



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 7

Horses By Anneliese

As wild as can be over the wooly mountains
Here in a flash but gone the next.
Ones different, unlike the rest.
Beautiful and majestic, free to roam.

Over mountains and rivers
gallops the creature
The scraggly coat bristles in the breeze.
It feels like thick warm wool from a sheep's
body,
keeps it healthy, keeps it alive.

The king of the cascade mountains smells
delicious. Smells like brownies fresh out of
the oven,
all crisp and warm, ready to gallop
free with no one to catch him. Disappearing.

The white majestic body
runs with the snow.
Darting through the trees,
disappearing into the fog.

Untitled By Emma

I need hope.
The giant hole in the jet black sky,
The hole felt like a vacuum,
A vacuum with a gaol,
to rid my homes of happiness
I build a sand tower once
but that disappeared into this hole,
The hole I loathe.
This hole has been in the jet black sky,
for as long as I can remember.
Making our happiness disappear.
Oh, how I wish I had a toy,
a toy to rid this hole from the sky above
my head to become well know, like
Shettha is known for its spots.
Only I will be known for my bravery,
not spot.
Like my mother used to say to me
Your smile lights up the room
I will light up the sky once more.

For me, for my home and for hope
for once more. To rid this hole
in the sky and my heart.

The World By Sam W.

The world is disappearing
like the rest of us.
The single conception ruins our world,
as if God was punishing us.
Our resources swayed
to and fro, whist we
were the ones burning the snow.
Our world was held by a clamp,
and frequently slid down
the retort stand.
God had laid his hand
of warmth on top of the world.
Now it was time
for him to come and heat it with words.
As he seeked the world like a bird.

Untitled
By Bella S.

I watch
I can do nothing
no emotion is yet to take me over.
And I watch.

I watch as skies grow dark
and as seas turn black
and never-ending.

I watch as souls lose hope
and fall,
Into an abyss of nothingness.
My eyes are dark,
my heart is dark,
and all I can do is fiddle
with the hem of my shirt.

As I watch,
the stars go out,
one
by
one.

And drinks are spilled.
The land turns as black
as night,
and cries echo on and on.

Time disappears,
then everything vanishes.
And I'm still stuck there,
just watching.

Space
By Max D.R.

Majestic, silent and lonely.
This accords to space.
It's majestic because of all
the beautiful planets and stars.
Silence because there is no noise
in space and lonely because I am the only
Astronaut here at this time.
Space is like a recording room -
you can't hear anything.
Space is a place to just hang about.
If you're in space,
make the most of it.
You will probably not get
the chance to do it again
unless you have a private rocket!

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.

Tiger Gone
By Cody

The tiger prowled through the jungle,
looking for food to eat,
but it didn't know
people were on the hunt
looking for the tiger.
Its precious coat shining,
giving away its position,
They ran,
Then it ran,
After a long journey
A day has passed
To live another day
Food must be found,
On the hunt again,
A deer is running,
the tiger chases,
Stalks,
And kills,
It's nice
But it must not stay,
It shall hide,
A crackle in the bush,
The same as yesterday,
A split second...
BANG!
Tiger Gone.

Silence
By Ella J.

Truth is untold, ties are cut and discarded,
The fake voice of a once-trusted friend
echoes through the silent house.

The last thing we ever wanted was this,
The break, one piece that are now two,
the veil is black, the bride
walks back down the aisle,
built on memories, build on lies, this
is only a dream
but the terrifying reality must be told

Words will be showed, and black
holes form in the abyss of our
Hearts, leaving us to our own
methods, leaving us alone,
he walked out, left and gone,
the final shower, meal, hug,
laugh, the final inking
Discarded from memory, the truth
settles and sleeps, just like he with
others, the cheat.

She thought there was hope,
a tiny possibility this could be better,
but the darkness at the bottom
of her heart was all alive, telling
her the truth about THIS.

Silence now fills the house, what
once was screams of anger and
sadness is replaced by the faint
sound of nothing.

Shattered glass litters the floor,
Dresses scattered across the bedrooms,
The floorboards creak, the hole in
the ground from which they jumped,
The dark cotton, down down down
to the hell that followed, but
away from the hell that once
was there.

But again silence, fake words
bashed against the fake heads,
all plastic or Styrofoam, everything
is gone, the last bit of home.
The last lone word was used long ago.

She knows the lies that were told.
She knew the sadness that had
once filled her fathers eyes.

Yet she braved the lies, the
heart, the happiness.

Manufactured from a stone, just
like the bricks in a factory,
All the same, she was always
told, always the same.

When the fire ripped the
family apart, the girl realised,
no, and then the light consumed
her, tearing her apart,
she screamed,
Silent.

