



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

Celebrated poet Luka Lesson lead a Music + Poetry pilot program with 180 Year 9 students of Macquarie Fields High School. Luka performed for the students before guiding them through their own writing experiences.

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 Macquarie Fields High School, 2014

redroomcompany.org/education/



by Troy

I'm a house.
My life is dear
I live in the middle of nothing,
nowhere.
I am black and blue
because I am a wreck
My rooms are my thoughts,
but they are empty
My roof tiles are my entire family,
but they have no colour
My kitchen is my beating heart,
but I have no flame, no beat
My living room is my memory,
I sit in front of the fire of my past
And my soul is the ashes in the air.
I am a house, left for death.

by Jack

If I were glass, people would see
right through my lies,
they would see into my soul.
I am an entry to another side
Hopefully to a brighter, happier tomorrow
A nicer beginning.
And when I am dirty, people will
look after me as I
looked after them
And when I am broken, I shall be free
to show an entry for others
for another day.

**Greece is My Home
by Troy**

My name is Troy
I write with blue and white to show my home colours.
Freedom is the air that the people in my home breathe.
Freedom is the space that the people in my home run
through.
Freedom is my mum's moussaka.
Freedom is a plane to Sparta.
"Never settle for less than your best. Greece is my home,
my freedom, my passion."

by Tanaya

I am a shopping mall
The lights like my eyes bringing attention

by Stefan

The outback is the place
it has many different faces
Just like Sebastian or Jack
but don't worry about them
'cause their poems are wack
My favourite colours are purple and
red. They're the colours of the sheets on
my bed.
Love is your heart beating.
Love is inside you.

by Zion

I'm a car.
The motor is my heart, making my body
work
The exhaust pipe is my past
The sunroof of the car brings light to my
face
As the steering wheel leads the path
to the right place

by Nathaniel

I'm a guitar
The hole is my soul
The strings, the sound
I love to make.
The neck is what keeps me
steady and straight.
This is my life and
I love it

by Stefan

I'm like a Lamborghini,
I'm fast, but not the fastest
I'm a sporty person,
just like my car
Lean and strong,
but not the biggest car.

by Anonymous

I am a school
The classrooms are my organs
The people are my cells
The oval is my stomach
and has cells roaming around

by Nathaniel

Rugby league field
This place I go everyday
Green and white I see
Hope is a light inside you.
Hope is someone who gives you faith.
Hope is life that you live.

“I have a dream.”

**Motorbike
by Anonymous**

I am a motorbike
My handles are my hands
My wheels are my feet
My engine is my heart
My exhaust pipe is my anus
The fuel is my energy
I want to head into the future,
to my dreams
My dream to be in GTA 5

by Winson

I am a house
The house which holds
my family and my ambitions
Light pierces through the curtains
and feeds hope to my dreams
The kitchen is the embodiment of all knowledge
which feeds me the cereal I need to
journey towards the sun.
Deep down in the cold, dark basement lays
the door to my soul, covered in cobwebs
made of hate and fear.
The windows are my perspective,
shrouded with the rain droplets
made from my tears.
My family is dead.
My friends are dead.
I lay here in eternal suffering,
Alone and hopeless.

by Anonymous

I want to go to the moon
I hate the government, especially Tony Abbott
Red is blood, hatred and love
But blue is just blue
Blue is just water
and sadness is just blue.
Hunger is death
Death is just your doom
“The pen isn't mightier than the sword”

by Ashley

I am a rainbow
It represents my true colours.
Red, orange, yellow, green, blue and
purple
Red is my blood that makes me feel
loved
Orange is a citrus which zests my life
Yellow is the colour of the sun which we
all wake up to
Green is the colour of the grass which
sways when the wind blows
Blue is the colour of the water we see at
the beach
and not to forget the sky
Purple is the violets we see dug up in
the ground

Without colour, life is boring.

by Anonymous

Music is what I am,
my heart is to listen to the
beat of my inner tempo
Each music note that's played
is the speed of my eyes blinking,
and every song is my memories of
each life story.

