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Autore	Hodgson Elizabeth
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Collana	David Unaipon award winners series
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Note generali	Description based upon print version of record.
Nota di contenuto	Cover; About the Author; Dedication; Contents; I am sitting in an exhibition room; alone; Somewhere beyond this room is the sound of children; At school I spent my time staring out of the window; Two girls linger by a triptych; The room is quiet again; This is my memory of my life; Bindawalla, binda, bindi, bindii; Little two-year-old in yellow plastic sandals; Mr Cage, can you imagine; I am in a room; it is day but the room is dark; Sometimes the man and his wife go away; These people give me a religion I do not want; They change my name, I am no longer Elizabeth Little four-year-old with bells on her slippersEvery weekday - porridge; When I don't eat my porridge; Drip by precious drip, my life re-begins; I have a toy stroller, filled with dolls; One day my guardian comes to visit; I know many places well - some I can still smell; This place that I know well; My best friend Vicky and I were invited to the minister's place for tea; Some memory paintings are suitable for public display; Before Lutanda my father taught us about bush-tucker; Sometimes I'd buff my shoes until I was mesmerised; My father gave me a camera The adults at Lutanda ran our little livesMy mother knitted herself a yellow jumper; The tree-lined street where my guardian's lover lived; Sometimes we would knock and knock but the door stayed shut; Father gained custody of me and my siblings; Now I am fifteen, I am living with my father; My father is waltzing me around the lounge room; At seventeen I moved into the anonymity and solitude of Sydney; Revered

in her church community, the step-grandmother; Have you ever stood on the edge of your country and wondered where you belong; I am twenty, homeless and restless

Husband number one tells meHusband number one; My culture and my place were things I did not know how to reach.; I have an obsession with polished boots; Once, I became a Christian; There is so much I have lost, there are things I've never known about my people; When you walk this land do you notice the tracks of my people?; I am a Wiradjuri woman; I've heard it said I'm now at the invisibility age; What is your yardstick, your benchmark?; I am sitting in an exhibition room in an art gallery; These words are my phoenix; I will not deliberately hurt you; Acknowledgments

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Sommario/riassunto

<DIV>Brave, haunting, and evocative, this powerful volume presents its poetry in the form of a memoir. From the poet's early experiences in an institution and the effect of this on her family to the illustration of her strength and independence as an adult, this biographical collection helps make the Aboriginal experience accessible and resonant. Exploring themes of art, identity, sexuality, and loneliness, this compendium is both universal and intimate.</DIV>
