



New Shoots at Kangaroo Valley Public 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.

New Shoots at Kangaroo Valley Public School

Created by Red Room Poetry, New Shoots is a project that celebrates, cultivates and collects poems inspired by plants. By connecting with plants we aim to deepen our personal and cultural connections with nature.

At Kangaroo Valley Public School, New Shoots is helping us to uncover the secret stories of the leaves and trees around us. We're looking forward to growing and sharing plant poems with our community at the Kangaroo Valley Show.



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.

Creativity as social, political and personal action is the cornerstone of Gabrielle's work as a poet and percussionist. Gabrielle has shared her poetry and drumming on open mics and by invitation at local, national and international events. Her first collection of poetry, *Spoken Medicine*, was published in 2017 by Ginninderra Press.



Story

By JJ (year 5)

Once I lived in the forest.
Mason, Leo, Luca and Doug would visit
They became my friends
I felt really happy.
An arborist came and
He decided he needed to look at me
He chopped me down
But my spirit would not be chopped up.
I entered a new tree
I made new friends
My funny friend JJ is
Telling my story.
We are spirits together.

Untitled

By Julaiha (year 5)

You sway gently in the
Breeze. You have been
Through a lot though
You are rooted to
The ground. You
Don't have a care at all
About
The cruel world around
You. You patiently
Stand there watching
The world around you.
As you sway gently
In the breeze.

Untitled

By Leo (year 5)

You my tree
Are white and
Tall you are one
Of the biggest
Of them all
And you my
Friend have gave
Me fun and
You're so
Much fun I
Love you and
You love me
It's like our
Recipe

Story

By Solomon (year 6)

I have lived this life well
And I will end this life with joy
So have I bob and shall I let
Heaven consume me with pride
And death in my breath.
Yes because we are the golden
Trees and we will always have
Company and life in heaven
Oh, lets do this, old girl
As the bulldozer destroys the trees
This world will not be a world it will be a
Piece of dirt with lots of rubbish

Untitled


By Ruby (year 6)

I sit under your large branches,
And whisper to your sweet heart
You helped me through the tough
Times
Where I felt like I was being split apart
I made fairy houses in your roots,
And we had loads of happy times,
I told you all my stones.
And you listened when I cried
You the Big Tree.

My Frangipani Tree

By Lily (year 6)

My Tree
I look at you when I'm sad.
I climb your trunk when I want to play
I sit on your branches when I am happy
I play under you with my friends
I hear the wind whistle and howl
I will always love you
My Tree.





My Childhood Tree

By Sami (year 6)

You were my childhood tree,
When I looked out my window
You were all I would see.
They decided to improve our
Big beautiful houses.
So they took you away,
Until all that was left of you
Was Harold the mouse.

You were my place where I went
To get away,
When I watched
Your big branches sway.

You were gone and I was alone
You were my place that I called home.

Now I have lots of other trees
But I miss you
And I hope
You miss me.

My Special Tree

By Livia (year 6)

My special tree
Your branches swaying
in the wind
Making a rustle rustle
rustle noise
Sitting under you relaxing
Under you
I hoped that I would
Never leave
I hope to see you
Someday soon
With your leaves going
Rustle rustle rustle
My special tree

Untitled

By Luca (year 5)

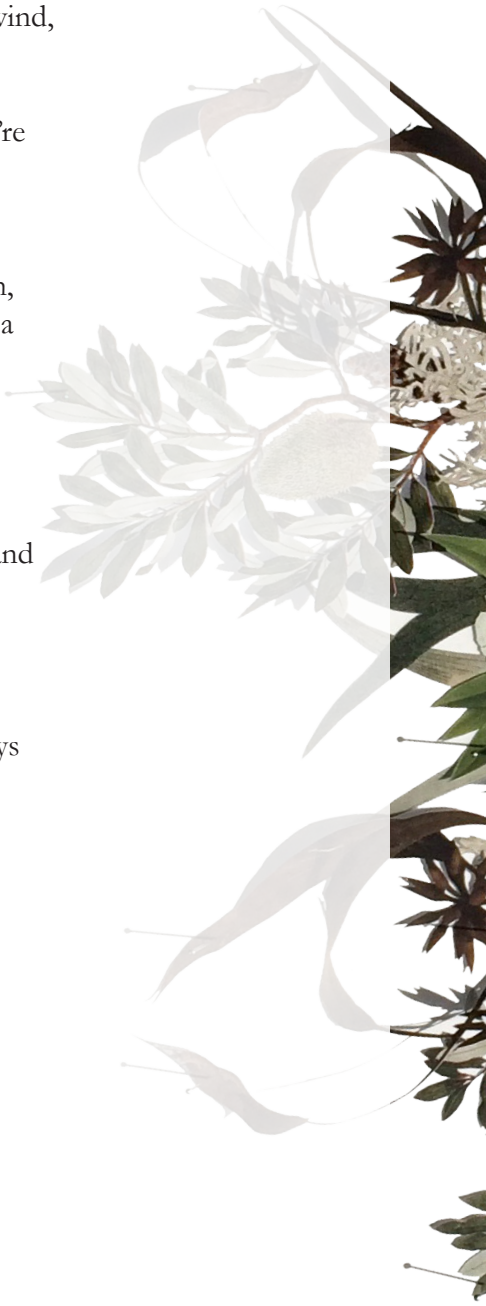
The tall old tree
With wisdom of no compare
With its soft, weak bark
That give protection
To the red inside of the tree
With its calm, delicate soul
Of wood and leaf.
Its pleasant essence of shade.

