

Sculpting Poetry

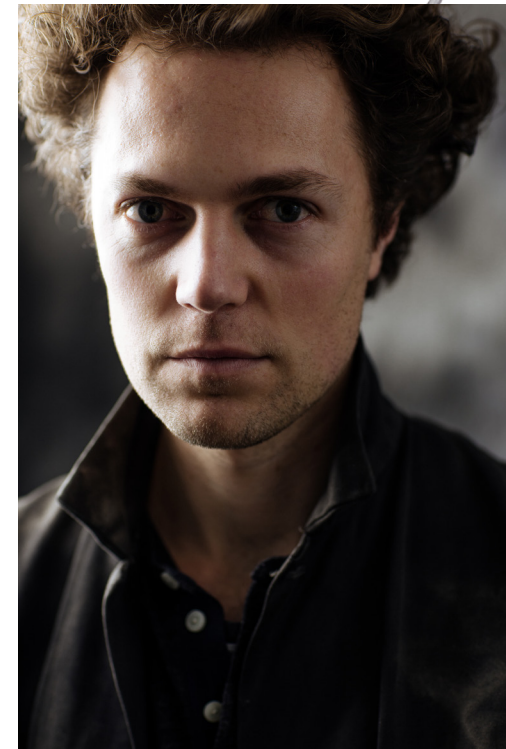
with Toby Fitch

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.

Sculpture by the Sea

Stretched across a scenic 2km coastal walk, Sculpture by the Sea remains the largest free public sculpture exhibition in the world. The exhibition features hundreds of dynamic sculptures by artists from Australia and across the world.



Toby Fitch

Toby Fitch is poetry editor of *Overland* and program director for the Australian Poets' Festival. He teaches at the University of Sydney, and runs the Sappho Books poetry night. His books of poetry include *Ramshock* (Puncher & Wattmann 2012), which won the Grace Leven Prize for Poetry, *Jerilderies* (Vagabond 2014) and *The Bloomin' Notions of Other & Beau* (Vagabond 2016).



Sculpting Poetry: Poems by Bondi Beach Public School

Simple, abstract, smooth

By Lily Rose

It is as simple as a square
Yet as abstract as the sky
It's as smooth as a fingernail
It starts moving
As I stay still
I feel it staring but it has nothing to stare with

Tall, bold and rough

By Sienna H

It's as simple as white but as complex as a
painting
Rough enough to make my skin bleed
Stands there so bold
The world won't have a word for it

Infinite, cold, new beginning

By Zoey

As infinite as space
Infinite loop with a colour so bright
It could mesmerise an onlooker

Obsessive, flowing, infinite

By Maya H

As you gaze upon yourself
As obsessive as a young lover
Flowing through space
As smooth as a pool of water
Cold to touch
But ever more cold in spirit

Plain, intriguing, creative

By Freya B

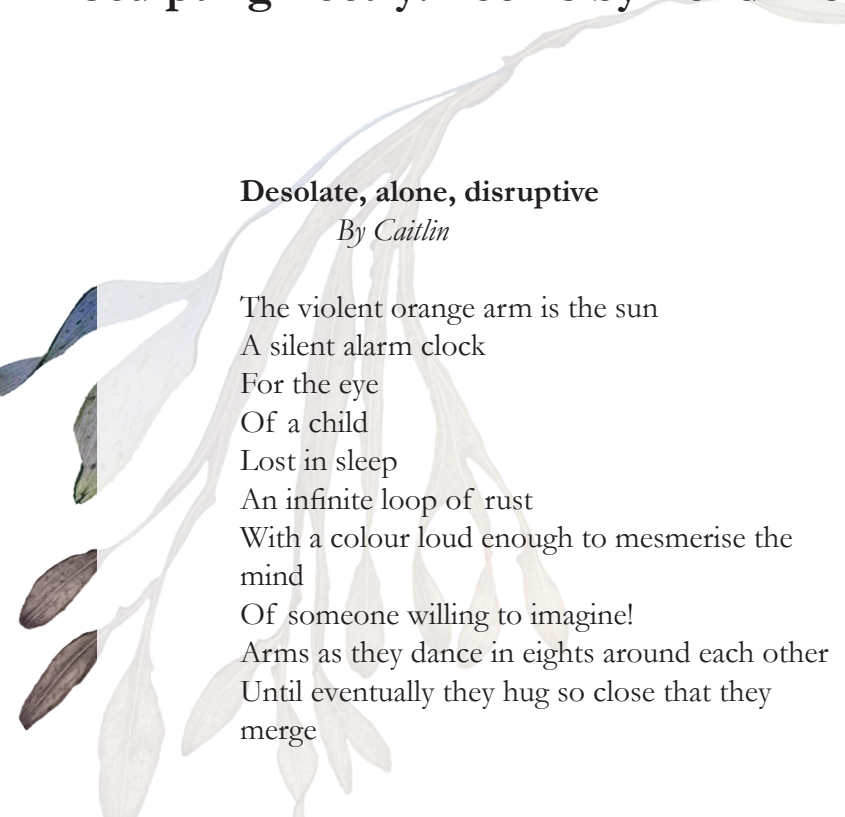
It is as piercing to the eye as the clear blue sky
The breeze seems to keep blowing
But it is not enough
To reverb the reverb in shape and size
I am one of many standing still
Piercing you as you pass



