



Dapto High School, 2014

Toilet Doors Poetry

with poet Zohab Zee Khan



Australian spoken word poet Zohab Zee Khan visited the students of Dapto High School on 17th February, 2014, to work through selected poetry activities from the *Toilet Doors* learning resource. Students watched Zohab perform his poetry and learnt about his writing processes before composing their own poems. They then explored various guerrilla poetry publishing techniques, such as creating matchbox poems and scribing their works on the school's windows, transforming their hallways into aisles of poetic inspiration.



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 Poetry Education at Dapto High School, 2014](http://redroomcompany.org/education/)
redroomcompany.org/education/



by Phoebe

I'm a dragon soaring through the sky
A warrior of the sacred kind
My hair a veil, long, short, red and black
My soul converged on each page back to back

These written worlds that let me fly
These written words can make me die
Reborn again my soul still lives
these pages I turn, my mind well hid.
Like a journey they carry me
far away, further than the can see
but my body still lays in my bed so soft
a book in my hand
my heart in the sea.
The world tumbles and turns
but my book keeps me safe from the real
monsters
after me.

by Donna

It's like there are butterflies
floating through an open line
my stomach sways from side
to side I try to catch you, but
you're only in my mind, sitting
on this boat, words get stuck
in my throat, I scream, and
shout but nothing comes out
I won't my coat I'm cold now
and as I stand to see
where it may be, there you
are, do I forsee thee? But
you grabbed me and you held me
close you said 'I am he and I am
here to await she'

by Scott

With a touch as addictive
as the most infectious melody and
a presence that is a pleasure to remember
like a song that you hear for the first time,
when it completely takes over your
body, mind and soul
and it makes you glad to be exactly
where you are, doing exactly what you were
The song that you talk to your friends about
Equal parts of care, compassion
beauty and passion
A perfect embodiment of love
And she is mine.

by Jarryd

I emerged from the slumber
To realise that my stomach groaned in pain
For something tasty. Like melted cheese
or shredded cucumber
But alas this optimism dropped
like your blind date was wearing crocs
But! The call was heard, came into my persona
The sizzling sound and incredible aroma
I ran to the light, like I was reaching God
I witnessed my mother, she gave me the nod
on a plate in front, I felt I was smitten
For that crispy taste
of deep fried chicken.

by Emilee

Trapped in an underworld
The demons her only friends
She clawed to see the light
Blood being all she could comprehend
But he came along that sacred day
Lifting her from her dark prison
Even when all seemed lost
Living for him became her only reason
He would sing her to sleep
Yet he didn't know she existed
He rescued her from the nightmares
But the demons? She's still trying to
resist them

by Macy-lee

Social anxiety keeps people
locked away like secrets we behold
This feeling is a story
we don't like to be told
Finding confidence within us
we sometimes struggle to do
You just have to try and remember
everyone is here, supporting you
No need to be afraid
even though it seems so scary
Realise that you did it
and you didn't refrain.

by Taleisha

I wish I could turn back time
to the place it all began
To stop the world from corrupting
to start all over again
I imagine peace, not war
ruling over this precious world
I wish I had a brand new life
but that imagination will be no more
'Cause you're the life I never had
War is like a sword stabbing
through my heart
The world is now corrupted
there's nothing left at all.

by Tayla

Your words sink through
me like the teeth of a shark,
another fatality
No way for a prominent smile
I've got no colour now, it's getting
harder to breathe
They didn't speak up to be
saved, only wallowing till their
grave.
Forming patters of crimson
on the walls, darkness
falling over the Earth
They failed once again.
You're buried now, kid.

by Tylah

There is no reason to bully
There is no reason to judge
There is no reason to put
someone down
Don't hurt them, there
is no reason to
They didn't do anything
to you
Your words hurt, they
hurt like knives in
my heart
There is no reason to
bully or judge.
Words hurt.