Untitled
By Ruby

I see
the last twinkle
In her eyes.
They used to be bright
And playful,
Like a tiger cub
In the early hours
Of the morning.
When her eyes lit up
A new star was born.
Her laugh was as contagious as
Yawns in class
But now,
Her eyes are dim
And dull
Like the last few hours
Of a day
She has seen things
Gunshots, dead
Heard things
Screaming children, grasping for their lives
Felt things
A dying hand turn cold as night
Her experiences have changed her
All her strings have napped
All but one
And as I hear her last strings *twang*
I see
The last twinkle
In her eyes
Disappear.

Blank
By Rose B.

The most daunting thing is starting
at a piece of blank paper.
It may seem there's nothing to be afraid of
No luminous eyes, smirking up at you
But do you need to see something to
Know it's there?
I can feel it.

Itching, pounding, shrieking in my head,
But there is no sound.
The paper is blank, like my mind,
How can I write if I feel the nothingness
Consume me and I'm so afraid
To make a mistake when I fight
Back.

There is nothing
No words, no musicality in the way
The words flow.
No beauty in the language,
only I can understand
and see the true meaning
when no one else can.
I debate with myself,
until I decide.
I sigh

I can't step towards
the edge. I can't. Deep breath.
I can't. I jump. I did.
Darkness overwhelms me as I choke
On the words surrounding me.
Anger, happiness, cruelty, hope
Burst free, ridding me of my iron
Mask which holds back my Emotions.
I am thrown out of this world.

And am planted back in reality
where I breathe heavily
until I catch sight of that page:
the blank one, which is no longer
blank, no longer a monster.
No, it is a canvass splattered with my
emotions, beauty shining through,
The words which dance over the
Page in the early morning sun.
Hope.

Untitled
By Millie R.

The buildings, like Jenga, waiting to fall
The lines, falling deep into nothing
Like they are plunging off a cliff
The darkness spreading like ink across a
page
The sun illuminating the sky
with fiery rays of inferno
The hollow building with little light
seeping in
The lifeless feeling,
Of the people, disappeared.

Untitled
By Maddie S.

The disappearing horses
A flash of grey caught my eye
As silver as the moon.

That Day
By Abbey H.

It was here, once again,
That dreaded day.

The day where all my nightmares would
come true, when I thought I would definitely
fall through,
But then again it will come again soon.

I guess I will have to suck it up,
face my fears, so wish me luck. I bet this
Monday's gonna suck.

Netball
By Grace A.

The whistle blows and the war begins.
Netball is like a battleground
The bibs are banners
The balls are cannons
Each goal you shoot,
you've killed someone.

Black Hole
By Arlo B.

Devours, consumes
no sound until you're in
no getting out
Eats planets
Devours stars
suck like a fish in a shark.

The Majestic Llama
By James B.

He walked in swaggaliciously
strode into the room
with his head held up majestically.

His coat smelled of washing powder
so fresh it invigorated even
the saddest of noses with its smell.

Jeff the llama thought majestically
to himself that sitting on a shelf
was non-mainstream so he would
do it because he was unique
as a diamond from
deep under ground.
Then he thought that since
he was just so awesome that
poets would make rhymes
about him. He would talk
and walk rhythm, though
it might be random.

Going to a café
He got a coffee
so he could be even more
swag like a very sore
door. With a crack
and a snap he broke through
that door and said,
Bring on more.
So they brought on more
from the store where they
were going to bring on some more.

Untitled
By Arabella B.

In our galaxy, there are many,
many, many planets,
However we are here
on our very own planet
that runs like a well oiled machine.
We are here.

Out of every single planet
in every galaxy in our universe,
we are right here.
Trees, love, freedom, hope...
To all who need it, we share
our thoughts to others and help.
But my question is, what lies
floating around us
in this unknown blackness.

If we found our other home,
what would it be like?
is it clean or dusty?
Inhabited, or lonely?
When it's time, I will fly,
fly away to a new galaxy.

And I will remember
that not all those who wander are lost.
My journey will be known to every being.
I will be known to my great, great grand
children.
And by them, I will have a new story to tell.
I will be old and will probably forget
to put my teeth in.

However, my story won't change.
I won't let it. Word for word told for decades,
centuries, millennium!
A dream worth dreaming
is a dream worth doing.
Your own galaxy is waiting.
Fill those empty spaces with ideas
until all you see are words.
My journey will come true, I know it.
I will fly away to my galaxy.

It Didn't Disappear
By Jessica B.

It had disappeared
But it left a mark
Mummy said it left her
Daddy said it's her heart

Her eyes are grey
She sits on her own
Mummy said it was hard
Daddy said it was an accident
that left her alone.

