

## ANNE LLOYD

### MIGRANT TO QUEENSLAND

Driving along Ward St the other day  
I saw they had given the hostel  
a new coat of paint, restored much of its  
otherworldly grace. The verandahs were iron-laced,  
delicate spider-webs slung in white  
between the rails; and the long hip roof was  
vaguely slate—at least an  
historically appropriate shade of grey.

Strange that you do not appreciate these things  
at the time. Those first few days  
when the sun's western rays clattered  
under the verandah, I could hear  
nothing but a blood-raged buzz:  
mosquitoes thirsty for their sullen waterways.

Crossing one state boundary, alien and naked  
New South Welshman, I had never thought to be  
a stranger in my father's own and stranger land.