



i am for

by Miriam Hechtman

I am for the call of the whip bird in the morning
To its lover waiting in the bushes
I am for the whisper of sea breeze coming through my window
The rising sun's glow waking me, tickling my senses

I am for ocean swims in ladies pools
I am for bone china teacups filled with sticky chai
I am for memory keepers that surprise us with their spirit
I am for the panic that dissipated when the breath found her way

I am for conversations with strangers
In a park, on a bus, in a café
I am for the invitation, yours and mine
Bring back the neighbourhood, everybody needs good neighbours

I am for the sound of my doorbell ringing
Friends dropping in unannounced
A cup of tea together at the kitchen table
Time for our stories, time for our pasts

I am for seashells that she didn't sell
Random acts of kindness that don't feel so random
I am for the courage of the seed that keeps pushing through the dirt
And the flower that rises to meet the sun

I am for Atticus and Scout
For empathy and consideration
I am for differences and sameness
The melting pot does not discriminate

I am for women on boards
Not the billboard type
The boards that make decisions
The boards that give out rights

I am for silences and silence
For time and time again
I am for classical music on public transport
And scats of jazz on a full moon rise

I am for the downpour of summer rains
Especially when it falls into water tanks
I am for tiny houses and big ones for many
I am for homes

I am for a wave or a smile
A nod to say hello
Our bloodlines meet in the dirt under our feet
We must not forget, we must not repeat

I am for artwork on every street corner
Murals on the footpaths
Sounds of laughter, tears in public
We can do this when we take off our masks

I am for 'sorry' and 'R U okay'
For bystander empathy and pushing through discomfort
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Let us be the fairest of them all

I am for summer and winter
And autumn and spring
Tis a season for everything
Let us just know patience

Meditation before mediation
A common prayer in parliament
I am for the welcoming of strangers
Whose lands I've never walked

I am for history and its learnings
For the future because it's bright
I am for keeping the conversation going
I am for truths to be brought to the light

I am for our ancestors' voices
For boys and men who cry
I am for listening and not responding
I am for empty spaces

I am for trees and bees and saying please
And listening to pleas
Take me back to the garden of eden
To the forest with the leaves

I am for the gathering of kindred beings
The caress of my daughter's hands
I am for the stone that skimmed the river
I am for fear and love to keep pushing me deep