Sculpting Poetry: Poems by Bondi Beach Public School

Desolate, alone, disruptive

By *Caitlin*



The violent orange arm is the sun
A silent alarm clock
For the eye
Of a child
Lost in sleep
An infinite loop of rust
With a colour loud enough to mesmerise the
mind
Of someone willing to imagine!
Arms as they dance in eights around each other
Until eventually they hug so close that they
merge

Long, big tree

By *Vin*

Like a wolf that is really long with no hair
A big long tree with no leaves
I'm a loner, I'm weird
I have no friends
But for some reason
I'm really oily


Rusty, death, war cries

By *Liam W*

The man cried and then fell like a bag of rocks.
The horse stopped,
And then ran.
Ran like the wind
The red line went up my arm
Slowly I scratched
The horse winked as I walked past.

Never-ending, twisting and turning

By *Annabel*



Twisting and turning like a never-ending road
Around a mountain
As I touch the smooth edge, I feel the metal
sculpture's
Tiny bumps
Only to be seen
Through a microscope
As the wind brushes past
It shivers
And replaces itself in a more comfortable
position
But only I can see it move

Simple, winding, wooden

By Maia

Simple yet elegant, twisting like a sunning snake
Arms and legs that intertwine and lots of Ys
that dance and shine
It lightens as I pass it, and darkens as I leave
It stands here firm and bold,
Not budging for the world.

Donuts, combined, grey

By Bemy

It is like two grey donuts combined
The sculpture is grey
A smooth round grey eight
Two grey donuts together
The sculpture poses when I take a photo of it.

Plain, scary and creepy

By Pascale

As flawless as a famous model
The faces are sinking into the ground, there are
3 all different colours and sizes
The eyes are creepily looking into the sky

Flat, bumpy and uneven

By Charley H

Fat stick figures
It is uneven like a child's drawing
It is like a copper family
My mummy and daddy
Keep me together
Although I am a bit
Of a trouble maker
The child is a dreamer
Dreaming up a family
The family
He wishes he had

Bronze, midget, kid

By Iago

As small as a small kid
Midget bronze kid
It has a nose like a human



Hopeful, marble, stacked

By Bronte

The marble is as white as a fluffy cloud on a
summers morning
The smooth, frosted, delicate surface
Wipes away my sense of innocence
The plates start shifting faster
With every step I take
The wind whispers in my ear
Every so softly
And I know I have to keep walking

Rock, high, textures

By Alex Simec

As high as a giraffe
A roughness to scrape away my skin
Imagine you're sitting under a smooth rock.

Burned, flowing, twisted

By Summer

The lines are trees bending with the wind
Brave twisted metal
Rusting day by day
Slowing, crumbling through my fingers
A trap of rusted old loops
Enough to shatter my bones
Into pieces
The sculpture twists as I pass through
Strangling me like a snake

Simple, original, creative

By Max

The box is like an incoming car
A victim damaged
But still ok
No, stop, said the box
But the car hit anyway



Smooth, jagged, mesmerising

By Harrison

Smooth and sharp
Jagged and Jared
Mesmerising like a two-year old's dream
A roughness to scrape away my skin
I could grow for a thousand years
But the tree would be no fatter
It grew like a ten-year-old kid
As still as a sculpture



Connection, mysterious, age

By Jamie

It is holding onto the rocks,
Like trees holding on to their branches.
It has seen everything that goes by,
And has grown older every day.
It is holding onto the rocks,
And never letting go.

