

POETRY IN FIRST LANGUAGES DHARAWAL

with Nicole Smede and Ethan Bell

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

On May 7 and 8 in partnership with Mettigon Theatre and Wollongong Art Gallery, First Nations students from Years 3-11 at Figtree Primary School, Fairy Meadow Demonstration School, Warilla North Public School, Port Kembla Public School, Dapto High school, Figtree High School and Oak Flats High School came together for the Poetry in First Languages, Dharawal programs.

With the guidance of Dharawal based poet and musician, Nicole Smede, and Dharawal based Ngunawal Poet, Ethan Bell, Gundungurra Custodian Aunty Trish and Gumea Dharawal language custodian, Jacob Morris, the students connected to country through language, story and art to create poetry in Dharawal language. These poems were interpreted into artworks and will be performed in the local area at community events.

Red
Room
Poetry

Nicole Smede

Born on Dharawal country, Nicole's descendants are Worimi, English, Irish and German.

Nicole is a classically trained vocalist, musician and graduate of the Conservatorium of Music, Sydney with experience ranging from classical, theatre, rock and contemporary music through to film and other media.

Drawing from varied experience in Education, having worked with the NSW Arts Unit, The Song Company and Bundanon Trust, Nicole is excited to be working with Elders and Language Custodians to support the reconnection and continued growth of First Languages.

Ethan Bell

Ethan is a Wallabalooa man from the Ngunawal Nation. He is an emerging artist and student based in Campbelltown, Sydney.

Ethan's practice is storytelling, drawing from his love of hip-hop. Ethan writes poetry in hopes to give insight into his life.

Untitled

*By Laylami Y3, Jahmal Y4, Charlie Y5, Kaylah Y6, Tyrone Y4, Riley Y5, Thomas Y3
Warilla North Public School, Port Kembla Public School, Figtree Public School*

Ngaa felt my walar on the bullwool bark
at the bottom of a gayan oak kundu.

The kaiyoong ngarawan softly crashing against
the rocks as the budjaang were quietly yanggum.

And the djirabud scattering through the
mundah.

The woori was shining on my wullahnung and it was
comforting.

~

I felt my head on the strong bark
at the bottom of a big oak tree.

The shore softly crashing against
the rocks as the birds were quietly chirping.

And the lizards scattering through the
bush.

The sun was shining on my head and it was
comforting.



Untitled

*By Levi Y4, Sonny Y5, Latiyah Y5, Randall Y5, Randall Y6, Ebony Y3, Brody Y4
Warilla North Public School, Port Kembla Public School*

Ngaa felt like ngaa was going to fall nangarri because it was so calm
Ngaa was in my own little world of peace

Ngaa wagul in nya mudah

Walnniiri in nya Lachlan ngudjoong - yirri barraburag - happy screams

I'm a mumu Yuin/Woddi Woddi living in killa trying to make a killer.

Budjang yanggum, mirrigong gamiingii, budjanglali yanggum

~

I felt like I was going to fall asleep because it was so calm

I was in my own little world of peace

I was walking in the bush

Swimming in the Lachlan river - chucking mud - happy screams

I'm a little Yuin/Woddi Woddi living in killa trying to make a killer.

Bird sings, dog talking, birds chirping

Untitled

*By Jayden Y6, Tyla Y4, Talyshia Y5, Caleb Y5, Tilly Y3, Luca Y3, Will Y4, Jett Y6.
Warilla North Public School, Figtree Public School, Port Kembla Public School*

The wuri gives heat and life. It's bright, it's shining it makes you hot.
It comes out often. Everyday it stays out until the djedjung goes in. It
shines right on you.
Nya kaiyoong ngurawan feels like sand rushing over my feet it sounds like it's crashing.
Nya kundu teaches me to breathe and relax.
Nya boonirah feels soft and caring and gentle.
Flames getting bigger and bigger, crackle! Nya gambi spreads.

The sun gives heat and life. It's bright, it's shining it makes you hot.
It comes out often. Everyday it stays out until the moon goes in. It
shines right on you.
The ocean feels like sand rushing over my feet it sounds like it's crashing.
The tree teaches me to breathe and relax.
The wind feels soft and caring and gentle.
Flames getting bigger and bigger, crackle! The fire spreads.

