



The Scots College, New South Wales, 2015 ***The Disappearing*, with Candy Royale and Kaveh Arya**

Over two poetry workshops in March, celebrated poets Candy Royale and Kaveh Arya led students from The Scots College in discovering new ways to connect with place and memory through poetry. Described by Kaveh as “inspiring and rewarding”, the workshops engaged Year 9 students in unique writing exercises inspired by themes of *The Disappearing* learning resource.

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.

Drifting
by Max F.

My days are drifting by, each second,
hour and day is moving like
the fluffy, opaque clouds transitioning
to another moment in time.

My days are drifting by, making it hard
to take in the experience.
Very few get so far. It's hard
immersing into the reality of the gift.
If you don't value what you have, you can
be like an avalanche, struggling to make
forward progress, just destroying and
affecting the nature around you.

The more myself and my
surroundings slow down, I start
to enjoy myself and find the better
disposition in others.

But the more myself and my surroundings
slow down, I emerge out of my shell
like a turtle seeking sunlight
wanting to share, talk, and bond.

Soon in time, we all look
in retrospect, whether it be through
beliefs, ideologies, or actions.
Make sure you value your day,
and don't drift away.

Life
by Lachie M.

As life goes on, you grow up
and leave things behind.
You're born into this world, instantly
creating your mark
you create friends and relationships
with those around you,
at times though those relationships
can be broken,
you get hate and pain,
and you think that it's just not fair.
You find your strengths and weaknesses
you figure out what you like and dislike,
you get gifts from those who care,
and learn what's best for you.
But eventually these things start to drift away.
Friendships you once had are gone.
Memories you once lived are in the past.

Leaving the World Behind
by Hugo P.

We start off very young in this world,
thinking it is never ending.
As we grow old we get closer
to leaving this world behind.
We pass wisdom onto the
new younger generations that
we have created. For some,
death is the end. For others,
it is a new beginning.
Death is inevitable for all of us.
At some point our fire will
burn out and we will leave this world.

The Old Street
by Jacob S.

It's been a while since I walked
down that old street,
pride hitting me like a comfortable heat.
I used to take it easy, one step after the other.
Take in my surroundings.
They used to say good morning,
though much has changed
since those glory days.
War broke out among the nations,
now everything seems a haze.
That little street is now reduced to rubble.
The hubble and bubble of constant
action often makes me grumble.
I hate it, all the death and blood.
I wish I had that little street, instead
of the grub and mud.
The people are different now,
not so welcoming or heartwarming.
They tend to notice you and
give you a great dirty look.
This is what war has done:
poisoned all the love and fun.
It's been a while since I walked
down that old street.
And it will be a while more, if there is no defeat.

**Change
by Jeremy W.**

Change is good but change is bad.
Change helps you move on when you're mad.
If you're stuck with what to do,
Give change a call to help you through.

Change is bad when you push away those close
Change is good when new adventures arise
When after every dark night
The sun will always rise

All up change is good and bad,
but it is what you get out of it that is really grand.

**As Life Goes On
by Stanton B.**

My memories of my old life are fading
within my mind. All the small
crimes mixed with good times.
The first days of freedom taken for granted.
Lost in the darkness of time.
Now replaced by rules that restricted
the very meaning of life itself,
I'm now controlled like a puppet.
with strings holding me down.
What I once loved and once did
has all changed. My passion stripped
from me and replaced. The transition
from concrete to grass, skyscrapers
to trees, has changed my view and
opened doors that were once closed.

**Reality
by Thomas K.**

As the dates keep on ticking
we are slow to realise that
reality is pricking from beneath
our fingertips.

The sensation of fun is turning
into what is torture for others.
Our sisters, our brothers, are becoming
subjects for ourselves like one hundred
books on one shelf.

We are looking away from what
really matters and focusing
our attention on useless idols.
It is our nature, some may say,
to be distracted as it's the cheetah's
nature to catch prey.

But I tell you it is the same
as a wave is determined
to crash on the shore of our lives,
as reality is washed up upon the sand.

It is impossible to tell a clock to stop
ticking or to tell a cheetah to stop hunting,
but what is possible is to bring back reality
from the people who once lived.

**My Laptop is Life
By Shao Z.**

My laptop is life.
It smells like rice that my grandmother has made
for my family every single day.
It makes me remember the happiness
of having meals with my family.
The jokes, laughs, and joyful meals.

My laptop is life. It sounds like music.
It can entertain you whenever you feel stress
or you need music or entertainment to cool
you down from frustration.

My laptop is life. It gives me
information about everything. It's just like
an endless library with infinite information
prepared for you to use whenever you want.

This is how my laptop is life.
It's a perfect helper for me and makes my life
a lot easier.

**Growing Up
by Jacob W.**

As I change, I leave things behind.
The person I am today may not be
the same person tomorrow,

as we grow we have to let things go,
always know you'll never be
left behind.

We get given so many opportunities
you just may not realise.
Grab hold of them and trade them
for your lies.

As we grow, we leave things behind.
Not everything needs to be left behind.
Grab hold of things that mean
the most to you.
Guard them with your life.

**Distance and Discouragement
by R.J.M.**

Everyone feels rock bottom at some point.
You can feel so far from someone
and be right next to them.
This person may leave you,
they may have already disappeared
from your side
Think about those who leave
a mark in our lives: do they return,
or are they gone forever?
You can feel lonely in a crowded place.
A sense of belonging may
disappear, but it is how we
see our world.

**Home
by Jack G.**

The place I've grown up
so beautiful and lovely. So gentle
and loving. The place I live
near the beach. Hear the ocean.
Breaking onto the sand bank.
As the experience in life is a big.
From starting young during birth
we grow up and today,
the experience I've been given
is Glengarry.

Glengarry is a place of
enjoyment. The thought of family
runs through my mind each day.

My thoughts about Glengarry
have changed throughout
the 6 months that I've been here.

All the friends and family
I've left behind are the
Glengarry experience.

**Decisions
by Anonymous**

The choices I make
depends on what I'm going to do.
I want to be director or a story writer.
I only have to be good at english
and film studies to be that job or career,
but I'm not good with math and geo.
I want to be someone that can change
someone. I like electrical wires

but I have to be good at math to do it.
I want to be an electrician
I'm good with ideas
I want to be the person
who makes the new lego creations.
But I need the money to go to America
to do that.

