



New Shoots Workshop

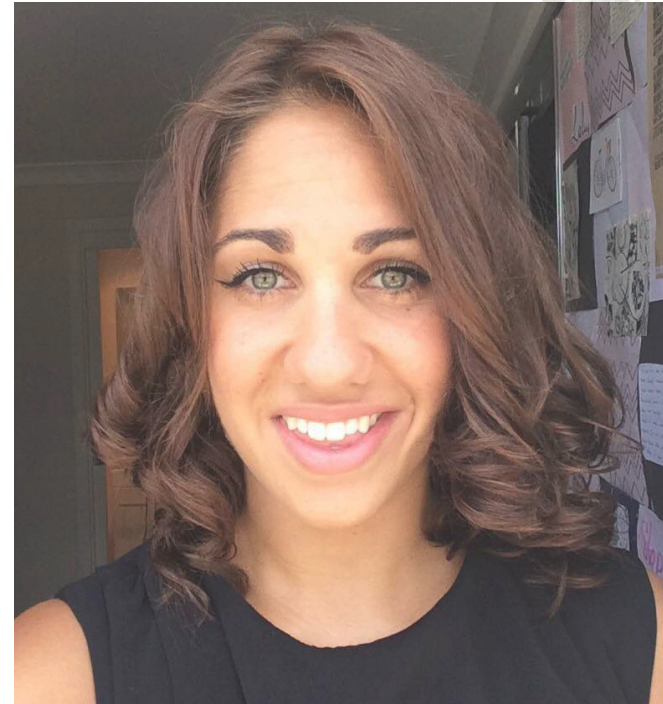
Royal Botanical Gardens Cranbourne

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 Workshop at Cranbourne Gardens

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.



Kirli Saunders

Kirli Saunders is a proud Gunaï woman with ties to the Yuin, Gundungurra, Gadigal and Biripi people. Kirli is the Manager of Poetic Learning at Red Room Poetry. She was awarded Worker of the Year 2017 at the NAIDOC awards in the Illawarra/Shoalhaven region. Her first children's picture book, *The Incredible Freedom Machines* (illustrated by Matt Ottley) is to be released in early 2018. Her second picture book, *Our Dreaming*, will be released shortly after. 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. Kirli's work has also been commissioned for Reconciliation Week Keep-cups and a range of Poetic Learning workshops at Red Room Poetry.



Poems

from Cranbourne Melbourne 4SP

My Special Tree

By Brandon

Wind brushing against me in the moonlight.
Lying slouched, relaxed and solitary.
Towering over me, as sturdy as steel.
While being as calm as the thoughts drifting through my mind.

As I climb the immense, lofty branches.
While the evening sun begins to set.
I picture motionless ranches.
My moments here I won't forget.

The sundown breeze begins to blow.
Sight of this tree, fills me with glee.
As the charming world loses its glow.
In this tree, we all feel free!

My Special Tree

By Taylah

I hear the rustle of the leaves from my very
own tree.
Swaying in the gentle breeze I may have to say
goodbye.

If it grows too tall workmen may cut it down.
Then I will never hear the sounds of nature
around me again.

It encourages me, inspires me and comforts
me.

My Special Tree

By Shenelle

Tall, thin and majestic,
Special to me only
Chloe my rescued puppy lies underneath its trunk.

The tree beautiful and full of sorrow
I wish I could go back there tomorrow

It's been a while since I moved away,
But I think about it every day.



My Special Tree

By Le Bron

My tree, the one that shines brightly and
marvellously.

It was destroyed by man, I was devastated.
I used to climb on it, play on it, shelter under
it.

In my heart my tree still lives,
Its memories will be mine forever.

My Special Tree

By Marcus

My tree, the tree that encourages me.
In the morning breeze that cools me down.
The sun that comes up, clears my vision.

My tree is beautiful.

My tree is like the tree of life to me.
My tree gives me power, the power to control my
feelings.

Then the rain comes from the heavens.
Rain, storms, winds, droughts.
My tree stands the test of time.
It's amazing, special, historical,
It's my tree.

My Special Tree

By Frazier

When I hug my tree,
I feel so free.

It takes out thoughts that are in my mind,
Sun rays reflecting to make it shine.

My tree is solid and it's not fragile,
But because it's beautiful I'll stare at it for a while.

I'll climb the tree to make me feel high
To feel the breeze and gently sigh.

Every memory I have has all been set,
From all of those memories I'll never forget.

