



## **The Scots College, 2014** ***The Disappearing*** **with poets Lorin Elizabeth & Zohab Zee Khan**

Renowned Illawarra slam poets Lorin Elizabeth and Zohab Zee Khan visited 100 Year 9 students from The Scots College (Glengarry) in Kangaroo Valley, NSW. The poets guided the students through different exercises from *The Disappearing* learning resource in an intensive two-day workshop, and encouraged students to share their poems with the group.

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.

### **What If?**

by Angus R.

What if we could leave all we despise behind,  
breaking free of society and gaining the courage to rise?

What if we knew more of the outside world?  
Only then would we have the vision  
to step out the front door.  
What if we were in a cocoon, just waiting  
to break free, leaving all the troubles we need to flee?

What if we were free to be free  
to feel what it's like to have faith in ourselves?  
What if we were time bombs just waiting  
to explode, and as we explode,  
we are escaping as far away as possible.

What if to do this, we would have to leave  
what we love most?  
Would our hearts cry and scream,  
or would they yearn to fly?

What if these words are just words  
and the dream is just a dream to be dreamt  
in the slumber of my sleep?  
What if we were scared and didn't like  
what we saw, if we would rather stay  
in the corruption here,  
rather than find peace out there?

What if out there is like a tropical fruit,  
so sweet that the journey is worth it?  
What if we just have to be a bit brave  
instead of fearing our own grave?  
What if out there is what I need  
and out there needs me?

What if?

### **The Pain of the World**

Callum S.

We disappear when icebergs turn to water  
we disappear when all that is happening  
is slaughter  
we disappear when we put our rubbish into the  
ocean  
we disappear when we turn the air into a potion.

Our world is filled with pain and suffering  
and all we care about is our internet buffering.  
We're preoccupied with the stuff  
most don't own.  
We could be helping others but instead we just  
moan.  
We could visit the less fortunate and donate  
some food,  
but we don't because too much dinner put us in  
a bad mood.

Over here, we only look out for our sons  
over there, they have forced children  
to hold guns.  
Over here, we worry when we don't have  
too much money in our pockets  
Over there, they worry when they bleed out of  
their eye sockets.

### **Untitled**

by Max R.

Disappearing friendships are always bad.  
This happens, don't be sad.  
If you stay calm, I'm sure  
you'll be fine and kind.  
Just don't be blind, you will never  
have a lonely time.  
Friends will come and go,  
but your mind will never flow.  
Never be scared to get out of bed.  
If so, make sure you raise your hands  
above your head, and everyone else  
will be up for the fight.  
You will be respected and protected  
by the ones who were once neglected.  
Now you can do this;  
life is complete.  
Please note the best memories  
will be the ones with the people  
you once completed it with.

## **Fear**

by Anas S.

Fear, make it go away.  
Let the pain disappear.  
I'm all alone in the dark,  
make the light appear.

Fear, it's fast. It's slippery  
it's black with the intention to scare;  
I'm surrounded by it,  
feeling like it wasn't fair.

Fear, I'm surrounded by it  
feeling sorrow and wanting to cry  
my head rushing  
feeling like it wants to fly.  
I'm under my bed  
yelling to go away  
but it's always there,  
blocking my way.

My mum comforts me,  
making the pain go away from me  
I liked my mum with me,  
it made me feel free.

I am happy now,  
not feeling alone  
finally now wrapped in my mother's arms  
I can always find home.

## **My Tinnie**

by Matthew Z.

The island lies 4km offshore  
The island lies away from society  
and its problems.  
Sunday's are my favourite day of the week  
and the islands as well.  
I travel to him on my loft, ship  
tinnie.

We lay together hand in hand,  
the waves tickling our feet  
and the sand squelching between our fingers.

It's the day of the week  
neither of us have worries  
and learn to enjoy the little things.

On the rainy days I sit under the tree  
and listen to the sound of ever incoming waves  
and the pitter patter as the water brushes my  
find

Saying goodbyes are always hard  
but in the end of the day I know  
next Sunday I will be back. I push  
my tinnie into the water. The smell of dry salt  
hits me.  
Smells like home.  
A home of warmth and comfort.

I drive home, back to a home  
unlike the one for this home  
where there is no relaxation,  
Just hard work, judgment and grades.  
A part of life I think I could live  
with less of.

## **Untitled**

by Michael M.

There's nothing else to see now  
before I saw a ghost  
who said "Oooo, you can't see me!"  
I stood there in awe in the shadowy night,  
two hours before the sun could reflect  
and make light.

I was tripping ball after the event.  
My friend called Kev said,  
"What's happening, Ben?"  
I looked at him in clueless frustration.  
The ghost that I saw was just  
a hallucination.

I was going insane as I felt a silly pain.  
It was the ghost. He'd come back once again;  
he was sparkly, silvery, and almost invisible.

I said, "Who are you?"  
And he replied,  
"My name is Jonesy and I am a pin  
I only bench 30 at the John Solomon gym  
When I was born, I was a terrible disaster  
then I grew up, foster and foster.  
Getting to the point where I was a pin,  
my only other friend  
was weights at the gym.  
I can bench 40 now and going higher, and higher,  
With my ripping abs I didn't want to cause a fire."

## Save the Environment

by Charles K.

The green house gases are polluting the air  
and this is going on absolutely everywhere.  
The massive sinkholes in the heart of Siberia  
are showing us that stopping it isn't getting  
easier.

Politicians just talk, talk, talk—they're just verbal  
diarrhea.

If we don't stop soon, the environment's going to  
disappear.

*Save the environment*, that's my mantra  
and it means a lot more than just normal Ozzie  
banter.

I came close to death in Year 3.

