



Poetry in First Languages - Yuin Country

Nowra East Public School

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.

Poetry in First Languages

Developed by Gunai poet Kirli Saunders and delivered by Red Room Poetry, Poetry in First Languages (PIFL) celebrates, shares and preserves knowledge of First Nations languages and culture through poetry, music and art.

On 16 August, Bundanon Trust Writer in Residence, Kirli Saunders took students from Nowra East Public School through the new resource, specific to Yuin Country. Kirli worked alongside local Gumea Dharawal language custodians Jacob Morris and Adrian Webster. The workshops strengthened student's connection to Country, language and community and helped empower students to feel pride in their cultural identities.

Jacob Morris

Jacob Morris is a proud Gumea-Dharawal, Dharumba, Dhurga man and also Birripai Djanghatti from Kempsey. Jacob has been raised learning Gumea-Dharawal, the southern dialect of the Dharawal Language spoken between the Shoalhaven River and Crooked River near Gerringong.

Kirli Saunders

Kirli Saunders is a proud Gunai woman with ties to the Yuin, Gundungurra, Gadigal and Biripi people. Kirli is the Manager of Poetic Learning and Aboriginal Cultural Liaison at Red Room Poetry. She was awarded 'Worker of the Year 2017' at the NAIDOC awards in the Illawarra/ Shoalhaven region and has been nominated for a National NAIDOC award in 2018. Kirli founded the Poetry in First Languages project.

Adrian Webster

Adrian Webster is a saltwater man descending from the Wandrawandian Walbunja Djiringanj and Thunghutti people. He has spent his whole life growing up on the south coast of NSW and His connection to Country is something he cherishes deeply along with his family and friends. He maintains his connection to Culture and Country by devoting his time with Elders and Community to learn Dreaming Stories, Language, bush foods and medicine and traditional artefact making.

The Trees

By Jet

green safe comfortable
the gundu are wuda hagin give life
the gundu can gurgamd

~

green safe comfortable
the trees are smart they give life
the trees can breathe

Relaxing Place

By Jongrikai

The bawa side was as miru as a wuda nights sleep it made me feel relaxed
and happy I could see the green drana flowing across the garabang I could
hear budjans yanggum as they were singing in a group the big green bunbal were
creating shade so we could sit out of the very hot nuwi

~

The bush side was as dreamy as a good nights sleep it made me feel relaxed
and happy I could see the green gums flowing across the rocks I could
hear birds sing as they were singing in a group big green trees were
creating shade so we could sit out of the very hot sun

Peaceful

By Daniel (Y3)

The bawa is peaceful, just like dhugan
It is rocky garabang
The bagarin is shining and on ganbi
It is budgeri

~

The bawa is peaceful just like home
It is rocky ground
The sun is shining and on fire
It is very good

Yuin Country

By Caleb (Y6)

peaceful, silence, and joy

the leaves shatter together like glass

gundu are colourful, when the gurgaba blows the gundu
the gundu gali in the gurgama

bark that protects the gundu from getting hurt, some
bark protects the gundu but some doesn't

~

peaceful, silence, and joy

the leaves shatter together like glass

trees are colourful, when the wind blows the trees
the trees dance in the westerly wind

bark that protects the trees from getting hurt, some
bark protects the tree but some doesn't



Flat Rock

By Derryn (Y3)

peaceful rocks are ancient budjan gum to other budjan
the rocks are ancient as the bunbal and bawa
the rocks are really mandaga and have mumu grass things
on them and the cockatoo that went screaming out loud
the rocks and bunbal and little grass thing and the bagarin
the rocks are protecting us

~

peaceful rocks are ancient birds talk to other birds
the rocks are ancient as the trees and bushes
the rocks are really big and have little grass things
on them and the cockatoo that went screaming out loud
the rocks and trees and little grass thing and the sun
the rocks are protecting us

Country

By Tyler (Y6)

the widjud widjud was rough like a bura road
the bunbals were shaking like a miriral
country is guyudu like cool barnun on
my gabanu

~

the sand was rough like a stone road
the trees were shaking like storm
country is cold like cool east wind on
my head

Peaceful Place

By Trayden (Y4)

peaceful calm dream
the bawa is walbuging as Hawaii
the bawa is nura
when niga nura niga ngara the ngaran and other
bunjanlali

~

peaceful calm dream
the bush is peaceful as Hawaii
the bush is home
when I listen I hear the lyrebird and other
birds

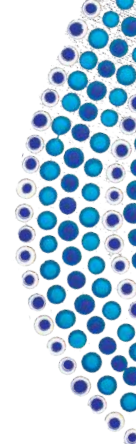
The Lyrebird

By Mimi (Y3)

beautiful, calm, peaceful
the yangganjali are gulbunya
all of the different greens are alive
the gurgama tells us to listen

~

beautiful, calm, peaceful
the lyrebirds are singers
all of the different greens are alive
the wind tells us to listen





Yuin Country

By William (Y6)

Country is as cool as the cool breeze
it hit my face with love as the wuri shined on me and gave me warmth
Ngaa naandtha brown budjans, light blue sky, white and grey clouds and green
grass. The budjans play in the sky.
Ngaa feel quiet as the mice go to sleep in a peaceful way.

~

Country is as cool as the cool breeze
it hit my face with love as the sun shined on me and gave me warmth
I see brown birds, light blue sky, white and grey clouds and green
grass. The birds play in the sky.
I feel quiet as the mice go to sleep in a peaceful way.

