



# Monte Sant' Angelo Mercy College

with Lorin Elizabeth



## 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.

Poet Lorin Elizabeth guided students through a tailored 2 hour workshop exploring the creative process, and poetic writing. With Lorin, students created original pieces of poetry, from drafting right through the editing process. These poems will also be published in Monte Magazine.

## Lorin Elizabeth

Lorin Elizabeth is a spoken word poet, organiser and teaching artist from Wollongong, who co-founded Enough Said Poetry Slam and is published in Going Down Swinging's audio anthology.

She has toured the USA poetry slam circuit, featured at the Women of the World Poetry Slam in Albuquerque, NM and self-published an EP called Poems.

In 2017, Lorin featured at Canberra's Noted Festival, hosted The Rumble Youth Slam at Sydney Writers' Festival and was a workshop facilitator and panelist for The Stella Prize's Girls Write Up program in Canberra, Sydney and Wodonga.

## **Difference**

*by Eliza*

Difference is all the same.  
Even though our eyes range  
from green like the forest to blue like the ocean to brown  
like the skin on the back of the snake  
to even red when we are tired  
we are all the same.  
Even though our hair can  
be curly or straight or frizzy or  
in between  
we are all the same.  
Even though we all speak  
different languages  
Even though we all have  
different voices, high pitched  
to low  
Even though we all live in  
different countries, and  
different houses, and sleep  
in different beds.  
We are all the same.  
No matter our views, our  
beliefs, who we love or what  
we feel about the world we  
are all still made from the  
same thing.  
From muscles and bones and  
flesh.  
We all have a mother and a  
father, even if we do not  
know who they are.  
We are all the same.

## **Hamilton Island Adventures**

*by Jordyn*

We drive around in the  
golf buggy searching for  
adventure and excitement  
The beaches have  
white sand and crystal  
clear water  
Standing on the  
dock the smell of freshly  
baked bread from the  
local shop fills the air  
The holiday has only just  
begun but the kids are  
ready to hit the pool

## **A Ticket...**

*by Lydia*

A ticket is taking a chance, a feeling of anticipation  
like counting microwave minutes, leaps of faith  
Waiting in a line body filled with images that  
soak up your mind like a wet cloth.  
Your adventure your start to a new life, from  
the girl holding her ticket waiting to get  
away from six stressful years that felt like  
hell.  
To the couple leaving for their honeymoon  
an adventure for two. Or the boy escaping  
a world of violence, fear and sadness. A ticket  
holding nothing but hope. A ticket a chance  
for those who want more.

## **Untitled**

*by Carina*

She's like a waterdroplet  
the petals have grown for a continual  
beginning. A beginning for many.  
A waterdroplet, so small and new  
but so distant. Meeting the waterdroplet  
5 months late, as last time I saw  
her she was lit up and preparing to  
drop into life.

The happiest waterdroplet always  
smiling.

## **Untitled**

*by Jane*

Open me and I light up.  
Time and date always changing.  
I can claim I'm the first to see her  
reaction when the boy she messaged  
last night finally texts back.  
The one who lets her know that Mum  
needs her to pick up milk on the way  
home from school.  
I'm the one who keeps her secrets locked  
behind a 4-digit code.  
Sometimes we misunderstand  
each other.  
Frustrate one another.  
But in the end I know she loves me,  
when she protects me with plastic  
flowers and glitter.

## **Friends**

*by Emily*

1 - She is funny and kind. She is insecure and hurting. She is there but not for me.

2 - She is lost. She does not like 1. 2 is not here anymore. She does not share nor does she smile she is there for me.

3 - She is smart. I liked her and then I did not - but I like her now. She is silly. She is naïve. She is there for me. 1 does not like her.

4 - She is outgoing. She is an extrovert in a group of introverts. She is lonely. She is shut off. She is there but not for me. 2 does not like 4.

5 - She is new - she has many friends. She likes popular people more than not popular people. She is there - but not for me.

6 - She is happy. Surprising. Her mum is sick. She likes a boy but does not know how to speak to him. She is there but not for me. 1 does not like 6.

7 - She is tall. She likes 1. She is kind and funny. She is not doing well in history class. She listens to me. She likes everyone. She is there for me.

## **Texas**

*by Gracie*

Texas is as big as Jupiter but sounds as lonely as pluto. It's never someone's dream to go to Texas as much as one would about space. But for an individual it is where dreams can come true. Choosing to make the most of the moment is what makes this place special. The flay, dry plain stimulates the mind to a future finally discovered as a possibility. Time is given as a gift and a curse in this place. Times running low but makes the individual feel alive.

## **New York**

*by Adriana*

New York provides a new identity for the person within  
The bright lights overtaking  
my sight.

Oh what a place.

Each breath I take I  
imagine myself on Broadway.  
The tourist, the cameras  
and phones everywhere I  
look.

The amount of photos  
will never be enough

On every corner I smell  
the famous Hot Dogs and  
Fries from the Food Truck.

Oh, how the smell shivers  
down my spine.

Oh what a place.

## Untitled

*by Kate*

Helping should be selfless,  
Helping should be an act  
of compassion,  
Helping should be because  
you want to get someone  
through,  
when you know they can't  
on their own.  
For me it's not,  
It's selfish,  
It's to help me believe  
I am good.  
It's to save someone else, because  
maybe I'm unable to save myself.  
Helping others is reaching into  
darkness,  
oblivious.  
Will they grasp your hand and let  
you pull them out?  
Or recoil, leaving you  
grasping for nothing.  
Does it make me a bad  
person that,  
I help others for validation  
to feel that  
warm hug, that  
overwhelming empathy for  
others. I don't feel I deserve.  
Maybe I don't need it,  
really it's hypocritical,  
I want others, need others  
to take my help  
because it's helping me.