**Take Me Back to the Days
by Ethan M.**

when a blanket thrown over a table
felt like a palace, a secret, and
undiscovered world. Take me back to the
days when Christmas presents were delivered
by a man in red, who would climb down
the chimney and ride upon a sleigh in the
night sky. Take me back to the days
when Dad was the strongest man in the world
and the playground was the best place to be.
Take me back to the days when the whole world
seemed so peaceful and everything
around me seemed so big. Take me
back to the days when you could
spend countless hours engulfed in
lego and a cup was held in
two hands. Take me back to
when life was good, take me
away from this prison.

**All Life Is
by James C.**

All life really is, is just a blur
If you catch it in time you will definitely purr.
All life is, is just a fade
you have your time, but you need
to try and make it made.
Life has too many problems, like war,
but that's not the only problem.
Another one is being poor.
Sometimes I think to myself,
why can't everything be the same?
But I guess God's answer is
that it would be a shame.
Everybody knows they have a use-by-date.
You really want to have a good life
before it's too late.
Life is just too short.
You want to make a difference,
not be in a port.
Life is like a port, in that you're going
somewhere after.
Where? I don't know. Just have a thought.
Life can be as happy as a puppy in the grass
The question is how long it will last.
So as I finish I want to end on this;
'I had a great life'
because before you know it
you will pass away.

**Music
By Oscar L.**

It is the stage presence
That draws us nearer,
The sound and the smell are
So much clearer
Whether it's the drum or guitar
You don't need to go far,
Just turn on the speakers and
Hop in the spa.

It is these experiences
that we enjoy,
That makes music so important.
Music is disappearing rapidly,
Just as the dubstep lovers
Dance statically.
You have a beat but no rhythm.
No rhythm no movement.

When you just sit around
and have a drink.
Music is supposed to make you dance,
Not to put you into some sort of trance.
When only 1m² of the floor
Is used, it makes me really confused.
When you have a crowd of
100 thousand jumping like they
don't care, would you rather
be in a club honey or jumping
back there?
So...yeah.

**Untitled
By Nick W.**

The simplicity has feared
Responsibility, leadership and pressure
have emerged
Responsibility indicated a movement from innocence.
A movement that detaches us
from our once immune selves
We were once able to escape and rewind
Though now we appreciate
what responsibility can provide
Leadership presents itself on a platter
Surrounded by more tempting options.
Though those that select the leadership trait
End up with a much larger plate
Pressure is a test of commitment
Commitment is a test of belief
If you believe through the darkness
The light will come, and the pressure lifted.

**Freedom is Disappearing at Glengarry
By Seb S.**

Freedom is disappearing from every day life
You have to hand in your knife
If you want to go somewhere
You have to have a teacher everywhere
You're not allowed to cut your own hair
You get free time once a week
You have to make your dorm nice and neat.
If you don't, you get fruit and bread
But don't forget, no spread!
The rules have slowly risen
By the time we're in Year 12 it will be prison.

Childhood
By Hugo B.

There was a time
where an accident could be forgiven
With a cheeky grin.
Where laughter sprinkled
In my eyes every second.
Where physical appearances did
Not bother me.

There was a time where sadness
Was sparked with the slightest
Amount of pain
Where pain was curved with
The presence of a mother
Where every challenge could
Be overcome.

These were the days of my childhood,
A childhood that is no longer.
I am jealous of that child,
Whom had a wild imagination,
Who would have spent his days
Jumping in the dead leaves
I envy his resilience, his ability
To try again.

I miss that kid, whose shining blond hair
could blind a man, whose eyes are so big,
With so much wonder.
Who didn't contemplate life's questions,
Who was not afraid of death.
His very existence a beacon
Of his parents success,
His existence, a reminder

Of life itself.
I miss the boy who didn't
Hide in the shadows.

Childhood
By Alexander S.

Days were spent in the park
Kicking the footy in the dark
Rolling around on the hills
I'm back at home playing in my room
I'm a knight on horseback.
My sword a broom.
It's a place where imagination has no ending
It was a quality time I was spending.

It's Saturday, rugby day
I lace my boots and get ready to play
I running down the field to score a try
I soaring like an eagle,
I'm on the fly

It's Christmas time, a great time for me
Time to open presents under the tree
I lay there getting into the night sky
Hoping to see Santa fly by,

It's a hot summer's day, time for the beach
Where waves are towering walls
as smooth as glass
And there is warm soft sand tingling your feet.
These are some childhood memories
I'm reliving.
But now life goes on and they're slowly
disappearing.

Untitled
By Chester B.

As time ticks away so does my life
The things that shape who and what I am are
Changing and evolving
The simple world I used to live in, where
Everything could be answered by our parents
Is slowly fading.
As life becomes harder, the disappearance of
My youth becomes more obvious.
As though my childhood is a person who is
Gradually leaving me behind, to become
independent and self-reliant
Though my family are still around, their
Presence is slowly fading, as my life passes
By theirs and into others, to start a new life,
a new family
As I become bigger, faster, stronger and
Smarter, I seem to drift away from the
Down-to-earth expectation that I once lived by
This 'real world life' that everyone talks about
is spreading towards me like a ballet,
it is so close but I have no idea
how to handle it, it's been a distant thing
in my mind but know it is closing in.
Although everyone and everything is changing,
I will always see myself as the child I once was,
And will always be.

Untitled
By Tom R.

And it was gone.
What, you ask?
Well, the earlier idea of a mysterious beginning
Is to ask questions.
The disappearing of things can be
good or bad.
Like the disappearance of a parasite
From under your skin or
The disappearance of your beloved pet dog.
Disappearance is something that is
Often associated with being sad
Perhaps the disappearance of
A good friend, a favourite shirt or book.
All of these things usually.

Wrinkles and Memories
By Will S.

She fades like a fire through the night
It's her ever lasting but she will put up a fight
Her movement and wittiness start to disappear
But her spirit, I know, is clear

She fades like a fire through the night,
Loss and hardship have cast over her
But I know she is alright,
Her humour was her claim to fame
But I doubt she remembers that,
let alone my name

She fades like a fire through the night.
She has just enough to keep alight
Each day is a step closer to death
I hope it's a long time till her final breath
She lives Woolahra alone
Waiting for someone to ring the phone

She fades like a fire through the night
As I grow taller she stays the same height
Her memories fade and she becomes lost
But every family member loves her
And attends to her aid.
I love when she comes over
She is my grandmother.

Drift Away
By Julian H.

From the place I started I am far
From now, I feel like I have gotten myself
into a heap.
But am I following like a sheep?