Square, abstract, gunky

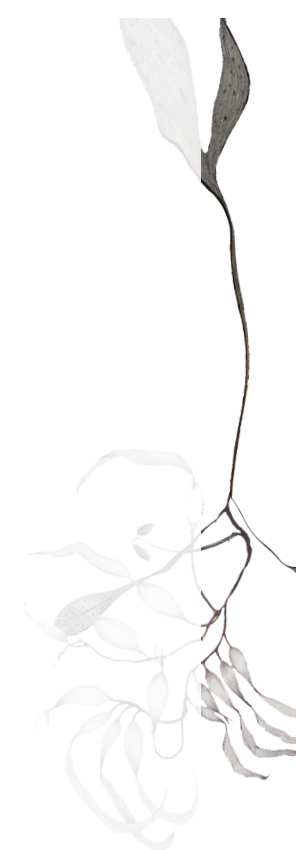
By Samarai

Square like a box, boss
Boxy
With holes in it, as if
It had been wounded
It hurt
Yet it sleeps
But never moves

Rusty, battle scarred, old

By Jibrael

The horses were as angry as raging rhinos
The rust was like a dirty blade
I stared down the eye
Of one of the horses
In the last stand
When suddenly it stamped its hoof
And shattered the earth



Circle, several, thoughts/mind

By Serena

The wires are like thoughts
In
Then out
Shiny and silky
But round and steel
The wind gushes
But my mind stays silent

Simple, mysterious, metallic

By Ja B

It's like a portal
It's from another dimension
I'm travelling through a portal
To another world
The portal makes me nauseas
As I stare into it
It gives me a bad look
Every time

Bold, squashed, spiralling

By Luci

Slowly escaping,
Like a mouse from a trap.
Winding around
A never-ending rollercoaster
A fluorescent red
Winding

Trying to escape from two rocks
One big winding loop
Close to the ground,
but like a rollercoaster's tracks

Two long arms
Shoving against each rock
Attempting to break free

Bold, big, trapped

By Edie B

The ball is trapped
Like a fly in a spider's web
the ball is like my mind
flying high, high, high
up to the sky, sky, sky
the stone is weak,
but when I approach
it gets stronger
bolder, and braver

Suspended, silver, sorrowful

By Emma

A glimpse of hope.
A mirror of life
Like a bird
Yearning for flight
I see my reflection
Staring down at me
Asking for forgiveness
It struggles from its confinement
The attempt to break free

Suspended, stuck, alone

By Islay

Imprisoned
Looking over, but not there
Suspended as if flying
No one else is in the world
Stuck in a prison
Forever lost from the world.
Smells old.
Surrounded by people
But not there
Silent.
Hard grip on me.
Taste of a dry mouth.
Its strings are like people

Bold, trapped and shiny

By Kiah

Trapped like a bird in its cage
I hesitate,
And it falls,
Falls to the ground
It calls to me
And vibrates
As if it knows



Sculpting Poetry: Group Poems

Lost and Found

By Maia G, Alex Simec, Lily Rose, Scarlet K

Lost and forgotten objects
Recovered from the past
Buried, hidden, and finally retrieved
For some it seems like garbage
To others it seems like treasure

Things of different colours, things of different textures
Things from deep down under, and things from shallow waters
Things of different shapes and sizes
Things from far and wide

Through winds and water, dirt and mud

Ashtray Ocean

By Lucas, Malcolm, Connor, Max

A lollipop that's lost its pop
Two lonely dropped balls at sea
Two lonely sinkers

Floating through sea, goggles beached
Smoking cigarettes
A float at the bottom of the ocean
Flip flops that were flopped
A cigarette,
That's good for you.
Rusted at sea,
A lighter that works

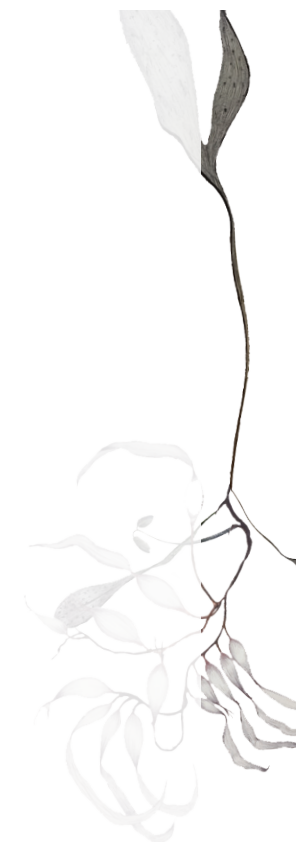
Senseless

By Sienna, Freya Brockerick, Holly

Collected up one by one

Goggles, sunglasses and fishing nets
The sea is like our rubbish dump
We chuck and throw treasures away

