



# Nowra High School

with Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones

## 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.

## Bundanon

Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones led workshops with students in collaboration with Bundanon Trust, celebrating, cultivating and collecting poems inspired by plants. Bundanon Trust supports arts practice and engagement with the arts through its residency, education, exhibition and performance programs.



**Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones**

Gabrielle 'Journey' Jones is a co-Founder and CEO (Creativity Encouragement Officer) of Creative Womyn Down Under, a community initiative since 2006 in Sydney which helps to connect women and creativity. Gabrielle has been passionate about using spoken word performance poetry and drumming to raise social issues for over 20 years. Her first published collection of poetry *Spoken Medicine* was released in 2017 by Ginninderra Press



## Group Poem

*By Connor, Caden, Arora, Demi*

The grassy green  
fields of Bundanon  
give me a sense  
of relaxation and  
freedom.

The giant trees  
of the forests sway  
in the rustling wind  
like waves in the  
ocean.

The winding path  
of the river flows  
freely as people  
stop and stare.

The native life roams  
in the wild grazing  
the land and  
burrowing into the earth.

Bundanon with  
the silent tweet of  
birds makes me feel  
free.

## Group Poem

*By Ruby, Julia, Denna, Mitchell & Finn*


Big chubby furry  
bundles of joy, waddle  
slowly along the ground  
making burrows along  
the Bundanon land

Sliding along the rough ground,  
silent as a mouse. If it hears  
a single sound it will  
rush  
back to the bush  
of Bundanon.

In the trees the birds  
tweet talking to others  
sending their messages and  
creating sounds. The way  
they speak is music as  
if they are creating songs.  
Soaring through the trees  
and around Bundanon thy fly.

The songs of many  
species of birds ring  
throughout the valley.  
Many animals out getting  
some sun or asleep and  
hiding. Many have lived  
here for their whole life  
and will continue  
throughout.

From the trees to the  
kangaroos that lay here to rest  
The conditions of Bundanon are  
the best.



## Group Poem

*By Pipa, Ashaylen, Elke, Sam & Oliver*

Thank you  
thank you for this  
land and space, for  
people to come and  
appreciate the trees  
and animals.

Thank you  
for this place where  
trees and plants grow.  
How all the different  
places, to explore with  
their own uniqueness.

Thank you  
Bundanon, the experiences  
provided by the  
landscape. Provided by  
Arthur Boyd. Provided  
by the amazing flora and fauna.  
This tiny community thrives from  
creativity of amazing minds.

Thank you  
for the abundance of  
animals in and around  
Bundanon. The kangaroos  
bouncing around as  
if on trampolines. The  
wombats digging holes  
as if they have excavators  
as hands, and all the  
tiny little birds hoping  
around the heather.

Thank you for maintaining a biodiversity  
between all of nature great creations, because  
of your work this land will survive.

## Group Poem

*By Halle, Bailey, Alex, Ellora, Aaliyah, Mr Gardiner*

Crisp, clean, cool air  
whips around. Cooling  
caressing, calming.

Everywhere you step  
you see the trails of  
wildlife before us. Poo paths  
to paradise!

On the peaceful fields, down  
near the trees there's small  
clans of brown, furry tufts of  
fur that bound along the  
landscape of Bundanon.

As I listen to the trees hum, I  
hear their dainty secrets. Secrets  
of the people who have shared  
their woes and sorrows, shared  
their tall tales and their deepest,  
darkest secrets.

Feel the dusky river,  
along to sandy banks. See the  
rocks reflect off the  
peaceful water.

Giant, crumbly rocks, looking  
over us all day long.

## Untitled

*By Mitchell*

I've been watching the human race for many years, I have wated them evolve and even watched the earth without any means of life but us trees. It is a beautiful thing to watch something or someone evolve or grow up (for many of you who have had children or lifelong pets) but something truly amazing about the humans is them forming a compassion for us. We have not made them love us but they have simply seen our beauty and realized that we are not just a still. lifeless thing that can be chopped down and turned into a piece of furniture, but that we are another living being they happily coexist with us.