The people around me are changing
But I have no problem fading. Into a world
where not everything matters.
I can go my own way, without having to pay
For any mistake I make I have the choice
To change,
I Drown into a Sea of
My own thoughts.

While the world winds in
A different direction.

Untitled
By Nathan A.

Something many boys
experience.

Glengarry works a treat
At making kids meet
Their peak.

The experience left in time
The places left behind
Is something I can't leave behind
In time it is something I just
Need to keep in the mind.

Glengarry is a place I just
Have to find,
Dig deep have a
Good time.

The thought of family,
Friends left behind makes
It hard to have a good time.
My thoughts depict the Glengarry experience.

Changing Time
By Hugo P.

Why is changing so hard to get a grip of?
The concept of letting go to things are
Painful things we will experience.
Experiencing cuts, bruises and bumps
are painful to us on the outside.
But on the inside, the heartbreak and anger
you can never be replaced.

Glengarry, GLEN-GARRY.
Is a WHOLE Experience to year 9 boys
At Scots College. Why do kids think
of GG as a prison?
Confinement, no freedom, cuffs, fruit and
bread--without the spreads.

The concept of Glengarry is trying to
accomplish you getting
Out of your comfort zones, leaving your
family, friends and childhood
Behind and discover who you are?
Becoming a man,
And becoming responsible for
Your actions and words.

Personally, the hardest thing saying
Goodbye to your parents.
Your parents are the ones who have looked
after you, cared for you and loved you.
Saying goodbye to that as a kid is weird and
we are quite hesitant to this fact.,

The Wind
by Charlie S.

Cry out, it's cold
icy breath hoping
someone will notice
its deep, dark pain.

As the cold breeze
brushes past my cheek
I hope I use its direction,
to turn it into perfection.
Being perfect is what I try to achieve
Being perfect is what I believe!

That wind is like our youth
comes past quickly
then moves on its path
to one of lies
or one of truth

Untitled
By Nicholas C.

The world is disappearing
from a world we see with our eyes
to a world we see on a screen.
Conversations once spoken
have now just turned
into simple letters on a screen.
Friends have turned
to people we meet to people
on screens. Achievements

have turned from things
you've done or seen
to a new rank, quest or digit
on your friends and likes.

Stores now online
with shop doors that were
always open, now closed
forever. Can we say our lives
are real?

And will the sun's light
outshine the computer lights?

What I Used to Think
By Jack F.

Before I was at Scots,
I was at public school thinking
that school will always be an
ongoing movement from class
to class, never growing
or developing us

As if we were like cows
going into the slaughter house.
I came to Scots.
It opened my eyes, showing
all the opportunities I can have
and developing me into what
I wish to be.

I'm growing a new personality
from the ashes of my old one.

**Final Thoughts
by Jack D.**

What will your final thoughts
be when your life ends?

Will it be of summer's warm embrace
or winter's cold grasp?

Will it be of autumn's graceful fall
or spring's beautiful rebirth?

What will your final thoughts be
when life ends?

Will it be of your family's never-ending love
or your friends' endless laughter?

Will it be of those gloriously sunny days
or of that special person who claimed your
heart?

What will your final thoughts be
when your life ends?

Will it be of your grandchildren running
around
or those memories on your wall?

Will it be of your ghosts of the past
or your love laying with you in your death
bed?

What will your final thoughts be
when your life ends?

Will it be of those cold nights around the fire
or of those you have lost?

Will it be of what could have been
or what should have been?

What will your final thoughts be
when your life ends?

Will it be of your achievements in life
or those you have met?

Will it be the acceptance of death
or the life afterwards ?

What will my final thoughts be
when my life ends?

Well, I'm not up to that chapter yet
so I will *carpe diem*.
In English, seize the day—
so seize the day I will.

**Sportsmanship
By Harrison**

Sportsmen
are young children's role models.
Whatever they see them do,
they try to copy. Players
themselves are now losing
respect for the game,
which means supporters lose
respect for the fame.
Some use drugs which turns
them in the HULK.

Some put in the effort,
get good at the method.

Sportsmanship is disappearing
as fast as you count to 10.

1. Drugs
2. Violence
3. Cheating
4. Unfriendly
5. Complaining
6. Sweating
7. Dog shots
8. Not respecting
the other team and so on..

On the field should be
a fair war, but off the field
should be to the law.

**Untitled
by Josh L.**

My childhood is disappearing
with many moments, memories
all moving on. I am leaving
good times, bad times
all behind. I am still not ready
to embrace adulthood and conquer
all the challenges that await.

I already miss all the consequences
of my childish actions. I will have to
find a new home. The loneliness
is already settling in.

**As the Days Go By
by Zack H.**

As precious days go by,
our childhoods change
from reality to memory
and adulthood beckons
for us to join it.

As precious days go by,
the freedom to fly
as far and high as the birds
is replaced by tedious rules
and routines that dictate daily life.

As precious days go by,
the carefree attitude of a child
becomes unknown to us
amidst the stress of sport
academics and social life
that is familiar to us all.

As precious days go by,
the security of friends and family
from the dangers in life
is left behind and suddenly
others expect you to be independent
enough to deal with these issues
by yourself.

When you hear the deep boom of thunder
approaching to make your life miserable
your parents or your favourite teddy bear
might not be there to comfort you.

Too soon we will be men
stepping into the driver's seat
for the first time to take our lives wherever

we want them to go. Friends from school
will be replaced by more mature friends
and moving out of your own home
will start to play on our minds.

Too soon we will be looking for jobs
and living in new homes without families.
In the blink of an eye, childhood has passed by
and we have become adults.

**The Lollie Shop
by Tom W.**

On special occasions,
my parents would take me
to the lollie shop.
It was like another dimension
where I could go from shelf to shelf
like a monkey swinging
from vine to vine for his
precious bananas.

In my world, money was nothing
but paper, which wouldn't stop me
from getting heavenly sweets.
When I took one step into the shop,
I could smell the sugar like a lion
hunting his prey.

I could hear the crunching sound
of plastic as they were tossed
into the bin. The taste of having
something so sweet was incredible
and a taste like no other.

Only God could have made
something as good as this.

Grasping the chocolate felt like
I had found treasure full of gold.
It was more valuable than anything
in the world to me back then.

Until the shop had closed down.
My life felt ruined
and I missed the delicious smell.
My heart stopped a beat,
wishing it wasn't true. But it was.
I could do nothing about it.

