

Red
Room
Poetry

BUNDANON TRUST

Bundanon Workshop

with Dapto High School

Red Room Poetry

Red Room Poetry 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 dynamic writing workshops that awaken imaginations and support creative opportunities.

Bundanon Trust Workshop

From August 14-16 2017 Ali Cobby Eckerman led intensive poetic learning workshops at Bundanon Trust with 66 YWCA Nowra, Bomaderry High School and Dapto High School students in years 9-10. The workshops focused on reconnecting to the earth and exploring our emotions.

With Ali's guidance, students wrote independently amid eucalypts and crafted a collaborative poem by purposefully selecting one word from their independent writing. Students then sculpted that word from wire and experimented with artistic recordings of these poems using a range of mediums.



Ali Cobby Eckerman

Ali Cobby Eckerman's first collection '*little bit long time*' was written in the desert and launched her literary career in 2009. Her works have been published in various languages, and she has travelled widely to showcase Aboriginal poetry overseas. In 2013 Ali toured Ireland as the Australian Poetry Ambassador and won the Kenneth Slessor Prize for Poetry and Book Of The Year (NSW) for '*Ruby Moonlight*', a massacre verse novel. In 2014 Ali was the inaugural recipient of the Tungkunungka Pintyanthi Fellowship at Adelaide Writers Week, and the first Aboriginal Australian writer to attend the International Writing Program at University of Iowa. Her memoir '*Too Afraid To Cry*' was launched in New Delhi India in 2015, on her way to Jaipur Literature Festival. In 2016 Ali presented a Keynote at the Active Aesthetics conference in Berkeley California. In 2017 Ali received a Windham-Campbell Award from Yale University. She was also awarded the Red Room Poetry Fellowship this year.



The High

By Toby

The mountainous road travelled
to reach the point that seems unreachable,
that might in fact be desirable

But once it is reached
you can feel the swift wind
where you can breathe the air in

Once you feel this energy high
the Earth can give you a vibrant life

It gives you a world
that has peace and harmony

The nature speaks to us like
a whisper in a world full of yelling

But if we can hold onto it
we can create an ambience for it to talk

We will reach the high

An Inhumane Humanity

By Caycee

The whisperings of the wind
stir old tales
those of trees
and hummingbird wails

The tunes they sing
diminish all presence
to wipe the slate clear
of humanity's call

Rough, coarse, scarred with memories
the body tells a story like no other

Together they sway and liven the air
together they create the whisperings of the
wind

Don't look; but listen

To purify
to cleanse
to isolate and serenade

The whisperings of nothingness
yet as powerful as stone
once listened to
will never leave alone

To make
To break

Not to be seen;
but to be heard

Tree Song

By Melanie

The hushed winds sigh – chorusing a love song

Lilting voices

Grey twig snaps; a bush conversation
the earth breathes

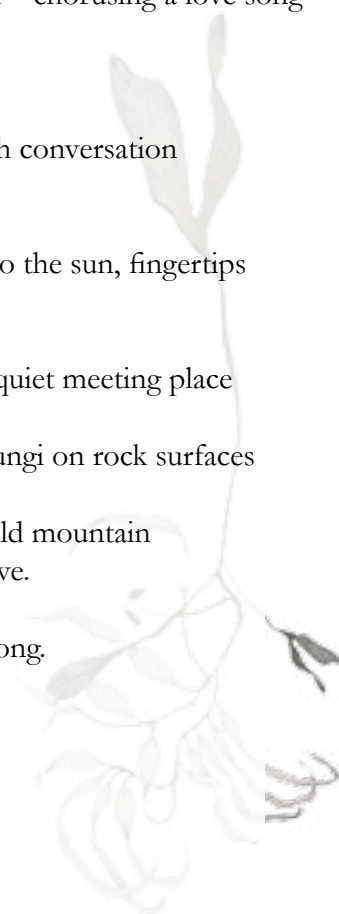
Trees raise their arms to the sun, fingertips
brushing the sky

Old spirits gather in a quiet meeting place

Paths mapped out in fungi on rock surfaces

A giant lays under an old mountain
his belly forming a curve.

He listens to the tree song.



A Little Bird

By Kaitlin M

Up high in the trees sits a little bird's nest
it lays with its head curled under its wing as it rests

the wind hits harshly against the little bird's feathers
but it is cold and sad for the nest is its tether

the little bird dreams only of flying away
but for now it must lay in its nest feeling betrayed

another bird flies by and it starts to cry
for its mother is gone and it shall never learn to fly

Untitled

By Isabelle

The crunching of dead leaves
crush under the weight of my body
as the gushing winds of winter
leave me pining for warmth

there I lay.

with the piercing air tormenting me
through the thin fabric of my clothes

a beam of light fights its way
through endless amounts of leaves
like the ground was a magnet

I close my eyes.

the heavy breeze reminds me of the ocean
messing up my hair
bringing tears to my eyes

This is My Country

By Kaitlin

The trees were singing
the wind was whistling

The birds chatter
the leaves flutter

The kangaroos laze
in the midday haze

The kookaburras call
rays of sun fall

This is my country

Wild Earth

By Zara

The leaves caressed by the breeze
the branches left teased
fragile stems touch the crowded floor
the creatures in groups of eight but no more

Air screams past the cold souls
their heart inside hot coals
calls come from far off lands
almost replying in a trance

The vibrant touches create a sight
however, it is more beautiful at night

Freedom swings from branch to branch
giving us the sweetest chance

My Path

By Alana

You stride down your path uncertain
through the broken branches and cracked leaves

The air around you smells of burnt woodchips
and old eucalyptus leaves

It's quiet – but not like the quiet you're used to.

