



Dapto High School, 2014 ***Music + Poetry, with poet Luka Lesson***

Celebrated spoken word poet Luka Lesson visited Dapto High School on the 17th of June, 2014 and staged a performance for over 1000 students in their weekly assembly. He then led Year 7 students in an intensive writing and performance workshop as part of the Music + Poetry program.

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.

Red Room Poetry Education at Dapto High, 2014
redroomcompany.org/education/



by Hunter G.

I dream in my head
while I sleep in my bed,
but something's pounding
in my head, a nightmare.
How unfair.
What I see in my dreams
is killing me, wanting
to escape war,

making all who live poor,
taking fathers from their homes,
making them fly unmanned drones,
launching missiles to all who oppose
making all those homeless foes who
are just trying to live a peaceful life
with their kids and wives, but then

a war endangers their lives,
making them flee, their pre-built
hive in which the bees live,
protecting the one they call "queen"
making the leader the important one.

They fight, which the leader says
is alright. But the leader wants total
control over all who sit beneath him,
the "workers" will give their lives
to do what's right,
but the workers have just got the wool
pulled over their eyes.

by Erin S.

As the night gets darker,
the battle begins.
We start spinning, twirling
and whirling; we get dizzier
as we spin, trying to knock
each other over.
No one wins or loses.

She slows down as I speed up,
falling to the floor, she demands
a re-match. I say okay, knowing
I will win.

It begins pouring as we start,
spinning faster and faster,
feet burning as we spin
into the dark night.

by Jack O.

I'm hearing weird things
eagles screaming, people singing.
A detective I am; I go and try
to discover, take my gun
riding across the desert
so hot and dry.

All of a sudden, dark clouds
emerge rain. It's raining heavy,
and I'm chasing him,
the clown guy. Buried him
with my rhymes,
into the ground.

**Dark Dreams
by Bowen N.**

The darkness in my eyes,
my heart and soul dies
from my hollow shout
as it rips out.

The power to great with
no pride, there's no place to go
nowhere to hide. But you remind
me of a time when I felt
dead inside. My bonkia peaces
your heart, an endless ride
of pain on a kart

Hell rises inside of me,
I'm dark-hearted, as you can see,
My hollow self rips out
—you hear the fury of its shout.
My sorrow tears weak
on the ground they hide,
but you remind me
of a time I felt dead inside.

Soccer Dreams
by Luke B.

It was my last hope
If I don't make it my dreams are shattered
As my coach, manager and teammates
yelled strict orders,
I completely ignored them
I knew exactly what to do
I ran the ball out wide and began my plan
On the right three players stood strong
in their place
I took them on one by one
Dribbling down the line
It was tense at the time
I put the ball straight
through the first defender's legs
down, two to go
as I run to the second one, rebounded out.
I'm done.
The final whistle blows
Now everybody knows
Here it goes
My dreams and hopes are gone
Maccas, here I come

by Dean N.

My dog's name's Bellah
and it's a girl. She's cute,
and when I open the door
I see her running at me
like she has not seen me for one
thousand years.
I go outside, she jumps on me
and I play with her and she's happy
and when I fall down on the grass
or the ground, she comes on me
and puts a lot of fluff on me
She's the cutest dog.

Nightmare
by Jai B.

I feel sadness in my heart,
my throat is burning. It feels
like my soul is being ripped out
of me. There is a hole in my chest.

I'm going out of control,
I feel like someone is taking
over me. I start screaming.

I look on my side
and I see a demon.
I stop screaming, and I don't
know why I wake up in bed.
It was all a dream.

by Rhys W.

The eagle came along
like an angel in the sky.
See the death of flames,
and the bodies of the fallen
including the dead hero.

Then some years later,
the village still in ruins
there came from a pond
a jelly fish.

More jellyfish
came out of the water,
with their stingers holding books,
backpacks and belongings.
The village is now home
to jellyfish.
z

by Holly C.

Wind raging, stars glistening
trees swaying, cars beeping,
people sleeping

animals eating
things with no meaning,

Woke up on the wrong side
of the bed, wondering
what's going on
inside my head.

by Trent H.

The prey is in sight.
I'm getting closer to it,
sense that I will get it.
I'm moving very slowly,
I'm moving very quietly
I'm getting closer to it.

I am nearby, feel
a trembling with excitement.
I am running after it, jumping
over rocks, branches
sliding, slipping yet I still
am running. I am determined.

I run through the bush,
I am getting closer but the prey
keeps running but I am determined.
I run and run and run
I jump and jump and jump
I slide and slide
and slip and slip and slip and slip

I fall over and hurt myself, but I get
back up and keep running.
I am determined. I see the prey again,
and I am determined. I can jump,
slide and slip but I am still
determined. I leap and I catch
the prey—victory is mine!
I have caught the prey.