**Flora and Fauna
by Nicholas T.**

Flora and fauna, such an amazing thing
disappearing in a church bell ring
The great monuments that once roamed all the land
are now only enough to fit on a little child's hand
The birds that used to swoop and saw in the sky
have now been diminished to a pile only so high
The fish of the sea once used to swim and thrive
but so little are left even the humble kid cannot dive
The flora once used to shroud the ground
but so much has been lost, left is barely a pound
Why, you might ask. Well, it is rather simple

The human race could only save for them
as much as a pimple
polluting and producing as much as they can
All is left for flora and fauna is being crushed
like that of an old tin can.

**Australian Bush
By Will H.**

Just out of Bungendore
there she lies,
hidden away from the world,
safe in the countryside.

Just out of Bungendore,
the air is fit to breathe
people go out of their way to help,
you don't have to worry.

Just out of Bungendore,
a happy place to be
where life winds back
a place to feel at home.

Just out of Bungendore,
our getaway is threatened
people moving closer
soon no longer our escape.

Just out of Bungendore
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
A farmer's worst nightmare,
excavation trucks and workers.

Just out of Bungendore,
skyscrapers tower over sheds
our peace and tranquillity—destroyed.
Just out of the city, there she lies.

**Has anyone remembered?
by Jordan Z.**

Has anyone remembered
what happened decades ago?
When wars broke out for riches
or simply for the show?

Hoover started a depression
Roosevelt stopped the war
But have we learned from what happened
60 years before?

The people still scream in protest
Worse, even more scream in fear
Yet all the men in suits can do
is shirtfront and loudly jeer.

Has anyone remembered
what happened centuries ago?
In Athens, where people were pure
no media, just the people in control.

When do we learn from history
to see our problems so very clear
because has anyone really remembered
what happened centuries ago?

**The Prey is the Room
by Jamie R.**

Waking up to the thought
of maybe today will be better.
The prey doesn't stand a fight
against a room full of predators.

Years of help for my speech
and they still make fun of it.

Excessive "banter" for them
is not banter for me. I used to think
that I wasn't the small guy
but I came to realise there is an /
in team if you're the only one in it.

They don't understand the damage
it can do. I just want this poem
to go through.

What happened
to the room full of prey?
They transformed
and left 3 behind.

Untitled
by Geordan L.

The earth is a land laced with God's greenery
beautiful animals among the, all living
in perfect peace. Birds singing their songs
of peace, the trees like a crowd gently
cheering them on. Among his creations
are us, his favourite.

We don't follow nature's, we live on our own,
superior to the rest. We start wars and
degrade the earth to bear minerals, stripping
it killing animals food, logging trees for
farming.

The birds no longer sing beautiful peace,
but sorrow.

The trees no longer cheer them on
but whisper the deaths of nature.

Untitled
by Cameron F.

Homes of many are disappearing
but I don't know if I should be fearing
for the animals and birds in the air
who share the vast green land.

As humans, we are the villains
The very buildings we find shelter in;
tables and chairs that was use
were once the homes of cockatoos.

The rich smells of wild flowers
and the chirps of birds afterhours
are beautiful works of nature.
In turning our backs we say,
'we hate ya'.

Abundantly vast and green,
we chop it down until it's lean.
The rumbling trucks are monsters of
destruction, force their way in
with no introduction.

Oblivious, we hide in our cities
but the forests receive no pity.
I believe we should be fearing
for the homes of many
that are disappearing.

Who am I?
by Matthew F.

I am surrounded by people
with false dreams and expectations.
Now I don't know who I am.
I can hear waves of happiness
calling to me, I am stuck
in a storm of sadness, disappointment
and depression. I am like a lost child
trying to find his way back to his home.

I was once a happy boy
with his life ahead of him,
with no expectations.
The only thing driving me

is the promise of a happy life
at the end of it.
Now I have to wait.
I look forward to the day
when my flame reveals my
identity buried beneath.

It Disappeared
by Hugh M.

The deck lays unevenly
at the base of my hand
as I grasp attention on stage.
The stares from the crowd
activate my cerebral gland.
while I dice each card like I practised
for the length of my age.

I summon a volunteer to choose
a card which might disappear,
like a shadow fading into the night.
I bend the deck while screaming 'abra cadabra'
and asked them when to stop
(it didn't matter).
At last I throw the rectangles in the air
As they float like hair on a dare.
They returned their fly in the sky
and get snatched up by each pair.

The crowd stares widen
with amazement.
I speak the word 'is this your card'
and take a bow with a thunder
of applause, the volunteer
screams 'yes'.

Metallic Men
by Liam M.

Today's mind is a machine.
Humanity is stuck in a box.
The world is darker than it's ever been;
red, purple, yellow, green,
they're all disappearing.

Archimedes just hopped in a bath,
He's the symbol of old grey and wise
Creativity is just a stop on life's old path,
And it's too late
because now it is the SD card's wrath.

Singing is a game from history,
Trees sing, birds sing and computers sing,
Song is glory.
Computers don't have glory.
Why they sing? It's a mystery.

Metal is now the mind and heart
of humanity,
for man is ruined.

Untitled
by Alex M.

Simplicity is disappearing
like a meal being engulfed,
continuing under the fold of achievement
soon there will be nothing left.

In the time of technology,
Nothing can be done by hand
everything is done better,
when it is not done by man.

Simplicity has a beauty
that some do not realise
those in business suits
would love to see its demise

in a world where complexity
is the most valuable commodity
even a lifetime of learning
will not be enough.

Identity
by Harrison A.

The norm is boring and persistent,
demanding a status quo,
Our differences are fading
but mine shall never go.

Our identities are failing
as we strive to a common goal
of eliminating our differences
for a good that is not whole.

"Individualism is weakness"
"Conformity is key"
but from weaknesses come strengths
and the world needs both of you and me.

So stand apart from the masses
live a life of your own
if two can make the world better
our limits are unknown.

The norm is boring and persistent,
however that can change,
using our strengths to help each other
a new norm is within our range.

Untitled
by Christopher Z.

My heart groans, another day goes by.
From my head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Another tear of hope goes dry.
I know that soon, I'm going to die.

Earth tirelessly spins for another day,
All I can do for myself is pray,
Pray for the evil feeling that runs within.
To escape from within me, as they call it 'sin'.

My aching calves scream out from below
I take another step, not knowing where to go.
Slowly stalking some sanity that has past,
As I know that it could be my last.

Running from the wind that forever follows me.
Or the deceptive person that I never wanted to see.
Following my movement within the dark,
The darkness that constricts my movement with its
feral bark.