## Untitled

*By Finn*

The knowledge I posses will help you with your lifelong quest information that will help you grow or soar through the skies like a crow the stories of how the mountains rise or a lyrebird singing cries how the rivers came to rush or how lightening can crush how fire can cause ruin and despair and how new life came and repaired.

## Untitled

*By Michelle*

Fallen branch, like a broken limb  
Arm broken in the wind  
painful, sad and lonely  
missing its body  
lying as if asleep  
leaves popping out – wanting  
to grow from the dead limb  
no more growing for this  
branch / the end has passed  
hear the silence life a grave  
sleeping in a bed of leaves

## Paperbark Tree

*By Elke*

The tree is large and has triangular pointy leaves. Its bark is rough and as flaky as pastry. There are layers upon layers that peel off. Running your hand across it gives a sensation of brushing a field of wheat. It stands tall and strong, leaves rustling in the wind. Its branches stretch out like an open hand its fingers point every direction.

Its trunk mixes between greys, browns and oranges. its leaves lengthen longing for sunlight.

## Untitled

*By Connor*

If my tree could speak, it would tell me about its way of life. The growing, the aging and it would all seem nice. The way it breathes, the way it stands, the way it stands so tall. How it could all be over in one split second and it could lose it all. It would tell me about the landscape, and the changes undergone. The way the field grows and grows to dusk and from the dawn. It would tell me about the people he met, and how they're different in every way. From the time they game to the time they left, he remembers them every day.

## Leaves

*By Hallie*

Trees provide life  
The trunk feels like  
crocodile skin, strong and  
scaly.  
The leaves feel like  
soft leather, smooth and  
flexible.  
The tall sturdy trees stand  
at attention.  
Do you hear the trees  
sway.  
I am surrounded by  
trees and I feel refreshed  
and free.

## Untitled

*By Ruby*

I place my hand  
onto the tree. Memories  
from the past flush  
into my mind. the  
times where I climbed  
trees to see how  
high we could get.  
The times when I went  
on bushwalks. The  
times where I pretended  
that the paper tree dust  
was like blush. The time  
where technology wasn't  
in my hands. All these  
memories from feeling  
the rough bark underneath  
my hands, and how it  
crumbled underneath  
my fingers. Just looking  
up and seeing how beautiful  
the tree is, and knowing  
that these trees are the reason  
we are alive.

## Untitled

*By Pippa*

As the tree speaks to me through  
its soul, I feel as it is trying to  
tell me something.  
Something about life  
Don't be afraid, it tells me through its branches  
swaying in the breeze.  
Never...  
Never to try something new or  
give something a go.  
To never be afraid with  
your instinct.  
It tells me...

You may never turn back  
time or do something  
all over again because  
once it's done, it's done  
The birds back up the trees  
instructions by singing a marvelous tune

The wind also telling  
me to never be  
afraid by giving a  
slight breeze, just enough  
to nag me.  
As everything stops  
that's when life has changed.

The secrets of Trees.

## The Trees

*By Aaliyah*

The guardian of the landscape, of the animals,  
Its rough bark encases a land of wonder,  
nooks and crannies all over,  
The occasional bug, hiding in the creepy shad-  
ows,  
Patterns and colours to show off to the world,  
A land of tall monsters in the night,  
A face full of wonders,  
Our oxygen provider,  
The things you rest upon, oh how  
they stand strong all day long,  
Our best friend,  
The Trees.

## Untitled

*By Oliver*

The cool air made  
the grand and all  
knowing tree sway slightly  
its stringy bark  
guarding the tree's many  
secrets of the past,  
its wisdom is sought  
by all but obtained  
by none for the tree  
has lived longer than we  
think and it knows that  
we should not be there,  
its needle like leaves  
are pointing and accusing  
us of being on its sacred  
land.

## Trees

*By Halle*

Trees. They are the providers of life. Trees. They are the homes of many living creatures. Trees. They are beautiful. Trees. They are the shelter above us. Trees. We wouldn't be here without them. Trees. We need them.

