

My Sense so far

Feeling the pulse of this vast land  
So far singing myself in this vast 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 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 far  
patriarcally imposed systems

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, so far  
Many hardships, much poverty, loss 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 line  
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 line  
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 line  
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 line  
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, beaten, raped & stolen. Patriarchal  
visitors abusing us all, indigenous, minorities, women & children.

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