Running back and forth with nothing in sight,
I know that my life could finally end tonight.

Across a field with a shield to wield
Watching the sun slowly rise away from the field.
As it ascends the blue to visit a cloud.
That impatiently calls out for the sun aloud.

I've survived another night.

Childhood
by Matthew B.

Good-bye my childhood
it's been good while it lasted

Unfortunately time has come
I grow into a master

No more toys or playing, study
sport is all I have time for

No more boo boos or band-aids,
I'm not in kindergarten

I don't need anyone to pick
me up when I fall, I'm a big boy,
no nappies at all I don't need

No more Mummy and Daddy
picking me up on the way

I'm no longer a baby
so go away.

Myself Now
by Matthew L.

Will I remember myself?
Or will I fade from my mind
like all the other times in my life?
Do I matter if I can't even remember
what I am now?
My self of just days ago
has just days ago has faded
to be irrelevant.

I don't want to fade into my mind
I change when I forget who I was
just days before.
My memories and I disappear together
Who am I without my memories?
Memories are what make me what I am.
Forgetting my memories
if for myself to disappear.

Replaced by someone else who is not me
but a different person entirely.
I fear who I will become
and I hope I don't forget who I am now
because I don't want to die yet.

Everything Goes so Quickly
by Bailey S.

Cars, trains, planes
They all fly in the blink of an eye
Never thinking to say *Hi* or *Bye*
Always racing to get to various places
Never just stopping to admire
a breathtaking view;
They better be careful
or they'll miss an important few

And then they'll wonder when they're 75
What did I actually do with my life?
My brother and sister have been
around the world and I have only ever been
interest in money and work

I have let it disappear and I can't have it back
Now I sit here and wonder,
Should I have given it a crack?

If I had given it a shot, would I have met new people
or would have I visited monuments or museums
or even steeples?

Who knows, good god
I have wasted my life
Now I set here realising
I'm in deep strife.

The Times We Had
by Nathan Z.

The day that we came out of mother's womb,
we have constantly been in one
of places, things and people.
During the early years of my life
I only remember milestones.
Standing up on a surfboard for the first time
on a crisp winter's morning,
riding a bike by myself for the first time,
swimming or perhaps the endless games
of hide and seek.

Many of these things I did back then
would now seem immature or "babyish".
These past times have somewhat disappeared
but I believe that we must make new
past times and new memories.
If you don't stop and look around once in a while,
the world may pass you by.

**Disappearing
by Max R.**

With my age slowly rising,
my childhood is disappearing.
The memories of all those times
are found in the photos and endless stories.

As time moves on, the memories
start to fade. But the stories always
seem to come up with all the family around.

As the stories and pictures grow old
like the people around them, I realise
that those days are never coming back.

My childhood has gone as quick as lightning
and every time I blink my eyes I feel
as if I am taking one step further away
from my past.

All we can do now
is remember the memories
and look forward to the new memories
we are going to make.

**The Reason I'm Here
by Robert L.**

War, sacrifices, death,
machines, decisions, ideas—
these are the reasons I'm here.

My mum sacrificed family,
money, love to come to Australia
because of that decision
is a reason I'm here.

1 change
1 feeling
1 move could've changed
the reason I'm here
Mum and dad met on a boat
That decision is the reason I'm here.

Memories fade and a new life is born
That life is the reason I'm here

**In those eyes I see
By Max S.**

In those eyes I see...
Pupils see the world through their own lens
Eyes know times present, future, past.
But deeper I go
The more I see:
A house built of brick and sweat
bronze and brown, clay now rust
Once a house, now just four
walls and a roof left to gather dust.
In those eyes I see
prospects of a young man,
cemented in his mind.
But as tight as will holds on, the gust
of war blows on.
He stands within the great Sorbonne,
but in a few weeks that will all be gone
And in a few months...
then what will,
In those eyes I see?
Head hung low
back arched
Arms and legs merely tissue from which
bone sprouts, a plant in spring time
but this was far from there.

Once it would be
In those eyes I see
The future ahead,
Where the only boundary was far overhead.
But now,
In those eyes I see
A figure
Unrecognisable
Wading through the snow.

**The Thirsty Tree
by Joseph O.**

The dry, thirsty tree dies
of dehydration. It stretches
for water like a rubber band
stretching for the other side.
The bark crumbles off
like tears dripping down.
The tree is thirsty.

Untitled
By Bayley W.

My immaturity is slowly disappearing
although there is still a lot of it
wrapped inside me
the leaves are slowly falling off
the tree as autumn nears.

My immaturity is slowly disappearing,
but the part of it still inside me
feels like it needs to be there,
like it is a part of me
that if you took it away I wouldn't
be me, who I truly am. But in
saying that, this is my perspective
at a young age with what I think
there will be a much different perspective
to me as an adult.

My immaturity is slowly disappearing,
as the old taste buds on
my tongue get sick of that taste of
immaturity the new ones come along
and allow me to explore what it
tastes like to be a more mature person.
But that doesn't happen over night.
You need to be patient like a lion
stalking its prey.

So while I have given myself
the opportunity to let my immaturity
wept I am still yet to take
the big step.

The Disappearing
By Lochie M.

Personality is disappearing
people try to be who they can never be
being yourself is harder than trying to be
someone else.

The disappearing
Is peering at something that will soon be gone
Icebergs are like people's personality
they act fine and happy on the outside but
underneath a massive chunk of their personality
is hiding.

The disappearing
our life is disappearing like the
lives of people in the past centuries
future generations will study our lives
and remember the disappearing.

My Childhood is Disappearing
By Will H.

With days as they go
my innocence is slowly fading
and weakening as I grow.

I remember running in the rain
soaring in the sky
Now I am a growing young man
Will soon wear a suit and tie

Riding up upon dads shoulders
now distant in my mind
now my adult life awaits me
new opportunities I will find.

Identity
By Sam R.

Fast cars drive past I scream like a pup
Instagram likes is what makes us up
Time ticks away like pieces on a chessboard
still no identity
I linger for a place, a whereabouts to call home
something that tastes warm on the outside and crisp
like a bone
But as it melts away like butter in the sun
I turn scared, and run
I look for a path to lead me home
My identity still unknown
I hide behind a profile
a fake picture forged by fake memories
A life based on followers
Will I hide my whole life
or get up and start some non-entity
Hopefully then I can find my identity.

Ideas are Fleeting
By Max C.

