

To the other side of the Pacific:

I sit in a café in Adelaide as I write this, and imagine you sitting next to me and we're catching up like old times. Adelaide. The town that I love, a place you didn't know existed until you met me and whose name you can never remember. "What's it called again Jess? Adel...Adelone or something?" I miss you like crazy but I'm happy being home.

We never talked much about Australia, preferring instead to experience the country we were in, but the longer we're apart the more I want to share it all with you. "I will be there one day" you assure me from another place that was my home too for a while "it's just so far away". So I resign myself to dreaming about what I'll show you if I ever get the chance.

I'll drive you through the hills to Mt Lofty to show you how different it is from your home. Not all cities are full of cars and freeways and smog. I'll tell you about the Ash Wednesday bushfires and the ruins of the kiosk I used to see here and hope that we see a koala or two in the trees on the way home.



Bee on Beehive Corner by Shaw Hendry

We'll drink cheap beers at an opening at FELTspace, and while we stand in the crowd on the street, squinting at each other until the sun disappears we'll talk about artist run culture and our plans for the year. I'll introduce you to the people that I know, and tell you again how happy I am that you're here.

As we wander through town I'll point to the sky to show you Shaw Hendry's Bee at Beehive Corner. We'll take pictures of our reflections distorted in Bert Flugelman's Balls and love that it's an artwork that is one of the most recognisable parts of the city. We'll crouch low to the ground on



Found on Union Street, Adelaide

Rundle Street to see the coins Michelle Nikou embedded in the pavement, and find the doorway nearby to a miniature restaurant whose food we'll never get to eat. "This is an Honor Freeman" I'll say as we run our hands over the porcelain light switch outside the Exeter, automatically trying to flick it on even though we know it'll never move. We'll look out for strawberry seedlings that Peter McKay planted in the pavement, though I'm not sure if any continue to survive.

We'll sit on the beach one night as the sun sets, watching the waves roll in until the wind picks up and we wish that we'd brought warmer jumpers. We'll eat hot chips and talk about everything; as if this is the last time we'll ever get the chance, and wonder if it's possible to find the meaning of our lives in a handful of sand.

I take a sip of my hot chocolate, and remember afternoons with you at Starbucks, and half expect you to walk through the door at any minute. And then I remember you're not here, and that I can't share this with you quite yet, and smile to myself at my own sense of longing. If I believed it hard enough would you appear?

I'm missing you as always dude. Come visit me soon. The long flight will be worth it.

Jessie Lumb