



Dapto High School

with Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones

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

Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones led workshops with students in collaboration with Bundanon Trust, celebrating, cultivating and collecting poems inspired by plants. Bundanon Trust supports arts practice and engagement with the arts through its residency, education, exhibition and performance programs.



Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones

Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones is a co-Founder and CEO (Creativity Encouragement Officer) of Creative Womyn Down Under, a community initiative since 2006 in Sydney which helps to connect women and creativity. Gabrielle has been passionate about using spoken word performance poetry and drumming to raise social issues for over 20 years. Her first published collection of poetry *Spoken Medicine* was released in 2017 by Ginninderra Press



Untitled

By Ashley

As I touch this tree,
it takes me back to a time
when I was younger.
when I would climb the
many branches leading from
it with my sisters.
I see the cracked trunk.
thinking of all the little insects
that it houses.
I look up at the bare branches.
missing their sense of colour.
life and fullness.
I look to the ground and
notice the fallen leaves.
hearing the crunching sound they
make when walked upon.

Untitled

By Kasey

Like a child in their teenage years,
still trying to find its way around,
but as soon as winter comes
around the colour drains,
left with the fragile body
hidden beneath.
Almost like goosebumps, rough
and tough
it prepares itself for the
summer sun,
almost expectantly.
Its former self faces awat
beneath ready for a new
beauty to appear.

Untitled

By Safia

The tree stood still, protruding
from the ground like a silent
warrior, guarding he terrain.
His skin,
oh his skin,
uneven and flakey,
felt like the rocks,
but gentle, and soft.
His leaves, of browns and greens,
smiled as the sun shone
down the trees,
showing their freckles and
veins happily.
His sun kissed branches
entwining in one another
like lovers who had been
apart for years.
and his roots,
stretched out as if they
were to hug you,
lay scattered across the floor.
And his friends.
The birds that came to say
hello,
chirped their sweet songs to
him, making him smile.
And finally everything was
at peace.
He had done his job.

Lonely Tree


By Ashley

The tree is like a lonely
mother, waiting to meet her
children in the summer.

I hear the crunch of the
fallen leaves as they are
stepped on.

The lonely tree waits for the
arrival of her leaves.

The trees toss and turn as
the terrific birds trouble their
branches.





Untitled

By Kasey

A tree like a child, growing
hoping to be like the
bodies that surround

Along comes winter, bringing
along a new pain.
The wondrous colours, once a
body to the baby tree, fall lifelessly.

Only to show a true beauty, with
every imperfection perfect.
Almost like goosebumps, rough
spots scatter the trunk.

The feeling of sun and air
making its way through the roughness
The teenage tree prepares itself
for the regrowth of beauty.

This time like the ones around it.

Untitled

By Holly

He sits in silence,
reflecting on his life and
the people that he has
encountered. His days no longer seem
stretched and unnumbered,
infinity truly does not feel like
forever. So he just sits and
sits grandly, looking over
the soft hill and rickety
fences as if they were his
young. His bark is starting
to chip away and his branches
hang a little lower than
the previous days. He is
ageing and he's scared.

He's scared of the end, the
darkness that will soon envelope
him. Is there a life after
death? Is there darkness after light?
He does not know, and
he's scared. He's scared of
the fate of his young. Who
will sit and loom over them,
protecting them from danger
and the world encompassing
them? He doesn't know, and
he's scared. But he also knows he shouldn't
be. He knows that once
he has returned to the
light. He will be okay. He sits
back. Stretches his limbs and states out at the
world and thinks, I will be okay.

Untitled

By Mykenzie


The tree is like a photo
album, bringing back old
memories.

This tree is like a home, a home
for the birds, the leaves
and it's a place for spiders
to weave.

Untitled

By Mykenzie

This tree is hanging over me
almost giving me a hug. It
is bringing back memories of back when I was
younger.
This tree reminds me of that
time I was in a paddock,
just waiting for my family
to get off the hammock.





Untitled

By Darcie

The tree is so strong,
yet looking and feeling
like it could collapse
like you
could peel every layer

A tree does not feel as it
seems. A tree looks like you
could uncover every single
layer, like you could with
someone's feelings.
Uncover the tough outside to
discover the most gentle and kind
core.

But a tree is nothing like that.
it is both tough and soft
on the outside, it's just about knowing
where to touch.

Untitled

By Ruqaya

Winters grass,
undisturbed in the paddock.
Cows grazing,
peacefully.
Birds singing,
freely,
flying around,
playfully.
Morning dew.

Untitled

By Ben

The feeling of control and illusion
come to mind when I am reminded of a zoo.
The recreation of nature, the power
to harness and simulate a world that satisfies
the instinctual complex mind of both
animal and plant. The balance of both
humanities demands and natures play
becomes a tamed battle where
neither submits to the other, but both accept
satisfying their hunger.
The memories of nature young and old
born and dying, protected and destroyed,
forgotten and foretold,
memories ignited by the touch
of a tree.

Untitled


By Karishma

I'm rough and tough, but I'm
crumbling apart and spider webs of
dead leaves make up half
of who I am, I may not hold
the beauty that other trees do,
but I am who I am, that's
all that counts.

Untitled

By Mikayla

The tree stands still as a guard.
When I touch it, it is lumpy with
jagged edges.
Touching it brings back memories
of falling over and grazing yourself.
Bad memories that make me feel insecure
The tree feels like if you pull it will break.
Like trust, time and
breaking away.
This tree is not one I want to
be around.



Untitled

By Nicole

Peaceful solitude
sitting still
shadows stretch towards my feet
as bird song activates the bush
a noisy bunch all crying out
for joy of day, of sun
of life, of voice,
of pure existence.
In this space that's still to me
but pulsing,
alive with nature.

Untitled

By Karishma

I'm rough and tough, I stand
proud like a warrior, I crumble
and decay inside and out after
each pressing day. The spider webs
and dead leaves that haunt me
like a ghost make up half of
who I am. I'm strong and may not hold
the beauty that other trees do,
but I am who I am and
that's all that counts.

Untitled

By Nicole

Winter Poplars
arms stretched high towards
the pale blue sky
little children disrobing,
naked for a dance in the sun.
Their nobbly bark, once liquid,
sits like scales upon the skin.
Hardened larva.
Up from the core of this Bundanon earth.
Wodi Wodi. Yuin earth.
These tall twins stand together
to greet the gaze of pulpit rock
and all who venture up from the river.
Guardians, welcomers, hosts.
With branches like twisted tentacles,
offering gnarled brown leaves,
the mislead eye misses their playful warmth
for a darker persona.

Untitled

By Mikayla

I can hear its leaves hum.
No one knows about what though.
Discomfort I feel greatly.
Worry as well.
This tree is a nightmare that
has once been lived.

Untitled

By Tiarna

It looks smooth but is rough,
as I touch it the bark gives
in and crumbles to my feet.
The leaves appear to be soft but
are actually quite diya. The white/mint
stained stumped stands out as the rich
green grass and yellow like leaves
attract the sun rays. The tree is -
rough but is also soft in some areas.
As I move my hand further
up the tree the soft white
tree turns into
rough brown wood. The two textures
and colours are different but make
both stand out and show the beauty
of diversity.
The tree has multiple layers
all having their own colour and texture.
The tree is like a teenages,
neither a child or adult and that it's
own unique style.