My mind is blank
poetry is not my strength
any concepts I had are now disappearing

Ideas are fleeting
my mind struggles to function
my brain is experiencing a malfunction
I still don't know what to write about
Ideas are fleeting.

My Youth Fades Like Hours in a Day
By Nick W.

Time licks like hands on a clock.
Nothing is set for the future
the past is set for good. Time flies away
from reality, making every moment
as fast as a blink of an eye.
We started off trying to crawl
but as time passed un the ghost of a breath
we start to fight for a place in the world.

Time is like animal it knows not when to
stop nor to sleep never shows mercy but
always provides
happiness

Time is in the air we breath,
the world we live in.
There is no escaping it only embracing it so
embrace what you have
not what you want. Enjoy the time you have
with your family and friends.
So don't waste time
in the blink of an eye.

My Fading Childhood
By Louis D.

As I look back on my days
that have passed
which seem
Just like a dying ember
floating away
I keep wondering how
long this will last

but its just the never ending memories
of my childhood past
these memories stick with me like
a scar from a piece
of broken glass
All I can do is think
about when
I was just a kid
not responsible
and had mum and dad there
always looking after me
so as I look back on my days
that have passed
I suddenly realise that its just the past.

Feeling
By Kai J.

I am losing my feeling with every
lie and betrayal my veins
become like ice and friendship won't suffice
after what I have been through
I stay awake at night contemplating
my outer being and my inner
feelings that are slowly escaping
me through a whirl wind of
constant needing as I am pleading
with myself to let go of this
mortal plane and this delusional
era to find something to make the gaping
hole in my being allow me to
be whole again with my life deceiving
and my memories receding can I
find a way to make myself whole
again?

The Age of Exploration
By Oliver D.

No longer are the hearts of men entranced
by exploration;
No longer does mankind stand valiantly
sailing into the unknown;
No longer do we look out onto the horizon;
longing to venture into the world's frontiers;
And no longer does a glint of excitement
light a person's eyes as they adventure
into the furthest recesses of the world;
the swift hand of progress has revolutionised this
world;
Each frontier on this world has been explored
mapped and civilised;
And thus mankind can live idly by;
discontent with exploring the unknown;
And satisfied with what its already got;
to be still
motionless
lifeless
Yet in the grasp of progress'
hand lies a final frontier
Progress has brought us so far,
and it can propel us further.
The still void of the cosmos lies untouched
yearning to be explored just as it was always
been mankind push from stillness its adventure
and at long last the final frontier is in sight
Perhaps the age of exploration can once more
be rekindled in mankind.

My dog
By Anthony S.

I got my dog 7 years ago he
was very happy he loves having
people around.

We named him Charles because
that was part of his breed.
And after that year we decided
to go on holidays but we couldn't
bring my dog. so we took him to a
place were dogs can stay.

After we came back to pick him up but he
didn't want to come back home
because he wanted to stay
there with his friends but he decided
to come home with us.

He then wanted to sleep on
beds because he got lonely
and if you tried to keep
him in there he would cry.

He then does the same for the next
4 years he is used to the
rough teen of leaving him
behind and going back to school
when we come back he is
very excited.

So the year after that he
is seeing everyone grow up
too quickly by watching us
seeing me and my family
going and leaving and coming
home for a period of time.

This year I wonder how
he is going not seeing him
for seven weeks and also on
certain times I wonder if
He still remembers me because
he has not seen me for 2 months
but the next time he
will see me in 3 weeks.

PRIVACY
By Mackenzie M.

Privacy has gone like that.
Everything nowadays is I-this, I-that
Now lets take a step back in time.
There was no super computer
that could read your mind.
No flying drones that could look over you
And no camera that could follow you
Everything nowadays is like a game of trust.
You have to trust your friends to give you
space. Because your real friends will let you
hide your face, Back in time you could walk
alone. Not worrying if there was someone
following you home.
There's no place left where you can
hide yourself.
Hide yourself from everybody else
Privacy nowadays is more of a joke
Like an old folk's tale you'd tell over
a smoke.
Take a step in the future, and look back on life
Plainly wondering what privacy would've been
like.
It doesn't have to be that way, what I just read
out. You and me can stand up,
Scream and shout.

So let's make a difference. Put up a fight.
So we don't have to wonder what
privacy would've been like.

Self identity
By James C.

What is it that makes me, me?
Is it my name or is it my genes
that makes me unique?

What is it that makes me, me?
in a world of money over ethics,
and power over the lower
classes. Am I one with change?
Or one with the system?

For only I know what makes me
different, for I control what I
do next an what makes me, me could
impact the world.

For only I know what makes me,
me.

Untitled
By Lewis K-H.

Its long gone now. My leaning post,
my driving force
my inability to comply with normality
independence--a beautiful breath of air
fresh, free with guts to dare

A new me and a new life with room to stride
reliance is behind me flow- freedom ahead
That brand new light, the pity in my head
I can do what I want, I am me

I'm finding myself with the loss of other things
with room to grow and people to meet
No hands pulling me back but the hands
are those that guide me and give me the
strength to go forward.

The hands left behind are the roots of me
they're no longer relied on but
still act as a platform for life and
forward-moving progression

The hands that are lost are also found
Independence is key but dependency is what
makes us into who we are.

The Music is Disappearing
By Tom J.

The game is disappearing,
When we arrived at Glengarry
We lose anything about the game
The computer, the game I got.

The game is disappearing,
Long time ago the run is a gone
Now it's only a sport
We can't even find some fun with run.

The game is disappearing,
The game is control us
So we got every goal to come to Glengarry
To get off the game.

The game is disappearing,
When we arrived at Glengarry
We doing hike and bike ride
The game isn't disappearing,
just change to play.

Beach is Disappearing
By Jaymes B.

Day by day it disappears.
The beach get overpowered by tourist
every day
Every day more people drown at the beach
It can't look after itself.
Day by day it disappears;
Every day the beach gets smaller
Cities take over
The people don't even get a say
We never wanted this
Day by day it disappears
I can no longer smell salt water
I can no longer see dolphins
At the end of the day we shall get it our way;
Day by day it disappears.

Break the Boundaries
By Emlyn E.

Let's break the boundaries,
the limits we set.
To guide our way
towards places we've met.
We crush the records
that have once been surpassed.
Beat them again—
we can't be too fast.
Let's push boundaries,
our reach in space,
to find a new home
and move on from this place.
Pushing ourselves
towards the growing barrier;
we won't stop until
we become the carrier.
We will break boundaries
to the moment we die.
If we use teamwork
we can reach the sky.
We work together
day in and day out,
to make new boundaries
we soon do without.
We will break our boundaries.