Leafy Tree

By Milly (year 6)

O leafy tree,
So bright and green,
Whispering in the wind,
Your braches flail
As they beam
Then stop like they're
Pinned.
Your branches feel,
Like felt except
They're kinda rough,
When animals pick a
Fight with you, you
Really are quite
Tough,

O leafy tree,
You are my friend and
This wont ever
Change,
O leafy tree,
You'll never end!
Your bark will always
Range.





My Apple Tree

By Charlotte (year 5)

Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring
My apple trees weather arms hug me
I am warm in winter,
Cool in summer,
And happy to be with my tree.
My apple tree provides me with
Food, shade and company.
My apple tree turns green,
To red, to bare,
And then turns green again.
For me,
My apple tree guides me where to be
My apple tree says to me
“I will always be at home”

Untitled

By Myaan (year 5)

You watch over me.
I watch over you.
We became best friends.
I would climb up your trunk and
Sit on your branches
I would make cubby houses
With you.
I would never leave you
You would never leave my side

The Big Tree

By Georgina (year 5)

Rough bark, tall tree,
Branches staring down
At me, leaves falling
Birds calling,
Squirrels climbing up the tree,
Branches waving
Spring is waiting,
Swaying in the breeze
Living just for me.
My tree

My Tree


By Jasper (year 6)

My tree shadows over the
Top of me. It waves
Like the beach. It
Whispers in my arms
Every morning and
My tree is as
Big as a house it
Reaches with its long
Trunks and its
Leaves drop like
Rain. The sap is
Like glue and
Sticks to me.

Untitled

By Craig (year 6)

Hi tree, how old are
You? How is being
A tree? What is your
Life like? But it would
Not answer because it
Had no mouth.





Untitled

By Stone (year 4)

The wisdom is unthinkable its seen
Birth and death,
Its been through unstoppable fires
And is still red.

Its seen
The sun set and rise
A million times.
Winter,
Summer, Autumn and Spring
Its lived through thousands.
Its seen more animals and
Kids that could of
Imagined.

The big tree

By Tia (year 4)

The tree tells me he is
A secret spy that works for
Kids bulling and when a
Kid gets bullied a gust
Of wind comes and his
Wisdom leaves blow off his
Branch and run into the
Bully and the kid that gets
Bullied and they forgive each
Other and become friends.
He said they plant
Seeds every year. The
Wisest secret agent is
The big tree. Then the bell
Rang and I had to go to class.

My Tree

By Georgia (year 5)

My tree is always
Here for me and I
Always want to go
To it every time, I like
Because it has rough
Bark, nice and cute
Animals that live in
It. Some animals are
Big some are small.
Some are just
Like a tree and it is just
The best tree because it warms.
It comes to me I love it
And it loves me too.
I love to sit on it all
Day long. The end.

Untitled

By Alyssa

My tree tells me it has seen
Many things and it has
Heard lots of birds
Sings, it loves listening to
Me talking to it. So my
Tree tells me to sit.



Untitled

By Tye (year 4)

This tree has been
A great part to me
Life. Play my games
Hanging from the
Branches the
Tree gives me
Comfort it's been
In my life
Since I was in
Kindergarten. The
Memories I had
With this tree.



Untitled

By Jackson (year 4)

It is a big
Brown tree, it is
The biggest tree in
The school. It has
Thousands of leaves,
It is holding a red
Hula hoop it tells
Me to have fun
Eve when I'm
Sad. It holds lots
Of birds, it has only
Been burnt by the sun
It is my favourite
Tree.
The end!

Untitled

By Malee'a

The tree watches
The sun set go
Down then it is
Night. Then the tree
Goes to sleep. In the
Morning there will be little
Kids. Run around.
The big tree is happy and so are the kids.
Its morning. There
Are kids running around
The big
Tree was happy
And the kids were
Too.

Untitled

By Phoebe

Imagine this tree talking
"Hi look at the star" goes
The tree. I wave goodbye
He said "bye see you tomorrow"
I ran and ran. It
Was the day
I can run "is it you?"
"Yes it is"
"What is your name?" said
The tree "It's Phoebe."
Phoebe and the tree became
Friends. The end.

Gumtree Answers

By Anon

I want to ask my Gumtree a question
But it wont answer because it doesn't have a
mouth
Why doesn't it have a mouth?
It does not answer because it's a gumtree
And it will know the answer to my question
"How tall are you?"