I was in NZ and the temperature was 40 °

I was just swimming on the beach with some  
blokes

when I fell asleep on the beach  
and almost got a heat stroke.

I fell asleep with no sunscreen on  
and felt like I was sitting on a ticking time bomb.  
You should be as green as you can possibly be  
and if everyone does that, there will be effects,  
I promise, you'll see.

The environment is our friend, we don't want  
to pave it alone.

The environment is on sale, and it's going,  
going, gone.

## Poverty

by Maxx P.

The children cry.  
The children cry, cuts and bruises  
the children cry, hungry and malnourished.

Commercials flicker  
children, men, women  
but were in our own world of money  
selfishness and greediness.  
Some people give, some don't.

Children cry.  
Children cry, cuts and bruises  
children cry, hungry and malnourished  
crying, disease, rotting and hungry,  
Why?

The bubble needs to get popped  
and the blood on the ground  
needs to evaporate  
so that the world is equal.

The world needs to go through a wash  
and get cleansed of its sins.  
Why should they perish, why should they  
starve, die, and rot?

If you're not going to help,  
pull your heart out. Equality  
is what the world should strive for.  
Not children suffering around the world  
whilst we sit in our couches,  
eating, enjoying, and living.

## Free

by Marcus A.

Free  
free to be  
free to be me  
free to be when I want to be me  
free to be me where the whole world can't see  
free to be me where the whole world can't  
see smell, touch hear, or taste the essence  
of being free

free to be free from a world where freedom  
is sold cheaply  
I need to be free from this world, this world  
that treats freedom like a discounted cheap toy.  
"Sell you life and soul, half price,  
buy your freedom."

So in a time where freedom is a lie  
sold with life,  
death becomes, and if death  
is the path to being free  
then it's death it will be  
death to be me.

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### **I Vanish**

by Salon E.

I vanish, and nobody cared,  
no photos or memories to remind them.  
I vanish from a world run by corruption,  
greed and power.  
I vanish from a world once pure  
but now full of pollution,  
death and destruction.  
I vanish into a world of clarity and tranquility,  
but fragile as glass panes crack beneath my feet,  
Falling down, back into reality,  
I realize you cannot escape the world we live in.  
To live in a world of fear and hatred  
is all we can do.

### **The Breeze**

by Demitri H.

The breeze floating through my ears,  
the breeze floating through the trees.  
This is where I want to be,  
the trees as green as I want them to be.  
The breeze is like Chinese whispers,  
soft and smooth.  
This is the place I want to be in,  
the breeze with the trees.  
The breeze is as fresh as it can be;  
the rustling of the leaves is from the smooth  
breeze,  
I walk through it day by day. It is never to be  
seen.  
We use it everyday.  
The breeze is my day.  
The breeze is in your day.

### **Untitled**

by Jock M.

Michael was a boy of simple taste.  
He wore blue sweaters and used Colgate  
toothpaste.  
He saw a joke in every situation  
and broke every single limitation.  
This was Michael. Although lately,  
something has changed  
like a wombat infected by mange  
instead of sharing his beaming smile.  
His expression would appear as cold as tiles.  
Michael used to be fun,  
until the devil stole his sun

I like you Michael, I really do.  
But I feel like you are just not you,  
Michael.

### **A Box of Chocolates**

by James M.

One by one taken away,  
one by one fewer each day  
growing alone slowly but for sure  
feeling cold wishing for more  
sadness interrupted only by a sight  
of yet another pulled into the light.  
Most don't talk, walk or even think.  
While a select few don't find it safe to blink.  
Even though we used to have fun,  
we now barely ever see the sun.  
For now our age has taken its toll  
and we soon will be nothing but soul.  
Until then we survive, trying  
to create a world where the future will thrive.

### **Untitled**

by Trent L.

Sitting on the beach,  
the waves rumble as they hit the sand.  
The tranquility arrives in my heart,  
nothing could live up this day  
by myself, all alone, no one to talk to;  
just listen to the waves.  
Getting up from the smooth silky sand  
as I walk the sand squishes underneath my feet.

The rocks ahead are as big as a sky scraper.  
It looked like it was hiding something  
I couldn't climb up.  
It felt like it was letting me down.  
Nothing to do, so sitting  
on the beach again.

### **Untitled**

by Harry T.

Why do we have to die?  
Dying is just a waste of life.  
Day by day, millions take  
their final strides,  
go to bed that night.  
Lay down and die.

Why do we have to die?  
Yeah, it is just a way of life.  
What is the point, though?  
Is there any point?  
Is there any cure or prevention  
if God is the reason,  
can he make us pure?

Why do we have to die?  
People have thought they can live forever,  
But not even Christ our Savior could live forever.  
Most people haven't even thought  
of this topic at all but above all things,  
it is inevitable.

Why do we have to die?

### **ADD**

by Joe T.

Every morning Jonesy waits for me.  
How long is he going to be waiting  
outside the clinic? When I arrive,  
we go inside the clinic.  
The water is at low tide.  
We grab our pull, waiting  
will we are ready to go.

We are done  
but the pill has begun.

Sister thanks us for our bravery;  
this pill is not savoury,  
We walk down the little ramp,  
down the corridor to find that we now split.  
It feels like I've been nit.  
We wait for the Concerta to kick in  
as it starts to begin.

We lose our natural self  
to a boring pill called Concerta.  
It's a bad disease that nobody can tease  
because ADD is the way to be,  
Harry does to the gym while I  
start to dim.

We are now trapped while our concentration  
is mapped. Our brains have been tapped.  
We turn. It's not reassuring.  
We are ADD.

### **Untitled**

by Jaiki P.

