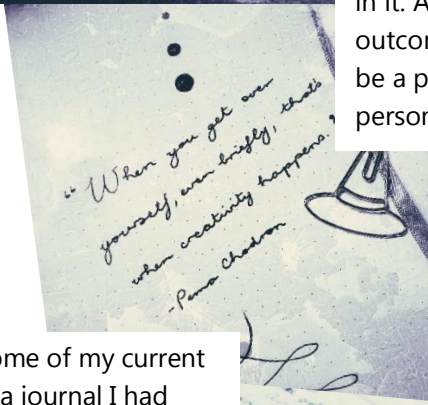


Knowing we might share reflections upon concluding the *Westerly* program, I decided to align my participation with Julia Cameron's often recommended *The Artist's Way*. I attempted almost every exercise as detailed in the prescribed timeline, trying to be the diligent and disciplined student. My internalisation of the survival myth drives this relapsing habit of model minority performance.

It took time to stretch into the apparently difficult practice of accepting my hesitations, not always demanding of myself to do the things that discomforted me, instead permitting myself to resist when something was not right.

Interrupting hegemonic definitions of success, capitalist imperatives and expectations of advocacy to take the forms of militaristic fights and marches, I found the insistence of my voice. Increasingly, my writing feels recognisably mine and I feel more visible in it. As LaVelle Ridley articulates, 'No matter the outcome, the gesture of daring to imagine itself might be a productive move toward collective liberation and personal joy' (488).



I uncovered and played with the fears, hesitations, and doubts I had previously dreamt were long banished. I found the excitement and hope of more forms of writing to dive into, without imposing an obligation to make them worthy beyond what they meant to me. It feels strange and wonderful to say I have recently read several pieces of my writing and felt pride and satisfaction in them.

So, I share some of my current favourites in a journal I had begun as an anchor for writing, but instead became my evolving map of my tao: my passions, values, learning and remaking.



Thank you *Westerly*, Jo, Daniel, Kate, Marcella, Lisa, Ben, Maddie, Annabel, my secret garden, my furry housemates (often referred to as pets), and all the other creatives in my life.



Knowing others is wisdom
Knowing yourself is enlightenment