

The song of my Sense so far

Rhythm, purpose, pulse
So far my place among the stars
Turning with the universe
So far at one with 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 of this land
So far singing myself in song
Knowing my own perceptions
So far at one with wisdom

Intuitive my countries
So far my sense of purpose
Unconscious and unknow
So far my bodily sense and hope

Historic places of senses
So many Lives forced and forged
Children preened and pricked
So many niceties cultural & social

Historic places of senses
So many men besotted by war
Survival in this Aussie land
So far much hardship, poverty and pain

Bridge
sixth generation Aussie

Sensing the contrasts: this enduring ancient country
My besotted purpose: county of beauty & vast fragility
Pulsating country: known to the red dirt line.

seventh generation aussie

Wip of the dry wind: breath of my body's ocean sigh
Rhythms of falling rain: sluggish rush of our inland rivers
The country we love so far; our stories in this land

Eight generation aussie

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

United in our purpose

Lightening over the land: lights up our eye whites
Ignites our countries so far: sing our stories so far
Informs our stories so far: running through our ages

Chorus

Our counties, our stories
Our eye whites, our red dirt
Our body's ocean sighs
I'm home here with you.