

Güler

## Morning Hospital


Smoke, nmmphowow mmm, sniff sniff  
Breathe it in then exhale out, smoke everywhere  
Come'n out of mouths and the chimneys  
Sparrows chirp away, doves come flying in  
Peck peck, peck peck, singing birds land and fly  
Try and block out the noises of the inner city  
Hearing the trams pull in and out for the stops  
Industrial noises from the main hospital building  
Sound of the truck breaking and reverse signal  
Oh wait, it might just appear ..... nooo nothing  
In sight it sounds like a tipster  
Sounds of the throttle of the motor  
Almost impossible to muzzle, this big clanging monster  
Birds have all flown away, nowhere to be seen  
Ohh come back, you're my only joy!  
Sigh of deep relief, monster clank is gone  
Can hear the sparrows  
One dove calling the other  
Seagulls sure don't whisper do they?  
Overpowering squawks that sometimes fade away  
Smoke still coming out of chimneys and mouths ....

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Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> December 1998  
7.45am

## A Postcard From Now

I am lethargic and feel that I haven't slept in weeks  
I feel like I'm in a hazy dream trying to awaken  
But always tired  
I'm afraid. Afraid of the onset of my illness  
For 10 months now I have fought it  
I have fought the demise of doom and gloom  
Please, all I wanna do is curl up and sleep  
A deep sleep, the end of gloom  
Another state of my consciousness  
Is taken up by my yearning for travel  
I have hoped, dreamed and wished  
That I will put on my shoes and travel  
Travel my motherland, travel the roads of my forefathers  
Each footstep is like a breath in and out  
I travel in my lethargy and in my sleep  
I do not move,  
Yet I've gone beyond lands, dimensions and realms.

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YCS = Support  
People helping people  
Partnerships  
Participation  
Community  
Independence  
Recovery

## I am you. Are you me? Are we? Lets be the Key.

I wonder in my ponder  
Hear, the here and yonder  
Escaping into the nocturnal fantasy  
Quietly shunning the glimpses of hypocrisy  
The flame flickering, from the cold harsh dew  
In due course, we will welcome  
Open the doors, protect and liberate  
Create opportunities and say yes  
For those who seek Asylum

I am an Aussie from Yarra  
Cycled, played, sat, dipped my toe in and enjoyed a  
Barbie, by this river  
The Yarra, Turks often refer to it as  
"Boklu Dere" translated literally to mean "Shitty Creek"  
The Big City, big Shitty Melbourne  
100 years ago these were slum Areas  
For the poor, destitute, working class  
In the 70's the High Rise buildings were built in the heart of the  
dwellings of shantytown slums  
Knocked them down, they did!

Yes me, a migrant child lived in them  
Was not allowed to go downstairs and play with other children  
Determined, we children we played  
Lucky to be here Yarra, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia


I am an Aussie, which means I can be ME  
Bi Cultural, Bi Lingual  
I welcome Refugees and Asylum Seekers-  
Dear Children you've come here  
To Australia full of Shitty City people

I am sorry that my Government locks you up  
Why do they think you are like a criminal?  
We won't let them throw away the KEY

The country you were born into Afghan, Somali  
Some of my Australian born people Love you,  
Want you Support you on this meandering river journey  
Calling all Earth Angels, UNITE

I am many things to different people  
a Muslim not a terrorist, an Aussie  
Through wedlock, I am proud to have relatives who are:  
Indigenous to this county,  
Catholic, Uniting church members, estranged underclass,  
working, middle class, educated by life and or theory.

My whole being embraces you  
Many attempts continue to empower you  
Templates of KEYS toward dialogue, justice,  
compassion are being created.  
My fantasy, illuminated by the flickering candlelight  
Sees the doors and no walls.

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