Adelaide

Although I was born in West Germany, just six years after the Second World War, and grew up playing in bomb craters, in rubble strewn streets, with my father’s warnings of unexploded grenades buzzing in my ears, the city of Adelaide feels more like home.

Adelaide, named for a German Queen, is where I’ve lived since the age of seven, and became a teen. It’s where I learned some hard truths and became a man. Although I’ve travelled all over Australia in Kombi or car, and returned once to Europe via India and the United States, Adelaide is like an old lover I can’t forget. She draws me back to her tousled bed and takes me in, with familiar strokes and the taint of sin. Her grid of streets are my memories graphed. Her parks are the borders of my dreams but also harbour nightmares.

Adelaide is my Great Mother. She has nurtured and enveloped my body and mind. Her graveyards keep the bones of my relations locked in her hard soil. I sometimes think of leaving, but Adelaide won’t let me go. I’m sure I will die here, and rest in her earthy womb for eternity.

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