

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 my stories

*I am one with my countries **so far***
*I am one with my stories **so far***

Feeling the pulse of this vast land
So far singing myself in place
Knowing my own unconscious
So far at one with my countries

I am one with my countries **so far**
I am one with my stories **so far**

Ancient indigenous peoples
So far their place in this vast land
Singing their stories of place
So far our body's sense of hope

I am one with my countries **so far**
I am one with my stories **so far**

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

I am one with my countries **so far**
I am one with my stories **so far**

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

I am one with my countries **so far**
I am one with my stories **so far**

Historic sense of visceral places
So far indigenous survivors of atrocities
Living their country so far, their stories so far
So far spinning creativity of honour and of respect

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

I'm sixth generation Aussie
Sensing the contrast: this enduring ancient country
My besotted purpose: county of vast fragile beauty
Pulsating country: apparent on the red dirt line.

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

I'm 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

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

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

I'm 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.

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

I'm the 258,000th indigenous generations
Spinning worth, love and care, spinning in this country so far
unceded place of stolen abuses, un-treated. Patriarchal
visitors controlled the indigenous, their own women & children.

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