

Arrivals. @ Lillian Allen

We are arrivals
arrivals but for our dreams
our voices crackling creeks
rustling echoes through city trees
Culture springing eternal
In the eclecticism of our City, connecting
and interconnecting, visionaries, social labour
a community aflowering
with accents and ethnicities meshing
ancient and new, a land Indigenous
for a beat, a minute, a decade, a mile

We, are the land, the light

percussive movement of things

sentient connections of beings

The breathing of rocks

We are water in the before and the after

centuries through time, we have
held our dreams together and apart

Our hopes thread tenderness like magic
mysteries floating on the soul's soundings

reaching to create tempos of belonging
Art heals, culture can cure. A city grows
In our scrawling graffiti of footprints
we pull from a magic world
hearts flutter, set alight to beam, make new
to be moved
and touched by those we are not
beaming our lives, beaming into our lives
beaming to the world
Our stories, our City

**But the real miracle is,
we are present,
here, now, thus**