by Emma

The way you laugh
The way you talk
The way you walk
It all matters to me.
You were once a part
of me and I still care.
I want you to be
there to help me through
tough times
Can you come back
to me?
Because it's not fair.

by Antonio

As fast in a jungle,
I'm quick on my feet
I stalk my prey in the bushes
And they become meat
After I eat, I like to cheat.
On the streets of damp bushes,
I'm fast as lightning
No one can catch me
That's why I cheat.
Why am I in this disguise?
I'm a cheetah so there's a surprise.

by Maddie

Mikayla is an angel but
she comes from a dark past
No God could save her so she
turned to the devil. But in fact,
the devil was herself. For cuts
of pure skin are now nowhere
to be seen. She's stained herself
with the hatred of others.
I've seen it myself, her bleeding
grows, with every blow it consumes
her slowly, taking over her body
till nothing's left but an empty
shell. I know this very well because
I was there that time in Hell.

by Athena

Smooth as driving down a freshly paved road
comforting in my darker days
calming in my hectic days
The only thing I need
If he was a person,
he'd be soothing yet scorching,
with a tropical twist.
Flexible and able to take on anything,
just like the variety of flavours
he gives to me every day
For the only love I need
Is all my different teas.

by Carlee

Shining bright as a diamond,
Making bruises on my heart
You're a hard, rocky stone,
I'm a soft, squishy organ.
You're ten feet above me,
yet I'm 6 feet underneath the surface.
One day, I get you
Keep that promise in mind
Flying in my rocket ship,
Up towards the stars
You'll be there waiting
with the rings from my heart.

by Amy

I have found you
You are my love
love like a kiss to my heart
even though you are above,
you are my one
and my only
you are my soul and
my heart
you are my belief
and my faith
even though you have gone,
I know that one
day we will meet again.
I love you and miss you,
dear father!

by William

My bike sets me free
from a manner of things
and those things from afar
look like a glistening star
and makes them look beautiful and
quaint as need be.
I have the sight of my bike,
like a graceful kite.

by Nicole

An object that only the living can touch
An object with shared love.
A ring with an eye that sparkles as the moon,
slowly being shrouded by dark clouds
concealed in a box hidden by lies
of the demons covered in white cloaks,
Its wearer long cursed, being strapped
against an electric chair,
the ring stays firm
on his gentle hand
the raging voices of the ancestors sing
on the lost breath drawn from the wearer of the ring
I wish I could see him.

Matchbox Poems

A Story of A Grandmother Imprisoned by Love and Religion **Anonymous**

The day the love just came and went
Seven kids that bore his name 'Barry'
Pregnant she was from the moment he came
Black-eyed and lonely, scared she would wait
Staring at a meal for a man that she hates
Violently he would arrive with his beer in tow,
He drags her to the bedroom and
beats her again, then kisses her and rapes her.
She opens her eyes and she's pregnant again!
Till death do they part!

Untitled **by Scott**

A touch as addictive as the most infectious melody,
and a presence that is a pleasure to remember
Equal parts of care, compassion, beauty and passion
A perfect embodiment of love
And she is mine.

You Killed the Girl in the Dress **by Tayla**

Another fatality.

They didn't speak up to be saved,
only wallowed till their graves
Forming patterns of crimson.

Cheetah **by Antonio**

As fast in a jungle
I'm quick on my feet
I stalk my prey in the bushes,
and they become meat.

War on the Inside **Anonymous**

You're
the
life
I
never
had.

Friendship Chat Box **Anonymous**

The way you laugh

Bully **by Tylah**

There is no reason to bully
There is no reason to judge
Don't hurt them,
they did nothing wrong.
Words hurt,
like knives in their hearts
Words hurt.
There is no reason to bully
There is no reason to judge.
Don't bully!



Poet Bio

Zohab Zee Khan is nomadic spoken word artist, originally hailing from Wagga Wagga NSW. He is the founding director of Zee Poetics, an organisation that aims to inspire a new generation of poets through performance based workshops. Zohab won the APS NSW Slam in 2012.

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.

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