

## **I Am An Immigrant**

by drue *Monday, May 9 2016, 12:07am*

international / prose / post

It was a clear summer day, when I first walked George Street Sydney as a four year old holding the hand of my mother who was raised in this country. I will never forget that day, the tone was easy, people were easy, the place was relaxed in stark contrast to where I was born in Eastern Europe -- it was 1955.



The ravages, shrill and deprivation of WWII continued to infect Europe when we escaped. We were not refugees, all of my mother's family resided in Australia, my maternal grandfather immigrated to WA and settled in Bunbury in 1899; I was informed much later of a conversation between my mother and Canadian father debating the advantages of Oz or Canada as a final destination, but women usually win these arguments with their spouses and so Australia became home in the real sense, fortunately for me, though my memory of the Danube and the crystal clear sapphire blues skies above haunt me to this day, as if I am somehow not of this place. Something I would learn in due course from a bigoted Anglo culture -- Australia was over 95% Anglo in those days -- today the Anglo population is less than 48%, and the nation is better off for it.

## **Belgrade**

At two or three  
I watched the clouds  
above the Danube  
under the sky  
next to the park  
below the academy  
of Art.

My nimbic mind  
watched the clouds  
watching me  
in their whiteness  
as blue barges  
flowed across  
my brown  
Danube eyes.

My experiences in the slums of East Sydney and my travels in the regions and outback burned Australia into my character forever, this sacred timeless land is special, though few other than the indigenous I encountered in the red centre understand it. A tragedy that continues to unfold today; Australia and many other western nations are under attack by powerful international corporate elites that wish to dominate the entire world financially and legally, euphemistic 'free trade' deals are the means this evil minority employs to destroy the sovereignty of all nations and make them subject, easy targets for exploitation. They call it globalism, another eupheism which translates accurately as borderless multi-nationals plundering everything available with scant regard for anything other than short term profits -- an addictive suicidal formula, the consequences of which must be hidden from the public at all costs.

So what or who am I now? You do not belong, I was told throughout my youth, but my place of birth had its own culture and language, which I could not relate to in any way other than an infants impressionable, subjective memories, I only speak Australian.

I could wax poetic about both experiences, as I often do, but today romance is lost to the masses due to the economic dominant cultural discourse that has perversely overtaken the world and so my poetry and prose are lost to the perversity that infects all nations today.

And so my mind is troubled but my experiences have taught me to fight for what is right and to oppose all forces that would curtail our freedoms and liberties, as the debt-enslaving banks and blood-sucking corporates do as a matter of course.

People would do well to trust their instincts and reject the lies and transparent charades that pass for democracy today -- no major party represents the interests of the people, the majority, upon which foundation/representation democracy is said to rest; we live in a time of lies, falsities and deception on a scale that even mythic Lucifer would envy, elections are all staged, the race is fixed as it is between two horses from the same stable, the owner always wins.

I could wax lyrical with an AK-47 as there are many modes of communication and expression in the world today, the AK-47 has superceded the pen and keyboard and so the world is as it is, a hell made by the few pursuing their psychopathic dreams, whatever the cost in human lives and misery. Wars are not accidents, they are not spontaneous expressions they are made, created to fulfill agendas, need I explain again what that agenda is and the forces behind it?

The evidence is overwhelming, if one cares to inquire and think, God forbid -- there is nothing hidden everything is in plain sight today yet few care to see the real, instead they prefer the game of charades and slavery that are presented by the elite owned mass media yet freedom is there for the taking; the minority that imagines it will succeed is in for a very rude and crude shock, you see, this transmission is proof that people continue to trust their instincts and would rather choose the right way not the lesser of two evils offered by the Luciferian cabals, which would do well to read their history once again, as it has all been done before and recorded, how does it end?

My choice is freedom of thought, actions, mutual aid and a fair go for all, something I learned in traditional Australia, a culture fast disappearing today, not as a result of immigration, as you now witness, but as a result of a perverse, evil, elite agenda.

We need not overcome we need only to wake up and trust our instincts -- we are born to freedom and peace not slavery, war and destruction. It is a matter of choice and if no viable choice presents itself become that choice yourself, you are not alone.

We did not escape slavery in Europe to be enslaved in Australia by law-flouting, avaricious, mass murdering corporate interests. Reject both lying, owned major parties and follow those that represent YOU, it's that simple.

## **Oz**

this adopted land has  
sustained me  
throughout my life,  
its ancient  
enduring strength  
i feel in my bones

i share the awe, deep respect  
and connection with  
the originals  
who were always here  
singing, dancing  
moving in rhythm  
with this magical place

this land sings and whispers  
the entire history of the earth  
and humankind

it is not the land of my birth  
though those ties  
have never been severed  
-- something i discovered  
after rustic America bombed Belgrade --  
the city of my birth

two nations only  
i vow to protect with my life  
and blood of my blood;  
the blueness of sky  
and astonishing pure whiteness  
of nimbic clouds over  
the place of my birth  
coexists with the mystical presence  
of the red centre and its ineffable  
desert beauty --  
nothing is able to touch me

here

this secret land  
has taught me  
to be and not to be  
in order to survive  
and fight against  
the star-spangled  
pestilence  
that infects and destabilises  
a planet --

innocence defiled,  
the blood of  
unrecognised saints  
flows like rivers  
around the globe  
and yet we endure,  
and fight,  
moving like blacks  
in the forests of the night  
we are the wind  
and breeze,  
the shadows before  
the dawn

my original tongue  
displaced by Sydney english,  
my Balkan frame  
and Mongol eyes  
work in concert  
to dumbfound,  
taunt  
and destroy the beast  
which has no answer  
for the opponent  
it now faces

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2226.html>