But her heart didn't disappear
It only became sore
Mummy said she lost her mummy
Daddy said she lost her daddy
and the girl won't see them anymore.

Untitled
By Georgia C.

Dust kicked up the red covered earth.
Green sprouted up from the dry surface.
This is the city of my Birth.
The busy street was my circus.
Now all that remains is the silence,
only broken by the sounds after dark.

It spread like a deadly virus.
Where the chirps of crickets broke my heart.
No more laughing, crying, yelling!
Just silence.

We no longer love this town.
We no longer want this town.
We no longer need this town.

Yet, this is ours.

A burden we must carry.
To see our once bustling street,
with children running under sprinklers,
to be gone, empty.

Time
By Alastair C.

Time is never-ending
but you need to use
your time wisely and carefully.

Once time is gone, it's gone.
Time has no colour
no special things except
For time.

Darkness
By Sophia C.

I watch the sky disappear
into darkness, the stars
then the city.
But as I see people in fear
I realised why
I am sitting here doing nothing.

When I watch the city
crumble to pieces in the
hole of darkness. I'm just
sitting on my own chair
with no family, no friends
doing nothing, and not panicking
not screaming or anything.
Just sitting.
Seeing people and children
fly into the sky and, I do "nothing".

Water Shortage
By William C.

The water is gone.
Thirst growing around the world
like a black hole.
Used for showers, baths and most
importantly, drinking.
Oceans glazing under
the sun like a glazed doughnut.
Splish
Splosh
Splash
the water gliding down
people's and animal's throats.

The Galaxy
By Ainsley E.

In the darkness
Everything is still until suddenly
The sky is bathed in light
Orange, red & pink
Sparks fly
And the sun starts to die
For the moon has come to play
That brings stars that have bright rays
The galaxy bursts into brightness
Blinding everything
But still in the darkness
Still not a single thing
Dares to sing
The sweet tune
On a sand dune
In the starry night

Oil
By Reece M.

The oil is back and
ugly and it smells like fresh tar
that's just been laid on the road.
You can use the oil
for car/bikes/boats.

Friendships
By Ingrid H.

Friendships are like kids coming into class,
one goes this way one goes that way.
They look at each other around the
classroom
wondering what they will do next.
The school bell goes and then they
disappear.
They wont see each other
until the lunch bell comes.
Friendships can be hard.
Sometimes you can't keep in touch
and then the person that was
once by your side
suddenly begins to disappear.
They are here one day and gone the next,
It's like the sun and the moon.
Will the sun come back tomorrow?
We will never know,
but one day it will come back
and show its beautiful face
shining over us with a smile.

So keep your close friends near
before they disappear
because one day they won't be here.

Wind
By Bianca G.B.

The cool breeze blows across the village,
The wind has a sweet smell on cinnamon,
It travels alone the lonely road and the fresh
rivers,
The wind picks up the echoes of children's
voices,
And blows them across the valley
It sweeps past the trees,
Causing their crisp autumn leaves to
Flutter down, filling the sky with flashing
colours.
The wind softly whispers in the children's
ears,
Sending them thoughts and messages from
miles away.
It edges upon the snowy mountain,
Spreading the snow like butter on toast
across the mountain.
The wind travels up, up, up,
Higher, higher and higher.
It reaches the top of the hidden land above
the mountain.
The wind knows secrets, lots of secrets,
Secrets that must never be told.

Memories
By Asher

Drifting around, no longer attached
to their companion
Some happy
Some sad
Some don't know anymore
Drift around lonely and clumsy
not knowing what to do
just trying to fit in
Move like a sea weed stranded in the sea
trying to find the lost friend

Searching
Searching
Looking
Looking
Exploring the world

Even when they do find what they are looking
for
The person no longer remembers
and the memory will fade away to
nothing.

Untitled
By Eliza H.

The light has gone out.
The world has gone dark.
Silence.
The air is filled with it.
The sound of life has been snuffed out.
The sound of the wind,
the rustle of the leaves in the trees,
the crackle of fire in the night.
The air is icy cold with despair,
with the laughs of the innocent long gone.
The abyss presses around, sucking in sound
it seeks out your soul, draining it obsidian
black.
Your heart has stopped breathing,
Your breath has been stolen.
All that remains:
is darkness

Money
By Lochie K.

The money galloped into the room
elegantly and gracefully,
stunning the whole class.
Creating an eerie silence.
Not a peep is made.
He looks as weird as a deformed animal
the sudden appearance is soon forgotten
as the money slowly drifts away,
disappearing and fading into the
darkness
as it slowly disappears
shamed and embarrassed because it
was in the wrong room.

For the Love of Music
By Lily M.

