New Place: Robin Moorhouse

I am in a new place. It is strange. I have never lived in a complex before. Will I like it?

 Size doesn’t matter but sun streaming in does. I have yet to unpack  memorable ‘things’ to put around me.  Where is my collection of bones?  A whale rib - a piece only but with a lovely tapering curve. Camel vertebrae collected in the desert. A small bird skull, a shin bone - of what?

I soon found my rusty iron pieces, big and rattly. Where to hang the old rabbit trap? The rail tie from near Lake Eyre, such a lovely S shape. The railway no longer exists.The piece d’resistance, a rivet from the Harbour Bridge, someone gave me years ago - 20cm long with nuts screwed on each end. Can hardly lift it. Last time I did I dropped it on my shin and had to go to emergency to have the wound dressed!

I won’t mention the half dozen pieces of driftwood, mostly knobbly tree roots found locally.

Is this a sense of my new place or my old one? Instead of inanimate things I now  check the surrounding bush to count the wild life. (The ‘only wild’ life in this place). Twenty-two cockatoos in the trees screeching, beginning to pair off. Scrub turkey and a large chic, kookaburra outside the bedroom. Last week at dusk a wallaby hopped past, and on the last hot day a 2m python, sunning itself on the rocks until disturbed when it wriggled towards the building and disappeared underneath. No doubt hibernating now.

Place!  Sense!  Memories!  Maybe comfort.