

This is who I am By Claire Jessop

I'm the August morning light, reaching with warmth.

I'm the azure blue sky, the gum tree silhouettes.

I'm the clear, the crisp, the new

with roots in ancient landscape.

This is my new country, the future that swells my heart.

But the country I came from holds my heart still.

Endearing gentility and futile pomp,

a consideration of others ingrained from birth.

The richest of history, the routine of tradition,

a countryside vista that feels like a warm hug.

My feet frozen in the past, forever conflicted.

To my old country, enough now, you've held my heart for too long.

To my new country, I get it now, sorry it took me so long.