by Luka

I'm a book
My words are my life,
friends and family
My spine is my soul and
what keeps me together,
my title is my name
my blurb is about what I am
My life is on a shelf
and when I open
my secrets are revealed.

by Anonymous

Somewhere where the sky is always bright
and the sand is always soft and the waves
never stop kissing the shore,
He walks along, slow and quiet, reminding
himself of
what he lost.
White and blue
the colours that make his heart hurt and his
eyes water.
And his love is an addiction
that eats him from the inside out
but he could never stop loving
And his love is a poison that runs through
his veins and slowly consumes him whole
And his love is the oxygen that fills his lungs
surviving off its company
"Until death do us part"

by Patricia

A place to call home
He returns after the war
The black and blue sky filled with white stars
Love is a magnet that keeps drawing him back
Love is the air he breathes and fills his lungs
Love is the ticking time bomb waiting to explode
"You gave me an infinity in a number of days"

by Anonymous

She walked over, looking out over the sea
She wondered if there was a world so happy, so
bright,
so wonderful.
Her face paled white. Her black hair blew.
Love is air. Love is not in the air.
It is air itself, it disappears.
Fades away.

Love, love is a rock. It falls deep in your soul.
It is heavy.
It turns ragged and becomes guilty and hard.

Love, love is a moon. It shines when it needs but
darkness eventually takes over.
Oh, trust issues.
"You don't know me. You never will."

by Patricia

I am an empty book.
My spine is my family.
My cover is my heritage,
My beliefs, values, and experiences are
the words yet to be written.
I am known for my title.
I am yet to be read, but when I am,
my stories will spill out of the pages and
into the minds of my children
I am an empty book, to be continued.

by Jessica

I'm a small cottage.
Despite my size, I have a big heart
Through my windows I see the world
And I'm an open door
I may be tough with my double brick
walls
But really I'm a softy inside.
I have a garden, bright and colourful
But I'm not always like that
In winter I'm cold and lonely
And in summer I'm bright and vibrant.
I have many personalities, just as I have
many rooms.

Together I have a soul.
But really I'm just a cottage in a big
world.

by Sanjana

My home is where my heart is
As I constantly long for it
Red symbolises happiness and black de-
stroys it,
Sadness is a stream that will run dry
Sadness is a battery that will die
Sadness is the rain that won't last
Sadness is a Drake concert ticket. It runs out.

Taking chances will lead to success.

by Luke

I am a computer.
My motherboard gives me personality
I'm shaped to my master's choosing
My battery fuels me, it gives me life
Without it, I am nothing.
My screen allows me to see,
have sight and be able to let my master see
what he is doing.
My keyboard allows operation and
other useful problems to
the heart's content.
Many people need me, but many
do not have me.
I am a computer,
dressed to be used.

by Ashley

Macquarie Fields High School is really fun.
Dinosaurs and Janice passed away yester-
day
Janice's favourite colour was purple and the
sky is blue
Freedom is the high five in the dark
Friendship is a flock of birds circling the heart
Friendship is a feeling which touches your
heart.
The friends who stay are the ones who you
will remember.

by Brooke

My personality is like a cat
I have nine lives
When I'm knocked down,
I get back up again
But one day that ninth life will come for me
Take me to a place,
a place of hope
Its tail is my weapon.
The fur is my security blanket.
I'm a cat
For one day the cat will
leave this world and
may or may not cherish its
lives and hopes.

by Vijaiashree

I am a canvas
People paint on me and leave
But the paint is permanent on my
canvas
The colours are sometimes bright and
fun
or dark and filled with despair
The brushes are my family painting me
the way I want.

by Anonymous

I'm that house
the walls hold memories of my past
the cellar, the tears that fall from my
eyes
the kitchen that creates that depression
the loneliness that comes from the
death
of my dreams
the attic holds the depth of my feelings
And that spirit that haunts me
holds the wonder and the
wanting to be free to be me
. . .
That house that's forever empty
And that locked door is the cage that
holds my heart
that cage that's
forever alone.
Dark and empty.



