

### **Gutharraguda**

A brief goodbye to whadjuk Noongar boodja  
Tracks and traces...some grid like, some curling  
Shade is the shadow of clouds sometimes  
Healing is the shadow of burn  
Enter into a cycle dialogue with all the moving particles  
Blue green water - surreal in its patterned beauty  
Red sand, dark shrubs  
Breast-like, womb-like shapes below  
Intersoaking colours  
Resonating in patience  
Burying myself in the cool, crunchy sensory pleasure of 1 trillion tiny past lives  
Haven't got words for the hum beneath the shells  
Windy within and around me  
Drop your shell of 'I know best'  
Generosity  
I held a 300 billion-year-old rock in my hand  
I gazed upon sparkling ancestors  
Letting the ever-time of land and water fill my veins  
Can country guide me?

### **Colonisers**

We heal by dancing with and not against  
Going inside means accepting what is - internally and externally  
Rage and frustration can come out, so can exhaustion  
The despair of white destruction makes me want to swear and scream and kill  
The fact that I don't, that I dance with it instead, is me attempting to transcend my coloniser  
history  
It is time to rage and to reckon, to grieve and to grapple  
Talking, driving, rules and signs  
Touristic events irritate  
I am most free out on the land, vast and spacious  
Where I think less with words and more with the body  
When I talk to country through my cells  
Instead of participating in the dark structures my ancestors wrought

### **Res(e)t**

It's raining  
The tyres to the airport are slippery  
Looking down the tarmac could be ocean  
Sliding past  
We are still  
Then  
Take off happens unnoticed  
Looking down through quiet fog  
I see patterns and shapes  
Green and brown contours  
Natural and carved  
I wonder what country we are passing over  
Who's country?

### **Carnarvon to Gascoyne Junction**

red dirt puddles salmon water runs wind warn plantations green but still dusty rough rock and roll  
every second someone in the supermarket is a daughter or mother's friend from school weary  
faces some drug worn and rain and rain and rain and rain causes kids in mud baths slow new  
friends calm but a little lost watching the adventure untangle

## Woodgamia

Today I've been in dialogue with creatures  
White cockatoos out the kitchen window  
Fish quietly gathered at the edge in watery communities  
Ants silent strong busy  
Red piece, red piece, red, piece, red peace  
Black birds in formation waves, wings shifting slowly  
Noisy big flock - white with black underbellies

Standing out by the road, flies humm, sinking soil, sinking feeling  
Chocolate flakes caking off, sandy hands and dusty crunch  
Can't capture the vast quiet feeling  
River bed stomps, sunset and galahs passing  
The way the colours change with the light, the gums and leaves here  
The striped tree that blooms red at Christmas time  
The old knobbly trunk with a healing wound and missing skin  
No-one wants to feel unnecessary, unknown or unwanted

Children laugh  
Flies zzzm  
Trucks beep in reverse far away  
Distant wind curls in quiet gusts  
The earth is baked dried and flaking in chocolate pieces on top  
Soft and sinking below  
Further down  
Further down  
Even just 10 steps beyond the every day noise I can start to hear further down  
The layer fades  
Am I hearing myself more clearly or is country healing me?  
Can I face what I'll hear if I listen to the land?  
The wounds  
The stories  
The things it has seen  
The footsteps it has held

Flocks of birds pass above cackling and hooting  
Flying in fluid formation  
Catching the curves  
Contours  
Riding change  
Independent inside togetherness

*\*Note that my writing at **Mount Augustus** was focused on a Creality spoken word poem, summarising the tour experience. It was presented live May 22nd and recorded as audio file.*

**I want to know...**

I want to know how to be respectful, how to walk in the resonance of healing

*Decolonisation*

I want to know how much more my body can surrender to its cellular nature, to be at rest as part of the matter all around me

*Sensory immersion*

I want to know how country can change me, change my song, change my dance

*Dance growing*

I want to listen deeply and stay in that power in more moments; full presence, energetic flow

*Country*

I want to know my own gentle strength, want to stay connected to the source even when the chaos rocks all around me

*Self sufficiency and care*

I want to write from the heart, weave words that touch deeper into the wounds and beauty of this time

*Poetry*

I want to speak clearly and directly, sing pure and true, sing freely

*Use your voice*

I want to refined my sensitivity to others, my ability to listen and draw them up and out, have dialogue in balance of learning and sharing

*Relationality, respect*

I want to track my cycles and dreams in order to know the deeper wisdom of the world and my soul

*Feminine power, Mother Earth*