I disappear into a world free of judgment.  
I disappear into a space in my head.  
I disappear to a place where the sun sets.  
I disappear away from dread.

### **Into the Bush**

by Lachlan V.

Going into the Bush,  
pack weighing me down  
on the day I called  
a sweet, summer crown.

Tripping into the bush,  
falling over my heels,  
pack keeping me down  
my skin tearing like a peel.

Falling down the bush,  
pack rolling me down  
crashing into trees,  
looking like a clown.

Camping in the bush,  
cooking up my food  
in my metal can,  
making something crude.

Scary stories in the bush,  
reciting them myself  
hoping that tonight,  
they won't be behind myself.

Sleeping in the bush,  
soothing nature sounds  
rolling in my tent  
with snore goin' round.

### **Untitled**

by Finn D.

I disappear quietly,  
quietly and swiftly.  
Easy.  
Up the driveway,  
down the road  
across the highway behind  
my once favourite shops.  
As quiet as a movie,  
as swift as a snake.

I disappear from the city,  
leaving no trace.  
It all begins now. The great race.  
I pull up now.

I had to do it.  
I needed to leave  
every minute was spent dreaming  
for this day to arrive.  
The plan had been planned.

It had been too long.  
I've been stuck here for far too long  
the walls caving in, trapping me,  
forcing me to stay,  
my problems and worries leaving me.  
I disappear.

### **Disappearing**

by Will T.

I disappear like the far mountains  
fading away through the fog.  
I drive and drive till I see nothing  
in the rear view mirror but trees  
and blue sky. Driving away from the city  
is like saying goodbye

goodbye to cars, lights and the polluted air  
goodbye to all the memories, friends and family  
I'm sick of all the lies from the people with power.  
They don't deserve anything; they are all sour.

I look for a new life away from everything.  
Who could have thought that leaving  
was so menacing?

I turn around to the right way,  
realizing the country was gay.

### **Untitled**

by Filippo M.

I loved that place.  
I loved the memory of the excitement of daily life,  
the feeling of having my family close to me  
the memory of looking at the house  
that looks like a tree, silent and tall.

The memory of looking  
out the window  
reminding me of freedom.  
The perfect place where everyone is equal,  
until this happened: the news that we  
were leaving.

Slowly the ocean, the one  
that smelt like freedom,  
became a misty thought.  
Slowly, these thoughts disappeared.

I loved that place.  
But now I love a better ocean  
on a new land to look at.

### **Untitled**

by Joe K.

The glaciers, an arctic mystery,  
the giant blocks of ice shaven off  
like slices of cheese  
and smash the water like two trains  
colliding and creating the waves  
that rock the boat.

They rise over skyscrapers  
like an elephant would a pea,  
on the icebergs, seals relax  
with their big bellies facing the sky.

Others pop their head above  
the near-freezing water,  
their little black noses resembling  
those of puppies, their tiny eyes are confused.  
Curious.

### **The Warm Waves of Curl Curk**

by Andrew C.

As I slowly dunk my head under the saltwater,  
I realise how warm seawater can be.  
My friends come because they want to;  
I come because I have to I need to...

I feel as though without it, I am nothing.  
My board is my paintbrush  
and the waves are my canvas.  
Every powerful slow cutback I do  
adds a new spray of colour  
to my everlasting painting.

The coral life beneath me slows  
with the current of the swell.  
The seaweed sways in time with the waves.  
I love the feeling I get when I exit the barrel  
and the only thought going through my mind  
is whether this is the life I want  
or the life I need.

Surfing is how I live.  
Surfing is how I escape.

### **Disappearing From Life**

by Will J.

I sat in my room, fearful and confused.  
Fearful of the pain in my mind and confused  
why this happened to my son's life.  
Life is like a maze—you never know where  
you're going. I guess my life ran straight  
into a wall of fear and depression.

My son did nothing to deserve death.  
I dread the thought of him slowly  
suffering the pain of fatality.  
I feel as though I have nothing  
to live for as my son was the only thing  
keeping me going.

I finally made the decision  
to disappear from life.  
I disappeared  
using a sharp-bladed knife.



### **I Disappeared**

by Oscar A.

I disappear from everyday life  
and a normal routine.  
Seven hours of class  
and the same food from the canteen.  
Sick and tired is what I feel;  
all I want is a good day  
and a great meal.

I can hear the waves  
from my front lawn.  
I hesitate  
whether to go or not,  
after all, it's only the break of dawn.  
I grab my board and run down the road.

There was a hole in my day  
and it just had to be sewn up.  
I ran through the soft sand  
and straight into the water.  
My day was complete and in order,  
free of responsibility and work  
and now, just a smirk.

### **In the Past**

by Henry B.

In the past the fields wore carpets of green, not red  
in the past I called the same home  
in the past I could walk  
in the past I could see  
in the past I lived,  
Now I am but a shell.

### **Untitled**

by Matthew W.

I'm a drinker and not proud.  
I stumble out of the bar.  
I think of how much money I'll part with  
to get a new gambling machine for the owner  
as I get in my car, tires spinning on the tar.  
I drive for a while, perhaps a mile,  
when I'm stopped by, uh-oh,  
a cop.  
He gets me to blow into a pipe.  
I tried to run but I was slow  
He pinned me down, took me down town,  
took my car and put me behind bars.  
Now I'll never get that new machine  
for the bar.

### **Shooting**

by Archie P.

The ability to react under a second  
the feeling of the wooden stock hammering  
into your tense shoulder  
the hope that you haven't shot too late  
or too early.

As the dogs zip through the air  
as if they were eagles,  
but they are met with an incredible force  
and shatter into oblivion.

The smoke purrs out  
of the end of the barrel, as the shells are pulled  
out and placed by another.

