

Sing Country



s I step outside,
Country surrounds me.
She greets me,

Mother's sweet embrace.

Early morning.
Magpie song above.
A sermon.

A reminder of kin – obligations and responsibilities.

The sun, a gift upon my light brown skin
Coffee, with a little extra milk
Filtering through her canopy, leaves twinkling.

Dancing songs upon my face.

I run my hands upon her trunk.
Smooth and cool.
Steady.

So very wise, is she.

Old Bottlebutt
Corymbia Gummifera
Her roots,

Run deep.

Country, always there.
All I need,
All I am.

Rain arrives mid-afternoon,
Relieves thirst.
Reprieve from the summer heat.

The smell – renewal.

Old Bottlebutt's whisper,
Carried in the breeze
Reminding me of,
Country – she gives us life, nourishment and shelter.

To be here on Country
Beneath her canopy of love
Sing to her, soothe her.

Worship Country, no matter who your god may be.

Teneale Lavender was born on the lands of the Dharawal, South of Wollongong, in Australia. Her ancestors come from Yuin Country, along with England and Ireland. She is a mother, writer and academic who writes to express, share and connect, and to heal. She currently caretakes a patch of land on Birrpai Country with her feathered, hooved and winged family.

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