

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 vast land
So far singing myself in song
Knowing my own perceptions
So far at one with my countries

Intuitive my countries
So far my sense of purpose
Unconscious and unknow
So far my body's sense of hope

Historic sense of visceral places
So many lives forced and forged
Children preened and pricked
So many niceties culturally imposed

Historic sense of visceral places
So many men besotted by war
Survival in this Aussie country
So far hardships, poverty and pain

Chorus
Our counties, our stories

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

(Bridge- musical term)

sixth generation Aussie

Sensing the contrast: this enduring ancient country
My besotted purpose: county of vast fragile beauty
Pulsating country: perceived in the red dirt line.

Chorus

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

seventh generation Aussie

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

Chorus

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

Eight generation Aussie

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

Chorus

Our counties, our stories
Our eye whites, our red dirt

Our body's ocean sighs
I'm home here with you.