Always be determined
to do something. If you have courage
and determination, everything
is possible.

by Kirralee P.

Green is my favourite colour
Green is an Aussie colour
Green is like my favourite colour,
ever.

It is as green as Australia,
it is an odd colour—girls and boys
can like it. That's why my favourite
colour is green. Green in awesome
and loud, as loud as an elephant.

It comes in different shades.
Green is as slimey as a lime.
Lime green is as slimey
as slimey stuff.

There's different kinds in green,
like light, middle, dark. That's why
my favourite colour is green.

Green is awesome in different
shades. My favourite kind of green
is lime.

by Hannah C.

One day I was walking down the street,
a little boy got hit by a car. His parents
were crying and worried.

It was 11:59. I crept down the hallway.
I heard someone at the door, I went
to have a look. There was a man dressed
in black. He reached out for me.

by Antonio K.

It's in my hands for a second
I dropped it and the war began
Fire and water coiled making more land
With a blink of an eye
Catapults with rocks from fire
And cannons with bombs from water
This new land we walk
is more dangerous than Jackie Chan,
with demons and gladiators at its hands
The new land floated up in the air and it
made waterfalls come down
without dispersal, it washed all
the crops, flowers and our town began.
More and more the new land
was spoken of, so we called it no man's
land
Why it's called that is because no one
will go up to it because they will die.
No one dares to speak
of no man's land.
Heck, even this poem
is no man's land.

by Jake A.

You get the ball,
wanna skill 'em all.
See a teammate in the distance,
gonna pass, need some assistance.

You go to pass, look like a clown
Now you have a face with a frown.
Pretend to get a cough
to get subbed off
Doesn't work.
Sister starts to twerk,
come over.
You've lost
now you wanna quit,
quit forever.
But then you think,
things can only get better.

Next game,
wanna get attacked by fame,
so you try to be the best,
better than the rest.
Now you're a hog,
going to score, you hear
the bark of a dog.
Due to that you slip,
injuring your hip.

12 months later,
feeling like everyone
is your hater,
you re-join the club,
but even at training,

you're just a sub.

Coach gives you a chance
take your shot, rip your pants.
Everyone laughs,
Until stickers pulls both calves.

They all said I would not play
for everything I did,
but it turns out now I play
for Real Madrid.

Yeah, I really do
and so can you.
Just follow your dreams,
wherever they take you.
Don't be overpowered by defeat.
Play your drum to your own beat.

by Talia R.

As he looked into his imagination,
he saw what life he could have had.
But he thought that he was crazy
and life was either good or bad.
He said he couldn't change,
but his mind, it needed to rearrange
'cause anything is possible,
you just have to believe it.

by Jakylah Z.

When a silver raindrop
becomes a tear,
when the goodlord touches
a world born of fear,
when all men are fighting
and peace is gone,
when they all blame each other,
for things that go wrong

when the fire that burns us
devours our soul,
when all of the days
have passed by,
our friendship will last,
an eternity past.
Two friends stuck fast,
you & I.

When the whispering wind
stops riding the trees,
when the earth can't be seen
for the roaring of the seas,
when a baby's sweet cry
is heard no more,
when the stars are blown out
from the sky,
we'll be together
after forever.
We'll always be friends,
you & I.

by Cooper J.

It's the final.
One of our players can't play
'cause he left on a spinal.
We're up against Shell Harbour.
Yesterday I went to the barber

They're tough;
it's going to be rough.
You know my mum said
it doesn't matter if you don't win,
but I don't want to go home
and cry in the bin. We've lost
to them before. But this time
they're going to have a sulk,
'cause we've got more.

I dropped low so they didn't
get the vital blow, but
they didn't know it didn't go
over the line. But right now,
everything's on the fine line.
It's a shootout.
If we lose, we miss out.
If we win here,
we will be champions for a year.
We won 'cause we were united,
and now I'm next to RVP
at Man United.

by Makendra H.

One day I was walking
down the street.
Something bad happened;
a little girl was hit by a car.
I ran across the street,
my heart almost stopped.
I was chasing after the man
that hit her but he just kept
going. I fell on the road, crying.
I called the ambulance.
They came and resuscitated her.

by Tea H.

I wish my dreams were a reality.
The things that happen are unreal.
I learn new things, meet new people.
Then I wake up and I wish
my dreams were reality.

by Brielle R.

All could see was a light.
Am I dead?
But I was breathing fine
then I saw my dead mother in the light.
I wake up in a fright.

by Rebecca C.