You will be lucky to find some cents





Sculpting Poetry: Group Poems

Tossed Aside

By Bemmy, Pascale, Kira, Zoey

The items inside are really gross
Like an old Instagram post
The used cigarettes, it kills us, it kills the ocean
Like a straw that really sucks

I'm surprised the Doritos didn't go mouldy
Looking underneath the dangerous stuff
The flip flops tell a story
Of pollution and tossers

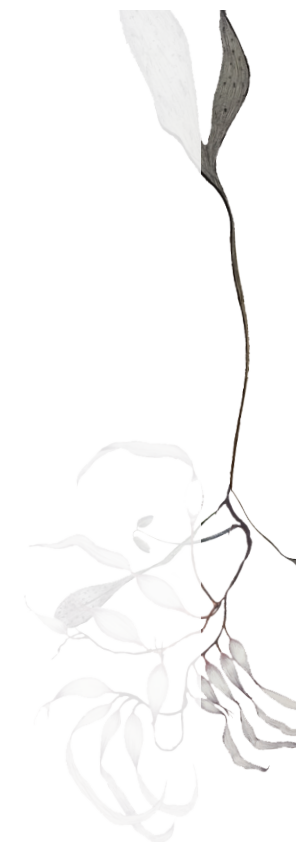
Beneath the Dirty Surface

By Maya, Charley, Summer, Caitlin

A store, unbothered by age or quality
Washed up, blown up, tossed up, given up
Torn up and broken
Shredded and sodden
Started in a store
Then in the sea
Now being picked up

Old age sunglasses, torn up towels
A trusty towel lives a second life
They're clear and tinted and different colours
From store to sea from sea to store

Will they find another home?
Who knows?
In the white wash getting thrashed like a tumble dryer
Beneath a dirty surface is always a story.





Sculpting Poetry: Group Poems

An Inconvenient Story

By Harrison, Joab, Marley

It really is an inconvenient place
The owner should be in disgrace
The range of materials is quite bizarre
They come from beachers near and far
Turtle food, sunglasses, towels
You name it
The inconvenience store is quite outrageous

Discarded

By Jamie, Ja

We can see how many things that we discard
and more
The plastic
It kills our ocean
I thought we took care of the ocean
But clearly not
The things that we see in there
Are disgusting

Lost, broken

By Samarai, Liam, Douglas, Jibrael, Zach

The ray bans
Lost, broken
200 bucks down the drain
the gum looking like it has been recently bought

up, up and away the suckers went
a bandaid, ripped and used
the smoker lost their smokes
into the ocean they go

Sculpting Poetry: Group Poems

Drained

By Serena, Edie, Islay, Annabel

Homeless lost and found
Hundreds, thousands of scattered pieces
A rainbow from the ocean
All the broken bits and bobs
Left in the ocean

It used to be a lovely home
Skeletal remains of plastics
That animals mistake as food

Is there any hope
Or is it all down the drain

Washed up Earth

By Bronte, Kiab, Maddie and Emma

The rubbish has been thrown up by the waves
Broken pieces that don't mean anything any-
more
Lost items rescued from relentless waves
It shows how much junk ends up in the ocean

The waves have shown us if we have rubbish
We don't know where it goes
It's funny how people don't care about rubbish
Until it's a sculpture

Broken rubbish
One woman's structure
Across 3 beaches
So much junk washes up every day
It's so sad that this happens to our Earth

A Lot to Take

By Hannah G, Luci

Inconvenience store with more and more
I saw so many treasures in one store

Goggles, bottles, tennis ball
And so much, much more

A lot to take
From only two beaches



Sculpting Poetry: Stream-of-Consciousness Poems

Suspended

By Emma

A mirrored ball, reflecting its surroundings, observing in silence, the wind, the sea.
A lonely figure swaying, a sorrowful figure mourning
Held captive by the thoughts that bind it.
Suspended
In the midst of flying

Reflecting light in hopes of happiness
But even though it's floating
It feels like it's sinking
Three poles stood guard
Watching for the escape

