Bundanon Workshop

with Bomaderry High School

Red Room Poetry

Red Room Poetry 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 dynamic writing workshops that awaken imaginations and support creative opportunities.

Bundanon Trust Workshop

From August 14-16 2017 Ali Cobby Eckermann led intensive poetic learning workshops at Bundanon Trust with 66 students in years 9 and 10 from YWCA Nowra, Bomaderry High School and Dapto High School. The workshops focused on reconnecting to the earth and exploring our emotions.

With Ali’s guidance, students wrote independently amid eucalypts and crafted a collaborative poem by purposefully selecting one word from their independent writing. Students then sculpted that word from wire and experimented with artistic recordings of these poems using a range of mediums.

Ali Cobby Eckermann

Ali Cobby Eckermann’s first collection little bit long time was written in the desert and launched her literary career in 2009. Her works have been published in various languages, and she has travelled widely to showcase Aboriginal poetry overseas. In 2013 Ali toured Ireland as the Australian Poetry Ambassador and won the Kenneth Slessor Prize for Poetry and Book Of The Year (NSW) for Ruby Moonlight, a massacre verse novel.

In 2014 Ali was the inaugural recipient of the ‘Tungkunungka Pintyanthi Fellowship at Adelaide Writers’ Week, and the first Aboriginal Australian writer to attend the International Writing Program at University of Iowa. Her memoir Too Afraid To Cry was launched in New Delhi in 2015, on her way to Jaipur Literature Festival. In 2016 Ali presented a Keynote at the Active Aesthetics conference in Berkeley California. In 2017 Ali received the Windham-Campbell Award from Yale University, and the Red Room Poetry Fellowship.
Poems
from Bomaderry High

Untitled
By Bella

As I look around, I see and hear human sounds...
Invading the trees, creatures and air.

As the wattle blooms...
Footsteps on the rocks, eroding memories

Machines in the water, once so pure, now slightly touched.
But is this a reflection of beauty or our forever changing environment

Quickly destructing?

The Colours
By Juliette

The dark shades of green
Filling the dull grey sky

The crunch of each step
Disturbing the multi-coloured peace

Words spoken, softly
By bright Christmas bodies

Innocent pink faces
Watch the birds soar freely

A rainbow of silence
Ruined by crunching and breaking.

It is, yet it isn’t
By Jade Dedomenico

So much land and so much bush yet everything
Is so crowded.

So much life and authenticity and movement yet I
Feel so calm.

I’m intimidated yet I feel at home.

The ground is uneven, the trees are curved, the
Sticks are broken and worn yet it is perfection.

I am in an interlocking city of plants, animals and
Humans all working in peace;
Layer upon layer each with a purpose.

How can the complexity of this Earth allow
life to be so simple?

Moss
By Oliver Woods

Paint, splashed on
Thrown by infants

Intricately detailed
Infinitely complex

Strangling the rocks
Under their cool embrace

Beauty
By Cameron

Birds humming
Breeze blowing...

Silence falls over the green and grey
landscape…
**Environment**  
_by Harrison Graham_

The raindrops on the trees  
Have a calming effect  
Not just on us  
But birds, even rocks  
And other things around us.

**Untitled**  
_by Maddy_

The naked trees shiver  
In the winter air.

**Realisation**  
_by Annika H._

To live is the rarest thing in the world.  
Most people just exist.  
That is all.  
I know that now.

**Splashes of Colour**  
_by Emma A._

Birds chirp against the still wind,  
Clouds of smoke hover over the trees,  
Scraping along the horizon.  
The sun peeks through the clouds,  
Glistening against the brown bark.  
Auburn leaves crunch against my foot,  
Spaced out between the mossy stones.  
Gum leaves bustle against the cool air,  
Releasing a green splash of colours  
contrasting against the grey skies.

Spots of vibrant yellows and oranges  
Stand out in the far distance.  
Silhouettes of birds  
Glide through  
the dull surroundings of the tall trees.

**Change**  
_by Cassie O. C._

Song, thick, textured  
A symphony of syrup  
The air fresh and alive,  
Each breath she drew she took a life  
But each exhale she brought them back strong.  
A tranquil place  
Once tranquil it was,  
Some old sounds still remain  
But many are gone,  
They once melted together in song

Now the new compete against them both  
For change is not always good.