Everything's in sync,
everything goes to a beat.
I feel the beat,
even in my sleep;
everything's in sync,
everything goes to a beat.
When the wind blows,
it hums too because
everything's in sync,
everything goes to a beat.
Footstep sounds
are melodic bases,
even though they only sound basic.
Everything's in sync,
everything goes to a beat.

by Amy M.

It's in my head,
it's in my mind
everyday and
everynight.
I think and think,
I know it's alright.
I'm scared, I'm worried
I have some frights,
I know it's there;
It hasn't left.
Is it a ghost
or just my mind?

by Lachlan D.

We are this generation
We make this
We shape this
We break this
Our world is our sculpture
We shape it to how we don't want it to be
To crazy lazy or all round insane
We have the choice and our voice,
to shape the world we live in today
We can choose to believe, choose to perceive
things in the way we want if it's good or bad
I'll be glad to know I have a choice to mould
this world
To make it how it will be to my eye, with my
perceptions,
with full expectation, with few exemptions
Deceptions by governments that hold us,
control us,
and keep us in the dark until our fire sparks
We will start a revolution for good bad or
down right crazy
So stop acting lazy
Help mould your future

In the end what matters most is not the days
in your life
It's the life in your days
Whether they like school but most if they feel
that they're different
They feel they got to have a tool
Our generation will think
It will survive our names in the history books

as the ones that started the revolution
Because we make this
We shape this
We break this
Because this is our generation
Our choice

by Liam F.

I dream of becoming a star
as everyone denies me,
comprises me.
I feel I'm all alone.
There's no one here to see me,
to hear me, to be there for me.

I believe there's nothing I can do
for myself. I can't find myself in
shadows. I can't see myself
in the light. Is there anything
I can do?

People make me think
I'm not good enough to be
on stage. I dream of becoming
a star. Does anyone wanna hear me?
Be me, coming to see me?

by Tara A.

There was a young boy named Kent,
he wanted to live in a tent.
At the camp site,
he got a big fright.
Now he has a funny scent.

To make him feel better,
his mother brought him a feather.
He didn't know why
he was feeling so shy.
So he ate his favourite meal, chocolate.
Chocolate is dark and yummy
but if you eat it with foil
you will get an aching tummy,
shouted his mother.

When Kent felt better,
his friend James called to tell him
a story. James' mother wanted
to bake. So she went to get a shake.

In the garden she found a flower,
and it almost gave her magical powers.
After all, she just made a cake
and wanted to know if Kent wanted
to go on a date,

This is very inappropriate,
but it rhymes.

**The Circus Reality
by Leah D.**

It's funny how people think
this circus life is easy,
I'd like to see them climb
a 50 foot piece of cloth
and fall half of that, only
to be caught in the same silk.

They say a performer's life
is limited to youth and ability.
No! It's only limited to ones
breaking point, and although
my hands are bleeding and ripped,
and my ankles are red and burnt,
I'll still perform another day.

I'm not afraid of falling;
I'm afraid of dying. I'm always
travelling from town to town,
never in the same place twice.

They say travelling is not a life,
but for an aerialist, any point
of being on the ground is worth it.
This is the sad, lonely life
of a circus performer.
Lonely and full of pain.

**Dreams
by Joshua K.**

Dreams are the death of your mind,
going into hibernation

Dreams are the colourful paintings
hanging on the wall

Dreams are the world around you,
changing tactics

Dreams are dreams.

Dreams are the life-size sculptures
of your hometown,

Dreams are the writing in a storybook,

Dreams are your mind, full of imagination

Dreams are dreams.

by Kash

A dream could be anything.
It could be about red dogs,
purple dinosaurs, and even
blue cars. Luke's a monster,
and there were 2600 of them.

A dream is a purple dinosaur,
eating things.
A dream is a turkey rolling.
A dream is a dancing chicken.

by Shania S.

The sound of violins playing softly,
sounds like the sadness of something
bad has happened, or something
is going to happen.

What she saw with her own eyes
was a bird singing to her like the sound
of blue music. The sound of a storm
with people playing pianos and guitars;
the man singing about the storm
that is happening right now.

The sound of a crying dog trying
to get in the house, but no one
would let the little dog in, the dog still
barking at the door, my friend right
next to me got struck by lightning
and died. So I had no friends anymore.

by Cooper W.

I hate many things, like veggies
like the smell of smoke in the morning
like the sight of blood
like listening to my brother
scream, yell and cry
Like HSIE in the morning.
But I do also like many things

I like my McDonald's
I like fresh pancakes in the morning
I like listening to music when I am down
I like making fire and watching
the ash fly in the sky
I like listening to music.
But one thing I cannot stand
is my dad smoking at the front
of the house. I can't stand
the sight of the paint on the bus.