### **Under the Sea**

by James F.

Under I go,  
mouthpiece in, tank on my back.  
The land disappears, but now I see.  
See everything:  
rocks with fish  
coral with the kelp  
fish following paths in the land  
like cars on city streets.

As I dive down, I pass  
the apartments for fish  
and find myself at the bottom.  
There I lie.  
Small fish surround me,  
colourful and small  
large and bland  
absorbing me  
making me one of them.

As I rise, I pass the apartments  
full of fish and corals  
branching out like the rocks  
on a red wood.  
As I surface,  
I feel the cool brick air  
hit my face.  
I know where I am!

### **Untitled**

by Harry T.

The free world has vanished  
before everyone's eyes.  
One, two, three  
the hustle and bustle  
of modern life has taken its  
costly, costly  
toll. Silky smooth simplicity  
erodes from modern day society.  
Escape harm and pain.  
Strive to reach the outstanding feeling  
to fade into the crowd and out  
the other side.

The vigor of being pushed and shoved  
into a place full of slavery and poverty  
having confidence to the slow, torturous  
death it deserves.

This is reasoning to disappear  
into your own, free world  
where all races, religions are received.  
No slavery pulling itself  
into the cruel, cruel hands of sinners.  
This pain is hard to stomach,  
like walking on legs left when you were five,  
then coping the blame for the agony you've  
caused.  
That sock is too small compared to the messy  
world  
of war that still punishes the innocent  
for acts committed not by them but by others.  
This is the world to disappear from;  
this is the world to forget.

### **I Remember a Time Where it Used to be So Easy**

by Tom Shell

I remember when I was away from judging eyes  
I remember where I was told to reach the sky  
I remember that I could believe I could be on TV  
I remember that hope that I could do anything I  
wanted  
I remember the time I had hope  
I remember that hope died, just like how it had  
arose

I remember when it was encouraged to be  
different  
I remember the times I got shot down every time  
I try  
I remember people trying to trap me in a corner  
I remember how much it made me want to break  
down and cry  
I remember being told to hide my emotions  
I remember them being trapped in a metal box  
I remember all the times I tried to get out  
I remember all the drama, screams and shouts  
I remember scoring for the code  
I remember all the outbursts when I'd explode

I remember getting picked on like a dinner plate  
I remember all the jokes and the hate  
I remember all the times asking why  
from there I never thought to reach the sky

### **Untitled**

by George S.

They disappeared from the land  
and went to a place of sand,  
a place where waves would wash  
a place where things were more posh.

No more to world with sleep,  
he went to buy a jeep  
no more cattle and dust  
no more will his car rust

He disappeared from the land  
to the city when all was bland.  
The country didn't suit him;  
he was too much of a pin.

The country boys didn't see  
that the city was the place to be  
when he left in his van  
they know he wasn't a tin man

He arrived in the city that night.  
He looked around and nothing was right  
he realized the city was gay;  
he went back to the country the next day.

### **Disappearing**

by Jack M.

Rowing is a sport that requires power  
rowing is a skill you need to develop  
rowing is more ensuring that most tennis matches  
rowing needs more strength than tennis  
rowing is a sport that requires power  
rowing is more technical than tennis  
rowing is using more muscles than tennis  
rowing is great to have races in

Rowing is fast and can make people powerful  
rowing is a sport that is better than others  
rowers are better than tennis players.  
Tennis is a sport for pins  
tennis players make noises so people think they try  
Tennis is a sport for people with no other option.

### **Vanishing Hope**

by Charlie H.

I vanished  
I vanished into the unknown  
I vanished into the misty nothingness  
I vanish from the hurt this world has caused me  
I evade the bright lights searching  
I dissolve slowly into darkness.  
The darkness consumes me.

Hope is an illusion  
ripping apart the lives of many.  
Do not give into the hands  
of unforgiving hope.  
From all I know,  
I vanished.

### **Strife**

by Dany R.

Life, a sharpened knife.  
Life, the great disappearing act.  
It drags down anyone,  
and when it's about to hit  
you're already gone.  
It's almost as if you were never born  
where do we pray when it comes to the  
judgment act  
when god should be sacked,  
pulled back into the bloodied tracts,  
the creators of this game  
a toy to make us maimed.  
All the same to us,  
if it means fame.  
It surges upon the neck,  
the waves climbing over your mouth.  
The last thing you see is that  
there was nothing anyone could be  
except the clones of the hones that led the  
charge  
the ones that were on the barge,  
yelling and screaming  
instead of dreaming  
of the utopian world.  
There is no light  
if all you do is fight.

### **Disappearing into a regular life**

by Hamish G.

I disappeared, I disappeared  
from a life of slavery and despair.  
I disappeared from a place where people  
are treated like wild bears. Why did I leave?

I wonder. Basically to escape all that thunder.  
I wanted to disappear into a regular life  
everyone is treated equal.  
I had a dream of Martin Luther King Jr.'s speech.  
I wanted to teach. I wanted to live a good life  
and teach in a school. We are all alike,  
black or white.

### **Responsibility**

by Matteo M.

So this is it, I suddenly have to go.  
Just like this I guess.  
So everything I have been doing  
here I will lose  
We moved on together  
and we did it.

## Memories

by Winston G.

The King once sang  
memories pressed between the pages  
of my mind, makes me try to think  
of my pre-school times.

The friendship I once had  
with my kindergarten best friend  
has now found its way to the very end.  
People who I once knew have moved on  
to different schools.

My memories empty like the ink out of a pen,  
memories which I once treasured,  
memories that I now forget.

## I Disappeared

by Tom G.

I wke up stone cold in my bed,  
a cold and intense pain rushing through my  
head.