The Forgotten Wars
By Wyatt M.

Each day brings the same morning light,
that once let the battlefields out
from the night, where the air moaned
and groaned to the tumultuous lands,
where many soldiers fell down by each
other's hands.

As time goes by, fewer remember these
forgotten years, when men and women alike
cried in tears where lives were short and
hope's shorter that one day
this land would be better.

By the time everyone had forgotten the wars,
another one arose, hungry for more.
History repeated itself, as men never learn
from their foolish acts, and never give turn.

And so the wars repeat themselves
so many have occurred
many are forgotten
and few preserved.

One day questions will arise from these wars,
supported by the very souls it tore.

Sanity
By Harry K.

My mind is poisoned
It cannot withstand

The attacks over and over again.
I'm gonna die, there's nothing I can do
I can't stand it anymore.

My brain is like a puzzle inside
All jumbled and scrambled
I don't know what to do
How can I finish the puzzle?

Someone please help
I can't put the pieces together
Someone, anyone, I don't care
Just someone listen
I just need someone to care.

I don't want to lose my sanity.

Everything Disappears
By Sean G.

Everything is disappearing.
The trees that stand tall in the land,
to the acres of wheat waiting—
nature is disappearing.

Everything is disappearing.
My childhood and starting school
the friends that stand by me—
childhood is disappearing.

Everything is disappearing.
My family being there for me,
as life takes its course they leave me—
my family is disappearing.

Everything disappears like a
magician making a card vanish

your life, family, and friends disappear—
you disappear.

You and I and everyone on this Earth
disappear like we never existed.
The real question is—
where do I reappear?

My Childhood
By Liam P-R.

My childhood is turning into
responsibility; having responsibilities.
Gone are the days when I was free.
Bring back the days when I was unburdened.

My childhood is turning into
stress, I am no longer carefree.
Bring back the time when I could live happy—
I miss being able to fall asleep
not lying awake staring at the ceiling.
I miss the times when life was easy.

My childhood is turning into
unhappiness, people around me are no longer joyful
I am no longer joyful.

I yearn for happiness for myself and others,
a yearning that will never be fulfilled.
Stress, blood, sweat, tears, and responsibility—
my childhood has turned into accountability.

Loneliness
By Sam T.

I once lived in loneliness in the bush,
where the wheat was high
and the burs were thick.

Every night the sun went down
and stars came out. The dogs would bark
as my dad drove in

As birds sang during the day,
The wind would blow from ear to ear.
I got older, I thought my connections
would grow with me, larger and larger
right by my side

That didn't happen,
there was no time for that.
High school came; I had to leave
Leave my tractors, my trucks,
my toys, my few connections.

It was time to become a man.
As I walked through a different part of life,
I slowly grew with my mates.
It was disappearing.
I had more mates,
more connections.
I once lived in loneliness.

What was Once Fun
by Mathias S.

Chka Chka Bang!

The sounds of prison cell doors.
I'm starting to think that Glengarry
is another prison.
Only people who do bad things
get send away. 2 people have been sent.
There is no fun allowed. Rules are being set
everyday. The feeling just seems like prison.
Boring 90 min in classes, bad lunches (mostly)
and unfair teachers.

What was once fun had turned into a hole
making you go mad, not seeing your parents,
getting in trouble super easy.

What was once fun can still be fun.
Going on a bike ride
could give you the sense that you are free.
Reading a book,
feeling like you're in the book
is a sense of freedom...

What was once fun can sometimes be a lie...
What was once fun is called growing up...
What was once fun is no longer fun...

Struggle
by Mathias S.

During the warm up, I thought to myself
Why did I sign myself up to this?
We line up as the race starts,
nerves and butterflies all over my body
and I have the feel of adrenaline
as the horn went.

Struggle is when you do a 4km
when you were told it was a 2.8 km.
After that, I ran while taking
my shirt and bag off.
I swim 150 m in and out in total.

Struggle is when you're tired from doing a run,
a swim, and now... a ride. Managing in half an hour.
I run again, swim again.

Struggle is the nerves and guts
that hurt during your triathlon,
and happiness is when you finish
your first triathlon.

Trees
By Noah J.

The trees wave goodbye
No longer there to shadow the streets
No longer there to block the heat
No longer live together in a lovely group
as they used to be,
but all alone in an empty room
to be viewed by the greed of humans.
The trees wave goodbye.
Trees turn into buildings
Forests turn into cities,
This being unknown to the people
who live there
The trees wave good bye
while the city is only young
the trees are very old
the city will be useful,
the trees now useless
if only they are preserved
before they go extinct
the trees wave goodbye
not there on a hot day
not there when you feel young
not there when you need a break
not there for those who need them
for those who need them
are the reason they're not there
on a windy day, trees will wave
goodbye.

What We All Do Wrong
By Benjamin R.

The world's self-control is dying
The life on earth is a falling boulder
It's all so very blinding
We drink until we cannot use our shoulder
All we do is keep fighting.

We all hug each other
while the earth keeps getting colder.

The world's self-control is dying
We all inject ourselves with whatever
Then we all get caught and begin crying
Most of us eventually find leather
Most fall off and wither. Some start flying.
It doesn't matter because everyone
is hanging off a feather.

The world's self-control is dying
The world is one big pot of disgusting stew
Some find a way out by lying
We all end up in our own poo
Sitting down with the stench, sighing
We are all so in the deep
We have to start anew.

Simple Times are Disappearing
By Ben M.

Simple times are disappearing.
The better you are,
the louder it will be.
The more you do,
the more you get.
The more pain you feel,
the stronger you get.
Time goes away,
easy days are disappearing.
That is all you get.

My Childhood is Leaving Me
by Jack H.

The childhood that I once had
is leaving as I watch what I once had.
It offers the final hand shake
to embrace all of the things
that I will leave behind.

The carelessness of all the things
that I have done, the memories
that will flash back when I look
through photos and talk
about those memories.

Untitled
By Tom C.

Every day someone disappears
off the face of the earth. No one cares.
They are just pawns on society's chess board,
just made to conform to society's
wishes and values, not their own.
People are brought up to be the same.
We are taught to follow strict orders,
object to people, things
that are different to us.
Today we cannot be ourselves,
only who people want us to be.

The Invisible Wall
By Milan D.

