The two stone monster man By Eric Inspired by: Jamie North

Once there was a temple in the middle of a Village. The opening door was two tall poles. The tall poles were men and brothers. They talked to each other until they have left nothing to say. But one night a tornado happened and it destroyed the temple. The two brothers just got hurt. They woke up and saw that they were half live half stone monster men and if they didn't move they would turn into green slimy moss. They went to a class room and the class was full. They slammed their heads on a small door and it made a bigger door. They got supplies and went back to the broken temple and started building. A man came past and said "don't build that temple that is what's been making the problems." It wasn't it was him his name is climate change. He made tornados so the temple was finished and climate change disappeared. "We can't tell

anyone how he was destroyed because it wasn't the temple".

Untitled Bu Jack

Inspired by: Neha Choksi

It's a friend it's a heart it's anything you want it to be It is kind. The first time I saw it it reminded me of who I am It's an inspiration to everyone It can play basketball it can be a teacher and if you look at it close you will get hit right in your heart It's a very good painting It can talk and walk It's a flame that can light up the world

Abandoned

By Greg Inspired by: Yao Jui-chung + Lost Society Document

For years and years, nothing has happened, No people have walked by, it's abandoned.

Nearly finished, it makes me cry, as I walk by, it's not divine.

Silently waiting, for them to come back but it doesn't know, it not existent anymore.

l look at it, no detail at all, rust occurring, very bland!

No noises around, nothing at all, only the birds, sighing as if to ignore.

It's as dark as a shadow, as rusty as a backyard shack, standing on its toes, waiting for them.

Will they come back? I'm not sure, but the old abandoned place, is gone for good

For years and years, nothing has happened, No people have walked by, it's abandoned.

Guernica in sand by Lee Mingwei By Ethan Antanius

The Picasso art made me feel sad for all those people who are experiencing war in their city, town or village.

And it makes me feel sorry for those who didn't do anything wrong but yet they were either shot or stabbed.

Some people might be so devastated and depressed that they have to leave their home and travel to a new country or city. They might not even speak the language of the new country. If it was me, I wouldn't know how I would survive.

In my heart I feel really lucky that I'm in a good country that doesn't have such terrible war.

Untitled By Jade

I can see plants dying because of the metal and concrete its dying because it's got no space the colour of the plants are fading away the leafs are falling and the rocks are falling to the colours of the rocks are

Untitled

By Gordon Inspired by: Jamie North

Vines are as strong as hulk they like to grow on everything you can't escape Stone aren't as strong as vines! Vines crush anything like cars, stones and houses. You can't escape; it will trip you over and suffocate you. They have good things too like flowers and fruit.

With thanks to the staff and students at Alexandria Park Community Junior School

Zohab Zee Khan

Zohab Khan is an educator, spoken word poet, motivational speaker, didgeridoo player, harmonica beat-boxer and hip-hop artist. Since 2006, Zohab has been building a formidable career in spoken word poetry, culminating in taking out the title of the Australian Poetry Slam Champion in 2014. 2016 sees the launch of Zohab's passion project, The Pakistan Poetry Slam. In 2015, he made appearances at the Sydney, Auckland, Byron Bay, Bellingen, Ubud (Indonesia), Bookworm Literary (China) and National Young Writers Festivals.

The Red Room Company

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful ways into poetry to enrich our lives. Their projects and learning programs collaborate with diverse communities, schools and correctional centres to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities. If you would like more information about The Red Room Company or The Disappearing, please visit: http://redroomcompany.org

The Biennale of Sydney

The Biennale of Sydney is a non-profit organisation that presents Australia's largest and most exciting contemporary visual arts festival. Held every two years, the Biennale is a three-month exhibition, with an accompanying program of artist talks, performances, forums, guided tours, family days and other special events. The 20th Biennale of Sydney is curated by Artistic Director Stephanie Rosenthal and runs from 18 March to 5 June 2016 at venues across Sydney.



CARRIAGEWORKS

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18 MARCH — 05 JUNE 2016

Poetry Readings — The Disappearing

> With Zohab Zee Kahn and Alexandria Park Community Junior School Saturday, 2 April, 12–1 pm Carriageworks

Experience the Embassy of Disappearance at Carriageworks, interpreted by young poets as they recite poetry in response to the exhibition.

Presented as part of the 20th Biennale of Sydney in partnership with The Red Room Company, this special event unveils the results of poetry workshops led by renowned poet Zohab Zee Kahn with local primary school students, who have used language to engage, distill and represent the disappearing (and reappearing) worlds around them. These poems will form part of The Red Room Company's digital project, *The Disappearing* – an anthology of poetry linked to disappearing places.

I dream about the past. It was a full classroom 4 brothers standing next to each other. Stronger than a lion and as tall as 7 feet, so gigantic the plants are so long, it may be covered with glass and contains in sand. It is lost like the rest of us in this world.