I can't get up. I'm too tired and sore  
from the kitchen I hear my mum:

*Get up and do your chores.*

I fall back to sleep and dream about life.  
Where there was no pain or suffering or strife.

I disappear from what I hate most  
I disappear from a place on the coast  
I hate crime and pain I see  
all the time, it's always on me.

They hit. They kick. They make me sad.  
No one cares about me,  
they all think I'm bad.

On the coast I've been set free,  
I can run and go out with them  
not criticising me.  
I feel normal, but only in this dream  
but in life at least, I have my team.  
My team is my family who I need and hold,  
but now I'm still in bed and now,  
I'm not so cold.

## Untitled

by Rhys C.

I've disappeared.  
I've been sent away from my own god.  
I'm not in trouble, I have to go,  
but I'm leaving everyone behind...

to their own devices.  
The bones of old everyday are now  
stars twinkling in an unreachable galaxy.  
I can't reach and touch them.  
They can only reach for me.

I've disappeared  
not for an eternity,  
but long enough to hurt me,  
I dream now not for holidays,  
but for a regular routine and home.

No more big things in life,  
it's small things that make it.  
We all take it for granted, but it's true.

I sweat a slick stream of fluid  
in the morning.  
I slosh through the rain  
but is the experience meant  
to make us or break us?  
'Cause it's breaking me.

I've seen so much,  
but the bad evens out the good  
and I've missed as much as I've seen.

Letters pour in like the rain.  
I read and rain of my own pours.  
This experience has split us and split me.

Disappearances can be good,  
experiences an be good  
but causing splitting is not good, especially  
when someone's heart is at stake.

I've disappeared from home  
but wonder what everyone else thinks.  
Do they feel detachment as well?  
I awake in the morning, under the rafters  
up high in a bank. No more morning smiles,  
the faces instead groan with the prospect of morn-  
ing runs.

I've disappeared from so much  
and now I have to disappear from where I am.  
I focus my mind and get busy,  
but only one glance reminds me  
I've disappeared.

**Back Then**

by Nicholas M.

Poof! The man he once was  
now forever changed.  
Looking back now,  
it went so fast  
but within seconds,  
he will never be the same

It started off well,  
a few rough spots but still smooth sailing  
and looking ahead.

This continued for the next few years,  
becoming clever and smart,  
it just became easier.  
But then recklessness began to set in.

2/3rds in it was looking good;  
success was in sight.

Just one last push to finish it off,  
only seconds away from the thing he desired.

Then like a stab from behind,  
there was nothing he could do  
but watch it all crumble  
as the sirens rung.

Confused and angry, off he went  
as the metal bars closed to seal his fate.  
There's nothing to do now,  
but to think about what he would change.

**Happiness**

by Lachie K.

Happiness is the thing that keeps us  
going on in life.  
We wake up everyday  
with the rich treasure of family.  
All the valuable goods give us purpose in life.  
Is life a privilege or a right?  
We get perplexed and dazzled at times,  
can't control out emotions.  
Happiness gives us a taste  
of life to come.  
Happiness is everlasting,  
even when we disappear  
out of Earth.

**Disappearing is a Gift**

by Luke B.

Disappearing is a gift,  
a gift that has a price.  
You must leave your house and wife  
to disappear through the night.  
To go to a place with no materialistic values,  
but only the values of life.  
To live without judgment  
To live without strife.

**I dream...**

by Angus R.

I dream from school and the city  
I dream from reality and routine  
I dream from what's wrong  
and focus much more on what's right.

I break reality because I can  
where things flow in any direction  
where feelings and emotions aren't justified  
where they happen because they can  
and they can because I dream them to.

The life outside a dream is lived day by day  
where decisions are based on rules.  
The life inside a dream is filled with imagination  
where the pursuit of happiness is truly met  
where the days aren't determined by the sunset.

Anyway, I'll finish with the notion that I dream  
because I can, and no one can stop me.  
What do you dream about?

## **Disappearance**

by Jock T.

Disappearance and doubts will end.  
Disappear because of hope and faith  
that you are a reason and the reason you are  
is to one day disappear.

Today things are made to last,  
so please tell me why  
there are minimal things of the past.  
It all happens to all thoughts and objects  
as simple as a tree.

A tree that withers to eventually be chopped  
down.

The tree, chopped down, is transported as logs  
the logs are simply fed into a machine  
or a burning fire.

The fire which will die down and soon disappear  
only leaves a trace of ashes and fear.

Disappearing is no choice,  
it happens to all  
so don't just live your life,  
**HAVE A BALL!**

Leave a legacy  
Leave a trace  
Leave existence of you in this place  
'cause life is not eternal in this mortal form,  
so don't waste any time  
in the classroom or in the dorm.

You can't run  
you can't hide  
you can't dodge  
you just vanish  
so have hope in your heart  
and don't just fake the part.  
Because you are special

and you make your choices.  
So don't live for yourself,  
but take advice from other voices.

So when your time comes to disappear,  
don't disappear into darkness  
and an obsolete mist. Disappear with a reason  
and a ticked-off bucket list.

So tell yourself:

I do not disappear for my safety  
I do not disappear to escape from fear  
I do not disappear because of people  
I disappeared and left not one fear.

## **Untitled**

by Max R.

Rowing down the river  
with all my mates with me

Rowing down the river,  
sweating and dripping,  
and the Finish line was near to me

Rowing down the river,  
I pulled and pushed  
with all my heart

Rowing down the river,  
I was about to pass  
and that's when I knew  
it was my last

I crossed the Finish line  
with my hands high.  
I'm feeling tall, unstoppable;  
we're the champions.

