

Prose to poetry: Sample 1

Excerpt from *Growing up, grow up, grown-ups* by Ambelin Kwaymullina

Yes,
of course I experienced racism.
It's like standing in the sea and having the waves
crash over you.
It's regular
and relentless
and you forget
what it's like
to be able to properly breathe.

Or, at least, I forget
until I walk into a safe space.
Then I notice as air
rushes into my lungs
and goes to my head;
I am dizzy and my horizons expand to infinity.
I don't remember many
safe spaces
when I was a kid; certainly,
school wasn't one of them.

But I find more
safe spaces
now.

Original text from *Growing up, grow up, grown-ups*:

Yes, of course I experienced racism. It's like standing in the sea and having the waves crash over you; it's regular and relentless and you forget what it's like to be able to properly breathe. Or, at least, I forget until I walk into a safe space. Then I notice as air rushes into my lungs and goes to my head; I am dizzy and my horizons expand to infinity. I don't remember many safe spaces when I was a kid; certainly, school wasn't one of them. But I find more safe spaces now.