

Their Land We Walk

Their land we walk

Ochre red dirt

Under white feet

Ploughing through country

We take we don't talk

Without treaties or contracts

We took what was theirs

Without sorry or thought

We pass it on to our heirs

Their land we use

Breaking Earth's skin

And digging deep

Wounds that won't heal

In the end we all lose

With little attempt

To make right what was wrong

We debate we discuss

Make them wait far too long

Their land we farm

Creating great wealth

But unwilling to share

What nature provides

In the depth of its palm

Without remorse or regret

We can't reconcile

What our ancestors did

In colonial style

On their land we've built

Cities and towns

Into blue sky

We close eyes and ears

As we fear our guilt

If we don't honour Country

If we stay deaf to its Song

If we don't respect Spirit

We will never belong

It's their land we walk

Ochre red dirt

Under white feet

Let's acknowledge the hurt

Then sit down and talk

Desert Equinox 2021

Wherever we walk in Australia, we walk on Country. History cannot be changed, but we deny ourselves any meaningful future, if we do not acknowledge that the way forward towards a truly enriched and thriving nation is only possible, if we walk on Country together.

About myself

A few years ago I started writing poetry to help me sort out my own tumultuous inner landscape. My poems often surface very quickly. I knead words to define an emotion, I expand on a phrase that popped into my head or I describe an experience. Poetry for me is painting pictures with words.

