

M A T R I A R C H S

~ For Mum

Here's to you
and your soul
that is drained
but carries on giving

to you
who is tired
and restless
but keeps on

to you
so close to breaking
and yet so strong
so determined
to hold it together

for someone else
for something else
for something bigger
than yourself.

DISCONNECTION

Little one,
I see you mouth empty spaces
for a mother's words to fill
and stretch your ears
for the stories and their voices.

I watch your
trembling limbs
ache to shake
in dance
and hear your lungs
as they gasp with songs unknown.

I feel your
body sans
spirit,
ceremony
and secret

and know that
it has been grown
with roots
wrenched
from the earth
that cradled them

and I taste the hunger
you do
to know the parts of yourself
to feel at home

when your
Dreaming has been taken.

MY APOLOGIES

~ Written on Dharawal Country with Dharawal translations informed by Aunty Jodi Edwards

I scoop you up
in my hands
and hold you tenderly
with tear stained cheeks
as I recite a monologue
of apology
on behalf of anyone
that has ever branded you
with a name that isn't yours,

that has ever called you
earth
sand
sun
sea
salt water
escarpment
fish
moon
bird
tree.

Here,
you are
nguru
widjud widjud
wuri
gadu

pallanjang
merrigong
mara
djadjun
budjan
gundu.

REINVENTING

This is the breaking,
the shattering,
the smattering
of every limit
ever accepted
or imposed—

the resisting,
redesigning,
the rewriting
of script
and story—

the setting,
of standard,
and boundary
and goal.

The doing
and the being

the Dreaming
and the knowing

the awareness that
this magic is yours.

This magic is yours.