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

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