

## **Where I'm From**

I am from hay-bale cubby house bricks and where a chainsaw roar meant warmth; from a playground acres wide, twin towering pines and the comforting smell of Lanolin.

I am from fresh fruit and vegetables straight off the vine and pumpkin vines overcrowding the grass; from the heartbreak of leaving that land for fields of sugarcane and generational judgement.

I am from cheeky smiles of nieces and nephews; from moral exclusions to celebrations and self-expectations of perfectionism.

I am from a mother I am like because of whom she is; who is despite her own.

I am from the east; from schools that fought to get what they have and the people who persevered through loss and rough lives with potholes like the dirt roads they travelled.