

# Eucalyptus Eco Poetry Project Nowra High School

The **Eucalyptus Eco Poetry Project** is a “branch” of the *New Shoots* project and a collaboration between The Red Room Company and Bundanon Trust.

*New Shoots* celebrates, cultivates and collects poems inspired by plants to deepen our personal and cultural connections with nature.

With support from the Dahl Trust, at Bundanon we communed with eucalyptus, making emotional connections through poetry and uncovering the hidden stories of the iconic green giants we often take for granted.

Find out more about *New Shoots*  
[redroomcompany.org/projects/new-shoots](http://redroomcompany.org/projects/new-shoots)

“Eucalyptus is the world’s second-largest genus of large trees, after the figs, yet figs are spread over six continents while eucalypts are confined to one.” ~ Tim Low, *Where Song Began*

Eucalypts, more than any other plant family, visually identify Australia. There are over 900 eucalypt species which have adapted to nearly every environment. Included in the Eucalypt family are the genus *Angophora* and the recently recognised *Corymbia*.

Eucalypts are believed to have evolved from ancient rainforest species in response to great changes in continental movements as well as the landscape, soils and climate of Australia. In south-eastern Australia, nearly all eucalypt species have green leaves and yellow-white flowers. Elsewhere, in tropical regions and Western Australia there are more spectacular flowers.

**As The Eucalypt Stood Still**  
by Malacai R

As the eucalypt stood still, plastered  
to the earth, mother  
nature's bedroom floor, the flora  
and fauna slept.

Watching, listening. Waiting for  
what tomorrow would bring.  
The lone tree stood still, all  
was silent.

He was stuck to the ground  
unable to move. Watching all.  
Listening to  
silence.

**Eucalyptus**  
by Aiden F

There are all around the greys,  
The browns, the colours.

The variety of textures in the  
Trees bark, reminds me of pigs  
A bird flies by straight into  
A trees trunk.

The tree doesn't change a bit.  
Strength and endurance are  
What preserve this tree.

**Goodbye**  
by Brendon I-W

It was August.  
Danlging from the top of the spotted gum.  
Flashes of green.  
The bark, everytime it fell one memory was lost.  
A massive bang followed by fire struck the tree.  
I wanted to leaf.  
One after one.  
Hundred after Hundred.  
It was my turn.  
I fell from the tree, just like everyone else

**Title**  
by Lila W

I know I'm not alone  
I feel it in my soul, hear it in my ears.  
I am not alone.

She stands, watching me,  
Comforting me with warm silence.  
Her fingers brush over me,  
Spreading her veins of love through my own.  
This is almost quixotically deranged,  
this idea of being safe.

But I don't mind.  
I like not being cold.  
I like how she whispers advice to  
me through the breeze.  
I like our deluded conversations.

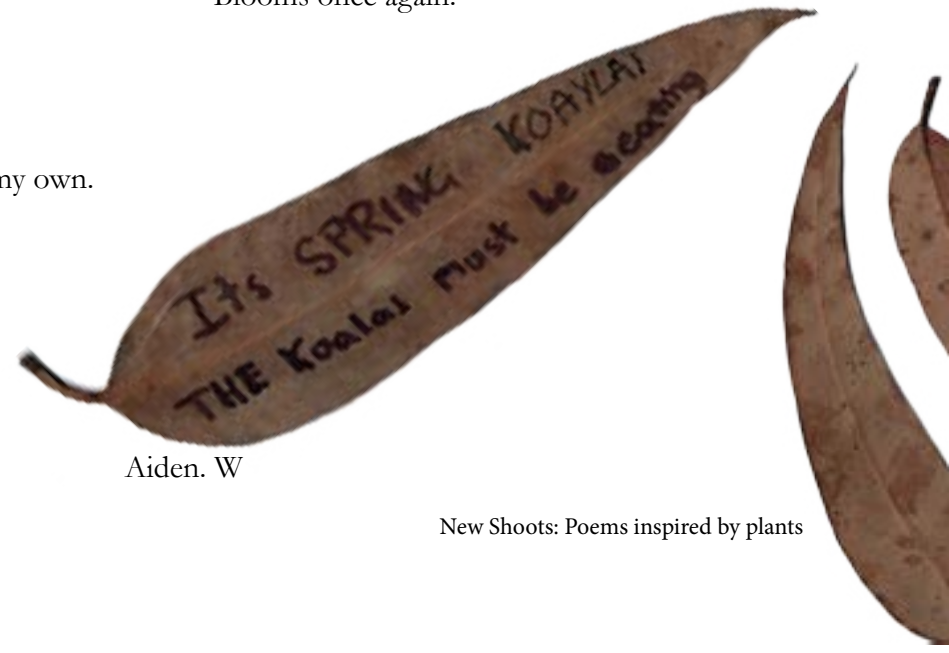
**Untitled**  
by Starr C

The world is flourished with a hasty gush  
So in love are the leaves with the sky  
That they blush bright orange  
When the sky kisses them with a hush.

The world bleakens as the trees brighten  
There is silence as the eucalypts bleed  
Though there is no noise  
The sky has the harshest cry.

As the leaves fall and cannot touch the sky ever again  
The sky will weep  
As the leaves turn to dust

But they will rejoice once more  
When the sun turns around  
And the trees cold touch  
Blooms once again.



Aiden. W

**Untitled**  
by Adam G

As the leaves moved in the wind  
And the rain fell  
The fruits and the bark fell off

As drops of rain thump down on  
Your head and shoulders

As all the eucalyptus trees surrounded me  
and powered off me  
I felt the urge to grow  
The flow of colours included  
grey and yellow and red.

As you were standing there  
both longer and shorter leaves  
brushed and fell against your body.  
Rain soaking into your clothes.

