

Kangaroo Valley Primary School

New Shoots, Bundanon, with Kirli Saunders



Eco-poet Kirli Saunders presented a workshop with K-6 students from Kangaroo Valley Public School at Bundanon Trust in March 2017.

The poems created during the workshop explored student's connection to Kirli's Yuin dreaming and the many Eucalypts which grow at Bundanon.

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.

Find out more about New Shoots
redroomcompany.org/projects/new-shoots



Student Poems (Years 3/4)

Untitled

By Toria B.

The kangaroos bop across the land to the river
The gumtree watches the kangaroos eat the
grass and
Gives leaves to the koalas to eat.

Untitled

By Julaiha K.

My trees bark was swirly like a hurricane
That was as strong as the trunk of the tree.
Its leaves hang down like a natural chandelier
That kangaroos dance under every cool
evening.

Untitled

By Yumi

The shade of you hides me from the sun.
The gleaming of the moonlight helps me shine
my way to you.
you sit and wait in silence for the touch of my
smooth hand.

Untitled

By Anonymous

The wind blows in my face
I see more animals
Slithering, hopping.
Trees grow like I grow bigger
We have a creature we love.
Branches fall when I wave.

Untitled

By Georgina

Green like a broccoli branch
Smooth like a spotty gum.
Soft like a blanky.
Bumpy like a dirt road.
Spotty like an artwork

Untitled

By Amelia

My tree tops above the canopy.
Its foliage is like a mossy cloud
The bark is soft and smooth
Just like my pillow.
When I look up the branches
Look like the veins in my hands.

Untitled

By Charlotte

Tall and smooth, much bigger than me,
Smooth but bumpy like crumbling leaves.
Proud and strong with nothing to hide,
Protecting the Aboriginal land,
On sacred ground on which it stands.

Untitled

By James

Jon stands lonely and
Smooth scars are
rustling down him

Trees and Rocks

By Luca

Rocks bumpy like the lines on your hands
And the trees with stringy bark like spaghetti.
Gum leaves on a branch swaying
The wind leaves blowing in the wind.

Untitled

By Mason

I see houses dotted around over time
Forming rock circles like Stonehenge.

Student Poems (Years 5/6)

Untitled

By Jasper

It was lumpy like a waly wave
Snuggly for a koala.
Spiky like sticks and as hard as rocks.

Untitled

By Milly

Spiky like the trunk of a tree
While kangaroos hop by your pineapple
Like trunk and you're them like branches.
Your leaves sway in the cool
Breeze as the kangaroos.

Untitled

By James

The love of my tree is
More powerful than any love,
Its bark is an image of me.
Its wavy bark is the waves of love
That reflects on my life,
The dots are the part of me
Tha make me unique, special and different.
Its wind is as quiet as ripples in the clam river.
My tree is me,
Best friends forever.

Untitled

By Sami

The curves inspire me like the
Round curves of the earth.
All the still trees telling me
their stores like my past ancestors.
The hills remind me of how beautiful nature is.
Leaves blowing in the air
as if they are getting fanned.
The still environment calms me.
Kangaroos hopping as if they are
Going on vacation.
The bumpy rocks seem smooth.

Untitled

By Harmony

Bushes and friends cover the curves
And bumps of the land, the rocks are mini
mountains
Bouncing like waves, rain gives
Me a shower and helps me grow.
The thunder is a message from mother earth.

Untitled

By Craig

Gummy tree helps wombats live
Protect roos from prey
and let me sleep with you
Heap of rocks under the stars.





Untitled

By Lilly K.

My tree is wavy like an ocean.
Cold like ice on my forehead,
Rocks around my tree like wombats.
Trees taller than mahyla,
Smooth like my dog Pipper.

Untitled

By Tiana

Bumpy like ice cream
Scoops cold in my belly,
Green like moss squishing on rocks
Dying
The rocks colour
Spiky like knives
Stabbing in my knee.
Leaves on the ground like
raindrops pouring on the floor
Flooding the space.

Untitled

By Ruby

You're smooth like the
Soft silky sand
You make me feel safe
Like my mums gentle hand.
The rough ground like you
Lives on a steep hill
Your roots dig deep
into the ground like a drill.

