dreams and images wake.

Untitled
by Caitlin S.

The blackened soul
lights among the trees will never burn out.
It is the forest of distance pain and death.
Memories of those who disappeared
are in our hearts, the voices of the lost
haunting our dreams.

Untitled
by Anonymous

Advancing humanity, writing
in a book of their disappearing
memories fading, haunting life gone.
Dead.

Untitled
by Anonymous

So quietly they start fading
Then,
All of a sudden,
They are gone
They are lost
They have disappeared from your life

Untitled
by Anonymous

The letters of poetry are fragile dreams,
flourishing lights to guide a million candles
to their former home.



Poet Bio

Anna Westbrook's debut novel, *The Quiet Noise*, will be published by Scribe in 2015. Anna completed a PhD at the University of New South Wales and lectures in creative writing at New York University Sydney. Her poems have been published in the USA, France, and Australia. She is one of the poets commissioned as part of The Red Room Company's project, *The Disappearing*.

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.