**Scribbly Gum**  
by Brayden C

Reaching up into the sky,  
Spreading all through the forest,  
Spreading leaves as the most  
Beautiful thing like a dove.  
To compare one to thee  
Would be an immense  
Understatement, for thy  
Eucalypt is but a vision  
Of beauty, standing tall  
Over other tiny ferns.

**Spells**  
by Eli D

The bark, the shield, the protection.  
the earthly armor. Protego.  
The branch falls as if cut,  
the sap, the blood, the essence of life,  
shed like old garments for all to see.  
The branch falls as if cut Diffindo.  
The leaves they drift lazily from the branches,  
freshly detached, estranged, floating on the tides of air,  
to and fro, as if levitating. Wingardium Leviosa.  
The tree is blackened by fire, it is felled  
by wind, its veins ripped from the heart,  
the mind ripped from the soul.  
The life of the ancient wooden being ends.  
Avada Kedavra.  
The invisible wand, waver, magic and power,  
flowing through its veins in rivers, ney,  
in great tsunamis, in great waves.  
The wizard deep in the earth.

**Spring Time**  
by Aiden W

Its Spring,  
The Eucalypt has its leaves back  
The koalas are eating  
As the Eucalyptus stands guard over us  
A living dinosaur that's all around us,  
Yet rooted to the ground  
It sees everything,  
It hears everything,  
It's a beauty of nature ...



Nina

*[Faded handwritten text on a leaf]*

While the world is moving on  
around it, the eucalypt  
stays plastered to the earth,  
watching, listening.

Malacai



Even  
It was a wet day of blistering  
It was observing the trees.

Ewan

A tall waving minosaur  
connected to the  
canope

Lachlan

The eucalypt stands quashed, like a  
castle's ruins made of broken bricks.

Anabel

I fell from the tree  
Just like everyone else

Brenno

Adam

As the leaves moved in the  
wind and the rain fell,  
The shrubs and bushes fell off

Jade

"Towering above most others,  
The Eucalypt is a King among men."



Braydon

Surging in the wind  
Growing old in peace

Lila

standing tall and broad,  
wielding a sword and  
protecting us all.

Kawannatee

~~standing strong large~~  
standing strong large  
green living things  
leaving us in relief  
leaving us in relief

Cassan

So in love are the leaves &  
the sky they are as they fall  
the wind they are as they fall  
the wind they are as they fall

Aiden. F

It was a rainy day  
looking at trees

**Stevie Stars**  
by Kwannatee M-H

Looking up to the sky  
Shine the stars in daytime  
Upon the Eucalypt leaves  
With the uplifting breeze  
I shall see sparkling shines

As the sun blaze at noon  
I will be under there soon  
Stevie my favourite yellow blood  
Relax, I feel, releasing my grudge  
I will never forget you

**Yellow Blood King**  
by Jade T

Towering above most others,  
The Eucalypt is a king among men.

Corymbia Eximia, a small king,  
Yet a tall king.

A leafy crown of jade and emerald green,  
With robes of yellow gold.  
A king to stand watch over a kingdom of foliage.

**The Spotted Gum**  
by Lachlan W

The Gum is as tall as the sky reaching the clouds.  
It is old and wise sprouting fruit and seeing all, as  
The world goes by.  
Living in community, surviving with its friends the paperbark  
And forest red gum.  
Kind and giving to all, making  
A house to all who dare climb as  
High as to reach the top.  
Shedding its bark to grow more  
And dropping seeds to grow new  
Friends.  
And at the end will watch  
Over us either from the floor or still living and forever  
Lasting.  
Staying with us forever more.

**Rainy Eucalypt**  
by Ewan H

It was a wet day of blistering rain  
It was observing the trees ahead  
It was heavy and huge  
It was pulsating and dire  
It was brown but also as colourful as confetti.  
It was a variety of texture  
It was Eucalypt



**Fallen**  
by Anabel Lee R

A eucalypt, an ironbark, stood  
strongly, calmly, as the wind  
whipped around the other trees.

A eucalypt, an ironbark, has fallen.  
The aftermath of a merciless storm,  
And the result of a broken heart.

A eucalypt, an ironbark, lying  
on the mossy floor of leaves  
with dying nature all around.

A eucalypt, an ironbark,  
Fallen, like a broken home.  
Like us.



Eileen Chong is a Singaporean poet, now living Sydney, Australia. *Burning Rice* (Australian Poetry, 2012) was shortlisted for the Anne Elder Award, Australian Arts in Asia Award and the Prime Minister's Literary Award. Her other books are *Peony* (Pitt Street Poetry, 2014) and *Painting Red Orchids* (Pitt Street Poetry, 2016).



The Red Room Company's vision is to make poetry a meaningful part of everyday life. We create poetic arts projects and learning programs in collaboration with a spectrum of poets, schools, communities and partners for positive social impact. Our mission is to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.

Established in 1993 Bundanon Trust supports arts practice and engagement with the arts through its residency, education, exhibition and performance programs. In preserving the natural and cultural heritage of its site Bundanon promotes the value of landscape in all our lives.

The Bjarne K Dahl Trust focuses on eucalypts, an Australian icon and a significant aspect of Australia's natural environment and biodiversity. We envisage a public inspired by and appreciative of eucalypts.

Nowra High School draws students from as far north as Gerringong and from as far south as Ulladulla. The purpose of the school is to ensure that students: exhibit high self esteem as learners and individuals; be self directed as learners and responsible members of the community;

Find out more about their Eucalyptus Eco Poetry Project <http://redroomcompany.org/education/projects/nowra-high-school/>



**BUNDANON TRUST**



New Shoots: Poems inspired by plants