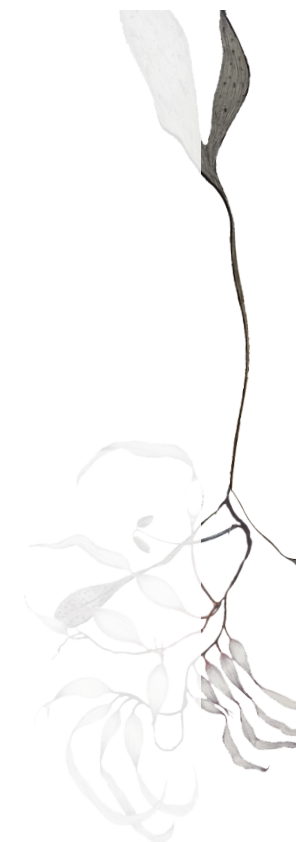
Fear

By Kiah

It sways from side to side
Calling to me
At first it starts as a whisper
But then it gets louder and louder
I want to run away and never come back
but my feet are planted on the ground
I try to cover my ears
But my arms are frozen
Suddenly the voice stops
Now I feel like it got what it wanted.

Fear.

I shudder as I realise what happened
If I moved I would be a hero
But I would risk my own life!
I hesitated and it fell,
Fell to the ground and shattered
With a piercing shriek





Sculpting Poetry: Stream-of-Consciousness Poems

Transformation

By Hannab

They can speak to me but only I can hear
I twist and turn, feel it in there
They say they want to break free
And just
Burst
With excitement
To see what they feel like, I brush my hand
along
All I feel is a line by line

Now I step back
And watch it transform

Imprisoned

By Islay

Seconds and seconds
Minutes and minutes
Hours and hours

Trapped, long lost from the world surrounding
me
It's like another world, watching
But never there

I am imprisoned
A dry mouth

And silence is in the room
I am suspended, strings hold me tightly
With a strong grip
Sadness and horror

Same old smells
Nothing ever changes

I want change
I need change

Let me free!

Letting Go

By Jamie

It helps connect, however it is now vulnerable
Prey will try and catch it but it will not let go,
they can try over and over again but they will
fail.

It will never let go until the day it will have to.

Days and days will pass and it grows older and
older.

It has finally fallen and now prey surround it,
they
Have got it.

The rocks mourn for it.

Sculpting Poetry: Stream-of-Consciousness Poems

Tenuous Hope

By Bronte

It's very white and it makes me feel hopeful
Because although they're all stacked up
They haven't fallen yet

I love marble
think this is why I was attracted to it
at first

I feel like they could just keep stacking
Up up up and up
Until it reaches the sun

It's all alone
By itself.
I wish it had a friend.

It's so beautiful
I could just sit
And watch it all day and try and hear
As it sings me sweet songs
the wind whispering quietly to me

Abyss

By Ja

It reaches out to me,
Pulling me into the portal
Filled with black abyss

I feel sick every time
I look at it.
It takes me to another world
Filled with forests and waterfalls

I wonder to myself,
Where am I?

I hear screaming and shouting in the distance.
I walk to where I hear the sound
Getting louder and louder

I get to where it should be
But there's nothing.

I look forward
And see massive trees and bushes.

Mind Trap

By Serena

I think all the time.
My thoughts go in and always stay.
My mind a round steel ball.
Whatever goes in it will stay.

My mind busy
Always busy

Whatever goes in it will stay.

Sculpting Poetry: Stream-of-Consciousness Poems

The Battle

By Jibrael

They ran,
Clink, clink,
Away
From the reality behind them

Suddenly swords were drawn,
They ran away from the yelling
And by dawn this was no more

Corpses were born with blood
The river was rough
And turned into a flood

Taken

By Edie

Taken away,
From his family, friends and home

Scared, worried, shy

Not knowing where they're going to take him.
Not knowing who they are.

Suddenly the car stops,
Excited, but worried,
Of what's in the box.

Humans.
Four of them.
Maybe it's not so bad.
Maybe it's meant to be.

Home.
My new home.
New family, and new friends.

I'm now happy, brave,
But also sad.

What if they hurt me?
Will I ever forgive them?

Hopefully, hopefully, hopefully

STOP

By Douglas

The box is white
Like the paper of a paper bark tree
It feels empty
Like my soul
Stabbed in the heart

It screams.

Tells me to stop.

Harder I stab it.
Harder, harder

Then it goes quiet

Then it yells,
STOP