Collective poem, Alexandria Park Community Junior School (inspired by artist Jamie North's work Succession, 2016)

Poems

The Weather Inside Me By Cullum Inspired by: Neha Choksi

When I look at this artwork it made me feel happy but when I heard someone say the sun never came back that made me feel sad. I like the night and all but the sun is important to us and for the nature. It is also very important to the trees because if trees die we will die too. Trees give us life and the sun gives life to trees. I like the sun because the sun makes me and everyone in the world warm. The sun would smell like burnt marshmallows like you are at a campfire. The sun would not taste nice because it would burn you, just like when you are drinking a hot chocolate and it burns your tongue. It would sound like meat cooking on the B.B.Q.

The sun looks like a huge molten rock coming to fall on us and blowing up the whole world. The sun feels like 100 flamethrowers burning my hand off. **Untitled** By Antony Inspired by: Neha Choksi

The light shines bright threw out my height. I stare at it and it's always there. I close my eyes and it isn't there. I keep trying but it still isn't there. I open my eyes it's just a painting.

Untitled

By Alex R

- The sun was moving. It looked very bright and breezy. The moon was moving at night And the clouds were moving during the day
- The train was moving on rails The boat was moving on water The boat and the train was dropping off cargo
- The boat had cargo that had toys in it The toys were to go to the toy shop
- The train was going to the airport Alexander was a passenger on the train He took the train to the airport to catch the plane To go to Ayers Rock
- Mum and Dad came to Ayers Rock with me They helped me get on the plane They helped me get on the plane.
- We went to Paris. We saw the Eiffel Tower It was very big and tall.

Untitled

By Racquel Inspired by: Jamie North

I see a brick with vines around it. The vines are trying to suffocate the bricks. By the time the vines finish suffocating the bricks, the vines will kill it. It keeps breaking even more then one day there will be No More.

Guernica in Sand

By Eve Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

The thing I like about this artwork is that it really gives the effect that we want the disappearing affect how they're sweeping it away like it's disappearing.

I think it's a beautiful piece of artwork just for that reason. I feel like it's a really popular piece and I think to wonder what kind of sand the person used.

This artwork even when in the process of still destroying it still bring tears of joy to my eyes.

It soft and smooth like the Ocean, like waves…like Peanut butter even though I hate peanut butter

Guernica in Sand By Chinbileg Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

It was a beautiful drawing. They destroyed it which feels wrong to me. Chinbileg. I'm 10 years old. I think it took 3 months to do the painting. I wonder why they destroyed it; it would be pretty cool if he handed it to the museum so everyone could see it. The Artist would be pretty sad to see this happening. I'll bet the artist should have put it in a glass and test it first. I think they should have sent it to a really famous museum. The Artist would get paid. The Artist thought nothing at that moment in my opinion. The art is amazing because it's colourful sand.

The one and only

By Caibe Inspired by: Mike Parr

I Caibe Harrison live in a house. A house in Waterloo with my mum and two sisters which is fine but sometimes annoying. My Nan is only a 2 min drive from my house so it's easy.

I play Basketball which I love to play. I play every Saturday and my team is new so I need to get used it.

On Fridays I do PSSA Sport which is really fun. I play in the cricket team. We've won 2/3 games so far which is still OK. But this Friday I hope we win. I actually believe we can win; I can feel it in my veins.

I like doing this workshop it is good for the future if I want to do Poetry writing.

Thank you Zohar/Z-men I also think his face is a Zombie Head trying to attack everybody

Untitled

By Tanya Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

It's like strong winds sweeping sand away and the sand is slowly disappearing into thin air. When the sand is gone, soon you will see nothing but the floor. People moving the sand with the long brooms, sweeping in the same spot.

Jamie North

By Pedro Inspired by: Jamie North

Think about if Man could work together with Nature, No Fight, No cutting Down trees and No Natural disasters.

Nature could work with us, our sons could work with Nature. Nature could work with the sons of our sons. We party with Nature, Nature parties with us, Imagine all these.

Rock is strong, you are totally wrong. The vines of Nature are the ones that are strong. You can that I am wrong but you do NOT know.

DISA By Thuhid Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

The Art is historical made in 2006 made by sand. Looks like a puzzle, cube colourful to. It has a meaning about war. It's made by a really great understanding woman. The picture is as good as it gets. The picture is a little hard to understand.

Untitled By Lawrence

Lee Mingwei's art made me feel sad because he just swept away a beautiful art work.

Lee Mingwei's art also made me feel joyful because it really shows that you can put colour into something that is not colourful at all.

Gerald Machona's art work mostly made me feel happy because he turned nothing into something that could be worth \$1000000. He showed that nothing is something.

Jamie North's art work got me thinking about the Past. What would it look like if it was a full structure? It also reminded me about a sky island in a T.V. show.

Neha Choksi's sun set art work was a beautiful piece of art.

Natures last Sunset

By Wanyi Inspired by: Neha Choksi

The loneliness, The darkness, Natures last Sunset, This is only a bet, The taste is bland, Not even as salty as sand, The sunset sounds like the disappearing of spirits, Shouting and yelling on chariots, It smells fresh, As if natures last Sunset blows away refreshed, The artwork feels smooth, Good enough to be in the Louvre, The Sun goes up and down, To retrieve it crown.

