

## The Tops

by lex *Thursday, May 3 2018, 1:14am*

international / poetry / post

the blue mountains  
along the east coast of Oz  
are aptly named as blue is their most prominent feature  
tho they are not mountains  
they are the remnants of a plateau  
eroded by wind and water over millions of years  
now presenting as mountains

it seems more practical to name them according to the dreamtime  
of the originals, each feature, animal and contour  
intertwined with perceptions of harmonious survival, native law  
and the sacred, which has persisted here longer than any other  
human society on earth, tho white invaders continue to commit  
genocide  
on the few remaining, not with guns but with cultural annihilation

yet the dreaming persists as i sit on an outcrop  
overlooking the great blue splendour, watching,  
sensitive to the sacred and the life in the forests  
breathing/moving in the valleys

the gang-gang parrot of the Tops is not included  
in the sacred totems  
yet it has become a symbol of the ranges for me  
with its larrikin red-feathered crescent, smoky blue-grey plumage  
and acute intelligence almost matching that of the white  
humans of today that are removed from all things harmonious  
and natural -- they continue to desecrate the land  
unaware they are produced and sustained  
by/through its Purity

i watch the setting light as it catches the red and yellow ochres of  
the cliffs  
exposed and scarred by logging -- no photo or painting could ever  
hope to catch  
the dancing lights and changing hues of the ranges that live in  
defiance of man's  
destructive ways

the tribals are long gone from these ranges,  
the dislocated mixed bloods that remain  
boozing themselves into extinction in white towns,

the price of forfeiting an ancient culture is death,  
black and white remain polar opposites

it strikes me that Oz, the land, creates the myths and dreams  
as it magically impinges on human consciousness  
moving and contouring sensitive minds as it did  
to the originals over thousands of years

and so the enduring blue of the mountains and every natural thing  
that inhabits them continue, too large to be wounded by blind,  
disconnected, and insensitive white men

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-3299.html>