

The carol of the Magpie,
Wind through the trees
The sun on my face
Heartbeat...
Breath...
Gusts of wind
Connected...
Rooted to the earth, like hands reaching up
to grab my ankles
I don't want to leave.
Sense of calm and peace,
The wind rises and falls
Mountains....
Breathing slowed,
Let all the anxiety go.
Wind in my hair
Lighter...
Aware...
The warmth of the sun...
Rivers run, way down below our feet,
A faint sound of Birdsong.
The wind in the trees,
Age, wisdom & spirit of the Bunyas.
I heard the passing of stories,
Trees and leaves singing in the wind.
Bunya and the Black bean
Dynamic
Humming
Present
Grounded
Peaceful
I listen critically to the layers,
My ears are the dominant sensor.
I thought about how much my deaf husband
misses out on.
I thought about the sound of sunrise.
How did this landscape look 300 years ago?
Calm...
Alone...
Connected...
I felt the sun,
Warm energy & connection to country.
Thought about the ocean,

The roaring of wind through the trees,
A Tree symphony
Birdsong...
Near and far.
I want to come back here.
Transported to the top of a mountain, alone.
Mindful...
I miss country & past family.
Shuffling of feet,
The ground thumping at the last nights
welcome dance
A hint of vibration in the grass,
Red energy came up from the earth and
surrounded me,
I felt safe.
connection...
Helped ease the yearning
Birds chattering,
Kurrawong, singing their sweet songs.
Healing that the Bunyas give.
Connection...
Laughter...
Big through my belly
The sound of my breath,
positivity.
Wind in my hair,
Sunlight hitting my eyelids, warm yellow/red
Wind gusts like waves breaking...
Building and falling,
Waves of cold
Quiet...
Serenity...
Teacups and the clatter of cutlery,
Nothing is quiet – Ever!
The trees are talking to each other,
Moving as the wind grew,
Gesturing to each other
And creating rhythm together.
I was thinking about mediation practice,
The collective energy of our gathering,
What a Bunya gathering looked like?
It's so nice to get away from the city bustle
at Bonye' Bu'ru.