



Crookwell 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 Schools. 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.

Prose Poem
by Jessica W.

The darkness slowly fades, that soft moonlight touch slowly disappears, taking with it the magic of the night. The forest slowly grows lighter, the sun welcoming the day creatures to dawn, chasing away the darkness, chasing away the creatures of mystery, the creatures of the night. The wind moves the soft summer breeze through the leaves as a warning. Today will be hot. The smell of the forest is empowering, the forest itself seems infinite. The peace of the night fades quickly, dreams cease to be, and rush of the day takes its place. The stars that cloaked the night sky are gone, along with the enchantment of the night for the day comes fast and the night canceled out and now the wait for its return begins. Count the hours some will, anticipate its return. For the night is the sweet relief of the day, the magic in life.



Prose Poem
by Caitlin S.

The silence pierces my ears and heart I look out on the sea side watch the waves crash slowly and gently on the beach, the sell like a fresh ocean breeze. Remembering all of the times when the children used to play. We used to go for a swim. When the sun was shining and the breeze was just magical.

Prose Poem
by Anthony W.

They disappeared. They ran, they hid, away from the machines. Away from the beautiful forest of lush green trees. The trees were falling like children learning to walk. The birds flew away but for some it was too late. Down with the threes they went. It smelled like wood chips as they were cut. All that could be heard was the sound of chainsaws ringing through the forest. A feeling of nervousness and insecurities for all of the animals who had to disappear.

**Prose Poem
by Connie M.**

Her dreams no longer run free like the wind. She is trapped in a hopeless world. Her knitted dreams are unwoven, tangled and ruined. The world is dark and sticky. It consumes her dreams and makes her fall back to reality.

**Prose Poem
by Alicia L.**

They ran through the scrub, their footpath of fear. Hooves clacking on tree roots, sounding like the knock on a door. Ears alert they hear crackling. Eyes, wide as stars, seeing only the fiery blackness of smoke and fear. Nostrils flaring, as their lungs burnt with the toxic blackness, filling their lungs. Tongues dry, nearly all the water evaporated from their body. The feeling of death creeping into them like the daytime to darkness. They whinnied in fear. At last out of the blistering smoke, breaking into a green, lustrous paddock. Every sense awakened with the feeling of calm.

Prose Poem
by Sharni U.

We used to write letters, but now we type. We used to chat in person, face to face, now we communicate behind the screen. Scrolling through Facebook blocking out the real world, getting sidetracked by cyber space. The real world kind of disappears and we are left with our phones in our hands. Your friends ask us to hang out but you say you're busy, busy with texting your other friends. Every social outing becomes a technology fest. The old ways are disappearing and technology is taking over.

Prose Poem
by Giselle C.

I remember the old days when we could make fun out of anything. We didn't need computers. We didn't need phones. We had a connection. We had each other. But now... All of that has changed. We still have fun sometimes but apparently we need our phones to do so. We still have a connection but it's usually through a text. We don't have each other anymore, but that's okay because we have our phones. Just stop. And look how sad your life has become.

**Prose Poem
by Gemma O.**

As I stand there, I feel lifeless. I watch the faces drown in tears. I'm in this place, that I call my hometown. As the tanks drive by they bring a cloud of sadness. The people here can taste the death that awaits them. We all know that this invasion has destroyed our happiness. What even is happiness? The town's a wreck, a land full of debris. A land that has been said to always be happy has become nothing but depressed. Money is demanded, families are torn and souls are being vacuumed away. Our town is disappearing.

**Prose Poem
by Katelyn R.**

They come and they go, fast and slow. undecided in what life she wished to live.



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.

Red Room Poetry Education at Crookwell High School, 2014

redroomcompany.org/education/

