

## Life and Death in Australia

by darcy *Tuesday, Jun 13 2017, 11:01am*

international / poetry / post

atop my trusty EH wagon  
in the red centre  
turning a full 360 degrees  
binoculars grabbing immediacy  
yet space draws everything  
into and away from its endlessness  
it's only a matter of perspective

the centre of Oz offers red and blue horizons  
and the dangers of immediacy,  
Australia crawls with all manner of venomous serpents and  
spiders yet locals know them and refer to them fondly  
enjoying bush songs of redbacks on toilet seats  
ready to bite unwary arses

this land makes short work of foreigners that show no respect  
for the smallest and largest,  
each having its particular character  
yet the largest is the most dangerous  
tho few appreciate what it is,  
it is the desert itself wherein all desert Life  
dwells

the indigenous had few problems in any part  
of the land, each group/tribe completely integrated  
into the environment in which they lived/moved --  
from the insect and crocodile ridden tropics to the driest deserts  
it was and remains a simple matter of integration  
yet European invaders only manage to live comfortably  
in cities built around the coast

these giant sprawls give the illusion of strength  
and safety yet a cyclone flattened the capital of the north in 24  
hours and if government, at huge expense, had not intervened  
the entire local population would have been faced with basic survival;  
from a thriving metropolis, a capital city became completely dependent  
like an infant, overnight  
and what is a cyclone but strong wind and rain?

living through it and its aftermath was sobering  
so now i seek the harshest environs

with the knowledge i have learned from the indigenous  
and it is almost impossible not to find what is necessary for  
survival

keep your fragile, polluted cities which are  
nothing more than cancerous testaments to the tenuous  
and transitory, the world is replete with ruins of  
ancient urban civilisations which disappeared  
leaving no trace of why, except that cities  
are the last place to live as they are toppled easily  
by the slightest natural occurrence

it is 40C plus in this desert yet my body  
has adjusted to this environment easily  
gather, hunt and work in the cooler mornings and  
late afternoons conserve energy in the scorching  
sun hours, an easy and fretless life yet death  
is always near, one critical mistake and its finished  
but that is how it should be,  
be aware and you live easily in the red centre,  
the graveyard of early European explorers

Afghans were brought here with their camels  
and had no difficulty with our deserts, in fact today Oz camels from released  
herds now infest the land and are sought by Arab nations as they  
are the finest specimens, robust and fleet footed

brumbies thrive in the southern mountains and many a folk tale  
is sung praising them in Oz -  
these wild horses tamed for the first world war proved their incredible stamina taking Damascus  
after a grueling approach from the desert, all before British heavy machinery arrived, though one  
would have to search history to discover this truth, but true it is, Lawrence the British agent drove  
into Damascus after the Aussie horsemen had received the written surrender of the local authorities,  
yet the Brits received the credit though we know better.

it couldn't have been done without the extraordinary stamina of our wild bush horses from the wild  
Australian mountains  
and flat harsh plains. the reward for the service of these noble beasts  
was death, none returned to their origins, a heartless, cruel outcome  
and a grief for many a bush rider in uniform fighting British  
imperial wars

and make no mistake  
this land also creates an unusual breed of man and woman, peculiar  
to this nation

yes, it's all a matter of life, death and survival in the rawness  
of Oz

i am proud to say i am of and bonded to this  
ancient land under the southern cross -

we respect all life and are extremely proud NOT to be mass murdering, plundering, criminal Americans, the scourge of humanity.

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2709.html>