## Untitled

*By Ashaylen*

I stand along my brothers and sisters in the soft breeze  
As they whisper and sing I  
Stand still Different from  
The rest. As the thought flows  
through my mind I will pass  
away soon. Time goes on my  
Leaves and my voice disperses.  
My Roots weaken my beautiful  
Brown bark turns white. I stand  
alone even if my brothers and  
sisters behind me. I look different  
from the rest, I am dying. The others  
Surround me in colours and voices.  
I have died But tomorrow a new me will  
bloom.

## Untitled

*By Aurora*

The soft colour the beautiful  
smell. Like a dip in the pool  
on a hot day. Proud and  
strong the trees stand tall.  
Gracefully swaying as the  
wind passes through.  
Spreading like a wildfire  
baby trees spawn. As beautiful  
bugs buzz in the rough  
patterned bark. Speaking  
loud and clear I understand  
everything. Dripping water  
slurped by a thirsty tree.  
Birds singing proudly.  
"This is our home"

## Untitled

*By Julia*

Tall like a giraffe, watching every  
move. Telling you every secret and  
story. All I hear is the rustling of  
the leaves and the birds in the trees.  
Stop and take a minute to listen.  
My mind fills up with all of the  
trees wisdom. All the secrets the trees  
have ever known are now my own.  
Stop and hear all of the trees stories.  
Tall like a tower, knowing all the secrets  
and stories. Stop and listen, you  
could find out the secret of  
the trees.

## My Tree

*By Denna*

My tree helps me! It gives me  
inspiration, knowledge and  
wisdom. It helps me through  
thick and thin and gives me  
advice to get through everything  
going on. The way that my  
tree shares its ideas and ways  
to go makes me happy and  
the way it helps me through  
life's ins and outs is amazing.  
My tree is helpful, the way  
it talks to me with its  
heart really shows how  
lucky I am to have it.  
It speaks to me, shows me  
the way to go, gives me  
confidence and tells me that  
its going to be ok when  
I'm down. The way my  
tree is my friend, my guard  
and my teammate is helpful  
and I love how it acts as if  
it's a human or a parent  
just looking after me and  
wanting me to succeed.



## Odeon

*By Anon*

Ancient rocks watch over  
the space we have gathered  
in.  
The melody of the birds is  
comforting and serene.  
Rays of energising sunshine flow,  
filter and trickle down to us.  
The earth underneath my feet is  
spongy and comfortable, like a  
well-fitting jogger.  
Mats of lush moss and the gentle  
outreach of the ferns create an  
invitation to rival the finest  
locations around the world.  
For the first time in quite some time  
I feel, from the earth through to my  
soul, a real sense of peace.

## Untitled

*By Caden*

The knowledge tree has been around for  
centuries sharing its knowledge with many  
men and women who are lost in their  
lives. The knowledge tree talks to  
anyone and everyone. I have spoken to the  
knowledge tree and he spoke  
calmly and softly like the wind. As the tree  
spoke he spoke in a soothing voice that let out a  
breeze. the knowledge says many wise things.  
If you ever have a question the knowledge  
will be there.

## Dead

*By Bailey*

Once upon a time  
there was a tree.  
Only held up by a  
flimsy stump. Though  
it was holding the tree  
up. It fell. Like a  
game of jenga.  
It fell down and then  
crunch. Bark, branches  
and leaves hitting the  
ground on impact.  
Like a  
dead body it just  
lay there. Dead, still and  
lifeless.

## The Tree

*By Linda*

The paperback is like layers  
of life, soft and smooth on  
the surface, hiding the  
systems of survival  
within.  
The bark glows in warm  
hues of the sun. Fine  
delicate clumps of  
foliage, fan skywards.  
The surface is appealing  
as the layers curl and  
crack.

## Untitled

*By Julia*

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move. Telling you every secret and  
story. All I hear is the rustling of  
the leaves and the birds in the trees.  
Stop and take a minute to listen.  
my mind fills up with all of the  
trees wisdom. All the secrets the trees  
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