

Home

I love this place; the rocks, the trees, the wind, the delicious grasses, the earth itself.

This is my refuge, my safe haven, my home.

I cohabit with my neighbours: wombat, echidna, snake, lots of ants and birds who visit.

We cohabit in peace and harmony.

Suddenly, a two legged appears.

What is she doing in my home!?

I watch her.

I've heard stories about these creatures.

How they murder our kin. We don't know why....

Will she kill me?

I wait. I watch. I listen.

She sits on the earth and stares out.

She's quiet. What is going on?

I open my heart and connect with hers.

I feel her intent is peace full.

I bend down and start to forage again.

Perhaps I could cohabit with this new neighbour?

I maintain my heart connection with the two legged.

I am curious. What is she doing?

Her heart replies that she is writing a poem about the sacredness and beauty of this place.

I laugh!

I live my whole life in this awareness.

This creature has a lot to learn!

I wish her well, though.

"Witchety Wallop" (wallaby language for Blessed Be)

Kaye Wright