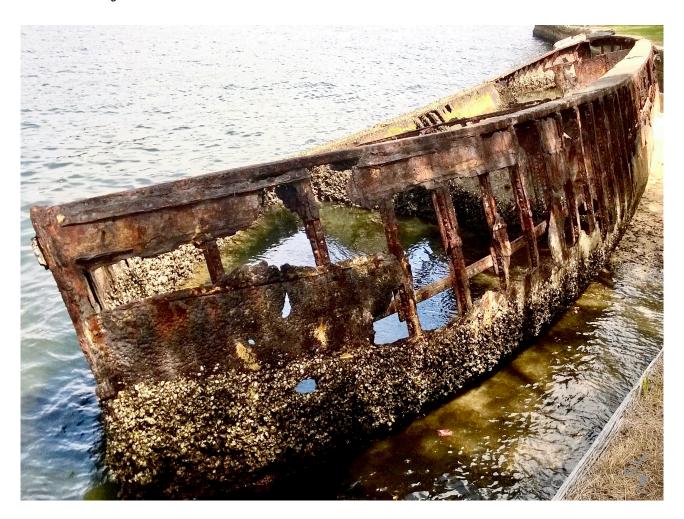
How do I express what Australia means to me?

Elisabeth Kelvin, Vienna

When "heritage" bumps up against "development"? Where dry humour rubs up against wet cozzies? Where things are always moving even when they seem to stand still? This washed up barge at the bank of the award-winning Sawmiller's Reserve, Sydney, has enthralled me over the decades. As a daring child, I walked along its edges. As a young adult, I have seen it decay; wood and iron transforming to fragile bits of rusty lace that flake off with a finger. New marine life now grows in the ebb and flow of the harbour tide. All my dreams, thoughts, and plans to live in Vienna are bound up with this gorgeous, rotting palimpsest. My time spent in this space is filled with years of memories of people past, present, and future. Songs of currawong and magpie resonate through the smell of old boat, salt, and eucalyptus. Fish and even an odd penguin flash in the shallows. Tempted to go for a swim, reminded of the sharks lurking deeper. Typical Australia: devastatingly beautiful with a trace of tricky.



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