I hate to see people on the streets
with no home or bed,
I hate to see people on the news missing
I love to see people happy
I love to see people find what they lost
I love for people to be with family members
because that it the best thing.

by Lauren S.

The light in the night,
the one that flickers
and keeps me alive

The light in the night,
the one that goes zap
the one that naps.

The light in the night
with the little sparkle
that keeps me awake

The night in the light
the one that is so different
the one with the little flicker

The light in the night
The one I sit by when I'm sad
the one I sit by when I'm happy

The light in the night
the one that flickers all night
the one that keeps me awake
the light in the night.

by Jared S.

When I go to sleep tonight,
I will be rugged up, snuggled up
in my blanket tonight, with my head
rested on a pillow all fluffy
and willow then I will start
to enter a world is a part, ready
to get it started. Light flashing
my blood's rushing music,
pumping the floor, rumbling
walls are shaking, then it all stops.

Turns out it was all a dream,
even when I was rugged up
and snuggled up. Turns out,
I'm on a plane, going really fast.
The plane can't sustain the plane;
it starts to flame so I jump,
falling like a crane sing kakoo,
I'm a falcon.

I hit the ground.
The plane I was supposed
to be on crashes and burns
to ashes.

by Lachlan M.

Going to sleep in my mind,
then you wake up with a shake.
See your life inside your eyes,
scared of this life. Don't want it
to turn out.

Rest your head and go to sleep.
maybe one day wake up and
your dreams will come true.
My brother, he has a good life.
He's gonna be a DJ, rock all
the new songs and make
his own songs. Then
my other brother makes clothes.
All new fashions. He's got his
own label called Pursuit. In a
couple years, he's gonna be really big.
Me, what will I be doing?
No one knows what will happen,
but every one has a desire
set for them, so don't worry.
One day you will have your dream.

by Anonymous

Dreams are a doors
waiting to be opened.
Dreams are a time machine,
taking you back
to the best times in life.
Dreams are a part of life,
giving you the power
to go back in time.
Dreams are a banana,
waiting to be peeled.

by Liam S.

Dreams are as magical as you make them,
Dreams are very colourful; a dream that the
sky was blue
and the sun was yellow and the grass was
green was very normal.
There are animals everywhere, like my dog
I even see two of my dog.

A dream is a dog that is very playful,
a dream is a staircase to out imagination
a dream is a door to a new world.
Dreams are as happy as you need
them to be.

**Dream
by Brooke**

Dreaming is like going
into your own mind.
It can be very colourful,
like blue dogs, red trees
and pink clouds.
I think that you can imagine
anything in your dreams,
and all the numbers in the sky
are the things you lend today.
5, 8, 200.

Dreams are like going
into a movie about you.
Dreams are doors into
your mind. Dreams are like
a book—they tell your
stories. A dream is a ghost
you can't touch it.

**Dream
by Madison**

We always have dreams,
sometimes we dream of pink,
purple and blue people,
usually unicorns or dragons.
I've seen hundreds.

Dreams are unable to be seen,
but you know if they are.
A dream is sometimes fun,
but nightmares are scary.
A dream is a never-ending
highway. We will always
have dreams.

by Rhiannon

So happy and excited,
I dreamt upon the moon.
I swam through the vast,
starry skies, competing with gloom,
dancing away to find my place
amongst the flowers, birds and grace.
But I do not truly belong here.



by Kelom

Dreams are as amazing
as you make them,
shimmering colours red,
purple and orange
surround me,
Tony Abbott is flying.
He was leading an army
of 57 unicorns.

Dreams are gateways
to another universe.
Dreams are fuzzy carpets
you never want to leave.
A dream is a light you can
see from. A dream is a gallery,
so many opportunities.
A dream is a galaxy filled
with knowledge.
Dreams can be made
by anything you want.

**Dream
by Luke**

Madness occurs within my dreams,
the wizard that was not black or brown,
but white. He entered through the back.
The bottle is my throwing arc,
my dart is my ninja star.
Escaping the white wizard,
I doubt I will get far.

by Anonymous

I will dream,
it will seem red,
until read by the dead
reel in the two, but do not
tie your shoes.
You can choose your shoes,
but you can't choose to dream.

A dream is
A dream is
A dream is

A dream is windows
and doors to your mind

A dream is space,
hollow and empty.
A dream is a road to nowhere.

by Anonymous

I had a crazy dream
about my hair. I had blue,
pink and yellow hair.
There were about 50
ninjas around me,
and my friend had green hair.

