



Oxley College, New South Wales, 2016

The Disappearing with Lorin Elizabeth & Zohab Khan

Over two days in March, The Red Room Company brought renowned performance poets Lorin Elizabeth and Zohab Khan to Oxley College. More than 340 students from Years 7-11 wrote poems tracing memories rooted to time and place. With activities inspired by *The Disappearing* learning resource, students explored the lasting ties between home, memory, and disappearance.

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.

The Red Room Company at Oxley College, NSW, 2016

redroomcompany.org/education/



Where I'm From

Old country towns
weathered with age
changing, morphing
factories booming.
Smoke fills the air
green grass changes to brown dirt.

The once vivid forest now dull & bleak
animals once frolicking,
birds in the trees, now nowhere.
Selfies, politicians, celebrities,
technology, filters, hashtag,
Instagram, Snapchat.

Our world is changing
skyscrapers looming
business flourishing
people chatting
cameras clicking
Antarctica melting, whaling, terrorism,
bombs, refugees, earthquakes, tsunamis.
Language, culture changing.

Old country towns
now a long way in the past.

By Bronte S.

I come from the ocean,
from the cold, gritty sands,
from the drowning blue waves,
from the raw fishy scent.

I come from a pool, that rids
of my worries like fertilizer
rids of weeds,
from a place where my toes sink
deep beneath the mud-like
surface.

Where my hair lengthens
itself down to my back,
droplets of water blink
as they fall further
down my spine.

I come from the ocean
from the breaking of waves
the frothing white water,
from the feeling of bliss
when your head is submerged
beneath the water.

I come from the ocean.

By Anonymous

I'm sick of politicians
making promises that they can't keep
or can keep but won't.

Sick of them lying
even if we know that they are,
they'll just keep denying,
sick of them making laws
that nobody likes
sick of them coaxing us in
with honey-sweet lies
and we try to find
something, anything good
but we can't.

Trying to find anyone good
but we can't

They use our money,
money that we do need,
perhaps contrary to their belief,
they use it for themselves,
not for the betterment of
the contrary,
and we still pay.

I chase.

Some people just
can't see behind their
smiley-face masks.

By Sam C.

Where I'm From

Cars zooming past like they are racing
The small of the fumes surrounding
limited trees scatter the area around
leaving bare empty spaces

Occasionally fire arises
Burning the few trees in empty spaces
Leaving nothing but the tree bases
hearing the burning tree cries

When the fire is out
the vegetation has grown
Now smelling like freshly cut grass that has
been mown
Growing, growing without a doubt

By Sarah P.

Morning dew settles
on the yellow grass.
Dogs barking
and making a racket.

By Tyrone W.

My bed, pressed against the wall in my room
past the wall, a danger there looms.
A school holiday, time to sleep forever
Wrong, after 9am, there no time. Never.

By Anonymous

As I open my eyes, in the
misty morning, I wonder to
myself; how do people imagine
themselves jumping on a bed
of clouds, running through a rainbow
of jellybeans, leaping across
the hall, eager to go to school.
Frankly that's just not me.
As I open my eyes, in the misty
morning, I wonder to myself,
if the teachers at school will yet at
me, if the sad haunted sky will shine
as two peas in a pod drifting
into the centre of the earth.

By Ellie C.

Where I'm from
you wake up to the sound
Of mowers humming
Dogs marking
Neighbours arguing
The wind rustling
Through perfect polished gardens
The cat from next door
Pouncing like a lion
Golden smells of breakfast cooking
The gentle hum of suburbia
That's where I'm from

By Lotte T.

Far beyond my house lies my stupid devil of a
neighbour
a place where little kids are forced into labour.
Yes, you guessed it, I live near a school,
thanks mum for choosing this house. Oh
such a fool.

Walking outside for some fresh summer air,
only to spot spying school kids that stare,
their eyes are begging, pleading for

By Anonymous

The stench of cow poo
not so vile anymore.
Free from others, I belong
to this farm, dirt, poo and all.

By Harry M.

13 times
In my 16 years, 4 months
and 2 days of living
I have moved 13 times.
The city, a loud and obnoxious place,
filled with as many people
as the amount of pollution that's in the air.
Too much.

By Anonymous

Where I'm From

Lightening strikes,
the body is outlined with light,
hope and free sprits.
The ghost like body is sleep
through the snow.

The thundering hooves
on a rocky hard ground.
Soon to be covered by fresh white powder.
The shriek of a neigh fills the valley,
answering calls from around the hills.

Emotion is filling my cold heart with warmth.
Warmth from my favourite creatures.

By Anonymous

He painted the picture
With a brush made of emotions
The picture of the self he's never seen,
With his own blood he made
The master piece, the master he
Was nce, placed on canvas;
A lie. Who this is you ask? An empty
"You, the devil" (I say)

By Alexander K.

The sound of the bombing was incessant,
The falling rubble: constant.
But the joyful cries of children had ceased
Whilst the flow of blood was released.

No more were the bustling markets.
No more were the streets filled with laughter.
Yet sorrowful faces had consumed the city
Like a virus those faces spread.

They infiltrated little towns and villages
flowed like water, like the blood
dripping off the rubble
They carried naught but trouble
They carried the war to those villages
and pillaged them.

The children in hospitals, in graves
The little impaled bodes
littered the pavement
Whilst parents stared into their houses
that were dark as caves.
For the war would not stop,
like the blood that dripped off the rocks.

By Layla R.

The sunrise as bright as a fire.
Gleaming light shines into the sky.
everyone's sleeping, there's not a sound
from any house or any town.
But wait, what is that?
A sound.
A bird.
Flying over houses.
It flies over towns.
Finally, he lands on a roof
Resting his wings, looking up at the sunrise.

By Anonymous

Rolling hills,
Scenic views
Cows moving
Pigs grunting
Tractors sowing
Whips cracking like trees snapping
Rivers adventuring into the unknown

By Chris C.



Lorin Elizabeth is a spoken word poet and co-founder/host of the Enough Said poetry slam at Studio 19 in Wollongong. She has graduated from a journalism and creative writing double degree and now spends her time learning the lyrics to rap albums.

Lorin has performed feature sets at Bankstown Poetry Slam, Art Party, Word In Hand in Glebe, Mars Hill Slam in Parramatta and at Word Co-Op in Canberra. 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. In 2013 Lorin was a performer and program coordinator for the first Word Travels Festival in Sydney and also featured in the “2013: A Spoken Word Odyssey” at Marrickville Festival.

Lorin also works with young people as part of the Stand Tall Speak Out High School Poetry Slam in Bankstown and is currently running a series of special Poetry Object workshops with The Red Room Company.



Zohab Khan is the current Australian Poetry Slam Champion, didgeridoo player, harmonica beat-boxer and hip-hop artist. Zohab has toured Asia, the Middle East and Europe to sell-out crowds. In 2014, Zohab was a finalist in the International Poetry Slam in Madrid and was chosen to participate in an artistic residency in Dubai.

As an 4th generation Australian of Pakistani heritage and having grown up in rural NSW, Zohab has channelled his distinct life experiences into stories with the intent to educate. Zohab confronts a range of social justice issues from racism to gender inequality and socio-economic disparities. Zohab’s high energy and powerful words have left countless inspired.

I Write (2015) is his first collection of poetry.

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.