After the race, we went down  
to the canteen to look  
at the flat water, a sheet of glass.  
Looked down at my hands and saw  
my battle scars, my blisters.

I reflected on the day,  
remembering the crowd cheering.

## **Glengarry**

by James H.

Whisked away. Come.  
Driven out like an unwanted one.  
Make some new friends here,  
make some more; in the end,  
It feels like a chore.

Sure, there's lots to do.  
I'm busy as a bee, but something  
here just doesn't complete me.  
Don't get me wrong—there is still fun.

It's not like I've given up  
and I'm already done. At this place,  
you can really feel nature's touch.  
The valley is beautiful;  
"It doesn't rain very much".  
We can go running, biking and hiking.

Some boys have even been struck  
by lightning. I guess my family  
do still love me, for this is a place  
where life lessons are learned.  
Although I don't know why they sent me,  
I just hope that I am still yearned.

### **Running Around**

by Nic T.

Running 'round, dodging what it shows  
to only realise that it only disappoints me  
from left to right and alley to alley.  
Only to reach a valley in the distance,  
only to reach an instant life  
when I'm breached with a sharp knife.

To come back to the populated world,  
all to curl up into a little ball and roll,  
only to roll forwards to the end.

### **A Place to Call Home**

by Ripples A.

The mountains, a paradise land  
where deer run wild and pristine creeks  
flow like a child.  
Mountains one more than a paradise,  
they are a place to call home.  
They stand proud, silhouetted  
against the melting sun, like a picture  
painted in paradise.

Herds of deer roam wild  
as they return to their mountain kingdoms.  
Standing majestic against the lush valley,  
sharing happiness is the changing way of free-  
dom.  
Because I know that there is no Wi-Fi in the  
mountains,  
but I will find a better connection.

Emotions run wild and free, like birds flying high  
the clap of thunder beating down upon me  
was like the clashing of antlers I could hear  
high above me.

This is the land I want to call home,  
the place I'd rather be.

As the mist rolls away  
and a lone working dog barks  
against the coming down  
brings a new day and a changing horizon.  
This is a changing land that should never go,  
because in the distance of our lives,  
this is the place I will always know.

### **Untitled**

by Alex W.

I came to Glengarry in the middle of a valley,  
not really knowing what to expect,  
or who to respect.  
I hadn't planned for any fun or given thought  
to the funds my family were willing to pay.

I came to Glengarry to find  
I had 18 new brothers who all miss their mothers  
and are in the same boat as me.  
For some, this is easy to deal with  
but for me, it's as hard as stone.  
But I've learnt to be as strong as a thighbone.  
I hope to reach the finish line  
and continue on with my life's show.

### **Escape**

by Oliver W.

Homesick,  
lying down in my bed  
listening to the music in my head,  
thinking...  
I'm thinking about home: Sydney.  
Thinking about where I could be  
sitting, drinking a cup of tea.

Six months, that's a long time  
but with the experiences  
it's worth every dime.  
I won't disappear to another place  
where I can sleep and rest  
that would be the best way from all  
the rest, just thinking.

I've said and done some things  
that I regret but that's part of growing up.  
You learn, you live  
sometimes in life you hit things head on  
and you have nowhere to go,  
you have to face them  
with courage and understand what it means  
to know you've done something wrong  
instead of denying it.  
It's no way to live your life.  
You just have to keep thinking.

## **Gone**

by Daniel P.

Gone, everything gone.  
Friends spread apart like sand in the wind.  
the enemies I once had are now just a memory  
such good times in the present, but it's the future  
now  
at this moment I'm lost but then I was found.  
Everything I knew about me is history.  
Everything I could have been is nothing but a  
mystery.  
My dreams back then, go to the NBA  
but now I'm just praying to continue to play  
My dreams and thoughts are all being crushed  
While society stares me in the face and kicks up  
the dust.  
Gone, everything gone.

## **Moving places**

by Xavier R.

I'm moving places all the time  
finishing my homework, line after line  
change of environment, changing my life  
giving me a different view on our world.  
Moving places, to a valley to see something new  
experiencing something I've never been told to  
do  
Home was a place full of safety and love  
knowing people would help me and direct from  
above  
but now that's all gone and I have to  
think for myself.  
I know if I try I can stay in good  
health  
Moving places all the time  
improving every day and loving this new life.  
Learning new skills wherever I go  
and understanding what I miss about home.

## **Basketball**

by Connor Y.

Bounce, bounce, bounce, all day  
Long. It never stops. My life  
Is a basketball with it's ups and downs.  
Once you step on that court, you  
escape from life. You leave your  
problem behind and focus on your job  
at hand. To the squeaking on my shoes  
to the sound of the net swishy.  
It gets rid of all my problems  
like I'm back home.

## **Footy**

by Charlie B.

Oots Oost  
running down the sideline  
2 trucks are running at me  
I was dodging them like land mines  
The try line is all that I can see

Oots Oost  
I was holding the ball as if it was gold  
I stepped, spun, swiggled and swirled  
I got hit hard and started to roll  
The pain was so much it was the end of the  
world

Oots Oost  
I ran towards the ruck  
It wasn't as bad as it seems

Oots Oost  
The ball went swiftly along the back line  
The ball was for me to run

I knew the moment was mine

The crowd was cheering me so loud it sounded  
like  
a firing gun.

Oots Oost  
In the corner I scored  
My team surrounded me  
The crowd started to roar

Oots Oost  
10-12 it was my shot at goal  
it was for the win  
I knew I could get it, was in my soul

## **Disappear**

by Damian A.

We disappear to get rid of technology and phone  
We disappear to create our own homes.

We disappear to learn and discover.  
We disappear to recover.