## Arriving is like going home

*by Holly*

Arriving like going home.  
You never know who could be home.  
When you arrive, you feel just at home.  
Walking towards the door  
and saying Hello/botardi.  
Receiving a pleasant greeting back always  
makes you feel welcomed.

Arriving is like being greeted by  
someone you don't know.  
But they call you sister.  
You can't get the grin off your  
face.  
You feel so at home,  
However you are 7 hours from home.

Arriving is like getting a piece of  
their culture.  
The sounds, sound like they are  
coming straight out of your  
UE boom.

Arriving is like having the taste  
of vegemite in your mouth.  
If you get too much it is overwhelming.  
You can't deal with too much.  
You need another spread to  
mask the richness.

However, you aren't home  
and you know it.  
You feel different showering with a small bucket.  
You act differently trying to not swallow the tap water.  
You feel alone like no one is around.  
But everyone is in the same.

## The wind doesn't break

*by India*

walking work attire march through the streets,  
displaying faces of boiling tempers as the gale puts  
their step back,  
the wind doesn't break,  
not change or carve a deeper peace  
heads angled straight at the sight of their feet,  
blocking the pounding whispers of wind that knock  
at their ears,  
the wind doesn't break  
nor differs or stop for the greater of others,  
but instead in the determination to resist the repulse  
of their being,  
to swirl an influence of strength that may be closed  
from sight, but shaken through actions  
felt by a force of impact but never seen coming,  
the wind doesn't break

**Untitled**

*by Jane*

Bread.  
Dry and whole.  
Toast with avocado.  
The definition of happiness.  
Avocado.  
Green like dewy grass  
and fresh, crisp rain.  
Rain.  
Cool and textured.  
Trickles and tickles on my skin.  
Tickles.  
Feel like security.  
Trusting fingers and intentions.  
Intentions.  
A band-aid to cover a cut  
or a knife to cut the skin.  
Skin.  
The first layer of an onion.  
Keep peeling and you may cry.

**Relax**

*by Kate*

Relaxing is like reading a book,  
thoughts, words, memories  
flowing through one main  
thought.  
Relaxing is like reading a  
book, wind, waves crashing,  
surrounding as the  
thoughts overcome.  
Relax.  
Relaxing is like reading a  
book, so easy and so hard.  
Relaxing is like reading a  
book, the close feeling of the memories overcome  
as the pages slip  
through your fingers.  
Relax.

**Childhood**

*by Emma*

Childhood is like the highlighted pages of a  
second-hand textbook, black, white, grey and  
yellow summer paddle pops. The scent of  
grass grazed knees and muddy hands,  
bandaids covering every elbow shin and nose.  
The taste of rainbow sour straps and  
carnival cotton candy. Concrete streets  
rampant with wild horses on training wheels.

**The Girl Who Can't Escape**

*by Imi*

A girl just like you and me  
But with a secret she can't escape from  
The clown yet to be identified  
following her every move. Trapping  
her in a rusty cage.  
The red balloon guides its  
way to her happiness  
then...  
POP, the clown is there  
feeding off the fear of  
the girl, drinking the  
tears that go down  
her face.  
Her heart starts beating  
louder than the school  
bell. The clown eyes pass  
her friends and now all  
she sees is laughter.  
Laughter from those she  
trusts, laughing at her.  
The laughter echoes the hall.  
She runs, faster than a  
year 7 trying to get to homeroom.  
But she can't escape  
the clown who lives  
inside of her taking her fear  
and getting stronger.  
The unidentified clown is  
now strong and living through  
the girl who can't escape.

## **From the Floorboards**

*by Ella*

The feeling off having the world  
on my shoulders is like the  
feeling of a group of people  
dancing away. The rough  
soles of the shoes pressed  
to my now dirt covered  
floorboards leaves an  
aching pain the next day,  
just like a bruise. I look up  
to see a room filled with  
flying colours but I go unrecognised  
beneath the feet of  
everyone dancing.

## **Hands**

*by Olivia*

I am the story of you.  
The bumps, wrinkles, the fingers  
that carry your identity and your bags.  
I am your support.  
I catch you when you fall and  
wipe the tears of both joy and sadness.  
You dress me up, paint me, cover  
me yet I will never change.  
I am you.

## **Risk**

*by Amelie*

Risks the great unknown.  
The feeling of missing the last step  
or taking a wrong turn in an  
unfamiliar place.

Risk,  
letting them know how you feel  
waiting anxiously not wanting  
the response yet it is a  
constant thought engulfing your  
mind.

Risk,  
asking someone for something  
already aware of the answer yet  
hoping in that moment the look  
in your eyes will sway the  
outcome.

Risk,  
pushing yourself further only to  
find the world pushed back  
harder.

Risk.

## **Untitled**

*by Jess*

I didn't prepare myself for this, I've been out for  
too long. I forgot and now I pay the price.

Purple, yellow, green and blue. All the joyful  
colours of the rainbow. Now painted all over my  
body. Diluted with shades of brown.

They say pain is as strong as winning.

## **Untitled**

*by Sofia*

Pure happiness is like coming home to  
your big warm queen sized bed,  
after a long painful day of walking  
around in your new school  
shoes, coming home and finding  
out that your mum has  
changed your sheets and knowing your  
sleep tonight will be that  
little bit more enjoyable.  
To know I can feel the  
fresh touch of something  
new and fresh ignites an image  
of a new beginning, like  
fireworks blaring in my face  
as the final countdown to  
the new year concludes.