A dream is an ocean deep
and dark. A dream is a sheep,
waiting to be sheared.
Then there was wool all around me.

**Dream
by Kieran R.**

I have a dream.
It was exactly how it seemed.

Dreams are passages
to an unexplored sea,
dreams are jungles full
of danger,
dreams are heaven,
unlimited life.
Dreams are a new life,
dreams are a converted
lifestyle,
dreams a modified version
of life,
some dreams can go
downhill.

by Jamie L.

Dreams are like wishes,
wishes that come to you.
With red and yellow and pink, too.
Dreams can be colourful for me
and you. With rainbows all around,
you with unicorns sitting on the
ground. Dreams can come true
for me and you.

Two unicorns brave and strong,
your dream becomes more long.

A dream is
A dream is
A dream is

A dream is a book,
that is in your mind.
It could be scary,
it could be combined.
Dreams are like wishes,
wished that come to me
and you, but they're all
in our minds, too.

**Dream
by Anonymous**

The power of dreams is unimagineable
Dreams contain the colours of
the imagination, with emotion like azure,
violets and charcoal.

There could be monsters or fairies
as that's what imagination from dreams
give you. You could have 10 beautiful,
turquoise objects, or 102 mean,
raging goblins as that's what
imagination gives you from dreams.

The stories from dreams are unimaginable.
Dreams are hallways always ending too soon
dreams are clouds as they can make
you happy sometimes and sad other times
dreams are an open book to your ideals
and memories.

**Dream
by Harley**

All night I dream,
it is weird because I don't scream.
Dreams are cool and weird
because they are blue, orange
and green things that have appeared.
Dogs are cool, too.

Dreams become cool, weird,
scary, mysterious, and different
at the same time!

**Dream
by Jake**

I had a dream the other night
about a pink and green and white
unicorn. The unicorn has a brother
called Dolphin Donkey.
The dolphin had two fowls.
The unicorn is a ghost,
transparent and untouchable.

by Shani

I dreamt of soccer.
In my dream, the ball
was white, black and blue.
My dream also had my team
in it. All 13 people in my team
had a game of soccer.

by Alkisa

When I sleep, I dream.
Blue, green, and red fluffy
clouds. Butterflies sit on them.
There were two on each cloud.

Dreams are dances waiting
to be danced the right way.
Dreams are information
Dreams are paddocks full of mystery
Dreams are dances waiting to be
danced.

by Macklan

A place where you fantasise,
a place where no one cries,
a dream is that place.

Blue, red, and yellow
are some colours you
can see. Dreams are plain
for yourself, and you always
hold the key.

In a dream you shouldn't
fear because in your dream
you need not shed a tear.
You can dream any day,
from day 1 to 30 plus,
but whenever you want
to dream, don't make a fuss.

A dream is a shape-shifter, ever-changing.
Dreams are ghosts eating your arms
dreams are worms crawling into your mind
dreams are toilets flushing right down;
a place where you create, a place
where no one hates.

by Tyson

How do we dream
like a sleeping queen?
Dreams about colourful colours,
like a red dragon, blue seal,
yellow birds, a flying super bird high
in the sky,

defeating all desert life.
super cows drinking the bottle
that is a destroyed planet
that is trying to get back together.

Dreams are mysteries that are not solved.
Dreams are ghosts that kill people.
Dreams are windows and doors into
your mind, like a flying super bird
high in the sky.

Poet Bio

Luka Lesson is a Greek-Australian writer cut from a different cloth. With an original and yet instantly classic style Luka's work touches people from all walks of life, holding a humanity simultaneously intricate and eternal.

Since exploding onto the scene in 2010, Luka has constantly influenced those who witness his work to pick up a pen again, or endeavour to write for the first time.

A winner of Slams, including the Australian Poetry Slam final & Melbourne Poetry Festival final, and a songwriter from way back, Luka spent 2012 touring writers' festivals and independent venues throughout Australia, Asia, Oceania and North America. Luka Lesson is both a Hip-hop artist and performance poet and is one of those rare talents that can successfully traverse the complex landscape of both traditions. His latest album 'Please Resist Me' is a powerful combination of the two.

Luka is also committed to standing with communities of all backgrounds to establish a connection between social issues, poetry and self-empowerment.

His experience in working as a workshop facilitator with both hip-hop and poetry is almost unparalleled and includes experiences in China, The Bronx (USA), Indigenous programs in Australia and a residency at Melbourne's premier private secondary institution, Xavier College, in Melbourne.



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.

[Red Room Poetry Education at Dapto High, 2014](http://redroomcompany.org/education/)
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