Straya's Grit: The Good, the Bad, and the Filthy: Greg McKenzie

Beneath the blazing Australian sun, Where the earth meets sky in a seamless run, Lies a tale of grit, not softly spun, A story of toil, by the sweat of one.

"Filthy," they say, of the miner's plight, Beneath the ground, devoid of light, Where the promise of opal fuels their fight, And dreams of riches are tight held at night.

But "filthy" too, is the wealth they seek, In the heart of the earth, so ancient, so bleak, Where the whispers of fortune silently speak, And the spirit of the land is not for the meek.

Through the red dust storms, their faces worn, With hands as rugged as the land they've torn, They dig for the gems in the earth newborn, In a world where "filthy" is not to scorn.

Yet, amidst the harshness, beauty thrives, In the rugged bushland, the spirit survives, Where the laughing kookaburra dives, And the essence of Australia comes alive.

"Filthy," perhaps, in the eyes of some, But in this land under the southern sun, It's the heartbeat of the brave, the voice of the mum, The anthem of the many, not just the sum.

For in this word, a story's told, Of struggles, of dreams, of hearts so bold, Of the Australian spirit, uncontrolled, In the "filthy" earth, their stories unfold.

So let us toast to the "filthy" land, With its vast deserts and beaches of sand, For it's in its embrace that we understand, The beauty of struggle, hand in hand.

And as the sun sets, painting skies so pretty, Over landscapes vast and nitty-gritty, We find in "filthy," a deeper ditty, A testament to the heart of the Aussie city.

For "filthy" is not just dirt or grime, But a symbol of effort, through the passage of time, A reminder of those who in their prime, Embraced the land, in rhythm and rhyme.

So here's to the "filthy," in all its glory, A quintessential part of the Australian story, A narrative of resilience, tough and hoary, In the land down under, forever storied.

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