



Pymble Ladies' College, 2014 ***The Disappearing*, with poet Kate Middleton**

Celebrated Australian poet Kate Middleton visited Year 9 and Year 12 students of Pymble Ladies' College during an extensive 3-day residency, on the 11th March, 20th May and 20th August 2014. Kate guided the students through activities from *The Disappearing* learning resource, with a focus on the drafting process and refining poetic imagery.

Red Room Poetry Education 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 intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.

Red Room Poetry Education at Pymble Ladies' College, 2014
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Group Poems

Untitled

By Anonymous

Beauty stands clear
Striped like a zebra
Ran as fast as a cheater
His name was Peter

It walks, standing gracefully
It roars softly, killing as it goes,
It dies quickly
You know

Those empty eyes
Dappled shadows and feral faded striped
Faded ground white like the distant skies
And the swirling storm of a red sunrise.
You will never see again.

Whilst some things linger, keep and last
The shadows that hang behind them
fade, neglected, forgotten.
What was a king turned into a pawn.
Fading silently, silently
Until not even the brightest light
will illuminate it from darkness.

One left, one memory,
One out of once thousands,
Only one reminder in black and grey streaks
Drifts in and out of remembrance.

Truganini the tiger of Tazmania
Lives only for the existence
of her people who have thinned
Like the stripes up her back.

The Tiger

Ribs poking out, deepening purple grey bruises.
What is one day, lying against the sun-baked concrete
dragging heavy long tails atop their prints

alert - watching, waiting
He could feel the end was near.
Surrounded by concrete, last of their kind
remembered in camera's eye;
lost in the blood lust of man.
Stripes blur as they run faster.
Not fast enough.

Tasmania, the island
history now gone.
The stripes have disappeared;
a deep loss lies within us.
Yet does anyone care?

Empty, hollow, black and white
images screaming dried up hope,
wrapped in a burden of non-existent light,
It took its last breath and then

trust lost forever.
Where hope was just a memory,
the glisten of their eyes is long gone
glazed eyes facing the stars
sinking into the endless abyss;
unable to be rendered as an ancient relic.

Faded.
That wild spark: gone
No-one can look them in the eyes anymore,
the glare lost.
The tiger itself not the only thing behind bars.

They used to thrive in the green wilderness
paws treading on soft sand, fading
the group of them – no longer.
We came for them.

We don't really understand what we have done.
We think about it but we don't take action, we just
stand
and only realize what we have lost, now
If only we saw their beauty before.

The Last Dance

By Eve M.

I lurk in darkness; a non-entity.
I am the demon that haunts your being,
clinging to the frayed corners of conscience.

Know me.
Fear me.
Draw near. Closer.

You enter the stone palace,
the grave of countless others.
Moonlight guides your passage,
silver ribbons of light
that wrap around your ankles.
A ditch attempt by Celestia's hand
to dissuade your reckless whims.

You press against me.
Your warmth, your desperate
heartbeat.

For a fleeting moment my humanity
returning,
painful life; cold warmth, exhilarated
sorrow and hateful love.

Then she is limp in my arms.
Icy, pale.
Death.
Goodnight, my maiden.
Your last dance has ended.
Goodnight.

The Ruthless Dead

By Leian M.

The men follow the chants in the foreign tongue.
In passing, I ponder the words.
They wear sheets of grey and black,
synchronised.

Suddenly they stop.
They remove circular objects
from their dark robes.
Moving in turn, they face due north.
The target's heartbeat echoes
through the wide street.

And a dragon to my ears.
The heartbeat stops pulsing.
A sea of red hugs the pavement.
I tuck my sword into my armour.
I run.

I don't need this.
Ruthless death.
The ruthless dead.

Drawn and ... Dusk?

By Dhruvin L.

The waves came surging,
inking across the grains of gold.
Far from dunes of desolation,
away from rising ruins.
Near the rocks of sweet venom,

There beckons the siren,
the beauty of the seas
the true angelic savage,
she calls and she calls
over the waves of salty foam
far from the reaches of home.

Called to a place shrouded in darkness,
through the layers of masked treachery,
tentative flutters brought the shore closer.
Land lay with a heartbeat
speeding, whizzing
already forsaken...

And...

Once Almost Seen

By Catherine C.

He lingers
there, a silent waffle
tattered across a once blinking face
without a trace of...

Oh, he saw me.

Lusted, or the likes of it
a molten fever, staggering heat
slew him with the holy song
of a pained dragon crying for an
unjust release

For me

A siren, or the likes of it
who once ravaged the skies
and danced with the birds.
A bitter sparrow, unfortunate
pudding, dismantled like
a baby's bones.

Casper, my love, ghost
shrinks from a compressed body
stone, still
mustn't have been a mirror he
saw

But me, for my body that
a celestial hand once plucked
from the feathers and dropped
on cursed concrete

His lips together
almost an "m"

I forget to wonder what he intended
to say.



Poet Bio

Kate Middleton is the author of *Fire Season* (Giramondo, 2009), awarded the Western Australian Premier's Award for Poetry in 2009. From September 2011-September 2012 she was the inaugural Sydney City Poet. Her second collection, *Ephemeral Waters*, was published by Giramondo in 2013.

About Us

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful poetry projects that transform expectations of, and experiences with, poetry. We aspire to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.

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