

Kuller Kullup walked
from the stoney shoulder of Targangil
to this bend of Birrarung
spoke to all the people gathered there,
Wathaurong, Bunurong, Maap
Wurunjeri, Ganai, Taungurong,
all the people,
and he said,
the sky is falling in,
bring me poles, the longest poles,
bring me axes of sharp edged greenstone,
for the sky is falling in.

— *excerpt from KULLER KULLUP, Bruce Pascoe*

Mushrooms spring up with autumn rain, expand, shed
their spores, and decay; all in a matter of weeks.

It crumbles: fungi do not atrophy, they do not fail.
When a fungal flower perishes
it has done its work until
remade.

— *excerpt from GROUNDS by Bonny Cassidy*

ACTIVITY

**Find a special tree in the garden.
Place your ear to the trunk.
Write down your tree's secrets.
If a poem sprouts, email it to
contact@redroomcompany.org**

What a soul baring:
all this barbed glory laid out
for the noonday sun.

— *Maria Takolander*



**NEW SHOOTS is a partnership between
Red Room Poetry,
Royal Botanic Gardens Victoria
& Australian Poetry.**

Tag @redroompoetry on instagram
and visit redroomcompany.org
for more poetic inspiration



Complete poems and poet statements are available via
redroomcompany.org/projects/new-shoots-vic/

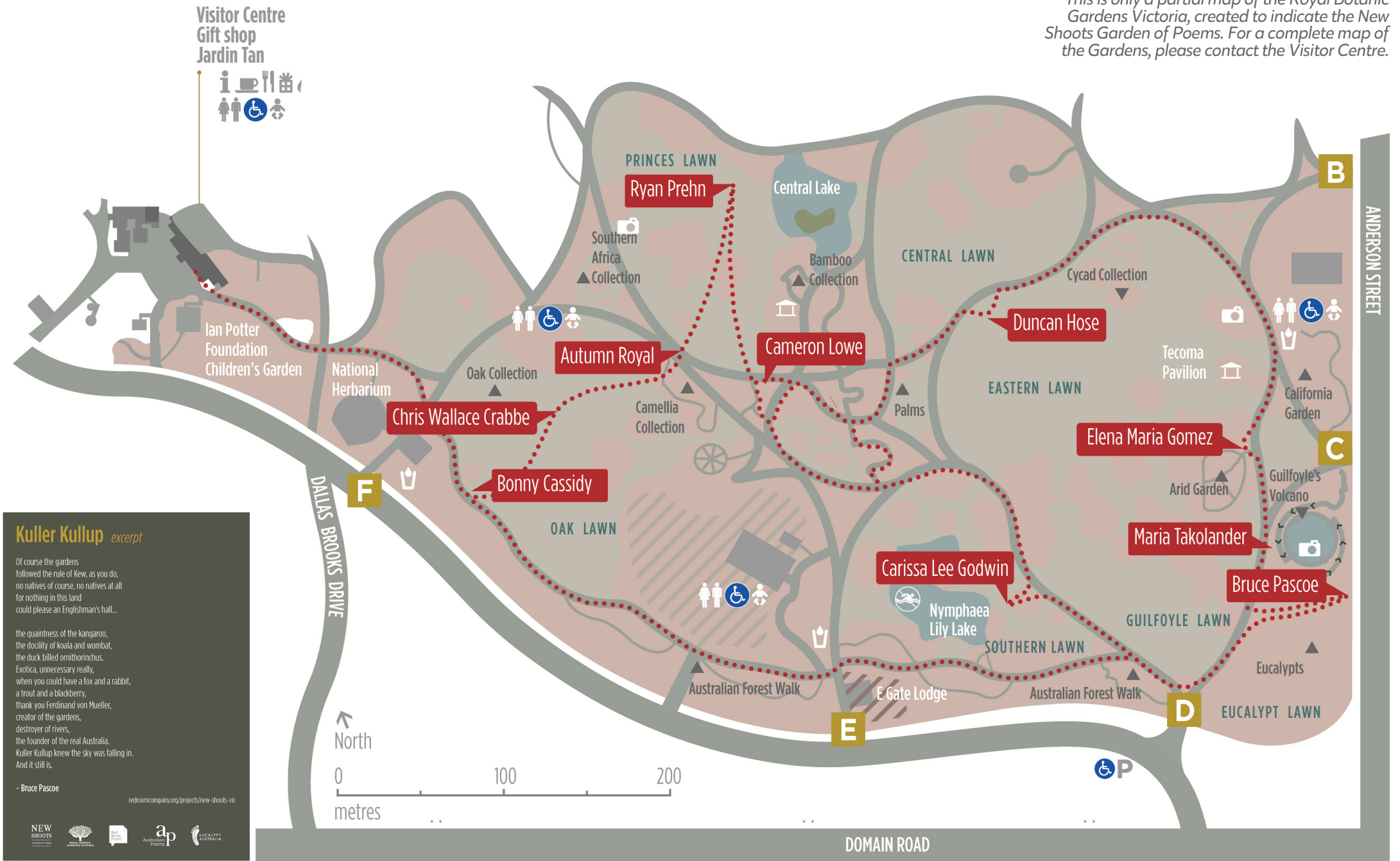
NEW SHOOTS

A GARDEN OF POEMS

New Shoots unearths the
poetic inspiration of
plants and place.
Take a tour of the
Garden of Poems
created and planted here
by 10 Victorian poets.



This is only a partial map of the Royal Botanic Gardens Victoria, created to indicate the New Shoots Garden of Poems. For a complete map of the Gardens, please contact the Visitor Centre.



Kuller Kullup *excerpt*

Of course the gardens followed the rule of Kew, as you do, no natives of course, no natives at all for nothing in this land could please an Englishman's hall...

the quaintness of the kangaroo, the docility of koala and wombat, the duck billed ornithorinchus. Exotica, unnecessary really, when you could have a fox and a rabbit, a trout and a blackberry, thank you Ferdinand von Mueller, creator of the gardens, destroyer of rivers, the founder of the real Australia. Kuller Kullup knew the sky was falling in. And it still is.

- Bruce Pascoe

redroomcompany.org/projects/new-shoots-vic

Follow the dotted red paths to find the poems with the plants that inspired them.

