

Dear Summertown,

When he started telling me about you, I must admit, I got a little jealous. He wanted to spend time here, with you. How could I ever compete? With my sky high rises, busy roads and concrete vistas?

He spoke so fondly of you. Of your gardens, your vistas, your wildlife. It all seemed too good to be true. Truth be told, I couldn't quite believe it when I found out that you're real.

Would I visit? Was this some sort of elaborate fairytale? Would I be welcome?

Oh Summertown!

As our love grew in in the depths of a Melbourne midwinter lockdown, as wild and free as the weeds and moss and hedges in the garden we couldn't get to... we dreamed of you, together. What would life be like spending weekends with you? Working from your sun filled rooms and hanging out our laundry to dry in your sun and light breeze?

Oh Summertown!

I remember friends telling me "it's meant to be!". And it was. It is. I adore you. We adore you!

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From the sausage dog next door, to the cherry orchards across the road and the bricks of raspberry at the end of the fire trail and all of the space to dance and work and laugh and walk and...you are so very different to my little sky box life in the busting Melbourne CBD; which I do SO love ... but you brought us both back to life as we worked (and visited Bunnings too many times) to bring our little corner of you back to life, and for that I will always be so very grateful.

Summertown. After the long drive full of anticipation, I remember that on the first night with you, I didn't sleep a wink. Birds replaced b-doubles. Wind through trees replaced sirens through streets. Starts in lieu of neon. It was all very... oddly... loud.

Summertown. Food never tasted so alive. Flowers never bloomed so sweet and bright. Wine never flowed so freely and heartily. I have never breathed out so fully and easily. And since that first night, I've never slept so peacefully and soundly.

And so, STown, you're my long commute. As I fly over the Hills on my way back, writing you this letter, I want you to know how grateful I am, we are, to have you in our lives.

You're my grounding space. The place where we laugh endlessly and relax gloriously. Where we are a "we" and where we are building, decorating and enjoying our life and together time.

The truth is, I've grown very fond of you.
Summertown, my town, his town, our town.

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