Pink, Blue, Red, The colours of the sunset Natures last sunset is leaving Keep looking, Because there are no bookings, Feast your eyes, It's time to say bye.

Big Rock Ruins

By Audrey Inspired by: Jamie North

Big; rock; ruins. It sounds like the natural springs found in the hot yet cold days. The smell of fresh plants and wet concrete fill my nose, it's not the best aroma but it reminds me of home, back in Bangladesh. There were forests to explore.

I want to touch the solid, yet rigid edges of the ruins. The tops would decay, crumble, in my hands. Some leaves would be smooth at the touch, others would be stinging nettles. There is the past in the future. Something has happened once but yet to come again. The humans that inhabited the past and disintegrated into the floor on which we stand. They're the Big Rock we stand. They're the Big Rock, Ruins, once in which we lived.

Untitled Bu Mariam

Inspired by: Jamie North

Big rock covered with vines, covered with vines because it's like a snake. A snake that covers everything. I know it's not a snake but make me imagine, it make me imagine that this artwork can be turned into anything I believe it can be. This artwork reminds me of my mum because she is a florist and knows a lot about flowers and plants. She makes a lot of things out of flowers, but it takes days and hours. Knowing my mum, she can take on a challenge and she will work hard to make whatever you want happen.

Untitled By Laurienta

Inspired by: Jamie North

I see steel that is as strong as a volcano spitting ash into the atmosphere. There are vines that are like snakes wrapping their body around it. It is a tall giant stretching. It sounds like falling ruins crumbling. It is a bit wet in some areas and dry in other parts. It smells like gum leaves. It tastes hard like gravel and soft like a pillow and is smooth at the bottom and rough and bumpy on the top. I think the artist, Jamie North, did an amazing job on his art piece and is an unusual form. I think it could go in the history of art.

Waves of Sand By Fahdah Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

The artwork is so sandy and wavy and it is colourful. I like making paintings so when it comes to class I think that it will like me. I think it smells and tastes like sand. When I look at it, it makes me feel happy because it has bright colours. It looks like joy and happiness. It is creative. I think that it feels soft. I like it so much.

What will you say or be brushed away

By Eloise Inspired by: Lee Mingwei

What it means to be you What is your name a blank space? What do you do to be or not to be What is your favourite thing Food or Life? Survive or die; choose; it's your choice Life, Live and Love 3 'L's to do I know you will do great To say or to be brushed away Dust, Sand, Air, Wind, Leaves Just say what you feel Don't be lame Say what needs to be Said The day you speak you live for the first time Be who you are no matter black or white. Christian or not. Just be cautious about what you say as well be nice don't hate your life before you stop start living be loving to your familu and friends. The brush is still, you're not hesitant to die.

Imagine

By Vincent Inspired by: Gerald Machona

Imagine the world was peaceful and suddenly a man in an astronaut suit came. But his suit was made out of money and stole your planet. If you want it back then fight for it. You need to be powerful as a knight. Then you see the man again. He decided to give your planet back and respect you. He lived with you for 3 years and he disappeared. You try and find him but he was nowhere to be found. After 1 year you found his suit. You put the suit on but you could hardly move. Now you know how hard it is to be in the money suit and how difficult it is imagine!

last day

By Pat Inspired by: Neha Choksi

The rising children. The rising children came out for their last day of fun. They came out for a run because it was their last day of fun. Skipping, Jumping, Playing on the slide. When the moon comes out there's nowhere to hide. They want to swing they want to crawl they spin and spin and spin until they all fall! It is afternoon it's getting dark. The kids are still playing in the park when it is 5:00am it is dawn after 3 hours the sun is gone.

The Sun Dance By Mya

The sky woke up from its sleep. A new baby was born that night. 5 years later a little girl asked her mother "Where did the sun go?" She said "it's disappeared". Her mother said "no it's sleeping." It will come up in the morning. The next day she asked her mum "why does the sun disappear in the night time". Her mum said "it's sleeping". But the little girl still didn't believe her.

One day she became a dancer but she was still fascinated about the sun So she became a Sun Dancer.

Untitled

By Jessie

This art is soft and smooth it makes me happy because they are dancing so soft and smooth like butter and nutella.

They sound like birds flapping their wings in the sky and their footsteps are on over the dance floor.

Terraforms

By Dre Inspired by: Jamie North

When I look at this artwork I feel that it is truly a building reduced to rubble, that has been overrun by plant trouble. The once strong pillars are now destroyed and covered in plants. The four pillars remind me of my brothers and sister the three taller ones are me and my two brothers all scarred up and the small one is my sister. We are protecting her. Jamie North must have put a lot of time and work into this. It looks astonishing. He is probably a sculptor. It looks as though that the plants are suffocating the concrete. The concrete would be hard and cold.

Untitled By Jalen

a sunset is like a football game it gets more beautiful at the end