

The rust of the contorted railing runs down the cliff to the edge of the rock pool, where a thin film of sea foam is swirling. The stone staircase, that has been basking in the summer rays turns the bottoms of my feet roseate as I descend. At the foot, the ground is imperfect, divoted and raw stone. Water laps at my toes and as it settles, the fresh laces of white melt into the most spectacular intertwinement of blues and greens.

Children splash and plummet from the craggy boulders that line the shore, as their parents tranquilly peer from the cliff face above. The gentle whisper of the salt breeze through the cliff's grass reeds is a soothing melody, in contrast to the elated screaming of children, that echoes throughout the rock walls.

Although, these walls also echo a different cry. The whimpers of convicts as they carved into the Awabakal stone base. The searing light cooking their backs and arms. The bottoms of their feet, crimson from the stone's sharp and uncertain cavities. Waves crashing upon the cliff, spitting salt into their eyes. As their arms fell heavy with each swing of the pickaxe and fatigue consumed their limbs, they could not help but yearn for the calm of the ocean before them.