



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/



Year 11

Untitled By Oscar P.

Dust
Settled on the table
Settled on the chair
Still for eternity
Untouched
Unbroken
Unreachable

Childhood By Magz D.

Childhood is but a distant memory
The comfort of innocence lost
The unknown is now found
Threats of the future lay ahead.

Untitled By Tom H.

Strands of string flake, fall, fly from my scalp.
It leaps away, exposing the bare crown
of an unprotected soul
Who clutches
and clenches
and grasps the slippery rope that evades
my touch.
No success.

Vacantly rest, hours on end;
Chew a mouthful of bland, hours to swallow;
Run endless miles, gasping every hour;
No success.
I'm getting old.

Untitled By Alex C.

The sounds were jumping around,
destroying all life like a monster.
Buildings falling, the ground lifting in a crazy
wave.
Screams penetrating all thoughts of life.
Dust was clouding everything,
engulfing everyone like water over sand.

Life was ending, people were disappearing
dropping like flies.
What people were left were stampeding
towards shelter as if it were Mecca.
Families no longer mattered,
The fight for individual survival had begun.

Silence By Anonymous

Slowly disappearing
and reappearing
silence is always there.
The one thing you can break
just by saying a word.
Silence, strong but weak,
silence, nowhere but everywhere.
Silence, everything but
nothing. Silence is always there.
Stalking, creeping, staring
down at everything.
Silence, silence, silence.

View From Heaven By Sarah J.

As dawn begins
my heart felt warmth.
Rolling around these hills,
nothing but thoughts.
They fill my mind.

Untitled By Luke N.

Empty shops, dead streets
Not a soul to be found on these lonely roads.
Narrow, winding paths along the hills
like cuts on a corpse
Where are the people? Where is the noise?
The cars? Nothing moves as far as I can see.
No animals rustle in the bushes,
no birds chirping their age-old songs.
It truly is a ghost town,
A town of memories lost that I found.
Not even the wild creatures of the night
dare in this place,
for they know not what they will face
only that they will never return.
So they journey somewhere else,
where the grass is greener,
greener than this pen.

Long Lost Books
By Oliver R.

My books come in and out of my life
from day to day, as soon as I get one
another goes far away,
when I find one again, it smells
like a wind carried from far, far away,
for books are but memories
entering and exiting our lives
every day.

Childhood
By Best D.

He came in. He stared at me,
his stare as sweet and loving as a mother's
but as he got closer to me
he was dragged away.
Screams, tears.
Childhood dragged away.

Magic (My Rabbit)
By Best D.

"Bye!" Just before school,
I say to him with my morning drool.

Black as night but bright as day
he came in that box filled with hay.

His long whiskers, his cute little ears...
Now that I think of him, it fills me with tears.

He came and went so quickly to my surprise.
I didn't even get to say bye.

Rabbits
By Sheridan L.

My rabbits were free
and they loved me.
One was black and one was grey
and I'll stay and pray,
until they lay.

Untitled
By Max M.

Sunken, blood shot eyes staring out
into nothing. Sleep, a distant memory lies
just out of your grasp.
Sounds pass through your ears like
a thick soup. Incomprehensible.
Fans drone above, pushing the damp
air around the room,
including your hibernation.
NO! Stop! Can't fall asleep! Learn!
Covalent solids! Metaphor! $y = mx + b$
but barely.
Soon to be forsaken into the haze. Your
eyes glazed over.

Untitled
By Ted O.

Rewind a decade; 4'9", golden
hair, eyes of the sky.
Macealy St, Leichardt.
A world of unknown and imagination.
Matchbox cars, paper planes
and Lego - the building of my child hood.

Untitled
By Cedric H.

Trust came
Trust left
I expected that
Trust came again
Trust left again
I expected that
I really don't expect
that trust to come back
but then this one girl
gave an exception to that fact.
She came in like the breeze through an
open door,
And sure enough that trust came
back once more.

What happened next I didn't
expect but the trust that
was there
gave a teasing touch, a
telling wave, a telling turn
and left.

Trust won't come back.

Untitled
By Catriona U.

The faces stared blankly
Their bodies moving in sync
As social norms crack the whip

These unspoken rules we live by
Disguise our personalities to the naked eye
Making A be C,
no room for compromise

But what happens when A wants to be A?
Wants to follow their voice, wants to -
the whip cracks again and Cs flood in

Identity, what does that even mean
When we're knee-deep into superficiality?
How can the true you be seen

But when the whip's in the air...

Untitled
By Grace

Time is disappearing. Clocks have
tired hands from spinning constantly. The
age of the world is an on going stopwatch,
racing, fighting, desperately needing power.
Time is like the waves in the ocean,
never stopping, yet slowly disappearing.
Time will be completely gone one day,
we just don't know yet.

Bereave
By Sophie D.

