

## Oz

by stane *Friday, Jan 3 2014, 10:46am*

international / poetry / post

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

<http://ozpoetry.hopto.org/poetry/poem-450.html>

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-940.html>