Silence cannot be heard, for the silence
has disappeared. From one word sung in
a bedroom of no one to a 1000 words
on stage. The song being sung runs
ice cold chills up your spine. You look
out seeing a sea of people. Wave upon
wave. Rolling in. Your voice echoes through
the mic. Like a sweet song birds
sung. On stage you feel amazing.
All these years you've been inspired
by others on stage. And now here I am.
The crowd roars like lions.
My heart races like an athlete.

Forests
By Jonny

Tree by tree, leaf by leaf,
Slowly, painfully they disappear
Into the loud screaming machines.
Stuck into their places awaiting death,
there is no more they can do.
The lush green sea of greenery
and life, happy and peaceful,
now a graveyard of dead
Old stumps. The families of
wildlife, driven from their homes
by the slow tsunami
which tears down the magical world
Of the forest.
No hope, no help.
Please help.

Memories
By Angus M.

I close my eyes and think,
my mind, my personal void,
something is missing,
I can hear it calling out to me
far in the distance.

It is lost in a maze of forgotten memories,
soon to become one too.
It makes one small shriek for help,
hopeless, he knows he tried.

The lost memory settles back
with the forgotten ones
blends in, and then fades.
I stare with awe, yet sadness

Suddenly he brightens up and glows,
I remember him, I do!
He faces me and wanders over,
I see his wonderful memory,
he was my first pair of shoes.

Never to be lost again,
I keep him safe and close.

That is why the oil is disappearing
fast and ruining the earth.

**Disappearing
By Jade N.**

Nothingness
White
Nothing surrounds me
White surrounds me
This place
This place used to do great things
Colours covered these walls
Magnificent golds like the sun
Deep blues like the bottom of the ocean
Greens like new grass.

Photos and memories
hung in great frames
A plaque was given to each,
To describe its story, its name.

Tigers roamed, lions roared
Birds sounded like symphonies
Now is silent
All silent

Nothing
White
All has disappeared.

All my memories are seeping away
Like water, constantly dripping away.

**Disappearing Friendships
By Jesse N.**

It all started with a kind word,
then they were as close as a bird.
They would link and play.
Until the sun went down
and there was no more day.
The pair would go everywhere
Together. Minutes, hours, days,
months, years passed. Every little
second they were together was
a party.

Until it happened.
The big thing happened.
Fights started,
hate started, enemies started.
That kind little girl called
friendship was disappearing.
While their hate was
growing, their friendship was
dying. But what they didn't
realise was that the trees were
dying, the birds stopped chirping
and the flowers were turning
brown.
Just that one thing, can change
everything.

**Swimming
By Mia G.**

As I wait to be marshalled
I shake nervously. I'm putting on my cap
and tightening my goggles, waiting, yes
indeed.
I get put in a heat I take a look who I'm racing
with
They look like good swimmers,
maybe better than me!
They call our heat and the name of the race
I get on my block at a decent pace
He blows the whistle and off I go.
It sounds like a deafening scream
like babies, you know.
But know cares now I need to breathe
I've been in the water for a while, yes in deed.
It's been 36 seconds I hear lots of cheers.
I tough the wall and I won GOLD.

Theatre
By Molly O.

The thousands of people
~~I'm scared~~ like a starring abyss
The creak of the
stage ~~I am scared~~
Why did I do this?
~~I am scared~~, oh why oh why?
The thousand who rely
on me ~~I am scared~~ what
if I say something wrong.

I start to speak
the words tumble out
as fast as a racing car,
I try to move
but my legs are stuck
in a groove
I hear a deafening,
terrifying snap,
I start to fall
I do not stop
on and on
please make it stop
then with a thud like thunder
I hit the ground
I don't get up for a
startled minute
then I get up
And the crowd starts to cheer
blabbering baboons
but inside my heart
is a kingdom of icy fear
that wont go away
no matter what I say.

Untitled
By Olivia P.

Tossed by the waves, yet I don't sink
Around and around but never reaching the
shore
my world is a whirlpool, my thoughts spinning
Wave after wave, the sea turns into an angry
monster,
Lapping up my thoughts, there's no escape,
Tossed and turned like shoes in the washing
machine.
A loud roaring fills my ears, closer and
closer...
And suddenly everything is silent. Silent.

Swinging back and forth, over darkness
laughing so hard, we can barely stand
higher and higher, too the moon,
The happiness is contagious,
the fun never dies.

Trees Disappearing
By George P.

The tree hits the ground with a bang, like a
soldier
being shot in battle.

Crash! Smash! Bang!
One of the machines bolds breaks
free with a clang.
The poor trees being cut right down to the
roots,
And replaced by houses with roofs.
No one stands a chance.
It's like a battle field full of fear.
Every tree that lives, nightmare is here.

Cannot run, like a tiger, held back from his
prey.
This forest will not survive today.



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.