Her death came as a surprise
but every death comes as a surprise
I denied myself the right to feel the way I did
Because I felt as if I had cheated her
We never spoke
But not everyone speaks
Tears wont bring her back
We know because we have cried
She was a reminder of how fleeting life is
A reminder that innocent souls fall into sinful
places
An end no one wanted to see her meet
But no one wants to see a lifeless end
And those who don't know her
will forever say her name

Untitled
By Ashley

Not knowing is okay
as you sit down to start
all words suddenly walk out the door.
as if they are angry; mad.

Not knowing is okay.
feeling adrenaline running through
as you don't know what to do.
Breathing heavily, but...silence.

Myself
By Grace W.

Myself
15th march 2015, different grace,
Naïve, reckless, stupid
15th March 2010, new grace,
happy, inspired, stable
personality and habits disappeared
death of emotions

Untitled
By Tom B.

People/Friends/Family/Heroes
All things disappear eventually,
Nothing can exist without eventually
Fading into nothing.
Family and friends cannot stay with you
forever, whether it is you that leaves
Them, or they leave you; bonds will
be tested.

Untitled
By Bella D.

And their face shone brighter
than the crimson sun blazing in the sky,
Their laughter illuminating the air with every
breath.
I inhaled the sweet smell of the Thai delicacies
that filled the evergreen atmosphere.
And watched on as the children bounded
across the fields of rice and leapt
into the jungle they called home.
I felt them reflect my wildest childhood
dreams,
Carefree and filled with the sweetest joy,
The skin on their bare feet peeling on the
heated ground,
Their tanned flesh reflecting the sun's rays.
As the children played their minds began to
wonder
their talents shone through
And as they left school early to work
on the fields they called home,
their dreams began to fade too.

Untitled
By Amelia C.

Smiling out the door,
faces disappearing,
the school and even the road
I blinked and it was gone

Faces fading in the distance
as I smiled out the door
climbing into the truck.

Untitled
By Anonymous

Trust is a parent
Trust hugs us like a mother
with her child.
Wrapping around our bodies telling
us everything is alright.
I have never known that feeling.
I may have once or twice
but now It is all but a distant memory.
I don't remember.
I remember
when I was 13 and sitting in maths class
Felt like walking on a tightrope
so close to death.
Not from the work but from
Those around me.
Trust is a mother wrapping
us up as if we are her children
Why don't I feel this is the case?
Did something happen to me?
Or was I born with this
vacant hole where the
ability to trust should be?

Untitled
By Lexie N.

Are we even people anymore?
Have we abandoned everything that makes us
human?
Falling into a trap and forever locking the door.

Untitled
Sophie C.

My childhood disappears
A candle in a dark room is no more.
Struggling to cling onto the years,
waves holding back from the shore.

There was so little time to embrace the
moment.
I never had the chance to see
That what I had was so important
And always filled me with glee.

But now it's gone,
The light has faded
And the road doesn't seem as long

So now I walk
I take my time

Time/Youth
By Allegra H.

My eyes are open
Blink. 365 days have passed.
Running through the park in
daylight.

The Day Dream
By Laura

The mountain was like a crystal
Shiny and valuable
The view was so beautiful
It was like a dream

The painted trees were drawing a border
A border, blocking the stream
The stream lapping against the bank
It was like a dream

The sound of birds was music to my ears
Then I hear a voice
It was a dream
My day-dream disappeared.

Who
By Sam

Who is here,
Who is there,
Who is nothing, yet everywhere,
Who is cheeky,
Who is cunning,
Who is scared and comes home running,
Who is kind,
Who is nice,
Who likes to sing and make friends with nice,
Who is you,
Who is me,
Who is what makes us what we want to be.

Youth
By Anonymous

Strutting past you like a false confident lie.
One minute the only thought
The next a faded memory,
Once told to never take for granted,
Then perceived as the unreachable
The smile of faith, telling me not
to worry
But leaving me with nothing but regret.
Sucker punch to the face
from realisation.

Blink
By Anonymous

Blink and you'll miss it
The flight of a sparrow
The weathering of mountain
The shedding of skin.

All distances have numbers
All days have hours
All days are numbered
Together we'll grow old and die.

Paper has youth
Paper has knowledge
Paper has wrinkles
All knowledge goes to die.

Untitled
By Isabella K.

Grasping onto memories,
whilst new ones are formed.
Booming music, desperate faces.
Colours, tastes, smells, sounds.
Time speeds up,
days morphed into nights.
Voices scratching the silent night,
Leaves crunching underfoot.
Trade a smile, one million words.
Crashing into the playful water.
Airborne, network breaking, strings tugging.
Rumble, bump, Australia.

Untitled
By Sebastian B.

Like an Old Man hobbling
along with his walking stick.
Every moment and event accumulates
Each experience adding to his character.
One moment he runs his legs
flexible yet sturdy
Like the branches of a tree.
The next he leans heavily
unable to walk unassisted.
The Old Man is a window
that shows all that is to come.

Geometrical Land
By Gina D.

The green and black sky
of the geometrical land
sends streams of blood red out
towards the sky
like a wild fire that can't be controlled.
The streaks of red blind your eyes.