Nature

By Ella (Y6)

I could naandth budjan peacefully flying through the sky. Green grass
everywhere. I could feel the mudawin climbing all over me as well as sticks
poking me. I could ngara the budjan yanggum to me. People gum, cars driving,
gurgama laughing about. It made me feel calm, peaceful and graceful
minga nature is amazing to be in we should all get outdoors
more.

~

I could see birds peacefully flying through the sky. Green grass
everywhere. I could feel the ants climbing all over me as well as sticks
poking me. I could hear the birds sing to me. People talk, cars driving,
wind laughing about. It made me feel calm, peaceful and graceful
mother nature is amazing to be in we should all get outdoors
more.

Yuin Country Poem

By Savanna (Y5)

The country is calling my name the grass is green and the sky is
blue with white fluffy clouds it's such a nice view. I'm sitting up on
this hill looking down to the valleys filled with rushing rivers and
beautiful flowers. I think to myself nature is really great. I'm standing in
the sand watching the blue waves crash against my feet. I move into
the water as if the crystal clear water calls my name. As the water
glides into my waist I dive into the depth of the water. I find
myself looking at a colourful coral reef and magnificent sea
life. I myself swimming back to shore to get my towel. I go
sit on a rock and stare into the rock pools. I see fish and
crabs swimming and frolicking around as the tide comes in I
start to leave and I find myself back where I started I
think about all the amazing things I saw like the rivers the
valleys the magnificent coral reef and how could I forget
the beautiful country. I wrote this poem just to show you
what I think the Yuin country looks like.



It calms me

By Jewel (Y6)

ngaa can ngara the budjan yanggum a soft song, naandtha
you can naadtha the bunbals rocking slowly left pa right I
can feel the guyudu gurgama running along my skin
pa feels like kyoong passing by at the bada pa
calms me

~

I can hear the words sing a soft song, see
you can see trees rocking slowly left and right I
can feel the cold wind running along my skin
it feels like sea passing by at the river it
calms me

My Home

By Jewel (Y6)

soft walballing
protected garabangpa hard brick
moorahpa is soft gudjayapa moomba
I naandtha around I naandtha big gurabang
and the boonirah will sway yindi gently
the budjanlali will kuragia out to ngia yannangu danger is around

~

Soft, at peace,
protected with rocks and hard brick,
the earth is a soft home to sit with
I look around I see big rocks and the wind
will sway you gently
the birds will call out to you when danger is around

Yuin Country Poem

By Cooper (Y6)

The Yuin bawa side is as wuda as Heaven. Naandtha sat down on
the guyudu dulban ground, the tall gundus protected me from the
ganbi wuri. Naandtha can ngara crickets chirping and
gudgad croaking. It makes me feel wuda as the gurgama passes
by the gundus. I can feel mudawin crawling over my maramal, it makes
me shiver.

~

The Yuin bush side is as beautiful as Heaven. I sat down on
the cold shaded ground, the tall trees protected me from the
fire sun. I can hear crickets chirping and
frogs croaking. It makes me feel good as the westerly wind passes
by the trees. I can feel ants crawling all over my hand, it makes
me shiver.

Country

By Hudson (Y6)

Nature is as wuda as wuda can be. Budjans chirping in the
bundals singing a song just for me. The wind through my
gabanu makes me glad to be there. Standing here feels like
wuda is near. I love the country that is here.

~

Nature is as beautiful as beautiful can be. Birds chirping in the
trees singing a song just for me. The wind through my
hair makes me glad to be there. Standing here feels like
comfort is near. I love the country that is here.

Yuin Country

By Shelby (Y6)

Bunbal falls. Budjeri comes slowly as djadjung time flies and it gets dark. Djilinjii shine brighter than before, mina hug mumu gabanu during the dthowraang. Welcome to bawa. When morning comes ngabumarra hop around and wombats hide in their burrows waiting for dthowraang to come. On a hot summer naway, people go to the beach. As people ride the waves, the water gets clearer and the bagarin gets shinier. This is country.

~

Tree falls. A good feeling comes slowly as moon time flies and it gets dark. Stars shine brighter than before, mother hug small heads during the night. Welcome to bush. When morning comes kangaroo hop around and wombats hide in their burrows waiting for night to come. On a hot summer day, people go to the beach. As people ride the waves, the water gets clearer and the sun gets shinier. This is country.

Poetry

By Caitlin (Y5)

The Yuin country was as beautiful as a sunflower
I sat on the buri and played with the grass
The bagarin was shining on my back, it was so hot
it made me feel like I needed to go to the dulban.

~

The Yuin country was as beautiful as a sunflower.
I sat on the ground and played with the grass.
The sun was shining on my back, it was so hot,
it made me feel like I needed to go to the shade.

Waadha

By Aleigha

ngulaiinmarii gumiingi moorah yindi
ngara yindi nyara bunbal gumiingya

~

The earth tells you to share
hear the trees are talking to you.

Yuin Country Poem

By Sidney (Y6)

I'm on bawa and I can naandtha a group of bunbal
galina in the gurgama. There are dalarda and widjud widjud
on the ground and I can hear budjan yanggum to
each other

~

I'm on bush and I can see a group of trees
dancing in the wind. There is kindling and sand on the ground and
I can hear birds singing to each other