

My Sense so far

Feeling the pulse of this vast land
So far singing myself in this place
Knowing my family's stories
So far at one with our countries

We're one with our countries **so far**
We're one with our stories **so far**

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

We're one with our countries **so far**
We're one with our stories **so far**

Historic stories of visceral places
So many lives forced and forged
Children preened and pricked
So many behaviours patriarchally imposed

We're one with our countries **so far**
We're one with our stories **so far**

Historic stories of visceral places
So many people inspired to fight
At home and abroad, home so far
hardships, poverty and pain

We're one with our countries **so far**
We're one with our stories **so far**

Historic stories of visceral places
So far indigenous survivors of chronic atrocities
Epigenetic trauma, violence, silence, hope
So far surviving in country, sharing in stories so far

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

I'm a 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 a 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 an 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 un-treated place, shot, raped and stolen. Patriarchal
visitors abusing us all, indigenous, minorities, women & children.

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