The square buildings of the geometric land
represents a past time of creativity
that no one can imagine
it's beyond everyone's ability

The blood red son of the geometric land
sends out horrific sights
of old wars that made
the loss of hopeful lights.

Now the citizens of the geometric land
never have peaceful nights
for all the once happy people
wake up in frights

WI-FI
By Harry

The wi-fi slowly moves
and comes on and off
and looks like a mist.
Sometimes works and is always
lazy and lags along.

It is always disappearing
when the connection is on.

Untitled
By Zoe L.

They pass like blazing sneers
You won't get a smile if not from around here
Piercing through tints as dark as voids,
they cast looks not possible to avoid

A burning headlight or a piercing sneer
Flushing past almost never here
They open your eyes to what you miss
Irritating at first to see the worst
These lights

These lights are lessons in the dark
From people unknown hurtling away
They wake you, and shake you,
But leave before they know their presence is felt.

Tick-Tock
By Anonymous

Infinite opportunity, rapidly decimates.
The list of priorities, a geometric tangent.
Time sounds like the rushing and
buzzing of a city train station, busy
beings constantly moving about.
Or a quiet exam room, silenced – broken
by the ticking metronome of a
clock.

Readily available, always
desired yet constantly disappearing.
Time is like a free-for-all sale.
Available to all.

Untitled
By Amber T.

One, two, three...the ache thumped hard
on my ribcage as the icy breeze brushed
my skin, causing an array of goosebumps
on my forearm.
The feeling is far too familiar
as I cover myself up with a coat.

Twenty one, twenty two, twenty three...
the bitter coffee swishes around
my mouth. It tastes like the sweet
memories I am forced to forget.
I leave the mug with a ding to
signal my exit.

Forty one, forty two, forty three...
The musky smell of the room makes
me feel sick to my stomach.
Flashes of blonde are seen in my rear vision,
anxiety fills the pit of my stomach as
I ask for yet another drink.

The Ballet Dance
By Hai F.

The dancer twirled around the room
Like a swan with legs, in her beautiful
white gown.

Dreams
By Sam P.

That Dream...that dream I had
It walked through the door.
That dream was huge.
It was so huge
that it broke down the door.
That dream...that dream I had.
All I ever wanted in life.
That dream was perfect.

Untitled
By Madeline D.

The walls were being knocked down.
The same walls that were once
Lines with the memories
of infant fingerprints
and echoing laughter.
Dust exploded from the impact
of a menacing hammer,
and cascaded down.
It settled into the corners
and creases of the room.
Layers of it covering plastic toys
absentmindedly scattered along the floor.
My fingers traced the jagged edge
of the gyprock. Through the past,
into distant feelings
of belonging and comfort.

They say a house is not a home
without love, but this home
was not a home without its house.
The walls were now gone.

LEGO
By Jack

The Lego is as sharp as a butcher's knife.
It is like an untouched youth
finally having someone to play with.
Lego is the full spectrum of colours
all entwined into a sea of clean plastic.
It is an architect's tool kit all rolled into one.
Lego is everyone's imagination.

Lego is like alcohol -
once you discover it, it becomes a daily dose
of fun, a price ranging from 10-500 dollars.

Untitled
Jack K.

Life fades from the sun-bleached
place, where men hath ceased
to see light.
Where row and row
like soldiers, the buildings grow
and grow. The sky once blue
now fade to green from men
of ages past, whose gluttony
and greed had found
them death, now
brought the world
ill-health. What ever happened
to the world of old,
where things were built to last?

Time
By Anonymous

Tick, tock, tick, tock
it's disappearing every second
that passes *tick, tock*
you can't stop it
tick, tock, it's as quick
as light but as slow
as a turtle
tick, tock you can't
Touch, see, smell, feel or taste it
from the moment it started
it could not
be stopped.
It's as unstoppable
as a runaway train.
It is an unstoppable
force with no immovable object
tick, tock, tick, tock
it has been around since
the world itself began.
It's what makes you age.
It is time.

My Youth
By Kate

My youth is a sprinter at the starting line,
ready to run away from me.
I can feel it leaving me but I want it to stay.
I want the younger me to stay forever.
I want to stay young & pretty.
Your looks wont last forever, mother tells me,
Once your youth is gone you have nothing.
I want to hear the loud music again
and get the rush from the burning liquid
falling down my throat.

My youth is my street, my house, my room.
The soft hum of my speakers and the crackle
from my vinyls circling
and playing sweet sounds of my favourite
artists.
The sound of trucks & cars loudly driving by,
keeping me awake.
My youth is sneaking out the window
once all the lights are out.
I'm the only one awake,
with my eyes open & aware
of everything around me.

Going out my window
but not meeting anyone
not talking to anyone, just being with myself
and the stars and the trucks and the cars.
My youth is lying under the stars,
these massive balls of gas
that give people hope and wonder

Stars are like wise old people,
the ones in the movies - they just give you ideas,
confidence & wisdom without even saying
anything
they somehow enlighten you being there
by looking back at you.



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.