by Ashish

I am a boat
without hopes, without dreams
sailing into a stormy sea,
filled with nothing but fear
I have no family, but the rigs holding up my
mast
hull filled with fear. But now the storm is over,
and the waves
follow a procession of order.
The sky flaunts its splendour of blue

by Megha

I am Earth
The people my thoughts, covering my mind
The oceans my anger, flaring in rage
The volcanoes my energy, blazing hot as
always
But one, one in many
I can get lost between the many
beauties of the universe
Beyond this I know what I am
I am earth, left to grow wild

by Imanthi

I am a house
I have many stories
Many people have walked in and out.

by Anonymous

Wake up in a place with white clothes,
clear sky heaven is its name
The man of it all, helps you in the
grace. God is great.
White and blue is so graceful to see in
the eyes that maybe
feeling is all I need. Thankfulness
is the brightness of the light.
Thanking him is the wings that hold you,
Holding peace is giving thanks to thee
Wake up in the morning and I ask myself
fear is the pain, freedom is to gain

by Melita

I am a skateboard,
keep on moving forward is what I do
The four wheels represent each member
of my family, including me.
Just like those four wheels on a
skateboard, it's my family that
keeps me moving
Just like a rider on the board,
stability is not always the key,
I am the rider.
I will always fall and stumble,
but will get back up and try again
I am the art on the board
a reminder that creativity tells a story
I am a skateboard,
keep on moving forward is what I do.

by Anonymous

I am a house
I am dark and empty
Ready to be sold
But no one wants me
So I covered the windows in steel bars
And layered the door with locks and
threw away the key
I am a house
I am dark and empty.

by Sanjana

I am a canvas,
empty at sight
waiting to be explored
waiting for my missing gaps to be filled
So that I can find my story
My story that is represented
by a picture.
I am a canvas,
empty at sight.

by Anonymous

I am an emu,
wild and free
spiritually attached to my land
Barkinji and Nygampa, the tribe I come

by Anonymous

In the desert, with the Asian food and natives
chilling with kangaroos
Red, black, and yellow, the colour of our flag
original is the native of the land
original is the sadness of the people.

by Tanaya

The air is cold,
my hair blowing in crazy ways,
the sand gripping my feet
The first time I stepped on sand,
it felt like I was sinking in
a pool of chip crumbs.
The night is very dark but
you can still see the smooth
blue water crashing into a
big white splash
A memory is like wet sand.
Even if you try to get rid of it,
It will always be embedded in you

by Lea

I am an ocean, wide and open
I have creatures in me that
frighten and creep you
I'm dark and deep
With anchors inside me.

by Mana

I am a house
Don't be fooled by its exterior
It may be colourful like my face
It may be story-like, my structure
but that's not the interior.
The house is empty and locked like my
heart,
the windows are shut like my eyes
You don't want to see what lies inside
I don't want to see.

by Anynomous

I am an open book, very easy to read
My spine is what keeps me together
My words are my emotions circling
inside of me.
Each page represents a different story
of my life.
I stay sitting on a shelf, waiting to be picked
up
But no one ever comes.
I am alone, lonely.

by Tanesha

I am a book
I don't know what happens next
until I get there
I can be as creative as I like
It holds many of my memories
My future is in the hands of my creator
I can do whatever I want to do
The next page is tomorrow
which brings more arrows

by Brianne

I am a table,
I have four legs to keep me grounded
I cannot become complacent
I set some goals, but I am restricted
My legs afraid to move.
My table top my canvas
People write their story on me
But I am going to create my own
I am a table.

by Anonymous

I am a motorbike.
My family is my rider,
keeping me in control and on track
my tyres are my education, without which
I wouldn't be able to move
My engine, revved up, my friends being the
bits 'n pieces holding me together
fuelled by music, I keep riding
on the highway of my life
At times, the highway can bend or swerve
but my riders keep me on track.

by Simon

I'm a stomach.
The chemicals are my feelings
I am always needed but
never acknowledged.
When someone is hungry,
they fill me and never
ask what I want.
The food are my friends, but
they always get pushed away
I'm a stomach.

by Anonymous

I'm a house
The old floorboards are the pathway
to my past
Each wall is my heart, all connected
together,
but feel so far away
The burnt out lights are my soul
The midnight draft that sifts
through the corridors are my thoughts.

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.

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