



Tennant Creek Writers' Camp, 2014

***The Disappearing* with poet Lionel Fogarty**

As part of a special pilot program supported by the Tim Fairfax Family Foundation, award-winning poet Kelly-Lee Hickey presented six intensive poetry workshops at the Centralian Senior College.

Working with *The Disappearing* learning resource, Lionel Fogarty guided students through a range of writing activities to spark imaginations and help students publish their own poems on *The Disappearing* app.

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 Company at Tennant Creek Writers' Camp 2014

redroomcompany.org/education/



Untitled
by Luke B.

I was running towards my fate
I could see my fate looking back at me
Everything was dark.
I could hear a sharp scream
and I said to myself, "Is this the end?"

I saw a killer and stopped running
as the dark became light
and the killer turned into a light
as it disappeared.
I said to myself, "Is this the end?"

Untitled
by Jamaun H.

I was running towards my home
I could see who I am supposed to be

Everything was...
not what I thought it would be

I could hear my heart
beating like a drum

And I said to myself,
"Only me can choose who am I."

First Thing I Remember of my Culture
by Troyston

I sit around outside.
I hear boomerang clapping
on the ceremonies.
I hear clap sticks clapping.
I always hear birds
singing up the trees.
I remember when I went fishing
I remember when I went hunting
One day, we killed an emu

Untitled
by Tessila

I am the animal in the sea
I am from the rain that falls.
This is my song from my heart:
We are strong like the hills
Friendship, love, laughter, kindness
Her skin is smooth like the sands
on the beach
I am from the rain that falls.

**Devil's Marbles
by Rosita K.**

Big and round
Hard and cool at night
Hard and hot at day
Red brown, yellow, orange
Lots and lots of marbles

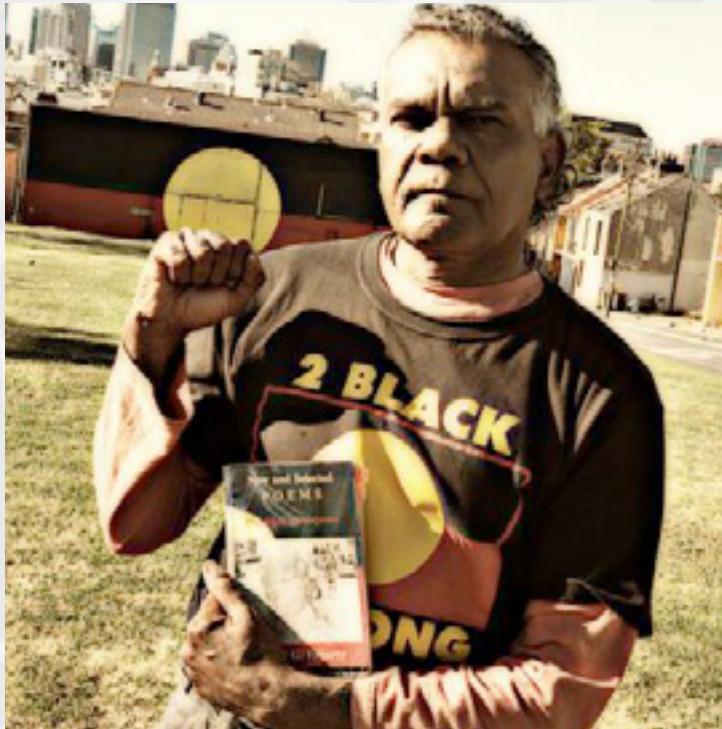
Dingoes hiding, playing, eating
Tourists eating, drinking tea, wandering,
climbing, taking photos

Sunrise, sunset—beautiful.
Small, still waterholes found
in the marbles
Birds drinking, wetting their beaks.

**Untitled
by Elijah B.**

I'm standing at the center
of the Great Wall of China.
Where the wall stands,
where I see no one
there is a field of dead people.
Nothing is more I've seen before!

It is pitch charcoal black;
no one around. Scared
is a thing we can't help.
Fear is a meal we have to eat.
I am worried.
Why are they scared?
I was thinking hard
They say it's over slowly,
it will end with only one.
His name is Jack Reption.
Fear is a meal we have to eat.



Poet Bio

A Murri man, Lionel is a leading spokesman for Indigenous rights in Australia, particularly deaths in custody following the death of his brother, Daniel Yock, at the hands of police in 1993. His poetry expresses the need for innovation and urgency. In doing so, it is sometimes surreal, sometimes confronting and includes large amounts of Bandjalang dialect and vernacular.

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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