**Unison**  
_by Maya Britton_

All connected in the tranquility of life  
A community dancing and singing in harmony  
Strengthening through knowledge and growth  
Spreading peace and purity along the land.
The Land is Peaceful  
By Kayli Stone

The land is peaceful,  
Not a bird without song  
Leaves crunching at our feet,  
Greens, greys and browns are all that surround  
Birds soaring through the sky,  
The land is peaceful.  
Everything is still,  
Moss growing on rocks sitting there for years,  
Dirt crumbled on the ground  
Wildlife surrounds,  
The land is peaceful.  
Wattle blooming on the trees,  
All beautiful shades of green  
Sticks laying from where they fell  
Dirt mounds sitting still,  
Grass peeking through the dirt,  
The land is peaceful.

Untitled  
By Unknown

Fog streaming down the mountain  
Stillness empowering the land  
Cattle grazing on the flowing pale terrain  
Scattering of rocks blooming with pale green life  
Ricochets down the mountain side  
Distant but close to the eye  
Kangaroos skipping,  
Resting, living, simply being alive.  
Up above soaring the sky birds play and sing  
In the trees where they hide.  
Their sound creating relaxation for all the land to hear  
The stillness surrounds creating peace to breathe.  
Clearing the thoughts as the eye wanders  
out in the distance  
free  
It leads to the settled fog,  
streaming and floating  
In the mountain covered in the life  
Of trees, revealing the inner peace  
Which is among we.
Quilt of Colour
By Miette

The land is a patchwork
A cold grey envelopes the sky
Rainbows of greys and greens build the bush
Reds appear in spots on the ground
Fields of yellow peek through the corners
Embroidered throughout are flowers of flame
Blue distant hills border the blanket
The whole thing embellished in birdsong

I feel so safe in this blanket.

Bundanon on Tuesday
By Oliver Woods

The green and greyscale undertones
Of plant life and mossy rocks
The far-off sound of machinery
Broken by bird calls and crunched foliage
Kept in tranquil balance under an overcast sky

Disconnection
By Indiana

I feel like I shouldn’t be writing or thinking
It’s just too mechanical
But I am anyway
And so is everyone else

We are connected by our disconnection
And regard for the complexity of
the nature around us
And how empty we feel
When we simply
Can’t comprehend it

Shapes
By Lachlan H.

Sharp edges and points
Soft curves and songs.

Raggedy Man
By Elle Geaghan

The raggedy man sits
with so many smooth, dimpled, sharp, broken rocks,
Covered in lichen and moss.

And the raggedy branches grow on raggedy trees,
gums standing tall
To keep guard over the wildlife.

Dirt on his hands and he doesn’t know why,
Beautiful horizon so full of life.

Always Raggedy, always content.
A Mystery is History  
By Osha

Trees, shrubs and leaves
Tell their own story.

The Trees  
By Jayden Smith

The trees stand together
Like a nation
Built on trust and love

United with each other
Growing stronger and stronger
In their own little community.

Moving Landscapes  
By Hayley Eaton

The green of the trees
and the moss that lays
so still,
like a picture does

Everything stays
So safe is this moment,
Though the wind will come
And scatter the leaves
That now lay under my thumb

But nothing here is ever
Tattered or worn
It may just end up
Elsewhere after the storm.

The Tree  
By Luke Coombes

The tall blossoming tree
Fell gently from the sky

All of mankind
Will never know why

It all started
from the sap
dripping

From its eye

Untitled  
By Amelie

The trees look lonely but secretly they’re friends
Communicating through a system of roots

Some have grown closer
So they edge closer together

Some are isolated
Either self-inflicted or cast aside

Who knows if this was their choice
The only ones that do know can’t say

Untitled  
By Lana

Rocks that are spotted
With a lifetime of tales.
Little Bird
By Gabrielle

A choir forever
singing in the sky?
Twisting and spindly.

Climbing above the sky
Or towards the earth
waiting until Springtime.

Hands, knobby and old,
Reaching down to reclaim
What was once theirs.

Emptiness
By Brendan Low

The bush is empty without bird noises
The mountain is boring without old rocks
The forest is simple without different trees
The history is vague if we look at the first layer of the dirt
The land is dense without the tracks of animals.

Rosemary’s Rocks
By Nicole Smede

I see smoke suspended
Between Ridges
And note the cold air
on the tip of my nose.

Yellow bursts
from a green and grey landscape.
It’s early this year.

As I walk across the rocky path
damp moss softens underfoot
Does it, like the trees, recall
My last visit here?

I rest on a rock.
Senses awaken
Listen…
The birds coo in song
Through the crisp air.