My Tree Cubby!

By Kasey-Paige

Its colossal roots stick up from the ground.
The dry leaves sway in the harsh wind.

We climb so high we can't get down.
I hear the sweet little chirp from a beautiful nest.

Gloomy and dark the sun starts to rest.
Mum and Dad call "TIME TO COME HOME!"

My Tree

By Josh

My tree is so tall and thick.
It's so good for climbing.

The branches sway so high above the ground.
And it's as high as a two-storey building.

From my tree I see over my house
And I can see the mountains in the distance.

The tree was there when we arrived at our new place.
And hopefully it will remain when we move out.
My tree means everything to me.

My Tree Poem

By Indi

As I walk towards my marvellous tree
I see it gently swaying in the breeze.
Like a delicate feather or a ship on calm sea
I feel like I am free.

Like a strong, brave soldier,
It will always protect me.
The branches, the leaves, they shield me when it rains.

Nothing compares to the adoration I have for my tree.
From the beautiful hum of its leaves,
to its strong barkly armour,
I will stand by its side and it I will never be alone.

My Tree

By Brylee

As I lay in the tree I feel a soft breeze blow,
I lower my head and look down below.
I feel the bark crack against my skin,
Then I turn around and begin to grin.

Slowly I start to climb up my tree,
Climbing higher and higher I smile with glee.
The gentle leaves brush against my body,
I start to feel that this is my hobby.

As a ray of light breaks through the shelter,
I feel myself begin to swelter.
I go lower down into the leaves,
Then I feel the pure cold breeze.

The sky is blue, the leaves are green,
Being up high makes me feel like a queen.

I feel courageous,
I feel I am free,
And everyone knows,
This is my tree.



My Tree

By Charlie

My tree is a soldier standing stiff and straight.
Its branches are fragile and strong.

Sitting beside it protects me.
Standing under it shelters me.

Tree Poem

By Emma

When I touch and hug my tree,
I feel amazingly free.

But when it's cut down I feel sad,
My friends and I feel mad.

My tree lying on the ground with nothing to spare,
Will be replaced with something else there.

Anger, misery, feeling furious,
My tree is part of us.

The Shining Tree

By Stacey

This tree is special to me, it is at my old house.
I climbed it mostly everyday just like a mouse.

As the time went the leaves moved with the relaxing breeze,
the day flew by as quick as leaves.

The tree shining in the blinding sun
Like the only thing to be seen.

This tree just means so much to me.
But then we had to leave.

The Tree

By Ryan

I am a tree in the wind and rain.
Slippery, soft, strong and enormous.
Swaying with the wind and soaking wet.

The blaring hot sun dries me,
So children can climb me and play.





The Oak Tree

By Hailey

When I see the Oak Tree
It reminds me of my dog, Ella.
The connection that I had with her.
Before we buried her under,
The Oak Tree.

How on the day we buried her the leaves regained their colour.
How whenever I am near The Oak Tree,
I hear her bark echo through the green fields.
How we would play under The Oak Tree
As the leaves would tumble off the tree's old branches.

This Is The Oak Tree!

My Mango Tree

By Fon

There is a tree in my cousin's garden in Thailand.
It is a mango tree.
It is bigger than me.

I climb nearly to the top.
It feels nice and cool.
Birds can see me.
Mangoes can see me.
Sometimes my friends can see me.

Tree Poem

By Tabkoda

I am a tall gum tree in the heavy rain.
Slippery, slimy, gooey, and feeling refreshed.
Wonderful water slithering down my trunk.
With gentle breeze and sun cooling and warming my branches



The Afro Tree

By Travis

My tree is my special place.
He has a green afro.
Whenever I see him he waves at me.
When I am with him I feel like
Nothing can hurt me.

My Tree

By Maddison

My tree is special.
My tree was planted with love,
And it is home to beautiful doves.
My tree is home to me,
And to angry bees.
My tree is like no other tree,
Because my tree is somewhere special,
In my Grandma's garden.

Magical Trees

By Talei

When I see trees, I always think of the name:
The Magical Trees.

Every time I touch a tree it feels magical.
It helps me win or it helps me be focused.
I feel like I want to paint it with browns, and greens.
Trees are special to me.

I think the giant tree stands guard over the little trees.
You can always hear birds and animals on the magical trees.
I feel amazing when I touch trees.
When I am with friends or family
Trees make me feel wonderful inside.

When I see a tree I always feel comfortable around it.