

**I acknowledge the traditional custodians of this place.
I celebrate Aboriginal lands.
I pay respect to Elders, past, present and future.
I pay my respects to Indigeneity, Aboriginality, clan and kin
With this breath I acknowledge the Aboriginal body
Our mother earth
With this voice I speak
With this mind I imagine
With this heart I heal
With this body**

*On an island I sit
And feed on the most ancient of times
I am mountain
I am skin
I am land*

*She spoke softly her voice of welcome
I heard
And waited.
She called me in song.*

*I hold.
I hide.
I bare.
Scars.
Lines.
Maps.
Tracks.*

*I shed.
I peel the mountain, the rock.
I shape the dolomite, the ice and snow.
I speak in stars.*

*I stand with my open wound.
I am vast; all humps and mounds.
I belong with the shadow of a mountain
I breathe on the edge of a river
I touch the skin of the land
I remember the surface*

*And I am scarred, like the trees.
Carved, stretched and cut.
Tugged and pulled.
I screech.
Knocked and bumped.
My scabs tell.*

*I nourish.
I hold.
I feed.
For you are my stone.
You bring me comfort.*

*I hold you and my body remembers.
I let go
Surrender to the pull of the tide.
I call out
Across those wicked miles.
I call out
And turn.
I touch the green moss of her healing.*

*The magpie comes
I tell him I hold the stories of creation, of birth and beginning.
He learns the slow story of my mothering.
He learns the drum of the long night and the baby's wail.*

*I listen.
Come,
Come sit with me.
Lie with your sacred
Dance with your song
Embrace your ancestral body
Twin with your star.*

***This body of work will honour you
This body remembers
This body can touch
Skin
Fur
Woman
Fire
Breath
This Time
This night
It's present
It's dark
It's cold***

***This river
This land
This valley
This moon
This gorge
This escarpment***

***We all live in this body, this body, this sanctuary.
For these are our bones, our shells
Whisper to me from your edges.
There is a sister in skin.
She is in this room. She marks her territory and you are safe.
Held.
In this body, at this moment
within this body of work.***

Sarah Jane Moore, June 2017.