

The song of my Sense so far

Rhythm, pulse, purpose
My place moving with stars
Turning with the universe
At one with the wisdom

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

Feeling the pulse
I am my countries
Singing my words
I am my stories
Knowing my perception
I am wisdom

Intuitive my countries; My stories
My Sense of my purpose
Unconscious unknown
Bodily felt sense
Sensory purpose
Intuitive life force

Historic places of my senses
Loves forced and forged
Children preened and pricked
Women swung into rivers with blith instruction
'rise and survive if you're not a witch'.

Historic places of my sense
Loves forced and forged
Stories of men, besotted betrothed to their countries
Seeking food, survival in this aussie land.
Ancestors of hardship, poverty and pain

Sixth generation Aussie

Sensing the contrasts, this enduring ancient country

My purpose besotted by land, stories, sunsets, ocean tides

Beauty and awe on horizons filled to the line with red dirt,

Wip of the dry wind, breath of an ocean's spray, sensing my body

Falling rhythms of rain right like hands on a clock, drops for every
body

Drops in our rainforest, both mystical and passionate

Drops on our food, drops into our water tanks, rhythmic dropping
the waters.

Lightening over the land, lights up our eye whites,

Ignites our countries so far,

Inflames our stories, they run through ages,

Stories so far, countries so far, I'm home, here with you.