Society has its ups and downs  
but its development moves around.  
Society is full of bugs  
That 'inject' you with all kinds of  
drugs.



### **Disappearing**

by James Z.

We disappear from everyday life so that  
We can enjoy ourselves. We disappear.  
We disappear from the  
Ones we love and hate, despise and  
date, so that we can escape.  
Escape from the speeding cars  
and school because its too  
hard. We want to escape so we can  
find out who we truly are  
and what that means. We disappear.  
For some of us that means  
Disappearing from the spot-  
Light into the darkness of the night  
so that that stars may look down on us.  
But for me,  
Disappearing is all about enjoyment.  
We disappear.

### **Disappearing**

by Tom C.

We disappear to get away from our  
Way of life. We disappear  
because it takes painful  
problems out of our way of life. Sometimes  
it can have a painful effect like a drug  
on our way of life. We disappear as  
it takes away our tears from our way of  
life. To get away from life sets  
us free to be whatever we want to  
be in our way of life. We use this in our  
way of life to be the best that we  
can be in our way of life.

Your way of life is more important  
than the disappearing way of life.  
That is why we disappear, in our way of life.

### **Disappearing**

by Daniel G.

We disappear to the beaches  
we get to the sand  
somehow we see peaches  
all over the beaches.

But then people are banned  
from the beaches.

We swim back towards  
the shore  
getting out of the water  
and then entering through  
the car door.

We drive away not knowing  
what the day was today  
because we were so relaxed today.  
We had NO intention about tomorrow.  
We stopped to eat, but  
then noticed people harvesting wheat.  
We asked where can we get some food,  
he said there is some  
by the bay.

### **We Disappear**

by Will D.

We disappear to live a life of being alone.  
We disappear because we want independence.  
We disappear because society is sick.  
We disappear to live the life we were  
made for.

Disappearing can be our saviour  
it can completely change our behaviour

we don't want all of these fancy things  
we just want nature to teach us  
to be our guardian angel.

Our society is sick  
It's like it has a giant tick.  
We need help to recover  
We need to learn and discover

We disappear to love a life of being alone.  
We disappear because we want independence.  
We disappear because society is sick.  
We disappear to live the life we were  
made for.

We disappear to be ourselves.  
To do what we were made for  
Have Mother Nature look out for us  
If we do this we can recover  
and the maybe live forever.

### **Things I wonder**

by James S.

I thought it was an indigo,  
its a silver, why is the sky  
blue?  
Why are pineapples spiky?  
Why do all threes have leaves?  
Surely there is an explanation  
For all these weird colours.  
There are these birds outside  
and they look like ping pong balls.  
Why is light from the sun yellow?  
Why yellow and not any other colour  
it could have been?  
Blue, green , yellow, red.  
To me there has to be an answer.

## **Disappearing**

by Matt P.

We disappear from society to find ourselves.  
We disappear to escape hatred.  
We disappear to escape violence that surrounds us like a fence.  
We disappear so that we can be at peace.

There are so many problems with the world we just need to escape to what really matters.

## **Visualise**

by Matt L.

Visualise charging a massive snowy mountain, visual flying, now put the together, going down the mountain you have to fly to survive or suffer.

Disappearing in the snow is what Makes you keep flying, you might Do it for the dough or you might just want fresh snow.

Visualise disappearing to the smell of snow or the touch or taste or sound or sight. In the end it all comes to mean the same. The thought of disappearing.

The thoughts that are in our Heads or in our hearts. The thoughts That we act about or the thoughts That trouble us are usually the Thoughts that make us stay.

But the thoughts that we act about are the ones that make us disappear. They might take us to different lengths, lengths that you might not be comfortable with. It might be surfing a 10ft wave or it might be swimming with the biggest fish in the world. But at the end of the day its all about disappearing.

## **Think About This**

by Charlie W.

Think about this. Think about a world with no humans, no pollution, a world with no order. Think about a world without people, no killing, no war on land, no borders. Think about this.

Wouldn't it be a great place?  
The world would be better without the human race.  
All grace, no rat race. No haste for the things we chase.  
No greed, no lust, no envy.  
no-one with their hearts heavy.

If we all disappeared, would the world last? The universe would improve and fast.  
Animals would live, trees grow, the water won't rise and rivers will flow. Global warming would be halted in its tracks, these are all facts.

Think about this. If we disappeared

we wouldn't be missed. When we leave, they won't be pissed.  
They won't mind, dog, fish, tree or cat.  
Think about that.

## **Getting lost**

by Dylan T.

We disappear to be part of the unknown to get away from our homes.  
We can't be waiting whilst we're escaping. Tim is slipping away while the trees around us sway.  
The soft grass like a soft carpet if only we could live in it.  
We disappear to get out,  
To get away from the norm, to go into the storm. We disappear to be alone, to break free of our comfort zone.

Society is messing with our fate, all we could do back then was just wait.  
No we are free listening to the soft static of the forest giving us a sense of glee.

We disappear to get lost at whatever cost.  
Discovering new things we just can't wait to see what it brings.

### **We Disappear**

by Aiden B.

We disappear to get to our place,  
running away from everything  
we ever faced. Running with the wind,  
ever so slowly, along the way  
we write some poetry. The skills  
we have learnt, from time to time  
make our poetry beautifully rhyme.  
The universe has never been explored,  
But the things we discover will  
Be adored. For the greats that have parted  
Will have predicted the  
Future, that lies in our hands,  
and will be  
forever remembered.

### **We Disappear**

by Lucas B.

We disappear for the good of people,  
because I take innocent children's lives.  
I despise the size of the  
population rise, it grows and grows,  
causing crowds in places  
making less and less of resources.

The race is on for  
the world to realize the struggle  
that will arrive with all of these problems.  
Problems turn into disasters and  
mass massacres.