Your path as unclear as a lake on a windy day
the wind passing,
disturbs the still trees

The leaves barricade your path
trying to dissemble, break you

You feel free,
safe,
knowing you're alone

It's cold, you don't feel it
you remain on your path 'unfocused'
nothing feels absolute anymore, 'real'

Am I real?
Is this real?
Are you real?

Who can answer these questions
seeing that I am alone,
forgotten.



Life

By Janaya

Crashing waves replace the wind breeze,
tall, thin trees fill the land,
leaves are forgotten,
now lifeless among the ground

Rocks scattered like homes for wildlife,
old dead logs a new home for plant life

Fallen logs outline the beauty of the land
small pools of water fill every dented crevice
kookaburras laughing together like good ol' mates

A small cocoon waiting to birth a new child
while dry, unwanted twigs lay amongst
the cold, wet ground

Moss covers rock just wanting a home
sparse weeds wanting to belong

While new sprouts want to be all grown up
and flower buds wanting to bloom into beauty

The air is fresh,
No pollution, no rubbish

Clean, giving every living thing
Life

Untitled

By Brandon

So much dead life is mixed with even more living
This is nature covering up its disappointment caused by humans

Sudden chills of wind
are replaced by the warm bursts of sunlight

The sound of the leaves
is similar to the waves
crashing at a beach

Trees leaning away from civilisation
trying to escape the devastation

Wind

By Leah

The Wind works its winding
tendrils around an uncertain subconscious
that wanders the lonely Earth

Message to the Future

By Nash

The trees so green
The sky so blue
Make a perfect combination
for a winters day
Can you say the same?

Breathing

By Caillan

I can breathe

No longer suffocated
by gas guzzling cars

Or blinded by the lights
that block out the stars

I'm free to breathe the clean air
see the shining stars

And feel my steady heart-beat
as my time to breathe slips away





The Dirt Stage

By Jaime

The whistling trees
the bird choir
the dirt stage
a gentle breeze
sharing nature's song with the world

A rock seat for you,
a high branch for me
to watch the dancing leaves

The sun shines its spotlight
the bully kookaburras laugh

As performers take their place
on nature's dirt stage

The performance begins

The bird choir sings!

The leaves dance on their stage
a gentle breeze whispers – a captive audience,
for the performers on the dirt stage.

A show of a lifetime!

For you and for me
watching the world
from a rock and a tree

The Sun

By Renae

As the
rays of the
sun seep through the
trees, I am calm. Engulfed
in its warmth... protecting me
keeping me at ease. As the sun fades
away over mounds of dirt and rock, I am
not calm, I am blind I cannot see the unknown
that lurks around every corner. So I wait. And
I wait. Until I see the array of colours over
where the sea, the sea meets the
sky. I feel warm. I feel calm
once more. I feel safe
again for another
day

Stolen Moment

By Jessica

A fragrant breeze
cuts through the bitterness

That once was bare
now fully vibrant


Greens in their hundreds dominate the sky
popping out against a rich, calm blue

Once a murky swamp
now a desert oasis

What was once treasured
soon to be lost

Untitled

By Tiana



The trees are tall,
the wind is loud
the birds are chirping,
the trees sway

The wind stops.

The birds go quiet.

The trees stop moving.

They all stop.

Home

By Renae

As the trees dance, engulfed in the breeze
it feels natural.

However it doesn't feel like it did
when we attacked.

We are constantly reminded of our painful past

The swift change of the direction of the wind
signified how we will end

Run and hide.
Or stand and fight.

We stole this land, it is not our own
we hurt this land for our own will

But this is who we are, this is who we will be
taking other's belongings to survive

One man's resource is another man's home.

The Shape of Nature

By Jacinta

The sound of a leaf falling onto our earth. Like the rain on the roof. Pitter patter. A sense of tranquillity.

At ease, at one with the earth.

The texture of the rock's surface. Bumpy. Its jagged edges so rough, as rough as the harsh gushes of the winds breath.

The fragrant, crisp, fresh, innocent and sweet smell of the wind.

Rosemary's Rocks

By Madison

The trees are talking,
as if they are telling each other secrets

The birds are chatting,
wind blowing in my face

It's peaceful and relaxing

Untitled

By Brooklyn

Time stands still
But the wind continues on

For the trees stay the same
The leaves play their dancing game

The Story of the Bush

By Chloe

The dry leaves crunch and fallen twigs snap
as you walk through the bush

The wind whispers a story to you
as you sit on a rock

a story of what happened to the trees
a story of what happened to the fallen branches
a story behind the leaves
a story of the animals that call this place home
a story of what happened in the bush, around where you sit

As you look at the different colours
and markings on the trees,
you wonder what happened
so you keep listening to the wind

As the wind finishes its story,
you start to listen to the birds talk to each other
as though all was well

This is the story of the bush
and as you start to leave
you know that you will always remember this story



The NBC

*By Nicole Smede
Bundanon*

A city of lean towers
mottled grey
stirs a memory

of the lost girl in white
the lounge room wall
times long past
Miranda.

But much older than that.
Ancient.

Roaring with strength above my head
still grounded energy beneath my feet

channelling up
up my bones
up into my core.

Living.
Not a city.
Not mechanical.
Living.
A network.
A community.
Living.

channelling up.
up from the core.

