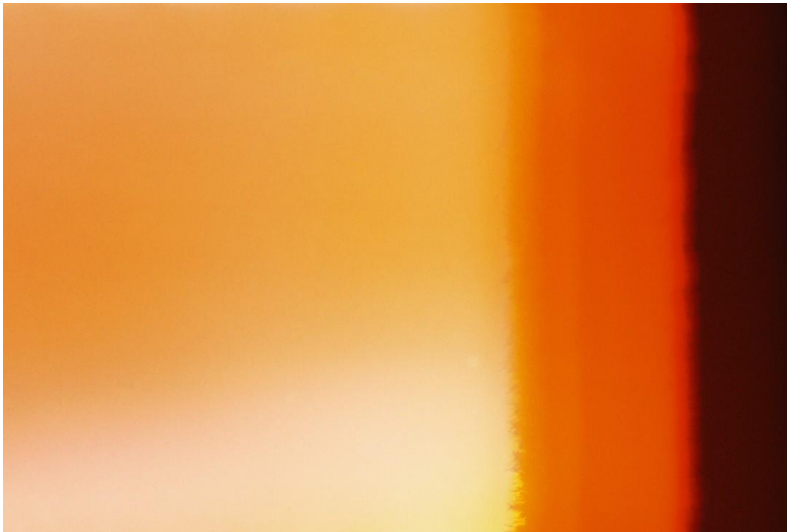


H

Homesicknessⁱ

Anwyn Hocking and Myf Hocking ⁱⁱ



Walked home with the scent of Grandpa plucked off a tree,
and the sounds of Lorde solar powering my feet.

Frangipani

spin

top

at

a

bus

stop,

twisting with fragile fingers, staring into a stamen,

once introduced to these lands,

now littering gift shops,

an emblem of this imagined place,

that holds my past.





Too sick to return to the place considered home,
he asked us to collect a small jar of sand,
to place beside his death bed.

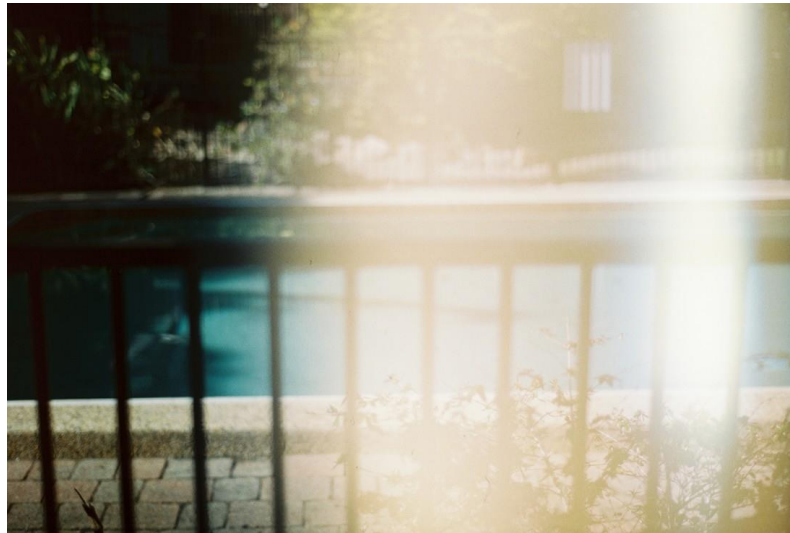
A small jar to capture the enormity of the ocean,
the sensations of this place he loved.

A small jar of matter pumped from elsewhere,
masking erosion and change and stolen lands.

And like him,

for us,

with pale skin and freckles dappled across our shoulders as a constellation,
the endless sun rays of 'the Gold Coast'
will forever be
homesickness.





On unceded Yugambah lands,

we migrated annually,

from the cold shores of Naarm.

Like ancestors settling from much further.

Taught:

how to swim;

differentiate bird song;

read swells in the ocean;

smell an approaching storm.

Taught:

uneasy histories,

cracks appearing between these stories, and those left unsaid and unknown.

Magpies chorale the evening in, beckoning nostalgia flushed with heartache.

And it's easy to forget.

Insouciance settles.

The holiday continues.



If this city wishes to be the tropics, then the tropics it shall be, and I'll be far north
once more, in my six-year-old self, splashing around with my sister as we go
under a wave of memories,
lapping at the edges of ever encroaching buildings,
basements built up *and up*,
myths and dreams encased in concrete.
Gossiping and giggling below the surface,
we are transported somewhere farther,
and the children that emerge
only know the heat, the dry, the wet.
When I float on my back here as an adult,
above me are endlessly shifting skyscrapers, are floating floors made of pools.
Some of the magic of youth
lost to the balconies of those who will consume this place,
gorging themselves until they have to spit it out.



Foundations and pumps and metals build cities and beaches
when We can have anything We want,
Forever and Ever.

Amen.

Remember:

the frangipani in my fingers.

How a flower can be a person or the people you love,

and destruction or grief or violence,

and your cheeks can be salt licks, reflection rolling down

before drying out.

And Rose can mean a person, off being lovely

in a faraway land. And geranium can hurt before the hurt,

because you know what it will one day mean; a scent inviting a beloved ghost.

How lavender can be childhood and lover and destroyer and grandmother,

compressed in bumblebees and their favourite, and a song

she sang on stage in the forties.

lavender blues

... dilly dilly



her ancient, curled hands tapping the table,
like she's summoning *that* self, the one who sang,
unencumbered, or at least that's how it seemed, and true and young.

Reminder:

text them *I love you*

because what else can we do when a flower makes us weep?

The mythos of us: a place that never existed

A place that was never ours. But in my hand is a frangipani,
and the offerings of an ancient nautilus.

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ⁱ Hocking, Anwyn. and Hocking, Myf. “Homesickness.” *An A to Z of Shadow Places Concepts* (2025), doi: <https://www.shadowplaces.net/concepts>

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