We disappear  
so that peace is maintained  
and stays the same. That it does  
not make the world as we know it  
vanish like a jet plane.

We disappear so that problems don't  
Arise, the population stays the same size.  
The rise stops and the problems subside.

We disappear so that children  
can keep playing. It's the real way of living  
for the greater good.

### **I miss my Grandfather**

by James M.

I miss my Grandfather. He was quiet  
and didn't do much.  
He was more of a fuss than anything else.  
but I still love my Grandfather.

I miss my Grandfather,  
he was a dormant man  
he looked rather woozy  
no-one new he was packing the Boozy.

I miss my Grandfather,  
He was a good person  
Sadly he was often cursing.  
He was always happy to see me.  
Sometimes I was ready to flee from he.

The only thing was I met him once.  
I miss my Grandfather.

### **We Disappear**

by Josh C.

The pollution is making wildlife  
disappear. So we go to Glengarry  
and wildlife appears.

Every Friday we go hiking  
and experience it all.  
We do this to enjoy wildlife  
and appreciate it all.

We escape from family and disappear.  
We escape our comfort zone and  
a new world appears.  
We learn new skills so we can stay  
safe in the outdoors.  
In the outdoors we can have fun.  
When we escape from our comfort zone  
we learn to be done.

### **We Disappear**

by James W.

We disappear from home to be alone.  
We disappear from society to sit silently.  
We disappear from the light into the night.  
We disappear from the vice to the smile.  
Disappearing is like a rollercoaster  
you never know where it will  
take you.

### **The world unknown**

by Gus M.

We disappear from the big city  
to find ourselves.  
Go out into the world unknown  
Be without a telephone  
Venture deeper, to find out our purpose.  
The real reason,  
not just what appears on the surface.

We disappear from everyday life  
To be alone and break free of our comfort zone.

Sometimes this is good, sometimes this is bad.  
Sometimes it bring happiness  
others it brings us sadness  
but that's okay.  
Sometimes all we need is a bit of role-play.

Once of the things most cherished in my life is  
sport,  
the other is support.  
I receive this from family and friends  
and whenever I hit a dead end in life  
they turn me around and send me in the  
right direction  
whenever I have a different perception.

We reappear to enjoy life's wonder,  
These include activities such as  
cricket, rugby and tennis.  
This is my happy place, this is where  
I belong.

### **Killing time**

by Costa T.

60 seconds to a minute, 60 minutes to  
an hour, 24 hours to a day  
I'm talking about time  
the time disappears everyday...  
at least you could say  
the long list of history  
could stay a mystery  
if you didn't talk  
talking is key  
to keep the future happy  
talk about the kiss by the sea  
or the little boy who scraped his knee.  
These little things are part of time,  
the time that seems to pass by  
so quick as it passes  
don't miss it, its quite fast.  
In the distant mist  
down in the abyss  
your history stays a mystery.  
It's only time that can save history.

### **New Life**

by Tom M.

I've gone to start a new life  
New, friends, new home, new fight  
Different places, different focus, but not a differ-  
ent me.

I've gone to start a new life  
Out of my comfort zone.  
Trying to find a brand new home  
hearing the quiet groan

of someone being beat up at my old home.  
The one thing I don't miss  
is coming home to find  
something stolen.

I've gone to start a new life  
and the one I found was  
better than the one I left behind.

### **The never-ending race**

by Billy R.

BOOM!  
The gun goes off, splash the  
paddles hit the water.  
Powering through the surf as waves  
smash onto the bow of the ski.  
On this certain day one mistake could  
cause mayhem.

Crash as more waves hit the ski.  
A monstrous wave appears on the  
horizon.

As he moves closer and closer he grows  
with more fear.  
Metres away he realizes his ski has  
broken. He yells 'Oh God!'

The wave hits him with all its might  
crash as he topples into the open sea  
-the worst place you could possibly be.  
Whack as the paddle knocks him uncon-  
scious.  
This was his fate, never to be seen again.

### **Natural world**

by Nick B.

I go into the cave out of  
the natural world. I squeeze in  
my body is now curled.

The rocks are course walls all  
Surrounding. I turn on my torch  
and look ahead, its astounding.

I finally succumb to my hands  
and knees. Crawling  
deeper and deeper through.

I try to relax but suddenly  
I feel the dust pollute my throat.  
After I finish this I will  
Deserve to gloat.

They tell me "turn of your light"  
but can I muster up the might?

### **Disappear from everyday life**

by Jake

We disappear from everyday life  
to be alone, to break free of our comfort zone.  
We escape from school to be cool  
but behind our backs people  
Think we're a fool.  
Whether we're acting tough  
or playing rough, there's always a  
time to pull yourself back up, and  
say no, that's not me, I'm not  
mean or reckless, I've just been  
living in a dream.

### **Footy**

by Charlie B.

Footy, footy, footy, that's all  
I want to do. I've played  
since I was two. Every weekend  
running down the sideline with  
a smile on my face. All day every day.  
The whistle blows 2 steps back, 3 across,  
bang it's all over.



## Poet Bios

Zohab Zee Khan is nomadic spoken word artist, originally hailing from Wagga Wagga NSW. He is the founding director of Zee Poetics, an organisation that aims to inspire a new generation of poets through performance based workshops. Zohab won the APS NSW Slam in 2012.

Lorin Elizabeth is a spoken word poet and co-founder/host of the Enough Said poetry slam at Studio 19 in Wollongong. She was a finalist at the 2013 Nimbin Performance Poetry World Cup and has shared the stage with acclaimed poets including Tug Dumbly, Candy Royale and Luka Lesson.

## 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.