Untitled

by Alexia

Curvy like the ocean shore
Creeping up my feet.
Tall like the highest mountain
Resting on the land.
Smooth like feathers of a beautiful bird
Soaring through the sky.

Untitled

By Molly

Smooth is the gum trees,
100 years old,
The bark on the tree is bumpy and cold,
The ground is bumpy like sand on the beach,
Crunchy is the ground,
A carpet of leaves.

Untitled

By Livia

All around trees sand and leaves moving and
swaying
In the wind. The ground all around never in
one spot
For long, watching kangaroos jump past up and
Down up and down. Time goes by growing up
up up
Now only the sky can reach
My tree standing tall
All around trees sand and leaves moving.

Untitled

By Kian

The rocks are rough like a breaking wave.
Trees telling me stories from the bush to the
coast.
The trees stand like an orchestra playing a
calming medley
Of cricket and birds. The sun is warm,
It shines on the kin of the trees coursing
filtered messages.





Untitled

By Dougall

Oh Joe, oh Joe, living in a hurricane,
Such a rock area,
Such a deserted place p(---) spotted gum
Found a few friends and is having fun
Now over 100,
Still having fun.

Untitled

by Evan

Rough like sandpaper.
Feels like a bush fire.
Kangaroos bouncing around the trunk
Like they are playing tips.
The hard trunk is like a rhino's horn

Untitled

By Giacomo

Still as a statue, curvy as the waves of the sea.
You are brown, bouncy and cool like a kangaroo.
But also quiet, quiet like my cat and
sometimes me when the moon is full.

Untitled

By Solomon

Oh tree, oh tree, oh tree,
how I love to stand next to you with glee.
You protect the roos ---
With your superb na--- sheltering.
Techniques promise
Never to rough never to gentle you always
Tender loving care for your magnificent r---
In your sublime habitat.

Untitled

By Ashleigh H.

I feel the mountains blowing in the wind.
As the sound of the --- spin as the cool wind,
the river creates a calming symphony
that w--- the forest away, the --- ce--- through
the jungle and m--- a path to show me the way.

Untitled

By Anonyous

Green like a br--- bumpy like a horse bush
Smooth like a leaf.
Soft like a beanie
Spiky like grass
Spotty like a rocks moss.



Untitled

by Leo

The and is curved like the waves in the sea
And the rocks are like fish
under the sea swimming around just like the...

Untitled

By Anonymous

Rough like the sand on a salty
Beach, tall and stiff like a branch.
That has just fallen down.
Smooth leaves like the fur on my dog.

Untitled

by Anonymous

So mere rocks so mere kangaroos
Some --- of me
But that like rocks
Like kangaroos.

Untitled

By Jackson

Soft like my bed, the pillow on my head.
Curvy like a ball, never with a wall/
Kangaroos bounce around the bush
Is super quiet wombat bones are found

Untitled

By Anonymous

Special like a rainbow,
Can sway in the breeze,
But never fly. Rough like a rock
Bouncy an brown,
Green as can be,
Leaves and trees,
Rock and soil,
You will always be there.

Untitled

By Anonymous

The river runs like a growing snake
The rocks bulge out as the ground wares out
Ferns fan the trees
Moss climbs up the tree as the
bark falls off my extremities
sap dribbles off me onto the ground.
Leaves glide away like escaping planes.

Untitled

by Anonymous

My tree looks like a pineapple
The surroundings are like a happy area with
Lots of moss trees.





Kirli Saunders is a proud Yuin woman with ties to the Gundungurra, Gadigal, and Biripi people. She is an emerging children's author and poet. Kirli is a motorcycle enthusiast and adventurer who has a deep connection to the land and sea. Kirli is the Manager of Poetic Learning at Red Room Poetry. Her first children's picture book 'The Incredible Freedom Machines', illustrated by Matt Ottley is to be released in early 2018. Kirli's work has been published in the Huffington Post Australia. She was poet in residence at Bundanon Trust for the New Shoots project in 2017 and ran a number of workshops for local schools. Kirli's work has also been commissioned for Reconciliation Week through the Red Room's Poetic Moments program.

Red Room Poetry'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.



New Shoots: Poems inspired by plants