The wall that separates the head from the
unheard, from the tears that fall and heard
by all, to the death and misery that is lost
like nothing at all.

Where money is spent on pleasure and greed,
to where money is needed but no one cares,
Which leads to more death and despair.

Some try to care, which is lovely and all,
but not enough to save them all,
Yet we still spend our lives blind and deaf
by what's around us, which separates us all,

It's not invisible, it's really there
Yet we treat it as if it's not even there.

Untitled
By Finn R.

My suit of amour's disappearing,
it protected me through childhood,
it's useless, I'm becoming a man.

My suit of armours disappearing,
that mask hid me, gave me a new identity,
it's going, I'm becoming me.

My suit of armour's disappearing,
So are my excuses, my reasons for failure
whether tired or sore,
no excuses anymore.

My suit of amour is disappearing
I'm vulnerable, open for attack,
There are vultures everywhere, ready to
feast on my defeat,

My suit of armour is disappearing

My real identities hatching
from this protective egg.
My passions, fear, flaws
For all to see.

My suit of armour is gone,
I don't need one anymore.
I'm sorry to all those people
I've hurt from behind that mask
that amours not the real me,
I hope you now see.

My Time for Hiding is Over
By Ethan W.

My time for hiding is over
No shadows, no corners, no closets
For long enough I have waited

Waited to rise from darkness
I've held no reins nor roused crowds with speech
I always though there was no courage I could harvest.

Others were stronger, others more inspiring
They had everything, and I was nothing.
I am but a boy with no power or fame
However it's now my responsibility
to find myself a name

Judgement is our greatest fear

We have always cared
who people think we are
not who we feel we could be.
We are leaders, we are inspirations in the making.
We can cause people who see us to start
trembling and shaking.

If what you see today is a small boy
At a later date I assure you
I will become a man
A man forged from steel his own identity
I will have power to say both yes and no
to take myself wherever I want to go
to build a path into the great unknown
And be able to make a change
To this wretched planet
we call home.

The Next
By Sam W.

We all want to be the next billionaire
with glittering riches towering into the sky
If all we treasure is a glittering glossy gold
sitting silently shiny bright
what happens when our star is extinguished?
When we travel into death's long night?
When life's light no longer provides
illumination for rumination
our riches will decay and vanish
those we love will too
so sit down and think over a cold drink
will riches satisfy you?

We all want to be in the next California
when the sand sings, the wind whistles and
the sun forever smiles down
L.A. and San Fran reach out far,
their tendrils promising riches and glory
when the unwary arrive at this "flaw
of beauty, riches, Hollywood and fame"
they change.

Drop down to ground pulled down
into the dark, down down deep into the
underworld, the American dream led them
astray.
They simply cannot chose the right way
they come for riches and fame,
now are hooked on
weed's green flame

What if we searched to be ourselves,
not billionaires, film stars and sportsmen?

Neither riches nor fame can bring you joy
our individual dreams are disappearing
So drop what you're doing,
come away from the suit
and start searching for happiness
inside yourself.

Goodbye
By Michael N.

The trees waved goodbye to
days come and gone,
To summers light falling through
its leaves.
to still autumn breezes that
make them shake off their coat.
To the beauty in Spring
when all trees look anew.
To the contentedness of standing
together sharing jokes or memories.
All of that has stopped now no trees remain
Gone to the cold hard bite of an axe.
Or the roar of a chainsaw.
Taken away to make shelter
or tools, everything nature already
provides. They want more and
more but there isn't any left.
So they try and re-plant, reinstruct,
reinvigorate.
But too little too late.
The lord has died and soon they will too.

Lost and Found
by James W.

My phone, my keys, my wallet and car
all gone and lost at some point or another
with me it's the same story through and through
always when I do something new

Like one time at this fancy new store
I came in with money and out with nothing at all.
My friends call me careless and lost.
And I think we all know it, just not the cost.

But I think I've got it figured out
I've always found my stuff when I wear my trout
This charm I got on my birthday like no other,
May 27th, if I can remember

This little guy's arrived in a box for me
"Stop losing your things" said the card
I put it on and founf all my lost things again.
From there on out, I never lost anything.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end
as once I took it off, it wasn't found again.
I look for it still to this day
and always keep an eye out for the month of May.

As sometimes good things
come from unexpected ends.

Youth is disappearing
By Alessandro A.

As youth fades away,
new things come out to play.
Knowledge increasing while
laughter decreases.
Soon we will grow old
we will be fixed on
what will next unfold.

As youth fades away new
things will come out to play.
New opportunities will arise.

Goodbye to my Excuses
By Andrew T.

Goodbye to my excuses
with everything I used to know.
Just throw it into the bin,
the person that I used to be
Floating away with the wind
just like a snake
when it needs to shed its skin.

I sense my values changing,
conforming to fit in
and as much as I try to stop it,
This mask feels awfully thin.

Goodbye to my excuses
as I leave my comfort zone
and with no one else to watch me,
I've never felt more alone.

Time
By Harry M.

Time's the one thing that doesn't stop
however hard you try
You can push and slow it
but it keeps on flying by.

You can waste away your life
doing something that doesn't matter.
You can throw away your time
making your regrets list fatter and fatter.
Slipping through your fingertips
with every day that passes
but don't cry that it's over,
be happy that it lasted.

You can look backwards,
see how much has passed
or you can look to the future
and see how much you have lost.



Candy Royalle is an award winning performance artist and poet who fuses cinematic storytelling, poetry and unique vocal rhythms with confronting, political and heart thumping content.

Recent accolades include being awarded the 2014 Marten Bequest Traveling Scholarship for poetry, a highly commended award for the Queensland Poetry Filmmakers Challenge, the “2012 World Performance Poetry Cup” as well as the “AIPF Excellence in Poetry Award” in both 2012 and 2013. Her work has been published and featured both in publications and online including *Overland*, *Australian Love Poems*, RN’s *Poetica*, AIPF’s Diversity anthology and many more. Royalle’s work has been covered in many major media outlets including the ABC, Fairfax, News Limited, CNN and a host of local and street press. Candy Royalle also creates and facilitates workshops for adults and teenagers, exploring both written and performance skills.



Kaveh Arya is a refugee from Iran who migrated with his family to Australia in 1995. A poet and activist known as The Unlikely Poet, Kaveh channels his personal experiences through his performance poetry. A professional kick-boxer, he owns a fitness academy in Rockdale, where he runs youth programs promoting healthy masculinity. He also facilitates anti-discrimination workshops at high schools and university.

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.