

ULURU

*Porous,
of petrified drips, bleeding through time.
A slab of meat flung onto the bones of this land,
over its sores, its much burned earth...
Salt bushes rub barren black sticks beneath a steely blaze of sky.
And all the sheer pain seems to - any time now -
press the colossus up beyond its foundations
to make it roll towards our white and dreamless fears
with the inhuman, uncompromising consequence of
rock: Core gathered wrath come alive!*

*Close to the liquid heat it fused its fractions into a knowing One,
begun to rise through the ages to -soon- "make itself",
as it gathers common ground, not caring whose or
what abuse it's been reduced to in recent history, but
bursting over the land,
- the scar ripped remnants of greed and ignorance -
drowning it beyond justice or control:
Uncontainable power, a continent devouring itself
from its blood red centre!*

*While the shrieks of black cockatoos call walls of living stone
towards the Bay of Martyrs or the Sea of Carpentaria,
to Shark Bay and the white dunes of Fraser Island,
their crests enraged and their tails ablaze they call the Galas,
to fly -pink flashes- before the flood, dream drowning us..!*

*Among white gums, their pom-pom branches closing over me,
I slip into the black bracken ponds, where tight eyed platapie
nose through their stirred up clouds for past transgressions
burdening my race and force me to face what has happened here
in the name of civilisation and our God,
till all is fraught with dread and pity,
as up into the star spewed skies the kookaburra laughs back the sun:
bright and blind as the eye of the tongue telling Goana.*