

The song of my Sense so far

Rhythm, pulse, purpose  
My place moving with stars  
Turning with the universe  
At one with the wisdom

I am one with my countries so far  
I am one with my stories so far (these two lines could be a chorus but  
I thought it was getting too long)

Feeling the pulse  
I am my countries so far  
Singing my words  
I am my stories so far  
Knowing my self  
I am my wisdom so far

Epigenetic my countries; My stories  
Sense of my purpose, Unconscious unknown, Bodily felt

Historic and sensory cultures so far  
Loves forced and forged  
Children preened and pricked  
Women swung into rivers with blithe instruction  
'Rise and survive if you're not a witch'.

Historic and sensory cultures so far  
Loves forced and forged  
Stories of men, besotted betrothed to their countries  
Seeking hopes, survival in this Aussie land.  
Ancestors of hardship, poverty and pain

I'm sixth generation Aussie  
Sensing the contrasts, this enduring ancient country

My purpose besotted by land, stories, sunsets, ocean tides  
Beauty and awe on horizons filled to the line with red dirt,  
Wip of the dry wind, breath of an ocean's spray, sensing my body  
Falling rhythms of rain right around this land like hands on a clock,  
drops for everybody, both mystical and passionate  
Drops on our food, drops into our water tanks, rhythmic dropping  
the waters.

Lightening over the red dirt line lights up our eye whites,  
Ignites our countries so far,  
Inflames our stories, they flash through ages, places  
Stories so far, countries so far, I'm home, here with you.