

## BETTINA CUMMINS

### IDENTITY

Sometimes I wish I had been born an aboriginal  
not existing in a white man's culture  
drifting rootless,  
but a symbiotic nodule needing only the Land  
and knowing the Land's great need of me.

Or that I had been born in England  
among a soft and gentle people;  
won prizes for roses at the village fair  
and had the vicar in to tea,  
not caring that on the bottom of the world  
was a great, parched country thirsting for my love.

Yet, transplanted, lacking a tap root  
I have put down tentative roots  
to explore for nourishment in creviced sandstone,  
and last spring surprised myself with a new bud.  
Who knows, next year, perhaps a flower  
a different strain  
claiming its own identity.